LIVES *of* FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

FROM COFACHIQUI, THE INDIAN PRINCESS, AND POWHATAN; DOWN TO AND INCLUDING CHIEF JOSEPH AND GERONIMO.

Also an answer, from the latest research, of the query,

WHENCE CAME THE INDIAN?

Together with a number of thrillingly interesting

INDIAN STORIES AND ANECDOTES FROM HISTORY

COPIOUSLY AND SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED, IN PART, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

By

NORMAN B. WOOD

Historian, Lecturer, and Author of "The White Side of a Black Subject" (out of print after twelve editions) and "A New Negro for a New Century," which has reached a circulation of nearly *a hundred thousand copies.*



PUBLISHED BY

AMERICAN INDIAN HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Brady Block, Aurora, Ill.

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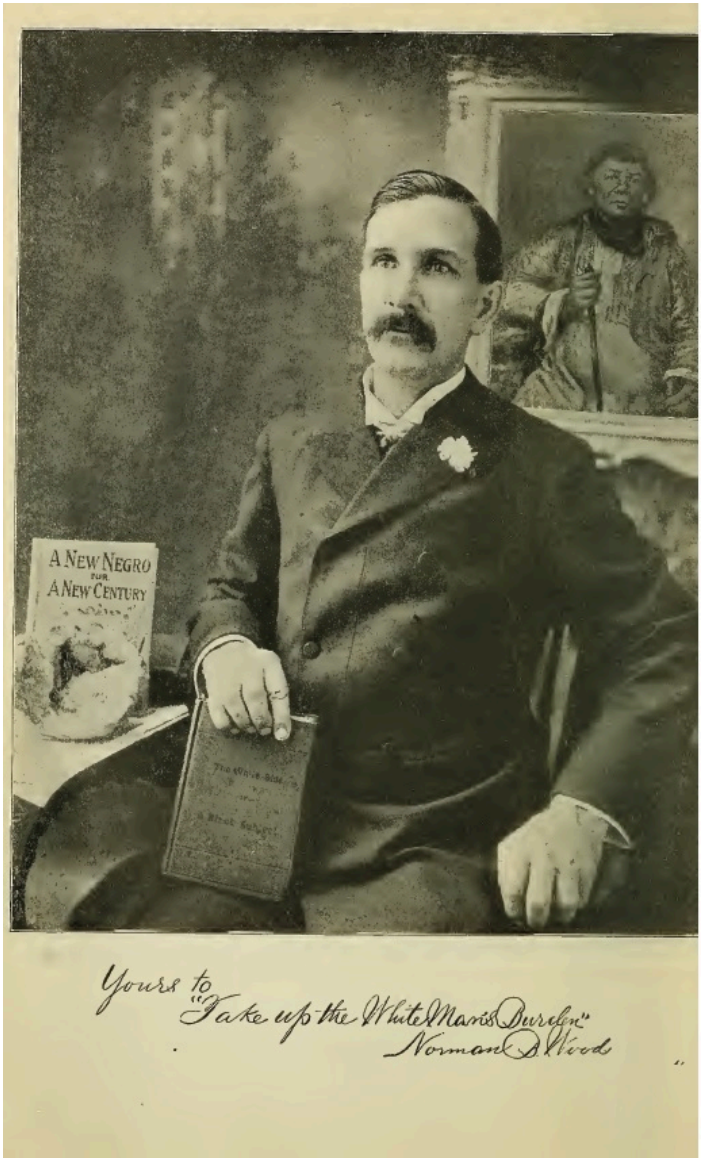
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A NEW NEGRO
FOR
A NEW CENTURY
Yours to
"Take up the White Man's Burden"
Norman B. Wood

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PRINTING AND BINDING BY THE HENRY O. SHEPARD CO.
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CHICAGO.

TO

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Who has observed closely and recorded justly the character of the Red Man, and who, in the words of Chief Quanah Parker, "is the Indian's President as well as the white man's," this volume is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

We do not propose to apologize for writing this book, for the reasons that those who approve would not consider it necessary and those who oppose would not accept the apology. Therefore, we can only offer the same explanation as that made twenty-four centuries ago by the "Father of History" when he said: "To rescue from oblivion the noble deeds of those who have gone before, I, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, write this chronicle."

We deem it well, however, to mention a few of the many reasons which impelled us to attempt the somewhat laborious but congenial task of preparing this work.

First of all, we were gratified and inspired by the kind reception accorded our first literary venture, "The White Side of a Black Subject," which is now out of print after

reaching twelve editions. Added to this was the still more generous treatment of our second production, "A New Negro for a New Century." Nearly a hundred thousand copies of this book have been sold up to date, and the demand is still increasing.

Having done what we could to vindicate the Afro-American, we next began to consider the First American, when by chance a copy of Thatcher's "Indian Biography" fell into our hands. We read this book with much interest, and were impressed with two facts. First of all, we noticed that while the author gave the lives of a few chiefs well known to this generation, he filled the book up with village or sub chiefs, of whom even historians of this age never heard. Then, too, the book in question was seventy-four years old.

Thatcher's biography tended to create an appetite for that kind of literature, and we inquired for other lives of noted Indians, but, strange to say, could only hear of one other book devoted to that subject. This was a small volume written by S. G. Goodrich, sixty-two years ago, and he gave only short sketches of perhaps half a dozen Indians of the United States, but the greater portion of the contents was devoted to the Indians of Peru and Mexico.

We now concluded that if there were only two books giving the lives of famous Indians, and both of these published so many years ago, there was certainly room for another book on the subject, which should be confined to the Indian tribes of the United States and cover their entire history from Powhatan to the present time.

We trust we will not be misunderstood. We know that many Indian books have been written since the date of those mentioned, but they were on "The Indian Wars," "The Pioneer and the Indian," "The Winning of the West,"

"The Manners and Customs of the Indian," "Folklore Tradition and Legend," and many other phases of the question. We know that Pontiac, Brant, Red Jacket, Tecumseh, Shabbona, Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, and perhaps others, have had their lives written, but in each of these cases an entire book is devoted to one Indian and his war. Our claim is that we have written the only book giving in a condensed form the lives of practically all the most famous Indian chiefs from the Colonial period to the present time.

Lest it be thought that we have an exaggerated idea of our people's interest in the Indian, we will digress long enough to prove the statement to our own satisfaction, and we trust also to that of the reader.

Mrs. Sigourney has well said with reference to this point

"Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters
Ye may not wash it out.

"Ye say their cone like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale.
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

We have ventured to add a third verse

Ye say no lover wooes his maid,
No warrior leads his band.
All in forgotten graves are laid,
E'en great chiefs of the clan;
That where their council fires were lit
The shepherd tends his flock.
But their names are on your mountains
And survive the earthquake shock.

The mark of our contact with the Indian is upon us indelibly and forever. He has not only impressed himself upon our geography, but on our character, language and literature.

Bancroft, our greatest historian, is not quite right when he says, "The memorials of their former existence are found only in the names of the rivers and mountains." These memorials have not only permeated our poetry and other literature, but they are perpetuated in much of the food we eat, and every mention of potatoes, chocolate, cocoa, mush, green corn, succotash, hominy and the festive turkey is a tribute to the red man, while the fragrance of the tobacco or Indian weed we smoke is incense to their memory.

On one occasion, according to Aesop, a man and a lion got into an argument as to which of the two was the stronger, and thus contending they walked together until they came to a statue representing a man choking and subduing a lion. "There," exclaimed the man, "that proves my point, and demonstrates that a man is stronger than a lion." To which the king of beasts replied, "When the lions get to be sculptors, they will have the lion choking and

overcoming the man."

The Indians are neither sculptors, painters nor historians.

The only record we have of many of their noblest chiefs, greatest deeds, hardest fought battles, or sublimest flights of eloquence, are the poor, fragmentary accounts recorded and handed down by their implacable enemies, the all-conquering whites.

It is hard indeed for one enemy to do another justice. The man with whom you are engaged in a death struggle is not the man to write your history; but such has been the historian of the Indian. His destroyer has covered him up in an unmarked grave, and then written the story of his life.

Can any one believe that the Spaniards, cruel, hard-hearted and remorseless as the grave, who swept whole nations from the earth, sparing neither men, women nor children, could or would write a true story of their silent victims?

Is it not reasonable to believe that had Philip, Pontiac, Cornstalk, Tecumseh, Black Hawk or Chief Joseph been able to fling their burning thoughts upon the historic page, it would have been very different from the published account?

We believe that God will yet raise up an Indian of intellectual force and fire enough to write a defense of his race to ring through the ages and secure a just verdict from generations yet unborn.

In the preparation of this work we have honestly tried to do the subject justice, and have endeavored to put ourself in the Indian's place, as much as it is possible for a

white man to do.

We have prosecuted the self-imposed task with enthusiasm and interest from its inception to its completion. We fully agree with Bishop Whipple when he said: "Our Indian wars were most of them needless and wicked. The North American Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker; he is brave and fearless, and until betrayed, he is true to his plighted faith; he has a passionate love for his children, and counts it joy to die for his people. Our most terrible wars have been with the noblest types of the Indians, and with men who had been the white man's friend. Nicolet said the Sioux were the finest type of wild men he had ever seen. Old traders say it used to be the boast of the Sioux that they had never taken the life of a white man. Lewis and Clark, Governor Stevens and Colonel Steptoe bore testimony to the devoted friendship of the Nez Percé for the white man."

One evidence that our Indian wars were unnecessary is seen in the fact that while our country has been constantly involved in them, Canada has not had any; although our Government has spent for the Indians a hundred dollars to their one.

They recognize, as we do, that the Indian has a possessory right to the soil. They purchase this right, as we do, by treaty but their treaties are made with the Indian subjects of His Majesty, the King, while our Government has enacted the farce of making treaties with Indian tribes or their representatives, as if they were sovereign nations. Those tribes of blanket Indians, roaming the wilderness and prairie, living by hunting, trapping, fishing or plundering, without a code of laws to practice, or a government to maintain, are not nations, and nothing in

their history or condition could properly invest them with a treaty-making power.

There are other lessons we can learn from Canada concerning the Indian question. They set apart a permanent reservation for them; they seldom move them, while our Government has continually moved whole tribes at the demand of greedy white men who were determined to have the Indian's land by fair means or foul, generally the latter. Moreover, the Canadian government selects agents of high character, who receive their appointments for life; they make fewer promises, but they fulfil them; they give the Indians Christian missions, which have the hearty support of Christian people and all their efforts are toward self help and civilization.

In 1862 Bishop Whipple visited Washington, and had a long talk with President Lincoln. Said he: "I found the President a willing listener. As I repeated the story of specific acts of dishonesty (on the part of Indian agents of that period) the President said: 'Did you ever hear of the Southern man who bought monkeys to pick cotton? they were quick; their long, slim fingers would pull out the cotton faster than Negroes; but he found it took two overseers to watch one monkey. This Indian business needs ten honest men to watch one Indian agent.'" In speaking of this interview with the Bishop, Lincoln afterwards said to a friend "As I listened to Bishop Whipple's story of robbery and shame, I felt it to my boots;" and, rising to his full height, he added: "If I live this accursed system shall be reformed." But unfortunately he did not live to carry out his plans. However, we are glad to note an improvement in the condition of our Indians, of recent years, which shows that the public conscience has at last been aroused, and one object of this book is to further that good work.

Another object is to disprove the oft-quoted saying of General Sherman that "the only good Indian is a dead one." {FN} We have written the biographies of twenty or more famous chiefs, any one of whom was a good Indian, or would have been had he received kind treatment from the whites, who were almost invariably the aggressors. It makes one's soul sick to read of the white men selling the Indian "firewater," to brutalize and destroy; of violated treaties; of outrageous treatment which aroused the worst passions of the Indian's nature.

{FN} General Sherman used this phrase at a banquet at Delmonico's, New York, in the winter of 1879.

In selecting the subjects for our biographical sketches, we were confronted with an embarrassment of riches. And while there are none in the book which could well have been omitted, yet there are many outside richly deserving a place in it. There are so many famous chiefs, we found it impossible to give them all a place in one volume. So we tried to select those who, in our judgment, were the greatest, those who for special reasons could not be omitted, and those whom we thought would make the most interesting sketches.

We may say in this connection, that we refrained from writing the biographies of mixed breeds, such as Osceola Powell, Weatherford or Red Eagle, simply because we knew, from our experience with other books, that people would be prone to say that their greatness was due to the infusion of the blood of the superior white race. As far as we know, all of our subjects treated at length were full-blooded Indians, except Sequoyah and Quanah Parker, and most of them, as we shall see, were nature's noblemen.

We have enjoyed peculiar facilities for prosecuting our studies on Indian biography and history, having free

access to the four great libraries of Chicago.

For the benefit of others interested in the same subject, we will mention a few of the many books we found helpful, in the preparation of this work, besides the two already named.

At the head of the list we place Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," Mason's "Pioneer History," Ellis's "Indian Wars of the United States." In our judgment these are about the strongest books we have read on the subject, especially in relation to the Indian, the pioneer, and the border wars.

In the next group we place Dunn's "Massacres of the Mountains," Finerty's "War-path and Bivouac," Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor," and Eggleston's "Biographies of Brant, Red Jacket, Tecumseh," etc.

In addition to our library work, we spent much time traveling among the Indian tribes and making the acquaintance of many of the most famous living chiefs, and cultivating their friendship, so we record many of the incidents in the book as an eye-witness.

We referred to the Indian in this introduction as a so-called "vanishing race." As a matter of fact the Indian is not vanishing at all but slowly increasing in numbers. The census of 1890 gave the number of Indians in the United States as 248,258, while that of 1900 gave the total as 270,544, a net gain of 22,291 in ten years.

Another erroneous conception many people have of the Indian we can only call attention to here. They somehow have come to believe that the Red Man is very dignified and solemn, has no appreciation of the ludicrous, or conception of a joke. Never was a greater mistake. No

one enjoys what he considers a good joke more than an Indian. You will find some evidence that he can be as funny as his white brother, in the chapter on "Indian Anecdotes."

We determined to have the illustrations one of the very best features of the book, fully in keeping with the subject matter; and, wherever possible, absolutely authentic. For this reason alone, the publication has been held back several months, the publishers sparing neither pains nor expense in procuring pictures from photographers and collectors, who made a specialty of the Indian, such as D. F. Barry, Drake, the Field Museum, the Newberry Library and the Ethnological Bureau at Washington; some of the latter being copies of paintings made before photography was known. We also procured photographs of several rare paintings never published in any book before.

Should the book prove instructive in demonstrating that there is a brighter, better side to Indian life and character than is usually seen, the author will feel that he has not written in vain, and he will be gratified if, in addition to this, it also gives pleasure.



COFACHIQUI, THE INDIAN PRINCESS,

PRESENTING THE STRING OF PEARLS TO DE SOTO.

From an old Spanish painting.

See page 25.

CHAPTER I.

Cofachiqui, the Indian Princess. A True Story of De Soto and His Cavaliers.

Cofachiqui seems to have been the name of a populous and wealthy Indian province visited by Hernando De Soto and his army of adventurers and cavaliers in their wanderings in search of gold. They also applied this name to the beautiful and intelligent young queen or princess who ruled the Indians of this and a confederation of neighboring tribes.

It is impossible to trace the route traversed by De Soto, as it was at times an aimless wandering through what is now the States of Florida, Georgia, and, perhaps, the border of South Carolina. But Indian traditions locate Yupaha, the capital of the province of Cofachiqui, at what is now Silver Bluff, on the east bank of the Savannah river, in Barnwell county, South Carolina. From time to time rumor reached De Soto and his men of this great princess, a veritable "She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed," whose subjects were so devoted and faithful that her slightest wish was law.

One day an Indian youth, who had been brought into camp with other prisoners, told the Spaniards that all the neighboring chiefs paid tribute to this great ruler, and sent her at stated intervals provision, fine clothing and gold. The cavaliers cared nothing for the provision and clothing, but they were all interest when gold was mentioned, and asked the youth many questions, through their interpreter, which he answered in full. He told how the gold was taken from the earth, how it was melted and refined. His description was so exact that the Spaniards had no longer any doubt. They were greatly elated at the news, and after

robbing and plundering the Indians who had fed and sheltered them during the winter months—the usual return for such kindness—they broke camp and marched northward. Many times during the march the Spaniards were on the verge of starvation and wandering aimlessly in the wilderness, where they must have perished, had they not been rescued and fed by the simple-minded, hospitable natives. Even those from whom they received such timely aid were often robbed and murdered indiscriminately. No doubt the Indians regarded them as demons rather than Christians, for the unprovoked savage ferocity of the Spaniards would be beyond belief if the sickening details were not piously set forth by the historian of the expedition.

On the 28th day of April, 1540, De Soto and his Spaniards reached the neighborhood of Cofachiqui. While the army camped for the night the enterprising Juan De Añasco with a band of thirty foot-soldiers went out to reconnoiter. They soon found a broad, well-worn path leading along the banks of a large river, probably the Savannah. They followed this path about two leagues when, just as it grew dark, they reached a landing opposite a large Indian town. There was no means of crossing the river, neither would it have been prudent to have crossed with such small numbers, not knowing the kind of reception to expect, or the force they might encounter.

So Añasco dispatched couriers back in the night to inform De Soto of their discovery. By daylight the vanguard of the army, consisting of one hundred horse and as many foot, was in motion, led by De Soto himself. When he reached the banks of the river, and the natives upon the opposite shore caught sight of his glittering dragoons on their magnificent steeds, they were struck with amazement and consternation.

The interpreter shouted loudly for some one to bear a message to their chief. After some little hesitation and deliberation, the Indians launched a large canoe, in which six warriors took seats. They were men of fine appearance and probably the counselors of the chief. Quite a number of lusty men grasped the oars, and the canoe was driven rapidly through the water. De Soto, who had watched these movements with interest, knew he was about to be visited by the head men of the town, He therefore ordered his showy throne or chair of state, which he had with him for such occasions, to be placed in position. Here he took his seat with his officers around. The distinguished natives landed without any apparent fear, and, advancing toward the Spaniards, all six of them at the same time made three profound bows, the first toward the east, to the sun, the second toward the west, to the moon, and the third to De Soto. "Sir," said their spokesman, "do you wish peace or war?" "Peace," answered the Spanish general, as usual, "not war"; adding that he only asked passage through the territory and provision, in order to reach other provinces, which were his destination; he desired rafts and canoes also to cross the army over the river, and lastly friendly treatment while he was marching through the country so that he might cause it the least damage possible.

Peace, the ambassadors said they could promise; as for food, they had themselves but little, because during the past year a pestilence had swept off many of their people and driven others from their villages into the woods, so that they had not planted their fields; and although the pestilence was now over, yet many of the Indians had not returned to their homes. The settlement opposite alone had escaped the scourge. They went on to explain that their chief was a woman—a young princess, but recently raised to the position. They would return and bear to her the request of the strangers, who in the meantime must await

her answer with good confidence, however, for although their ruler was a maiden, she had the judgment and spirit of a man, and they doubted not would do for the Spaniards all she possibly could. With this the six envoys returned to their boats, and crossing the river were soon lost to sight in the waiting crowd upon the other shore. After a short interval the Spaniards saw a decided commotion among the Indians. A large and highly decorated canoe appeared and was hastily made ready, mats and cushions were placed in it and a canopy raised over one end. Then quite a gorgeous palanquin was seen borne by four stalwart men, descending toward the stream a young squaw, evidently the princess descended from it, and seated herself in the canoe that had the awning.

Eight Indian women followed, taking the paddles; the men went in the other canoes. The women rowed the princess across the river, and when she stepped out of her barge they followed, walking up the bank after her. If there were any among the cavaliers who knew classical history they must have been reminded (although the scene was rustic and simple in comparison) of Cleopatra going up the river Cydnus to meet Mark Antony, when according to Shakespeare,

> "The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
> Burn'd on the water. . . .
> . . . For her own person,
> It beggar'd all description: she did lie
> In her pavilion. . . .
> Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
> So many mermaids, tended her . . .
> . . . At the helm
> A seeming mermaid steers."

The princess, making a low and graceful bow before the Spanish general, seated herself upon the throne, which

he brought and placed for her at his side, and without waiting an instant began to speak. She repeated what her warriors had said; that the pestilence of the past year made it impossible for her to furnish the amount of provision she would wish, but that she would do all in her power. And that De Soto might see her will in her deed, she gave him at once one of her two storehouses of corn, collected in her village for the relief of her people who had escaped from the pestilence; the other one she requested De Soto to kindly spare, for her own necessities were great.

She said she had another store of corn in a neighboring village, part of which he could take if necessary. She offered half of her own residence for De Soto's accommodation, and half of the houses in the village as barracks for his soldiers. If it would please him more, she and all her people would abandon the village and retire to a neighboring one. She also promised that by the next day rafts and canoes should be in readiness to transport the Spaniards across the river.

Abbott informs us that "The generous soul of De Soto was deeply touched as he assured her of his lasting friendship and that of his sovereign." But there is not the slightest evidence that De Soto was ever actuated by a generous motive. We are inclined to believe, with Joel Chandler Harris, that the truth seems to be that De Soto and his men cared nothing for the courtesy and hospitality of the Queen and that they were not moved by her beauty and kindness.

According to the historian of the expedition, the Spaniards had quite a conversation with the young princess and were astonished at her sound judgment and well ordered ideas. But they also noticed that the Indians of this tribe were more refined and intelligent in appearance, more affable and less warlike, than the others they had met in

their explorations. They were, moreover, quite graceful and attractive, and almost as white as the Spaniards.

While talking the princess had quietly and slowly unwound a long string of pearls, as large as hazelnuts, that coiled three times around her neck and fell to her waist. When the interview was over she handed the string of pearls to Juan Ortiz, the interpreter, and told him to give them to the governor. The interpreter told her his commander would appreciate them more if presented with her own hands. She replied that she dare not do that for fear of being considered immodest. De Soto now inquired of the interpreter what was said, and being informed, answered with much earnestness like a truly gallant cavalier (which he was not) "More than the pearls themselves would I value the favor of receiving them from her hands; and in acting so she would not go against modesty, for we are treating of peace and friendship, of all things the most important, most serious between strange people." Having heard this the princess arose and with her own fair hands suspended the string of costly pearls around the neck of De Soto. The governor then arose and taking from his finger a gold ring set with a handsome ruby that he always wore (which he had probably pillaged from the Peruvians) he gave it to the princess. She received it with great dignity and placed it on one of her fingers.

Grace King, in her book, "De Soto and His Men in Florida," says, in this connection: "This little ceremony over, she took her leave and returned to her village, leaving the Spanish cavaliers charmed and half in love with her, not only on account of her mind, but of her beauty, which they vowed then and ever afterward she possessed to the extreme of perfection. And so also then and afterward they called her by no other name or title than La Sanora, the lady of Cofachiqui; and the name was right, says the chronicler, for a lady she was in all respects." The master

of camp arrived with the rest of the army and it was put across the river next day by means of the rafts and canoes provided by the Indians.

De Soto and his cavaliers found themselves surrounded by the most hospitable Indians they had yet seen. They were supplied with everything the land afforded and rested in comfortable houses and wigwams under the shades of the mulberry trees.

The soldiers were so delighted with the situation that they were anxious to form a settlement there; but De Soto refused to forget the only object of the expedition, which was to search for gold and other treasures. The general was a man of few words but an iron will, and his determination had the desired effect. His men soon recovered their energies. While enjoying the hospitalities of the princess they found out the burial place of her people, and robbed their graves, according to the Spanish historian, of three hundred and fifty weight of pearls, and figures of babies and birds made from iridescent shells.

Learning that the widowed mother of the princess lived in retirement about forty miles down the river, and that she was said to be the owner of many fine pearls, De Soto determined to get her in his power. He pretended, however, to be actuated only by a desire to make sure of peace and tranquillity as long as he was in the country.

At his request Cofachiqui dispatched twelve of her principal officers inviting her mother to come to town and meet a people never before seen by the Indians and see the wonderful animals on which they rode. The Queen's mother, instead of complying, sent her daughter a severe reprimand for having admitted into her capitol a body of strangers of whom she knew nothing. All this being reported to De Soto made him more determined than ever

to get her in his power. Accordingly he ordered Juan De Añasco to take thirty soldiers, and disregarding the privacy and seclusion of the queen mother to bring her kindly but with force with him to the camp. Añasco, although the day was well advanced, set out at once on his mission. A young warrior about the age of the princess was appointed by her to be guide for the party. The princess also gave him special instructions that when the men neared the dwelling place of the queen mother, he was to go in advance and warn her of the Spaniards coming, and supplicate her to go peaceably and as a friend with them, and he was to be sure and say that her daughter and all her people made the same petition to her. The young warrior had been reared in the very arms of the queen mother, and she loved him as her own son, and the princess chose him for this very reason, hoping that love for the messenger would mitigate the pain inflicted by this message. The young warrior matched his princess chief in looks and learning and was strikingly attractive in face and figure. He wore a diadem of rarest feathers, a mantle of finest and softest deerskin. At his back was a magnificent bow just his own height and an elegant quiver of arrows.

About midday the party stopped to eat and to rest a while under the shade of a grove of trees, for it was quite warm. Sitting apart the guide seemed to give himself up to thought, resting his head on his hand and every now and then breathing a low sigh. Presently he took his quiver of arrows and placing it before him on the ground, began slowly to draw them out one by one and passed them to the Spaniards, who broke into exclamations of surprise and pleasure, for each one was different from the other and had a beauty and novelty of its own. In polish and workmanship they were indeed remarkable. Some were tipped with staghorn, others with fishbones wonderfully and cunningly adapted. At last the young warrior drew out

a flint head, pointed and edged like a dagger. Casting an anxious glance around and seeing the attention of the Spaniards engrossed in examining his weapons, he plunged the sharp-pointed arrow into his throat, severing an artery, and fell. Before the Spaniards could rush to him he was dead. There were several Indian attendants in the company who seemed overwhelmed with distress, uttering loud cries of grief over the corpse. These were now questioned by the Spaniards, and it was learned that the young guide knew that the queen mother was very unwilling to have any acquaintance with the Spaniards, because she had emphatically refused to meet them when first importuned; and now for him to guide those same Spaniards to her that they might compel her to come by fair means or foul, would make him appear as a miserable ingrate after her great kindness. On the other hand the princess, whom he revered and loved, had commissioned him to conduct the Spaniards to her mother's abode. He did not dare to disobey her commands. Either alternative was more to be dreaded by him than death. The ingenious young man had therefore endeavored to escape the dilemma by self-destruction.

Savage history offers not, perhaps, another instance of such refined and romantic devotion. He could not live to please both, so he determined to die for both.

The other Indians were now pressed to act as guides, but they all swore, truly or falsely, that they did not know where the queen mother lived; that the young warrior alone knew the secret of her hiding place. The cavaliers pushed on as best they could without a guide, but the bad walking, the excessive heat and the weight of their armor wearied and disgusted them, and after two days they returned empty-handed to the camp.

Two days after his return an Indian came to Añasco

and offered to conduct him down the river in a canoe to the home of the queen mother. He gladly accepted the proposition. Two large canoes with strong rowers were quickly made ready, and Añasco with twenty companions set out on this second expedition. But it was also doomed to failure. The queen mother heard of his approach and with a few attendants secretly fled to another retreat far away. After a fruitless search of six days, the canoes returned. De Soto never again attempted to get possession of the widow.



AMERICAN HORSE, SIOUX CHIEF.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

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In the meantime, while Añasco was engaged in these unsuccessful expeditions, De Soto had been making anxious inquiries respecting the silver and gold he had been informed was to be found in the province. He began by summoning the princess before him and his officers and commanding her to bring all the yellow and white metals and pearls she possessed, like the finger rings and pieces of silver and pearls and stones set in the rings that the Spaniards showed her. The princess replied that both the white and yellow metals were to be found in great abundance in her territory. She immediately sent out Indians to bring him in specimens. They quickly returned laden with a yellow metal somewhat resembling gold in color, but which proved to be copper. The shining substance which he had supposed was silver was nothing but a worthless species of mica or quartz. The sight of these articles dissipated, in an instant, all the bright and chimerical hopes which had prompted the Spaniards to undertake this long and perilous expedition.

It would seem that the warm-hearted princess sympathized with the Spaniards in their great disappointment, or she may have feared they would vent their rage on her hapless people; certain it is, she informed them that while there were no precious stones in her realm, they did have great abundance of pearls. Pointing with her fingers to a temple that stood upon a neighboring mound, she said: "That is the burial place of the warriors of this village, there you will find our pearls. Take what you wish; and if you wish more not far from here there is a village which was the home of my forefather; its temple is far larger than this, you will find there so many pearls that even if you loaded all your horses with them and yourselves with as much as you could carry, you would not come to the end of them. Many years have my people been collecting and storing pearls. Take all, and if you still want

more, we can get more, and even more still for you from the fishing places of my people."

This great news and the magnificently queenly manner in which it was told soon raised the drooping spirits of the Spaniards and consoled them for the bitter disappointments about the gold and silver.

The fact of her inviting the Spaniards to ransack the tombs of her forefathers for pearls, seems, as Goodrich says, "utterly inconsistent with all our notions of the reverence for ancestry which is so striking a characteristic of the Indians. We should have a strong doubt of the truth of the statement, were it not distinctly asserted in both the narratives of the expedition." To our mind there is only one of two explanations of it—either the two historians deliberately falsified their statements to cover up the impious sacrilege of De Soto and his cavaliers, or else the princess was intimidated until she pursued the peace-at-any-price policy, even to the profanation of her ancestors' tombs.

The Spaniards soon visited the temple which the princess had pointed out and took from it pearls amounting to fourteen bushels, according to one author, while others record a very much larger amount.

Two days later De Soto, with a large retinue of his own officers and of the household of the princess, started out to visit the large temple at Talomeco, as it was called, situated upon the high bank of the river about three miles distant.

The country through which they passed en route was very fertile and in places covered with fruit trees filled with ripe fruit which the Spaniards picked and ate with relish, while they congratulated themselves that the golden dawn

of a realization of their dreams was brightening before them.

They found this village contained about five hundred cabins, all substantially built, and from its superiority of size and appearance over other villages they inferred it had one day been the seat and residence of several powerful chiefs. The chief's residence on a mound rose larger and more conspicuous than the others, but it was in turn dominated by the temple. The Spaniards' eyes, in fact, could see nothing but the temple as it loomed up before them on a commanding eminence at the side of this deserted village. As it was by far the largest and most imposing edifice they saw in their journey through the Southland it merits a description. It was about three hundred feet in length by one hundred and twenty in breadth, with a tall pointed roof that glittered like an enchanted palace. Canes, slender and supple, woven into a fine mat, served for thatching, and this was studded with row upon row of all kinds and sizes of shells with the bright side out. There were great sea shells of curious shapes, conchs and periwinkles—a marvel of playing light and color.

Grace King has given such a full description of the interior of this temple that she must have received her information from the records of the historians of the expedition. Said she, "Throwing open the two large doors the Spaniards paused at the threshold spellbound. Twelve gigantic statues of wood confronted them, counterfeiting life with such ferocity of expression and such audacity of posture as could not but awe them. Six stood on one side and six on the other side of the door as if to guard it and to forbid any one to enter. The first ones, those next the door, were giants about twelve feet high, the others diminished in size by regular gradation. Each pair held a different kind of weapon and stood in attitude to use it. The first and

largest raised in both hands great clubs, ornamented a quarter of their length with points and facets of copper; the second brandished broadswords of wood shaped much like the steel swords of the Spaniards. The next wielded wooden staves about six feet long, the end flattened out into a blade or paddle. The fourth pair had tomahawks with blades of brass or flint; the fifth held bows with arrows aimed and strung, drawn ready to shoot; the sixth and last statues grasped pikes pointed with copper.

"Passing between the file of monsters the Spaniards entered the great room. Overhead were rows of lustrous shells such as covered the roof, and strands of pearls interspersed with strings of bright feathers, all seemed to be floating in the air in wildering tapestry. Looking lower the Spaniards saw that along the upper sides of the four walls ran two rows of statues, figures of men and women of natural size, each placed on a separate pedestal. The men held various weapons and each weapon was ornamented with strings of pearl. The women had nothing in their hands. All the space around these statues was covered with shields of skins and fine cane mats. The burial chests were placed on benches around the four sides of the room, but in the center upon the floor were also rows of caskets, placed one on top of another in regular gradation like pyramids. All the caskets, large and small, were filled with pearls; and the pearls, too, were distributed according to size, the largest in the largest caskets, the smallest, the seed pearls, in the smallest caskets. In all there was such a quantity of pearls that seeing it with their own eyes, the Spaniards confessed that what the princess had told them about the temple was truth and not pride and exaggeration. As she declared, even if they loaded themselves with as much as they could carry (and there were more than nine hundred of them) and loaded their three hundred horses with them, they could not take them

all, there would still be hundreds of bushels of them left. And in addition there were great heaps of the largest and handsomest deerskins, dyed in different colors, and skins of other animals dressed with the hair on—cured and dressed as perfectly, the Spaniards said, as could have been done in Germany or Muscovy. Around this great room were eight small rooms all filled with different weapons—pikes, clubs, tomahawks, bows and arrows of all varieties and of the most exquisite workmanship; some with three-pronged heads, like harpoons, some two-pronged; some with chisel edges, like daggers; some shaped like thorns. In the last room were mats of cane, so finely woven that there were few among the Spanish crossbowmen could have put a bolt through them."

The revenue officers now proposed to take from the spoils the royal fifth that belonged to his imperial majesty and to carry it away with them. But De Soto said that this would only embarrass the movements of the army with excessive luggage, that even now it could not carry its necessary munitions and provisions. "They were not dividing the land now," he reminded them, "only exploring it."

Such is the story taken from the historians of the expedition. But, as Joel Chandler Harris says "It is just as well to believe a little of this as to believe a great deal. It was an easy matter for the survivors of the expedition to exaggerate these things and they probably took great liberties with the facts, but there is no doubt the Indians possessed many pearls. Mussels like those from which they took the gems are still to be found in the small streams and creeks of Georgia, and an enterprising boy might even now be able to find a seed pearl if he sought for it patiently."

It is not to be doubted that rich stores of pearls were

found. Some were distributed to the officers and men, but the bulk of them, strange to say, were left undisturbed to await the return of the Spaniards another day. It is said that De Soto dipped into the pearls and gave his two joined hands full to each cavalier to make rosaries of, he said to say prayers for their sins on. We imagine if their prayers were in proportion to their sins they must have spent the most of their time at their devotions.

The Spaniards were greatly elated at the discovery of these riches. Some of them must have known that real pearls were estimated at a value next to diamonds, and there were undoubtedly many real pearls of great value in so large a collection, possibly rivaling the one possessed by Philip II. of Spain, which was about the size of a pigeon egg and valued at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, or that of Cleopatra, which was valued at three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

De Soto was urged to establish his colony in this country, which was at once beautiful, fertile and rich in treasures. But the persistent spirit of De Soto was not to be turned from its one great all-absorbing object, the search for gold. He was a man of few words but of wonderful will power.

Accordingly he eagerly inquired of the Indians if they knew of any still greater land or chief farther inland. The princess and her advisers had learned by this time that the best way to get rid of such unwilling guests was to answer such questions in the affirmative. They assured him that further on was a greater and more powerful chief ruling over a richer country called Chiaha. He determined at once to march thither. In answer to the objections of those who wished to remain where they were, he urged that in consequence of the recent pestilence there was not sufficient provision in the country to support the army for a

month. That by continuing their march they might find gold mines. Should they fail, they could then return, and in the meantime, the Indians having replanted their land, there would be abundance of food. He had his way and preparations were made for the journey.

The conduct of the Spaniards had been so cruel during their stay at Cofachiqui that the princess and her people had come to regard them with fear and hatred. There were some indications that the princess so far distrusted the treacherous and marble-hearted Spaniards, that, like her more prudent mother, she was about to secretly escape from them by flight. In some way De Soto heard of this and appointed a guard who was to keep a constant watch upon the princess, so that she could by no possibility escape. And when he took up his march for Chiaha, May 4, 1540, the princess who had received him with so much grace, dignity and hospitality was compelled to accompany him on foot with an escort of female attendants. Even the old Spanish chronicler is moved to remark that, "it was not so good usage as she deserved for the good will she showed and the good entertainment that she made him."

We fully agree with him, for there are but few instances in all history of baser ingratitude. One reason why De Soto made the princess his prisoner and carried her with the expedition was to use her influence in controlling the Indians along his line of march. In fact, the Indians of Florida, Mexico and Peru were so loyal and devoted to their rulers that they often refrained from attacking the Spaniards, lest they should imperil their lives. It was true in this case that the Indians not only did not attack the invaders while the princess was with them, but at her command they supplied them with guides to conduct them through the wilderness, porters to carry their extra baggage and provision as it was needed along the route

through her domain.

But had the Spaniards treated the princess and her people kindly and with justice all this would have been done from motives of hospitality and good will. Kindness begets kindness even among savage races.

De Soto did not accept the spirit of the letter from the noble Isabella, in which she wrote, "I will no longer persevere in this invasion of the lands of others which is always plunging me more and more deeply into difficulties." Instead of this he followed the infamous example which Pizarro, in Peru, and Cortez, in Mexico, had set him. There is nothing whatever to justify his action, as it was alike cruel, dastardly and unnecessary.

After being dragged a prisoner in the Spanish army for two or three weeks and covering a distance of about three hundred miles, she found an opportunity to escape from her treacherous and brutal captors. Passing one day through a thick forest she and her attendants suddenly darted from the train and disappeared. De Soto never saw her or heard from her again, though every effort was made to recapture her, partly because of the casket of splendid pearls which one of her attendants carried off with her. Undoubtedly a band of her warriors were in rendezvous there to receive her.

The historian of Florida, Garcilasode la Vega, terminates his account of this princess by declaring that she possessed a truly noble soul and was worthy of an empire. Shame for his country-men has induced him to suppress all mention of the brutal indignity to which she was subjected by De Soto, and for which, as a Castilian knight, he deserved to have been deprived of his spurs. The Portuguese narrator who accompanied the expedition states the facts too circumstantially to leave us in any doubt

about the matter, and the noble and generous Cofachiqui is to be numbered among those who suffered by trusting to the honor and justice of the plunderers of the New World.

Again quoting from Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), we feel moved to say that "De Soto's expedition was organized by the spirit of greed. It spread desolation wherever it went and it ended in disaster and despair. De Soto himself found a grave in the waters of the Mississippi, and the survivors who made their way back home were broken in health and spirit."

An attempt has been made to throw a halo of romance over the march of the Spaniards through the wilderness of the New World, but there is nothing romantic or inspiring about it. It was simply a search for riches in which hundreds of lives were most cruelly sacrificed and thousands of homes destroyed.

The only permanent good which resulted from it was the discovery of the Father of Waters and this noble, Indian Princess Cofachiqui.



POWHATAN, OR WAH-UN-SO-NA-COOK.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN INDIAN.

From an original drawing.

CHAPTER II.

POWHATAN, OR WAH-UN-SO-NA-COOK.

When the English colonists first landed in Virginia, in 1607, they found the country occupied by three large tribes of natives known by the general names Mannahoack, Monacans and Powhatans.

Of these the two former might be called highland or mountain Indians, because they occupied the hill country east of the Alleghany ridge, while the Powhatan nation inhabited the lowland region extending from the seacoast westward to the falls of the rivers and from the Patuxent southward to Carolina.

Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," estimates that the Powhatan confederacy at one time occupied about eight thousand square miles of territory, with a population of about eight thousand people, of whom twenty-four hundred were warriors. When it is remembered that there were thirty tribes in this coalition, and that this estimate is less than one hundred warriors to the tribe, it seems moderate enough, especially since it is recorded by an early writer that three hundred warriors appeared under one Indian chief in one body at one time and seven hundred at another, all of whom were apparently of his own tribe.

Moreover, the Powhatan confederacy inhabited a country upon which nature bestowed her favors with lavish profusion. Their settlements were mostly on the banks of the James, Elizabeth, Nansamond, York and Chickahominy rivers, all of which abounded with fish and fowl. The forest was filled with deer and wild turkey, while the toothsome oyster was found in great abundance on the

shores of the Chesapeake and its numerous inlets. Indeed, the whole region seems to have been a veritable paradise for hunter and fisherman. Vast quantities of corn, too, yearly rewarded even the crude agriculture of the Indians, bestowed as it was upon the best portion of a fertile soil.

Captain John Smith, the hero and historian of early Virginia, informs us that at one time "the rivers became so covered with swans, geese, ducks and cranes that we daily feasted with good bread, Virginia pease, pumpions (pumpkins) and putchamins (a wild plum), fish, fowl and diverse sorts of wild beasts so fat as we could eat them." He might have added, "And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness," but at first were ready to divide with them their ample store, for on one occasion when Smith undertook an exploring tour into the interior late in the season a violent storm obliged him and his men to keep Christmas among the savages. "And we were never more merry," he relates, "nor fed on more plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, wild fowl and good bread, nor ever had better fires in England."

The mention of oysters here is the first account of this palatable bivalve we have found in history. They also graced the first Thanksgiving dinner, as will be seen in another chapter. But it might be asked, why is it, since Virginia was a land of such great abundance of food, we read so much of famine and "the starving time" among the colonists at Jamestown? Simply because the men sent over by King James were for the most part so idle, improvident and utterly worthless that they would have literally starved to death "with stewed pigeons flying into their mouths." Shortly after the settlement at Jamestown Captains Smith and Newport, accompanied by twenty-three others, sailed up the James river to its falls. A few miles below where Richmond now stands, near what is known as Mayo's plantation, they visited an Indian village of a dozen houses

called Powhatan. Here they met and were entertained by the leading chief, or werowance, of the Powhatan confederacy, who, strange to say, was also called Powhatan. Indeed, the English understanding but little of the Indian language, and hearing this name often mentioned, and always with awe or reverence, by turns regarded it as the name of a river, of the country, of the people, of a town and of their head sachem.

But little is known of this, the first interview between Captain Smith and company and the great sagamore and his people, but it is recorded that the English were kindly and hospitably received, as they usually were, and feasted on fruit, fish and vegetables, as well as roast deer and cakes.

Bancroft says the savages at first murmured at this intrusion of strangers into the country; but their crafty chief disguised his fear and would only say, "They hurt you not; they take but a little waste land."

But even Powhatan grew suspicious of a cross which Newport insisted on erecting as a sign of English dominion until the latter, probably at the suggestion of Smith, told him the arms represented Powhatan and himself, and the middle their united league. The interview ended by the return of the explorers to Jamestown, but before doing so Newport presented the chief with a hatchet, with which he was much delighted.

The English invested savage life with all the dignity of European courts. Powhatan was styled "king" or "emperor," his wives, of whom he had many, were "queens," his daughter was a "princess" and his principal warriors were "lords of the kingdom."

In his younger days Powhatan had been a great

warrior. Hereditarily he was sachem of eight tribes and by his arms he subdued twenty-two others, so that at this time he was the mighty werowance, or sagamore, of thirty of the forty tribes of Virginia. This great chief has been called the Indian Cæsar, and certainly his system of government was strikingly similar to that of the Roman Empire, for the hereditary chiefs or "kings" of the subject tribes were permitted to rule their own people as before the conquest and their local laws and customs were not interfered with on condition of their paying annual tribute to Powhatan of "skinnes, beads, copper, pearle, deere, turkies, wild beasts and corne. What he commandeth they dare not disobey in the least thing." Moreover, as if to make the resemblance more remarkable, his subjects regarded him as half man and half god, just as the Roman people regarded their emperors as demi-gods.

He is described as a "tall, well-proportioned man with a sower looke, his head somewhat gray, his beard so thinne that it seemeth none at all, his age neare sixtie, of a very able and hardy body, to endure any labor." And certainly the extent of his conquests, his unlimited power over his subjects and the pomp which he maintained invested Powhatan with no little courtly though savage dignity.

Besides this village of his own name where he entertained Smith and Newport, Powhatan had a larger town on the York river called We-ro-wo-co-mo-co, a hunting town in the wilderness called Orapax, and others. At each of his hereditary towns there was a house built in the form of a long arbor for his especial reception, and when the great chief made a visit to one of his towns a feast was made ready in advance and spread in the long house. A mile from Orapax, deep in the woods, he had another arbor-like house in which he kept all his treasures, such as furs, copper, pearls and beads, to have them ready for his burial. Though isolated, the contents of this

treasure-house were never disturbed, but whether this was due to the terror inspired by the owner or to superstitious reverence is not known. Perhaps it was both.

It is said that Powhatan had twenty sons and eleven daughters living at the time of the Jamestown settlement. We know nothing of his sons except Nantaquans, who is described as "the most manliest, comliest and boldest spirit, ever seen in a savage."

Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of Powhatan, was thought to have been born in 1594, which would make her about thirteen years of age at the time of Captain Smith's trial before her august father. Nothing is known of her mother; she was simply one of Powhatan's numerous wives, and it is within the bounds of possibility that, growing tired of her, the chief had presented her to one of his subjects whom he wished to honor, for such was his custom.

The Indians believed that a knowledge of the real names of persons gave their enemies power to cast spells upon them, so they were frequently known by several names and endeavored to conceal their true ones. They also had a custom of changing the name upon great occasions.

Pocahontas, signifying, it is said, "Bright Stream Between Two Hills," was the household name of Powhatan's "dearest daughter." She had also two other names, Amonate and Matoaka, the last being her "real name." Besides her favorite brother, Nantaquans, we know the names of two sisters, Matachanna and Cleopatre. The real name of Powhatan, it seems, was Wah-un-so-na-cook. This powerful Indian sagamore was at first attended by a bodyguard of forty or fifty tall warriors, which was increased to two hundred after hostilities commenced with

the English.

Captain Smith informs us that "every night upon the foure quarters of his house are four sentinels, each from other a slight shoot, and at every halfe houre one from the corps on guard doth hollow, shaking his lips with his finger betweene them, unto whom every sentinel doth answer round from his stand; if any faile, they presently send forth an officer that beateth him extremely." This is the first description we have of the Indian warwhoop still in vogue among certain tribes, and while it was a safeguard to prevent surprise, it must have tended to murder sleep about every half-hour during the watch of the night.

We also read that Powhatan had a fleet, of which he was very proud. It consisted of a large number of the canoes called "dugouts," which are still in use among some tribes of Indians. These boats were made by a very laborious process. Trees of a kind of timber which would float readily were felled by fire and from the trunks a boat was shaped and hollowed out by means of burning and scraping with shells and tomahawks.

The family of Powhatan was numerous and influential. Besides his sons and daughters there were also three brothers younger than himself; and upon them successively (and not his sons) according to their several ages, custom seems to have required that the government should devolve after his own death. The eldest, Opitchipan, accordingly succeeded him, in form at least. But this chief proved to be an inactive and unambitious man, owing in part to the fact that he was well advanced in years. He was soon thrown into the shade by the superior energy and greater talent of Ope-chan-ca-nough, who, before many years, ruled the entire federation acquired by Powhatan. Of the younger brother, Kekataugh, scarcely anything is known. He is thought to have died before an

opportunity occurred to show his ability in a public station.

It was Ope-chan-ca-nough, then sachem of the Pamunkies, who captured the indomitable Captain Smith while the latter was engaged in exploring the Chickahominy river.

Having gone as far as they could in a barge, Captain Smith left it moored in the middle of a small lake out of the reach of the savages on the banks, and accompanied by Robinson, Emry and two friendly Indians, pushed on up the stream in a smaller boat. Those with the barge were ordered on no account to go ashore. But the order was disobeyed and they came near forfeiting their lives by their rashness, for two or three hundred Indians lay in ambush on the banks. When, on landing, the English discovered the crouching savages, they fled precipitately to their boat and escaped, leaving one of their number, George Cassen, a prisoner. Him the Indians compelled to show the direction taken by Smith, after which he was put to death in a barbarous manner.

Smith's party was overtaken among the Chickahominy swamps or "slashes," as they are called in Virginia, Robinson and Emry were killed and Smith himself captured, but only after a terrible resistance. He fought like a lion at bay, tied one of the Indian guides to his left arm for a shield, killed three Indians, wounded several others and would have escaped had he not stepped backward into a deep quagmire.

He now surrendered to the Indian sachem Ope-chan-ca-nough, who conducted him in triumph through the Indian villages on the Potomac and the Rappahannock, thence to his own town, Pamunkey. At this place the medicine men practiced incantations and ceremonies for the space of three days, hoping to obtain some insight into

the mysterious character and designs of the captive in order to determine his fate. By this time Smith had so overawed his captors that they feared to inflict the death penalty without the concurrence of their great werowance, Powhatan. Accordingly he was conveyed to We-ro-wo-co-mo-co, the favorite home of this chieftain of the chiefs, on the York river, a few miles from the historic field of Yorktown.

Arriving at We-ro-wo-co-mo-co, Captain Smith was detained near the town until preparations had been made to receive him in state. When Powhatan and his train had time to array themselves in all "their greatest braveries" the noted prisoner was admitted to the great chief's presence. Powhatan "looked every inch a king" as he sat on a kind of throne in the longhouse, covered with a robe of raccoon skin, and with a coronet of immense gaily colored plumes on his head. His two favorite daughters sat on right and left while files of warriors and women of rank, his favorite wives or sisters, were ranged around the hall.

On Smith's entrance into the hall of state a great shout arose from those present. At a signal a handsome Indian woman, perhaps a sister of the great chief, whom Smith styles "the Queen of Appamatuck," brought water in a copper basin to wash the prisoner's hands, while her companion presented a bunch of feathers with which to dry them.

Powhatan now proceeded to question Smith closely as to where he was from, where he was going, what brought the whites to his country, what were their intentions, what kind of a country they lived in and how many warriors they had. No doubt the captain was equal to the occasion, but it is quite probable that the grim old savage regarded him as a liar. Again quoting Smith, "A long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were

brought before Powhatan, then as many savages as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them and thereon layd his head," in position to be crushed with a war club. A stalwart warrior was appointed executioner. The signal was given, the grim executioner raised his heavy war club and another moment had decided the fate both of the illustrious captive and his colony. But that uplifted bludgeon was not destined to fall upon the head of Smith. Matoaka, or Pocahontas, the eldest daughter of Powhatan, sprang from her seat, and rushing between the big warrior and his intended victim, she clasped "his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death." She held on with the resolution of despair until her father, yielding to her frantic appeals, lifted them up and ordered Smith to be released. "The Emperor was contented; he should live to make him hatchets" (like the one Newport had presented) "and her beads and copper trinkets."

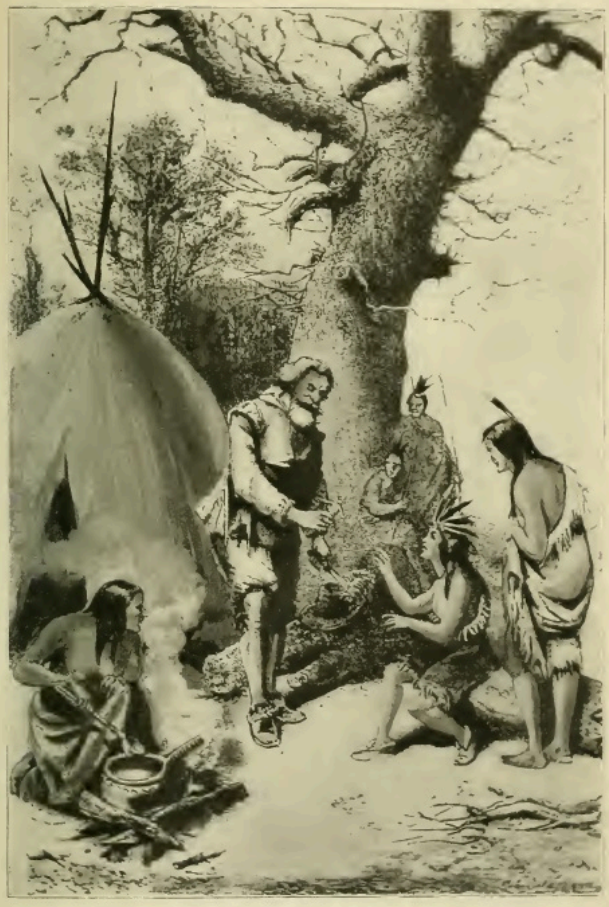
Ridpath well says, "There is no reason in the world for doubting the truth of this affecting and romantic story, one of the most marvelous and touching in the history of any nation."

Bancroft also records the incident as a historical fact and moralizes on it by saying, "The gentle feelings of humanity are the same in every race and in every period of life; they bloom, though unconsciously, even in the bosom of a young Indian maiden."

The truth of this beautiful story was never doubted until 1866, when the eminent antiquarian, Dr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in reprinting Smith's first book, "The True Relation of 1609," pointed out that it contains no reference to this hair-breadth escape. Since then many American historians and scholars have concluded that it never happened at all, and in order to be consistent they have tried to prove that Smith was a

blustering braggadocio, which is the very last thing that could in truth be said of him. The rescue of a captive doomed to death, by a woman, is not such an unheard-of thing in Indian stories.

If the truth of this deliverance be denied, how then did Smith come back to Jamestown loaded with presents when the other three men were killed, George Cassen, in particular, in a most horrible manner? And how is it, supposing Smith's account of it to be false, that Pocahontas afterward frequently came to Jamestown with her attendants bringing baskets of corn and was, next to Smith himself, the salvation of the colony? She was also sent by her father to intercede with Smith for the release of prisoners. The fact is, nobody doubted the story in Smith's life time and he had enemies enough. Pocahontas never visited Jamestown after Smith went to England in October, 1609, until she was kidnapped and taken there in April, 1613, by the infamous Captain Argall, with the aid of Japazaws, the chief sachem of the Patawomekes or Potomacs.



CAPTAIN SMITH MAKING TOYS FOR POCAHONTAS.

See page 48.

It is true there is no mention of Pocahontas saving the life of Smith in the "True Relation," but it must not be forgotten that it is confessed that the editor came upon his copy at second or third hand; that is, we suppose that it had been copied in MS. He also confesses to selecting what he thought "fit to be printed." "Can any one doubt," says Eggleston, "that the 'True Relation' was carefully revised, not to say corrupted, in the interest of the company and the colony? And, if so, what more natural than that the hostility of so great a chief as Powhatan would be concealed? For the great need of the colony was a fresh supply of colonists. Nothing would have so much tended to check emigration to Virginia (especially women) as a belief that the most powerful neighboring prince was at war with the settlement."

But Smith does mention the thrilling incident in his letter to Queen Anne, on behalf of his protege, and rings the changes on it. Said he, "Pocahontas, the King's most dear and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart, of desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her." . . . For "at the minute of my execution she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown."

The amiable young "princess," Pocahontas, became the first Christian convert in Virginia, as well as the first bride, when she married John Rolfe, in 1613. At her baptism she received the name "Lady Rebecca," no doubt in allusion to Rebekah, the wife of Isaac, who became the mother of two distinct nations and two manner of people.

In 1616 she and her husband went to England. Here the "Lady Rebecca" received great attentions at court and was entertained by the Bishop of London. Pocahontas

remained in England about a year; and when, with her husband and son, she was about to return to Virginia, with her father's counselor, Tomocomo, she was seized with smallpox at Gravesend and died in June,1617, aged twenty-two.

It may assist the reader to remember the place by recalling that at *Gravesend* her beautiful life came to an *end* and she found a *grave* under the chancel of the parish church.

John Rolfe returned to Virginia and became a prominent official of the colony. His son, Thomas Rolfe, was taken to London, where he was brought up by an uncle. When he was a young man he came to Virginia, and, as "Lieutenant Rolfe," commanded Fort James, on the Chickahominy.

In 1644, when about twenty-six, he petitioned the Governor for permission to visit his great uncle, Ope-chan-ca-nough, and his aunt, Cleopatre, who still lived in the woods on the York river. He married a young lady of England, became a gentleman of "note and fortune" in Virginia, and some of the most prominent families of that State are descended from him.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was the best known of his descendants and was proud of his Indian blood. His manner of walking and the peculiar brightness of his eyes are said to have shown his origin, and he once said he came of a race who never forgot a kindness or forgave an injury. Randolph was sixth in descent from Pocahontas, through Jane Rolfe, her grand-daughter. "And," as John Esten Cook says, "the blood of Powhatan mingled with that of his old enemies. Dead for many years, and asleep in his sepulcher at Orapax, the savage old Emperor still spoke in the voice of his great descendant, the orator of

Roanoke."

The crafty Powhatan, seeing how much superior the English weapons were to his own, determined to possess some of them. Accordingly, after sparing the life of Captain Smith, he told him that they were now friends and that he would presently send him home, and when he arrived at Jamestown he must send him two great guns and a grindstone. He also promised to consider him his son and give him the country of Capahowosick.

Smith was shortly afterward sent to Jamestown with twelve guides and arrived safely after seven weeks' captivity. Here he treated his savage guides with great hospitality and showed Rawhunt, their leader, two demi-culverins (long cannon carrying a nine-pound shot) and a millstone to carry to Powhatan. The Indians, however, "found them somewhat too heavy." To give them a wholesome fright, Smith caused a cannon to be loaded with stone and fired among the boughs of trees filled with icicles. The effect may easily be imagined.

Presents of various toys and trinkets were now given the Indians for Powhatan and his family and they went away satisfied.

During the same winter Smith visited Powhatan in company with Newport. Attended by a guard of thirty or forty men they sailed as far as We-ro-wo-co-mo-co the first day. Here Newport's courage failed him. But Smith, with twenty men, went on and visited the chief at his town.

Powhatan exerted himself to the utmost to give his adopted son a royal entertainment. The warriors shouted for joy to see Smith; orations were addressed to him and a plentiful feast provided to refresh him after his journey. The great sachem received him, reclining upon his bed of

mats, his pillow of dressed skin lying beside him with its brilliant embroidery of shells and beads, and his dress consisting chiefly of a handsome fur robe. Along the sides of the house sat twenty comely females, each with her head and shoulders painted red and a great chain of white beads about her neck. "Before these sat his chiefest men in like order, and more than fortie platters of fine bread stood in two piles on each side of the door. Foure or five hundred people made a guard behind them for our passage; and Proclamation was made, none upon paine of death to presume to doe us any wrong or discourtesie. With many pretty discourses to renew their old acquaintance, this great king and our captain spent the time, till the ebbe left our barge aground. Then renewing their feast with feates, dauncing and singing, and such like mirth, we quartered that night with Powhatan."

The next day Captain Newport came ashore and was received with savage pomp, Smith taking the part of interpreter. Newport presented Powhatan with a boy named Thomas Salvage. In return the chief gave him a servant of his named Namontack, and several days were spent in feasting, dancing and trading, during which time the old sachem manifested so much dignity and so much discretion as to create a high admiration of his talents in the minds of his guests.

Newport had brought with him a variety of articles for barter, such as he supposed would command a high price in corn. Not finding the lower class of Indians profitable, as they dealt on a small scale and had but little corn to spare, he was anxious to drive a bargain with Powhatan himself. This, however, the haughty chief affected to decline and despise.

"Captain Newport," said he, "it is not agreeable to my greatness to truck in this peddling manner for trifles. I am a

great werowance and I esteem you the same. Therefore lay me down all your commodities together; what I like I will take and in return you shall have what I conceive to be a fair value."

Newport fell into the trap. He did as requested, contrary to Smith's advice. Powhatan selected the best of his goods and valued his corn so high that Smith says it might as well have been purchased in old Spain. They did not get four bushels, where they expected twenty hogsheads.

It was now Smith's turn to try his skill; and he made his experiment not upon the sagacity of Powhatan but upon his simplicity. Picking up a string of large brilliant blue beads he contrived to glance them as if by accident, so that their glint attracted the eye of the chief, who at once became eager to see them. Smith denied having them, then protested he could not sell them as they were made of the same stuff as the sky and only to be worn by the greatest kings on earth.

Powhatan immediately became "half-mad" to own "such strange jewels." It ended by Smith securing two or three hundred bushels of corn for a pound or two of blue beads. Having loaded their barges, they floated with the next tide. They also visited Ope-chan-ca-nough before their return and "fitted this chief with blue beads on the same terms."

On September 10, 1608, Smith was made President of the colony and things had begun to run smoothly when the marplot Newport returned with several wild schemes. He brought with him orders from King James for a coronation of Powhatan as Emperor, together with elaborate presents for the old chief. A more foolish thing was never perpetrated. Smith, with his usual hard sense, protested

against it. He well knew that it would tend to increase the haughty chief's notions of his own importance and make it impossible to maintain friendly relations with him. Finding his opposition in vain he insisted on at least trying to get Powhatan to come to Jamestown for the ceremony, and even offered to go himself and extend the invitation to the chief.

Smith took with him four companions only and went across the woods by land, about twelve miles, to We-ro-wo-co-mo-co. Powhatan was then absent at a distance of twenty or thirty miles. Pocahontas immediately sent for him and he arrived the following day. Smith now delivered his message desiring him to visit "his father" Newport at Jamestown for the purpose of receiving the newly arrived presents and also concerting a campaign in common against the Monacans. But this proud representative in the American forest of the divine right of kings haughtily replied, "If your King has sent me a present, I also am a King and this is my land; eight days I will stay to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort neither will I bite at such a bait; as for the Monacans I can revenge my own injuries."

"This is the lofty potentate," says a charming writer, "whom Smith could have tickled out of his senses with a glass bead and who would have infinitely preferred a big shining copper kettle to the misplaced honor intended to be thrust upon him, but the offer of which puffed him up beyond the reach of negotiation."

After some further general conversation Smith returned with his answer. If the mountain would not come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. The presents were sent by water around to We-ro-wo-co-mo-co and the two captains with a guard of fifty men went by land. Smith describes the ridiculous ceremony of the

coronation, the last act of which shows that the old sachem himself saw the size of the joke. "The presents were brought him, his basin and ewer, bed and furniture setup, his scarlet cloak and apparel with much adoe put on him, being assured they would not hurt him. But a foule trouble there was to make him kneel to receive his crown; he not knowing the majesty, nor wearing of a crown, nor bending of the knee, endured so many persuasions, examples and instructions as tyred them all. At last by bearing hard on his shoulders, he a little stooped, and three having the crown in their hands, put it on his head, when by the warning of a pistoll the boats were prepared with such a volly of shot, that the king started up in a horrible feare, till he saw all was well. Then, remembering himself, to congratulate their kindness, he gave his old shoes (moccasins) and his mantell (of raccoon skins) to Captain Newport." The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse.

Little was heard of Powhatan for some time after this, except occasionally through the medium of some of his tribes, who refused to trade with the English in consequence of his orders to that effect. He had evidently become jealous, but appearances were still kept up, and in December, 1608, the Emperor (for he is now one of the crowned heads) invited the captain to visit him. He wanted his assistance in building a house, and if he would bring with him a grindstone, fifty swords, a few muskets, a cock and hen, with a quantity of beads and copper, he might depend upon getting a ship load of corn.

Smith accepted the invitation and set off with a pinnace and two barges manned by forty-six volunteers. It was on this occasion that a severe storm drove Smith and his men to seek shelter and spend Christmas with friendly Indians, where they enjoyed the good cheer and hospitality mentioned elsewhere in this narrative.

They reached We-ro-wo-co-mo-co January 12, quartered without much ceremony at the first house they found, and sent to Powhatan for a supply of provisions. The wily old chief furnished them with plenty of bread, venison and turkeys, but pretended not to have sent for them at all. In reply Smith asked if he had forgotten his own invitation thus suddenly, and then produced the messengers who had carried it, and who happened to be near at hand. Powhatan affected to regard the whole affair as a mere joke and laughed heartily. Smith reproached him with deceit and hostility. The chief replied by wordy evasions and seemed very indifferent about his new house. He demanded guns and swords in exchange for corn, which Smith, of course, refused. By this time the captain was provoked and gave the chief to understand that necessity might force him to use disagreeable expedients in relieving his own wants and the need of the colony. Powhatan listened to this declaration with cool gravity and replied with corresponding frankness. Said he, "I will spare you what I can and that within two days. But, Captain Smith, I have some doubts as to your object in this visit. I am informed that you wish to conquer more than to trade, and at all events you know my people must be afraid to come near you with their corn so long as you go armed and with such a retinue. Lay aside your weapons then. Here they are needless. We are all friends, all Powhatans." The information here alluded to was probably gained from the two Dutchmen who had deserted the colony and gone among the Indians.

A great contest of ingenuity now ensued between the Englishman and the savage, the latter endeavoring to temporize only for the purpose of putting Smith and his men off their guard. He especially insisted on the propriety of laying aside their arms.

"Captain Smith," he continued, "I am old and I know

well the difference between peace and war. I wish to live quietly with you and I wish the same for my successors. Now, rumors which reach me on all hands make me uneasy. What do you expect to gain by destroying us who provide you with food? And what can you get by war if we escape you and hide our provisions in the woods? We are unarmed, too, you see. Do you believe me such a fool as not to prefer eating good meat, sleeping quietly with my wives and children, laughing and making merry with you, having copper and hatchets and anything else—as your friend—to flying from you as your enemy, lying cold in the woods, eating acorns and roots, and being so hunted by you meanwhile that if but a twig break, my men will cry out, 'There comes Captain Smith.' Let us be friends, then. Do not invade us with such an armed force. Lay aside these arms."

But Smith was proof against this eloquence, which, it will be conceded, was of a high order. Believing the chief's purpose was to disarm the English and then massacre them, he ordered the ice broken and the pinnace brought nearer shore. More men were then landed preparatory to an attack.

The white man and the Indian were well matched in general intelligence, insight into character and craftiness. No diplomacy inferior to that of the Indian Emperor could have so long retained the upper hand of Smith. No leader of less courage and resources than John Smith could so long have maintained a starving colony in the hostile dominions of the great Powhatan.

While waiting until the re-enforcements could land. Smith tried to keep Powhatan engaged in a lengthy conversation. But the Indian outwitted him. Leaving three of his handsomest and most entertaining wives to occupy Smith's attention, Powhatan slipped through the rear of his

bark dwelling and escaped, while his warriors surrounded the house. When Smith discovered the danger he rushed boldly out. Flourishing his sword and firing his pistol at the nearest savage he escaped to the river, where his men had just landed.

The English had already traded a copper kettle to Powhatan for eighty bushels of corn. This was now delivered, and with loaded muskets they forced the Indians to fill the boat.

By the time this was done night had come on, but the loaded vessel could not be moved until high tide. Smith and his men must remain ashore until morning. Powhatan and his warriors plotted to attack them while at their supper. Once again Pocahontas saved Smith. Slipping into the camp she hurriedly warned him of his danger and revealed the whole plot. The captain offered her handsome presents and rewards, but with tears in her eyes she refused them all, saying it would cost her her life to be seen to have them.



POCAHONTAS, OR LADY REBECCA.

After McKenna & Hall's copy of original.

See page 51.

Presently ten lusty warriors came bearing a hot supper for the English and urging them to eat. But Smith compelled the waiters first to taste their own food as an assurance against poison. He then sent them back to tell Powhatan the English were ready for him.

No one was permitted to sleep that night, but all were ordered to be ready to fight any moment, as large numbers of Indians could be seen lurking around. Their vigilance saved them, and with the high tide of the morning the homeward trip was commenced.

Such benefits resulted from the marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas that Governor Dale piously ascribed it to the divine approval resting on the conversion of the heathen, and reflecting that another daughter of Powhatan would form an additional pledge of peace, sent Ralph Hamer and the interpreter, Thomas Savage, to Powhatan to procure a second daughter for himself.

They found the aged chief at Matchcat, further up the river than We-ro-wo-co-mo-co, and after a pipe of tobacco had been passed around Powhatan inquired anxiously about his daughter's welfare, "her marriage, his unknown son, and how they liked, lived and loved together." Hamer answered that they "lived civilly and lovingly together," and "that his daughter was so well content that she would not change her life to return and live with him, whereat he laughed heartily and said he was very glad of it."

Powhatan now asked the particular cause of Mr. Hamer's visit. On being told it was private, the Emperor ordered the room cleared of all except the inevitable pair of queens, who sat on either side of the monarch. Hamer began by saying that he was the bearer of a number of

presents from Governor Dale, consisting of coffee, beads, combs, fish hooks and knives, and a promise of the much-talked-of grindstone whenever Powhatan would send for it. He then added that the Governor, hearing of the fame of the Emperor's youngest daughter, was desirous of making her "his nearest companion and wife." He conceived there could not be a finer bond of union between the two people than such a connection; and, besides, Pocahontas was exceedingly anxious for her sister's companionship at Jamestown. He hoped that Powhatan would at least suffer her to visit the colony when he should return.

Powhatan more than once came very near interrupting the delivery of this message. But he controlled himself, and when Hamer had finished, the Emperor gracefully acknowledged the compliment, but protested that his daughter had been three days married to a certain young chief. To this the brazen Hamer replied that this was nothing; that the groom would readily relinquish her for the ample presents which Governor Dale would make, and further that a prince of his greatness might easily exert his authority to reclaim his daughter on some pretext. To this base proposition the old sachem made an answer of which the nobility and purity might have put to shame the unscrupulous Hamer. He confessed that he loved his daughter as his life and though he had many children he delighted in her most of all. He could not live without seeing her every day and that would be impossible if she went among the colonists, for he had resolved upon no account to put himself in their power or to visit them. He desired no other pledge of friendship than the one already existing in the marriage of his Pocahontas, unless she should die, in which case he would give up another child. He concluded with the following pathetic eloquence: "I hold it not a brotherly part for your King to endeavor to bereave me of my two darling children at once. Give him

to understand that if he had no pledge at all, he need not distrust any injury from me or my people. There has already been too much of blood and war; too many of my people and of his have already fallen in our strife, and by my occasion there shall never be any more. I, who have power to perform it, have said it; no, not though I should have just occasion offered, for I am now grown old and would gladly end my few remaining days in peace and quiet. Even if the English should offer me injury, I would not resent it. My country is large enough and I would remove myself further from you. I hope this will give satisfaction to my brother, he can not have my daughter. If he is not satisfied, I will move three days' journey from him and never see Englishmen more."

His speech was ended. The barbarian's hall of state was silent. The council fire unreplenished had burned low during the interview and the great crackling logs lay reduced to a dull heap of embers—fit symbol of the aged chieftain who had just spoken.

As Mason well says, "Call him a savage, but remember that his shining love for his daughter only throws into darker shadow the infamous proposition of the civilized Englishman to tear away the three days' bride from the arms of her Indian lover and give her to a man who had already a wife in England. Call him a barbarian, but forget not that when his enemies hungered he gave them food. When his people were robbed, whipped and imprisoned by the invaders of his country, he had only retaliated and had never failed to buy the peace to which he was entitled without money and without price. Call him a heathen, but do not deny that when he said that, if the English should do him an injury, he would not resent it but only move further from them, he more nearly followed the rule of the Master, of whom he was ignorant, than did the faithless, pilfering adventurers at the fort, who rolled their

eyes heavenward and called themselves Christians."

No candid person can read the history of this famous Indian with an attentive consideration of the circumstances under which he was placed without forming a high estimate of his character as a warrior, statesman and a patriot. His deficiencies were those of education and not of genius. His faults were those of the people whom he governed and of the period in which he lived. His great talents, on the other hand, were his own and these are acknowledged even by those historians who still regard him with prejudice.

Smith calls him "a prince of excellent sense and parts, and a great master of all the savage arts of government and policy."

He died in 1618, just one year after the untimely death of Pocahontas, "full of years and satiated with fightings, and the delights of savage life." He is a prominent character in the early history of our country and well does he deserve it. In his prime he was as ambitious as Julius Cæsar and not less successful, considering his surroundings. He and Pocahontas were the real "F. F. V.'s," for, beyond controversy, they were of the "First Families of Virginia."

CHAPTER III

MASSASOIT.
THE FRIEND OF THE PURITANS.

"Welcome, Englishmen!" A terrific peal of thunder from a cloudless sky would not have astonished the Plymouth Fathers as did these startling words. It was March 16, 1621, a remarkably pleasant day, and they had assembled in town meeting to plan and discuss ways and means for the best interests of the colony. So engrossed were they with the matter under consideration they did not notice the approach of a solitary Indian as he stalked boldly through the street of this village until he advanced towards the astonished group, and with hand outstretched in a friendly gesture and with perfectly intelligible English addressed them with the words, "Welcome, Englishmen!" The astonished settlers started to their feet and grasped their ever ready weapons. But reassured by his friendly gestures and hearty repetition of the familiar English phrase in which only kindness lurked, the settlers cordially returned his greeting and reciprocated his "welcome," which is the only one the Pilgrims ever received.

"He who would have friends must show himself friendly." This their dusky guest had done and it paved the way for a pleasant interview, which resulted in mutual good. Knowing that the way to the heart lies through the stomach, they at once gave their visitor "strong water, biscuit, butter, cheese and some pudding, with a piece of mallard."

The heart of the savage was gained: the taciturnity characteristic of his race gave way and he imparted valuable information, much of it pertaining to things they had long desired to know. They ascertained that his name was Samoset, that he was a subordinate chief of the Wampanoag tribe, and his hunting-grounds were near the island of Monhegan, which is at the mouth of Penobscot Bay. With a strong wind it was but a day's sail eastward, but it required five days to make the journey by land. This was a noted fishing place and he had learned something of

the English language from crews of fishing vessels which frequented his coast. He told them the country in their vicinity was called Pawtuxet; that four years previous a terrible pestilence had swept off the tribes that inhabited the district, so that none remained to claim the soil.

He also informed them that a powerful sachem named Massasoit was their nearest neighbor. He lived about Montaup (afterward corrupted by the English into Mount Hope), and was chief of the Wampanoag tribe as well as head sachem of the Pokanoket confederacy of thirty tribes. Massasoit, he said, was disposed to be friendly. But another tribe, called the Nausets, were greatly incensed against the English, and with just cause. Samoset was able to define this cause, which also served to explain the fierce attack the Pilgrims received from the savages in their memorable "First Encounter."

It seems that a captain by the name of Hunt who had been left in charge of a vessel by Captain John Smith, while exploring the coast of New England in 1614, had exasperated the Indians beyond endurance. Captain Smith thus records this infamous crime in his "Generale Historie of New England." "He (Hunt) betraied foure and twentie of these poore salvages aboord his ship, and most dishonestly and inhumanely for their kind usage of me and all our men, carried them with him to Maligo, and there for a little private gaine sold those silly salvages for Rials of eight; but this vilde act kept him ever after from any more emploiement to these parts."

Samoset had heard from his red brothers all about this kidnapping, as well as the attack on the Pilgrims in revenge for it.

The sequel of Hunt's outrageous crime is quite interesting. He sold his victims, as we have seen, at

Malaga, for eighty pounds each, but some of them, including an Indian by the name of Squanto, were ransomed and liberated by the monks of that island.

Squanto now went first to Cornhill, England, afterward to London. Here he acquired some knowledge of the English language and obtained the friendship and sympathy of Mr. John Slaney, a merchant of that city, who protected him and determined to send the poor exile back to his native land.

About this time (1619) Sir F. Gorges was preparing to send a ship to New England under the command of Captain Thomas Dermer, and it was arranged for Squanto to embark on board this ship. "When I arrived," says Dermer in his letter to Purchas, "at my savage's native country, finding all dead (because of the pestilence), I traveled along a day's journey to a place called Nummastaquyt, where, finding inhabitants, I dispatched a messenger a day's journey further west, to Pacanokit, which bordereth on the sea; whence came to see me two kings, attended with a guard of fifty armed men, who being well satisfied with that my savage and I discoursed unto them (being desirous of novelty) gave me content in whatsoever I demanded. Here I redeemed a Frenchman and afterwards another at Masstachusitt, who three years since escaped shipwreck at the northeast of Cape Cod."

One of these two "kings," as the sachems were frequently entitled by the early writers, must have been Massasoit, the other was probably his brother, Quadepinah.

The good Captain Dermer was faithful to his trust and delivered the poor exile Squanto to his native land, but not to his own people at Plymouth, as they had been swept off by the pestilence in his absence. He, however, became a loyal subject of Massasoit. He was introduced to the

English settlers at Plymouth by Samoset on his third visit. Squanto was disposed to return good for evil, and forgetting the outrage of the knave who had kidnapped him and remembering only the great kindness which he had received from his benefactor, Mr. Slaney, and from the people generally in London, in generous requital now attached himself cordially to the Pilgrims and became their firm friend. His residence in England, as we have stated, had rendered him quite familiar with the English language, and he proved invaluable, not only as an interpreter, but also in instructing them respecting fishing, woodcraft, planting corn and other modes of obtaining support in the wilderness.

Squanto brought the welcome intelligence that his sovereign chief, the great Massasoit, had heard of the arrival of the Pilgrims and was approaching to pay them a friendly visit, attended by a retinue of sixty warriors. An hour later Massasoit and his warriors, accompanied by his brother, Quadepinah (sometimes written Quadequina) appeared on a neighboring hill. The wily sachem was well acquainted with the conduct of the unprincipled Hunt and other English seamen who had skirted the coast and committed all manner of outrages on the natives, and he was too wary to place himself in the power of strangers, respecting whom he entertained such well grounded suspicions. He therefore took a position on a hill where he could not be taken by surprise and in case of attack could retreat if necessary.

As they seemed unwilling to approach nearer, Squanto was sent to ascertain their designs, and was informed that they wished some one should be sent to hold a parley. Edward Winslow was appointed to discharge this duty, and he immediately waited on the sachem and conveyed a present consisting of a pair of knives and a copper chain with a jewel attached to it. Also a knife, a

jewel to hang on his ear, "a pot of strong water, a good quantity of biscuit and some butter" for Quadepinah. Massasoit received him with dignity, yet with courtesy. Mr. Winslow, with the aid of Squanto as interpreter, addressed the chief in a speech of some length, to which the Indians listened with the decorous gravity characteristic of the race. The purport of the speech was that King James saluted the sachem, his brother, with the words of peace and love; that he accepted him as his friend and ally; and that the Governor desired to see him and to trade and treat with him upon friendly terms.

Massasoit made no special reply to these words, probably for the sufficient reason that he did not fully comprehend the drift of it, except the last clause. He observed the sword and armor of Winslow during the harangue, and, when he had ceased speaking, signified his disposition to commence the proposed trade immediately by buying them. They were not, however, for sale; and after a brief parley Winslow was left behind as a hostage in the custody of Quadepinah, while Massasoit and twenty unarmed followers met Standish, Williamson and six musketeers at the brook which divided the parties.



OPE-CHAN-CA-NOUGH.

By Chilberg, from original painting.

See page 46.

The sachem and his retinue, marching in Indian file one behind the other, led by the chief, were escorted to the best house in the village. Here a green rug was spread upon the floor and several cushions piled on it for his accommodation. Presently Governor Carver entered the house in as great state as he could command, with beat of drum and blare of trumpet, and a squad of armed men as a bodyguard. The Governor took the hand of Massasoit and kissed it. The Indian chieftain immediately imitated his example and returned the salute.

The two leaders now sat down together and regaled themselves with refreshments consisting chiefly of "strong waters, a thing the savages love very well; and the sachem took such a large draught of it at once as made him sweat all the while he staid." The white man's "firewater" thus in evidence in this treaty has been the most fruitful source of the red man's ruin from that day to the present time. Following are the terms of the treaty concluded upon this occasion:

1. That neither he nor any of his (Massasoit's) should injure or do hurt to any of their people.

2. That if any of his did any hurt to any of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.

3. That if anything were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored, and they should do the like to his.

4. That if any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him; and if any did war against them, he should

aid them.

5. That he should send to his neighbor confederates, to inform them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be like wise comprised in these conditions of peace.

6. That when his came to them upon any occasion, they should leave their arms behind them.

7. That so doing, their sovereign lord, King James, would esteem him as his friend and ally.

Such was the first treaty made with the Indians of New England, which remained in force fifty-four years. Nor was Massasoit or any of the Wampanoags during his lifetime convicted by the harshest revilers of his race of having violated or attempted to violate any of its provisions. It was eminently satisfactory to both parties to the compact, but a close reading will show hints (as usual) of the white man overreaching his red brother. In the first place they got an immense territory for a few baubles and gewgaws, part of which were utterly useless. Then, too, the Indians were required to come unarmed in their interviews with the Pilgrims, but we fail to find it stated that the white men should leave their pieces behind them on going among the Indians. It is also noticed that the Indians were to aid the English should any foe war against them, and the English should aid the Indians should any foe "unjustly war against them." Why this word "unjustly" on the one side and not on the other? And who was to decide the matter? Certainly the Puritans. But to their credit be it said, they did send aid to their ally promptly in his time of need, as we shall see.

Massasoit is thus described in the Pilgrim's Journal: "In his person he is a very lusty man in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance and spare of speech; in

his attire little or nothing differing from the rest of his followers, save only in a great chain of white beads about his neck; behind his neck, attached to the chain, hangs a pouch of tobacco which he drank (smoked) and gave us to drink. His face was painted with a seal red, and he was oiled both head and face that he looked greasily." He and his companions were picturesquely dressed in skins and plumes of brilliant colors. Being tall, strongmen, and the first natives whom most of the colonists had ever seen near at hand, they must have impressed them as a somewhat imposing as well as interesting spectacle.

After the conclusion of this famous treaty, Massasoit was conducted by the Governor to the brook and rejoined his party, leaving hostages behind. Presently his brother, Quadepinah, came over with a retinue, and was entertained with like hospitality. The next day, on an invitation from the chief, Standish and Allerton returned his visit and were regaled with "three or four ground-nuts and some tobacco." Governor Carver sent for the chief's kettle and returned it "full of pease, which pleased them well, and so they went their way."

The next interview the colonists had with Massasoit was in July, 1621. At this time an embassy consisting of Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, with Squanto as interpreter, was sent to make the sachem a formal visit at Montaup, his seat near the Narragansett bay. The objects of this embassy were, says Mourt, "that forasmuch as his subjects came often and without fear upon all occasions amongst us, becoming, in fact, a sad annoyance to the colonists as they went to the sea shore in search of lobsters and to fish. Men, women and children always hanging about the village, clamorous for food and pertinaciously inquisitive." It was partly to abate this nuisance and "partly," says the old chronicle, "to know where to find our savage allies, if occasion served, as also to see their

strength, explore the country, make satisfaction for some injuries conceived to have been done on our parts, and to continue, the league of peace and friendship between them and us." The "injuries" here mentioned refer to the fact that the colonists shortly after their arrival found corn buried in the ground. Seeing no inhabitants in the neighborhood, "but some graves of the dead newly buried," they took the corn with the intention of making full satisfaction for it whenever it became practicable. The owners of it were supposed to have fled through fear. It was now proposed that the owners of this corn should be informed by Massasoit, if they could be found, that the English were ready to pay them with an equal quantity of corn, English meal, or "any other commodities they had to pleasure them withal"; and full satisfaction was offered for any trouble which the sachem might do them the favor to take. All of which shows that the Pilgrim Fathers were scrupulously just in their dealings with the Indians.

The two ambassadors and their guide, bearing presents for the sachem, started on their journey through the forest. Much they marveled at the well-nigh infallible skill of Squanto in always leading right, even when confronted with a mazy labyrinth of paths pointing in every direction. They met several bands of Indians en route, and partook of such hospitality as they had to offer. Their number was augmented by six stalwart savages, who insisted not only on bearing them company but bearing their arms and baggage. At the various fords the friendly Indians carried the Englishmen over dry-shod upon their shoulders, which is quite remarkable, in view of the proverbial laziness of the Indians in general and those of the New England coast in particular.

In due time the envoys arrived at Montaup, or Sowams, the residence of Massasoit. The sachem was not at home, but was quickly summoned by a runner and was

saluted by his visitors with a discharge of musketry. He welcomed them heartily after the Indian manner, took them into his lodge and seated them by himself. The envoys then delivered their message and presents, the latter consisting of a copper chain and a horseman's coat of red cotton embroidered with lace. Massasoit proudly hung the chain about his neck and arrayed himself in this superb garment without delay, evidently enjoying the admiration of his people, who gazed upon him at a distance. The great chief now gathered his leading warriors around him, and after the pipe of peace had been smoked by all, he answered the message in detail. Expressing his desire to continue in peace and friendship with his neighbors, he promised to promote the traffic in furs, to furnish a supply of corn for seed and, in short, to comply with all their requests.

The two commissioners stated the case concerning the too frequent and protracted visits of the Indians to the colony with great tact and delicacy, assuring the sachem that he himself or any he might send would always be welcome. "To the end that we might know his messengers from others," wrote Winslow, "we desired Massasoit, if any one should come from him to us to send the copper chain, that we might know the savage and harken and give credit to his message accordingly."

As it grew late and he offered no more substantial entertainment than this, "no doubt for the sound reason," as Thatcher says, "that he had nothing to offer," his guests expressed a desire to retire for the night. The chief at once complied with their request in the language of Winslow, "He laid us on the bed with himself and his wife, they at one end and we at the other, it being only planks laid a foot from the ground, and a thin mat upon them. Two more of chief men, for want of room, pressed by and upon us, so that we were worse weary of our lodging than of our

journey."

The next day the two ambassadors had no breakfast, but the morning was taken up in receiving, as visitors, several subordinate sachems and their warriors, and in witnessing Indian games which had been gotten up for their entertainment. About noon Massasoit, who had gone hunting at dawn, returned, bringing with him two large fishes which he had speared or shot with arrows. These were soon boiled and divided among forty persons this was the first meal taken by the envoys for a day and two nights.

The afternoon passed slowly away and again the two white men went supperless to bed, only to spend another sleepless night, being kept awake by vermin, hunger and noise of the savages. Friday morning they arose at dawn resolved to immediately commence their journey home. At this Massasoit greatly importuned them to remain longer with him. "But we determined," they recorded in their graphic narrative, "to keep the Sabbath at home, and feared that we should either be light-headed for want of sleep, for what with bad lodgings, the savages' barbarous singing (for they used to sing themselves to sleep), lice and fleas within doors and mosquitoes without, we could hardly sleep all the time of our being there; we much fearing that if we should stay any longer we should not be able to recover home for want of strength; so that on the Friday morning before the sun rising we took our leave and departed, Massasoit being both grieved and ashamed that he could no better entertain us." It is thus apparent that Massasoit, in spite of his many virtues and the conceded fact that he was the greatest chief of all the New England tribes of this period, was in his housekeeping the smallest possible removed above brute life.

With the streams and bays swarming with fish, the neighboring forest filled with turkey, deer and other game,

he and his people seem to have lived in semi-starvation. This fact is all the more startling when it is contrasted with the great abundance enjoyed by Powhatan, Joseph Brant, Red Jacket and others, mentioned elsewhere, and their tribes. But it is also true of this great chief that despite his pinching poverty, when the test came he proved to be pure gold refined by fire.

Thatcher informs us that "Massasoit's friendship was again tested in March, 1622, when an Indian known to be under Squanto's influence came running in among a party of colonists with his face gashed and the blood fresh upon it, calling out to them to flee for their lives, and then looking behind him as if pursued. On coming up he told them that the Indians under Massasoit were gathering at a certain place for an attack upon the colony; that he had received his wounds in consequence of opposing their designs and had barely escaped from them with his life. The report occasioned no little alarm, although the correctness of it was flatly denied by Hobbamak, a Pokanoket Indian residing at Plymouth, who recommended that a messenger be sent secretly to Sowams for the purpose of ascertaining the truth. This was done and the messenger, finding everything in its usually quiet state, informed Massasoit of the reports circulated against him. He was excessively incensed against Squanto, but sent his thanks to the Governor for the opinion of his fidelity which he understood him to retain, and directed the messenger to assure him that he should instantly apprise him of any conspiracy which might at any further time take place;" This whole affair seems to have been a plot on the part of Squanto, out of jealousy, to array the colonists against their ally, but happily for both parties it miscarried through the common-sense suggestion of Hobbamak.

Early in the spring of 1623 news came to Plymouth that Massasoit was very sick at his home, and it was

determined to send Mr. Winslow to pay him a second visit in token of the friendship of the colonists. That gentleman started on his journey at once, taking with him Hobbamak as guide and interpreter, and accompanied by "one Master John Hampden, a London gentleman who had wintered with him and desired much to see the country and the Indians in their wigwam homes." This Hampden afterward became Cromwell's distinguished friend and counselor, and is alluded to in Gray's "Elegy."

The envoys had not gone far before they met some Indians who told them Massasoit was dead. The white men were shocked and Hobbamak began to wail forth his chief's death song: "Oh, great sachem. Oh, great heart, with many have I been acquainted, but none ever equaled thee." Then turning to his companions he said, "Oh, Master Winslow, his like you will never see again. He was not like other Indians, false and bloody and implacable; but kind, easily appeased when angry, and reasonable in his requirements. He was a wise sachem, not ashamed to ask advice, governing better with mild, than other chiefs did with severe measures. I fear you have not now one faithful friend left in the wigwams of the red men." He would then break forth again in loud lamentations, "enough." says Winslow, "to have made the hardest heart sob and wail." But time pressed, and Winslow, bidding Hobbamak "leave wringing of his hands" and follow him, trudged on through the forest until they came to Corbitant's village. The sachem was not at home but his squaw informed them that Massasoit was not yet dead, though he could scarcely live long enough to permit his visitors to close his eyes.

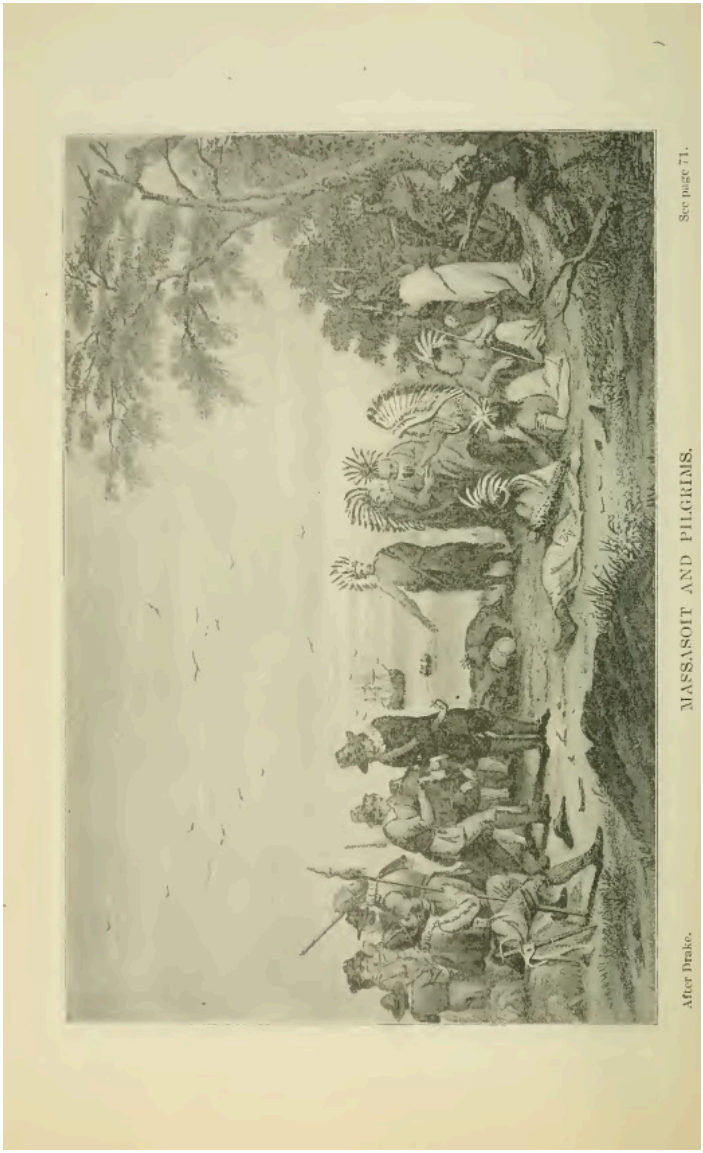
Believing that while there was life there was hope, the envoys pressed on and soon reached Massasoit's humble abode. "When we arrived thither," wrote Winslow, "we found the home so full that we could scarce get in, though they used their best diligence to make way for us. They

were in the midst of their charms for him, making such a fiendish noise that it distempered us who were well, and therefore was unlike to ease him that was sick. About him were six or eight women who chafed his arms, legs and thighs, to keep heat in them. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, were come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked who was come. They told him Winsnow, for they can not pronounce the letter L, but ordinarily N in the place thereof. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him they told him of it, he put forth his hand to me, which I took. Then he said twice, though very inwardly, 'Keen Winsnow?' which is to say, 'Art thou Winslow?' I answered 'Ahhe,' that is, 'Yes.' Then he doubled these words: 'Matta neen wonckanet namen Winsnow'; that is to say, '0, Winslow, I shall never see thee again;'" Hobbamak was now called in and desired to assure the sachem of the Governor's kind remembrance of him in his affliction, and to inform him of the medicine and delicacies they had brought with them for his use. Winslow, who seems to have possessed some knowledge of the healing art, then proceeded to use measures for his relief, consisting of a "confection of many comfortable conserves," which soon worked a cure. The convalescent sachem said, "Now I know that the English are indeed my friends, and love me; while I live I will not forget this kindness."

As Martyn well says, "Nobly did he keep his word; for, after requesting 'the pale-face medicine' to exercise his skill upon others of his tribe, who were down with the same disease which had laid him low, his gratitude was so warm that he disclosed to Winslow, through Hobbamak, the fact that a widespread and well matured conspiracy was afoot to exterminate Weston's colony, in revenge for injuries heaped upon the Indian; that all the northeastern

tribes were in the league; and that the massacre was to include the Pilgrims also, lest they should avenge the fall of their neighbors."

"A chief was here at the setting of the sun," added Massasoit, "and he told me that the pale-faces did not love me, else they would visit me in my pain, and he urged me to join the war party. But I said, 'No.' Now, if you take the chiefs of the league and kill them, it will end the war-trail in the blood of those who made it, and save the setllements." The chief's advice was afterward taken by Miles Standish and his men, and proved to be successful in nipping the conspiracy in the bud.



MASSASOIT AND PILGRIMS.

After Drake.

See page 71.

Mr. Winslow remained several days and his fame as a physician spread so rapidly that great crowds gathered in an encampment around Montaup to gain relief from various ills. Some came from the distance of more than a hundred miles. But on hearing of the plot above mentioned, immediately started for home.

The other leading events in the life of Massasoit may be soon detailed. In 1632 he was assaulted at Sowams by a party of Narragansetts and obliged to take refuge in the home of an Englishman. His situation was soon ascertained at Plymouth, and an armed force being promptly dispatched to his relief under his old friend Standish, the Narragansetts were compelled to retreat.

Massasoit and ninety of his people were also present at the first celebration of Thanksgiving in the autumn of 1621, and were feasted by the colonists for three days, though the Indians contributed five fat deer to the festivity. Oysters, turkey and pumpkin pie also graced this occasion, and no Thanksgiving feast is considered *complete* to-day without these essentials.

Governor Winthrop records this anecdote of the great sachem: "It seems that his old friend 'Winsnow,' made a trading voyage to Connecticut, during the summer of 1634. On his return he left his vessel upon the Narragansett coast for some reason or other, and commenced his journey for Plymouth across the woods. Finding himself at a loss, probably, as to his route, he made his way to Sowams, and called upon his ancient acquaintance, the sachem. The latter gave him his usual kind welcome, and upon his resuming his journey offered to conduct him home, a pedestrian journey of two days. He had just dispatched one of his Wampanoags to Plymouth with instructions to inform the friends of Winslow that he was dead, and to persuade them of this melancholy fact by specifying such

particulars as their own ingenuity might suggest. All this was done accordingly, and the tidings occasioned, as might be expected, a very unpleasant excitement throughout the colony. In the midst of it, however, the sachem entered the village attended by Winslow, with more than his usual complacency in his honest and cheerful countenance. He was asked why such a report had been circulated the day previous. 'That Winsnow might be the more welcome,' he answered, 'and that you might be the more happy; it is my custom.' He had come thus far to enjoy the surprise personally; and he returned homeward more gratified by it, without doubt, than he would have been by the most fortunate foray among the Narragansetts."

We have seen it intimated more than once that Massasoit's fear of those warlike neighbors lay at the foundation of his friendship for the English settlers. It might have been nearer the truth, considering all the known facts in the case, to say that his interest happened to coincide with his inclination. At all events, it was in the power of any of the other sachems of the surrounding country to have established the same friendly relation with the colonists had they been prompted by as much good breeding or good sense. "On the contrary," as Thatcher says, "the Massachusetts were plotting and threatening on one hand, as we have seen—not without provocation, it must be allowed—while the Narragansett sachem, upon the other, had sent in his compliments as early as 1622, in the shape of a bundle of arrows, tied up with a rattlesnake's skin. Nor should we forget the wretched feebleness of the colony at the period of their first acquaintance with Massasoit. Indeed the instant measures which he took for their relief and protection look more like the promptings of compassion than either hope or fear. A month previous to his appearance among them, they were reduced to such a pitiable condition by sickness, that only six or seven men

of their whole number were able to perform labor in the open air; and probably their entire fighting force, could they have been mustered together, would scarcely have equaled that little detachment of twenty which Massasoit brought with him into the village, delicately leaving twice as many with the arms of all behind him, as he afterward exchanged six hostages for one. No wonder the colonists 'could not yet conceive but that he was willing to have peace with them.'"

Massasoit was unique among Indian sachems, in the fact that he was ever a lover of peace; nor is he known to have been once engaged in waging war with the powerful and warlike tribes who environed his territory. All the native tribes of New England but the Pokanoket confederation were involved in dissensions and wars with each other and the white settlers; and all shared sooner or later the fate which he avoided. This chief vied with Canonicus and Miantonomoh, the Narragansett sachems, in giving a hearty welcome to Roger Williams at the time of his banishment from Salem, when he "fled from Christians to the savages, who knew and loved him, till at last he reached the kind-hearted but stupid Indian heathen, Massasoit." These three friends in his time of distress shouted their welcome salutation of "Wha-cheer, wha-cheer?" and grasped his hand with cordial sympathy as he stepped ashore.

The reason for this warm welcome accorded Roger Williams the Baptist, the father of "soul liberty," is obvious when it is remembered that he took great interest in the Indians, so mastering their dialects as to be able to prepare "a key to the languages of America." Except Eliot, his coworker, he was the most successful missionary among the Indians of this period. "My soul's desire," he said, "was to do the natives good." And later he wrote. "God was pleased to give me a painful patient spirit, to

lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes to gain their tongue."

While at Plymouth he had written a pamphlet against the validity of the colonial charter and submitted it to Governor Bradford. This he afterward published while at Salem, and in it he said: "Why lay such stress upon your patent from King James? Tis but idle parchment; James has no more right to give away or sell Massasoit's lands, and cut and carve his country, than Massasoit has to sell James' kingdom or to send his Indians to colonize Warwickshire." Thus did he run a tilt against the established law and order of his time; but while it endeared him to Massasoit, who became to him "a friend in need and a friend in deed," it led to his banishment from Salem "in winter snow and inclement weather"—without guide, without food, without shelter, he suffered tortures. "Fourteen weeks," he wrote, "I Was sorely tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." He must inevitably have perished in the frozen wilderness without giving to the world his immortal idea, had he not found shelter and food with Massasoit.

Great events turn on seemingly trivial circumstances. Who shall say that Massasoit, in saving the life of the great reformer, did not preserve to all time the casket containing the priceless jewel—religious tolerance.

Bancroft well says of Roger Williams: "In the capacious recesses of his mind, he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the grand principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul." This divinely inspired idea of the pioneer American reformer is

embodied in the first article of amendment to our Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Tracing the effect back to its cause, we find behind this first article of amendment and responsible for it, Roger Williams, and behind him, aiding, though in ignorance, we find the great-hearted, honest, benevolent savage, Massasoit.

CHAPTER IV.

KING PHILIP, OR METACOMET. THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

The "great and good Massasoit" was gathered to his fathers in the year 1661, but to the last remained firm in his fidelity to the English. Near the close of his life he took his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometaeom, or Metacomet, to Plymouth and requested the Governor in token of friendship to give them English names. They were very bright, attractive young men of fine physical developments. The Governor related to the aged sachem the history of Philip and Alexander, the renowned Kings of Macedon, and gave to Wamsutta, the older, the name of Alexander, the Conqueror of Asia, and to his younger brother the less renowned name of Philip, and by these names they are known in history. The two young chieftains married sisters, the handsome daughters of the sachem of

Pocasset. The wife of Alexander was named Wetamoo, who, as we shall see had an eventful life and a sad and untimely death. The wife of Philip had the euphonious name of Wootonekanuske.

Alexander became sachem on the death of his father and was deeply grieved that the English were so rapidly increasing, while his people were decreasing. Moreover his lands were fast slipping away to the possession of the English. Year by year the territory of the Wampanoags had narrowed until they had nothing left they could call their own but the two narrow peninsulas of Bristol and Tiverton on the east coast of Narragansett bay.

There were personal grievances also on both sides. With prosperity came avarice. Unprincipled men flocked to the new settlements which sprang up everywhere; the Indians were despised and often harshly treated; and the forbearance which marked the Pilgrims with the Indians was forgotten. The English were quick to notice a change in the Indians and a less friendly disposition in their young chief.

It was decided to summon Alexander before the Plymouth court to answer charges of plotting against the colony. The sachem refused to come. Upon this, Governor Prince assembled his counselors, and, after deliberation, ordered Major Josiah Winslow, son of Massasoit's old friend, Edward Winslow, to take an armed force, go to Mount Hope and arrest Alexander and bring him to Plymouth. This was accordingly done, and though his rage knew no bounds, he was forced at the muzzle of a gun to march in front of his captors. The indignity offered him crushed his kingly spirit. He was taken alarmingly ill with a burning fever, caused by his fury, grief and humiliation. His warriors, greatly alarmed for the safety of their beloved chieftain, entreated that they might be permitted to

take Alexander home. The privilege was granted on condition that the chief's son should be sent to them as a hostage, and the sachem returned as soon as he had recovered.

The warriors, accompanied by Alexander's beautiful queen, Wetamoo, started on the sad journey, bearing their unhappy and suffering chieftain upon a litter on their shoulders. Slowly they traveled until they arrived at Taunton river; there they took to canoes, but had not paddled far before it became evident that their chieftain was dying. Landing, they placed him on a grassy mound under an overshadowing tree. While the stoical warriors gathered around in stern sadness and the faithful and heroic Wetamoo held the head of her dying lord and wiped his clammy brow, his proud spirit departed "for the land of the hereafter."

This event filled the hearts of his people with sullen and vindictive malice, for they believed Alexander to have been poisoned by the English. Wetamoo immediately became the unrelenting foe of the English. She was by birth a princess in another tribe, one of the numerous "squaw sachems" of New England, and able to lead three hundred warriors into the field. All the energies of her soul were aroused to avenge her husband's death.

Alexander was succeeded by his brother Philip, who also became the head of the Pokanoket confederacy, and in a few years, by his superior diplomacy, he held sway over nearly all the tribes of New England. Philip, of Mount Hope, was a man of superior endowments and one of the few Indians acknowledged by all historians to have been truly great. He clearly understood the power of the English and the peril he encountered in measuring arms with them. And yet he also saw that unless the encroachments of the English could be arrested his own race was doomed to

destruction. He deliberately made up his mind to avenge his brother's untimely death; to drive the English from the country or perish in the attempt. Had he belonged to the proud Caucasian race, and especially the Anglo-Saxon division of it, he would have been called a patriot; but, belonging to a so-called inferior race, we find that Hubbard and other earlier historians, whenever they had occasion to mention his name, pay him the passing compliment of "caitiff," "hellhound," "fiend," "arch-rebel" and various similar designations of respect and affection. Verily it makes a great difference as to whether it was my bull gored your ox, or vice versa. Philip and his Wampanoags are unlucky enough, like the lion in the fable, to have no painter.

At one time Philip is thought to have been quite interested in the Christian religion, "but," as Abbott says, "apparently foreseeing that with the introduction of Christianity all the peculiarities in manners and customs of Indian life must pass away, he adopted the views of his father, Massasoit, and became bitterly opposed to any change of religion among his people." Mr. Goodkin, speaking of the Wampanoags, says: "There are some that have hopes of the greatest and chiefest sachem, named Philip. Some of his chief men, as I hear, stand well inclined to hear the gospel, and himself is a person of good understanding and knowledge in the best things. I have heard him speak very good words, arguing that his conscience is convicted. But yet, though his will is bound to embrace Jesus Christ, his sensual and carnal lusts are strong bands to hold him fast under Satan's dominion."

Before the war Rev. John Elliot, the great apostle to the Indians, made the most persistent efforts to induce Philip to embrace Christianity. The courtly savage had always received his arguments and persuasions politely, but without other effect. One day he took hold of a button

on Elliot's regulation black threadbare coat and said, "I care no more for your religion than I do for that old button. Let me hear no more about it."

The character of Philip is further illustrated by an incident which happened in 1665. At that time he heard that a Christian-Indian named Assasamooyh, whom the colonists called John Gibbs, had spoken disrespectfully of his father, Massasoit. It was not a mere personal insult but a violation of reverence due from a subject to his king, and the offender forfeited his life, according to their code, at the hand of the nearest relative, who thus became the "avenger of blood."

Hearing that Assasamooyh was on the island of Nantucket, Philip took a canoe and went in pursuit. The offender was sitting at the table of one of the colonists when a messenger rushed in breathlessly and informed him that the dreaded avenger was near the door. Assasamooyh had but just time to rush from the house when the enraged chieftain was upon him. From house to house the Indian fled like a frightened deer, closely pursued by Philip with brandished tomahawk, who considered himself but the honored executor of justice. Assasamooyh, however, at length leaped a bank and plunging into a forest eluded his foe. With difficulty the colonists then succeeded in purchasing the life of his intended victim by a very heavy ransom.

The muttering warclouds grew darker and more threatening on the horizon, and while, for a time, there was no open rupture, yet many things, real and imaginary, indicated an impending crisis.



NELLIE JUMPING EAGLE. OGALALLA SIOUX.

Courtesy of Field Museum.

It is not recorded that the old men dreamed dreams, but young and old appear to have "seen visions." In that superstitious witch-burning age it is not surprising that many of the colonists at this time began to give way to superstitious fears. Among other things it was asserted that a sign of impending evil in the form of an Indian bow was clearly defined against the heavens, and during the eclipse of the moon the figure of an Indian scalp was clearly seen imprinted on its disk. The northern heavens glowed with auroral lights of unusual brilliancy; troops of phantom horsemen were heard to dash through the air; the sighing of the night-wind was like the sound of whistling bullets; and the howling of wolves was fiercer and more constant than usual. These things, the superstitious declared, were warnings that the colonists were about to be severely punished for their sins, among which they named profane swearing, the neglect of bringing up their children in more rigid observances, the licensing of ale houses, and the wearing of long hair by the men and of gay apparel by the women. The more extreme even declared that they were about to be "judged" for not exterminating the Quakers.

Historians have given Philip credit for a grand scheme, conceived with deep foresight and carried on with the most crafty and persevering dissimulation—a scheme to lull the suspicions of the whites by a constant show of friendship, till a general combination of all the Indian tribes could be formed to extirpate them at a single blow. The English meantime felt as if standing over a powder magazine which might explode at any time. They were fully persuaded that a plot was making for their destruction. They felt that something must be done to meet the coming storm or dissipate it before it should burst on their heads.

What confirmed them in this belief was the fact that Philip exerted every effort to accumulate guns and ammunition for his warriors. Unlike Powhatan, he succeeded in obtaining a good supply of the deadly weapons of the English, and even made a great effort to obtain the formula for making gunpowder. His men became expert marksmen and continually practiced athletic exercises, all in pursuit of their common purpose.

In 1671 Philip was discovered to be making warlike preparations and summoned to a conference with the Plymouth government at Taunton. He refused to come unless accompanied by his men. The conference took place in the meeting-house at Taunton. On one side of the house were ranged Philip's fierce looking warriors, attired, painted and armed as for battle. Their long black hair, their eyes glittering with treachery and hate, their fantastic plumes and decorations contrasted strangely with the prim and austere Puritans with plain garb, close-cut hair and solemn countenances as they ranged themselves on the opposite side of the church. The Massachusetts commissioners, three gentlemen, were to sit alone near the altar as umpires. No fair-minded man can fail to admire the character developed by Philip in these arrangements.

Philip alone was the Indian orator and managed his case, which was manifestly a bad one, with such adroitness, that we doubt not Prince Talleyrand himself, the world's most skillful diplomat, would have assigned him a high place among diplomatists. Philip charged the whites with depredations upon his cornfields and denied that he entertained any hostile design; and promptly explained his preparations for war as intended for defense against the Narragansetts. Evidence was at hand, however, to show that he was on terms of more intimate friendship with the Narragansetts at this time than ever before. His plans were by no means perfected and he denied any

hostile purposes, signed a new treaty and agreed to surrender all his guns. He is said to have been frightened into this agreement, but his history is written only by his foes. Philip and his warriors immediately gave up their guns, seventy in number, and promised to send in the rest within a given time. It was also agreed in the council that in case of further troubles both parties should submit their complaints to the arbitration of Massachusetts.

This settlement, apparently so important, amounted to nothing. The Indians were ever ready, it is said, to sign any agreement whatever which would extricate them from a momentary difficulty, but such promises were broken as promptly as made on the white man's theory, perhaps, that "all is fair in love and war." Certain it is that Philip, having returned to Mount Hope, sent in no more guns, but was busy as ever gaining resources for war and entering into alliances with other tribes.

At last Philip was notified from Plymouth that unless the arms were given up by September 13, force would be used to compel the act. At the same time messengers were also dispatched to the government of Massachusetts, at Boston, which, it will be remembered, was chosen as umpire to arbitrate between the two contending parties. Philip, shrewd enough to have perceived the jealousy and rivalry between the two colonies, set off at once to Boston, and thus assumed the position of the "law and order" party. With the rarest diplomacy he flattered the Massachusetts colony by certain territorial concessions and made such an adroit statement of his case, representing that Plymouth had encroached on the other colonies by summoning him for trial before her own court, and virtually declaring war without consulting them, that the Bostonians not only refused to help Plymouth at this time but coolly criticised her action as wrong and unwarrantable. They also wrote a letter to Plymouth, assuming that there was perhaps equal

blame on both sides, and declaring that there did not appear to be sufficient cause for the Plymouth people to commence hostilities. In their letter they wrote: "We do not understand how Philip hath subjected himself to you. But the treatment you have given him, and your proceedings toward him, do not render him such a subject as that, if there be not at present answering to summons there should presently be a proceeding to hostilities. The sword once drawn and dipped in blood may make him as independent upon you as you are upon him." In short, the Bostonians believed that the whole difficulty arose from the Puritans' "lust for inflicting justice" and might have been avoided.

It was while Philip was at Boston that Josselyn, the English traveler, saw him. "The roytelet of the Pokanokets," he informs us, "had a coat on and buskins set thick with beads in pleasant wild work, and a broad belt of the same. His accoutrements were valued at twenty pounds. . . . Their beads are their money; of these there are two sorts, blue beads and white beads; the first is their gold, the last their silver. These they work out of certain shells, so cunningly that neither Jew nor devil can counterfeit."

Philip, bent on gaining further time for his plans and preparations, signed a new treaty, in which he confessed himself the author of the troubles and stipulated to pay a hundred pounds "in such things as he had" as an indemnity for the expense to which he had subjected the colony. Furthermore, he covenanted to deliver "five wolves' heads if he could get them, or as many as he could procure until they came to five wolves' heads yearly."

Three years now passed of strained intercourse and suspicious peace. This interval was used by the sachem to concert a most elaborate plan for the extermination of the

English. Ancient enmities were forgotten. All the New England tribes except the Mohegans and the remnant of the Pequots were united in a great confederacy, of which Philip was to be the chief. The Narragansetts alone agreed to furnish four thousand warriors. Other tribes were to furnish their hundreds or their thousands, according to their strength. Hostilities were to commence in the spring of 1676 by a simultaneous assault upon all the settlements, so as to prevent aid being sent from one part of the country to another.

As Philip's deep laid plans approached maturity he became more independent and bold in his demeanor. The Governor of Massachusetts, becoming convinced that a dreadful conspiracy was in progress, sent an ambassador to Philip demanding an explanation of these threatening appearances, and desiring another treaty of peace and friendship. The proud sachem haughtily replied to the ambassador: "Your Governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall only treat with the King, my brother. When he comes I am ready."

Just before the outbreak John Borden, a Rhode Island man and a great friend of Philip, tried to dissuade him from war. His reply is remarkable: "The English who came first to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor and distressed. My father did all in his power to serve them. Others came. Their numbers increased. My father's counselors were alarmed. They urged him to destroy the English before they became strong enough to give law to the Indians and take away their country. My father was also the father to the English. He remained their friend. Experience shows that his counselors were right. The English disarmed my people. They tried them by their own laws, and assessed damages my people could not pay. Sometimes the cattle of the English would come into the

corn-fields of my people, for they did not make fences like the English. I must then be seized and confined till I sold another tract of my country for damages and costs. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. I am determined not to live till I have no country."

"This," says a writer, "is a declaration of war more striking in its origin, more true in its statements, than any with which we are acquainted. It is the mournful summary of accumulated wrongs that cry aloud for battle, not for revenge alone, but for the very existence of the oppressed. It is the sad note of preparation sounded by a royal leader that summons to their last conflict the aboriginal lords of New England."

The burning words were followed by burning deeds. Though still unprepared for war, the pent-up fury of his warriors could hardly be restrained. They became very insolent and boastful, and would actually sharpen their knives and tomahawks upon the door-sills of the colonists, talking in mysterious phrase of the great deeds they were about to perform.

One of the most intelligent of Elliot's converts was John Sassamon, who had acquired considerable education, and had become quite an efficient agent in Christian missions to the Indians. He was also a great help to Elliot in translating the Bible and other books into the Indian language. He lived in semi-civilized style upon Assawompset Neck, with his family, including a very pretty daughter, whom he called Assowetough, but who was called by the Puritans the less sonorous name of Betty. The noted place in Middleborough now called Betty's Neck is immortalized by the charms of Assowetough. Sassamon, though sustaining the most intimate and friendly relations with the English, was a subject of King

Philip, and became his private secretary.

Soon after this Sassamon became acquainted with Philip's conspiracy in all its appalling extent and magnitude of design. He at once repaired to Plymouth and informed the Governor of his discovery, but enjoined the strictest secrecy respecting his communication, assuring the Governor that should the Indians learn that he had betrayed them his life would be the inevitable forfeit. Sassamon soon after resigned his position as Philip's secretary, and returning to Middleborough, resumed his employment as teacher and preacher to the Indians.

By some unknown means Philip learned that he had been betrayed by Sassamon, and early in the spring of 1675, Sassamon was suddenly missing. Suspicion immediately arose that he had been murdered either by Philip or some of his friends. After a search the body was found beneath the ice of Assawompset pond, in Middleborough. The murderers, hoping to escape suspicion, left his hat and gun upon the ice, that it might be supposed he had drowned himself or fallen in by accident; but upon an examination of the body it appeared that his neck had been broken, "which," says Dr. Mather, "is one *Indian way of murdering.*" Three Indians were arrested and put upon trial at Plymouth, in June, before a jury composed of *eight* Englishmen and *four* Indians. In that superstitious age the colonists were but too ready to believe anything and everything which supported a charge against Philip. The leader of the three Indians arrested was Tobias, one of Philip's councilors. Dr. Increase Mather says of him: "When Tobias came near the dead body, it fell a bleeding on fresh, as if it had been newly slain, albeit it was buried a considerable time before that."

Matters looked very black for Tobias, and blacker still when a *convenient* Indian, one Patuekson, was found who,

from a neighboring hill, claimed to have witnessed the death of Sassamon, at the hands of Tobias and the others. Patuekson had not dared to tell what he had seen before this, because of fears for his own life.

The three men were all convicted and hung. Philip was highly exasperated when he heard of the execution. He did not deny their agency in the affair, but contended that "the English had nothing to do with one Indian's killing another." To make matters worse, Philip was apprehensive that he also might be kidnapped and hung, as indeed was contemplated, as we learn from a letter written by Governor Winslow, July 4, 1675, in which he says: "I do solemnly protest, we know not anything from us which might have put Philip upon these motions, nor have heard that he pretends to suffer any wrong from us, save only that we had killed some Indians, and intended to send for himself for the murder of John Sassamon." We are curious to know what more provocation the good Governor would deem necessary before Philip would have a *just "casus beli."*

The murder of Sassamon precipitated the conflict. At that time Philip was training his forces, but had not fully matured his plans. The Narragansetts, who had entered into the plot and were to furnish four thousand warriors, were not yet ready. But Philip could no longer restrain the vindictive spirit of his young Wampanoag warriors, who were roused to a frenzy, and immediately commenced a series of the most intolerable annoyances, shooting the cattle, frightening the women and children, and insulting wayfarers wherever they could find them. According to Abbott, "The Indians had imbibed the superstitious notion, which had probably been taught them by John Sassamon, that the party which should commence the war and shed the first blood would be defeated. They therefore wished, by violence and insult, to provoke the English to strike the

first blow." Nor had they long to wait. On Sunday, June 20, 1675, a party of eight Indians, bent on mischief, entered the little settlement of Swanzey, ransacked a house while the settlers were at church and shot the peaceful cattle pasturing on the green. Becoming very much exasperated at the attempt of the Indians to force an entrance into his house, a settler fired at and wounded one of the savages, who went sullenly away with bloody threats. The first blood was now shed, and the drama of war was opened. In view of the alarming state of affairs, messengers were dispatched to Boston and Plymouth. Thursday, the 24th, was appointed as a day of fasting and prayer.

On that day the village wore the stillness of a Sabbath. The pious people were returning with thoughtful faces from the log church. The rough street, filled with stumps, wound past the cabins with their little clearings, and through the noonday shadows of the primeval forest. Suddenly there were two sharp reports, two puffs of smoke, and two manly forms lay prostrate, one of them dead. The English were dumb with horror. Two who were dispatched for a "chirurgeon" were shot dead in the road, at the same time red flames burst through the roofs of a dozen cabins.

Leaving their slain where they had fallen, sixteen men and fifty-four women and children fled to a large house, where they prepared to fight for their lives. In another part of the town six others were killed and their bodies shockingly mutilated in attempting to reach this place of safety. One story is recorded of a servant girl in a cabin, who hid two little children under a large brass kettle, fired at an Indian entering the house, and, failing to kill him, beat him off by throwing a shovelful of live coals in his face, so that he was found in the woods dead from his wounds. As the terrible news quickly spread through the colonies, little companies of men were soon raised. The

people besieged in the strong house at Swanzey were relieved, and soon a force of more than a hundred men was collected at that ill-fated village. An expedition was sent to attack Philip at Mount Hope; but that wily sachem, fearing a trap and seeing how untenable the little peninsula was for successful defense, had withdrawn his entire force and taken a strong strategic position in the midst of the great Pocasset swamp, where he was finally located by Captain Church and his men.



KING PHILIP, OR METACOMET.

From original drawing.

In the meantime the Massachusetts troops had marched into the Narragansett country, and with great show of force concluded a treaty with the Narragansetts, which they faithfully observed while the colonists were in sight. The united forces then marched on Philip, still intrenched in the great swamp. The colonists, knowing the intellectual supremacy of King Philip as the commanding genius of the war, determined to kill or capture him, and offered large rewards for his head.

After the English were led into an ambush and fifteen of them killed, they concluded that, as three sides of the swamp were surrounded by water, they had only to closely guard the land side, and Philip would be starved out and forced to surrender, as the Indians had but a limited store of provisions. So they built a fort and kept guard for thirteen days.

But Philip and his warriors had been busy constructing rafts and canoes, and one dark night he floated all his fighting men, numbering some two hundred, across the river, and continued his flight far away into the unknown and almost unexplored wilderness of the interior of Massachusetts. Wetamoo, the widow of his brother Alexander, who was ever at Philip's side, together with some of her warriors, escaped with him. He left a hundred starving women and children in the swamps, who surrendered themselves the next morning to the English.

Philip had now penetrated the Wilderness and effected his escape beyond the reach of his foes. He had the boundless forest around him for his refuge, with the opportunity of emerging at his leisure upon any point of attack along the New England frontier he might choose. Brookfield, an exposed settlement of twenty families, was the first to suffer. Twenty horsemen coming to its defense, were ambushed in a deep gully, and eleven killed.

Emboldened by this success, three hundred Indians, yelling like fiends and brandishing their bloody weapons, rushed into the settlement. The terrified people gathered for defense in the strongest house, from the loopholes and windows of which they saw the torch applied to their homes. In an hour every cabin, with all its household furniture, most of it brought from England, was a heap of smoldering embers.

The Indians now surrounded the house in which the people were gathered. Inside, feather beds were fastened to the walls for protection. Outside the Indians exerted their utmost ingenuity for two days to fire the building; They wrapped around their arrows hemp dipped in oil, and setting them on fire, shot them on the dry, inflammable roof. Several times the building was in a blaze, but by great effort the inmates extinguished it. One night a fire was built against the very door, but the colonists rushed out to a near-by well and procured water to quench it.

When the ammunition of the colonists was running low, and they were exhausted by two days and as many nights of incessant conflict, and ready to despair, the Indians made a last desperate effort to fire the building. Filling a cart with hemp, flax and the resinous boughs of fir and pine, fastening to the tongue a succession of long poles, they set the whole contents on fire and pushed it against the garrison house, whose walls were as dry as tinder.

But at that critical instant, when all hope was gone. Major Willard, of Boston, with forty-eight dragoons, charged through the Indians, scattering them right and left, and entered the garrison. The burning cart was rolled away from the building, and a providential shower aided in extinguishing the flames which had been kindled.

The savages, after firing a few volleys into the fortress, sullenly retired. During this remarkable siege, one white man was killed and many wounded, while the Indians' loss was about eighty killed.

It is said that Major Willard, who thus rescued the people of Brookfield from a cruel death, suffered military censure and disgrace for having gone there instead of remaining at Hadley, where there were no Indians.

The fate of Brookfield was also meted out to Hatfield, Deerfield, Northfield and Springfield, while North Hampton, Worcester and Hadley, though lacking the name, became "battlefields."

A curious incident is recorded in connection with the Indians attack on Hadley, which occurred on Sabbath morning of September 1, while the people were attending public worship. This town had three companies organized for defense, but the suddenness of the attack caused the people to become panic-stricken; they were about to fly in the wildest confusion, like sheep assailed by wolves. Suddenly a stranger of large size, commanding appearance, loud voice and flowing, gray hair and beard, appeared in their midst with a rallying cry and drawn sword. His strange military aspect, and authoritative manner, quickly inspired all with courage. They fought with desperate valor under his leadership, and after a bloody battle the savages were defeated and driven away. The people of Hadley now turned to look for their deliverer, but he had disappeared, as suddenly as he had come, and was never seen again. They firmly believed him to have been the angel of the Lord, and so it passed into the traditions of the place. Years afterward it was discovered that the stranger was William Goffe, one of Cromwell's major-generals, and one of the judges who signed the death warrant of Charles I., called by the royalists "regicides."

Many of these judges were executed when Charles II. became King. Three of them—Gen. William Goffe, his father-in-law, Gen. Edward Whalley, and Col. John Dixwell, fled to America on board the same ship that brought the first news of the restoration of the monarchy. They arrived in Boston July, 1660, and made their abode at Cambridge. Soon after this a fencing-master erected a platform on the Boston Common and dared any man to fight him with swords. Goffe, armed with a huge cheese covered with a cloth for a shield, and a mop filled with muddy water, appeared before the champion, who immediately made a thrust at his antagonist. Goffe caught and held the fencing-master's sword in the cheese and besmeared him with the mud in his mop. The enraged fencing-master caught up a broadsword, when Goffe cried, "Hold! I have hitherto played with you; if you attack me. I will surely kill you." The alarmed champion dropped his sword and exclaimed, "Who can you be? You must be either Goffe, or Whalley, or the devil, for there are no other persons who could beat me."

Feeling insecure at Cambridge, for Charles II. offered large rewards for their arrest, and sent officers to take them, the "regicides" fled to New Haven, where the Rev. Mr. Davenport and the citizens generally did what they could to protect them. Learning that their pursuers were near, they hid in caves, in clefts of the rocks, in mills and other obscure places, where their friends supplied their wants. Pastor Davenport preached a sermon on the text, "Hide the outcasts; betray not him that wandereth." The sermon had the desired effect, and the officers returned without capturing the regicides.

Finally, in 1664, they went to Hadley, Massachusetts, where they remained in absolute seclusion, in the house of Rev. Mr. Russell, during a period of about fifteen years.

Dixwell was with Whalley and Goffe most of the time until they died—the former in 1678 and the latter in 1679—and were buried at New Haven, where the colonel lived the latter part of his life under an assumed name. He, too, died and was buried at New Haven. In the burying-ground in the rear of the Central Church, small stones with brief inscriptions mark the graves of the three "regicides."

This in brief is the true story of the "Angel of the Lord, who delivered Hadley." Soon after this Hadley became the headquarters of the colonists' army. Quite a large force was assembled there, and most of the inhabitants of the adjoining towns fled to this place for protection.

There were three thousand bushels of corn stored in the garrison house at Deerfield, fifteen miles above Hadley, on the western side of the river. On the 18th of September, 1675, Captain Lothrop, with a force of one hundred men, soldiers and teamsters, was sent to bring this corn to Hadley. Nothing occurred until they had loaded their wagons and were on the return trip. Not an Indian had been seen; but all the time the lurking foe had been watching their movements, and plotting their destruction. All went well until they reached the banks of a beautiful little stream. It was a bright autumnal day. Grape-vines festooned the gigantic forest trees, and purple clusters, ripe and luscious, hung in profusion among the boughs. Captain Lothrop was so unsuspicious of danger that he allowed many of his men to throw their guns into the carts and to stroll about gathering grapes.

The critical moment arrived, and the English being in the midst of the ambush, a thousand Indians sprang up from their concealment, as if by magic, and poured a deadly fire upon the straggling column. Then, with exultant yells, they rushed from every quarter to close assault. The

English were taken entirely by surprise, and being scattered in a long line of march, could only resort to the Indian mode of fighting, each one from behind a tree. But they were entirely surrounded and overpowered. Some, in their dismay, leaped into the branches of the trees, hoping thus to escape observation. The savages, with shouts of derision, mocked them for a time, and then killed them.

But eight escaped to tell of the awful tragedy. Ninety young men of the very flower of Essex county were thus slaughtered. The little stream running through the south part of Deerfield, on whose banks this dreadful tragedy occurred, has since been known as Bloody Brook, from the fact that the water was discolored as a result of this slaughter. Captain Mosely heard the firing at Deerfield, only five miles distant, and immediately marched to their rescue, but got there too late. He and his seventy men, however, fell upon the Indians with undaunted courage. Keeping his men in solid phalanx he broke through the lines of the savages, again and again cutting down all in sight, but losing heavily every minute. Aided by the swamp, the forest, and overwhelming numbers, the Indians maintained the fight with much fierceness for six hours, and in the end Mosely and his men would probably have shared the same fate as those for whom they thus imperiled their lives, had not reinforcements arrived at the critical moment, consisting of one hundred and sixty friendly Mohegan Indians under the command of Major Treat. These fresh troops fell vigorously upon the foe, and the savages fled, leaving ninety-six of their number dead. Philip himself is said to have commanded in this bloody fight, and his men, though defeated in the end, were greatly encouraged and emboldened.

The two captains, Mosely and Treat, encamped near by in an open space, and attended to the burial of the dead the following day. They were deposited in two pits, the

colonists in one and the Indians in the other. A slab has been placed over the mound which covers the slain, and a marble monument now marks the spot where this battle was fought.

Up to this time the colonists had acted independently of each other, but it dawned upon them at last that their only hope of avoiding utter destruction lay in union. Accordingly commissioners were appointed from Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, to form a confederation, and plan for a concerted effort, with not less than a thousand troops. This number was quickly raised, and being augmented by one hundred and fifty Mohegan Indians from Connecticut, was placed under the command of Col. Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth.

Meantime the Narragansetts annulled the treaty they had been forced to make with the colonists. Their chief, Canonchet, not only received Philip and his Wampanoags, but aided them in constructing a strong fortification in an immense swamp, near what is now South Kingston, Rhode Island. It was on high ground near the center of the swamp, including several acres. The walls were an impenetrable hedge, with palisades and breast-works. Here they constructed five hundred log houses, almost bulletproof. The only entrance was by means of a bridge, over deep water, consisting of the trunk of a large tree, along which persons were forced to walk in single file. As this bridge was also flanked by a blockhouse, the whole plan of the place was an admirable proof of Philip's genius for war. Three thousand warriors under the command of Philip and Canonchet soon assembled at this rendezvous, where they were attacked by the colonists on the morning of December 19, having been guided to the fallen tree by a treacherous Narragansett Indian.

As the English rushed to cross this narrow bridge,

they were instantly cut down by Philip's sharpshooters. Others promptly took their places only to share their fate. In a few moments six captains and a large number of their men were dead or struggling in the ditch. A few crossed the tree and reached the enclosure, only to fall pierced by the balls of the savages within.

At last, Captain Church, the hero of this war, with thirty picked men, forced an entrance into the fort at a point in the rear, not so strongly defended. In a moment they were supported by hundreds more. Once within the enclosure the real struggle was but commenced. The shrieks of the savages mingled with the roar of musketry. "It was," as Augustus Lynch Mason says, "the great struggle of New England. On the one hand fought three thousand Indian warriors, inspired by every feeling of patriotism, hatred, revenge, the sense of oppression, and love for their families. They fought for their native land. On the other were the colonists, the offspring of an age of intolerance and fanaticism, of war and revolution. Exiled from their native land, these men of iron had wrought out for themselves rude homes in the wilderness. Unless they could maintain their settlements in New England against the savages there was no place under the bending sky where they might live in liberty and peace. The inhospitable earth would disown her children. So they fought, nerved by the thought of wife and child, by the memory of the past, by the hopes of the future."

The conflict raged for three hours without decisive results, but with great slaughter on both sides. The English could not be driven from the fort, nor could they dislodge the Indians. At last the ammunition of the savages ran low, and above the tumult was heard the shout of Captain Church crying, "Fire the wig-wams!" The order was obeyed, and to the din of battle was added the thunderous roar of flames mingled with the shrieks and wailings of old

men, women and children, as they were roasted alive in the fiery furnaces. Quarter was neither asked nor given, as the combatants fought like demons, contending for every foot of ground. When night came on, with a heavy snow-storm, the savages retreated to the smoky depths of the swamp, where many perished with the cold.

The English were left in possession of the charred fort, but it was a dearly bought victory. Since daybreak the colonists had marched sixteen miles and fought this terrible battle without food or rest. Nor did they stop when the victory was won, but hastily collecting their dead and disabled, they placed them on quickly improvised litters, and wearily trudged away into the forest on the return march. As they slowly stumbled over the rough places, or plowed their way through the deep snow, bearing their slain, many a brave comrade sank by the way to rise no more. In this decisive battle a thousand warriors were killed and hundreds more were captured. Besides the non-combatants, nearly all the wounded perished in the flames. The pride of the Narragansetts perished in a day, but eighty English soldiers, including six captains, were killed, and one hundred and fifty others wounded. Those of the Indians who escaped, led by Philip, again repaired to the Nipmucks. With the opening of spring the war was renewed with more violence than ever. With the decline of their fortunes, the Indians grew desperate, and swept the frontier with resistless fury. Lancaster, Medfield, Groton and Marlboro were laid in ashes. Weymouth, within twenty miles of Boston, met the same fate. On every hand were seen traces of murder and rapine. But the end was near at hand; the resources of the savages were wasted and their number daily decreasing.

In April, Canonchet, the great sachem of the Narragansetts, and, next to Philip, the master spirit of the war, was captured on the banks of the Blackstone. The

English offered to spare his life if he would bring about a treaty of peace. But the suggestion was scornfully rejected. It was Canonchet who, when the English demanded that he should surrender some of Philip's men, who were with him on a former occasion, replied, "Not a Wampanoag nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail shall be delivered up." When told that he must die he made this memorable answer: "I like it well; I shall die before my heart is soft, or I have said anything unworthy of myself." Because he had refused to violate the laws of hospitality by surrendering his friends to certain death or slavery, his father had been murdered, his warriors slain by the hundred, his women and children burned alive in the wigwams of the fort. Yet for all this he uttered not a word of reproach. Scorning to save his life by the submission of his people to such conquerors, he calmly folded his arms across his kingly breast, and with head erect and eye that never quailed, received the fatal bullets in his heart. In all the lore of chivalry and war their cannot be found a more heroic soul.



PHILIP REJECTING ELLIOT'S PREACHING.

Courtesy of Newberry Library.

See page 88.

Like his father, Miantonomo, Canonchet (or Nannutemo, as he is sometimes called) was a friend to the heroic Roger Williams, who tried to dissuade him from becoming an ally to Philip. Mr. Williams now seventy-seven years of age, told him that "Massachusetts could raise ten thousand men, and even were the Indians to destroy them all, Old England could send over an equal number every year until the Indians were conquered." To which the noble young chief proudly and generously replied: "Let them come, we shall be ready for them; but as for you, Brother Williams, you are a good man; you have been kind to us many years; not a hair of your head shall be touched." And when the town of Providence was nearly destroyed by the Indians, it was Canonchet who gave orders that the person and property of Roger Williams should be spared, and he was obeyed. And yet there are those who think the Indian is devoid of gratitude.

The death of Canonchet, his most formidable ally, had a very depressing effect on Philip, and marked the beginning of the end, for their friendship was like that of David and Jonathan, strongest in adversity. Other influences were also at work which were surely undermining the power of Philip. Having had their stores of corn and other provision destroyed by the English, and being prevented from planting more by the desolation of war, his warriors were forced to a diet almost entirely of meat. This caused many to fall a prey to disease. Moreover, the allied tribes began to murmur in open discontent and rebellion, saying that Philip had promised them easy victories and much plunder, but instead they had gained nothing by this war but hardship, suffering and the hatred of the English. Nothing succeeds like success, but it is also true that nothing fails like failure.

Captain Church was made commander-in-chief of all the forces, with full power to conduct the war in his own

way. He abandoned the English method of warfare and fought the Indians with their own methods. Offers of peace were made to all who were discerning enough to see that their cause was hopeless, and various bands of Indians began to lay down their arms, only to take them up again as allies to the colonists.

Queen Awashonks, and her Saconet tribe, numbering about three hundred warriors, deserted him, and fought under the command of Church to the end of the war.

It is said that Philip never smiled again when he heard of this desertion, for he knew his doom was sealed.

But Wetamoo (Alexander's beautiful widow, who was also the squaw sachem or queen of the Pocasset tribe) and her warriors, remained faithful to his waning fortunes. At the beginning of the war, Wetamoo, flushed with hope, had marched to the conflict at the head of three hundred warriors. She and her men were always in the thickest of the fight, and her forces had been reduced to a dejected and despairing band of but twenty-six followers.

A deserting Indian came to Taunton and offered to conduct the English to a spot on the river where Wetamoo and her surviving warriors were in hiding. Twenty English armed themselves and followed him to a place called Gardner's Neck, near Swanzey, where they surprised and captured every one but Wetamoo herself. The heroic queen, too proud to be captured, knowing it meant slavery, instantly threw off all her clothing and seizing a broken piece of wood she plunged into the stream. But, weakened by famine and exhaustion, her nerveless arm failed her and she sank to the bottom of the stream. Soon after her body, like a bronze statue of marvelous symmetry, was found washed ashore. The English immediately *cut off her head* and set it upon a pole in one of the streets of Taunton, a

trophy ghastly, bloody and revolting. Many of her subjects were in Taunton as captives, and when they saw the features of their beloved queen, they filled the air with shrieks and lamentations.

The situation of Philip had now become desperate. The indefatigable Captain Church followed hard after him and tracked him through every covert and hiding place. On the 1st of August he came up with him and killed and took one hundred and thirty of his men. Philip again had a narrow escape and fled so precipitately that his wampum belt, covered with beads, and silver, the ensign of his princedom, fell into the hands of the English, who also captured his wife and only son, young Metacomet, both of whom were doomed to slavery and shipped to the West Indies. His cup of misfortune was now filled to the brim. "My heart breaks," said he in the agony of his grief, "now I am ready to die."

Philip now began, like Saul of old, when earth was leaving him, to look to the powers beyond it, and applied to his magicians and sorcerers, who, on consulting their oracles, assured him that no Englishman should ever kill him, as indeed many had tried to do, and so far had failed. This was a vague consolation, yet it seems to have given him, for a while, a confidence in his destiny, and he took his last stand in the middle of a dense and almost inaccessible swamp just south of Mount Hope, his old home, where he had spent the only happy years of his eventful life. It was a fit retreat for a despairing man, being one of those waste and dismal places hid by cypress and other trees of dense foliage, that spread their gloomy shades over the treacherous shallows and pools beneath.

In the few dry parts oaks and pines grew, and, between them a brushwood so thick that man or beast could hardly penetrate; on the long, rich grass of these

parts wild cattle fed, unassailed by the hand of man, save when they ventured beyond the confines of the swamp. There were wolves, deer and other wild animals, and wilder men, it was said, were seen here, supposed to have been the children of some of the Indians who had either been lost or left here, and had thus grown up like denizens of this wild, dismal swamp. Here, on a little spot of upland, the battled chieftain gathered his little band around him, and, like a lion at bay, made his last stand.

In this extremity, an Indian proposed to seek peace with the English; the haughty monarch instantly laid him dead at his feet, as a punishment for his temerity and as a warning to others. But this act led to his own undoing. The brother of this murdered Indian, named Alderman, indignant at such severity, deserted to the English, and offered to guide them to the swamp where Philip was secreted. Church and his men gladly accepted the offer, and immediately followed the traitor to the place and surrounded the Indians.

The night before his death it is said that Philip, "like him of the army of Midian," had been dreaming that he was fallen into the hands of the English; he awoke in alarm and told it to his men and advised them to fly for their lives, for he believed it would come to pass. Now, just as he was telling his dream, he was startled by the first shot fired by one of the English, who had surrounded his camp. Seizing his gun and powder horn he fled at full speed in a direction guarded by an Englishman and the traitor, Alderman. The Englishman took deliberate aim at him when he was only a few yards away, but the powder was damp and the gun missed fire, as if in fulfilment of the oracle. It was now the Indian's turn, and a sharp report rang through the forest and *two bullets,* for the gun was *double* charged, passed almost directly through the heart of the heroic warrior. For an instant the majestic frame of the

chieftain quivered from the shock, and then he fell heavily and stone dead in the mud and water of the swamp.

The traitorous Indian ran eagerly to inform Captain Church that he had shot King Philip, and Church, by a prearranged signal, called his soldiers together and informed them of the death of their formidable foe. The corpse was dragged out of the swamp, as if it had been the carcass of a wild beast, to where the ground was dry. Captain Church then said: "Forasmuch as he has caused many an Englishman's body to lie unburied and to rot above the ground, not one of his bones shall be buried." Accordingly, an old Indian executioner was ordered to cut off his head and quarter his body, which was immediately done. Philip had a mutilated hand, caused by the bursting of a pistol; this hand was given to Alderman, who shot him, as his share of the spoil. Captain Church informs us that Alderman preserved it in rum and carried it around the country as a show, "and accordingly he got many a penny by exhibiting it." The head was sent to Plymouth, where it was set up on a gibbet and exposed for twenty years, while the four quarters of the body were nailed to as many trees, a terrible exhibition of the barbarism of that age.

"Such," said Edward Everett, "was the fate of Philip. He had fought a relentless war, but he fought for his native land, for the mound that covered the bones of his parents; he fought for his squaw and papoose; no—I will not defraud them of the sacred names which our hearts understand—he fought for his wife and child."

Philip, of Mount Hope, was certainly one of the most illustrious savages upon the North American continent. The interposition of Providence alone seems to have prevented him from exterminating the whole English race of New England. Though his character has been described only by those who were exasperated against him to the

very highest degree, still it is evident that he possessed many of the noblest qualities which can embellish any character.

Mrs. Rowlandson, who was captured by the Indians at the time Lancaster was destroyed, met King Philip on several occasions and received only kind usage at his hands. She says in her narrative: "Then I went to see King Philip" (who was not present at the attack of Lancaster), "and he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke, a usual compliment, now-a-days, among saints and sinners, but this no ways suited me. During my abode in this place, Philip spoke to me to make a shirt for his boy, for which he gave me a shilling. Afterward he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten, and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life." She met Philip again at the rendezvous near Mount Wachusett. Kindly, and with the courtesy of a polished gentleman, he took the hand of the unhappy captive and said "In two more weeks you shall be your own mistress again," In the last talk she had with Philip, he said to her, with a smile on his face: "Would you like to hear some good news? I have a pleasant word for you. You are to go home to-morrow," and she did.

That magnanimity and gratitude were prominent characteristics of this great chieftain is shown by his treatment of the Leonard family, who resided at Taunton and erected the first forge which was established in the English colonies. Though living at Mount Hope, Philip had a favorite summer resort at Fowling Pond, near Taunton, and thus became acquainted with the Leonards, who treated him and his warriors with uniform kindness, repairing their guns, and supplying them with such tools as

the Indians highly prized. "Philip," says Abbott, "had become exceedingly attached to this family, and in gratitude, at the commencement of the war, had given the strictest orders that the Indians should never molest or injure a Leonard. Apprehending that in a general assault upon the town his friends, the Leonards, might be exposed to danger, he spread the shield of his generous protection over the whole place." Thus the Leonard family did for Taunton what the family of Lot were unable to do for Sodom. The Indians were often seen near, and in large numbers, but it was spared the fate of thirteen other towns, some of them larger than Taunton.

"His mode of making war," says Francis Baylies, "was secret and terrible. He seemed like a demon of destruction hurling his bolts in darkness. With cautious and noiseless steps, and shrouded by the deep shade of midnight, he glided from the gloomy depths of the woods. He stole on the villages and settlements of New England, like the pestilence, unseen and unheard. His dreadful agency was felt when the yells of his followers roused his victims from their slumbers, and when the flames of their blazing habitations glared upon their eyes. His pathway could be traced by the horrible desolation of its progress, by its crimson print upon the snows and the sands, by smoke and fire, by houses in ruins, by the shrieks of women, the wailing of infants, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Well indeed might he have been called the 'terror of New England.' Yet in no instance did he transcend the usages of Indian warfare."

Though the generality of the Indians were often inhuman, yet it does not appear that Philip was personally vindictive. His enmity was national, not individual. Nor is there any evidence that Philip ever ordered a captive to be tortured, while it is undeniable that the English, in several instances, surrendered their captives to the horrid

barbarities of their savage allies.

As Abbott well says, "We must remember that the Indians have no chroniclers of their wrongs, and yet the colonial historians furnish us with abundant incidental evidence that outrages were perpetrated by individuals of the colonists, which were sufficient to drive any people mad. No one can now contemplate the doom of Metacomet, the last of an illustrious line, but with emotions of sadness."

"Even that he lived is for his conqueror's tongue,
By foes alone his death-song must be sung.
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times,
May these upon his virtues dwell.
And his fate forget his crimes!"

Philip's war was not only the most serious conflict which New England ever sustained against the savages, but the most fatal to the aborigines themselves. The great tribe of the Narragansetts, of old, the leading tribe of New England, was almost entirely exterminated; hardly a hundred warriors remained. The last chief of either tribe capable of leading the Indians to battle had fallen. Philip's son was sent to Bermuda and sold as a slave. The war cost the colonies half a million of dollars, and the lives of about six hundred men, the flower of the population. Thirteen towns and six hundred houses were burned, and there was hardly a family in the country that had not occasion to mourn the death of a relative.



PONTIAC, THE RED NAPOLEON.

Taken from only original painting known.

CHAPTER V.

PONTIAC, THE RED NAPOLEON. HEAD CHIEF OF THE OTTAWAS; AND ORGANIZER OF THE FIRST GREAT INDIAN CONFEDERATION.

It has been said that the history of the United States began with the triumph of the English on the heights of Abraham, resulting in the immediate fall of Quebec and the inevitable surrender of all Canada.

This memorable event took place September 13, 1759, and from New Hampshire to Georgia the American colonists welcomed the news with exuberant rejoicings.

But their joy was premature and of short duration, for though the French had been subdued, and were suing for peace, their Indian allies, under the indomitable Pontiac, had, in the language of Paul Jones, "just begun to fight."

This remarkable sachem was principal chief of the Ottawas, and the virtual head of a loose kind of confederacy, consisting of the Ottawas, Ojibways and Pottawatomies. Over those around him, his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country; while from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and, indeed, to the farthest boundaries of the wide-spread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected.

He is said to have been the son of an Ottawa chief and an Ojibway mother, a circumstance which proved an advantage to him by increasing his influence over both tribes. But the mere fact that Pontiac was born the son of a

chief would, as Parkman says, "in no degree account for the extent of his power; for, among Indians, many a chief's son sinks back into insignificance, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place." Among all the wild tribes of the continent, personal merit is indispensable to gaining or preserving dignity. Courage, resolution, wisdom, address and eloquence are sure passports to distinction. With all these Pontiac was preeminently endowed, and it was chiefly to them, urged to their highest activity by a vehement ambition, that he owed his greatness, for all authorities, and especially those who came personally in contact with him, concede the fact that he was *indeed great.*

A traveler who visited his country about 1760 mentions him in the following terms: "Pontiac, their present King or Emperor, has certainly the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it. He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur, and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects."

Pontiac is said to have commanded the Ottawas at Braddock's defeat, and was treated with much honor by the French officers. The venerable Pierre Chouteau, of St. Louis, remembered to have seen Pontiac a few days before the assassination of that chief, attired in the complete uniform of a French officer, which had been given him by the Marquis of Montcalm, a short time before the fall of Quebec.

An Ojibway Indian told Parkman that some portion of his power was to be ascribed to his being a chief of the *Metai,* a magical association among the Indians of the lakes, in which character he exerted an influence on the superstitions of his followers.

The great chief possessed many resources. His intellect was strong and capacious, while his commanding energy and subtle craft could match the best of his wily race. But, though capable of acts of lofty magnanimity, he was a thorough savage, sharing all their passions and prejudices, their fierceness and treachery. Yet his faults were those of his race; and they can not eclipse his nobler qualities, the great powers and heroic virtues of his mind.

At the time of which we write, Pontiac made his home at an Ottawa village about five miles above Detroit, on the opposite or Canadian side of the river. He lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small, oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, carelessly reclining his half-naked form on a rush mat, or bearskin, like any ordinary warrior. But his vigorous mind was ever active—thinking, scheming, plotting, if you will, how to most effectually unite all the scattered tribes, many of them his hereditary foes, in one great far-reaching effort to regain what the French had lost, by driving back the English invaders from *his* land.

The first time Pontiac stands forth distinctly on the page of history, or rather stalks across that page, was in 1760, about a year after the victory of the English at Quebec.

On September 12, 1760, the famous major, Robert Rogers, received orders from Sir Jeffrey Amherst to ascend the lakes with a detachment of two hundred rangers in fifteen whaleboats and take possession, in the name of his Britannic majesty, of Detroit, Michillimackinac, and other western posts included in the late capitulation. On November 7 they reached the mouth of a river called by Rogers the Chogage. Weary with their long voyage they determined to rest a few days, and were preparing their

encampment in the neighboring forest when a party of Indian chiefs and warriors entered the camp.

They proclaimed themselves an embassy from Pontiac, "King and Lord of that country," and informed Rogers and his rangers that their great sachem, in person, proposed to visit the English; that he was then not far distant, coming peaceably, and that he desired the major to halt his detachment "till such time as *he* could see him with his own eyes."

The major drew up his troops as requested, and before long Pontiac made his appearance. He wore, we are told, "an air of majesty and princely grandeur." He saluted them, but the salutation, so far from being another "Welcome, Englishmen!" was very frigid and formal. He at once sternly demanded of Rogers his business in his territory, and how he had dared to venture upon it without his permission. Rogers very prudently answered that he had no design against the Indians, but, on the contrary, wished to remove from their country a nation who had been an obstacle to mutual friendship and commerce between them and the English. He also made known his commission to this effect, and concluded with a present of several belts of wampum. Pontiac received them with the single observation, "I shall stand in the path you are walking till morning," and gave at the same time, a small string of wampum. "This," writes the major, "was as much as to say I must not march farther without his leave."

Such, undoubtedly, was the safest construction, and the sequel shows that Pontiac considered it the most civil. Before departing for the night he inquired of Rogers whether he wanted anything which *his* country afforded; if so, his warriors should bring it for him.

The reply was discreet as the offer was generous, that

whatever provisions might be brought in should be well paid for. Probably they were; but the English were, at all events, supplied the next morning with several bags of parched corn, game and other necessaries. Pontiac himself, at the second meeting, offered the pipe of peace, which he and Rogers smoked by turns. He declared that he thereby made peace with Rogers and his rangers and that they should pass through his dominions, not only unmolested by his subjects, but protected by them from all other parties who might incline to be hostile.

A cold storm of rain set in, and the rangers were detained some days in their encampment. During this time Rogers had several interviews with Pontiac, and was constrained to admire the native vigor of his intellect, no less than the singular control he exercised over his own warriors and all the Indians in the lake regions. In the course of their conversation, Rogers informs us that the great chieftain "often intimated to him that he should be content to reign in his country, in subordination to the King of Great Britain, and was willing to pay him such annual acknowledgment as he was able in furs, and to call him Uncle." England was much in his thoughts, and he several times expressed a desire to see it. He told Rogers that if he would conduct him there he would give him a part of his country. He was willing to grant the English favors, and allow them to settle in his dominions, but not unless he could be viewed as a sovereign; and he gave them to understand that unless they conducted themselves agreeable to his wishes, "he would shut up the way and keep them out."

"As an earnest of his friendship," continued Rogers, "he sent one hundred warriors to protect and assist us in driving one hundred fat cattle, which we had brought for the use of the detachment from Pittsburg, by the way of Presque Isle. He likewise sent to the several Indian towns,

on the south side and west end of Lake Erie, to inform them that I had his consent to come into the country. He attended me constantly after this interview till I arrived at Detroit, and while I remained in the country, and was the means of preserving the detachment from the fury of the Indians, who had assembled at the mouth of the strait, with an intent to cut us off. I had several conferences with him, in which he discovered great strength of judgment, and a thirst after knowledge. He was especially anxious to be made acquainted with the English mode of war, to know how their arms and accoutrements were provided, and how their clothing was manufactured."

Up to this time Pontiac had been in word and deed the fast friend and ally of the French; but it is easy to discern the motives that impelled him to renounce his old adherence. The American forest never produced a man more shrewd, politic and ambitious. Ignorant as he was of what was passing in the world, he could clearly see that the French power was on the wane, and he knew his own interest too well to prop a falling cause. By making friends of the English he hoped to gain powerful allies, who would aid his ambitious projects, and give him an increased influence over the tribes; and he flattered himself that the newcomers would treat him with the same studied respect which the French had always observed. In this and all his other expectations of advantage from the English, he was doomed to disappointment.

There seems no reasonable doubt of the sincerity of Pontiac's friendship toward the English at this time, and we can not forbear thinking how different might have been the record of the historian, had the English authorities pursued a friendly and conciliatory policy toward the Indians in general, and this mighty chieftain in particular. What massacres and devastation might the country have been spared.

Instead of "a work of love and reconciliation" toward the Indians the *exact opposite policy* was pursued by the English. Flushed with their victory over the more formidable French, they bestowed only a passing thought on the despised savages, and greatly underrated their warlike prowess.

A number of things tended to enrage the Indians against the English invaders of their land, for such they regarded them from the first. It will be remembered that Pontiac, in his interview with Major Rogers, made his overtures of friendship and alliance with the English *conditional.* His whole conversation sufficiently indicated that he was far from considering himself a conquered prince, and that he expected to be treated with the respect and honor due to a king or emperor by all who came into his country or treated with him. In short, if the English treated him in this manner they were welcome to come into his country, but if they treated him with neglect and contempt, "he should shut up the way and keep them out."

The English *did* treat him and his people with neglect and contempt, and as a consequence the mighty chief was justly indignant.

From the small and widely separated forts along the lakes and in the interior, the red men had, with sorrow and anger, seen the *fleur-de-lis* disappear and the cross of St. George take its place. Toward the intruders—victors over their friends, patrons and allies—the Indians maintained a stubborn resentment and hostility.

The Indians were ever lovers of the French, and for good reasons, for when, as Parkman says, "the French had possession of the remote forts, they were accustomed, with a wise liberality, to supply the surrounding Indians with guns, ammunition and clothing, until the latter had

forgotten the weapons and garments of their forefathers and depended on the white men for support. The sudden withholding of these supplies was, therefore, a grievous calamity. Want, suffering and death were the consequences, and this cause alone would have been enough to produce general discontent. But, unhappily, other grievances were superadded. When the Indians visited the forts, after the English took possession, instead of being treated with politic attention and politeness, as formerly, they were received gruffly, subjected to indignities, and not infrequently helped out of the fort with the butt of a sentry's musket or a vigorous kick from an officer. These marks of contempt were unspeakably galling to their haughty spirits."

Moreover, the wilderness was overrun with brutal English traders, who plundered, swindled and cursed the warriors, besides changing them into vagabonds by the rum traffic.

Meanwhile the subjugated French, still smarting under their defeat, dispatched emissaries to almost every village and council house, from the lakes to the gulf, saying that the English had formed a deliberate scheme to exterminate the entire Indian race, and with this design had already begun to hem them in with a chain of forts on one side and settlements on the other. King Louis of France, they said, had of late years been sleeping, and that, during his slumbers, the English had seized upon Canada; but that he was now awake again, and that his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to drive out the intruders from the country of his red children. The French trading companies, and, it is said, the officers of the crown also, distributed with a liberal hand the more substantial encouragement of arms, ammunition, clothing and provisions.

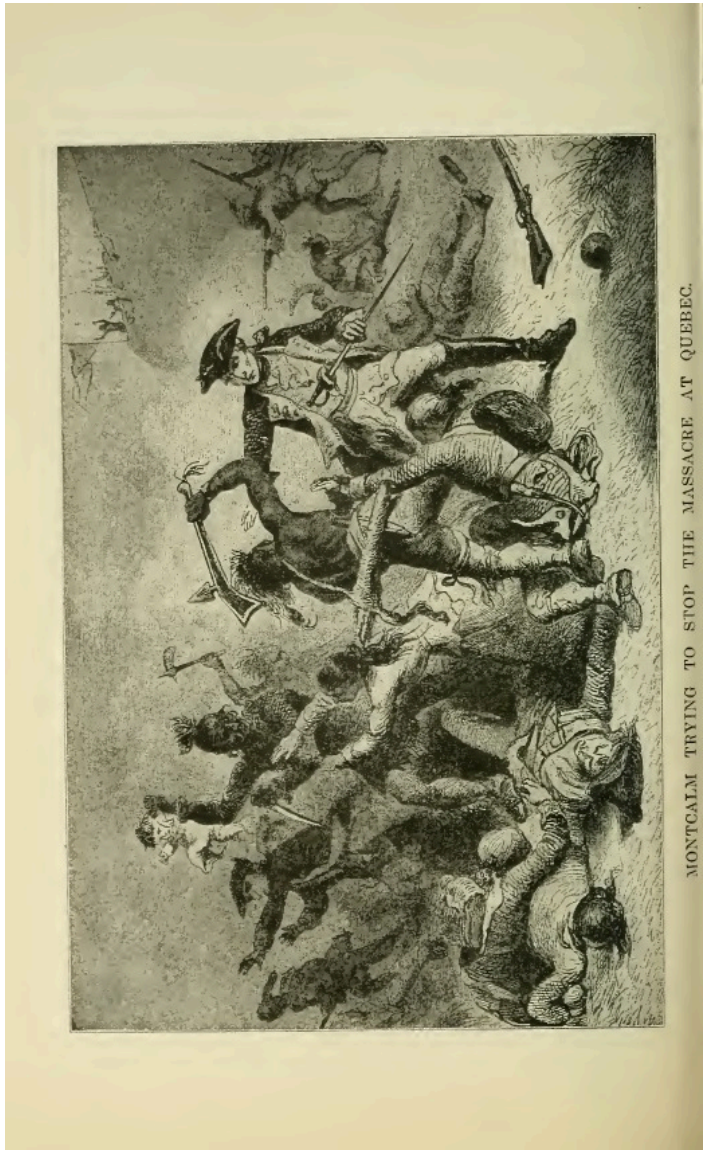
The fierce passions of the Indians, excited by their wrongs and encouraged by the representations of the French, were farther wrought upon by disturbing influences of another kind. A great *prophet* arose among the Delawares, preaching the recovery of the Indian's hunting grounds from the white man, and claiming to have received a revelation direct from the Great Spirit. Vast throngs, including many from remote regions, listened spellbound by his wild eloquence. The white man was driving the Indians from their country, he said, and unless the Indians obeyed the Great Spirit, and destroyed the white man, then the latter would destroy them.

This was the state of affairs among the Indians in 1761 and 1762. Everywhere was discontent, sullen hatred and dark foreboding passion.

Pontiac saw his opportunity; he maintained close relations with the great Delaware prophet, and, like Philip before and Tecumseh after him, he determined to unite all the tribes he could reach or influence in a gigantic conspiracy to exterminate their common enemy, with the help of France, whom, he intended, should regain her foothold on the continent.

"The plan of operation," says Thatcher, "adopted by Pontiac evinces an extraordinary genius, as well as courage and energy of the highest order. This was a sudden and contemporaneous attack upon all the British posts on the lakes—at St. Joseph, Ouiatenon, Green Bay, Michillimackinac, Detroit, the Maumee and the Sandusky —and also upon the forts at Niagara, Presque Isle, Le Boeuf, Verango and Fort Pitt. Most of the fortifications at these places were slight, being rather commercial depots than military establishments. Still, against the Indians they were strongholds, and the positions had been so judiciously selected by the French that to this day they

command the great avenues of communication to the world of woods and waters in the remote North and West. It was manifest to Pontiac, familiar as he was with the geography of this vast tract of country, and with the practical, if not the technical, maxims of war, that the possession or the destruction of these posts—saying nothing of their garrisons—would be emphatically 'shutting up the way.' If the surprise could be simultaneous, so that every English banner which waved upon a line of thousands of miles should be prostrated at the same moment, the garrisons would be unable to exchange assistance, while, on the other hand, the failure of one Indian detachment would have no effect to discourage another. Certainly, some might succeed. Probably the war might begin and be terminated with the same single blow; and then Pontiac would again be Lord and King of the broad land of his ancestors."



MONTCALM TRYING TO STOP THE MASSACRE AT QUEBEC.

But it was necessary, first of all, to form a belligerent combination of the tribes, and the more extensive the better. To this end, toward the close of 1762, dark mysterious messengers from this Napoleon of the Indians, each bearing a war belt of wampum, broad and long as the importance of the occasion demanded, threaded their ways through the forest to the farthest shores of Lake Superior, and the distant delta of the Mississippi. On the arrival of these ambassadors to a tribe, the chief warriors would assemble in the council house. Then the orator, flinging down the red-stained tomahawk before his audience, would deliver, with energetic emphasis and action the message from his lord. The keynote was *war!* On a certain day in May, after so many moons, the Indians, from lakes to gulf, were to take the war-path simultaneously, destroy the English fort nearest, and then throw themselves on the unprotected frontier.

"The bugle call of such a mighty leader as Pontiac," as Mason says, "roused the remotest tribes. Everywhere they joined the conspiracy, and sent lofty messages to Pontiac of the deeds they would perform. The ordinary pursuits of life were given up. The warriors danced the war-dance for weeks at a time. Squaws were set to sharpening knives, moulding bullets and mixing war paint. Children caught the fever, and practiced incessantly with bows and arrows. For the one time in their history, a hundred wild and restless tribes were animated by a single inspiration and purpose. That which was incapable of union, united. Conjurors practiced their arts. Magicians consulted their oracles. Prophets avowed revelations from the most High. Warriors withdrew to caves and fastnesses, where, with fasting and self-torture, they wrought themselves into more fearful excitement and mania. Young men sought to raise their courage by eating raw flesh and drinking hot blood. Tall chieftains, crowned with nodding

plumes, harangued their followers nightly, striking every chord of revenge, glory, avarice, pride, patriotism and love, which trembled in the savage breast.

"As the orator approached his climax he would leap into the air, brandishing his hatchet as if rushing upon an enemy, yelling the war-whoop, throwing himself in a thousand postures, his eyes aflame, his muscles strained and knotted, his face a thunderstorm of passion, as if in the actual struggle. At last, with a triumphant shout, he brandishes aloft the scalp of the imaginary victim. His eloquence is irresistible. His audience is convulsed with passionate interest, and sways like trees tossed in the tempest. At last, the whole assembly, fired with uncontrollable frenzy, rush together in the ring, leaping, stamping, yelling, brandishing knives and hatchets in the firelight, hacking and stabbing the air, until the lonely midnight forest is transformed into a howling pandemonium of devils, from whose fearful uproar the startled animals, miles away, flee frightened into remote lairs."

The time for the bursting of the storm drew near. Yet at only one place on the frontier was there the least suspicion of Indian disturbance. The garrisons of the exposed forts reposed in fancied security. The arch conspirator, Pontiac, had breathed the breath of life into a vast conspiracy, whose ramifications spread their network over a region of country of which the northwestern and southeastern extremities were nearly two thousand miles apart. Yet the traders, hunters, scouts and trappers who were right among the Indians, and were versed in the signs of approaching trouble, suspected nothing wrong. Colossal conspiracy! Stupendous deceit!

Pontiac arranged to meet the chiefs of the allied tribes, from far and near, in a grand war council, which

was held on the banks of the Aux Ecorces, or Etorces, a little river not far from Detroit, on April 27, 1763. Parkman has given us the best description of what occurred at this council. Said he, "On the long-expected morning heralds passed from one group of lodges to another, calling the warriors in loud voice to attend the great council before Pontiac. In accordance with the summons they came issuing; from their wigwams—the tall, half-naked figures of the wild Ojibways, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in their painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers and their leggings garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the deep and fiery passion hidden beneath that immovable exterior.

"Then Pontiac rose; according to tradition, not above middle height. His muscular figure was cast in a mold of remarkable symmetry and vigor. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression, while his habitual bearing was imperious and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his imperious will. On occasions like this he was wont to appear as befitted his power and character, and he stood before the council plumed and painted in the full costume of war.

"Looking around upon his wild auditors he began to speak, with fierce gesture and loud, impassioned voice; and at every pause, deep guttural ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words. Said he: 'It is important, my brothers, that we should exterminate from our land this nation, whose only object is our death. You must be all

sensible, as well as myself, that we can no longer supply our wants in the way we were accustomed to do with our fathers, the French. They sell us their goods at double the price that the French made us pay, and yet their merchandise is good for nothing; for no sooner have we bought a blanket or other thing to cover us, than it is necessary to procure others against the time of departure for our wintering ground. Neither will they let us have them on credit, as our brothers, the French, used to do. When I visit the English chief and inform him of the death of any of our comrades, instead of lamenting, as our brothers, the French, used to do, they make game of us. If I ask him for anything for our sick, he refuses, and tells us he does not want us, from which it is apparent he seeks our death. We must, therefore, in return, destroy them without delay; there is nothing to prevent us; there are but few of them, and we shall easily overcome them—why should we not attack them? Are we not men? Have I not shown you the belts I received from our Great Father, the King of France? He tells us to strike—why should we not listen to his words? What do you fear? The time has arrived. Do you fear that our brothers, the French, who are now among us, will hinder us? They are not acquainted with our designs, and if they did know them, could they prevent them? You know as well as myself, that when the English came upon our lands, to drive from them our father, Bellestre, they took from the French all the guns that they have, so that they have now no guns to defend themselves with. Therefore, now is the time; let us strike. Should there be any French to take their part, let us strike them as we do the English. I have sent belts and speeches to our friends, the Chippeways of Saginaw, and our brothers, the Ottawas of Michillimacinac, and to those of the Riviere á la Tranche (Thames river), inviting them to join us, and they will not delay. In the meantime, let us strike. There is no longer any time to lose, and when the English shall be

defeated, we will stop the way, so that no more shall return upon our lands."

He also assured them that the Indians and their French brothers would again fight side by side against the common foe, as they did in other years on the Monongahela, when the banners of the English had been trampled in the bloody mire of defeat.

The orator, having lashed his audience into fury, quickly soothed them with the story of the Delaware prophet, already mentioned, who had a dream in which it was revealed to him that by traveling in a certain direction he would at length reach the abode of the 'Great Spirit,' or Master of Life.

"After many days of journeying, full of strange incidents," continued Pontiac, "he saw before him a vast mountain of dazzling whiteness, so precipitous that he was about to turn back in despair, when a beautiful woman arrayed in white appeared and thus accosted him: 'How can you hope, encumbered as you are, to succeed in your design? Go down to the foot of the mountain, throw away your gun, your ammunition, your provisions and your clothing; wash yourself in the stream which flows there, and you will then be prepared to stand before the Master of Life.' The Indian obeyed, and again began to ascend among the rocks, while the woman, seeing him still discouraged, laughed at his faintness of heart and told him that, if he wished for success, he must climb by the aid of one hand and one foot only. After great toil and suffering, he at length found himself at the summit. The woman had disappeared, and he was left alone. A rich and beautiful plain lay before him, and at a little distance he saw three great villages, far superior to any he had seen in any tribe. As he approached the largest and stood hesitating whether he should enter, a man, gorgeously attired, stepped forth,

and, taking him by the hand, welcomed him to the celestial abode. He then conducted him into the presence of the Great Spirit, where the Indian stood confounded at the unspeakable splendor which surrounded him. The Great Spirit bade him be seated, and thus addressed him: 'I am the Maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers and all things else. I am the Maker of mankind; and because I love you, you must do my will. The land on which you live I have made for *you,* and not for others. Why do you suffer the white man to dwell among you? My children, you have forgotten the customs and traditions of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves in skins, as they did, and use the bows and arrows, and the stone-pointed lances, which they used? You have bought guns, knives, kettles, and blankets from the white man, until you can no longer do without them; and what is worse, you have drunk the poison fire-water, which turns you into fools. Fling all these things away; live as your wise forefathers lived before you. And as for these English—these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting grounds and drive away the game—you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again, and once more be happy and prosperous. The children of your great father, the King of France, are not like the English. Never forget that they are your brethren. They are very dear to me, for they love the red men, and understand the true mode of worshipping me.'"

Such is the tale told by Pontiac to the council, quoted by Parkman from statements recorded both by Indians and Canadians who were present.

Before this vast assembly dissolved, the great chieftain unfolded his wide-laid plans for a simultaneous attack on all the forts in possession of the English. The 7th of May, 1763, was named as the day of destruction, and his

schemes, which were constructed with the white man's skill and the red man's cunning, met the hearty approval of all the assembled chiefs and warriors, and the great council dissolved.

The plan was now ripe for execution, and with the suddenness of a whirlwind, the storm of war burst forth all along the frontier. Nine of the British forts, or stations, were captured. Some of the garrisons were completely surprised and massacred on the spot; a few individuals, in other cases, escaped. In case of most, if not all of the nine surprisals, quite as much was effected by stratagem as by force, and that apparently by a pre-concerted system, which indicates the far-seeing superintendence of Pontiac himself.

In this storm of war, the most thrilling and tragic scenes were enacted at Mackinaw, or Michillimackinac, and Detroit. The former was the scene of a bloody savage triumph; the latter, of a long and perilous siege, in which the savage besiegers were under the personal command of the great Pontiac. As it is the only recorded instance of the protracted siege of a fortified civilized garrison by an army of savages, we will tell the story in detail, but will first briefly describe the successful stratagem which resulted in the capture of Michillimackinac and the slaughter of the garrison.

The name Michillimackinac, which, in the Algonquin tongue, signifies the Great Turtle, was first, from a fancied resemblance, applied to the neighboring island and thence to the fort.

By reason of its location on the south side of the strait, between lakes Huron and Michigan, Michillimackinac was one of the most important positions on the frontier. It was the place of deposit and point of

departure between the upper and lower countries; the traders always assembled there on their voyages to and from Montreal. Connected with it was an area of two acres, inclosed with tall cedar-wood posts, sharpened at the top, and extending on one side so near the water's edge that a western wind always drove the waves against the foot of the stockade.

The place at this time contained thirty families within the palisades of the fort, and about as many more without, with a garrison of about thirty-five men and their officers, according to Parkman.

Warning of the tempest that impended had been clearly given; enough, had it been heeded, to have averted the fatal disaster. Several of the Canadians least hostile to the English had thrown out hints of approaching danger, and one of them had even told Captain Etherington, the commander, that the Indians had formed a design to destroy, not only his garrison, but all the English on the lakes. Etherington not only turned a deaf ear to what he heard, but threatened to send prisoner to Detroit the next person who should disturb the fort with such tidings. Only the day before the tragic 4th of June an Indian named Wawatam, an Ojibway chief, who had taken a fancy to Alexander Henry, a trader, who was in the fort, came over and first advised, then urged, and finally begged Henry on his knees, to leave the fort that night. But all in vain!

The morning of June 4, the birthday of King George, was warm and sultry. The plain in front of the fort was covered with Indians of the Ojibway, Chippewa and Sac tribes.

Early in the morning, many Ojibways came to the fort, inviting the officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of ball, or *baggattaway,* which was to be

played between their nation and the Sacs, for a high wager. In consequence of this invitation, the place was soon deserted of half its tenants, and the gates of the palisade were wide open. Groups of soldiers stood in the shade looking at the sport, *most of them without their arms.*

Sober Indian chiefs stood as if intently watching the fortunes of the game. In fact, however, their thoughts were far otherwise employed. Large numbers of squaws also mingled in the crowd, but gradually gathering in a group near the open gates. And, strange to say, in spite of the warm day they were *wrapped to the throat in blankets.*

Baggattaway has always been a favorite game with many Indian tribes. At either extremity of the open ground, from half a mile to a mile apart, stood two posts, which constituted the stations or goals of the parties. Except that the ball was much smaller and that a bat or racket much like those used in lawn tennis served instead of the kick, the game was identical with our well-known football, and just as brutal.

The ball was started from the middle of the ground, and the game was for each side to keep it from touching their own post and drive it against that of their adversaries. Hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and bounding over each other, turning handsprings and somersaults, striking with the bats, tripping each other up, every way, any way, to get at the ball and foil the adversary. At one moment the whole were crowded together, a dense throng of combatants, all struggling for the ball; at the next, they are scattered again, and running over the ground like hounds in full chase. Each, in his excitement, yelled and shouted at the height of his voice.

Suddenly the ball rose high, and descending in a wide curve, fell near the gate of the fort. This was no chance

stroke, but a part of a preconcerted stratagem to insure the surprise and destruction of the garrison. The players instantly bounded toward the ball, a rushing, maddened and tumultuous throng, but just as they neared the gates, the shouts of sport changed suddenly to the ferocious war-whoop. The squaws threw open their blankets, exposing the guns, hatchets and knives, and the players instantly flung away their bats and seized the weapons, before the amazed English had time to think or act. They at once fell upon the defenseless garrison and traders, butchered fifteen on the spot, captured the rest, including the commander, while everything that had belonged to the English was carried off or destroyed, though none of the French families or their property was disturbed. It is said that these captives were afterward ransomed at Montreal, at high prices.



HOLLOW HORN BEAR, SIOUX CHIEF.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

See page 584.

As we have seen, it was a part of Pontiac's plan that each tribe should attack the fort or English settlement nearest to them. For this reason, and because it was the largest and best fortified place, he took personal command at the siege of Detroit.

This settlement was founded by La Motte Cadillac in 1701, and contained at this time, according to Major Rogers, about twenty-five hundred people. The center of the settlement was the fortified town or fort, which stood on the western margin of the river, and contained about a hundred houses, compactly built, and surrounded by a palisade twenty-five feet high, with a bastion at each corner, and block-houses over the gates.

The garrison of the fort consisted of one hundred and twenty English soldiers, under the command of Major Gladwyn. There were also forty fur traders, and the ordinary Canadian inhabitants of the place, who could not be trusted in case of an Indian outbreak.

Two small armed schooners, the Beaver and the Gladwyn, lay anchored in the river, while the ordnance of the fort consisted of two six-pounders, one three-pounder and three mortars; all of an indifferent quality. The settlement outside the fort, stretching about eight miles along both sides of the Detroit river, consisted of the dwellings of Canadians, and three Indian villages, the Ottawas and Wyandots, on the east, and the Pottawatomies on the west side of the stream.

"Such was Detroit—a place whose defences could have opposed no resistance to a civilized enemy; and yet situated as it was at a strategic point on the bank of a broad navigable river far removed from the hope of speedy succor, it could only rely, in the terrible struggle that awaited it, upon its own slight strength and feeble

resources," as Parkman well says.

On the afternoon of May 5 a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the prominent settlers, crossed the river to the Ottawa village to buy some maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several warriors engaged in filing off their gun-barrels, so as to reduce them, stock and all to the length of about a yard. Such a weapon could easily be hid under a blanket. That night the woman mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, the village blacksmith. "Oh," said he, "that explains it." "Explains what?" "The reason why so many Indians have lately wanted to borrow my files and saws."

It is not known whether this circumstance reached the ears of the commander; if so, it received no attention at his hands. But, in the hour of impending doom, the love of an Indian maiden interposed to save the garrison from butchery.

In the Pottawatomie village, it is said, there lived an Ojibway girl, who could boast a larger share of beauty than is common to the wigwam. She had attracted the eye of Gladwyn, who had taken great interest in her, and as she was very bright, had given her some instruction. While she, on her part, had become much attached to the handsome young officer. On the afternoon of May 6, Catharine—for so the officers called her—came to the fort and repaired to Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elk skin moccasins, ornamented with beads and porcupine work, which he had requested her to make. But this time the girl's eyes no longer sparkled with pleasure and excitement. Her face was anxious, and her look furtive. She said little and soon left the room; but the sentinel at the door saw her still lingering at the street corner, though the hour for closing the gates was nearly come.

At length she attracted the attention of Gladwyn himself. The major at once saw that the girl knew something which she feared yet longed to tell. Calling her to him, he sought to win her secret, but it was not for a long while, and under solemn promises that she should not be betrayed, but rather *protected,* should it become necessary, that the dusky sweetheart spoke. "To-morrow," she said, "Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs, and demand a council. Each will be armed with a gun cut short, and hidden under his blanket. When all are assembled in the council-house, and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched."

Gladwyn believed the maid, and the words of warning spoken, she went back to her people. The guards that night were doubled. At times the watchers on the walls heard unwonted sounds, borne to them on the night wind from the distant Indian villages. They were the steady beat of the Indian drum and the shrill choruses of the war-dance.

The next day, about ten o'clock, the great war chief, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thrown open to admit them. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets, their faces smeared with paint, and their heads adorned with nodding plumes. For the most part, they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness. The leader started as he saw the soldiers drawn up in line, and heard the ominous tap of the drum. Arriving at the council-house they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to notice that every Englishman wore a sword at his side and

a pair of pistols in his belt, and the conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances.

"Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. Pontiac saw at once that the plot was discovered. He did not lose control of himself, however, but made the customary speech, though the signal for attack was not given. After a short and uneasy sitting he and his chiefs withdrew with marked discomfiture and apprehension.

Gladwyn has been censured for not detaining the chiefs as hostages for the good conduct of their followers. "Perhaps," as Parkman says, "the commandant feared lest should he arrest the chiefs when gathered at a public council and guiltless as yet of open violence, the act might be interpreted as cowardly and dishonorable. He was ignorant, moreover, of the true nature or extent of the plot."

Balked in his treachery, the great chief withdrew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. That Gladwyn had suffered him to escape, was to his mind ample proof either of cowardice or ignorance. The latter supposition seeming the more probable, he determined to visit the fort once more and convince the English, if possible, that their suspicions against him were unfounded.

Accordingly, on the following morning he repaired to the fort, with three of his chiefs, bearing in his hand the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace, the bowl carved in stone, and the stem adorned with feathers. Offering it to Gladwyn, he addressed him and his officers as follows:

"My fathers, evil birds have sung lies in your ear. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace." At his departure, he gave the pipe to Major Campbell, second in command, as a further pledge of his sincerity.

That afternoon, the better to cover his designs, Pontiac called the young men of all the tribes to a game of ball, which took place in a neighboring field, with great noise and shouting. At nightfall the garrison was startled by a burst of loud, shrill yells. The drums beat to arms and the troops were ordered to their posts; but the alarm was caused only by the victors in the ball game announcing their success by these discordant outcries. Meanwhile Pontiac spent the afternoon consulting with his chiefs how to compass the ruin of the English.

The next day, about eleven o'clock, the common behind the fort was again thronged with Indians; Pontiac, advancing from among the multitude, approached the gate, only to find it closed and barred against him. He shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied that the great chief might enter, if he chose, but the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Pontiac rejoined that he wished all his warriors to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet. But Gladwyn was inexorable, and replied that he would have none of his rabble in the fort. Instantly the savage threw off the mask of deceit he had worn so long, and, casting one look of unspeakable rage and hate at the fort, he turned abruptly from the gate and strode toward his followers, who lay in great numbers flat on the ground beyond reach of gunshot. At his approach, they all leaped up and ran off "yelping," in the language of an eye witness, "like so many devils." They rushed to the house of an old English Woman and her family, beat down the doors and

tomahawked the inmates. Another party jumped into their canoes, and paddled with all speed to the Isle of Cochon, where dwelt an Englishman named Fisher, formerly a sergeant of the regulars. Him they also killed and scalped.

That night, while the garrison watched with sleepless apprehension, the entire Ottawa village was removed to the west side of the river. "We will be near them," said Pontiac. The position taken by the Indians was just above the mouth of Parent's creek.

During the night a Canadian, named Desnoyers, came down the river in a canoe, and landing at the water gate, informed the garrison that two English officers, Sir Robert Davers and Captain Robertson, had been murdered on Lake St. Clair, and that Pontiac had been reinforced by the whole war strength of the Ojibways. If the Indians had prior to this, as it is claimed, a force of from six hundred to two thousand, these accessions would make them quite formidable.

Every Englishman in the fort, whether trader or soldier, was now ordered under arms. No man lay down to sleep, and the commander walked the ramparts all night. Not till the blush of dawn tinged the eastern sky did the fierce savages, yelling with infernal power, come bounding naked to the assault.

The soldiers looked from their loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But in this they were agreeably disappointed. For though their clamors filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, while the bullets pelted the fort with leaden hail, yet very few were visible. Some were sheltered behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, others lay flat in hollows of the ground while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility of

monkeys, to render it impossible for the marksmen at the fort to hit them. Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these swift movements for a moment.

At the end of six hours the assailants grew weary and withdrew. It was found that only five men had been wounded in the fort, while the cautious enemy had sustained but trifling loss.

Gladwyn, believing the affair ended, dispatched La Butte, a neutral interpreter, accompanied by two old Canadians, Chapeton and Godefroy, to open negotiations. Many other Canadian inhabitants took this opportunity of leaving the place.

Pontiac received the three ambassadors politely, and heard their offers of peace with seeming acquiescence. He, however, stepped aside to talk the matter over with the other chiefs, after which Pontiac declared that, out of their earnest desire for a lasting treaty, they wished to hold council with their English fathers themselves, and they were especially desirous that Major Campbell, the veteran officer, second in command at the fort, should visit their camp.

When the word reached Campbell he prepared at once to go, in spite of Gladwyn's fears of treachery. He felt, he said, no fear of the Indians, with whom he had always been on the most friendly terms. Gladwyn, with some hesitation, gave a reluctant consent. Campbell left the fort accompanied by Lieutenant McDougal, and attended by La Butte and several other Canadians. A Canadian met them and warned the two British officers they were entering the lion's den, but the brave men refused to turn back.

As they entered the Indian camp a howling multitude of women and children surrounded them, armed with clubs, sticks and stones. But Pontiac, with a word and a gesture, quelled the mob, and conducted them to the council-house, where they were surrounded by sinister faces. Campbell made his speech. It was heard in perfect silence, and no reply was made. For a full hour the unfortunate officers saw before them the same concourse of dark faces bending an unwavering gaze upon them. At last Campbell rose to go. Pontiac made an imperious gesture for him to resume his seat. "My father," said he, "will sleep to-night in the lodges of his red children." The gray-haired soldier and his companion were captives.

Many of the Indians were eager to kill the captives on the spot; but Pontiac protected them from injury and insult, and conducted them to the house of M. Meloche, near Parent's creek, where good quarters were assigned them, and as much liberty allowed as was consistent with safe custody. The peril of their situation was diminished by the circumstance that two Indians had been detained at the fort as prisoners, for some slight offense, a few days prior to this, and it is quite possible Pontiac designed to effect an exchange.

Late the same night La Butte returned with anxious face to the fort. Some of the officers suspected him, no doubt unjustly, with a share in the treachery. Feeling the suspicion, he spent the remainder of the night in the narrow street, gloomy and silent.

Thatcher informs us concerning these two prisoners that McDougal effected his escape, "but Major Campbell was tomahawked by an infuriated savage named Wasson, in revenge for the death of a relative. One account says 'they boiled his heart and ate it, and made a pouch of the skin of his arms!' The brutal assassin fled to Saginaw,

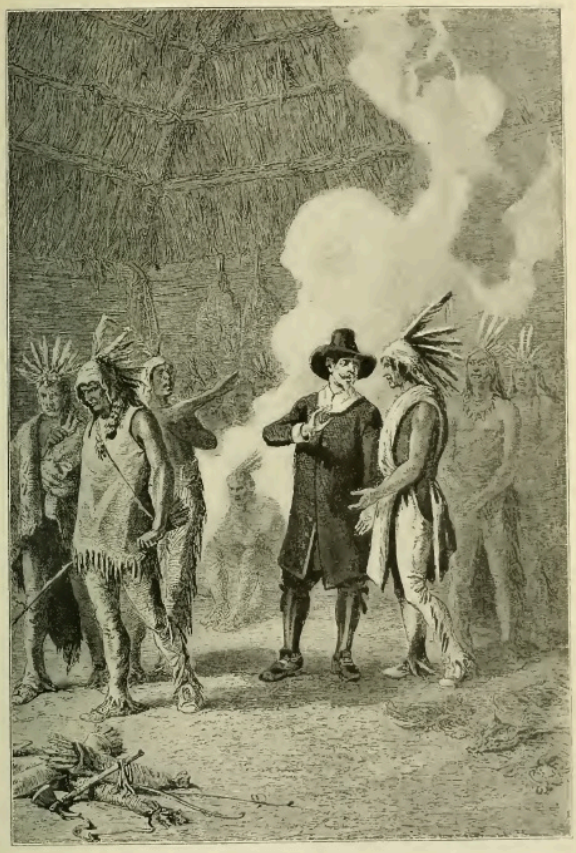
apprehensive of the vengeance of Pontiac; and it is but justice to the memory of that chieftain to say that he was indignant at the atrocious act and used every possible exertion to apprehend the murderer. Doubtless had he been captured the chief would have inflicted the death penalty."

It is said that the wily chieftain found out in some manner that the Ojibway maiden, Catharine, disclosed the plot to Gladwyn, and ordered four Indians to take her and bring her before him. The order was promptly obeyed, according to the diary of a Canadian who was contemporary, and having arrived at the Pottawatomie village, they seized Catharine "and obliged her to march before them, uttering cries of joy in the manner they do when they hold a victim in their clutches on whom they are going to exercise their cruelty; they made her enter the fort, and took her before the commandant (Gladwyn), as if to confront her with him, and asked him if it was not from her he had learned their design; but they were no better satisfied than if they had kept themselves quiet. They obtained from that officer bread and beer for themselves and for her. They then led her to their chief (Pontiac) in the village."

It will be remembered that before the girl imparted her secret, which was destined to save the lives of all in the fort, Gladwyn solemnly promised that she should not be betrayed, but rather protected should it become necessary. And now the exigency has arisen; Catharine and her captors are in the fort. But when did a white man ever keep his sacred word to an Indian? Gladwyn did not betray her, it is true, for he made no answer to the questions asked him. But he afforded her only such protection in this, her hour of peril, "as the wolf shows to the lamb, or the kite to the dove." He gave beer to the four Indians, who were already angry, to enrage them still more, and also supplied Catharine with beer, which may have been the starting

point of her ruin, as we shall see.

But he did not lift a finger to save or protect the one to whom he probably owed his life, but permitted her to be dragged from the fort into the presence of the enraged Pontiac, who, according to another Canadian tradition, seized a bat or racket used by the Indians in their ballgame, and flogged her until life was almost extinct. An old Indian told Henry Conner, formerly United States interpreter at Detroit, that Catharine survived her terrible punishment and lived for many years; but having contracted intemperate habits, she fell, when intoxicated, into a kettle of boiling maple sap, and was so severely scalded that she died in consequence.



MAJOR CAMPBELL IN CONFERENCE WITH PONTIAC.

After an old steel engraving.

See page 147.

Pontiac proceeded to redistribute his forces. One band hid in ambush along the river below the fort. Others surrounded the fort on the land side. The garrison had only three weeks' provisions, and the Indians determined that this scanty store should not be replenished. Every house in Detroit was searched for grease, tallow, or whatever would serve for food, and all the provisions were placed in a public storehouse.

The Indians, with their usual improvidence, had neglected to provide against the exigency of a siege, thinking to have taken Detroit at a single stroke. The Canadian settlers were ruthlessly despoiled of their stores, and the food thus obtained was wasted with characteristic recklessness. Aggravated beyond endurance they complained to Pontiac. He heard them, and made the following characteristic reply:

"I do not doubt, my brothers, that this war is very troublesome to you, for our warriors are continually passing and repassing through your settlement. I am sorry for it. Do not think I approve of the damage that is done by them; and as a proof of this, remember the war with the Foxes and the part which I took in it. It is now seventeen years since the Ojibways of Michillimackinac, combined with the Sacs and Foxes, came down to destroy you. Who then defended you? Was it not I and my young men? Mickinac, great chief of all these nations, said in council that he would carry to his village the head of your commandant—that he would eat his heart and drink his blood. Did I not take your part? Did I not go to his camp, and say to him, that if he wished to kill the French he must first kill me and my warriors? Did I not assist you in

routing them and driving them away? And now you think I would turn my arms against you! No, my brothers; I am the same French Pontiac who assisted you seventeen years ago. I am a Frenchman, and I wish to die a Frenchman; and now I repeat to you that you and I are one—that it is for both our interests that I should be avenged. Let me alone. I do not ask you for aid, for it is not in your power to give it. I only ask provisions for myself and men. Yet, if you are inclined to assist me, I shall not refuse you. It would please me, and you yourselves would be sooner rid of your troubles; for I promise you, that as soon as the English are driven out, we will go back to our villages, and there await the arrival of our French father. You have heard what I have to say; remain at peace, and I will watch that no harm shall be done to you, either by my men or by the other Indians."

Pontiac promptly took measures for bringing the disorders complained of to a close, while at the same time he provided sustenance for his warriors, a veritable commissary department, "and, in doing this, he displayed," as Parkman says, "a policy and forecast scarcely paralleled in the history of his race." He first forbade the commission of farther outrages, on the penalty of condign punishment. He next visited in turn the families of the Canadians, and, inspecting the property belonging to them, he assigned to each the share of provisions which it must furnish for the support of the Indians. The contributions thus levied were all collected at the house of Meloche, near Parent's creek, whence they were regularly issued to the Indians of the different camps.

Knowing that the character and habits of an Indian would render him incapable of being a judicious commissary, Pontiac availed himself of Canadian help, employing one Quilleriez and several others to discharge, under his eye, the duties of this office. But he did another

thing which revealed his genius for command, and proved him to be an Indian Napoleon. Anxious to avoid offending the Canadians, yet unable to make compensation for the provisions he had levied, Pontiac issued *promissory notes,* drawn upon birch-bark, and signed with the figure of an otter, the totem to which he belonged. Under this was drawn the representation of the particular article for which the bill was valid—as a gun, a bag of corn, a deer, a hog, or a beef. These bills passed current among the Canadians and Indians of the period, and were faithfully redeemed after the war. As Goodrich says, "The 'Pontiac treasury notes,' we believe, were never below par. Repudiation was unknown under savage rule in Michigan and Canada. Let the barbarian chief enjoy the full applause due to his financial honor. His modern successors might find something in his example worthy of imitation."

Not one of the Ottawa tribe dared to infringe the command he had given, that the property of the Canadians should be respected. They would not so much as cross the cultivated fields but followed the beaten paths; in such awe did they stand of his displeasure. A few young Wyandots, however, still committed nightly depredations on the hog-pen of Baby, an old friend of Pontiac. The Canadian complained of the theft to Pontiac, and desired his protection. The great chief hastened to the assistance of his friend, and, arriving about nightfall at the house, walked to and fro among the barns and enclosures. At a late hour he saw the dark forms of hog thieves stealing through the gloom. "Go back to your village, you Wyandot dogs," he shouted; "if you tread again on this man's land, you shall die." They slunk away abashed; and from that time forward Baby's property was safe. Pontiac could claim no legitimate authority over the Wyandots, but his powerful spirit forced respect and obedience from all who approached him.

One night at an early period of the siege, Pontiac entered the house of Baby, and seating himself by the fire, looked for some time steadily at the embers. At length, raising his head, he said he had heard that the English had offered the Canadian a bushel of silver for the scalp of his friend. Baby declared that the story was false, and assured him that he would never betray him. Pontiac studied his features keenly for a moment and replied: "My brother has spoken the truth, and I will show him that I believe him." So saying, he wrapped his blanket around him, and "lay like a warrior taking his rest," in peaceful slumber until morning.

Some time after this our old friend Rogers, of Rogers' Rangers, arrived at Detroit with a detachment of troops, and the next day sent a bottle of brandy by a friendly Indian, as a present to Pontiac. The other chiefs urged him not to drink it for fear of poison. Pontiac heard them through, and boldly replied "It is not possible that this man, who knows my love for him, and who is also sensible of the great favors I have done him, can think of taking away my life"; then putting the cup to his lips he drank a draught without betraying the slightest apprehension. He could practice treachery himself, yet scorned to suspect it in white men.

Weeks rolled by with no change in the situation at Detroit. The British commander-in-chief at New York, unmindful of the Indian outbreak, had, as usual in the spring, sent a detachment up the lakes with food, ammunition and reenforcements for the different forts.

On May 30 some faint specks appeared on the distant watery horizon. They grew larger and blacker. The sentry in the bastion called aloud to the officers, who eagerly ran to look with spy-glasses. They recognized the banner of St. George, floating at the masthead of the leading boat of the

long expected fleet. The officer at once gave command for a salute of welcome. When the sound of the booming cannon died away, every ear was strained to catch the response. It soon came, but instead of artillery, it was a faint but unmistakable *war-whoop.* The faces of the English grew pale. The approaching flotilla was watched with breathless anxiety. When it was well in view, a number of dark and savage forms rose up in the boats. *The flotilla was in the hands of the Indians.* In the foremost of the eighteen barges there were four prisoners and only three Indians. In the others, the Indians outnumbered the white men and compelled them to row. Just as the leading boat was opposite the Beaver, the one small schooner which lay at anchor before the fort (the Gladwyn having been sent to hasten and escort this very flotilla) one of the soldiers was seen to seize a savage by the hair and belt and throw him overboard. The Indian held fast to his enemy's clothes, and drawing himself upward, stabbed him again and again with his knife and then dragged him overboard. Both sank grappled in each other's arms. The two remaining Indians leaped out of the boat. The prisoners turned, and pulled for the distant schooner, shouting aloud for aid. The Indians on shore opened a heavy fire upon them, wounding one of their number, and the light birch canoes gave chase, gaining on them at every stroke of the oar. Escape seemed hopeless, when the report of a cannon burst from the side of the schooner. The ball narrowly missed the foremost canoe, beating the water in a line of foam which almost capsized the frail craft. At this the pursuers drew back in dismay; and the Indians on shore, being in turn saluted by a second shot, ceased firing and scattered among the bushes. The prisoners thus rescued were greeted as men snatched from the jaws of death.

This, in brief, was their story. Lieutenant Cuyler had left Fort Niagara on May 13 with twenty barges, ninety-six

men and a plentiful supply of provisions and ammunition. Coasting along the northern shore of Lake Erie, they had passed the armed schooner Gladwyn without seeing it, and, of course, knew nothing of the Indian hostilities. On the twenty-eighth of the month, the flotilla landed at Point Pelee, not far from the mouth of the Detroit river. The boats were drawn on the beach, and the party prepared to encamp. A man and a boy went to gather firewood at a short distance from the spot, when an Indian leaped out of the woods, seized the boy by the hair, and tomahawked him. The man ran into the camp shouting that the woods were full of Indians. The report was true, for Pontiac had stationed the Wyandots at this very spot to intercept trading boats or parties of troops. Cuyler quickly formed his soldiers into a semicircle before the boats, just as the Indians opened fire. For an instant there was a hot blaze of musketry on both sides; then the Indians broke out of the woods in a body, and rushed fiercely upon the center of the line, which gave way in every part; the men flinging down their guns, running panic-stricken to the boats and struggling with ill-directed efforts to shove them into the water. Five were set afloat, and pushed off from the shore, crowded with terrified soldier's, huddled together like sheep in the shambles. Never was rout more complete or soldiers more unnerved and demoralized.

Cuyler, seeing himself deserted by his men, as he afterward stated, waded up to his neck in the lake and climbed into one of the retreating boats. The Indians, on their part, pushed two more boats afloat and went in pursuit of the fugitives, three boatloads of whom allowed themselves to be *captured without resistance.* Think of it, two boatloads of Indians capture *three boatloads of English,* who seemingly made no effort to escape the fate of horrible torture which awaited all but a few, who were enslaved. The other two boats, in one of which was Cuyler

himself, effected their escape, and returning to Niagara, he reported his loss to Major Wilkins, the commanding officer. Between thirty and forty men, some of whom were wounded, were crowded in these two boats. These, with the three rescued at Detroit, were all of the ninety-six which survived the ill-fated expedition.

The little schooner Gladwyn, having passed the flotilla probably in the night or during a fog, reached Niagara without mishap. She was still riding at anchor in the smooth river above the falls, when Cuyler and the remnant of his men returned and reported the terrible disaster that had befallen him. This officer, and the survivors of his party, with a few other troops spared from the garrison of Niagara, were ordered to embark on board of her, and make the best of their way back to Detroit. The force, amounting to sixty men, with such ammunition and supplies as could be spared from the fort, was soon under sail. In due time they entered the Detroit river, and were almost in sight of the fort, but the critical part of the undertaking still remained.

The river was in some places narrow, and more than eight hundred Indians were on the alert to intercept their passage. On the afternoon of the 23d the schooner began to move slowly up the river, with a gentle breeze, which gradually died away, and left the vessel becalmed in the narrow channel opposite Fighting Island, and within gunshot of an Indian ambush.

Of the sixty men on board all were crowded below deck except ten or twelve, in hopes that the Indians, encouraged by this apparent weakness, might make an open attack. At sunset the guards on board the vessel were doubled. Hours wore on, and nothing had broken the deep repose of the night. At last, the splash of muffled oars was heard. Dark objects came moving swiftly down the stream

toward the vessel. The men were ordered up from below and took their places in perfect silence. A blow on the mast with a hammer was to be the signal for firing. The Indians, gliding stealthily over the water in their birch canoes, thought the prize was theirs. At last the hammer struck the mast. The slumbering vessel burst into a blaze of cannon and musketry, which illumined the night like a flash of lightning. Grape and musket shot flew, tearing among the canoes, sinking some outright, killing fourteen Indians, wounding about twenty more and driving the rest in consternation to the shore. As the enemy opened fire from their breastwork, the schooner weighed anchor, and, drifting with the river's tide, floated down out of danger. Several days afterward, with a favoring wind, she again attempted to ascend. This time she was successful, for though the Indians fired at her constantly from the shore, no man was hurt. As she passed the Wyandot village she sent a shower of grape among its yelping inhabitants, by which several were killed; and then, furling her sails, lay peacefully at anchor by the side of her companion vessel, abreast of the fort.

The schooner brought to the garrison a much-needed supply of men, ammunition and provisions. She also brought the important news that a treaty of peace was concluded between France and England. But Pontiac refused to believe it, and his war went on.

The two schooners in the river were regarded by the Indians with mingled rage and superstition; not alone on account of the broadsides with which their camps were bombarded, but the knowledge that the vessels served to connect the isolated garrison with the rest of the world. They determined, therefore, to destroy them. The inventive genius of Pontiac caused a fire raft to be constructed by lashing together a number of canoes, piled high with a vast quantity of combustibles. A torch was applied in several

places, and the thing of destruction was pushed off into the current.

But fortune or Providence protected the schooners, the blazing raft passed within a hundred feet of them, and floating harmlessly down the stream, consumed nothing but itself. This attempt was several times repeated, but Gladwyn, on his part, provided boats and floating logs, which were moored by chains at some distance above the vessels, and foiled every attempt.

In the meantime, unknown to the garrison, Captain Dalyell was on his way to Detroit with twenty-two barges, bearing two hundred and eighty men, with several small cannon, and a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition. Under cover of night and fog they reached the fort in safety, but not until they sustained an attack from the Indians which resulted in the loss of fifteen men. With this expedition was Major Rogers, commander of the famous Rogers's Rangers, and twenty of his men.



HOLLOW HORN, SIOUX (UPPER BRULE).

Courtesy of Field Museum.

Captain Dalyell had a conference with Gladwyn, and requested permission to march out on the following night and attack the Indian camp. The commander, better acquainted with the position of affairs, opposed it; but Dalyell urged the matter so strongly, Gladwyn gave a reluctant consent. About two o'clock on the morning of July 31, the gates were silently opened, and two hundred and fifty men marched up the road along the river's shore. In the river, keeping abreast of the troops, two bateaux, each carrying a swivel gun, were rowed with muffled oars. As there was no moon shining, everything seemed favorable to strike a deadly blow at the camp of Pontiac. But though they knew it not, that vigilant and crafty chieftain was apprised of this movement by his spies, and with several hundred Indians lay in ambush at the bridge across Parent's creek, a mile and a half from the fort. As the English drew near the dangerous pass they could discern the house of Meloche, mentioned before, upon a rising ground to the left, while in front the bridge was dimly visible, and the ridges beyond it seemed like a wall of blackness, partly due to the fog rising from the river. The advance guard were half way over the bridge and the main body just entering upon it. Suddenly there was a wild war-whoop in the darkness, and the ridges, fences, trees and anything which could afford shelter to a savage, burst into flame. Half the advance guard fell at the first discharge; the terrified survivors fled to the rear, and in a moment the whole column was thrown into confusion. Dalyell rushed to the front and did what he could to rally his men. His clarion voice rang out above this infernal din. But all in vain. He received several wounds, and was in the act of rescuing a disabled soldier when he was killed. It is said that Pontiac ordered the head of the gallant captain to be cut off and set upon a post. The total command was demoralized by his fall. In this crisis Major Rogers and his twenty rangers, followed by a number of the regulars, took

possession of a strong house, which commanded the road, owned by a Canadian named Campau. Barricading the windows, they held the savages at bay and covered the retreat. Captain Grant hurried forward and took another strong position near the river. From here he ordered the two armed bateaux to return to a point opposite Campau's house, and open a fire of swivels in order to scatter the Indians and rescue Rogers and his men. This was promptly done, and the gallant Rogers and his handful of rangers, who, by their courage, saved the command from total destruction, were in turn rescued, just as the savage horde was about to overpower them by sheer force of numbers. The rangers made their way to the fort under cover of the cannonade.

The fight at Bloody Run, as Parent's creek has since been called, cost the garrison at Detroit fifty-nine men killed and wounded, according to Parkman, while Thatcher, strange to say, estimates the loss of the English at *seventy men killed* and *forty wounded.* This was the last important event attending the prosecution of the siege.

Not long after this, the schooner Gladwyn, having been sent down to Niagara with letters and dispatches, made the trip in safety. She was now returning, having on board Horst, her master; Jacobs, her mate, and a crew of ten men, besides six Iroquois Indians, supposed to be friendly to the English. She entered the Detroit river on the night of September 3, and in the morning the six Indians asked to be put ashore, and the request was foolishly granted.

That they went at once to Pontiac with a report of the weakness of the crew there can be no doubt. Certain it is, the wind failing, the schooner anchored about nine miles below the fort. Here she was attacked by three hundred and fifty Indians, at night. The savages swarmed over the sides

of the vessel by scores, but they were met with such desperate courage and furious resistance that in a few minutes the English had killed and wounded more than twice their own number. There were only twelve men on board and they killed and wounded twenty-seven Indians; of the wounded, eight died in a few days. But resistance was useless. Ten or fifteen Indians surrounded each gallant defender. Just as all seemed over, Jacobs, the mate, shouted, "Fire the magazine, boys, and blow her up!" This desperate command saved her and her crew. Some Wyandots understood the meaning of the words, and gave the alarm to their companions. With a wild cry of terror the Indians leaped from the vessel into the water, and all were seen swimming and diving in all directions, to escape the explosion. The savages did not renew the attack.

The next morning the Gladwyn sailed up the river, reaching the fort safely. Six of her crew escaped unhurt; of the other six, two, including Horst, the master, were killed and four seriously wounded, while the Indians had seven men killed outright, and about twenty wounded, of whom eight were known to have died within a few days. The whole action lasted but a few minutes, but the fierceness of the struggle is apparent from the loss on both sides. The survivors of the little crew each received a medal.

The news of the disaster at Bloody Run, following on the heels of the ill-fated Cuyler's expedition, was conveyed to Niagara by the schooner Gladwyn on the last voyage, just recorded.

These disasters at the siege of Detroit, together with the fact that nine out of the twelve forts on the frontier had been captured by Pontiac's warriors, forced Sir Jeffrey Amherst to the reluctant conclusion that the tribes had risen in a general insurrection. As commander-in-chief of these English forces, he saw the time had come for

decisive action with a large force if he would regain what was lost, and force the Indians into subjection.

Accordingly, he dispatched two armies, from different points, into the heart of the Indian country. The command of the first was given to Colonel Boquet, with orders to advance from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, and thence to penetrate into the midst of the Delawares and Shawnees. The other army, under Colonel Bradstreet, was to ascend the lakes and force the tribes of Detroit and the regions beyond to unconditional submission.

The first expedition, that under Colonel Boquet, was very successful. He met the Indians at Bushy Run, and in a two-days' battle—one of the best contested ever fought between white and red men—routed them completely. He now compelled the Indians to sue for peace and surrender their captives.

News of Boquet's victory, and the approach of Colonel Bradstreet with a force of three thousand men, soon reached the Indians besieging Detroit, in the summer of 1764. Pontiac was too well aware of the superiority of the English arms to indulge a hope of resisting successfully so great a force in battle. Many of his allies were now ready to desert him and make peace with the English. Early in the summer of 1764, a grand council was held at Niagara by Sir William Johnson and Colonel Bradstreet, who stopped there on his way to Detroit and the Northwest. Nearly two thousand Indians attended, including representatives from twenty-two different tribes, eleven of them Western—a fact strikingly indicating the immense train of operations managed by the influence of Pontiac. Before Bradstreet and his army reached Detroit, Pontiac and his Ottawas abandoned the siege, at least temporarily, and repaired to the Illinois. His allies at Detroit made a treaty of peace with Colonel Bradstreet,

and thus ended the siege which had continued a year, but, as Rogers says, "*he* (Pontiac) *would not be personally concerned in it,* saying, that when he made a peace, it should be such a one as would be useful and honorable to himself and to the King of Great Britain. *But he has not as yet proposed his terms.*"

What the great chief attempted to do about this time was to rally the western tribes of Indiana and Illinois into a new confederation to resist the English invaders to the last. Crossing over to the Wabash, he passed from village to village, among the Kickapoos and the three tribes of the Miamis, rousing them by his eloquence and breathing into them his own fierce spirit of resistance.

He next, by rapid marches, crossed to the banks of the Mississippi, and summoned the four tribes of the Illinois to a general council. But these degenerate savages, beaten by the surrounding tribes for several generations past, had lost their warlike spirit, and though still noisy and boastful, they had become "like women, using only tongues for weapons." They showed no zeal for fight, nor did they take any interest in the schemes of the great war chief of the Ottawas.

But Pontiac knew how to deal with such cravens. Frowning on the cowering assembly, he exclaimed: "If you hesitate, I will consume your tribes as a fire consumes the dry grass on the prairie." They did not hesitate, but professed concurrence in his views at once. It is quite probable, however, those threatening words cost Pontiac his life, as will be seen. Even cowards have good memories.

Leaving the Illinois, he hastened to Fort Chartres, at the head of four hundred warriors, and demanded men and ammunition, which St. Ange, the commander, politely

refused to grant. He also sent an embassy all the way to New Orleans to demand help from the French government, and to convey a war belt to the distant tribes of Louisiana, urging them, in the name of the mighty Pontiac, to prevent the English from ascending the Mississippi, which his military genius foresaw they would attempt. In this he was right, but their attempts were completely foiled.

The principal mission of the ambassadors was, however, a complete failure. The government was about to be transferred from France to Spain. The Governor granted an interview and explained the true situation. From France no help was to be expected.

When the report of this embassy reached Pontiac, he saw that all was lost. The foundation of all his ambitious schemes had been French interference. He had believed a lie and rested his hopes on a delusion. As Mason says, "His solitary will, which had controlled and combined into cooperation a hundred restless tribes, had breathed life into a conspiracy continental in its proportions, and had exploded a mine ramifying to forts, isolated by hundreds of miles of unbroken wilderness, could no longer uphold the crumbling fabric. His stormy spirit had warred with destiny, and had been conquered."

For the proud Pontiac there remained but two alternatives destruction or submission. With a hell of hate in his heart he chose the latter. At Fort Quiatenon, on the Wabash, near the site of Lafayette, Indiana, he met George Croghan, the commissioner appointed by Sir William Johnson, and formally tendered the traditional calumet of peace. Pontiac and his retinue also accompanied Croghan to Detroit, and in the same old council-hall where he and his sixty chiefs had attempted to destroy the garrison, the terms of peace were arranged, and ratified by representatives from Ojibway and Pottawatomie tribes,

August 27, 1764.

Pontiac's speech on this occasion, in reply to that of Croghan, is rich in figures and symbols, and is, therefore, quoted in full:

"Father, we have all smoked out of this pipe of peace. It is your children's pipe; and as the war is over, and the Great Spirit and Giver of Light, who has made the earth and everything therein, has brought us all together this day for our mutual good, I declare to all nations that I have settled my peace with you before I came here, and now deliver my pipe to be sent to Sir William Johnson, that he may know I have made peace, and taken the King of England for my father, in the presence of all the nations now assembled; and whenever any of those nations go to visit him, they may smoke out of it with him in peace. Fathers, we are obliged to you for lighting up our old council-fire for us, and desiring us to return to it; but we are now settled on the Miami river, not far from hence. Whenever you want us you will find us there.

"Our people love liquor, and if we dwelt near you in our old village of Detroit, our warriors would be always drunk, and quarrels would arise between us and you."

The wise chief could see that drunkenness was the bane of his whole unhappy race, and therefore chose to be remote from the white settlement. He kept his young men away from whisky. When will the white chiefs be as wise and keep whisky away from their young men?

The following spring, 1766, Pontiac was as good as his word, and visited Sir William Johnson at his castle on the Mohawk, and in behalf of the tribes lately banded in his confederation concluded a treaty of peace and amity.

From this time he disappears from the page of history, only to reappear in the closing scene in the eventful drama of his life. He is believed to have lived like a common warrior, with a remnant of his tribe, in different parts of what is now the States of Indiana and Illinois.

In April, 1769, he went to St. Louis, and made a two days' visit with his old friend, St. Ange, who was then in command at that post, having offered his services to the Spaniards after the cession of Louisiana. St. Ange, Pierre Chouteau and other principal inhabitants of the little settlement, entertained him and his attendant chiefs with cordial hospitality for several days. But hearing that there was a large assembly of Illinois Indians at Cahokia, on the Illinois side of the river, Pontiac, against the advice of his friends, determined to go over and see what was going forward. It was at this time he was arrayed in the full uniform of a French officer, which had been presented to him by the Marquis of Montcalm as a token of esteem, and this fact tended to excite uneasiness, as well as to enrage the English traders at Cahokia, who believed the chief did it to add insult to injury.

The gathering in progress proved to be a trading and drinking bout, in which the remorseless English traders, as usual, plied the Indians with whisky in order to swindle them, while intoxicated, out of their furs. The place was full of Illinois Indians, but Pontiac held them in contempt, and accepted the hospitality of the friendly Creoles of Cahokia, and, at such primitive entertainment the whisky bottle would not fail to play its part. Pontiac soon became intoxicated himself, and starting to the neighboring woods was shortly afterward heard singing magic songs, in the mystic influence of which he reposed the greatest confidence.

An English trader, named Williamson, was then in the

village, who, in common with the rest of his countrymen, regarded Pontiac with the greatest distrust, probably augmented by the visit of the chief to St. Louis, and while the opportunity was favorable, determined to effect his destruction. Approaching a strolling Indian of the Kaskaskia band of the Illinois tribe, he bribed him with a barrel of whisky and a promise of a further reward to murder the great chief.

It will be remembered that Pontiac incurred the hatred of this tribe by saying to them when in council, "If you hesitate, I will consume your tribes as the fire consumes the dry grass on the prairie." No doubt those words had been rankling in the hearts of the Illinois Indians ever since, for an Indian never forgets a friend or forgives an injury, and now the hour of revenge has come. The bargain was quickly made. The assassin glided up behind Pontiac in the forest and buried a tomahawk in the mighty brain in which all ambitions were dead forever.

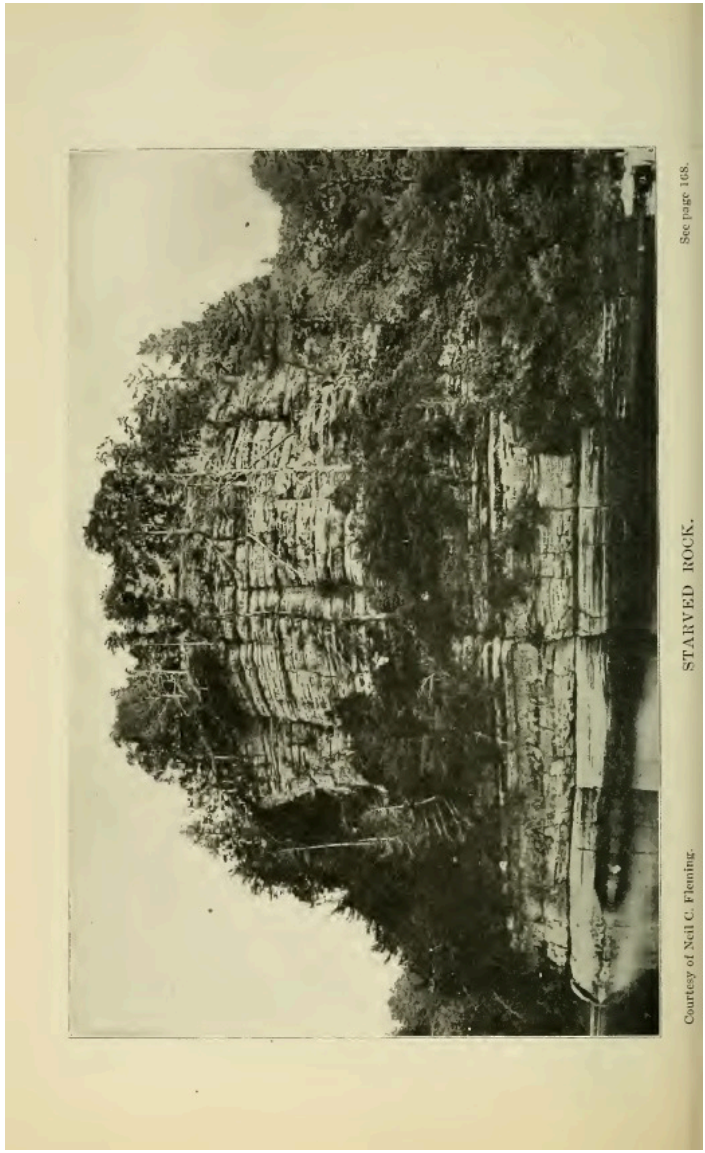
Thus basely terminated the career of the warrior whose great natural endowments made him the greatest of his race, but his memory is still cherished by the remnant of the tribes who felt the power of his influence.

The body was soon found, and the village became a pandemonium of howling savages. His few friends seized their arms to wreak vengeance on the perpetrator of the murder, but the Illinois, interposing in behalf of their countryman, drove them from the town. Foiled in their attempt to obtain retribution they fled to the tribes over whom Pontiac had held sway, to spread the tidings and call them to avenge his murder. Meanwhile St. Ange procured the body of his guest, and mindful of his former friendship, buried it with warlike honors near the fort under his command at St. Louis.

A war of extermination was declared against the abettors of this crime. Swarms of Ottawas, Sacs, Foxes, Pottawatomies and other northern tribes who had been fired by the eloquence, or led to victory by the martyred chief, descended on the prairies of Illinois, and whole villages and tribes were extirpated to appease his shade.

It was at this time that the famous "Starved Rock" took its expressive but unpoetical name. It is a rocky bluff about six miles below the beautiful city of Ottawa, Illinois, named after the tribe of which Pontiac was head chief. The great rock overhangs the sluggish Illinois river on the left bank, and is about one hundred and twenty-five feet high and inaccessible except by a narrow and difficult path in the rear. Its top is nearly an acre in extent. Here La Salle and Tonty built a palisade, which they named Fort St. Louis, and collected at its base about twenty thousand Indians, whom they formed into a defensive league against the encroachments of the dreaded Iroquois.

Tradition states, that in the war of extermination which followed the cold-blooded and unprovoked murder of Pontiac in time of peace, a remnant of the Illinois Indians made their last stand at this famous stronghold. Here they were besieged by a vastly superior force of Pottawatomies. But the besieged knew that a few warriors could defend this rock against a host, and defied their enemies for a time and kept them at bay. Hunger and thirst, more formidable enemies, however, soon accomplished what the foe was unable to effect. Their small quantity of provisions quickly failed, and their supply of water was stopped by the enemy severing the cords of rawhide attached to the vessels by which they elevated it from the river below. Thus environed by relentless foes, they took a last lingering look at their beautiful hunting grounds, spread out like a panorama on the gently rolling river and slowly gave way to despair.



STARVED ROCK.

Courtesy of Neil C. Fleming.

See page 168.

Charles Lanman says of this tragic event, "Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human bloodhounds that watched their prey were utterly without mercy. The feeble white-haired chief crept into a thicket and breathed his last. The recently strong warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk at some fiend below and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The blithe form of the soft-eyed youth parted with his strength, and was compelled to totter and fall upon the earth and die. Ten weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man and the last of his tribe was numbered with the dead."

Years afterward their bones were seen whitening on the summit of this lofty fortress, known since as "Starved Rock."

All this horrible torture and slaughter was because a brutal English Indian trader (and most of them were brutal) bribed an Indian already drunk on the whisky he had supplied, to murder probably one of the greatest warriors and rulers of all history, considering his environment.

"But," as Parkman, the great chieftain's biographer, strikingly says, "Could his shade have revisited the scene of murder, his savage spirit would have exulted in the vengeance which overwhelmed the abettors of the crime. Tradition has but faintly preserved the memory of the event and its only annalists, men who held the intestine feuds of the savage tribes in no more account than the quarrels of panthers or wildcats, have left but a meager record. Yet enough remains to tell us that over the grave of Pontiac more blood was poured out in atonement than flowed from the hecatombs of slaughtered heroes on the corpse of Patroelus.

"Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial-place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum, a city has risen above the forest hero, and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor tramples with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave. {FN} But he became a model and inspiration for subsequent chiefs."

Michigan, where his eventful life was largely spent, and Illinois, where it ended, have each a beautiful city preserving his name. It is also embalmed in tradition and legend. And nature, kinder than man, had built for him a colossal monument which will endure for ages, and be known throughout all time as "Starved Rock."

{FN} F. M. Crunden, Librarian, Public Library of St. Louis, wrote the author: "It is believed that Pontiac was buried on the site of the present Southern Hotel here; and a tablet marking his burial-place is there now."

CHAPTER VI.

LOGAN, OR TAL-GA-YEE-TA, THE CAYUGA (MINGO) CHIEF. ORATOR AND FRIEND OF THE WHITE MAN. ALSO, A BRIEF SKETCH OF CORNSTALK.

This unfortunate chief is better known to the world by the eloquent and pathetic speech, which he has left as a record of his misfortunes and sorrows, than by his exploits

in war. His father, Shikellimus, was a Cayuga chief, whose house was on the borders of Cayuga Lake, in New York. He was a personal friend of the benevolent James Logan, the intimate friend of William Penn and the founder of the Logonian Library, at Philadelphia. The name of the second son was probably derived from this person.

Logan inherited his gifts and noble nature from his father, who was ever a lover of peace, and also known as the white man's friend. His wigwam was famed far and near as the abode of hospitality, friendship, and kindness. It was a wigwam, but there was something of the halo about it which invested a feudal castle in the days of English chivalry and romance.

Shikellimus was a good provider, and those who gathered around his comfortable fire, which was lighted for every stranger by the forest chieftain, felt the independence of the lone traveler in some old baronial hall; and he who presided at the feast to which all were welcome, was not less noble or less dignified than an English lord. Had there been a pen to record his hospitality and *table talk,* there would probably have been seen in it more wisdom than entered into the discourse of many a prince or potentate. But, alas, for forest eloquence, it was wafted only by the breeze, and its echo died away forever.

So much for the environment of the home of his childhood. Another thing which no doubt influenced his character was the fact that in boyhood he came under the influence of the sweet-spirited Moravian missionaries, with their gentle manners and soothing words. There was about him a similar quiet and softened dignity, a refinement of sentiment and delicacy of feeling, which characterizes none but the lofty, and exhales from none but the pure.

Logan moved in early life to the banks of the Juniata,

which is a beautiful little river, flowing through a wild, romantic country, watered also by the Susquehanna. In a pleasant valley he built his cabin, and married a Shawnee wife. Thus he became identified with the Shawnees and Delawares, though belonging to the Six Nations. Logan inherited his father's talents of oratory and bid fair to be equally prosperous. He took no part in the French and Indian war of 1760, nor that of Pontiac which followed, except to assume the role of peacemaker.

His house, like his father's, was the Indian's and the white man's home, the dwelling-place of love. Alas! that the milk of human kindness in his bosom should ever have been turned to gall by cruel and inhuman wrongs. In his childhood a little cousin had been taken captive by white men, under aggravating circumstances, but for this he did not become the foe of the white race.

"Forgive and forget," seems to have been his motto at this time; and he lived to be an aged man, before vengeance took possession of his soul.

In all the country where he dwelt he was known, and to every cottage Logan was welcome; terror did not creep into the heart of woman nor fear disturb the little child, when his footsteps were heard at their doors. And this, as was afterwards proved, was not because he had not all the traits which make a brave warrior, but from a settled principle that all men were brothers and should love one another.

Minnie Myrtle, in her interesting book, "The Iroquois," says of Logan: "He set forth at one time on a hunting expedition, and was alone in the forest. Two white hunters were engaged in the same sport, and having killed a bear in a wild gorge, were about to rest beside a babbling spring, when they saw an Indian form reflected in the

water. They sprang to their feet and grasped their rifles, but the Indian bent forward and struck the rifles from their hands, and spilt the powder from their flasks. Then stretching forth his open palm in token of friendship, he seated himself beside them and won his way to their hearts. For a week they roamed together, hunting and fishing by day and sleeping by the same fire at night. It was Logan, and henceforth their brother. At the end of their hunt, he pursued his way over the Alleghenies, to his lodge, and they returned to their homes, never again to point a gun at an Indian's heart.

"Some white men on a journey stopped at his cabin to rest. For amusement a shooting match was proposed, at which the wager was to be a dollar a shot. During the sport Logan lost five shots, and when they had finished he entered his lodge and brought out five deer skins in payment of his losses, as a dollar a skin was the established price in those days and the red man's money. But his guests refused to take them, saying they had only been shooting for sport and wished no forfeit. But the honorable Indian would take no denial, replying, 'If you had lost the shots I should have taken your dollars, but as I have lost, take my skins.'

"Another time he wished to buy grain, and took his skins to a tailor, who adulterated the wheat, thinking the Indian *would not know.* But the miller informed him, and advised him to apply to a magistrate for redress. He went to a Mr. Brown, who kindly saw that his loss was made up, for Logan came often to his house, and he knew his noble heart and grieved to see him wronged. As he was waiting the decision of the magistrate, he played with a little girl, who was just trying to walk, and the mother remarked that she needed some shoes, which she was not able to purchase for her.

"The child was very fond of Logan and loved to sit upon his knee, and when he went away was ready to go too. He asked the mother if he might take her to his cabin for the day, and she, knowing well the attention which would be bestowed upon her in the Indian's lodge, consented. Toward night there was a little anxiety about the child, but the shades of evening had scarcely begun to deepen, when Logan was seen wending his way to the cottage with his precious charge; and when he placed her in her mother's arms, she saw upon her feet a tiny pair of moccasins, neatly wrought and ornamented with beads, that his own skilful hands had made. Was not this a delicate way of showing gratitude and expressing friendship? Was it a rude and savage nature that prompted this attention to a little child, to gladden a mother's heart? Not all the refined teachings of civilization could have invented a more beautiful tribute of sympathy and grateful affection."

The hunters and backwoodsmen of the period describe Logan as a chief or headman, among the outlying parties of Senecas and Cayugas, and the fragments of broken tribes that lived along the upper Ohio and its tributaries.

They tell us he was a man of splendid appearance, over six feet tall, straight as a spear-shaft, with countenance as open as it was brave and manly, until the wrongs he endured stamped on it an expression of gloomy ferocity. He had always been the friend of the white man, and had been noted particularly for his kindness and gentleness to children. Up to this time he had lived at peace with the borderers, for though some of his kin had been massacred by the whites, years before, he had forgiven the deed—probably because he had knowledge of the fact that others of his relatives and people had been concerned in equally bloody massacres of the whites.

A skilled marksman and mighty hunter, of commanding presence, who treated all men with grave courtesy and dignity, and exacted the same treatment in return, he was a prime favorite with all the white hunters and borderers whose friendship and goodwill was worth having. They admired him for his skill and courage, and they loved him for his straightforward integrity and his noble loyalty to his friends of both races.

In the "American Pioneer" an old hunter is quoted as saying that he considered "Logan the best specimen of humanity he ever met with, either white or red."

Logan was never tempted to touch a drop of "fire-water" until after his great wrongs kindled revenge in his soul. He adopted few of the customs and rejected all the vices of civilization. Such was Logan before the evil days came upon him and his heart was fired with the passion for revenge. And such, indeed, would have been recorded of many other Indians had they received the same kind treatment they extended to the whites. But, "alas for the rarity of human charity under the sun."

Early in the spring the border settlers began to suffer from the deeds of straggling bands of Indians. {FN} Horses were stolen, one or two murders were committed, the inhabitants of the more outlying cabins fled to the forts, and the frontiersmen began to threaten fierce vengeance.

{FN} Thatcher says these robberies were all charged to Indians, "though perhaps, not justly, for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians and committed many depredations and even murder."

On April 16 an Indian trader by the name of Butler had his store attacked and plundered by a roving band of

Cherokees. Of the three men in charge at the time one was killed, another wounded, but the third made his escape and raised the alarm. Immediately after this, Connolly, who was acting as Governor Dunmore's lieutenant on the border, issued an open letter, commanding the frontiersmen to hold themselves in readiness to repel any attack of the Indians, as the Shawnees were known to be hostile.

Among the backwoodsmen was one Michael Cresap, a Maryland borderer, who had moved to the banks of the Ohio to establish a home for his family. Roosevelt, in "The Winning of the West," says of Cresap: "He was of the regular pioneer type; a good woodsman, sturdy and brave, a fearless fighter, devoted to his friends and his country; but alas, when his blood was heated, and his savage instincts fairly roused, inclined to regard any red man, whether hostile or friendly as a being who should be slain on sight. Nor did he condemn the brutal deeds done by others on innocent Indians."

Cresap, who had been appointed a captain of the frontier militia, was near Wheeling at the time Connolly's letter was received, with a band of hunters and scouts. These were fearless men who had adopted many of the ways of the Indians, including their method both of declaring war and fighting. Of course, they put a very liberal interpretation upon the order given them by Connolly to repel an attack and proceeded to declare war in the regular Indian style. Calling a council, they planted the war-post, and after marching around it many times, brandishing their hatchets, knives, swords or whatever weapon they carried, all at a signal from their leader struck the post, leaving their weapons sticking in it, and waited eagerly for a chance to attack their common enemy, the Indians.

Unfortunately, as is often the case, the first blood shed was that of friendly Indians. It seems that Butler, the Indian trader, hoping to recover some of the peltries of which he had been robbed by the Cherokees, had sent two friendly Shawnees in a canoe to the place of massacre. Cresap and his men ambushed these friendly Indians on the 27th near Captina, and killed and scalped them. Some of the more humane of the frontiersmen strongly protested against this outrage; but a large majority of them were excited and enraged by the rumor of Indian hostilities, and threatened to kill whoever interfered with them, cursing the traders as being worse than the Indians, as was often the case. Cresap boasted of the murder, and never said a word against scalping. The next day he again led out his men and attacked another party of Shawnees, who had been trading near Pittsburg, killed one and wounded two others, one of the whites being also wounded.

Shortly after this Cresap and his band started to Logan's camp, then located at Yellow Creek, some fifty miles distant. After marching several miles they began to reflect on what they were about to do; calling a halt, they discussed the fact that the camp they were going to attack consisted of friendly Indians, and mainly women and children; their better nature asserted itself, and they immediately returned home.



LOGAN, OR TAL-GA-YEE-TA,

THE MINGO CHIEF AND ORATOR.

By Chilberg.

"But," as Roosevelt says, "Logan's people did not profit by Cresap's change of heart. On the last day of April a small party of men, women and children, including almost all of Logan's kin, left his camp and crossed the river to visit Daniel Greathouse, as had been their custom; for he made a trade of selling rum to the savages, though Cresap had notified him to stop. The whole party were plied with liquor, and became helplessly drunk, in which condition Greathouse and his associate criminals fell on and massacred them, nine souls in all. It was an inhuman and revolting deed, which should consign the names of the perpetrators to eternal infamy."

The whole family of Logan perished in this and other similar massacres; in one of the last were his brother and sister.

It will excite the wonder of no man that Logan from this moment breathed nothing but vengeance against the treacherous and inhuman whites. A general Indian war immediately followed. Logan was the foremost in leading his countrymen to the slaughter of their perfidious enemies. On July 12, with a party of only eight warriors, he attacked a settlement on the Muskingum, captured two prisoners and carried them off. When they arrived at an Indian town, they delivered them to the inhabitants, who at once prepared to put them to death by torture. Logan, however, in the heat of his vindictive feelings, displayed the humanity of his nature. He cut the cords of one of the prisoners, a man named Robinson, who was about to be burned at the stake, and saved his life at the risk of his own. A few days afterward he suddenly appeared to this prisoner with some gunpowder, ink and a wild-goose quill, wherewith to make a pen, and dictated to him a note. This note was afterward tied to a war-club and left in the house of a settler, whose entire family had been butchered by the savages. It was brief, but written with ferocious directness

to the man whom he wrongly believed to be the author of his heart-rending troubles. It read as follows:

"Captain Cresap"

"What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; and I have been three times to war since; but all the Indians are not angry, only myself.

"July 21, 1774. Captain John Logan."

The frontier was now in a blaze, and the Indians made preparations for war. The Mingos, Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots and outlying Iroquois, especially the Senecas, together with a party of warriors of the Miamis from western Ohio, all banded themselves together, under the command of Cornstalk, the great Shawnee chieftain, and Logan.

Meantime Governor Dunmore was making ready a formidable army with which to overwhelm the hostile Indians. The plan was to raise three thousand men; one half, or the northern wing, was to be under the command of Lord Dunmore in person, while the other, composed entirely of border men, living among the mountains west of the Blue Ridge, was under Gen. Andrew Lewis.

Both wings were ordered to take a position at Point Pleasant, where the Great Kanawha empties into the Ohio. The division led by Lewis reached this place and, having camped on a jut of land between the two rivers, waited the

coming of Lord Dunmore and his command.

But the crafty Cornstalk did not propose to wait for the coming of the other wing; through his runners he had full knowledge of the movements of the frontier militia. He was greatly outnumbered; but he had at his command over a thousand warriors, the very pick of the young men to be found among the tribes between the Great Lakes and the Ohio. His foes were divided, and he determined to strike a decisive blow before they were again united. Accordingly, he led his long file of warriors to the mouth of the Kanawha, and attacked the division under Lewis on the morning of October 10, 1774, about daylight.

This battle, known in history by two names—Point Pleasant and the Great Kanawha—was purely an American affair because it was fought solely by the backwoodsmen on one side, and American Indians on the other. It was Greek meeting Greek, or, better still, white American meeting Red, and was one of the most stubbornly fought and bravely contested in the annals of history.

The fight was a succession of single combats, each man sheltering himself behind a stump, or rock, or tree-trunk, or whatever was at hand. The backwoodsmen were the best shots, but the Indians excelled in the art of hiding and shielding themselves from harm. The two lines, though more than a mile in length, were so close together that many of the combatants grappled in hand-to-hand combat, using knife or tomahawk. The crack of the rifles was continuous, while above the noise could be heard the groans of the wounded and the shouts of the combatants, as each encouraged his own side or jeered at the enemy. The cheers of the whites mingled with the war-whoops of the Indians. The chiefs continued to exhort their warriors to still greater deeds of valor.

Cornstalk, the commander of the savages, distinguished himself in all his maneuvers throughout the engagement by the skill as well as the bravery of a consummate general. During the whole of the day his stentorian voice was heard throughout the ranks of his enemies, vociferating, "Be strong! be strong!" After an incessant fire of about twelve hours' duration darkness put an end to the conflict. The Indians now made a most skilful retreat, carrying all their wounded in safety across the Ohio, and the Americans were too exhausted to pursue them.

This battle was not only stubbornly contested but bloody. The whites, though claiming the victory, had suffered more than their foes, and indeed had won only because it was against the entire policy of Indian warfare to suffer a severe loss, even if a victory could be gained thereby. Some seventy-five of the whites had been killed or mortally wounded, and one hundred and forty severely or slightly wounded, so that they lost a fifth of their entire number. Of the Indians, the loss was not much more than half as many; only about forty were killed or mortally wounded. No chief of importance was slain among the Indians, while the whites lost in succession their second, third and fourth in command, and had seventeen officers killed or wounded.

The spirit of the Indians had been broken by their defeat. Cornstalk and Logan alone were ready and eager to continue the war. But when the former saw that he could not stir the hearts of his warriors, even with his burning eloquence, to continue the war, he stuck his tomahawk into the war-post, and said that if he could not lead them in battle he would lead them in making peace. Accordingly, with all his fellow-chiefs, except Logan, he went to Lord Dunmore's camp, and there entered into a treaty. In this the Indians agreed to surrender all the white prisoners and

stolen horses in their possession, to renounce all claim to the lands south of the Ohio, and to give hostages as an earnest of their good faith.

Cornstalk was their chief spokesman, and though obliged to assent to the conditions imposed, yet preserved through all the proceedings a bearing of proud defiance that showed that he at least was not conquered, and was a stranger to fear. In all his talks, he addressed the white leaders with a tone of vehement denunciation and reproach, that seemed to evince more the attitude of a conqueror than of one of the conquered. The Virginians, who prized skill in oratory only less than skill in warfare, were greatly impressed by the chieftain's eloquence, marvelous voice and majestic bearing. Some of them afterwards stated that his oratory fully equaled that of their great speakers, Richard Henry Lee and Patrick Henry.

Meantime Logan remained apart in the Mingo village, brooding over his wrongs and the vengeance he had taken. The other Indians, when asked about Logan and the reason of his absence, replied that he was like an angry dog, whose bristles were still up, but that they were gradually falling, and when he was urged to attend the meeting he replied that he was a warrior, not a councillor, and would not come.

Since the mountain would not come to Mohammed, that prophet was forced to go to the mountain; as it was deemed absolutely imperative to have an understanding with this great leader, and learn his intentions. Accordingly a messenger was sent to interview Logan. John Gibson, a frontier veteran, who had long lived among the Indians and knew thoroughly both their language and their manners and customs, was chosen for this task. To him Logan was willing to talk. Taking him aside, he suddenly addressed him in a speech that will always retain its place as one of

the finest outbursts of Indian eloquence recorded in the history of our country. John Gibson was a plain, honest backwoodsman, utterly incapable of "doctoring" a speech for the better, so he took it down in writing, translating it literally, and, returning to camp, put it into Dunmore's hands. The Governor then read it in council before the entire frontier army, including George Rogers Clark and Cresap, to whom Logan imputed the butchery of his family.

The speech, when read, proved no acknowledgment of defeat, nor expression of desire for peace, but rather a pathetic recital of the heartbreaking wrongs which had been perpetrated against him, even though innocent of harming the whites, and a fierce justification of the vengeance he had taken. The justly famous speech is as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. {FN} Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who

is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

{FN} Logan here refers to the French and Indian and Pontiac wars, when he refused, positively, to join the Indians, though often urged to dig up the hatchet.

The backwoodsmen listened with almost breathless attention to the reading of this speech, and many of them no doubt regretted the wanton and brutal murder. They were so much impressed by it, that it was the one subject of conversation around the evening campfire, and they continually attempted to rehearse it to each other. {FN} This was especially true of the last clause; one would ask the question, "Who is there to mourn for Logan?" and another would answer with much feeling, "Not one." But they were very well aware that Daniel Greathouse, and not Michael Cresap, was the guilty fiend who wantonly murdered this innocent family, and when the speech was read George Rogers Clark turned to Cresap and said, "You must be a very great man, that the Indians shoulder you with every mean thing that has happened." Whereat Cresap, much angered, swore that he had a good mind to tomahawk Greathouse for this heinous murder. We can only express a regret that Cresap did not carry out his threat, and a hope that some Indian meted out justice to Greathouse as he richly deserved.

{FN} Jefferson's Manuscript

Concerning this powerful address, Thomas Jefferson says: "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator—if Europe has furnished more eminent—to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan"; and Clinton, in his "Historical Discourse," subscribes to this noble eulogium:

"Old Logan was the white man's friend
But injuries forced his love to end;
Of children, wife and kindred shorn,
None left for him to joy or mourn,
He rose in calm, vindictive ire,
And bade them, by their fathers slain,
No more in voiceless peace remain,
But lift the brand, and battle cry.
For vengeance, if not victory." {FN}

{FN} Minnie Myrtle.

Roosevelt says, of the close of his career, "Proud, gloomy Logan never recovered from the blow that had been dealt him; he drank deeper and deeper, and became more and more an implacable, moody and blood-thirsty savage, yet with noble qualities that came to the surface now and then. Again and again he wrought havoc among the frontier settlers; yet we several times hear of his saving the lives of prisoners. Once he saved Simon Kenton from torture and death, when Girty, moved by a rare spark of compassion for his former comrade, had already tried to do so and failed. At last he perished in a drunken brawl by the hand of another Indian."

We notice the authorities differ in their account of Logan's death. Drake says of him: "The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colors. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty (of Wayne at Greenville) a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country."

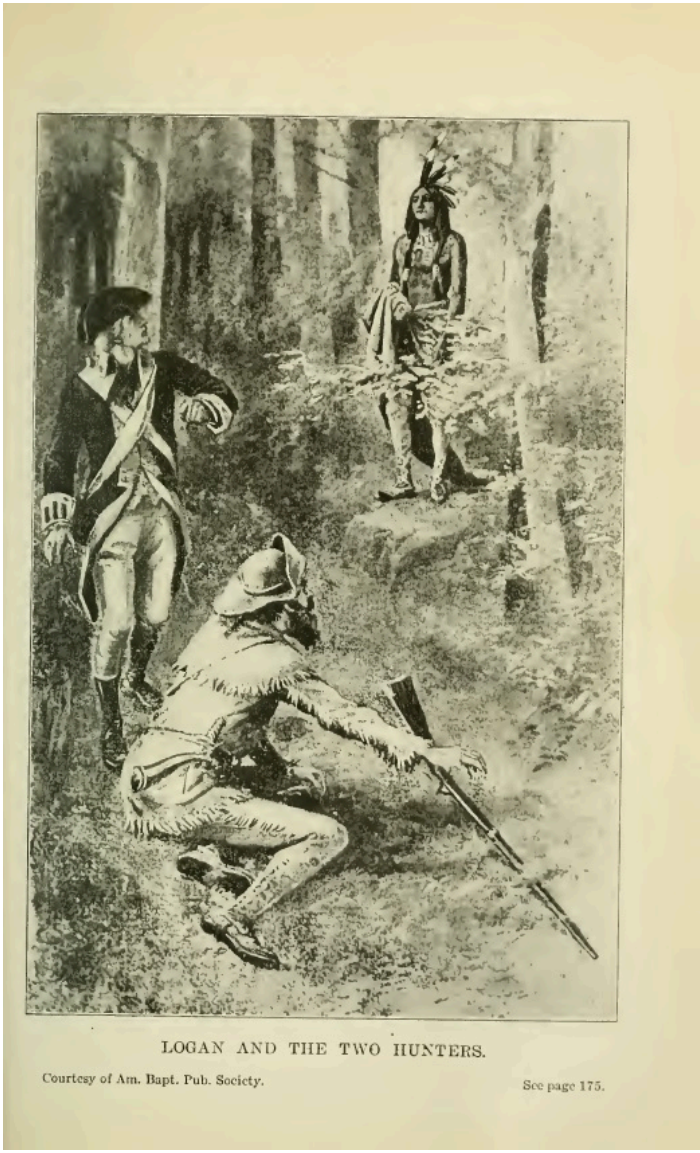
There were none to mourn for Logan; but as Jefferson

well says, "his talents and misfortunes have attached to him the respect and commiseration of a world."

Cornstalk died a noble death, but by an act of cowardly treachery, which is one of the darkest stains on the pages of our frontier history. In the early part of the year 1777 he came into the garrison at Point Pleasant to explain that, while he was anxious to keep the terms of the treaty his warriors were determined to go to war; and frankly added, that if they did he would be compelled to join them. He and three others, including his son, Ellinipsieo, and the chief Red Hawk, were retained as hostages and confined in the fort. About this time a member of a company of rangers was killed by the Indians near the fort; whereupon his comrades, headed by their captain, one John Hall, rushed furiously into the fort to murder the Indian prisoners. Cornstalk heard them rushing in and knew what to expect. Never for an instant did his courage fail him. Turning to Ellinipsieo, the youngest of the group, he thus exhorted him: "My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we should die together, and has sent you to that end. It is his will, and let us submit." Then, drawing his blanket around him, with the grace and dignity of a Roman Senator, he faced his assassins, and fell dead, pierced by seven or eight bullets. The other helpless and unarmed Indians were butchered at the same time.

Mr. Withers, in his "Chronicles," writes thus of Cornstalk and this indefensible murder: "Thus perished the mighty Cornstalk, a sachem of the Shawnees, and King of the Northern Confederacy, in 1774, a chief remarkable for many great and good qualities. He was disposed to be at all times the friend of the white men, as he ever was the advocate of honorable peace. But when his country's wrongs 'called aloud for battle,' he became the thunderbolt of war, and made her oppressors feel the weight of his uplifted arm. His noble bearing, his generous and

disinterested attachment to the colonies when the thunder of British cannon was reverberating through the land, his anxiety to preserve the frontier of Virginia from desolation and death, the object of his visit to Point Pleasant—all conspired to win for him the esteem and respect of others; while the untimely and perfidious manner of his death caused a deep and lasting regret to pervade the bosoms even of those who were enemies to his nation, and excited the just indignation of all toward his inhuman and barbarous murderers."



LOGAN AND THE TWO HUNTERS.

Courtesy of Am. Bapt. Pub. Society.

See page 175.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT, OR THAYENDANEGEA, PRINCIPAL SACHEM OF THE MOHAWKS, AND HEAD CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS CONFEDERATION.

This remarkable man was born on the banks of the Ohio in 1742. His father, who bore the unpronounceable and unspellable name of Tehowaghwengaraghkwin, was a subordinate chief of the Wolf totem or clan of the Mohawk tribe.

There were two other rival clans among the Mohawks, known as the Tortoise or Turtle, and the Bear, while among the entire Iroquois confederation there were eight, the other five being the Crane, Snipe, Hawk, Beaver and Deer clans.

The following interesting legend is told of the ancestors of our hero. The scene is laid at what is known as the Little Falls of the Mohawk:

"Long ago, when the river was broader and the falls more lofty, a feud arose between two young chiefs of the respective clans of the Mohawk nation, the Wolf and the Tortoise. A maiden of the Bear totem was the cause of the feud, as maidens often are. She was loved by both the young chiefs, and for a time she so coquetted that each thought himself beloved by her in return. Her father was a stern old warrior and loved his child tenderly. Both chiefs had fought the Mingoes and Mohegans by his side, and the bravery of each entitled him to the hand of the maiden. Her affections were at length stirred by the more earnest

importunities of the Wolf, and she promised to become his bride. This decision reached the ears of the Tortoise, and the embers of jealousy, which disturbed both while unaccepted suitors, burst into a flame of ungenerous revenge in the bosom of the disappointed lover. He determined to possess the coveted treasure before the Wolf should take her to his wigwam. With well-dissembled acquiescence in her choice, and expressions of warm friendship for herself and her affianced, he allayed all suspicions, and the maiden rambled with him in the moonlight upon the banks of the river when her affianced was away, unconscious of danger. The day approached for the maiden to go to the wigwam of her lord. The Tortoise was with her alone in a secluded nook upon the brink of the river. His light canoe was near and he proposed a voyage to a beautiful little island in the stream, where the fire-flies sparkled and the whippoorwill chanted its evening serenade. They launched, but, instead of paddling for the island, the Tortoise turned his prow toward the cataract. Like an arrow they sped down the swift current, while the young chief, with vigorous arm, paddled for the western shore. Skilful as with the bow and hatchet, he steered his canoe to the mouth of the cavern, then upon the water's brink, seized the affrighted maiden, and leaped ashore, at the same moment securing his canoe by a strong green withe. The cave was dry, a soft bed of the skins of beasts was spread, and abundance of provision was there stored. At the top of the cave, far above the maiden's reach, an opening revealed a passage through the fissures to the rocks above. It was known only to the Tortoise; and there he kept the maiden many months, until her affianced gave her up as lost to him forever. At length, while hunting on the southern hills in flowery May, the Wolf saw the canoe at the mouth of the cave. It solved the question in his mind. The evening was clear, and the full moon shone brightly. He waited until midnight, when, with an arm as strong and

skill as accurate as his rival's, he steered his canoe to the mouth of the cavern, which was lighted up by the moon. By its light he saw the perfidious Tortoise sleeping peacefully by the side of his unwilling bride. The Wolf smote the Tortoise, but the wound was slight. The awakened warrior, unable to grasp his hatchet in the dark, bounded through the opening at the top of the cavern and closed it with a heavy stone. The lovers embraced in momentary joy. It was brief, for a fearful doom seemed to await them. The Tortoise would return with force, and they had to make choice of death by the hatchet of the rival chief, or the waters of the cataract. The latter was their choice, and, in affectionate embrace, they sat in their canoe and made the fearful leap. The frail vessel struck propitiously upon the boiling waters, and, unharmed, passed over the gulf below. Down the broad stream they glided, and far away, upon the margin of the lower lake, they lived and loved for two generations, and saw their children's children go out to the battle and the chase. In the line of their descent tradition avers, came Brant, the Mohawk sachem, the *strong* Wolf of his nation."

It is said that Brant's Indian name, Thay-en-da-ne-gea, signifies a bundle of sticks, or, in other words, strength. Joseph Brant, in company with two older brothers, fought his first battle at Lake George, under the famous chief, King Hendrick.

It may be interesting to recall the fact that it was from this noted chief that Sir William Johnson obtained a choice tract of land on the Mohawk, in the following manner. The sachem, being at the baronet's house, saw a richly embroidered coat and coveted it. The next morning he said to Sir William, "Brother, me dream last night." "Indeed," answered Sir William, "what did my red brother dream?" "Me dream that coat be mine." "It is yours," said the shrewd baronet. Not long afterward Sir William visited the

sachem, and he, too, had a dream. "Brother," he said, "I dreamed last night." "What did my pale-faced brother dream?" asked Hendrick. "I dreamed that this tract of land was mine," describing a square bounded on the south by the Mohawk, on the east by Canada creek, and north and west by objects equally well known. Hendrick was astonished. He saw the enormity of the request, for it embraced nearly a hundred thousand acres, but he was not to be outdone in generosity. He sat thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "Brother, the land is yours, but you must not dream again." The title was confirmed by the British government, and the tract was called the Royal Grant. Thus did Sir William Johnson become, next to the Penns, and Lord Fairfax, the largest landholder in the colonies.

Brant's father died in the Ohio country and his mother returned to Canajoharie, on the Mohawk, with the two younger children—Mary, or Mollie, as she was usually called, and Joseph.

By traffic with the Indians for furs, Sir William Johnson acquired a large fortune. He erected two splendid and spacious buildings, which he called the "Castle" and "Hall," respectively, occupying one in winter, the other in summer.

Four or five years after he built the castle, the wife of Colonel Johnson, as he was then called, a plain, fair-haired German girl of humble lineage, died, leaving her husband one boy, John, and two baby daughters. One day the widower attended a muster of the county militia.

As an officer came riding by on a prancing steed, a bright-eyed, red-cheeked Indian girl of sixteen, a real beauty, with her white teeth, long, flowing black hair, and a form of rare symmetry and grace, laughingly bantered

him for a ride. The officer told her she might jump on if she could. Quick as a flash the agile girl leaped up on the horse behind the gallant rider, and clinging to him, her hair and ribbons blowing wildly in the breeze, rode round and round on the flying steed before the applauding crowd.

One man took more than ordinary interest in the incident. It was the susceptible and lonely widower. That night Mollie Brant, Joseph's sister, who was the dusky beauty, went home with the baronet to Johnson Castle, becoming thenceforth the mistress alike of it and its proprietor. The motherless daughters were assigned apartments of their own, where they lived in complete seclusion under the care of a devoted friend of their mother, an officer's widow. Their time was occupied with needlework or study. Their library consisted of the Bible and prayer-book, Rollin's "Ancient History," and a few English novels of the period. A game of chess, a walk in the park, or a drive along the river road, constituted their only amusements. At the age of sixteen they had never seen a lady other than their governess. Occasionally some gentleman visitor came to Johnson Hall. This served to break the monotony for the lonely girls, to whom such a guest was always presented. They married early, and their father built for them two elegant stone residences a few miles from the castle.

Far different from this conventual life of the two daughters was that led below stairs by their father. From the first, Sir William acquired great influence over the warriors of the far-famed Six Nations or Iroquois Confederation. The negotiations of the British Government with these Indians were all carried on through him. The castle was his storehouse, where large supplies of guns, ammunition and trinkets were kept for trade. Around the castle were clusters of cabins for the accommodation of Indians who came to traffic.

Sir William also kept a bounteous table open to every comer. The Indians would visit him day and night, sleeping in the halls, on the steps or in the cabins, as suited their fancy, and faring on their host's sumptuous provision for days at a time. The natural genius of the baronet for controlling the restless red men was greatly aided by his questionable alliance with Mollie Brant. She was immensely popular, possessed a shrewd intelligence, and acquired great influence over her people. Sir William, moreover, by this alliance, for he married her near the close of his life in order to make her children legitimate, won the hearts of the warriors. His castle, to which they were always glad to come, was considered the splendid establishment of one of their own people. The Indians formally adopted the baronet into the Mohawk nation; they then gave him an Indian name and made him a war-chief.

Brant is said to have taken that name from the fact that after the death of his father, the mother married an Indian who went by the name of Brant among the English. Thay-en-da-ne-gea would naturally be called by the surname of his stepfather. At first he was known as Brant's Joseph, afterward Joseph Brant.

Women are often designing, and use their influence over men for their own purposes. It is natural to find that "Miss Mollie Brant" made use of her influence over Sir William to further the interests of her brother Joseph. As he was an unusually intelligent lad he soon became the recipient of Sir William's bounty, and was sent by him to school at Lebanon, Connecticut. This school was taught by Rev. Eleazer Wheelock. In Dr. Wheelock's letters to Sir William Johnson, Joseph Brant is frequently well spoken of, as "Joseph and the rest of the boys are well, studious and diligent"; "Joseph is indeed an excellent youth."

He was employed by the baronet to assist in his duties

as Indian commissioner. He acted as interpreter, and was often sent on long journeys, to the wild Indians of the West. In this work he early exhibited rare diplomatic ability. Moreover, Brant took great interest in things spiritual, and aided materially in translating portions of the Bible, the prayer-book and ritual, into the Mohawk tongue.

At the time of Sir William Johnson's death. Brant was a powerful Mohawk sachem. John Johnson, the only son of Sir William, inherited the title and much of the wealth; while Guy Johnson, Sir William's son-in-law, became Indian Commissioner, with Joseph Brant as his private secretary.

Meanwhile the Revolution was approaching. New York constantly protested her loyalty, but still claimed her liberty. Political discussion became loud and heated. The people found themselves ranged into two hostile parties. The great majority were patriots. They believed in the colonies having justice, come what would. These were the Whigs. But there was also a minority party who retained their old attachment to England, who justified the home government, and abused the Whigs. They were the Conservatives, or Tories. The one demanded a change—a reform. The other replied, "Let well enough alone; peace! peace! when there was no peace."

These party dissensions reached the Mohawk valley, where a majority of the people were enthusiastic Whigs. The Johnsons, however, were Tories. Property and aristocracy are conservative. The Johnsons were very wealthy and cared nothing for the tax on tea. What was it to them if troops were quartered in Boston? It cost them nothing. So they wanted things to continue as they were.

Brant had now become, by the exigencies of war, by his connection with the Johnsons, and by his own superior

mind and gift for leadership, the most powerful and influential of the Iroquois war-chiefs.

Before the Americans were yet sure whether Brant would take up the tomahawk against them, his old school-master was asked to write to him on the subject.

President Wheelock accordingly wrote Brant a very long letter, using every argument in favor of the colonists that he thought would have weight with an Indian. Brant answered with Indian wit that he very well remembered the happy hours he had spent under the Doctor's roof, and he especially remembered the family prayers, and, above all, how his school-master used to pray "that they might be able to live as good subjects, to fear God and honor the King."

Meantime the American successes in Canada were, for a time, very influential with the Indians on the American border, many of whom took sides with the colonies. It is possible that Brant, too, felt the power of success and wavered a little at this critical time, though he always denied it. In speaking of this period long afterward, Brant said: "When I joined the English in the beginning of the war, it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King. I always looked on these engagements, or covenants between the King and the Indian nations, as a sacred thing; therefore I was not to be frightened by the threats of rebels at the time."

Encouraged by the Johnsons and other Tories, who wished him to see the mother-country, that he might judge of her resources and population, Brant sailed for England in the fall of 1775. On his arrival in London he was conducted to a rather obscure inn, called "The Swan With Two Necks." All haste was made, however, to provide statelier lodgings for the great "Indian King," as the

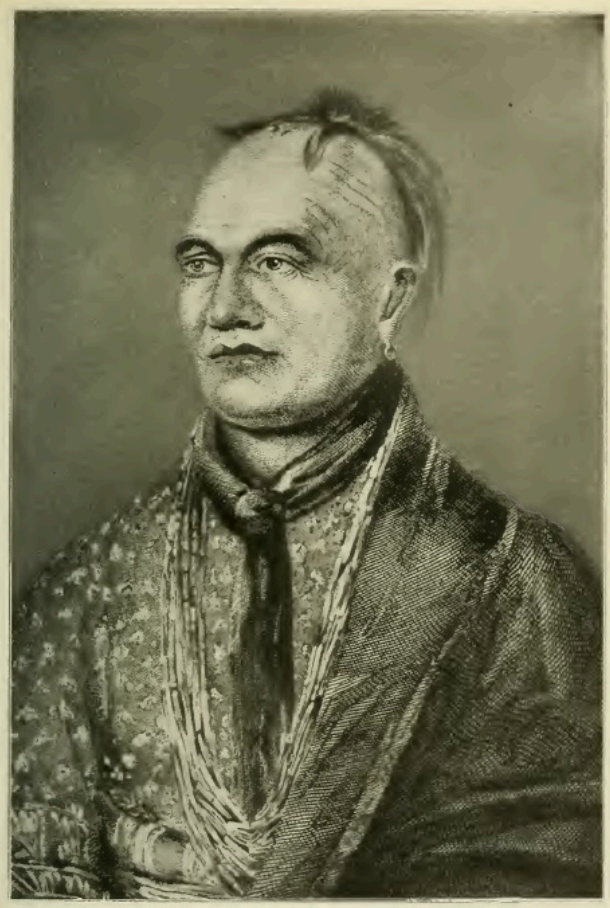
Englishmen called him. But Brant politely but firmly declined, declaring that the people at "The Swan" had treated him so kindly he preferred to stay there.

"In this Joseph showed his innocence," as Mason says. "He mistook the broad smile and hearty handshake, which forms such an important part of the landlord's stock in trade, for the genuine article. If he was taken in by the patronizing airs of the shrewd tavern-keeper, Brant showed no other signs of verdancy. He dressed in European clothing of the best quality. His courtly manners and clear-cut English caused the throng of titled men and jeweled women who sought his company and pressed upon him the honors of the capital to lose sight of the fact that this lordly gentleman of foreign accent and distinguished air was, in fact, a red-fisted savage, accustomed to lead his yelling band of braves to midnight massacres.

"When he appeared at court on visits of business or ceremony, he laid aside his European habit, and wore a gorgeous costume of the fashion of his own people. Bands of silver encircled his sinewy arms. Tall plumes adorned his head-dress, and highly colored fabrics, hung with copper pendants, formed his clothing. The sight of a glittering tomahawk with his full name, 'J. Thay-en-da-ne-gea,' engraved on it must have shocked the ladies at court."

Brant was much lionized while in England. He was courted by that celebrated worshiper of great men, Boswell; and sat for his picture twice during the visit, once at Boswell's request, and once for the Earl of Warwick, who caused Romney, the eminent painter, to make a portrait of him for his collection.

He bought a gold ring during his stay, upon which he had his full name engraved, that his body might be identified in case of his death in the coming battles.



JOSEPH BRANT, OR THAY-EN-DA-NE-GEA,

GREAT WAR-CHIEF OF THE MOHAWKS.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

Before he left England he promised to lead three thousand Indians into the field on the royal side. Returning to America, by way of New York, early in the spring, he was secretly landed at some quiet spot near the city. From here he undertook the dangerous journey through the country to Canada, and succeeded. On reaching Canada, he at once collected a large force of Indians, which he placed at the disposal of Sir Guy Carleton, commander of the royal forces in Canada. Carleton ordered him with six hundred Iroquois to join a company of regulars in dislodging the Americans from a point of land about forty miles above Montreal, known as the Cedars. The American commander, Bedell, when he saw the English and Indians approaching, deserted, under pretense of going for reinforcements. The command was left to Major Butterfield, who seems to have been almost as cowardly as Bedell. After a brief fight with musketry, he was intimidated by a threat that the Indians would have no mercy if the Americans held out any longer, and surrendered, against the wishes of his men. He had hardly surrendered when a detachment was sent to his relief by Arnold, which was attacked by Brant and his Indians, and, after a stubborn fight, captured. The savages murdered several of the prisoners before they could be stopped. Brant immediately exerted himself in every way to prevent a massacre. One of the prisoners, Captain McKinistry, who was wounded, was selected by the Indians to be put to death by torture. Brant would not permit this, but a chief's influence is not very great in such eases, and it was with a great deal of trouble that he prevented it. To soothe the feelings of his warriors, he and some of the British officers made up a purse, with which they bought the Indians an ox to roast instead of Captain McKinistry, who was treated with so much kindness by the young chief that he and Brant became fast friends. In after years Brant never passed down the Hudson without visiting the captain at his

home. Arnold secured the exchange of the prisoners by promising to release British prisoners in return, which promise was never fulfilled.

In 1777 Brant gathered a large force of Indians at Oquaga, on the Susquehanna. The settlers on the frontier trembled, and there was reason for fear, for Brant was planning an attack upon Cherry Valley. He approached the settlement with his Indians one bright May morning, and took an observation from the distant woods. It happened at this moment that the boys of the settlement were parading in front of the rude fort with their wooden swords and guns. Brant mistook the amateurs for real soldiers. He, with his party, moved to a hiding place along the roadside, hoping to intercept some one who would give them information. That morning Lieutenant Wormwood, a rich young man from the Mohawk, who had come over to Cherry Valley to tell the inhabitants that reinforcements would be sent, started home. He was accompanied by one Peter Sitz, who bore double dispatches, one true, the other exaggerating the strength of the defense at the fort. When they reached the place where the Indians were in hiding Brant hailed them, but instead of answering they put spurs to their horses and tried to pass. But the savages fired at them, killing the lieutenant outright, and the horse on which Sitz rode. The Indians now rushed out and scalped Wormwood and captured Sitz, who delivered the bogus dispatches to Brant. By this means he was fortunately deceived as to the strength of Cherry Valley, and retired. It is said that the chief regretted the death of the young man, as they had formerly been friends.

Brant's forces at Oquaga continued to increase; all believed he was preparing for a hostile movement. The people of the frontier were in terror; General Herkimer, who was an old neighbor and friend of Brant, determined to visit him, hoping to influence him to remain neutral,

and, failing in this, to capture the chief if possible. He sent a messenger, inviting Brant to an interview with him at Unadilla, and marched to this place with over three hundred militia. Brant moved to meet him with some five hundred braves; he encamped within two miles of Herkimer and sent a messenger to the general.

"Captain Brant wants to know what you came here for," said the messenger.

"I merely came to see and talk with my brother, Captain Brant," answered Herkimer.

"Do all these men want to talk with Captain Brant, too?" inquired the Indian. "I will carry your talk to Captain Brant, but you must not come any farther."

Through messengers a meeting was appointed to take place about midway between the two encampments. After Herkimer and his party had been on the ground some time Brant and his friends arrived, greeted the general and began to converse, but watched his face with a keen eye. In fact, each observed the other with ill-disguised suspicion.

"May I inquire the reason of my being so honored?" said the polite chief.

"I came only on a friendly visit," answered Herkimer.

"And all these have come on a friendly visit, too?" and Brant eyed Herkimer's companions. "All want to see the poor Indians? It is very kind," he added, with just a little curl of the lip.

General Herkimer wished to go forward to his camp, but Brant informed him he was quite near enough at present, and that he must not proceed further in that direction. Herkimer questioned Brant about his feelings

and intentions with regard to the war between England and the colonies, to which the sachem replied earnestly: "The Indians are in concert with the King, as their fathers were. We have yet got the wampum belt which the King gave us, and we can not break our word. You and your followers have joined the Boston people against your sovereign. Yet, although the Bostonians are resolute, the King will humble them. General Schuyler was very smart on the Indians in his treaty with them, but at the same time he could not afford to give them the smallest article of clothing. The Indians have made war before upon the white people when they were all united; now they are divided, and the Indians are not frightened." Brant peremptorily refused to surrender the Tories in his party, when this was demanded, but agreed to meet Herkimer on the following morning.

That night Herkimer laid a dark plot to massacre the chief and his few attendants at the next meeting, the following day. But Brant was wary. At the appointed time he marched up to General Herkimer with great dignity.

"I have five hundred warriors with me, armed and ready for battle," said he. "You are in my power; but as we have been friends and neighbors I will not take advantage of you." As he said this he gave a signal to his waiting band, and with a war-whoop that made the forest resound they swept around the spot ready for any work their chief had for them to do. Restraining his men, Brant faced Herkimer and his raw recruits, and with a haughty gesture said: "You may go." The colonists took the hint and went at the highest possible speed.

Joseph Waggoner, one of Herkimer's party, in a written statement, declared that the general appointed himself and three others to be present at this meeting, and at a signal from him to shoot Brant and his three attendants upon the spot. This was not a very honorable or friendly

intention, but white men in Indian warfare often become as treacherous as the Indians themselves, and it is a relief to know that the plan failed for the reason given.

The savage war had now commenced. The tomahawk and scalping-knife were combined with British bayonets for the devastation of the frontier. Burgoyne, who had superseded Sir Guy Carleton as commander of the royal forces in Canada, in invading New York, detached St. Leger against Fort Stanwix, or Schuyler, on the Mohawk. Brant and his Indians formed a part of this force. Colonel Gansevoort, the commander of the fort, declared his determination to defend it to the last extremity. But the fortifications were weak, and the garrison in peril. A body of militia was raised in the valley of the Mohawk for the relief of the place. Our old friend General Herkimer, took the command and, early in August, began his march for the fort. St. Leger, hearing of his approach, dispatched a strong force of British and Indians to meet them. Brant, knowing from experience that the militia would advance without much order or precaution, planned an ambush, which the misconduct of the Americans and their commander enabled him to carry into effect with such success as to cause them a severe loss. He placed his warriors in an ambush where there was a causeway and bridge crossing a low marsh. They were arranged in a circle with an opening at the bridge. As soon as the main body had crossed this marsh, a band of warriors rushed in to close the gap of the circle, completely inclosing the militia, with the exception of the supply train and rear guard, which had not entered the causeway.

Herkimer's first intimation of the vicinity of an enemy was a terrific Indian yell, followed immediately by so heavy and well-aimed a volley as brought nearly every man in his advanced body to the ground. A frightful struggle ensued. From every side the savages poured in the

most galling fire. Every time the militia attempted to breakthrough the fatal lines which encircled them, they were beaten back with fearful slaughter. Yet they bravely maintained a most stubborn resistance by posting themselves in Indian fashion behind logs and trees.

Observing that a savage, waiting till a colonist had discharged his gun from behind a tree, would rush forward and tomahawk him before he could reload, they placed two men behind each tree, one reserving his fire for the defense of his companion. Finding themselves pressed on all sides, the militiamen disposed themselves in a circle. It was a small wheel within a larger one.

Just as the Indians charged on their foes with desperate valor, using the murderous bayonet, as well as the tomahawk, a sudden storm which had come up unnoticed by the struggling combatants broke upon them with tropical fury. Unearthly bolts of lightning, followed by peal after peal of sky-splitting thunder, lent horror to the scene. The trees of the forest writhed and swayed in the fury of the tempest. In a moment a mighty flood of waters burst forth from the surcharged clouds, dampening the powder and rendering some of the guns of the combatants useless. The conflict of men became puny in comparison with the conflict of the elements. The noise of battle was but a stillness contrasted with the awful roar of the storm. The awed combatants desisted. The dark clans of Thay-en-da-ne-gea withdrew in sullen rage to the sheltering distance.

The storm lasted about an hour, and the Americans availed themselves of this opportunity to take a more advantageous position.

When the fighting was again renewed, the red men were reenforced by a detachment of Johnson's Greens. As

the royalists advanced upon the American militia, neighbor recognized neighbor, and with the bitter hatred of civil warfare the battle was waged more fiercely. The Americans fired upon the Greens as they came up, and then, with uncontrollable ferocity, sprang from the sheltering trees and attacked them with their bayonets and the butts of their muskets. The contest grew even closer, and militiamen and Tories, some of whom were neighbors and relatives, throttled and stabbed one another, often dying grappled together.

Near the commencement of the action a musket ball passed through and killed General Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee. With perfect composure and cool courage, he ordered the saddle to be taken from his dead horse and placed against a large beech tree near. Seated there, with his men falling all around him, and the bullets of the enemy like driving sleet, the intrepid old general calmly gave his orders. When advised to take a less exposed position, his reply was, "No, I will face the enemy," and he continued to command his men; at the same time coolly taking out his tinder-box and lighting his pipe, he smoked it with the greatest composure. He did not long survive the battle, but died at his home near by.

A body of two hundred and fifty men of the garrison were in the meantime advancing to the relief of Herkimer's party. They fell upon the Indians and Tories, put them to rout, captured their provisions and baggage, with five standards, and returned in safety. Brant now drew off his braves, and one of the bloodiest battles of the war ended.

Herkimer's disaster produced no disheartening effects upon the garrison. They repulsed every attack, and refused to listen to any mention of a surrender, although they no longer had any hope of being relieved.

As it was of the utmost importance to reduce this place, in order to leave no military post in the hands of the Americans which might threaten the right flank of Burgoyne's army in its approach, St. Leger tried the arts of intimidation. On August 8 he sent a flag to the fort with a summons to surrender, in which he exaggerated his own strength, and represented that Burgoyne had entered Albany in triumph, after laying waste the whole country in his victorious march. He further stated that Brant and his Indians were determined, if they met with further resistance, to massacre every soul on the Mohawk river; and, in case they were obliged to wait any longer for the surrender of Fort Schuyler, every man in the garrison would be tomahawked.

Gansevoort, maintaining his inflexible resolution, was not moved in the slightest degree by these threats, but determined to make one more attempt to obtain relief. Two of his officers volunteered their services, and with much difficulty and many adventures, made their way through the cordon of the enemy to German Flats, from which place a message was sent to General Schuyler, at Stillwater. Measures were instantly taken to relieve the fort. General Arnold offered to conduct the expedition, and a brigade was detached for this purpose.

But an opportunity presented itself for directing a stratagem against the enemy. Among the Tory spies recently captured was a half-witted fellow named Hon-Yost Schuyler; he was tried by court-martial and condemned to death. His mother and brother interceded with Arnold on his behalf; the general at first was inexorable, but at last proposed terms on which he would grant Hon-Yost's pardon. He must hurry to Fort Schuyler and alarm St. Leger's army, so that he would raise the siege. The foolish fellow immediately accepted these conditions, and his brother became a hostage in his stead.

Hon-Yost now made arrangements with a friendly Oneida Indian to aid him, and, after firing several shots through his clothes, the two men started by different routes to St. Leger's army.

Brant's Indian warriors had been morose and dissatisfied since the battle of Oriskany; they had been promised an easy success and much plunder, and they had found neither the one nor the other. They were now holding a great pow-wow to consult the spirits about the success of the present siege. In the midst of the ranting and drumming, and dancing, and other mysterious jugglery, Hon-Yost arrived in camp. Hon-Yost was well known to be on their side, and they crowded around him to hear the news. With the trickery of a half-witted man he did not deliver his message in plain words. He knew the effect of mystery with an Indian. He shook his head ominously, and pointed to his riddled clothes to denote his narrow escape from the coming foe.

"How many men—how many men are there?" asked the eager Indians.

Hon-Yost looked up and pointed to the leaves of the trees over his head. The report ran like wild-fire through the camp; it quickly reached the ear of the commander. St. Leger sent for Hon-Yost. The wily fellow adopted a different policy in talking to the English commander. He told a straight and pitiful story; how he had been captured, tried and condemned; how, on the way to his execution, finding himself carelessly guarded, he had fled, thinking he would die any way, and he would as soon be shot as hung. His escape had been narrow, as the colonel might see by looking at his clothes. And the Americans were coming in great force to raise the siege. While Hon-Yost was being interviewed at headquarters, the Oneida messenger arrived with wampum to say that the Americans were indeed

coming in great force. Of course, after all this, the spirits consulted in the pow-wow gave ominous warnings. St. Leger saw that the Indians were about to decamp; he tried to reassure them; he called a council, but neither the influence of Thay-en-da-ne-gea nor that of Johnson was of any avail.

"The pow-wow says we must go—the pow-wow says we must go," persisted the Indians. And the besieging army went—as fast as they could, strewing their baggage along the route.

The simpleton, whose well-told lie was responsible for this sudden departure, went with them a few miles, and then contrived to slip away. He reported to General Arnold, who promptly released his brother, and gave him a full pardon.

Brant was again at Oquaga in 1778, the terror of the border. Women turned pale and children trembled at his very name. In the bitter animosity of the day no story of cruelty was too black to be laid upon Brant, the great chief of these savage warriors. Brant felt keenly the hatred with which he was regarded in afterlife among frontiersmen. The proud chief wished to be regarded as a gentleman in every respect. "He always denied," as Edward Eggleston says, "that he had ever committed any act of cruelty during this cruel war, and none has been proved against him, while many stories of his mercy are well authenticated. He led, indeed, a savage force, and fought in the savage way, as the English officials who managed the Indian alliance desired. When Indians were accused of cruelty Brant would return the charge upon the whites, who sometimes, in fact, excelled the savages in their revengeful barbarity. To Brant the civilized custom of imprisoning men was the worst of cruelty; a man's liberty, he held, was worth more than his life. Of the Indian custom of torture he did not

approve, but when a man must die for a crime, he thought it better to give him some chance to make atonement in a courageous and warrior-like death than to execute him after the manner of the whites by the humiliating gallows. Brant used in after-life to defend the Indian mode of warfare. He said the Indians had neither the artillery, the numbers, the forts, nor the prisons of the white men. In place of artillery they must use stratagem; as their forces were small, they must use every means to kill as many of the enemy with as small a loss to themselves as possible; and, as they had no prisons, their captives must, in some cases, be killed. He held it more merciful to kill a suffering person, and thus put an end to his misery."



KING HENDRICK, MOHAWK CHIEF.

After McKenna & Hall's copy of original.

See page 193.

During the summer of 1778, when every borderer trembled for his life, a boy named William McKoun was one day making hay in a field alone; when, happening to turn around he saw an Indian very near, and involuntarily raised his rake for defense.

"Don't be afraid, young man, I shan't hurt you," said the Indian. "Can you tell me where Foster's house is?" The youth gave the directions, and then asked, "Do you know Mr. Foster?" "I am slightly acquainted with him. I saw him once at Halfway creek," answered the Indian. "What is your name?" "William McKoun." "Oh, you are a son of Captain McKoun, who lives in the northeast part of town, I suppose. I know your father very well; he lives neighbor to Mr. Foster. I know McKoun very, very well, and a very fine fellow he is, too. I know several more of your neighbors and they are all fine men."

"What is your name?" the boy ventured to ask. The Indian hesitated a moment and then said: "My name is Brant." "What! Captain Brant?" cried the boy, eagerly. "No; I'm a cousin of his," answered the chief, smiling, as he turned away.

The first blow that Brant struck in 1778 was at a small settlement about ten miles from Cherry Valley. The inhabitants were aroused by the terrible war-whoop in the dead of night; some escaped, the rest were taken prisoners. Under Brant's guidance there was no massacreing of helpless women and children. The houses and barns were fired, and their flames lighted up the country; the men were tied and carried into captivity. Brant had left one large house unburned. Into this he gathered the women and children, and here he left them unharmed.

The alarming news that Brant's forces were increasing, and that he was fortifying himself at Unadilla,

reached Cherry Valley. Captain McKoun, of that place, very foolishly wrote Brant a challenge to meet him either in single combat, or with an equal number of men, with the insulting addition that if Brant would come to Cherry Valley they would change him "from a Brant to a goose." This letter was put in the Indian post office; in other words, it was tied to a stick and put in an Indian foot-path, and was sure to reach the chief.

Brant received it in due time, and referred to it in this postscript to a letter written to a loyalist a few days after: "I heard that the Cherry Valley people are very bold and intend to make nothing of us; they call us wild geese, but I know the contrary. I mean now to fight the cruel rebels as well as I can."

Early in the fall of 1778 Brant, with his Indian army, made an attack upon German Flats, the finest and richest part of Mohawk Valley. Fortunately four scouts from the settlement were out; three of them were killed by the Indians, but the fourth one escaped to warn the settlers. Men, women and children took to Forts Dayton and Herkimer, near by, for safety. Brant did not know that his approach was expected. The Indians swept into the settlement from different directions, that they might take it entirely by surprise. They found the houses deserted. A moment more and the settlement was in a blaze. Each family could see from the forts its own home and the stored-up fruits of their year's labor fast burning up. But they might be thankful they were not in the houses.

The Indians dared not brave the artillery of the forts, but could be seen rushing into the pastures after the cattle, and driving away sheep and horses. They left the settlers nothing, but fortunately they had found only two men to kill.

A war of retaliation was now begun. A regiment of American troops marched upon Brant's headquarters. They approached Unadilla with the greatest caution, thinking to surprise the Indians in their homes, but Indians are not often so surprised. They found that Unadilla had been deserted several days. Capturing a loyalist, they made him guide them to Oquaga. This town had been just deserted in the greatest confusion, and much of the Indians' portable property was left behind. Here were a number of well-built houses which denoted Brant's efforts at civilization. The colonial soldiers feasted upon poultry, fruit and vegetables of the red men; and then everything was destroyed by fire.

Near to this place was an Indian fort. This, too, was laid in ruins. On the return two mills were burned and the village of Unadilla was left in a blaze.

From his ruined villages Brant determined to return to Niagara for winter quarters. While on the way he was met by Walter N. Butler, who, with a force of loyalists, was marching to attack the settlements, and he brought orders for Brant to join him. The great sachem was much displeased to be put in a subordinate position under this young man, or rather young fiend, whom he disliked. He was at length persuaded to join him, however, with a force of some five hundred warriors.

It was late in the fall. The scattered settlers had returned to their homes thinking it was too late in the season for further danger from the Indians, as Brant and his warriors had, as they supposed, gone into winter quarters at Niagara. They therefore did not apprehend an attack on the settlement.

The fort at Cherry Valley was the church, surrounded with a stockade and garrisoned by eastern soldiers, who knew little of Indian fighting. They heard rumors of an

approach from the Indians, but did not credit them fully. They did, however, send out scouts, who went a few miles, built a fire and lay down to sleep, without appointing a guard. They awoke to find themselves prisoners.

Butler and Brant approached the settlement on a stormy night. They fired upon a straggling settler, who escaped to give the alarm. But, strange to say, the commander did not yet believe the Indians were coming in force, until they burst like a storm upon the settlement, surrounding the houses and murdering the inhabitants as they came forth.

The house of Mr. Wells, a prominent citizen, was first surrounded, and every person in it was killed by the ferocious Senecas, who were first to rush into the village. Captain Alden, the unwise commander, paid for his folly with his life. He and the other officers were quartered among the settlers outside the fort, and as soon as the alarm was heard he tried to reach the fort, but a savage hurled his tomahawk at his head with deadly effect. Thirty-two settlers, mostly women and children, were killed, although some of them escaped to the woods and from there to the Mohawk Valley. Brant greatly regretted the murder of the Wells family, with whom he was well acquainted; although he had tried to anticipate the Indians and reach the Wells house before the Senecas, but failed. He now asked after Captain McKoun, and was informed that he had probably escaped to the Mohawk with his family.

"He sent me a challenge once," said Brant. "I have now come to accept it. He is a fine soldier thus to retreat."

"Captain McKoun would not turn his back upon an enemy when there was any probability of success," answered his informer.

"I know it," said Brant. "He is a brave man, and I would have given more to take him than any other man in Cherry Valley, but I would not have hurt a hair of his head."

Through all that terrible struggle, here and elsewhere, in which so much blood was shed, and so many heart-sickening scenes were enacted by both parties, Brant was generally found on the side of mercy; but it was his misfortune to be under the command of Tories, whom he declared, "were more savage than the savages themselves."

We have called Walter N. Butler a fiend, and an incident is recorded of the massacre at Cherry Valley which tends to prove it. Butler ordered a little child to be killed because he was a rebel. Brant interfered and saved him, remarking: "This child is not an enemy to the King, nor a friend to the colonies; long before he is old enough to bear arms the trouble will be settled."

During this massacre Brant entered a house where he found a woman going about her regular duties.

"How does it happen you are at this kind of work while your neighbors are all murdered around you?" exclaimed the chief.

"We are King's people," answered the woman.

"That plea won't save you to-day," said Brant.

"There is one Joseph Brant; if he is with the Indians, he will save us," said the woman.

"I am Joseph Brant," answered the chief; "but I am not in command, and I don't know that I can save you, but I will do what I can."

At this moment some Senecas approached the house "Get into bed and pretend you are sick," said Brant. The woman hurried into bed and Brant met the Senecas.

"There's no one here but a sick woman and her children." said he. He prevailed upon the Indians to leave, after little conversation. When they were out of sight he went to the door and gave a long, shrill yell. Immediately some Mohawks came running across the fields.

"Where is your paint?" Brant called out to them. "Here, put my mark upon this woman and her children." The order was obeyed, and Brant turned to the woman saying, "You are now probably safe, as the Indians will understand and respect that sign."

The loyalists and Indians gained no success by an attempted assault on the fort, while the garrison dared make no sally, on account of the superior numbers of the Indians. The enemy encamped for the night in the valley, and spent most of the night distributing and dividing plunder. There were thirty or forty prisoners, men, women and children, who spent a sleepless night, fearing that torture was reserved for them; but the next morning the whole force marched down Cherry Valley creek. On the morning of the following day, the prisoners were all gathered together, and were informed that the women were all to be sent back with the exception of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Campbell and their children. It seems that the husbands of these two women had been active in border warfare, and it was resolved, as a punishment, to keep their families in captivity. These Women and children were finally exchanged for British prisoners among the Americans.

Among other captives the Indians carried away, at this time, a man named Vrooman, who was an old friend of the chief. Desiring to give his friend a chance to escape.

Brant sent him back about two miles to get some birch-bark. He, of course, expected to see no more of him, but what was his surprise when, a few hours after, Vrooman came hurrying up with the bark, which the chief did not want. Brant said afterward that he had sent him back on purpose to give him a chance to escape, but he was such a big fool he did not do it and he was compelled to take him to Canada.

In 1780, when Sir John Johnson and Brant led a desolating army through the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys, Brant's humanity was again displayed. On their way to Fort Hunter an infant was carried off. The frantic mother followed them as far as the fort, but could get no tidings of her child. On the morning after the departure of the invaders, and while General Van Rensselaer's officers were at breakfast, a young Indian came bounding into the room, bearing the infant in his arms and a letter from Captain Brant, addressed to "The Commander of the Rebel Army." The letter was as follows: "Sir,—I send you, by one of my runners, the child, which he will deliver, that you may know that whatever others may do, I do not make war upon women and children. I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me who are more savage than the savages themselves." He named Colonel John Butler, who commanded the Tories at Wyoming, and his son, Walter N., the commander of the British and Indians at Cherry Valley. The former occurred July 3, 1778 the latter, November 10, of the same year.

These were among the most bloody massacres of Indian warfare. But let it never be forgotten, that the commander and instigator of the butchery of aged non-combatants, women and children, at each place, was a *white man.* We have seen how Brant restrained the fiendish barbarity of the younger Butler at Cherry Valley. And, as to Wyoming, it has been proven that the "Monster Brant,"

as Campbell calls him in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," *was not present* at that massacre.

The Indians who fought with the Loyalists at Wyoming were not Mohawks, but Senecas, under their war-chief, Gi-en-gwa-tah, which signifies "he who goes in the smoke."

It was at Wyoming where the garrison sallied forth under Colonel Zebulon Butler, the commander, to attack the Tories and Indians, under the command of John Butler. The Americans were ambushed and only a remnant regained the fort. A demand was sent in for the surrender of the fort, accompanied by one hundred and ninety-six bloody scalps, taken from the slain. When the best terms were asked, the infamous John Butler replied, "the hatchet." It will be noticed that the hostile commanders bore the same name, as they were cousins and had been old friends.

It was believed for many years that Brant and his Mohawk warriors were engaged in the invasion of Wyoming. Historians of established reputation, such as Gordon, Ramsey, Thacher, Marshall, and Allen, assert that he and John Butler were joint commanders on that occasion, and upon his memory rested the foul imputation of being a participant in the horrid transactions of Wyoming. Misled by history, or rather "historical imagination," Campbell, in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," makes the Oneida say:

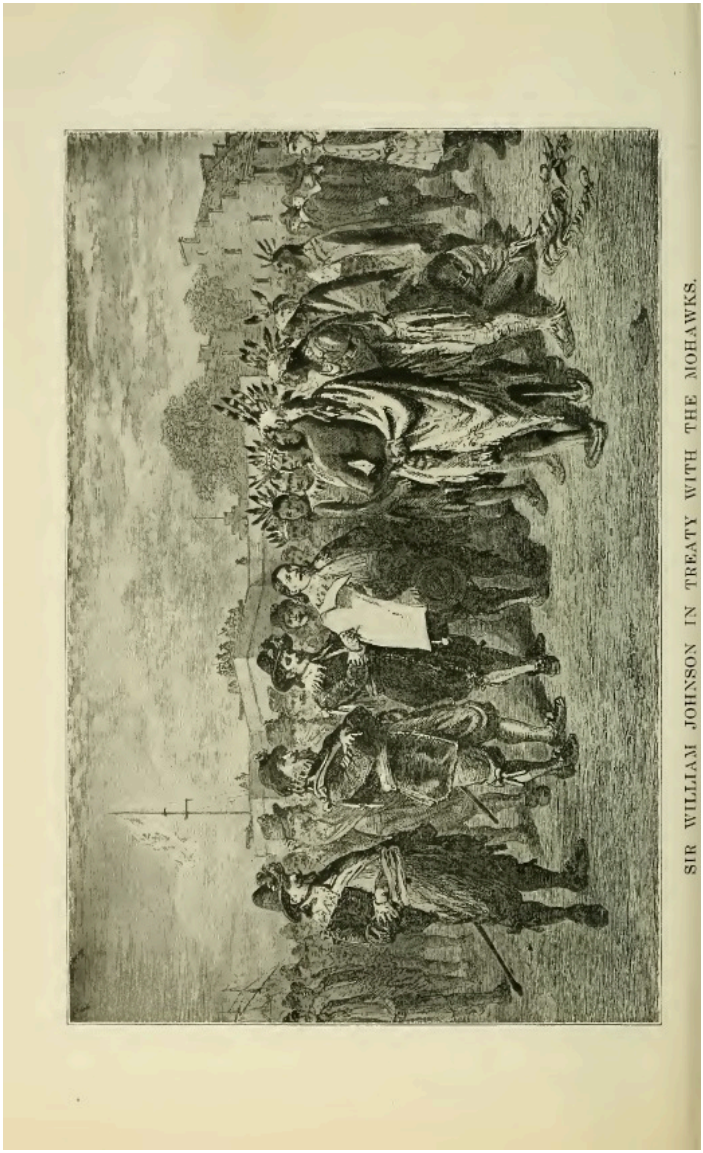
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup;
The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant,
With all his howling, desolating band."

And again:

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his tribe,
'Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth;
Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth.
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon the plains.
All perish'd. I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains—
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

Brant always denied any participation in the invasion, but the evidence of history seemed against him, and the verdict of the world was that he was one of the chief actors in that horrible tragedy. From this aspersion Mr. Stone vindicated his character in his "Life of Brant." A reviewer, understood to be Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, disputed the point, and maintained that Stone had not made out a clear case for the sachem. Unwilling to remain deceived, if he was so, Mr. Stone made a journey to the Seneca country, where he found several surviving warriors who were engaged in that campaign. The celebrated Seneca chief, Kavundvowand, better known as Captain Pollard, who was a young chief in the battle, gave Mr. Stone a clear account of the events, and was positive in his declarations that Brant and the Mohawks were not engaged in that campaign. The Indians were principally Senecas, and were led by Gi-en-gwa-tah, as before mentioned. John Brant, a son of the Mohawk sachem, while in England in 1823, on a mission in behalf of his nation, opened a correspondence with Mr. Campbell on the subject of the injustice which the latter had done the chief in his

"Gertrude of Wyoming." The result was a partial acknowledgment of his error by the poet in the next edition of the poem that was printed. He did not change a word of the poem, but referred to the use of Brant's name there in a note, in which he says: "His son referred to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brant's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of travels, and in Adolphus's and other similar histories of England, were gross errors. . . . The name of Brant, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction." This was well enough, as far as it went; but an omission, after such a conviction of error, to blot out the name entirely from the poem, was unworthy of the character of an honest man; and the stain upon the poet's name will remain as long as the blot upon a humane warrior shall endure in the epic.



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON IN TREATY WITH THE MOHAWKS.

Following is a part of the letter written by Campbell to John Brant: "Sir,—Ten days ago I was not aware that such a person existed as a son of the Indian leader, Brant, who is mentioned in my poem, 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' . . . Lastly, you assert that he was not within many miles of the spot when the battle which decided the fate of Wyoming took place; and from your offer of reference to living witnesses, I can not but admit the assertion."

Another of Brant's exploits was the destruction of Minisink, near the border of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. With a band of sixty Mohawks and twenty-seven Tories disguised as Indians, Brant stole upon the Minisink people, whose first warning was the burning of houses. Most of the inhabitants fled, but some were killed and others taken captive. The houses were plundered and burned, property destroyed and cattle driven away.

In a massacre during this raid one man, Major Wood, was about to be killed, when, either by accident or design, he made a Masonic signal, though he did not belong to the order. Brant was an enthusiastic Freemason, and at once rescued him. When the Indian leader found out the deception, he boiled over with rage, but yet spared his life. The captive, on his part, it is said, felt bound to join the order immediately on his release from captivity.

In the summer of 1779, the colonies resolved on a united effort to crush the power of the Six Nations by an invasion of their country. The command was given to General Sullivan, who went to work as one in earnest. He decided that the expedition should advance in three divisions. The left was to move from Pittsburg, under Col. Daniel Broadhead; the right from the Mohawk, under Gen. James Clinton, while Sullivan was to lead the center from Wyoming.

General Clinton, with seventeen hundred men, reached Otsego Lake, the source of the Susquehanna. In doing this Clinton had traversed a portage of about twenty miles, conveying his baggage and two hundred and twenty boats. Owing to the dry season there was not sufficient water to float any craft larger than an Indian canoe. While waiting for orders Clinton employed his men damming up the outlet of the lake, which raised the surface of the water several feet. When the order came, everything was in readiness; the dam was torn away, and the out rushing torrent carried with it the large boats filled with troops and supplies, where nothing but Indian canoes had ever been seen before. The sight astonished the Indians, who concluded that the Great Spirit must have made the flood to show that he was angry with them.

The two armies met at Tioga in the latter part of August, forming together a force of five thousand men. On August 26 this powerful body marched into the Indian country. At the Indian village of Newtown, where Elmira now stands, Sullivan found a force of twelve hundred Tories and Indians under the command of Sir John and Guy Johnson, Col. John and Walter N. Butler, and Joseph Brant.

The battle began at once and raged all day. The Americans gradually forced the enemy back. So many Indians were killed that "the sides of the rocks next the river appeared as though blood had been poured on them by pailfuls."

All was lost. The Indian warriors fled, taking women and children with them, and leaving their fertile country, with its populous and well-laid-out villages, its vast fields of waving grain, its numerous orchards, laden with the ruddy fruit, open to the destroyers' advance. Town after town was laid in ashes. Of Kanadaseagea, the capital of the

Senecas, not one house was left standing. Genesee, the principal western town, containing all the winter stores of the confederacy, was completely obliterated. Nor were they the ordinary wigwams and cabins, but frame houses, some of which were finely finished, painted and provided with chimneys. These invaders found themselves in a veritable garden, with a soil that needed but to be tickled with a crude implement, to make it laugh with a golden harvest.

A soldier took the pains to measure an ear of corn which he plucked from the stalk and found it to be twenty-two inches long. Another soldier made a rough count of the number of apple trees in a single orchard which was on the point of destruction. He estimated that there were fifteen hundred bearing trees. Nor was this unusually large. Of the number of orchards, the men said they were "innumerable." This, probably, included those of peach and pear trees. They were the product of the toil and care of generations of Iroquois. "A wigwam can be built in two or three days," the Indians sadly said; "but a tree takes many years to grow again."

One can not help but contrast the indications of great abundance found here with the abject poverty of the "great and good Massasoit," mentioned in another chapter. But Massasoit lived in an inhospitable country and his career was near the beginning of the intercourse between the white and red races. Evidently the enterprising Iroquois had learned much of agriculture and horticulture from the thrifty farmers near them.

General Sullivan had now destroyed their homes and driven their families abroad to strange and inhospitable regions. More than forty of the villages were laid in ruins. As Mason says, "The landscape was no longer variegated with fields of golden grain, with burdened orchards,

staggering beneath their tinted fruitage, with verdant pastures, dotted over with sleek and peaceful herds, nor with waving forests of ancient trees, whose emerald foliage formed such a rich contrast with the sunny sky and winding river. As far as the eye could stretch, the prospect presented a single ominous color. That color was black. It was a landscape of charcoal! The American general was happy."

The sorrows of the Iroquois became the source of dissension. There arose a peace party. The leader of it was a young Seneca chief named Red Jacket. He had the gift of eloquence. He spoke with thrilling earnestness of the folly of war, which was driving them forever from the lovely valley which they had inherited from their fathers; a war, too, in which they fought, not for themselves, but for the English. "What have the English done for us," he exclaimed, with flashing eye, drawing his proud form to its fullest height, and pointing with the zeal of despair toward the winding Mohawk, "that we should become homeless and helpless wanderers for their sakes?" His burning words sank deep into the hearts of his passionate hearers. It was secretly resolved by his party to send a runner to the American army, and ask them to offer peace on any terms.

Brant heard of this plot to make peace. He kept his own counsel. The runner left the camp. Two confidential warriors were summoned by him. In a few stern words he explained to them that the American flag of truce must never reach the Indian camp. Its bearers must be killed on the way, yet with such secrecy that their fate should not be known. The expectant peace party, waiting for the message in vain, were to believe that the Americans had scornfully refused to hear their prayer for peace. The plot was carried out. The flag of truce never arrived.

Meantime Colonel Broadhead, leading the expedition

from Pittsburg, ascended the Allegheny with six hundred men. His purpose was to create a diversion that would help the general campaign. Besides doing that he destroyed many villages and cornfields, and returned after a month's absence without the loss of a man.

The winter of 1779-80 was one of unprecedented rigor. The shivering Iroquois, at Niagara, suffered severely; but the fire of hate burned in the heart of Brant as hot as ever. He had long meditated a terrible revenge upon the Oneidas, who had refused to follow his leadership, and persisted in neutrality. Upon them he laid the blame of all his disasters. That winter he led his warriors across frozen rivers and through snowy forests, to the home of the unsuspecting Oneidas. Of what followed we have no detailed history. It is only known that Brant fell upon them without mercy, that their villages and wigwams, their store-houses and council buildings were suddenly destroyed, that vast numbers of them were slain, and that the survivors fled to the white men for protection. The poor refugees, stricken for a fault which was not their own, were allotted rude and comfortless quarters near Schenectady, where they were supported by the Government till the close of the war.

The Tories and Indians, to the number of about one thousand, under Sir John Johnson, Brant and Cornplanter, planned another invasion of the Mohawk settlements. Brant's appetite for vengeance was unabated. He was ambitious to surpass the work of Sullivan.

On the morning of October 16, 1780, the occupants of the little fort at Middleburg, far down the Mohawk Valley, looked out at sunrise on a startling sight. In every direction barns, hay-stacks, granaries and many houses were on fire. Everywhere the people fled, abandoning everything in their madness of fear. Their alarm was justifiable. Brant's army,

without a moment's warning, was upon them.

At first the Tories and Indians mounted their little cannon and prepared to besiege the fort. But meeting with a stubborn resistance, and finding that the siege would delay them, Brant, a past-master of guerrilla warfare, gave up the notion of taking the fort, and swept on down the valley. In their course the whole valley on both sides of the Mohawk was laid in ruins. Houses and barns were burned, the horses and cattle killed or driven off, and those of the inhabitants who were not safely within the walls of their fortifications were either killed or taken captive.

The very churches were fired.

But the torch of destruction was stayed wherever lived a Tory. They passed by the homes of all who were loyal to England. Then one of the strange sides of human nature asserted itself. The settlers, furious at their own wrongs, and aflame with passion at the sight of their Tory neighbors' immunity from harm, issued from the forts and with their own hands applied the torch to all houses left standing, thus completing the work which transformed a verdant valley into a mighty cinder.

The goal of the expedition was Schenectady, but the invaders never reached that settlement. Flying horsemen had long since carried the news of the invasion to Albany. Too much time had been taken up in the advance. General Van Rensselaer, with a strong force, was on the way to meet the enemy. Brant and Johnson began a retreat, but it was now too late. A heavy battle was fought. At sunset the advantage was with the Americans. But Van Rensselaer, who was proverbially slow or incompetent, failed to push it. That night was of unusual darkness and favored the retreat of the enemy.

An amusing thing happened at this time. Nine Tories were hurrying through the forest in full retreat. Suddenly a stern voice cried out in the darkness, "Lay down your arms." They obeyed promptly and were made prisoners. Every Tory was securely pinioned and led away. In the morning they found themselves in a little block-house. Their captors were seven militiamen. The nine had surrendered to the seven.

According to Eggleston another curious incident happened in connection with this expedition. "The famous Cornplanter, who commanded the Senecas who served under Brant, was a half-breed. He said of himself: 'When I was a child and began to play with the Indian boys in the village, they took notice of my skin being a different color from theirs and spoke about it. I inquired of my mother the cause, and she told me that my father was a white man.' Cornplanter's father was, in fact, an Indian trader named O'Beel, who was settled in the Mohawk Valley at the time of its invasion. During the progress of the army Cornplanter went with a band of Indians to his father's house, and taking him prisoner, marched off with him. After going some ten or twelve miles, he stopped abruptly, and, walking up in front of his father, said: 'My name is John O'Beel, commonly called Cornplanter. I am your son. You are my father. You are now my prisoner and subject to the customs of Indian war-fare. You shall not be harmed. You need not fear. I am a warrior. Many are the scalps which I have taken. Many prisoners I have put to death. I am your son. I am a warrior. I was anxious to see you and greet you in friendship. I went to your cabin and took you by force, but your life shall be spared. Indians love their friends and their kindred, and treat them with kindness. If now you choose to fellow the fortunes of your yellow son, I will cherish your old age with plenty of venison and you shall live easy. But if you prefer to return

to the arms of your pale-face squaw and the caresses of your pale-face children, my brothers, it is well. You are free to choose.' The old man preferred to go back and Cornplanter sent him with an Indian escort."

The last scene of the bloody drama on the Mohawk took place October 24, 1781. The British force of regulars, Tories and Indians, to the number of a thousand, were under the command of Major Ross and Walter N. Butler. The Americans, under the command of Colonels Rowley and Willett, met the invaders near Johnson Hall and a battle immediately ensued. The advantage was with the Americans, and the enemy retreated, in a northerly course along West Canada creek, pursued by Willett. Night came on and Willett and his force encamped in a thick wood upon the "Royal Grant," which Sir William Johnson obtained from King Hendrick, the Indian chief, in a dreaming contest.

The next day the Americans overtook the enemy, commanded by Walter Butler, on the opposite side of the stream. A brisk fire was kept up across the creek, by both parties, until Butler was shot in the head by an Oneida Indian, who knew him and took deliberate aim. His men now fled in confusion. The friendly Oneida bounded across the stream, and found his victim not dead, but writhing in great agony. The bloody Tory who had never shown mercy to others begged piteously for his life, "Save me! Save me!" he cried out, "Give me quarter!" while the tomahawk of the warrior glittered over his head. "Me give you Sherry Falley quarter!" shouted the Indian, and buried his hatchet in the head of his enemy. He took his scalp, and, with the rest of the Oneidas, continued the pursuit of the flying host. The body of Butler was left to the beasts and birds, without burial, for charity toward one so inhuman and blood-stained had no dwelling place in the bosom of his foes. The place where he fell is still called Butler's Ford. The pursuit

was kept up until evening, when Willett, completely successful by entirely routing and dispersing the enemy, wheeled his victorious little army and returned to Fort Dayton in triumph.

Quite a different fate was in store for the second in command at Cherry Valley, the humane Brant. At the close of the American Revolution, when the treaty of peace was made between Great Britain and the United States not one word was said in it about the Six Nations. It was ever thus. Indians have a great sense of their own dignity and importance. They were much hurt at being thus overlooked by the power they had aided so materially in the late war. Brant immediately exerted himself to get a home for his people. The Mohawks had left forever their own beautiful country in New York and were now encamped on the American side of Niagara river.

The Senecas, who were very anxious for the Mohawks in any future wars, offered them a home in the Genesee Valley. But Brant said the Mohawks were determined to "sink or swim" with the English. Accordingly, he went to Quebec, and with the aid of General Haldiman, secured a grant of land on Grand river, which flows into Lake Erie. Brant and his Mohawks received a title to the land on both sides of the river from its mouth to its source. This made a tract both beautiful and fertile twelve miles wide and one hundred miles long. The Mohawks soon after took possession of their new home.

The Baroness De Riedesel, a charming German lady, who was the wife of the general commanding the Hessians during Burgoyne's campaign, met Brant at Quebec. She says in her memoirs: "I saw at that time the famous Indian chief, Captain Brant. His manners are polished; he expressed himself with fluency, and was much esteemed by General Haldiman. I dined with him once at the

general's. In his dress he showed off to advantage the half military and half savage costume. His countenance was manly and intelligent, and his disposition very mild."



LEADING HAWK, SIOUX (UPPER BRULE).

Courtesy of Field Museum.

Like other ambitious warriors, since and before, Brant planned at one time a confederacy of the Northwestern tribes, over which he should be the head chief. He never succeeded in uniting the Indians, however.

In 1785 Brant made a second visit to England, and was received with more splendor and ceremony than before. This was in consideration of his eminent services for the crown during the Revolution. He was well acquainted with Sir Guy Carlton, afterward Lord Dorchester. Earl Moira, afterward Marquis of Hastings, had formed an attachment for Brant and gave him his picture set in gold. Lord Percy, who afterward became Duke of Northumberland, had been adopted by the Mohawks, and on the occasion of his adoption Brant had given him the name of Thorighwegeri, or the Evergreen Brake.

Brant, therefore, had many friends among the nobility, and was presented at court. He refused to kiss the King's hand, but gallantly offered to kiss the hand of the Queen. He became quite a favorite with the royal family. The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., who was then very wild, took a good deal of pleasure in the sachem's company. He invited Brant to go with him on some of his rambles, in which he visited places, as Brant afterward said, "very queer for a prince to go to." He was often a guest at the Prince's table, where he met many Whig leaders, among them, the celebrated Charles James Fox. Brant learned from the conversation of these Whig leaders to have much less respect for the King than he had been taught in America. Fox presented the chief with a silver snuff-box with his initials engraved upon it.

Brant met, in society, a nobleman (?) save the mark! of whom he had heard the scandalous story that his honors were purchased at the expense of the virtue of his beautiful wife. This nobleman very foolishly hectored Brant rather rudely upon the wild customs and manners of the Indians.

"There are customs in England also which the Indians think very strange," said the chief coolly. "And pray what are they?" inquired the nobleman, "Why, the Indians have heard," said Brant, "that it is a practice in England for men who are born chiefs to sell the virtue of their squaws for place and for money to buy their venison." It is unnecessary to add that the nobleman was effectually silenced.

Eggleston informs us, that, "while Brant was in London a great masquerade was given, to which he was invited. He needed no mask. He dressed himself for the occasion in his rich semi-savage costume, wore his handsome tomahawk in his belt, and painted one-half his face in the Indian manner. There were some Turks also present at the ball. One of them examined Brant very closely, and at last raised his hand and pulled the chief's Roman nose, supposing it to be a mask. Instantly Brant gave the war-whoop and swung his glistening tomahawk around the Turk's head in that dangerous way in which Indians handle this weapon. It was only an Indian joke, but the Turk cowered in abject terror and the ladies shrieked and ran as though they had been in as much danger as the settlers' wives and daughters of America, who had dreaded this same sound but a few years before."

Having accomplished the purpose of his visit to England, which was some reparation to the Mohawks for losses sustained in the war, and money with which to build a church and school-house, Brant returned to Canada.

He now began his labors for the improvement of his people, and hoped to induce them to devote themselves more to agriculture.

The Western nations still looked to the great war-chief for advice. Brant thus retained his importance. He was under half-pay as a British officer, and held the commission of colonel from the King of England, though he was usually called captain.

When he visited Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, the new government offered to double his salary and make him many presents if he would influence the Western nations for peace. Brant refused the offer, knowing that he would be accused of duplicity if he received anything from the United States. An Indian chief quickly loses his influence if he is suspected of being mercenary.

Brant, in fact, joined the Western Indians, and is said to have been present with one hundred and fifty Mohawks in the fierce battle which resulted in St. Clair's defeat, though this fact is disputed. It is well known that Little Turtle commanded the Indians in that battle, and it hardly seems reasonable that the great war-chief and head of the Iroquois would take second place to another.

He erected for himself a fine mansion on the western shore of Lake Ontario, where he lived in great splendor. Here he held his barbaric court, "with a retinue of thirty Negro servants, and surrounded by gay soldiers, cavaliers in powdered wigs and scarlet coats, and all the motley assemblage of that picturesque era."

His correspondence, of which much is yet extant, reveals a rugged and powerful intellect, on which his associations with white men had exerted a marked

influence. He encouraged missionaries to come among his people, and renewed his Christian professions, which had, perhaps, been suspended or eclipsed while he was hurling his warriors like destroying thunderbolts on the people of the Mohawk Valley. His letters reveal a proud, sensitive spirit, jealous of its dignity, and which could not brook the slightest imputation of dishonor. His mind was eminently diplomatic and nothing escaped his attention, whether in the cabinets of ministers or around the council fire of distant tribes of Western Indians.

The oft-quoted saying that, "uneasy lies the head which wears a crown," was demonstrated in his career. On one of his Eastern trips, a Dutchman from the Mohawk Valley, whose entire family had been killed by Brant's warriors, swore vengeance. The man shadowed him day and night, seeking an opportunity to kill him. Brant had taken a room in a New York hotel, which fronted on Broadway. Looking out of the window, he saw his enemy on the opposite side of the street aiming a gun at him. Our old hero, Colonel Willet, interfered. He assured the Dutchman, whose name was Dygert, that the war was over, and he would be hanged if he murdered the chief. This so frightened the man that he went home without carrying his threat into execution. Thus we find that the very man who refused burial to the body of Walter N. Butler, saved the life of Brant. The chief had planned to return through the Mohawk Valley, but learning of a plot to assassinate him en route he changed his course and went home another way. He was most cordially abhorred, and lived and died virtually an exile from his native land.

Nor was his ascendancy among the Iroquois maintained without some heartburning. His old enemy, Red Jacket, the orator, gathered a number of malcontents around his standard, and at a pretended meeting of the sachems of the confederacy, during Brant's absence, he

was impeached and formally deposed from the position of head chief of the Six Nations. When Thay-en-da-ne-gea heard of it on his return, he boldly confronted his enemies in public council; he defied them, denied their calumnies and charges, and demanded a fair trial before his people. The military fame and prestige of the great war-chief overcame even the burning eloquence and invectives of Red Jacket, and Brant triumphed over all opposition.

Brant proved conclusively that he had always been loyal to the British cause, and the best interest of the Six Nations.

It is a little remarkable, therefore, that among his warmest personal friends was Colonel Aaron Burr, who was afterward a traitor to his country, in thought and intention, if not in actual fact.

Colonel Burr was at this time in the zenith of his popularity. He gave Brant a letter of introduction to his talented daughter, Theodosia, then but fourteen years old. Her father said of Brant in this letter: "Colonel Brant is a man of education—speaks and writes the English perfectly —and has seen much of Europe and America. Receive him with respect and hospitality. He is not one of those Indians who drink, but is quite a gentleman; not one who will make you fine bows, but one who understands and practices what belongs to propriety and good breeding. He has daughters; if you could think of some little present to send to one of them-a pair of earrings, for example—it would please him."

Theodosia Burr received Brant with great hospitality, and gave him a dinner party, to which she invited some of the most eminent gentlemen in New York. Several years afterward, when Theodosia was married, she and her husband visited Brant and his family at Grand River.

Brant died in 1807, at the age of sixty-four years, leaving unfinished his work for the security of the Mohawks in the full possession of their lands. Among his last words he said to the chief, Norton: "Have pity on the poor Indian; if you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

A few years before the chief's death he had built a large house on a tract of land at the head of Lake Ontario, a gift from the King. He had a number of Negro slaves whom he had captured during the war and who lived with him in contentment, it is said, satisfied with the Indian customs.

The great chief was buried beside the church which he had built at Grand River, the first church in upper Canada. There is a monument over his grave, said to have cost thirty thousand dollars, with the following inscription:

"This tomb is erected to the memory of Thay-en-da-ne-gea, or Capt. Joseph Brant, principal chief and warrior of the Six Nations Indians, by his fellow-subjects, admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British crown."

On the death of Joseph Brant, his youngest son, John, became chief, and head of the confederacy. He was a gentlemanly young man and distinguished himself on the British side in the war of 1812, and was given a captain's commission.

In 1832 he was elected a member of the Provincial Parliament for the county of Haldiman.

He and his youngest sister, Elizabeth, lived in their father's house in civilized style, but their mother preferred to live among the Indians in the Mohawk village at Grand River. A gentleman and his daughters who visited them in

1819 found the parlor carpeted and furnished with mahogany tables, the fashionable chairs of the day, a guitar, and a number of books. Miss Brant proved to be "a noble-looking Indian girl." The upper part of her hair was done up in a silk net, while the long lower tresses hung down her back. She wore a short black silk petticoat, with a tunic of the same material, black silk stockings and black kid shoes. She was remarkably self-possessed and ladylike. She afterward married William Johnson Kerr, a grandson of Sir William Johnson, and they lived together happily in the Brant house.

CHAPTER VIII.

RED JACKET, OR SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, "THE KEEPER AWAKE"—THE INDIAN DEMOSTHENES—CHIEF OF THE SENECAS.

The subject of this sketch was certainly the greatest orator of the Six Nations, and it is doubtful if his equal was ever known among all the American Indians. His birth is supposed to have taken place about the year 1750, under a great tree which formerly stood near the spring of water at Canoga point on the west shore of Cayuga Lake, in Western New York.

His parents were of the Seneca tribe, the most western of the Iroquois confederation, and lived at Can-e-de-sa-ga, a large Indian village on the present site of Geneva.

At the time of his birth, owing to scarcity of game, his parents, with others, were hunting on the west shore of Cayuga Lake. The locality has been purchased by Judge Sackett, of Seneca Falls, who derived the statement here quoted from the great orator himself. When interrogated about his birthplace the sachem would answer, counting on his fingers as he spoke, "One, two, three, four above John Harris," meaning four miles above where Harris kept his ferry across the Cayuga, before the erection of the bridge.

The orator, whose eloquence was the pride of the race, and the special glory of the Senecas, owed nothing to the advantages of illustrious descent, but was of humble parentage. He was a Cayuga on his father's side, and the Cayugas claim to have been a thoughtful and far-seeing people. The fact of his possessing wonderful eloquence was never disputed at any time. The name which Red Jacket received in his infancy was O-te-tiana, and signified "Always Ready." According to the custom of his people, when he became chief he took another—Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, —which means "The Keeper Awake."

But little is known of his history until the campaign of Sullivan, when Red Jacket must have been about twenty-nine years of age.

Tradition says that he was remarkably swift in the chase and possessed a marvelous power of endurance. For these reasons, he was very successful in hunting. On account of his fleetness he was often employed as a messenger or "runner" by his people in his youth, and afterward in a like capacity by the British officers during the Revolution.

According to Mr. Stone, the learned Indian biographist, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha obtained the name of Red Jacket from the following circumstance: "During the War

of the Revolution he made himself very useful to the British officers as a messenger. He was doubtless the more so because of his intelligence and gift for oratory. In return for his services the officers presented the young man with a scarlet jacket, very richly embroidered." One can imagine the immense pride with which the "Young Prince of the Wolf Clan," as his admiring people were accustomed to call him, donned this brilliant garment. He took such delight in the jacket that he was kept in such garments by the British officers during the Revolution. This peculiar dress became a mark of distinction and gave him the name by which he was afterward best known. Even after the war, when the Americans wished to find a way to his heart, they clothed his back with a red jacket.

It has been almost the universal testimony of books that Red Jacket, the Indian orator, like the two greatest of the ancient world, Demosthenes and Cicero, was a coward. This inference has been drawn very naturally, perhaps, from the fact that he generally, but not always, opposed war and seldom wielded the tomahawk. But the old men of his nation, who knew him best and the motives from which he acted, deny the charge. Many even asserted that he was brave, though prudent, and not at all lacking in the qualities they admire in a warrior. They assign other reasons for his persistent opposition to war, and maintain that his superior sagacity led him to see its consequences to the Indian.



RED JACKET, OR SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, "THE KEEPER AWAKE."

CELEBRATED SENECA CHIEF AND ORATOR.

After Schoolcraft.

In the Revolutionary contest the red men generally enlisted on the side of the British, believing it to be for their interests. They could not understand anything of the real nature of the controversy of the two rival powers, and were justifiable in studying their own interest alone. In taking the British side the Iroquois were strongly influenced by the Johnsons, the Tory leaders of New York, and their powerful ally, Captain Joseph Brant, the great war-chief of the Mohawks. But it was all done in spite of the eloquent protest of Red Jacket. "Let them alone," said the wise man and orator. "Let us remain upon our lands and take care of ourselves. What have the English done for us?" he exclaimed, drawing his proud form to its fullest height and pointing with the zeal of despair toward the winding Mohawk, "that we should become homeless and helpless wanderers for their sakes?"

But his motives were impugned and misunderstood. Some of his own warriors called him a coward and promptly followed Cornplanter and Brant to battle. These two chiefs seemed to have had a contempt for Red Jacket because of his supposed cowardice. They nicknamed him *Cow-Killer,* and often told with much gusto a story at his expense. This story was to the effect that at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the young chief, with his usual eloquence, exhorted the Indians to courage, and promised to be with them in the thickest of the fight. When the battle came off, however, he was missing, having stayed at home to cut up a cow which he had captured. This story, with the speech just quoted in opposition to war, tended to convince many of the Indians that the Seneca sachem was a coward.

But when the very things he prophesied literally happened, when in the progress of the war, as we have recorded in the life of Brant, Sullivan's army destroyed forty populous towns, with many orchards and fields of

golden grain; when the Senecas were driven further west, and the proud Mohawks across the boundary into Canada, the deluded Indians saw that Red Jacket, the sage, was a true prophet. Had they followed his advice all would have been well, but they refused, and the Mohawks had "become homeless and helpless wanderers" for the sake of the British, who cared nothing for them when the war was over.

At the close of the Revolution, the influence of Red Jacket was restored; for the reason that even his enemies had to concede that he was right, that he opposed war not from cowardice, but because his sagacious mind could see the end from the beginning, and he knew that in any case it must end disastrously for the Indian. He is to be commended for acting with wisdom and prudence. Another sage of old has said: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished."

No one accused Washington of cowardice, when he advised his countrymen to keep neutral and make no entangling alliance with a foreign power. This, in its last analysis, was about the same position taken by Red Jacket. Why, then, should it be assumed that he was a coward?

But there are other positive proofs of Red Jacket's courage. On one occasion the Mohawks challenged the Senecas to a game of ball. The challenge was accepted, and a large number of the Iroquois had gathered to witness the game.

Many valuable articles, such as ornaments, weapons, belts and furs were bet on the result of the game. The stakes were placed under the care of a company of aged Indians and the game was called. The ball was of deerskin; the bats, or rackets, were woven with deerskin thongs. A

certain number of players were chosen upon each side. They were entirely nude except a breech-cloth about their loins. Each party had a gate, or two poles, planted in the ground about three rods apart. The aim of the players on each side was to drive the ball through their own gate a specified number of times. It took several contests to decide the match. The players, provided with bats, were ranged in opposite lines, and between them stood two picked players, one from either side, who were expected to start the game. Sometimes a pretty Indian girl, very gayly dressed and decked with silver ornaments, ran between the lines until she reached the two leaders in the center, when she would drop the ball between them. The instant it touched the ground each of the two Indians would make a struggle to start the ball toward his own gate.

It was a rule of the game that the ball must not be touched by foot or hand. But a player might strike it with, or catch it on, his racket and run with it to the goal, if he could. But the opposite side would have men stationed to guard against such easy success. A fierce struggle for the possession of the ball was continually in progress, and players were frequently hurt, sometimes severely. It was usually taken in good part, but at this particular game a Mohawk player struck a Seneca a hard blow with his bat. Instantly the Senecas dropped their bats, took up the stakes that they had laid down in betting, and returned to their own country. Three weeks after Red Jacket and some other chiefs sent a belligerent message to the Mohawks demanding satisfaction for the insult. Brant immediately called a council of his people, and it was decided to recommend a friendly council of both nations to settle the difference. The Senecas consented to this, and the council met. Red Jacket was opposed to a reconciliation. He made a stirring speech, in which he pictured the offense in its blackest light, and was in favor of nothing less than war.

But the older Senecas, and among them Cornplanter, who had not yet lost his influence, were opposed to a break between the two nations, and proposed that presents should be made in atonement to the young man who had been injured. The Mohawks consented to this, and the pipe of peace was finally smoked in friendship.

Now, remember, it was Red Jacket who sent the belligerent message to the Mohawks, demanding satisfaction for the injury to the young man, and insult to his tribe. He it was who favored *war,* as the only way in which it could be wiped out. In the event of hostilities, he well knew that he and his tribe would be arrayed against the terrible Mohawks, under the command of their great war-chief, Captain Brant, whose name was a terror to white and red foe alike. There was certainly no evidence of cowardice in this transaction.

A treaty was made with the Six Nations on the part of the United States at Fort Stanwix, in 1784. General Lafayette was present at this council, and was struck with the eloquence of Red Jacket. The war-chief of the Senecas, Cornplanter, was in favor of peace, while Red Jacket, who was called a coward, used all his eloquence in favor of war.

There are only two ways to account for his action at this time. Either he was a courageous leader, or else he believed the war policy would be the most popular, at least with the Senecas. Red Jacket and the Senecas also took part in the war of 1812. As early as 1810 the orator gave information to the Indian agent of attempts made by Tecumseh, the Prophet, and others, to draw his nation into the great Western combination; but the war of 1812 had scarcely commenced, when the Senecas volunteered their services to their American neighbors. For some time these were rejected, and every exertion was made to induce them

to remain neutral. The Indians bore the restraint with an ill grace, but said nothing. At length, in the summer of 1812, the English unadvisedly took possession of Grand Island, in the Niagara River, a valuable territory of the Senecas. This was too much for the pride of such men as Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother. A council was called immediately—the American agent was summoned to attend—and the orator arose and thus addressed him:

"Brother!" said he, after stating the information received, "you have told us we had nothing to do with the war between you and the British. But the war has come to our doors. Our property is seized upon by the British and their Indian friends. It is necessary for us, then, to take up this business. We must defend our property; we must drive the enemy from our soil. If we sit still on our lands, and take no means of redress, the British, following the customs of you white people, *will hold them by conquest;* and you, if you conquer Canada, will claim them on the same principles, as conquered *from the British.* Brother, we wish to go with our warriors and drive off these bad people, and take possession of those lands."

The effect of this reasonable declaration, and especially of the manner in which it was made, was such as might be expected. A grand council of the Six Nations came together, and a manifesto, of which the following is a literal translation, according to Thatcher, was issued against the British in Canada, and signed by all the grand councilors of the Confederation:

"We, the chiefs and councilors of the Six Nations of Indians, residing in the State of New York, do hereby proclaim to all the war-chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, that war is declared on our part against the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Therefore, we do hereby command and advise all the war-chiefs to call forth

immediately the warriors under them, and put them in motion to protect their rights and liberties, which our brethren, the Americans, are now defending."

We regret that no speech of Red Jacket on this memorable occasion is preserved. But his eloquence, and that of his brother chiefs, must have inspired the warriors to great zeal and courage for although the declaration was made quite late in 1812, we find quite a number of them in the battle near Fort George. An official account of this action was given by General Boyd, under date of August 13. The enemy were completely routed, and a number of British Indians (Mohawks) were captured by our allies. "Those," continued the general in his report, "who participated in this contest, *particularly the Indians,* conducted with great bravery and activity. General Porter volunteered in the affair, and Major Chapin evinced his accustomed zeal and courage. The regulars under Major Cummings, as far as they were engaged, conducted well. The principal chiefs who led the warriors this day were Farmer's Brother, Red Jacket, Little Billy, Pollard, Black Snake, Johnson, Silver Heels, Captain Halftown, Major Henry 0. Ball (Cornplanter's son) and Captain Cold, who was wounded. In a council which was held with them yesterday, they covenanted not to scalp or murder, and I am happy to say that they treated the prisoners with humanity, committed no wanton cruelties on the dead, but obeyed orders, and behaved in a soldier-like manner."

Thatcher says: "We believe all the chiefs here mentioned were Senecas except Captain Cold." In his next bulletin, the General reports, "The bravery and humanity of the Indians were equally conspicuous." Another authority quoted in Nile's "Register" says, "They behaved with great gallantry and betrayed no disposition to violate the restrictions which Boyd had imposed."

"These restrictions," as Thatcher says, "it should be observed in justice to Red Jacket and his brave comrades, had been previously agreed upon at the grand council, and the former probably felt no humiliation in departing in this particular from the usual savagery of his warriors. We have met with no authentic charges against him, either of cruelty or cowardice, and it is well known that he took part in a number of sharply contested engagements."

Is not all this a complete vindication of Red Jacket's courage?

Of the boyhood of this great sachem we know nothing. Like many another he owed his celebrity to the troublous times in which he lived. The powers of the orator can only be exhibited on occasions of great interest; and the mighty intellect of Red Jacket could not have exercised itself upon theology, philosophy, or law, for the Indian was a stranger to all these things. He was, however, a natural logician, and had gifts which, in a white man, would have insured success as a lawyer. One of the first forensic efforts of the young chief was in behalf of the women of his people, who, among the Iroquois, were permitted to exert their influence in all public and important matters. And to this extent, the Six Nations of this period were more civilized than many of the *white* nations of the *twentieth century, including our own.*

In the year 1791, when Washington wished to secure the neutrality of the Six Nations, a deputation was sent to treat with them, but was not favorably received, as many of the young chiefs were for war and sided with the British. The women, as is usual, preferred peace, and argued that the land was theirs, for they cultivated and took care of it, and, therefore, had a right to speak concerning the use that should be made of its products. They demanded to be heard on this occasion, and addressed the deputation first

themselves in the following words:

"Brother:—The Great Ruler has spared us until another day to talk together; for since you came here from General Washington, you and our uncles, the sachems, have been counseling together. Moreover, your sisters, the women, have taken the same into great consideration, because you and our sachems have said so much about it. Now, that is the reason we have come to say something to you, and to tell you that the Great Ruler hath preserved you, and that you ought to hear and listen to what we women shall speak, as well as the sachems; *for we are the owners of this land,* AND IT IS OURS! It is we that plant it for our and their use. Hear us, therefore, for we speak things that concern us and our children; and you must not think hard of us while our men shall say more to you, for we have told them."

They then designated Red Jacket as their speaker, and he took up the speech of his clients as follows:

"Brothers from Pennsylvania: You that are sent from General Washington and by the thirteen fires you have been sitting side by side with us every day, and the Great Ruler has appointed us another pleasant day to meet again.

"Now, listen, brothers; you know it has been the request of our head warriors, that we are left to answer for our women who are to conclude what ought to be done by both sachems and warriors. So hear what is their conclusion. The business you come on is very troublesome, and we have been a long time considering it; and now the elder of our women have said that our sachems and warriors must *help you,* for the good of them and their children, and you tell us the Americans are strong for peace.

"Now, all that has been done for you has been done by our women; the rest will be a hard task for us; for the people at the setting sun are bad people, and you have come in too much haste for such great matters of importance. And now, brothers, you must look when it is light in the morning, until the setting sun, and you must reach your neck over the land to take in all the light you can to show the danger. And these are the words of our women to you, and the sachems and warriors who shall go with you.

"Now, brothers from Pennsylvania and from General Washington, I have told you all I was directed. Make your minds easy, and let us throw all care on the mercy of the Great Keeper, in hopes that he will assist us."

"So," as Minnie Myrtle says, "there was peace instead of war, as there would often be if the voice of women could be heard! and though the Senecas, in revising their laws and customs, have in a measure acceded to the civilized barbarism of treating the opinions of women with contempt, where their interest is equal, they still cannot sign a treaty without the consent of *two-thirds of the mothers!*"

On another occasion the women sent a message, which Red Jacket delivered for them, saying that they fully concurred in the opinion of their sachems, that the white people had been the cause of all the Indians' distresses. The white people had pressed and squeezed them together, until it gave them great pain at their hearts. One of the white women had told the Indians to repent; and they now, in turn, called on the white people to repent—they having as much need of repentance as the Indians. They, therefore, hoped the pale-faces would repent and wrong the Indians no more, but give back the lands they had taken.

At the termination of the Revolution, the Indians who were the allies of the English were left to take care of themselves as best they could. Though they had fought desperately in their own way, and inflicted every species of suffering on our people, Washington extended to them the hand of friendship and offered them protection. His kindness won him the gratitude of the Indians. He undoubtedly filled a place in their affections never occupied by any other white man, save Roger Williams, or William Penn. His influence over the Indians helps to explain the fact that in all subsequent wars the Senecas were either neutral or loyal to the Americans; proof that the "Father of His Country" was also revered by his red children.



MASSACRE AT WYOMING.

Red Jacket was one of fifty chiefs who visited President Washington at Philadelphia, then the seat of government, in 1792. While there the President presented him with a silver medal, on which Washington, in military uniform, was represented as handing a long peace-pipe to an Indian chief with a scalp lock decorated with plumes on the top of his head, while a white man was plowing with a yoke of oxen in the background. This last figure was probably intended as a hint for the Indians to abandon war and the chase, and adopt the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. On the reverse side was the eagle, and motto of our country, "*E Pluribus Unum.*" Indians prefer ornaments of silver to those of gold, for they are more becoming to their red skin. Red Jacket prized this medal very highly. He wore it on all state occasions. Nevertheless, sad to relate, it is stated that the beloved medal was more than once in pawn for whisky.

The medal in question was quite large. The exact dimensions were seven inches long, by five broad. The last heard of the medal was in 1867, when it was in possession of Brigadier-General Parker, of Grant's staff, who was at that time chief sachem of the Six Nations.

While in Philadelphia, each member of the deputation of chiefs received from General Knox, on the part of the Government, a military uniform such, as was worn by the officers, together with a cocked hat. When Red Jacket's suit was offered him he sent back word to General Knox that he could not consistently wear such a garb, as he was not a war-chief, and requested that a different suit might be given him, more suitable to his station. But when the plain suit was brought to him, he declined giving up the regimentals, coolly remarking that though as a sachem he could not wear a military uniform in time of peace, yet in time of war the sachem joined the warriors, and he would therefore keep it till war broke out, when he could assume

a military dress with propriety.

On one occasion, being invited with several of his people to dine at the home of an officer, he ate very heartily of several kinds of meat; and seeing the surprise of the host, he remarked that he belonged to the Wolf Clan, and "wolves were always fond of meat."

About the year 1790, a council was held on the shore of Lake Canandaigua to negotiate a purchase of land from the Indians. After two days spent in discussing the terms, a treaty was agreed upon, and only wanted the formality of a signature to make it complete, when Red Jacket, who had not yet been heard, arose to speak. An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "With the grace and dignity of a Roman Senator, he drew his blanket around him, and with a piercing eye surveyed the multitude. All was hushed; nothing interposed to break the silence, save the gentle rustle of the tree-tops, under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he commenced his speech in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with the subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of white men, with such bold but faithful eloquence that every auditor was soon roused to vengeance or melted into tears. The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided, the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of an Indian country, surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favorite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction. At this portentous moment, Farmer's Brother interposed. He replied not to his brother chief, but with sagacity truly

aboriginal, he caused a cessation of the council, introduced good cheer, commended the eloquence of Red Jacket, and before the meeting had reassembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary view of the question before them."

The fame of his great eloquence gained Red Jacket a powerful influence, not only in his own tribe but among all the Six Nations of Indians. "I am an orator; I was born an orator," was his boastful declaration; and to all future generations his name will descend enrolled on the list with Demosthenes and Cicero in ancient, and Pitt, Henry or Webster in modern times; and though a Pagan and belonging to a rude, uncultured race, his vices were no greater than those of men who lived all their lives under Christian influences. He strenuously opposed every effort to introduce Christianity among his people, for he could not understand how it could be so valuable or necessary, when he saw how little it influenced the conduct of white men and the wrongs they inflicted in the name of their God upon the red man. He could not make the distinction between those who possessed religion and those who merely *professed* it; and as he came in contact with very few who walked uprightly, he naturally concluded that a religion which did no more for its followers was not worth adopting. He believed the Great Spirit had formed the red and white man distinct; that they could no more be of one creed than one color; and when the wars were over and there was nothing more for them to do, he wished his people to be separated entirely from white men, and return as much as possible to their old customs.

He saw his people wasting away before the pale-faces; as he once said in a speech before a great assemblage: "We stand a small island in the bosom of the great waters. We are encircled—we are encompassed. The Evil Spirit rides upon the blast, and the waters are

disturbed. They rise, they press upon us, and the waves once settled over us, we disappear for ever. Who, then, lives to mourn us? None! What prevents our extermination? Nothing! We are mingled with the common elements."

From all accounts, the first missionaries sent among the Senecas were not very judicious, and did not take the wisest course to make their religion acceptable to any people, and especially to a wronged and outraged race. In 1805 a young missionary by the name of Cram was sent into the country of the Six Nations. A council was called to consider whether to receive him, and after he had made an introductory speech, Red Jacket made the following reply:

"Friend and Brother: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. For all these things we thank the Great Ruler, and Him *only!*

"Brother, this council-fire was kindled by you. It was, at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with joy to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and can speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and

taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed upon this island. Their numbers were small. They found us friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country on account of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them and granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison (rum) in return.

"The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

"Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeable to his mind; and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we

know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us—and not only to us, but to our forefathers—the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

"Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We, also, have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other, and be united. We never quarrel about religion, because it is a matter which concerns each man and the Great Spirit.

"Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you; we only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother, we have been told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will consider again of what you have said.

"Brother, you have now heard our talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit

will protect you on your journey, and return you safely to your friends."

According to the suggestion of their orator, the Indians moved forward to shake hands with the missionary; but he refused, saying, "There was no fellowship between the religion of God and the Devil." Yet the Indians smiled and retired peacefully.

At another time Red Jacket said, referring to this same unwise missionary: "The white people were not content with the wrongs they had done his people, but wanted to cram their doctrines down their throats."

The great chief could never be induced to look upon Christianity with favor. But it was the *pagan white people,* with whom he came in contact, who poisoned his mind, and prejudiced him against the missionaries and their religion. They, knowing that the missionaries were the true friends of the Indian, and understood their own evil machinations, wished to banish them from the reservations.

Red Jacket lost ten or eleven children by consumption, the grim destroyer of so many of all races. A lady once asked him whether he had any children living. "Red Jacket was once a great man, and in favor with the Great Spirit," sorrowfully answered the chief. "He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest; but after years of glory he degraded himself by drinking the fire-water of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches, and left standing only the scarred trunk dead at the top."

Had he hated the white men sufficiently to resist their temptations, he might have been the glory and the savior of

his people. The word which in Seneca is used to express strong drink very truly and emphatically describes it as "the mind destroyer." This was its office, and if the noble mind of Red Jacket had not been partly destroyed by its agency, he would have seen clearly through the dark plots of his enemies, and been able to counter-plot to their destruction and thus rescued his people from the grasp of their pursuers.

We find no evidence that he was addicted to any other debasing vice except intemperance, while his life exemplified many ennobling virtues. He had an intuitive perception of propriety, as was observed by an incident which occurred while a white gentleman was traveling with a party of Indian chiefs and their interpreter. Red Jacket was one of the party, but he was uniformly grave. The others were much inclined to merriment, and during an evening, when they were gathered around the fire in a log cabin, the mirth was so great and the conversation so jocular, that Red Jacket was afraid the stranger, who could not understand their language, would think himself treated with impoliteness, and infer that their sport was at his expense. He evidently enjoyed their happiness, though he took no part, but after a while he spoke to Mr. Parish, the interpreter, and requested him to repeat a few words to Mr. Hospres, which were as follows: "We have been made uncomfortable by the storm; we are now warm and comfortable; it has caused us to feel cheerful and merry; but I hope our friend who is traveling with us will not be hurt at this merriment, or suppose that we are taking advantage of his ignorance of our language to make him in any manner the subject of mirth." On being assured that no such suspicion could be entertained of the honorable men who were present, they resumed their mirth and Red Jacket his gravity.

When Lafayette visited Buffalo in 1825, among those

who thronged to pay their respects was Red Jacket. When the chief was introduced to Lafayette he said: "Do you remember being at the treaty of peace with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix?" "Yes," answered the general, "I have not forgotten that great council. By the way, what has become of that young chief who opposed so eloquently the burying of the tomahawk?" "He is before you," said Red Jacket.

"Time has worked great changes upon us both," said Lafayette, "Ah," replied the chief, "time has not been so severe upon you as it has upon me. It has left you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head; while to me—behold!" The chief pulled a handkerchief from his head and disclosed its baldness. But Lafayette did not leave him to think thus harshly of time but proved to him that the ravages had been nearly the same upon both, by removing a wig and exposing a head almost as bald as the chief's; upon which he remarked, with much pleasantry, that a scalp from some bystander would renew his youth in the same manner!

Red Jacket pretended to understand no language but his own, and entertained a great dislike for English. He would not reply to any of Lafayette's questions until his interpreter had translated them into Seneca. Levasseur states that in his conference with Lafayette, he evidently comprehended everything uttered in his presence, while he would speak only Indian; and that his former high opinion of the general seemed to be much increased by a few chance-medley Seneca words, which the latter had the good fortune to remember, and the courtesy to repeat.

Thatcher informs us that on another occasion the notorious fanatic, Jemima Wilkenson, while trying to make proselytes, invited the Senecas to a conference. This strange woman professed to be the world's Savior at his second appearance upon earth, and was then living in fine

style in the western part of New York State with her dupes. Red Jacket attended the council with his people and listened patiently to the end of a long address. Most of it he probably understood, but instead of replying to her argument in detail, he laid the axe at the root of her authority. Having risen very gravely and spoken a few words in Seneca, he noticed her inquire what he was talking about? "Ha!" He exclaimed with an arch look —"she inspired—she Jesus Christ—and not know *indian?*" The solidity of her pretensions was at once decided adversely, in the minds of at least the heathen part of her audience.



CORN PLANTER, OR KI-ON-TWOG-KY,

SENECA CHIEF.

After McKenna & Hall's copy of original.

See page 241.

The gifted sachem on one occasion used the following figurative language, in speaking of the enchroachments of the white people:

"We first knew you a feeble plant which wanted a little earth whereon to grow. We gave it you and afterward, when we could have trod you under our feet, we watered and protected you; and now you have grown to be a mighty tree, whose top reaches the clouds, and whose branches overspread the whole land, whilst we, who were the tall pine of the forest, have become a feeble plant and need your protection.

"When you first came here, you clung around our knee and called us *father;* we took you by the hand and called you brothers. You have grown greater than we, so that we can no longer reach up to your hand; but we wish to cling around your knee and be called your children." Is not this at once beautiful and pathetic?

But Sa-go-ye-wat-ha could be sarcastic, as well as pathetic; in fact he ran the whole gamut, and was deficient in nothing essential to eloquence.

Minnie Myrtle, in her book. "The Iroquois," relates the following incident:

"A young French nobleman visited Buffalo on one occasion, and having heard much of the fame of Red Jacket, sent him word that he wished to see him, and invited him to come the next day. Red Jacket received the message, and affected great contempt, saying: 'Tell the *young man* if he wishes to visit the old chief he will find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him, and Red Jacket will be glad to see him.' The count sent back word that he had taken a long journey and was fatigued; that he had come all the way from

France to see the great orator of the Seneca nation, and hoped he would not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. 'Tell him,' said the sarcastic chief, 'that, having come so far to see me, it is strange he should stop within seven miles of my lodge.' So the young Frenchman was obliged to seek him in his wigwam; after which he consented to dine with the count at Buffalo, and was pronounced by him a greater wonder than Niagara Falls itself."

On another occasion he was visited by a gentleman who talked incessantly and to little purpose, and who would go very near the person he was addressing and chatter about as intelligibly as a magpie. Red Jacket, receiving the message that a stranger wished to see him, dressed himself with great care, and came forth in all his dignity. One glance of his keen eye was sufficient for him to understand the character of his guest, and listening a few moments with contempt in all his features, he then went close to him and exclaimed, "Cha! cha! cha!" as fast as he could speak, and turned on his heel to his own cabin "as straight as an Indian," nor deigned to look behind him while in sight of the house occupied by the loquacious stranger, who stood for once speechless!

Like other great orators, he had his full share of vanity. He was fully aware of his importance, and disposed to make others aware of it. Colonel Pickering was often employed by the government to negotiate treaties, and would take down the speeches on the occasion in writing. At one time, when Red Jacket was the orator, he thought he would note the words of the interpreter whilst the chief was himself speaking. He immediately paused, and on being requested to proceed, said, "No, not whilst you hold down your head." "Why can you not speak whilst I write?" "Because, if you look me in the eye, you can tell whether I tell you the truth."

At another time he turned his head to speak to a third person, when Red Jacket very haughtily rebuked him, saying, "When a Seneca speaks he ought to be listened to with attention from one end of this great island to the other."

When he returned from Philadelphia, he was in the habit of using his oratorical powers to embellish the manner of his reception, and would collect around him the chiefs and people of his nation, and, dressed in his uniform, with the cocked hat under his arm, would personify the President, and bow to all present as if they were the company in the great saloon, imitating the manners and gestures of the original with true grace and dignity, and then entertain his audience with the compliments and attentions which had been bestowed upon him.

When invited to dine or be present at any social function among white people, he conformed with wonderful tact to the customs to which he was a stranger, never manifesting any surprise or asking any questions till he could consult some friend whose ridicule he did not fear. He once told a gentleman that when he dined with President Washington, a man ran off with his knife and fork every now and then and returned with others. "Now," said Red Jacket, "what was that for?"

The gentleman told him that there were a great many kinds of dishes, each cooked in a different manner, and that the plates, knives and forks were changed every time a new dish was brought on.

"Ah," said Red Jacket thoughtfully, "is that it? You must then suppose that the plates and knives and forks retain the taste of the cookery?" "Yes."

"Have you then," demanded the chief, "any method by which you can change your palates every time you change your plate? For I think the taste would remain on the palate longer than it would on the plate."

"We are in the habit of washing that away by drinking wine," answered the gentleman.

"Ah," said Red Jacket, "now I understand it. I was persuaded that so general a custom among you must be founded in reason, and I only regret that when I was in Philadelphia I did not understand it. The moment the man went off with my plate I would have drunk wine until he brought me another; for although I am fond of eating, I am more so of drinking."

Red Jacket was extremely fond of sugar. He was once at the table of Captain Jones, the interpreter. Mrs. Jones handed him his coffee without sugar, for a joke.

"My son," said the chief, looking at the captain severely, "do you allow your squaw thus to trifle with your father?" The children giggled. "And do you allow your children to make sport of their chief?" added Red Jacket. Apologies were made and the sugar-bowl was handed to the offended chief. He filled his cup to the brim with sugar and ate it out by the spoonful with the utmost gravity.

Eggleston informs us that, "Red Jacket could see no justice in the white man's court of law. An Indian who had broken in to a house and stolen some small article of value was indicted for burglary. Red Jacket made a long speech in court in his defense. But the Indian was sentenced to imprisonment for life, much to the orator's disgust. After the proceedings were over Red Jacket left the courthouse in company with the lawyers. Across the street was the sign of a printing-office with the arms of the State,

representing Liberty and Justice. Red Jacket stopped and pointed to the sign.

"What him call?" demanded the chief.

"Liberty," answered the bystanders.

"Ugh!" said the sachem.

"What him call?" pointing to the other figure upon the sign.

"Justice," was the answer.

"Where him live now?" inquired the chief.

Red Jacket was one day met going the opposite direction from an execution to which everybody was crowding. He was asked why he, too, did not go. "Fools enough there already. Battle is the place to see men die," he answered.

Although fond of good things, Red Jacket had a great contempt for a sensualist. When asked his opinion of a chief appropriately named Hot Bread, who was known to be indolent and gluttonous, he exclaimed, "Waugh! big man here (laying his hand upon his abdomen), but very small man here," bringing the palm of his hand with significant emphasis across his forehead.

For a long time the great chief refused to sit for his portrait, though often importuned. "When Red Jacket dies," he would say, "all that belongs to him shall die too." But at length an appeal to his vanity availed, and on being assured that his picture was wanted to hang with those of Washington and Jefferson, and other great men in the National Galleries, he consented; and having once broken his resolution, no longer resisted, and was painted by

several artists. The one by Weir is considered best, and was taken during a visit of the chief to New York, in 1828, at the request of Dr. Francis. He dressed himself with great care in the costume he thought most becoming and appropriate, decorated with his brilliant war-dress, his tomahawk, and Washington medal. He then seated himself in a large arm-chair, while around him groups of Indians were reclining upon the floor. He was more than seventy years of age at the time, but tall, erect and firm, though with many of the traces of time and dissipation upon his form and countenance. He manifested great pleasure as the outlines of the picture were filled up, and especially when his favorite medal came out in full relief; and when the picture was finished, started to his feet and clasped the hand of the artist, exclaiming, "Good! good!"

One who knew him remarks, "That his characteristics are preserved to admiration, and his majestic front exhibits an attitude surpassing every other I have ever seen of the human skull."

Mr. Stone, in his "Life of Red Jacket," gives an account of an interview between that chief and Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, which took place at the residence of General Porter, Black Rock, New York, in 1821.

General Porter's wife was a sister to Dr. Breckenridge, and he was visiting them at the time. Several chiefs, including Red Jacket, were invited to dine with the general and meet his kinsmen.

"On the appointed day," wrote Dr. Breckenridge, "they made their appearance in due form, headed by Red Jacket, to the number of eight or ten besides himself. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt, with blue leggings, a red jacket and a girdle of red about his waist. I have seldom seen a more

dignified or noble looking body of men than the entire group.

"After the introduction was over, and the object of their invitation stated, Red Jacket turned to me familiarly and asked: 'What are you? You say you are not a government agent; are you a gambler (meaning a land speculator), or a black-coat (clergyman), or what are you?'

"I answered, 'I am yet too young a man to engage in any profession; but I hope some of these days to be a black-coat.'

"He lifted up his hands, accompanied by his eyes, in a most expressive way; and though not a word was uttered, every one fully understood that he very distinctly expressed the sentiment, 'What a fool!' I commanded my countenance and seeming not to have observed him, proceeded to tell him something of our colleges and other institutions."

It was during this interview that the objects of speculators were so explained to him that he understood their evil designs; and the true nature of the missionary enterprise was made clear to his comprehension, so that his enmity was never afterward so bitter. When assured that by the course he was pursuing, he was doing more than any one else to break up and drive away his people, and that the effect of the teachings of the missionaries was to preserve them, he grasped the hand of the speaker and said: "If this is so it is new to me, and I will lay it up in my mind," pointing to his noble forehead, "and talk of it to the chiefs and the people."

Dr. Breckenridge continues: "Red Jacket was about sixty years old at this time, and had a weather-beaten look, which age, and more than all, intemperance, had produced;

but his general appearance was striking, and his face noble. His lofty and capacious forehead, his piercing black eye, his gently curved lips, fine cheek and slightly aquiline nose —all marked a great man; and as sustained and expressed by his dignified air, made a deep impression on all who saw him. All these features became doubly expressive, when his mind and body were set in motion by the effort of speaking—if effort that may be called which flowed like a stream from his lips. I saw him in the wane of life, and heard him only in private, and through a stupid and careless interpreter. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he was one of the greatest and most eloquent orators I ever knew. His cadence was measured, and yet very musical; and when excited he would spring to his feet, elevate his head, expand his arms and utter with indescribable effect of manner and tone, some of his noblest thoughts."

General Porter speaks of him as a man endowed with great intellectual powers, and who, as an orator, was not only unsurpassed, but unequaled by any of his contemporaries. Although those who were ignorant of his language could not fully appreciate the force and beauty of his speeches, when received through the medium of an interpreter—generally coarse and clumsy—yet such was the peculiar gracefulness of his person, attitudes and action, and the mellow tones of his Seneca dialect, and such the astonishing effects produced on that part of the auditory who did fully understand him, and whose souls appeared to be engrossed and borne away by the orator, that he was listened to by all with perfect delight. His figures were frequently so sublime, so apposite and so beautiful that the interpreter often said the English language was not rich enough to allow of doing him justice.

Another gentleman says: "It is evident that the best

translations of Indian speeches must fail to express the beauty and sublimity of the originals—especially of such an original as Red Jacket. It has been my good fortune to hear him a few times, but only in late years, when his powers were enfeebled by age and intemperance; but I shall never forget the impression made on me the first time I saw him in council. The English language has no figures to convey the true meaning of the original, but though coming through the medium of an illiterate interpreter, I saw the dismembered parts of a splendid oration."

Through the machinations of his great rival, Cornplanter, Red Jacket was once accused of being a wizard, and actually tried for witchcraft. Very likely he was accused of spitting fire at night or some other wizard's performance. At any rate Red Jacket arose and made his own defense. Eggleston says: "For three hours he spoke with the most wonderful eloquence, moving the Indians in spite of themselves. They were divided. A bare majority was in favor of Red Jacket and his life was saved." We question whether his life was actually in any danger, even had the decision gone against him, for the reason that Red Jacket had a great many white friends, and they would certainly have interfered in his behalf, as they did in the case of other Indians of less prominence accused of witchcraft at the same time.

Near the close of his life Red Jacket was formally deposed by twenty-six chiefs of his tribe. This was due partly to the jealousy of rival chiefs, but mainly because of his opposition to the Christian party, and on account of his intemperate habits.

But Red Jacket was not yet prepared to submit patiently to such degradation, especially when he knew so well the true motives of those who effected it. Nor was he by any means so much under the control of his bad habits

as not to feel occasionally, perhaps generally, both the consciousness of his power and the sting of shame. "It shall not be said of me" thought the old orator, with a gleam of a fiery soul in his eye—"It shall not be said that Sa-go-ye-wat-ha lived in insignificance and died in dishonor. Am I too feeble to avenge myself of my enemies? Am I not as I have been?" In fine, he roused himself to a great effort. Representations were made to the neighboring tribes—for he knew too well the hopelessness of a movement confined to his own—and only a month had elapsed since his deposition, when a grand council of the chiefs of the Six Nations assembled together at the upper council-house of the Seneca village reservation.

The document of the Christian party was read, and then Half-Town rose, and, in behalf of the Seneca Indians, said there was but one voice in his nation, among the common people, and that was of general indignation at contumely cast on so great a man as Red Jacket. Several other chiefs addressed the council to the same, effect. The condemned orator rose slowly, as if grieved and humiliated, but yet with his ancient air of command.



ADOLPH KNOCK AND FAMILY,

SIOUX.

Courtesy of Field Museum.

"My Brothers," he said after a solemn pause, "you have this day been correctly informed of an attempt to make me sit down and throw off the authority of a chief, by twenty-six misguided chiefs of my nation. You have heard the statements of my associates in council, and their explanations of the foolish charges brought against me. I have taken the legal and proper way to meet these charges. It is the only way in which I could notice them. Charges which I despise, and which nothing would induce me to notice but the concern which many respected chiefs of my nation feel in the character of their aged comrade. Were it otherwise, I should not be before you. I would fold my arms and sit quietly under these ridiculous slanders.

"The Christian party have not even proceeded legally, according to our usages, to put me down. Ah! it grieves my heart, when I look around me and see the situation of my people—in old-time united and powerful, now divided and feeble. I feel sorry for my nation. When I am gone to the other world—when the Great Spirit calls me away—who among my people can take my place? Many years have I guided the nation."

Here he introduced some artful observations on the origin of the attack upon him. He then alluded to the course taken by the Christians, as ruinous and disgraceful, especially in their abandonment of the religion of their fathers, and their sacrifices, for paltry considerations, of the land given them by the Great Spirit. As for the "Black-Coats," Mr. Calhoun had told him at Washington, four years before, that the Indians must treat with them as they thought proper; the Government would not interfere. "I will not consent," he concluded, sagaciously identifying his disgrace with his opposition to the Christians, "I will not consent silently to be trampled under foot. As long as I can raise my voice, I will oppose such measures. As long as I can stand in my moccasins, I will do all that I can for

my nation." It is scarcely necessary to add that the result of the conference was the triumphant restoration of the orator to his former rank.

In a council which was held with the Senecas by General Tompkins, of New York, a discussion arose concerning some point in a treaty made several years before. The agent stated one thing and Red Jacket another, insisting that he was correct. He was answered that it was written on paper, in the record of that treaty, and must be so.

"The paper then tells a lie," said the orator, "for I have it written here (placing his hand upon his brow). You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers, but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here this is the book the Great Spirit has given him and it does not lie." On consulting the documents more particularly, it was found that the Indian record was, *indeed, the most correct!*

Red Jacket's early youth was spent in the beautiful valley of the Genesee; there were his favorite hunting grounds, and there his memory loved to linger. During the strife of wars and the more bitter strife of treaties, he had indulged very little in his favorite pastime; and when a day of comparative quiet came, he, in company with a friend, took his gun and went forth to enjoy one more hunt in this favored region. They had gone but a short distance, however, when a clearing opened before them. With a contemptuous sneer, the old man turned aside and wandered in another direction. In a little while he came to another, and looking over a fence, he saw a white man holding a plow, which was turning up the earth in dark furrows over a large field. Again he turned sadly away, and plunged deeper in the forest, but soon another open field presented itself and though he had been all his life

oppressed with the woes of his people, he now for the first time sat down and wept. There was no longer any hope—they had wasted away.

A gentleman who knew Red Jacket intimately for half a century, says: "He was the most graceful public speaker I ever heard. His stature was above the middle size; his eyes fine, and expressive of the intellect which gave them fire; he was fluent without being too rapid; and dignified and stately, without rigidity. When he arose, he would turn toward the Indians and ask their attention to what he was about to say in behalf of the Commissioner of the United States. He would then turn toward the Commissioner, and with a slight but dignified inclination of the head, proceed."

Red Jacket visited the Atlantic cities repeatedly, and for the last time as late as the spring of 1829. He was, on these occasions, and especially on the latter, the object of no little curiosity and attention. He enjoyed both, and was particularly careful to demean himself in a manner suited to the dignity of his rank and reputation.

One of the Boston papers contained the following mention of his visit to that city: "Red Jacket.—This celebrated Indian chief, who has recently attracted so much attention at New York and the Southern cities, has arrived in this city, and has accepted an invitation of the Superintendent to visit the New England Museum this evening, March 21, in his full Indian costume, attended by Captain Johnson, his interpreter, by whom those who wish it can be introduced and hold conversation with him."

Boston, then as now, was nothing if not literary, and a poetical friend does him but justice in thus alluding to his Washington medal, his forest costume and the stately carriage which the chieftain still gallantly sustained:

"Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten
That medal pale, as diamonds, the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore, in the dance at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine.

"Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather.
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood.
As Rob Roy's tartans for the highland heather.
Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

"Is strength a monarch's merit?—like a whaler's—
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors—
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

"Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower

"With look like patient Job's eschewing evil
With motions graceful as a bird's in air
Thou art in truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair!

"That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas tree;

And in thy wrath a nursing cat o' mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared to thee!

"And underneath that face, like summer's oceans —
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear—
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

"Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter;
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
Hatred of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

"Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions and thy throne."

This poet is not the only civilized authority who noticed that Red Jacket possessed personal attractions which greatly aided his forensic success, for one of the most distinguished public men of the State of New York was wont to say that the chieftain reminded him strongly of the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, in his best estate, and that these two were the only orators of nature he had ever heard or seen.

In the last stanza quoted is an allusion to the melancholy domestic circumstances of the subject of them. He had been—according to Thatcher—the father of

thirteen children, during his lifetime, and had buried them all.

Some time after this visit to the Atlantic cities, he was invited to the launching of a schooner which was named after him. He christened the vessel with a short speech.

"You have a great name given to you," said he, addressing the ship, "strive to deserve it. Be brave and daring. Go boldly into the great lakes and fear neither the swift wind nor the strong waves. Be not frightened nor overcome by them, for it is in resisting storms and tempest that I, whose name you bear, obtained my renown. Let my great example inspire you to courage and lead you to glory."

Of the domestic character and habits of the great Indian orator we know, of course, very little. It has not been the custom of civilized or Christian people to relate much concerning the home life of eminent Indians.

We know, however, that Red Jacket separated from his first wife after she had become the mother of several children, and that her infidelity was the alleged cause. The repugnance which he ever afterward manifested toward her is in accordance with his known moral purity of character.

Red Jacket married a second wife. She was the widow of a chief named Two Guns, and a woman of fine face and bearing. She became interested in Christianity, and thought of joining the church; whereupon Red Jacket was enraged. He said that they had lived happily together, but that now if she joined the party to which her husband was opposed, he would leave her. His wife, however, joined the church, and Red Jacket immediately left her and went to the other reservation.

But he was not happy separated from those he loved, and those he left were not happy without him. He missed the caresses of the children, and especially the youngest daughter, of whom he was very fond. Through the agency of this little girl a reconciliation was effected. He even promised that he would never again interfere with his wife's religious privileges, and to his credit be it said, he kept the promise.

The great orator was suddenly taken ill of cholera morbus in the council house, where he had gone that day dressed with more than ordinary care, with all his gay apparel and ornaments. When he returned he said to his wife, "I am sick; I could not stay till the council had finished. I shall never recover." He then took off all his rich costume and laid it carefully away; reclined himself upon his couch and did not rise again till morning, or speak except to answer some slight question. His wife prepared him medicine which he patiently took, but said, "It will do no good. I shall die." The next day he called her to him, and requested her and the little girl he loved so much, to sit beside him, and listen to his parting words.

"I am going to die," he said. "I shall never leave the house again alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me. You have loved me. You have always prepared my food and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry I ever treated you unkindly. I am sorry I left you, because of your new religion, and I am convinced that it is a good religion and has made you a better woman, and wish you to persevere in it. I should like to have lived a little longer for your sake. I meant to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my daughter will remember what I have often told her—not to go in the streets with strangers or improper persons. She must stay with her mother, and grow up a respectable woman.

"When I am dead it will be noised abroad through all the world—they will hear of it across the great waters, and say, 'Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead.' And white men will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress put on my leggings and my moccasins, and hang the cross which I have worn so long, around my neck, and let it lie upon my bosom. Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with Pagan rites. I wish the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion if you choose. Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise among *pale-faces.* I wish to be surrounded by red men. Do not make a feast according to the customs of the Indians. Whenever my friends chose, they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have never eaten with me in my cabin to surfeit at my funeral feast."

When he had finished, he laid himself again upon the couch and did not rise again. He lived several days, but was most of the time in a stupor, or else delirious. He often asked for Mr. Harris, the missionary, and afterward would unconsciously mutter—"I do not hate him—he thinks I hate him, but I do not. I would not hurt him." The missionary was sent for repeatedly, but he did not return till the chieftain was dead. When the messenger told him Mr. Harris had not come, he replied, "Very well. The Great Spirit will order it as he sees best, whether I have an opportunity to speak with him." Again he would murmur, "He accused me of being a snake, and trying to bite somebody. This was very true, and I wish to repent and make satisfaction."

Whether it was Mr. Harris that he referred to all the time he was talking in this way could not be ascertained, as

he did not seem to comprehend if any direct question was put to him, but from his remarks, and his known enmity to him, this was the natural supposition.

The cross which he wore was a very rich one, of stones set in gold, and very large; it was given to him, but by whom his friends never knew. This was all the ornament which he requested should be buried with him.

It certainly was very remarkable that Red Jacket, after a life of sworn enmity to Christianity, should be so influenced by the unobtrusive example of his Christian wife, as to abjure Pagan rites and request Christian burial. But such was undoubtedly the case, as we are informed by Minnie Myrtle, who spent much time among the Iroquois, especially the Senecas, and got her information concerning "the closing scene" from the sachem's favorite stepdaughter.

The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke parting words or gave a parting blessing; but as his last hour drew nigh, his family all gathered around him, and mournful it was to think that the children were not his own—his were all sleeping in the little churchyard where he was soon to be laid—they were his stepchildren—the children of his favorite wife. It has been somewhere stated that his first wife died before him, but this is a mistake; she was living at the time of his death.

His last words were still, "Where is the missionary?" He then clasped the little girl, whom he loved so devotedly, to his bosom; while she sobbed in anguish her ears caught his hurried breathing—his arms relaxed their hold—she looked up, and he was gone. There was mourning in the household, and there was mourning among the people. The orator, the great man of whom they were still proud, while they lamented his degeneracy, was

gone. He had been a true though mistaken friend, and who would take his place?

All his requests were complied with strictly. The funeral took place in the little mission church, with appropriate but most simple ceremonies. In these the Pagans took but little interest. Wrapped in profound and solemn thought, they, however, waited patiently their termination. Some of them then arose, and successively addressed their countrymen in their own language. They recounted the exploits and the virtues of him whose remains they were now about to bear to his last home. They remembered his own prophetic appeal—"Who shall take my place among my people?" They thought of the ancient glory of their nation, and they looked around them on its miserable remnant. The contrast made their hearts sick, and tears trickled down their cheeks. Well might they weep! The strong warrior's arm was mouldering into dust, and the eye of the gifted orator was cold and motionless forever.

The last council he attended he recommended to both parties among his people, the Christian and Pagan, that they should resolve to quarrel no more, but each man believe according, to his own way. In his last public speech to his people he said: "I am about to leave you, and when I am gone, and my warning shall no longer be heard or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I have none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age can not come; but my heart fails me when I think of my people, who are so soon to be

scattered and forgotten."



RED JACKET PRESENTING A BUCK TO THE DELEGATION FROM PHILADELPHIA.

In less than nine years after his death "the craft and avarice of the white man" had prevailed, as he predicted, and "every foot of the ancient inheritance of the Senecas was ceded to the white man, in exchange for a tract west of the Mississippi." Through the intervention of the Friends, however, this calamity was averted, and for the first and only time, the Indians recovered their land after it had been fraudulently obtained.

Red Jacket was buried in the little mission burying ground, at the gateway of what was once an old fort.

A simple stone was erected to mark his grave, and the spot became a resort for travelers from far and near.

The following inscription was cut on his tombstone:

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA,

THE KEEPER AWAKE.
RED JACKET,
CHIEF OF THE
WOLF TRIBE OF THE SENECAS.
Died, Jan. 20, 1830.
Aged, 78 years.

His headstone was desecrated by relic-hunting vandals, until his name disappeared from the marble.

Some among those who knew and honored him, wished to remove his remains to the new cemetery at Buffalo. They even caused him to be disinterred and placed in a leaden coffin, preparatory to a second burial. But ere their desire was accomplished, his family had heard of what they considered the terrible sacrilege, and

immediately demanded that he should be given up. They had removed from the Buffalo to the Cattaraugus reservation, and therefore did not wish to bury him again in the mission churchyard, so they brought his precious dust to their own dwelling, where for many years it remained unburied. They almost felt as if he would rise up to curse them, if they allowed him to lie side by side with those he so cordially hated. He did not wish to rise with pale-faces, whom he considered the despoilers of his people, nor to mingle his red dust with that of his white foes.

Recently a splendid monument, surmounted by a statue of the great Seneca orator, has been erected in the beautiful city of Buffalo.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE TURTLE, OR MICHIKINIQUA. WAR-CHIEF OF THE MIAMIS, AND CONQUEROR OF HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR.

Judged from his success on the field of battle and his sagacity in council, Little Turtle deserves to rank among the four greatest American Indians, the other three being Pontiac, Tecumseh and Chief Joseph. Indeed, when it is remembered that "nothing succeeds like success," and that

he alone of all the Indian commanders had three victories to his credit (for the defeat of the whites at Blue Lick, in Kentucky, is also conceded to him), he might be regarded as in some respects the greatest American Indian.

Little Turtle was thought to have been born on the banks of the Miami River, in Ohio, about the year 1747. He was the son of a Miami chief, but his mother was a Mohegan woman, probably captured in war and adopted into the tribe. As the Indian maxim in relation to descents is generally the same with that of our obsolete civil law in relation to slaves, that the condition of the offspring follows the condition of the mother. {FN} Little Turtle had no advantage whatever from his father's rank. He, however, became a chief at an early age, for his extraordinary talents attracted the notice of his countrymen in boyhood.

{FN} "Partus sequitur ventrum."

His first services worthy of mention were those of a young warrior in the ranks of his tribe. Here the soundness of his judgment and his skill and bravery in battle soon made him chief, and finally bore him on to a commanding influence, not only in his own nation, but among all the neighboring tribes.

Notwithstanding his name, Little Turtle was at this time at least six feet tall; strong, muscular and remarkably dignified in his manner, though of a somewhat morose countenance and apparently very crafty and subtle. As a warrior he was fearless, but not rash; shrewd to plan, bold and energetic to execute—no peril could daunt and no emergency could surprise him. Politically he was the first follower of Pontiac, and the latest model of Tecumseh. He indulged in much the same gloomy apprehension that the

whites would over top and finally uproot his race; and he sought much the same combination of the Indian nations to prevent it.

Long after the conclusion of the peace of 1783, the British retained possession of several posts within our ceded limits on the north, which were rallying-points for the Indians hostile to the American cause, and where they were supplied and subsisted to a considerable extent, while they continued to wage that war with us, which their civilized ally no longer maintained. The infant Government made strenuous exertions to pacify all these tribes. With some they succeeded, but the Indians of the Miami and Wabash would consent to no terms. They were strong in domestic combination, besides receiving encouragement from across the Canadian border.

Little Turtle, ably assisted by Blue Jacket, head chief of the Shawnees of this period, and Buckongahelas, who led the Delawares, formed a confederation of the Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Shawnees, Delawares and Miamis, and parts of several other tribes.

These were substantially the same tribes who had thirty years before been united under Pontiac, and formed an exact precedent for the combination of Tecumseh and his brother at Tippecanoe some years after, as will be seen.

On September 13, 1791—all attempts to conciliate the hostile tribes, who were now ravaging the frontiers, having been abandoned—General Harmar, under the direction of the Federal Government, marched against them from Fort Washington, where Cincinnati now stands, with three hundred and twenty regulars, who were soon after joined by a body of militia, making the whole force about fifteen hundred men.

When they reached the Miami villages they were found deserted by the Indians. The army burned them, destroyed the standing corn, and then encamped on the ground. An Indian trail being discovered soon after, Hardin, with one hundred and fifty militia, properly officered, and thirty regulars, commanded by Captain Armstrong, was sent in pursuit.

In a prairie at the distance of six miles, the Indians had formed an ambush on each side of their own trail, where they were concealed among the bushes and long grass. All unsuspicious of danger the troops followed the trail, but were no sooner involved within the snare laid for them than the enemy poured in a heavy fire from both sides. Greatly to the mortification of their colonel, the militia broke ranks at once and fled, deserting the regulars, who stood firm till nearly all of them were killed.

The Indians remained on the field, and during the night held a dance of victory over their dead and dying enemies. To this ceremony Captain Armstrong was a constrained and unwilling witness, being sunk to his neck in mud and water, within a hundred yards of the scene.

The life of Ensign Hartshorn was also saved by his having accidentally fallen over a log hidden among the weeds and grass. During the night both these officers eluded the notice of their enemies, and reached camp before sunrise.

Apparently disheartened by the result of this skirmish, Harmar broke up his camp in a day or two afterward and retreated nearer the settlements. On the second day of the march, when about ten miles from the ruined villages, the general ordered a halt, and sent Colonel Hardin back to the main town with some sixty regulars and three hundred militia. Hardin had no sooner reached the point to which

he had been ordered, than a small body of Indians appeared on the ground. After receiving the fire of the militia, the savages broke into separate parties, and by seeming to fly, as if panic-stricken, encouraged the militia to follow in pursuit. The stratagem was successful. The militia had no sooner disappeared in chase of the fugitives, than the regulars, thus left alone, were suddenly assaulted by large numbers of the foe, who had hitherto remained in concealment.

The Indians precipitated themselves upon the sixty regulars under Major Willis, but were received with the most inflexible determination. The Indian war-whoop, so appalling even to the bravest hearts, was heard in cool, inflexible silence. The whirling of the tomahawk was met by the thrust of the bayonet.

Nothing could exceed the intrepidity of the savages on this occasion. The militia they appeared to despise, and with all the undauntedness conceivable threw down their guns and rushed upon the bayonets of the regular soldiers. Quite a few of them fell, but being far superior in numbers the regulars were soon overpowered; for, while the poor soldier had his bayonet in one Indian two more would sink their tomahawks in his head. The defeat of the troops was complete, the dead and wounded were left on the field of action in possession of the savages.

In the meantime, the militia came straggling in from their vain and hopeless pursuit, and the struggle was renewed for a time, but when they realized that the regulars had been almost annihilated during their absence, they lost heart and retreated.

Of the regulars engaged in this most sanguinary battle only ten escaped back to the camp, while the militia, under Hardin, lost ninety-eight in killed and ten others wounded.

After this unfortunate repulse, Harmar retired without attempting anything further. The conduct of Harmar and Hardin did not escape severe criticism and censure, not, it would seem, without cause.

Of the eleven hundred or more men under the command of Harmar in this expedition, there were three hundred and twenty regulars and seven hundred and eighty militia. But he sent only thirty regulars and one hundred and fifty militia to the first engagement, and only sixty regulars and three hundred militia to the second.

Why was it he always sent the raw recruits to find and attack the Indians and kept the best soldiers idle in the camp? Was it to insure his own safety, by having a strong guard always present?

Again, it is noticed that, in both cases, instead of advancing himself with the main body, he sent Colonel Hardin to lead the forlorn hope. He was always ready to give the command, "Go!" but in his lexicon there was no such word as "Come!" Consequently the word "fail" was written so plain that "he who runs might read." Colonel Hardin, for his part, displayed great courage, and but little skill as an Indian fighter, as he was ambushed and out-generaled on both occasions. In fact, the only generalship shown in this campaign was that evinced by the Indian commander, who was none other than the hero of this sketch, Little Turtle.

General Harmar, deeply chagrined, returned to Fort Washington. He and Hardin both demanded a court-martial; the latter was unanimously and honorably acquitted. Harmar was also acquitted, but immediately afterward resigned his commission.

Elated by their success, the Indians continued their

depredations with greater audacity than ever, and the situation of the frontiers became truly alarming.

The early movements of the newly organized Federal Government were difficult and embarrassing. With a view, however, to the defense of the northern and western frontiers, an act was passed by Congress for increasing the army; St. Clair, the Governor of the Northwestern territories, received a commission as major-general, and steps were taken for raising the new regiment and the levies, the command of which was to be given to General Butler.

Washington, who was President at this time, had been deeply chagrined by the mortifying disasters of General Harmar's expedition against the Miamis, resulting from Indian ambushes. In taking leave, therefore, of his old military comrade, St. Clair, he wished him success and honor, and added this solemn warning: "You have your instructions from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it—*Beware of a surprise!"* With these warning words sounding in his ear, fresh with Washington's awful emphasis, St. Clair started to the front to assume command.

"Old men for council, young men for war," is a good maxim which was not regarded at this time. St. Clair was not only old and infirm, but weak and sick with an attack of gout, and at times almost helpless. Moreover, he had been very unfortunate in his military career in the Revolutionary War. Neither he nor the second in command, Maj.-Gen. Richard Butler, possessed any of the qualities of leadership save courage. The whole burden fell on the adjutant-general, Colonel Winthrop Sargent, an old Revolutionary veteran, without whom the expedition would probably have failed in ignominy even before the

Indians were reached, and he showed courage and ability of a high order; yet in planning for battle he was unable to remedy to the blunders of his superiors.

Napoleon is quoted as saying. "Better an army of deer led on by a lion than an army of lions led on by a deer," In the light of subsequent events, this was much like an army of deer led on by a deer.

The troops were, for the most part, of wretched stuff. St. Clair was particularly unpopular in Kentucky, and no volunteers could be found to serve under him. The militia of Kentucky had been called on, and about one thousand reluctantly furnished by draft; but as they were all unfavorable to the commander-in-chief, many desertions took place daily. They seemed to think that the only possible outcome of this expedition was defeat.

St. Clair made his headquarters at Fort Hamilton, now Hamilton, Ohio, about twenty-five miles northward of Fort Washington, or Cincinnati.



LITTLE TURTLE, OR MICH-I-KIN-I-QUA,

MIAMI WAR-CHIEF, CONQUEROR OF HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

The season was already advanced before St. Clair took the field. The whole force of regulars and levies able to march from Fort Washington did not much exceed two thousand men. Desertion reduced the number to about fourteen hundred before they had advanced far into the hostile territory. Continuing the march, however, on the 3d of November he encamped on a piece of commanding ground, within fifteen miles of the Miami villages. An interval of only seventy paces was left between the two wings of the army. The right was in some degree protected by a creek with a steep bank; the left by cavalry and pickets. Colonel Oldham, who commanded the remains of the Kentucky levies, was sent across the creek and took a position on the first rising ground beyond it, about a quarter of a mile distant. Indians were seen during the afternoon and evening, skulking about the camp, and were fired at by the sentinels, yet neither St. Clair nor Butler took any adequate measures to ward off the impending blow, or prevent a surprise. Indeed, they did not expect to be attacked.

Meantime the Indians were holding a grand war council. The plan of attack was decided, and the order and rank of the various tribes settled, and positions assigned them. The Wyandots stretched to the west; the Delawares were stationed next to them; the Senecas third in order, while the other tribes and bands took similar positions on the other side. The Turtle, acting as commander-in-chief, superintended and stimulated the whole, but headed no particular detachment; the arm of the warrior was to do much, but the eye and voice of the chieftain much more. Nothing happened during the night to alarm the Americans, and the noise and stir of the outskirts in the early part of the evening gradually subsided. All at length was silent, and it might well be supposed, as it probably was, that the enemy had taken advantage of the darkness of

the night to make good a precipitate retreat, or that their whole force as yet consisted only of a few scouting and scalping parties. But they were soon undeceived.

On the morning of November 4, the militia were violently attacked between dawn and sunrise by a large body of Indians, who, with terrific yells, poured in a volley of musketry along the entire length of the picket line. Never was surprise more complete. The ranks of the militia were thrown into confusion at once by the fury of the onset, the heavy firing, and the appalling whoops and yells of the throngs of painted savages.

After a brief resistance they broke and fled in wild panic to the camp of the regulars, among whom they rushed like frightened sheep, spreading confusion and demoralization.

The troops sprang to arms as soon as they heard the firing at the picket line, and their volleys checked the onrush of the savages but only for a moment. The plumed warriors divided and filed off to either side, as if at the command of their leader, completely surrounding the camp, killing the pickets and advancing close to the main lines.

The battle was now fiercely contested on both sides, but it was almost a hopeless struggle for the Americans from the beginning, as it was impossible for the gunners to hit an enemy they could not see, as they crept from tree to tree, and log to log. The soldiers stood in close order in the center, where their ranks were steadily thinned by the rapid fire or hurtling tomahawk of the Indians.

The Indians fought with great courage and ferocity, and slaughtered the bewildered soldiers like sheep, as they vainly fired through the dense smoke into the surrounding

woods.

The best description of this battle we have seen is given in Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," volume IV, chapter 1, in which he says: "The officers behaved very well, cheering and encouraging their men: but they were the special targets of the Indians, and fell rapidly. St. Clair and Butler, by their cool fearlessness in the hour of extreme peril, made some amends for their shortcomings as commanders. They walked up and down the lines from flank to flank, passing and repassing each other; for the two lines of battle were facing outward, and each general was busy trying to keep his wing from falling back. St. Clair's clothes were pierced by eight bullets, but he was himself untouched. He wore a blanket coat with a hood; he had a long queue, and his thick gray hair flowed from under his three-cornered hat; a lock of his hair was carried off by a bullet. Several times he headed the charges, sword in hand. General Butler had his arm broken early in the fight, but he continued to walk to and fro along the line, his coat off and the wounded arm in a sling. Another bullet struck him in the side, inflicting a mortal wound; and he was carried to the middle of the camp, where he sat propped up by knapsacks. Men and horses were falling around him at every moment. St. Clair sent an aide, Lieut. Ebenezer Denny, to ask how he was; he displayed no anxiety, and answered that he felt well. While speaking, a young cadet, who stood near by, was hit on the knee-cap by a spent ball, and at the shock cried aloud; whereat the general laughed so that his wounded side shook. The aide left him and there is no further certain record of his fate except that he was slain; but it is said that in one of the Indian rushes a warrior bounded toward him and sunk the tomahawk in his brain before any one could interfere.

"Instead of being awed by the bellowing artillery, the Indians made the gunners a special object of attack. Man

after man was picked off, until every officer was killed but one, who was wounded; and most of the privates were slain or disabled. The artillery was thus almost silenced, and the Indians, emboldened by success, swarmed forward and seized the guns, while at the same time a part of the left wing of the army began to shrink back. But the Indians were now on comparatively open ground, where the regulars could see them and get at them; and under St. Clair's own leadership the troops rushed fiercely at the savages, with fixed bayonets, and drove them back to cover. By this time the confusion and disorder were great; while from every hollow and grass patch, from behind every stump and tree and fallen log, the Indians continued their fire. Again and again the officers led forward the troops in bayonet charges; and at first the men followed them with a will. Each charge seemed for a moment to be successful, the Indians rising in swarms and running in headlong flight from the bayonets. In one of these charges Colonel Darke's battalion drove the Indians several hundred yards, across the branch of the Wabash; but when the colonel halted and rallied his men, he found the savages had closed in behind him, and he had to fight his way back, while the foe he had been chasing at once turned and harrassed his rear. He was himself wounded, and lost most of his command. On reentering camp he found the Indians again in possession of the artillery and baggage, from which they were again driven; they had already scalped the slain, who lay about the guns. Major Thomas Butler had his thigh broken by a bullet; but continued on horseback in command of his battalion until the end of the fight. The only regular regiment present lost every officer killed or wounded. The commander of the Kentucky militia, Colonel Oldham, was killed early in the action, while trying to rally his men and berating them for cowards.

"The charging troops could accomplish nothing permanent. The men were too clumsy and ill-trained in forest warfare to overtake their fleet, half-naked antagonists. The latter never received the shock; but though they fled they were nothing daunted, for they turned the instant the battalion did and followed firing, and, indeed, were only visible when raised by a charge.

"The Indian attack was relentless, and could neither be avoided, parried nor met by counter assault. For two hours the soldiers kept up a slowly lessening resistance; but by degrees their hearts failed. In vain the officers tried, by encouragement, by jeers, and even blows, to drive them back to the fight. They were unnerved.

"There was but one thing to do. If possible the remnant of the army must be saved, and it could only be done by instant flight, even at the cost of abandoning the wounded. The broad road by which the army had advanced was the only line of retreat. The artillery had already been spiked and abandoned. Most of the horses had been killed, but a few were still left, and on one of these St. Clair mounted. He gathered together those fragments of the different battalions which contained the few men who still kept heart and head, and ordered them to charge and regain the road from which the savages had cut them off. Repeated orders were necessary before some of the men could be roused from their stupor sufficiently to follow the charging party; and they were only induced to move when told that it was a retreat.

"Colonel Darke and a few officers placed themselves at the head of the column, the coolest and boldest men drew up behind them, and they fell on the Indians with such fury as to force them back well beyond the road. This made an opening through which the rest of the troops pressed 'like a drove of bullocks.'" {FN}

{FN} Van Cleve's Journal.

"The Indians were surprised by the vigor of the charge and puzzled as to its object. They opened out on both sides and half the soldiers had gone through before they tired more than a chance shot or two. They then fell on the rear and began a hot pursuit. St. Clair sent his aide, Denny, to the front to try to keep order, but neither he nor any one else could check the flight. Major Clark tried to rally his battalion to cover the retreat, but he was killed and the effort abandoned."

As soon as the men realized that in flight there lay some hope of safety they broke into a stampede which soon became uncontrollable. Even St. Clair admitted in his dispatches that this retreat "was a precipitate one, in fact, a flight." Most of the militia threw away their arms and accoutrements, and in their headlong flight the weak and wounded, and even some of the women who were with the army, were knocked down and ruthlessly trampled by the terrified men.

The pursuit continued about four miles, when the Indian commander, Little Turtle, restrained his dusky warriors, saying they had killed enough and should now divide the spoils. The natural greediness of the savage appetite for plunder made the red men willing to obey this command, otherwise hardly a man would have escaped.

General St. Clair tried to stay behind and stem the torrent of fugitives, but failed utterly, being swept along in the mad stampede. He now attempted to ride to the front to rally the troops, but the clumsy pack-horse which he rode could not be pricked out of a walk. The flight continued from half-past nine until after sunset, when the routed troops reached Fort Jefferson, some thirty miles distant,

completely exhausted.

One day's hurried flight had carried them over a space which covered a fortnight's advance. Here they met the detached regiment, three hundred strong, which had been sent by St. Clair after the deserters. Leaving their wounded at Fort Jefferson, the retreat was continued until the half-armed rabble reached Fort Washington and the log huts of the infant city of Cincinnati. {FN}

{FN} Washington was called "the Cincinnati of the West." Hence it was an easy and natural change from Fort Washington to Cincinnati.

The loss in this disastrous expedition amounted to upward of nine hundred men, including fifty-nine officers. Of these six hundred and thirty were killed, and two hundred and eighty wounded. Only one or two were taken prisoners, as the savages killed every one who fell into their hands. It is said that the influence of Little Turtle prevented any captives being tortured, but he could not prevent one case of cannibalism.

In Brickell's Narrative it is stated that the savage Chippewas from the far-off North devoured one of the slain soldiers, {FN} probably in a spirit of ferocious bravado; the other tribes expressed horror at the deed.

{FN} In our investigations we have found several cases of cannibalism, but they have always been Canadian Indians, especially the tribes living near lakes Huron and Superior. We believe it was not common.

St. Clair's defeat, with the possible exception of that of Braddock, was the most complete and overwhelming in the annals of Indian warfare. He and his apologists always claimed that he was overpowered by numbers; but as no English historian makes the Indians more numerous than

the Americans, some credit must be given to them upon other grounds than the pretext of numerical superiority. Indeed, their attack was conducted with astonishing intrepidity. After the first volley of firearms, they fought every inch of the field hand to hand, with their tomahawks.

The Indians were rich in spoil. They got horses, cattle, tents, guns, axes, powder, bullets, clothing, blankets and a supply of provisions—in short, everything they needed.

Thatcher is responsible for the statement that "an American officer, who encountered a party of thirty Indians near the battle-ground, a day or two after the defeat, and was detained by them till they were made to believe him a friend to their cause, from Canada, was informed that the number of the Indians engaged in the battle was twelve hundred, of whom the larger portion were Miamis, besides half-breeds and renegades, including among the latter the notorious Simon Girty." This officer was also informed that the number killed on the Indian side was fifty-six.

These savages were returning home with their share of the plunder. One of them had a hundred and twenty-seven American scalps, strung on a pole, and the rest were laden with various other articles of different values. They had also three pack-horses, carrying as many kegs of wine and spirits as could be piled on their backs. {FN}

{FN} Perhaps this last statement tends to explain the easy victory of the Indians.

When the remnant of the shattered army reached Fort Washington, St. Clair dispatched his aide, the ever ready Lieut. Ebenezer Denny, to carry the news to Philadelphia, the national capital.

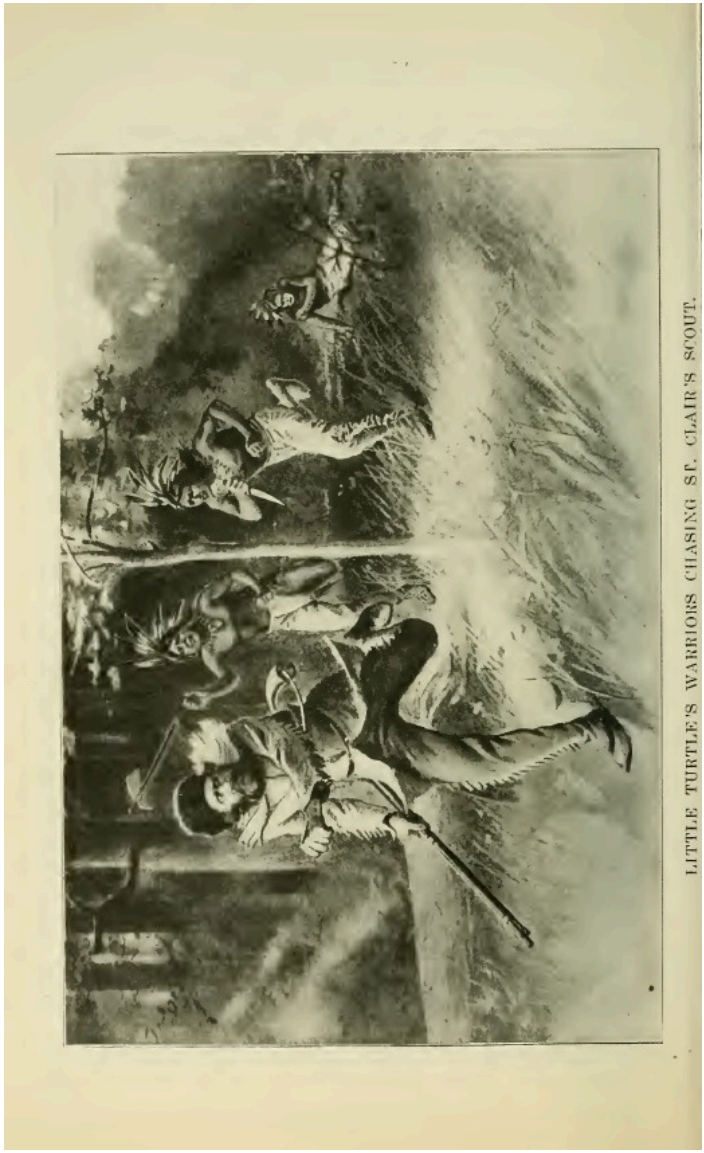
The manner in which the news of this disaster affected Washington is thus described by Mr. Rush. Said he, "Mr. Lear (the President's private secretary) saw a storm was gathering. In the agony of his emotion he (Washington) struck his clenched hands with fearful force against his forehead, and in a paroxysm of anguish exclaimed: 'It's all over! St. Clair's defeated—routed; the officers nearly all killed—the men by wholesale—that brave army cut to pieces—the rout complete! Too shocking to think of—and a *surprise* in the bargain!' He uttered all this with great vehemence. Then he paused and walked about the room several times, agitated, but saying nothing. Near the door he stopped short and stood still a few seconds; then turning to the secretary, who stood amazed at the spectacle of Washington in all his wrath, he again broke forth:

"'*Yes, sir. Here, in this very room, on this very spot,* I took leave of him: I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' I said, 'from the Secretary of War: I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—beware of a *surprise!* I repeat it—beware of a *surprise!* You know how the Indians fight us. He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! 0. God! 0. God! He's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!'"

This torrent came out in tone appalling. His very frame shook. "It was awful!" said Mr. Lear. "More than once he threw his hands up as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair." Mr. Lear remained speechless—awed into breathless silence. Presently the roused chief sat down on the sofa once more. He seemed conscious of his passion, and uncomfortable. He was silent; his wrath began to

subside. He at length said, in an altered voice: "This must not go beyond this room." Another pause followed—a longer one—when he said in a tone quite low, "General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches—saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice; yes, long, faithful and meritorious services have their claims."

Washington was now perfectly calm. Half an hour had gone by; the storm of indignation and passion was over, and no sign of it was afterward seen in his conduct or heard in his conversation. His wrath on this occasion was perhaps never before aroused to so great a degree, except when he confronted Lee, when the latter was retreating at the battle of Monmouth.



LITTLE TURTLE'S WARRIORS CHASING ST. CLAIR'S SCOUT.

The effect of this terrible disaster was at once encouraging to Little Turtle and his formidable confederation, and correspondingly depressing to the youthful government and the settlers of the Northwest Territory, where Indian depredations increased alarmingly.

Congress soon took the necessary steps to raise and equip another army, and tendered the command to Gen. Anthony Wayne, commonly called "Mad Anthony" because of his intrepid courage and energy. General Wayne accepted the command on condition that sufficient time be allotted him to thoroughly drill his raw recruits. Wayne proved to be the right man for the place and fully sustained the reputation he had won at Stony Point and other battles of the Revolution. He soon had his militia under such perfect discipline that they were ready and anxious to meet the enemy.

Perhaps no man in the country was better qualified to meet the emergencies of an Indian warfare in the woods. Thatcher says, "The Indians were themselves, indeed, sensible of this fact, and the mere intelligence of his approach had its effect on their spirits. They universally called him the 'Black Snake,' from the superior cunning which they ascribed to him; and even allowed him the credit of being a fair match for Buckongahelas, Blue Jacket or the Turtle himself."

Wayne prosecuted the decisive campaign of 1794 with a spirit which justified the estimate of his enemy, although, owing to the difficulties of transporting stores and provisions through a wilderness, which at that time could not be traversed by wagons, he was unable to commence operations until near midsummer. He had already in the fall of the previous season erected Fort Recovery, on the site of St. Clair's defeat; and early in August, he raised a fortification at the confluence of the

Au-Glaize and Miami, which he named Fort Defiance. His whole force was now nearly two thousand regulars, exclusive of eleven hundred mounted Kentucky militia, under General Scott. Here he had expected to surprise the neighboring villages of the enemy; and the more effectually to insure the success of his *coup-de-main,* he had not only advanced thus far by an obscure and very difficult route, but taken pains to clear out two roads from Greenville in that direction, in order to attract and divert the attention of the Indians, while he marched by neither. But his generalship proved of no avail. The Turtle and his warriors kept too vigilant an eye on the foe they were now awaiting, to be easily surprised, even had not their movements been quickened, as they were, by the information of an American deserter.

On the 12th of the month the General learned from some of the Indians taken prisoners, that their main body occupied a camp near the British fort at the rapids of the Miami. But he now resolved before approaching them much nearer to try the effect of one more proposal of peace. He had in his army a man named Miller, who had long been a captive with some of the tribes, and spoke their language, and he selected him for the hazardous undertaking.

Miller did not want to go; he believed the Indians were determined on war, and that they would not respect a flag of truce, but would probably kill him. General Wayne, however, assured Miller that he would hold the eight prisoners then in his custody as pledges for his safety, and that he might take with him any escort he desired. Thus encouraged, the soldier consented to go with the message; and to attend him, he selected from the prisoners one of the men and a squaw. With these he left camp at 4 P. M. on the 13th, and at daybreak next morning arrived at the tents of the hostile chiefs, which were near together, and known

by his attendants, without being discovered. He immediately displayed his white flag and proclaimed himself "a messenger with a peace talk." Instantly he was assailed on all sides, with a hideous yell, while some of the Indians shouted, "Kill the runner! Kill the spy!" But when he addressed them in their own language and explained to them his real character, they suspended the blow, and took him into custody. He showed and explained the general's letter, not omitting the positive assurance that if they did not send the bearer back to him by the 16th of the month, he would at sunset on that day cause every Indian in his camp to be put to death.

Miller was closely confined and a council called by the chiefs. On the 15th he was liberated, and furnished with an answer to General Wayne, which was "that if he waited where he was for ten days, and then sent Miller for them, they would treat with him; but that if he advanced, they would give him battle." The general's impatience had prevented his waiting the return of his minister. Miller came up with the army on the 16th, however, and delivered the answer; to which he added, that "from the manner in which the Indians were dressed and painted, and the constant arrival of parties, it was his opinion they had determined on war and only wanted time to muster their whole force." {FN}

{FN} Marshall.

This intelligence caused Wayne to rapidly continue his march down the Maumee.

Meantime the red men, through their runners, had full knowledge of his movements. During the night preceding the battle of Fallen Timbers, the chiefs of the different tribes of the confederation held a council, and it was

proposed by some to go up and attack General Wayne in his encampment. The proposition was opposed, and it was determined to wait until the next day and fight the battle on ground of their own selection, in front of the British fort. Little Turtle, more wise than the other chiefs, disapproved of this plan, while Blue Jacket was warmly in favor of it. The former disliked the idea of fighting Wayne under present circumstances, and was even inclined to make peace. Schoolcraft informs us that, in his speech in the council, he said, "We have beaten the enemy twice, under separate commanders. We can not expect the same good fortune to always attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. The night and the day are alike to him; and during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace." On this he was reproached by one of the chiefs with cowardice, and that ended the conference. Stung to the quick by a reproach which he felt he never merited; he would have laid the reviler dead at his feet; but his was not the bravery of an assassin. He took his post at the head of the Miamis when the battle was fought, determined to do his duty; and that event proved that he had formed a very correct estimate of the ability of General Wayne.

Having been reinforced by sixteen hundred Kentuckians, under the brave general, Charles Scott, Wayne's army now numbered about four thousand men, and he was ready for battle. He used every caution while in the Indian's country, and invariably went into camp about the middle of the afternoon, in a hollow square, which was inclosed by a rampart of logs. He was well aware that hundreds of eyes were watching his every movement from tree and bush, and he was determined never to be

surprised.

The battle of Fallen Timbers, so called because at this place a large number of forest trees had been blown down by a tornado, was fought August 20, 1794.

The Indians took this position because it would give them favorable, covert for their mode of warfare, and prevent the successful use of cavalry. Moreover, it was practically under the guns of the British fort, on the Maumee, from whence the Indians doubtless expected aid. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for nearly two miles at right angles with the river.

A selected battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was ordered to keep sufficiently in advance so as to give timely warning for the troops to form for action. After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received the fire of the enemy, who were secreted in the high grass and behind bushes, and fell back to the main army. The legion was immediately formed into two lines and ordered to charge with trailed arms and rouse the Indians from their coverts with point of bayonet, and when up to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to reload. The cavalry was ordered to make a wide circuit and attack the Indians after they were driven from their position. But so impetuous was the charge of the well-trained infantry, they had the red men routed and in full retreat before the cavalry could head them off. The Indians were driven in the course of an hour several miles through the thick woods by less than half their numbers.

The panic-stricken savages were chased with great slaughter to the very walls of the British fort of Maumee,

the commander of which had promised, in case of defeat, to open the gates and give them protection. But he probably had no real intention of doing so; certain it is, the gates remained closed while scores of Indians were cut down without mercy by the "Long Knives," {FN} even while huddled about the gates clamoring for admission. Thus it was that this fort, instead of being a place of refuge, became a delusion and a snare, and a veritable death trap to the routed Indians.

{FN} The name "Long Knives" had been given by the Indians to the American soldiers before this battle, but it was now revived as the Kentucky cavalry, who did much of the slaughter, were all armed with long swords.

General Wayne, in his official report, gave his killed as thirty-eight, and his wounded, one hundred and one. The loss of the Indians' could not be definitely ascertained, but, inasmuch as they had two thousand warriors engaged, it must have been great.

The formidable confederation of tribes was so completely crushed, they did not recover from the effects of it for twenty years. After destroying all the cornfields of the Indians for miles around, and laying waste all their towns, Wayne gave the savages to understand that their alternative was peace or destruction.

Seeing only starvation confronting them, and knowing, from sad experience, the folly of expecting aid from the British or Canadians, the Indians determined to make a treaty with Wayne in the summer of 1795. This was ratified at Greenville, Ohio, August 7. Red men were present to the number of eleven hundred and thirty, including a full delegation from every hostile tribe. By the conditions of this treaty the Indians solemnly covenanted to keep the peace, and agreed to cede to our Government a

vast tract of land lying in the present States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

The Government in its turn agreed to pay the tribes annuities aggregating nine thousand five hundred dollars, and acknowledge the Indian title to the remaining territories, probably with the usual mental reservation, until such time as the white men wanted to settle on it. In addition to this, all prisoners on both sides were to be restored.

Dawson, in his memoirs of General Harrison (who was educated in General Wayne's family), has given some interesting reminiscences respecting the conclusion of this peace. He states that Little Turtle took a decided part against the giving up of the large tract of country which General Wayne required on the part of the United States. This circumstance, however, was not unfavorable to the attainment of the object, as it was evident there was a violent jealousy of the Turtle among most of the Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies, so that they invariably opposed everything which he advocated. And as they and their friends constituted the majority of the council the Turtle was always in the minority. The superiority of his mind was conspicuous not only in their company, but in his deportment in the society of white people. All the chiefs were invited, in their turns, to the general's table, and on these occasions the most of them showed themselves still savages. But the Turtle seemed to readily adopt the ways of civilization, and, in comparison with his brother chiefs, was quite a gentleman.

After the peace was concluded, the Turtle settled upon Eel River, about twenty miles from Fort Wayne, where the Americans erected for him a comfortable house. He frequently visited the seat of government, both at Philadelphia and Washington. His taste for civilized life

being observed, the Indian agents were desired by the Government to furnish him with every reasonable accommodation for his comfortable subsistence, hoping that the example might prove beneficial in their exertions to civilize the other Indians.

Thatcher informs us that, "These indulgences, however, entirely destroyed, for a time at least, the Turtle's influence among the savages; for some envied his good fortune and others suspected his honesty. Being perfectly sensible of this, and not a little chagrined by it, we may fairly presume that he made various attempts to recover his popularity. This was probably the secret of his opposition to the interests of the United States, on more occasions than one, where it was not altogether indispensable. But we certainly need not deny him on that account the credit of real patriotism, which he manifested at all times. The truth is that in some indifferent cases, when he might have yielded to the demands of the American authorities without disgrace, he opposed them chiefly for the sake of retaining or regaining his influence with his countrymen."

Schoolcraft, who speaks of Little Turtle in very complimentary terms, gives him the credit of doing at least as much as any other Indian in America "to abolish the rites of human sacrifice." By this he means the torture of prisoners, especially burning them at the stake. In this he is undoubtedly right, for the Turtle uniformly enjoyed the reputation of being as humane as he was brave. No prisoner was ever reserved for torture by his warriors.

Nor was this the only case in which he acted the part of a reformer, so much needed among his countrymen. He was the first chief to originate an efficient system of measures for the suppression of intemperance among his people. And never was a similar system so loudly called for, for the condition of his people was truly deplorable.

The Turtle was no less mortified than incensed by these abuses. He saw his countrymen destroyed, and destroying each other, every day in peace, and no tribe was more besotted than the Eel River Miamis; and he saw hundreds of them in war, at one time, surprised and massacred in their cups without resistance, like sheep assailed by wolves, on the very ground still red and wet with his victories. Possibly chagrin was as strong a motive with him as philanthropy. But, however that might be, he devoted himself with his usual energy to the correction of the evil. In 1802, or 1803, he went before the Legislature of Kentucky, attended by his friend and interpreter, Captain Wells, {FN} and made his appeal to them in person. A committee was appointed to consider the subject, and we believe a law was passed to prevent the sale of whisky to the Indians, as he desired. He also visited the Legislature of Ohio, and made a highly animated address. His description of the Indian traders was drawn from life, when he said, "They stripped the poor Indian of skins, gun, blanket, everything—while his squaw and the children dependent on him lay starving and shivering in his wigwam." Thatcher informs us that nothing came of this eloquent speech except the empty honor of addressing that august body.

{FN} This Captain William Wells, when a lad, was captured with four others while hunting near Louisville, Kentucky. The Indians conveyed them to Indiana. Afterward Wells was taken to a village of the Miamis in Ohio, and, on being adopted into the tribe became a brother-in-law to Little Turtle. He afterward left the Indians to become one of Wayne's scouts, and was killed at the Fort Dearborn massacre in 1812. He left a family of half breed children, and for him Wells street, Chicago, is named.

Little Turtle seems to have been an all-round reformer. He it was who first introduced the practice of inoculation for the prevention of smallpox among the

Indians—a scourge second only to whisky, as we learn from the European (London) Magazine, of April, 1802. The article was compiled from American papers, and made this statement: "Last winter, there was a grand embassy of Indians to the President and Congress at Washington. Little Turtle was the head warrior. The President had supplied them with plows, spinning-wheels, etc., and to crown all he explained to them how the Great Spirit had made a donation to the white men—first to one in England (Dr. Jenner), and then to one in America (Dr. Waterhouse, of Boston)—of a means of preventing the smallpox. Such a confidence had the copper-colored King in the words of his 'Father,' that he submitted to be inoculated, together with the rest of the warriors. It further appears that he took a quantity of the vaccine matter home with him, which he probably administered in person not long afterward fifteen more of his tribe visited the seat of government in pursuit of the same remedy."



OURAY,

LATE PRINCIPAL CHIEF OF THE UTES.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

We shall conclude our sketch of this eminent chief with a few anecdotes preserved by Mr. Dawson:

"What distinguished him most," says that writer, "was his ardent desire to be informed of all that relates to our institutions; and he seemed to possess a mind capable of understanding and valuing the advantages of civilized life, in a degree far superior to any other Indian of his time. During the frequent visits which he made to the seat of government, he examined everything he saw with an inquisitive eye, and never failed to embrace every opportunity to acquire information by inquiring of those with whom he could take that liberty.

"Upon his return from Philadelphia, in 1797, he visited Governor Harrison, at that time a captain in the army, and commander at Fort Washington. He told the captain he had seen many things, which he wished to have explained, but said he was afraid of giving offense by asking too many questions. 'My friend here,' said he, meaning Captain Wells, the interpreter, 'being about as ignorant as myself, could give me but little satisfaction.' He then desired the captain to inform him how our Government was formed, and what particular powers and duties were exercised by the two houses of Congress, by the President, the Secretaries, etc. Being satisfied on this subject, he told the captain he had become acquainted with a great warrior while in Philadelphia, in whose fate he was much interested and whose history he wished to learn. This was no other than the immortal Kosciusko; he had arrived at Philadelphia a short time before, and hearing that a celebrated Indian chief was in the city, he sent for him. They were mutually pleased with each other, and the

Turtle's visits were often repeated. When he went to take his final leave of the wounded patriot, the latter presented Little Turtle with an elegant pair of pistols, and a splendid robe, made of sea otter's skin, worth several hundred dollars.

"The Turtle now told his host that he wished very much to know in what wars his friend had received those grievous wounds which had rendered him so crippled and infirm. The captain showed him, upon a map of Europe, the situation of Poland, and explained to him the usurpations of its territory by the neighboring powers—the exertions of Kosciusko to free his country from this foreign yoke—his first victories, and his final defeat and captivity. While he was describing the last unsuccessful battle of Kosciusko, the Turtle seemed scarcely able to contain himself. At the conclusion he traversed the room with great agitation, violently flourished the pipe tomahawk which he had been smoking, and exclaimed, 'Let that woman take care of herself'—meaning the Empress Catharine—'this may yet be a dangerous man!'

"The captain explained to the Turtle some anecdotes respecting the Empress and her favorites, one of whom—the King of Poland—had at first been by her elevated to the throne and afterward driven from it. He was much astonished to find that men, and particularly warriors, would submit to a woman. He said that perhaps if his friend Kosciusko had been a portly, handsome man, he might have had better success with her majesty of all the Russias, and might by means of a love-intrigue have obtained that independence for his country, to which his skill and valor in the field had been found unequal.

"The Turtle was fond of joking, and was possessed of considerable talent for repartee. In the year 1797 he lodged in a house in Philadelphia, in which was an Irish

gentleman of considerable wit, who became much attached to the Indian and frequently amused himself in drawing out his wit by good-humored jests. The Turtle and this gentleman were at that time both sitting for their portraits —the former by order of the President of the United States, the picture to be hung up in the war-office—to the celebrated Stewart. The two meeting one morning in the painter's studio, the Turtle appeared to be rather more thoughtful than usual. The Irishman rallied him upon it, and affected to construe it into an acknowledgment of his superiority in the jocular contest. 'He mistakes,' said the Turtle to the interpreter, 'I was just thinking of proposing to this man, to paint us both on one board, and here I would stand face to face with him, and berate him to all eternity.'"

Little Turtle opposed the designs of Tecumseh and the Prophet, from the time of their first appearance on the political stage, and it was owing to his influence that very little was effected by them among the Miamis, as well as other tribes, for a long time. Had he lived through the war of 1812, he would undoubtedly have exerted himself more energetically for the American interest than ever before. The following communication indicates the part he was prepared to take, subsequent to the battle of Tippecanoe. The "witness" probably acted as amanuensis:

"Fort Wayne, 25th Jan., 1812.

Governor Harrison:

"My friend,—I have been requested by my nation to speak to you, and obey their request with pleasure, because I believe their situation requires all the aid I can afford them.

"When your speech by Mr. Dubois was received by the Miamis, they answered it, and I made known to you their opinion at that time.

"Your letter to William Wells, of the 23d November last, has been explained to the Miamis and Eel River tribes of Indians.

"My friend, although neither of these tribes have had anything to do with the late unfortunate affair which happened on the Wabash, still they all rejoice to hear you say, that if those foolish Indians which were engaged in that action would return to their several homes and remain quiet, that they would be pardoned, and again received by the President as his children. We believe there is none of them that will be so foolish as not to accept of this friendly offer; whilst, at the same time, I assure you, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to prevail on them to accept it.

"All the Prophet's followers have left him (with the exception of two camps of his own tribe); Tecumseh has just joined him with eight men only. No danger can be apprehended from them at present. Our eyes will be constantly kept on them, and should they attempt to gather strength again, we will do all in our power to prevent it, and at the same time give you immediate information of their intentions.

"We are sorry that the peace and friendship which has so long existed between the red and white people, could not be preserved, without the loss of so many good men as fell on both sides in the late action on the Wabash; but we are satisfied that it will be the means of making that peace which ought to exist between us more respected, both by the red and the white people.

"We have been lately told by different Indians from

that quarter, that you wished the Indians from this country to visit you; this they will do with pleasure when you give them information of it in writing.

"My friend, the clouds appear to be rising in a different quarter, which threatens to turn our light into darkness. To prevent this, it may require the united efforts of us all. We hope that none of us will be found to shrink from the storm that threatens to burst upon our nations.

"Your friend.

"(X) Mischecanocquah, {FN} or Little Turtle,
For the Miami and Eel River tribes of Indians.
Witness, Wm. Turner, Surgeon's Mate, U. S. Army.
I certify that the above is a true translation.
Wm. Wells."

{FN} Written also Michikiniqua

We thus find that the Turtle's sympathies were with the Americans in the war of 1812, which was about to burst forth in all its fury. But he was not destined to be an active participant in the stirring scenes that succeeded.

He died while on a visit to the commandant at Fort Wayne, July 14, 1812, deeply deplored by the whites as well as his own people.

His last disease, according to the report of the army surgeon, was gout, and from it he was a great sufferer, but he endured it "with the characteristic composure of his race." He died on the turf of his open camp and was buried by his friend, the commandant, with honors of war.

He was said to be sixty-five years of age by those who

had the opportunity of learning the fact from himself. That account would make him forty-five at the time of his great victory over St. Clair; and about thirty at the breaking out of the American Revolution, during which he no doubt laid the foundation of his fame. It is known that the Miamis gave as much trouble during that period as any other tribe on the continent ever did in as few years, and the Turtle was then their rising young chief.

There is one other story of Little Turtle which is too good to omit. When the celebrated French traveler, Volney, made the acquaintance of the Turtle he asked what prevented him from living among the whites, and if he were not more comfortable in Philadelphia than upon the banks of the Wabash? To which he replied, "Taking all things together, you have the advantage over us; but here I am deaf and dumb. I do not talk your language; I can neither hear nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets, I see every person in his shop employed about something, one makes shoes, and another hats, a third sells cloth, and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, 'which of all these things can you do?' Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game and go to war; but none of these are of any use here. To learn what is done here would require a long time. Old age comes on. I should be a piece of furniture, useless to my nation, useless to the whites and useless to myself. I must return to my own country."

Savage and heathen as he was, because of his environment, he always had an intense longing for better conditions for himself and people; which goes to prove that Little Turtle was one of nature's noblemen.

CHAPTER X.

TECUMSEH, OR "THE SHOOTING STAR." FAMOUS SHAWNEE WAR-CHIEF— ORGANIZER OF SECOND GREAT INDIAN CONFEDERATION AND GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE WAR OF 1812.

Judged from whatever standpoint you will, the subject of this sketch was certainly one of the greatest, if not the very greatest American Indian.

The name Tecumseh means "The Shooting Star," and it was very appropriate, and seems to have been prophetical of his meteoric career and brilliant genius, to say nothing of his numerous journeys to distant tribes, which were accomplished with incredible speed.

This great chief was born at the old Indian town of Piqua, Ohio, on the Mad River, in 1768.

His father, a Shawnee chief named Puckeshinwan, was killed in the battle of Kanawha, in 1774.

His mother was thought to have been a Creek or Cherokee. Her name was Methoataske, and she is said to have been a comely, intelligent and very respectable woman.

There is a story that he and his brother, Elskwatawa, the Prophet, were twins, and even that a third brother, Kumshaka, were the offspring of the same mother at the same birth, though, according to one account, the Prophet and a twin brother were some years younger than

Tecumseh. Eggleston is of the opinion that the Prophet and a twin brother were born in 1771.

We hear little or nothing of Kumshaka, and the presumption is that he died young.

There were seven children in this interesting family, two others—Cheeseekau, the oldest brother, and Menewaula-Koosee, or Tecumapease, the name given to her later in life, according to the Indian usage, to signify her relationship to the great Tecumseh—were also famous.

His father's death occurring when Tecumseh was but six years old, he was placed under the charge of his oldest brother, Cheeseekau. The latter was a brave man, of noble character. His chief occupation and care was the proper training of the young Tecumseh, who was early recognized as the hope of the family, and coming leader of his people.

"Skilled in all the games of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men
In all youthful sports and pastimes.
In all manly arts and labors."

It was this same older brother who, by constant and zealous labor, imbued his mind with a love for truth, a ready generosity, a manly courage in battle, and a dignified fortitude in suffering. He also drilled him in the art of eloquence, and wrought into his mind the idea which afterward became the inspiration of the great chieftain—that of the salvation of his people from the white man.

Tecumseh always cherished the warmest affection for his only sister, Tecumapease. She is described as being

"sensible, kind-hearted and uniformly exemplary in her conduct," and must have been an attractive person, with a commanding character, for she is known to have exercised a remarkable influence over the females of her tribe. She was married to a brave called Wasegoboah, or Stand Firm. The mutual affection between the brother and sister continued through life. She was always his favorite. The first fruits of the chase belonged to Tecumapease. The choicest presents of the white man to Tecumseh, or the best of his share of the spoils of war. became trophies for his sister.

Educated by the care of his elder brother, and cherished by the affection of a noble sister, Tecumseh grew to manhood.



TECUMSEH, OR THE SHOOTING STAR,

FAMOUS SHAWNEE WAR-CHIEF AND GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY IN WAR OF 1812.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

War was his ruling passion even in his earlier years. He soon became a recognized leader of his companions. Mimic combats and sham battles were his favorite sports. While his brother, the Prophet, remained at home engaged in idle and disreputable intrigues, Tecumseh followed the hunters in their chase and the war parties on their way to battle. The Indian warfare which raged during his earlier years made a great impression on his mind. He must have heard, around the camp-fires, the stories of the Indian conflicts of the Revolution, the genius of Brant, the murder of Cornstalk, the massacre of the Moravian Indians, as well as stories of the great Pontiac and his far-reaching confederacy. These were the things upon which his youthful imagination was nourished.

Tecumseh was only sixteen years of age when he took part in his first battle, near where the city of Dayton, Ohio, now stands. It is said that the boy took fright and fled. A similar story is told of the great Seneca chief, Red Jacket, and of Frederick the Great. But, if true, it is the only time he was ever guilty of such weakness.

Shortly after this he participated in an attack on a flatboat descending the Ohio River. At this time he fought like a young lion, completely wiping out the stain of cowardice. All the boatmen were killed but one, who was reserved for torture. Strange to say, since it could not have been an unusual occurrence, the young warrior had never before witnessed such a scene. Filled with horror, he remonstrated against the practice with such eloquence that all agreed that they would never burn another prisoner. From that time forth no prisoners were burned by any war party of which Tecumseh was a member.

When he was nineteen years of age, Tecumseh and Cheeseekau took a long journey to the South. This, the older brother believed, would tend to enlarge the

understanding of his pupil with general ideas. They traveled as far as the country of the Creeks and Cherokees, and found the latter engaged in a war with the whites.

The two brothers and their band of warriors at once enlisted in the struggle. In an attack on a certain fort Cheeseekau led the charge. Just before the attack he told his followers that in the conflict he would be shot in the forehead and killed. The premonition was verified literally, for he fell, pierced by a bullet midway between the eyes. As he fell mortally wounded upon the battlefield he exclaimed with his expiring breath, "Happy am I to thus fall in battle, and not die in a wigwam like an old squaw." The Indians, panic-stricken at the fall of their leader, as well as the fulfillment of the prophecy, fled in all directions.

After the fall of Cheeseekau the band of warriors chose Tecumseh, though the youngest of the party, as their leader. To show himself worthy of this honor Tecumseh took ten men, and going to the nearest white settlement attacked and killed all the men and took the women and children prisoners. No expedition was thought complete without Tecumseh, and his military genius won him great renown.

One night Tecumseh, with a dozen warriors, was encamped on the Alabama River. All of the men had lain down for the night except the young chief, who was dressing some meat by the fire. Suddenly the camp was attacked by thirty white men. With a shrill cry Tecumseh roused every warrior to his feet. Their leader at their head, the Indians rushed furiously toward a certain point in the circle formed by their foes. Two white men were killed outright, and the others, giving way before the impetuous charge, suffered Tecumseh and his band to break through and make their way to their boats.

After an absence from Ohio of three years, during which Tecumseh had many adventures, and visited all the Southern tribes, he returned to his people in the fall of 1790.

During his absence General Harmar had been defeated and his army cut to pieces by the Indians under the famous Miami chief, Little Turtle, and the Shawnee sachem, Blue Jacket.

He was in time, however, to take part in the defeat of General St. Clair by the Indians under Little Turtle, which was the most decisive victory ever gained by the American Indians. Tecumseh was also present at the battle of Fallen Timbers, so called because the battlefield was covered with fallen forest trees, wrecked by some tornado. It was in this battle that Mad Anthony Wayne crushed the Indian power of the Ohio Valley.

He did not attend the council of Greenville, when the treaty was made with the Indians, but remained at home in his wigwam, sullen and angry. He was at this time still quite young but a man of influence and importance in his nation, for Blue Jacket, the principal chief of the Shawnees, made haste to visit him on Deer Creek and explain the terms on which peace had been made.

He now gathered about him a band of warriors, of whom he became chief. These roving Shawnees, after moving several times, accepted an invitation from the Delawares and settled on the White River, in Indiana, in 1798. Here Tecumseh remained several years, peacefully occupied in hunting. During this time he was extending his influence among the different tribes, and adding to his band of followers.

Many incidents are related of him during his sojourn

on the White River. He was a great hunter, partly as a matter of sport, and partly because it enabled him to give the highly prized venison to the sick and poor of his tribe. One day a number of young Shawnee Warriors wagered him that each of them could kill as many deer in a three days' hunt as he. Tecumseh quietly accepted the challenge, and the hunters made their preparations that evening for a start before daylight the next morning. At the end of the three days the crowd of boasters once more assembled around the camp-fire of their village. The largest number of deerskins brought in by any one of the party was twelve. Tecumseh brought with him thirty.

A characteristic anecdote is told of him while he and a party of Indians were on a visit to Ohio in 1803. It seems that a corpulent and cowardly Kentuckian was in the territory at the time for the purpose of exploring lands on the Mad River. He lodged one night at the house of Capt. Abner Barrett, residing on the head waters of Buck Creek. In the course of the evening he learned, with apparent alarm, that there were some Indians encamped within a short distance of the house. While the conversation was going on the door opened and Tecumseh stalked in with his dignified manner. He saluted Captain Barrett, and then, observing the agitated visitor, contemplated him scornfully for a minute or two, and turning to the host, and pointing to the agitated Kentuckian, he exclaimed: "A big baby!" "A big baby!" He stepped across the room and, patting the Kentuckian on the shoulder, repeated the contemptuous remark, "A big baby! Won't hurt you!" The stout Kentuckian was greatly alarmed, and all present amused.

In the year 1805 a portion of the Shawnee nation residing on the headwaters of the Auglaize River, wishing to reassemble their scattered people, sent a deputation to Tecumseh and his party (then living on White River), and also to a body of the same tribe upon the Mississiniway,

another tributary of the Wabash, inviting them to remove and join their brethren on the Auglaize River. To this proposition both parties assented; and the two bands met at Greenville, on their way thither. There, through the influence of Laulewasikaw, or the Loud Voice, Tecumseh's brother, they concluded to establish themselves; and accordingly the project of going to the Auglaize was abandoned.

This is the first incident recorded of Laulewasikaw. The name "Loud Voice" is thought to refer to his self-assertion and boastfulness, as much as to his really stentorian voice. It is thought that Tecumseh was behind his brother in influencing the two parties to unite together at Greenville, as it increased the number of his immediate followers.

It happened about this time that an old Shawnee Indian, by the name of Penagashega, or The-Change-of-Feathers, "who had for some years been engaged in the respectable calling of a prophet," fell sick and died. As soon as the news of the old prophet's death reached Laulewasikaw he rolled his eye (he had but one) piously toward heaven and fell on his face in a trance, and continued a long time motionless and apparently without any signs of life.

He was supposed to be dead and preparations were made for his burial. All the principal men of the tribe were assembled, and they were in the act of bearing him away to his grave, when he suddenly revived and uttered these words: *"Be not alarmed—I have seen heaven. Call the tribe together, that I may reveal to them the whole of my vision."* The tribe was accordingly collected together, and he proceeded to inform them that two beautiful young men had been sent from heaven by the Great Spirit, who addressed him in the following language: "The Great Spirit

is angry with you, and will destroy all the red men, unless you abandon drunkenness, lying and stealing. If you will not do this and turn yourselves to him, you shall never enter the beautiful place which we will now show you."

He was then conducted to the gates of heaven, where he was indulged with a sight of all its glories, but not permitted to enter. After being tantalized in this manner for several hours he was ordered to return to the earth, to inform the Indians of what he had seen and urge them to repent of their vices, and they would visit him again. It was in consequence of this *vision (?)* that Elskwatawa assumed the name and functions of a prophet, and soon acquired an extraordinary celebrity. He established headquarters at Greenville and proclaimed himself a Prophet and Reformer in place of the departed Change-of-Feathers. Prophet wise, he now assumed a new name, that of Tenskwatawa, which signifies "The Open Door." This name pointed him out as a means of deliverance to his people.

He soon gathered around him a large band of adherents from the Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Chippewas and Kickapoos. To these he boldly announced that the Great Spirit, who had made the red men, was not the same who had made the white men; and that all their misfortunes was due to the fact that they had forsaken the mode of life designed for them, and imitated the manners of the whites.

In this address he harangued against witchcraft, a thing much believed in by the Indians, and said that those who practiced it or remained bewitched could not enter heaven. He next denounced drunkenness, and stated on his journey to heaven the first place he came to was the dwelling of the Devil. Here he saw all who had died drunkards, with flames of fire issuing from their mouths. He admitted that previous to this he had himself been a

drunkard, but his vision had frightened him so that he drank no more. Such was the effect of his preaching against this pernicious vice that many of his followers became alarmed and ceased to drink the "firewater," or "crazywater," as whisky was appropriately called by the Indians. He also preached earnestly against the intermarriage of whites and Indians, saying that this was one of the chief causes of their unhappiness. And yet he often boasted that his own grandparents were a noble Creek warrior, and the daughter of one of the Governors of South Carolina. But as there is not a scintilla of corroborative evidence we are forced to conclude that however truly the Prophet foretold the future, he lied about the past. The Prophet advocated a community of goods, an adjustment of things which would have well suited that indolent reformer. He also preached, what Tecumseh constantly practiced, the duty of the young to support and cherish the aged and infirm. He denounced innovations in the dress and habits of the red men, and appealed to their national pride, by boasting of the superiority of the Shawnees over other nations. He promised to his faithful adherents who would obey his injunctions all the comfort and happiness enjoyed by their ancestors, before the advent of the whites.

Finally he announced that the Great Spirit had given him power to confound his enemies, to cure all diseases, and to prevent death, either from sickness or on the battlefield.

There can be no doubt that the Prophet succeeded in deceiving himself, and was a firm believer in the methods and measures he advocated. Neither is there any doubt that Tecumseh's gradually developing schemes inspired and shaped the Prophet's plans. His was the master mind which controlled the tribes through the machinations of the Prophet.

Elskwatawa shared to some extent the great talents of his brother, but it might have been said of him: "His virtues another's, his faults were his own." He was neither courageous nor truthful, but cunning, shrewd and boastful. He equaled his famous brother in eloquence, and surpassed him in graceful manners.

Opposition was naturally made to the innovations of the new prophet by the neighboring chiefs, who felt that he sought to undermine their power. A course of fanatical persecution for witchcraft was begun, shocking in its cruelty and injustice, but only too much resembling something which occurred at Salem, among people of our own enlightened race.

The superstition of the Indians was so great that if the Prophet denounced some chief who opposed him as a wizard, a loss of reputation and perhaps of life ensued. Several Delawares were among the first victims. An old woman was denounced as a witch, and was called upon repeatedly to give up her charm and medicine-bag. She was put to the stake and burned. As she was dying, she exclaimed that her grandson, who was out hunting, had it. He was pursued and arrested. He confessed that he had borrowed the charm, and by means of it had flown through the air over Kentucky to the banks of the Mississippi and back again between twilight and bedtime. He insisted, however, that he had returned the charm to his grandmother, and was finally released.

On the following day an old chief named Teteboxti was accused of being a wizard. Knowing that his doom was fixed, the old man arrayed himself in his finest clothes and confronted the grim circle of inquisitors in the council-house. The trial was speedy. The sentence was passed. The old chief calmly assisted in the construction of his own funeral pile. Touched by his white hairs, the council

became merciful. They voted to tomahawk him and burn his body afterward. This was done. A council was held over the wife of Teteboxti and his nephew, Billy Paterson. The latter died like a Christian, singing and praying. Preparations were then made for the burning of Teteboxti's wife when her brother, a young man of twenty, suddenly started up and bravely led her by the hand out of the house. He returned to the amazed council and said "The Devil" (alluding to the Prophet), "has come among us, and we are killing each other." He then reseated himself. This seemed to break the spell and to awaken the Indians to a realization of what they were doing, and put a stop for a time to further persecution among the Delawares.

But with other tribes the witchcraft delusion continued, until Governor Harrison was justly alarmed. He knew that although the Indians had been quiet for ten years, and no ordinary leader could rouse them, yet deceived by a mask of religion, they might once more plunge the frontiers into bloody war. Moreover, his sympathies were touched by the stories of the poor wretches doomed to a horrible death by this strange delusion. Accordingly he sent the Indians an earnest letter, urging them in the name of the Seventeen Fires (States) to drive out the Prophet, and boldly asserted that the latter was a fraud. He told the Indians that the pretender could work no miracles. "Ask of him to cause the sun to stand still, the moon to alter its course, the rivers to cease to flow, or the dead to rise from their graves."

But this letter did not accomplish the end desired. For a time, it is true, the persecutions entirely ceased, but the influence of the Prophet was increased by his accepting Governor Harrison's challenge to work miracles. Hearing by chance from an educated white man that an eclipse of the sun would occur on a certain day, he boldly announced that on such a day he would cause darkness to cover the

sun. The reports of this prophecy, and the fact that he had accepted the Governor's challenge, spread abroad, and on the appointed day there was a large body of Indians, from all the neighboring tribes, assembled.

An hour before noon the Prophet, dressed with dazzling splendor, came out of his wigwam, and strode with slow and stately steps toward the center of the large circle. Extending his right arm and turning his face toward the heavens, he pronounced an unintelligible incantation. As he proceeded a disc of darkness was observed to be slowly appearing upon the edge of the sun. The eyes of the vast assemblage were turned from the Prophet toward the phenomenon. As the moments progressed the dark spot enlarged. It grew darker and darker. The multitude was thrilled with awe. Not a few believed the end of the world was at hand. The deep shadows, the darkened air, the increasing obscurity, which at sunset would have attracted no attention, occurring in the middle of the day, with the sun in high heaven, seemed portentous and awful. The Prophet alone remained calm. At the moment of total eclipse he cried out in a loud voice, "Behold! did I not prophesy truly? Darkness has come over the sun as I told you."



TECUMSEH REBUKING PROCTOR.

See page 351.

The reports of this miracle (?) gave a wonderful impulse to the fame of the Prophet. Tecumseh now appeared on the scene. He took care to lend the aid of his powerful name and influence to the Prophet by an ostentatious reverence. The latter returned the compliment by pointing out Tecumseh as the leader chosen by the Great Spirit to save the Indians. The brothers were thus a mutual benefit. The Indians were fired with fanaticism and eager for a fight under such heaven-appointed leaders.

The whites were alarmed. The ever increasing throng of savages about Tecumseh and his brother seemed ready to break out into violence. At a council in Ohio, Tecumseh made a three hours' speech. He reviewed all the treaties with the white men, and undertook to prove that all had been broken by the enemies of his people. The Indians were roused to a perfect frenzy by his fiery eloquence.

In the spring of 1808 the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos granted the two brothers and their band a tract of land on the Tippecanoe, one of the tributaries of the Wabash River in western Indiana. Here they established a village, which came to be known as the Prophet's town. They drew around them a large body of Indians from a number of tribes. The Prophet's followers now for the first time began to combine warlike sports with their religious exercises, showing that Tecumseh's genius for war was gradually predominating over the Prophet's religious fanaticism. The great plan to which Tecumseh now devoted all his genius and energies was nothing less than a mighty confederation of all the Indian tribes, to drive the white men beyond the Alleghenies.

As the great scheme took shape in his mind it became less and less that of a mere temporary alliance, such as Pontiac had sought; and more and more that of a "great and permanent confederation, an empire of red men, of which

Tecumseh should be the leader and Emperor." For about four years he traveled incessantly in the propagation of his enterprise. Now he visited the farthest extremity of Lake Superior. At another time he passed through the unknown regions beyond the Mississippi. Again he labored with the Creeks of the South, securing Red Eagle, or Weatherford, as his most illustrious convert.

In 1810 it was reported that Tecumseh controlled more than sixteen hundred warriors. The National Government became alarmed, for it was evident that the exposed settlements of Indiana were in danger.

In September, 1809, a treaty was concluded at Fort Wayne, between the Delawares, Miamis and Pottawatomies, and General Harrison, Governor of the territory and Commissioner on the part of the United States. By this treaty the Indians ceded to the Government a tract of land extending sixty miles along the Wabash above Vincennes. This was done without the advice or knowledge of Tecumseh, and neither the Prophet nor any of his followers were present during the transaction. They had no claim on the land in question, it having been in the legal possession of the Miamis time out of mind, while the Shawnees were only sojourners. The chiefs of the other tribes attended the council, and advised the cession, and the transaction was in every respect regular and equitable from the white man's stand-point. Yet Tecumseh, who had been absent during the negotiations on a mission of intrigue among the different tribes, was inflamed with anger when he returned and heard what had been done. He openly threatened to kill the chiefs who had signed the treaty, and declared his determination to prevent the land from being surveyed and occupied by the Americans. Harrison being informed of this sent Mr. Dubois to Prophet's Town to discover more fully, if possible, the designs of the brothers. The messenger was kindly

received, but nothing was accomplished. To the suggestion that he should go to Vincennes and present his complaints to the Governor, the Prophet replied, "The Great Spirit has fixed the spot for the Indian to kindle his camp-fire, and he dare not go to any other. Elskwatawa's and his brother Tecumseh's must be on the banks of the Tippecanoe, or the Great Spirit will be angry with them. Evil birds have carried false news to my father, the Governor. Let him not believe that Elskwatawa, the Prophet, wishes to make war upon him and his people." This ended the interview.

Shortly after this Governor Harrison sent Mr. Baron, with a letter to Tippecanoe. When this messenger reached the Prophet's town he was received in a very dramatic fashion. He was first conducted ceremoniously to the place where the Prophet, surrounded by a number of Indians, was seated. "The Prophet looked at me," said Mr. Baron, "for several minutes, without speaking or making any sign of recognition, although he knew me well. At last, in a tone expressive of anger and scorn, he said: 'For what purpose do you come here? Bronilette was here; he was a spy. Dubois was here; *he* was a spy. Now *you* have come; *you,* too, are a spy. There is your grave! Look on it!' The Prophet then pointed to the ground near the spot where I stood!"

From a lodge near by issued the majestic form of Tecumseh, who said in a cold and haughty tone: "Your life is in no danger. Say why you have come among us." The messenger, in reply, read the letter from Governor Harrison urging them to submit to the Government.

"I know your warriors are brave," the Governor wrote, "but ours are not less so. What can a few brave warriors do against the innumerable warriors of the Seventeen Fires? Our blue-coats are more numerous than you can count; our hunters are like the leaves of the forest,

or the grains of sand on the Wabash. Do not think that the red-coats can protect you; they are not able to protect themselves. They do not think of going to war with us. If they did, you would in a few moons see our flag wave over all the forts of Canada. What reason have you to complain of the Seventeen Fires? Have they taken anything from you? Have they ever violated the treaties made with the red men? You say they have purchased lands from those who had no right to sell them. Show that this is so and the land will be instantly restored. Show us the rightful owners. I have full power to arrange this business; but if you would rather carry your complaints before your great father at Washington, you shall be indulged."

Pleased with this letter, Tecumseh said that he would now go to Vincennes and show the Governor that he had been listening to bad men when he was told that the Indians wished to make war. He had never been to see the Governor, but remembered him as a very young man riding beside General Wayne. Thirty of his principal men, he said, would attend him, but the party would probably be larger, as many of the young men would wish to go.

Notwithstanding the request which the Governor made, on hearing this, that but few should come, four hundred descended the Wabash on the 12th of August. Painted in the most terrific manner, and armed with tomahawks, they were well prepared for war in case of an attack.

Governor Harrison had made arrangements for holding the council on the portico of his own house, {FN} and here, attended by civil and military officers, a small guard of soldiers and many citizens of Vincennes, he awaited the arrival of Tecumseh. It was the 15th of August, 1810. At the appointed hour, Tecumseh, attended by about forty warriors, made his appearance, with much dancing

and various curious incantations by the Prophet. Advancing within thirty or forty yards of the house, the chief suddenly halted, as if awaiting some movement on the part of the Governor. An interpreter was sent to invite him and his followers to the portico, but Tecumseh declined this invitation, saying that he thought a grove near by, to which he pointed as he spoke, was a more suitable place. The Governor yielded the point, chairs and benches were removed to the grove, but the Indians, according to their habit, sat upon the grass.

{FN} The old Harrison mansion is still standing at Vincennes, and was seen by the author a few years ago.

The council was opened by Tecumseh, who stated his position on the irritating question between the whites and his race. Referring to the treaty made by the Governor at Fort Wayne the previous year, he boldly declared that he was determined to fight against the cession of lands by the Indians unless assented to by *all* the tribes acting in concert.

He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the Fort Wayne treaty, and furthermore, he did not intend to let the village chiefs manage their affairs longer, but would place the power heretofore vested in them in the hands of the war-chiefs. The Americans had driven the Indians from the seacoast, and would soon drive them into the lakes; and while he disowned any intention of making war upon the United States, he asserted in the most emphatic language, that he would oppose any further intrusion of the whites upon their lands. He made a summary of the wrongs his people had suffered from the close of the Revolution to that day. It was plain that this appeal "struck fire" in the hearts of his own people, who would have followed his commands to the death.

Having finished his speech, Tecumseh turned to seat himself, when he observed that no chair had been provided for him. Governor Harrison immediately ordered one, and, as the interpreter handed it to him, he said, "Your father requests you to be seated." "My father?" said Tecumseh; "the sun is my father and the earth is my mother, on her bosom will I repose;" and drawing his blanket about him with as much dignity as a Roman Senator would his toga, he seated himself among his warriors on the ground. We challenge the world to produce a more eloquent sentence than this.

Replying to this address, Governor Harrison declared that the Indians were not one nation, having a common property in the land. The Miamis were the real owners of the tract on the Wabash, ceded by the late treaty, and the Shawnees had no business to interfere, since, on the arrival of the whites in this country, they had found the Miamis in possession of the land, the Shawnees at that time being residents of Georgia. It was absurd to contend that the Indians constituted one nation, for had such been the will of the Great Spirit, he would not have given them different languages.

The interpretation of this speech to Tecumseh threw him into a terrible rage. He sprang to his feet and began speaking in a loud and angry manner. The Governor did not understand his language, but General Gibson, who was present, did, and he remarked to the Governor: "Those fellows intend mischief you had better bring up the guard." At the same instant the whole forty warriors grasped their tomahawks, leaped to their feet and glared at the Governor. Harrison leaped to his feet and drew his sword. Capt. G. R. Floyd, of the army, who stood near him, drew a dirk, and the chief, Winnemac, a friendly Indian, cocked his pistol. The citizens present who were unarmed, seized clubs and brick-bats, while Rev. Mr. Winans, of the Methodist

Church, ran to the Governor's house, got a gun, and posted himself at the door to defend the family. During this scene, no one spoke, until the guard came running up, and appearing to be in the act of firing, the Governor ordered them not to do so. He then demanded of the interpreter an explanation of what had happened, who replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all the Governor had said was false; and that he and the Seventeen Fires (States) had cheated and imposed on the Indians.

The Governor then told Tecumseh that he was a bad man, and that he would hold no further communication with him, that as he had come to Vincennes under the protection of a council-fire, he might return in safety, but that he must immediately leave the village. Here the council terminated.

That night two companies of militia were brought into the town, and the one belonging there was made ready for the expected attack. Next morning Tecumseh sent an apology to the Governor for his hasty action. He begged another interview and declared that he did not intend to attack him, and said that certain white men were the instigators of the whole thing. In the light of subsequent events, the last statement was true, and those white men were British officers.

Governor Harrison consented to meet him again the next day, and this time Tecumseh comported himself with dignity and courtesy. In the course of the talk, the Governor asked the sachem whether he would oppose the survey of the lands. To which he replied that nothing could shake the determination of himself and followers to insist on the old boundary. When he sat down, his leading chiefs followed with the declaration that the Wyandots, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Winnebagos had entered the Shawnee league and would stand by Tecumseh

to the end.

Harrison said he would make known this decision to the President, but he was certain that the claim of Tecumseh would never be acknowledged, as the land in question was bought from the Miamis, the original owners, who alone had the right to sell.

On the following day the Governor visited Tecumseh in his camp, attended only by the interpreter, and was very politely received. A long conversation followed, in the course of which the chieftain repeated his sentiments expressed in the council. He viewed the policy of the United States, in purchasing the lands from the Indians, as a mighty flood, which, unless checked, would drown all his people. The confederacy which he had formed to prevent such sales without the consent of all the tribes was the dam he was building to resist the flood. He added that he should be reluctant to take part in a war with the Seventeen Fires, and if the Governor would induce the President to give up the lands lately purchased, and agree never to make another treaty for land without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their faithful ally, and assist them in the war, which he knew was about to take place with England; but if this was not done, he would be compelled to unite with the British, who were very anxious to enlist his warriors for allies. The Governor replied that he would make known his views to the President, but there was no hope of their being agreed to.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "as the Great Chief is to settle the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put enough sense into his head to cause him to give up the land; it is true, he is so far off he will not be injured by the war; he may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

This prophecy, it will be seen, was literally fulfilled, and the great chieftain attested that fulfillment with his blood. The Governor, as he was about to leave, proposed to Tecumseh that in the event of war between the Indians and the United States, he would use his influence to put an end to the cruel mode of warfare which the Indians were accustomed to wage upon prisoners or helpless women and children. To this he cheerfully consented; and, to his everlasting credit, it is recorded that he faithfully kept the pledge.

Tecumseh must have known that his demands would never be acceded to by the United States, for from this time forward the attitude of himself and brother became distinctively hostile. The great war-belt was sent around to the neighboring tribes, who were invited to join in a confederacy to "confine the great water" and prevent it from overflowing them. The matchless eloquence and sagacity of Tecumseh brought most of the tribes into the alliance.

In the spring of 1811 Governor Harrison sent a boat up the Wabash loaded with salt for the Indians, that article constituting a part of their annuity. Five barrels were to be left with the Prophet, for the Kickapoos and Shawnees. Upon the arrival of the boat at Tippecanoe, the Prophet called a council, by which it was decided to seize all the salt. This was accordingly done; though the year previous the Prophet had refused to take any.

When Governor Harrison referred to the seizure of this salt, at the next council held with the Indians, Tecumseh hissed back to him, that the Governor was hard to please; he was angry at one time when the Indians took no salt and another year because they did take it.



THE PROPHET,

BROTHER OF TECUMSEH.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

The last council with Tecumseh was held at Vincennes July 27, 1811, but nothing was accomplished. The chasm could not be bridged, since neither of the parties concerned would yield a point. War must come. Two days after the council adjourned the great chieftain set off on a journey to the South.

In a letter to the War Department, just after this council, Governor Harrison speaks of "the implicit obedience and respect which the followers of Tecumseh pay to him," as wonderful. He says: "If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, he would perhaps be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi; and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purpose. He is now upon the last round to put a finishing stroke to his work. I hope, however, before his return, that that part of the work which he considered complete will be demolished, and even its foundation rooted up."

Tecumseh visited the Choctaws, Creeks or Muskogees, Seminoles and other tribes. His success was marvelous. There seemed no resisting his persuasive eloquence. In most instances the determination was unanimous to dig up the hatchet whenever he was ready for them.

Like other great generals, Tecumseh gave close attention to details. He invented a calendar showing the exact day on which they were to strike the white

settlements. This he did by making little bundles of sticks painted red. Each bundle contained sticks equal to the number of days that would pass before the one arrived which he had indicated to them. Every morning they were to throw away a stick. Thus it was that the Seminoles, in the war which followed, became widely known under the name of "Red Sticks." Tecumseh also directed the Indians, that should the question be asked, why he had come so far? to answer, that he had advised them to till the soil, to abstain from the use of "firewater," and to live peacefully with the white people.

At Tuckabatchee, Alabama, Tecumseh addressed the council of the Creek nation, but met a silent opponent in the principal chief, Big Warrior. He at once divined the feelings of this chief. Angrily stamping his foot on the ground, he looked into the eyes of Big Warrior and said: "Your blood is white. You have taken my talk and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know. I leave Tuckabatchee directly and shall go straight to Detroit; when I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot and shake down every house in Tuckabatchee." This was a wild threat, and Big Warrior was dumbfounded. He and his people were superstitious and began to dread Tecumseh's arrival at Detroit. They often met, talked over the strange affair, and actually tried to compute the time it would take the great chieftain to reach that town. When the morning of the day fixed upon arrived, an awful rumbling of the ground was heard; the earth began to shake and down came the flimsy lodges. The frantic Indians ran to and fro shouting: "Tecumseh has got to Detroit!" The threat had been fulfilled and the warriors no longer hesitated to go to war with the great leader.

All this was produced by the historical earthquake of

New Madrid, on the Mississippi. Strange as it may seem, it is said to have taken place the very day Tecumseh reached Detroit, and in exact fulfillment of his threat.

During the absence of Tecumseh in the South, the Indians at Prophet's Town were so warlike and aggressive that Governor Harrison determined to march to that place and settle the difficulties with the Indians, or break up their rendezvous.

Accordingly, on September 26, 1811, at the head of nine hundred troops, he started on this expedition. Six days afterward the army encamped on the eastern bank of the Wabash, two miles above the present bustling city of Terre Haute. Here a log fort was constructed, and named by the soldiers Fort Harrison.

Leaving a small guard at the new fort, the troops advanced along the east bank of the Wabash, until they passed Big Raccoon Creek. Here it was determined to cross to the other side of the river, to avoid a dense woody shore, where there was danger of ambush. This was effected at a point near the town of Montezuma, Indiana. Advancing still further, at the mouth of the Vermilion River he built a block-house to protect his boats and heavy baggage, and proceeded thence to the immediate vicinity of the Prophet's town. He was desirous of attacking this as soon as possible, because he knew that Tecumseh might return any day.

The army encamped for the night about three-quarters of a mile from the Prophet's town on the now famous Tippecanoe battleground, seven miles northeast of the city of Lafayette. The place was a beautiful spot of timber-land, about ten feet higher than the marshy prairie in front, which stretched away toward the Prophet's town, and nearly twice that height above a similar prairie, on the

other side, across which sluggishly flowed a small stream, its course marked by willows and brushwood.

At this point he was met by ambassadors, who asked that the white men refrain from hostilities until the following day, when a peace talk could be had. Harrison, however, was too prudent to be deluded into a belief that no danger threatened. The army settled itself for the night in order of battle, the men sleeping on their arms. Notwithstanding the truce those of the soldiers experienced in Indian warfare fully expected an attack before morning light.

Meanwhile the Indians were by no means idle. All night long the chiefs sat in council. A dozen different plans for the attack were proposed. At one time it was decided to meet the whites in council on the next day, agree to their proposals, and withdraw, leaving behind two Winnebagos, who were to rush forward and assassinate the Governor. This was to be the signal for battle. Later in the night, which was dark and rainy, the plan was changed. The Prophet, mixing some mysterious concoction of "hell-broth," pretended to read in it the fact that one-half of Harrison's army was dead and the other half crazy. Encouraged by this assurance, the whole body of warriors, at four o'clock in the morning, began to creep across the miry prairie toward the American camp.

A little after four in the morning, a sentinel who was gazing on the wide prairie before him, had his attention roused by a strange movement on its surface. Not a breath of wind was stirring, yet the tall grass was waving as if under the influence of a strong breeze. Rapidly the noiseless waves approached nearer till they broke against the rising ground at his feet. "Who goes there?" he shouted, but no voice answered. Suddenly, with the quick thought of a backwoodsman, he stooped down, and

looking *through and under* the grass, beheld an Indian stealthily creeping toward him! He fired; in an instant a tremendous war-whoop, the nightmare of all who slept in a hostile Indian country, was heard on all sides, and the force of savage warriors rushed upon the American lines. The Indians were commanded by White Loon, Stone Eater and Winnemac, the Pottawatomie chief who had professed so much friendship for the Governor, at the time of the first council at Vincennes. The guard gave way at the point of attack, but the men who had been sleeping on their arms were immediately prepared to receive the Indians bravely. The suddenness of the attack might have created a panic even among veterans, yet the men stood their ground, though only one in twenty had ever been under fire before. But many of them were Kentuckians, and "the bravest of the brave."

The camp-fires were quickly extinguished, that their light might not assist the Indians, and the battle raged in the darkness on all sides. Elskwatawa had prophesied that the American bullets would rebound from the bodies of the Indians, and that they would be provided with light, while all would be "thick darkness" to their enemies. He had evidently heard of Moses and Pharaoh. For some reason, however, he did not personally try the truth of his prophecies by engaging in the fight; unwilling "to attest at once the rival powers of a sham prophecy and a real American bullet." Stationing himself on a small hill near at hand, he chanted a war-song, and presided like an evil genius over this battle. Though invisible in the darkness, his shrill and piercing voice could be distinctly heard above the noise. To the messengers that came to tell him that, despite his assurances, his followers were falling, he said: "Tell them to keep on fighting and it will be as the Prophet has said."

In the confusion of the sudden attack the large white

horse of Governor Harrison could not be found, and he mounted a borrowed plug of a different color instead. This circumstance doubtless saved his life. One of his aides, who also rode a white horse, fell in the very beginning of the attack, pierced by a dozen balls. There can be no doubt he was mistaken for his chief, whom the Indians determined to kill at all hazards.

During the battle General Harrison rode from one side of the camp to the other, disposing his men to the best advantage, and inspiring them by his personal courage. A ball passed through his hat and another his hair, but he escaped unhurt. At one time he stopped to reprove a cowardly French ensign, who sheltered himself behind a tree, and told him he ought to be ashamed to be under shelter when his men were exposed.

The Frenchman, when the battle was over, complained bitterly. "I vas not behind de tree," he said; "de tree vas before me. Dere vas de tree, and here vas my position; how can I help? I can not move de tree; I can not leaf my position."

The Indians made use of deer hoofs instead of drums to signal an advance or retreat; making with them certain rattling sounds. Never were savages known to battle more desperately. For once they quite abandoned their practice of fighting from behind shelter, and rushed right up to the bayonets of their foes. The conflict lasted until shortly after daylight, when with a last charge the troops routed the savages and put them to flight.

When the Indians fled the whites found thirty-seven of their own number killed and one hundred and fifty-one wounded. Twenty-five of the latter died of their wounds. The loss of the Indians was thought to be equally great.

The Prophet's influence was gone forever, "You are a liar," said a Winnebago warrior to him whom they had lately revered as a messenger from the Great Spirit, "for you told us that the white people were dead or crazy, when they were all in their senses and fought like the devil."

The Prophet replied, in a tone strangely different from that which he was accustomed to use, that there had been some mistake in the compounding of his "medicine." The enraged Indians bound him and threatened him with death, but finally released him.

The second day after the battle the Americans advanced to the Prophet's town. No defiant war-whoop greeted them. The place was deserted, having been abandoned in a panic.

The Indians, more civilized than most tribes, had left behind all their household furniture, many firearms (supplied by the British), great quantities of corn, numbers of hogs and chickens. The only inhabitant was an aged chief with a broken leg, who had been left by his people. Having dressed the wound of the chief and provided sufficient food to last him several days, they told him to say to the Indians that those who should leave the Prophet and return to their own tribes should be forgiven. Then taking the provisions for their own use the entire village was destroyed.

Tecumseh was already on his way home, after a very successful trip. Red Eagle and the Creeks were preparing for war. The Cherokees, the Osages, the Seminoles, were all ready to take up the hatchet.

The great confederacy seemed almost an accomplished fact. Confident and exultant, Tecumseh hurried back to the Prophet's town. He was ignorant of

what had happened. As he and his party approached they gave the salute-yell. Instead of a wild chorus in answer from the direction of the village, all was as silent as the tomb.

Anxious and alarmed, he hurried forward. He soon saw the spot where the village had stood, but not a cabin was to be seen. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, to see if it was not a dream, a nightmare. Not so. The village had disappeared. Only heaps of ashes marked its sight; "Simply this and nothing more." All its fortifications, all the stores of ammunition, arms and provision, the result of years of weary toil, were gone. Tecumseh knew at once what had happened. He was overwhelmed with sorrow. Just at the moment of apparent triumph he found the very foundation of the structure dissolved in thin air. Guided by some stragglers, Tecumseh hurried to the camp, where the disgraced Prophet awaited, with fear and trembling, his brother's return. Great and terrible was Tecumseh's anger. He bitterly reproached his brother, and was so enraged that he seized the unfortunate impostor by the hair and shook him until life was well nigh extinct. The battle had been fought in direct opposition to his orders.

The Prophet was an object of contempt ever afterward. The very boys yelled and jeered at him as he sneaked through a village. Yet, because he was Tecumseh's brother, he was saved from further punishment.

Tecumseh wrote to General Harrison that he desired to go to Washington and see the Great Father. The request was granted, but he was required to go alone. This wounded the spirit of the disappointed man. The would-be emperor refused to go without a retinue. Filled with unutterable fury, he joined the English army in Canada. When invited to take part in a peace council, he said: "No!

I have taken sides with my father, the King, and I will suffer my bones to bleach on this shore before I will recross that stream to take part in any council of neutrality."

Tecumseh took an active part in the war and before long found himself at the head of seven hundred warrior's. Nearly all the war-chiefs followed his lead and went over to the British side. Shortly after this, because of bravery in what is known as the battle of Brownstown, and in recognition of his eminent ability, Tecumseh was made a brigadier-general in the British army. He is thought to have been the only American Indian who ever held so high a position, except Gen. Ely S. Parker, of the Rebellion.

Major-General Brock, a brave and generous gentleman, was now in command of the British army. He was as much honored and respected by his Indian ally as General Proctor, his successor, was afterward despised.

General Brock and Tecumseh, with their combined force, took a position at Sandwich, a place opposite Detroit. Here the commander-in-chief asked his ally what sort of a country he would have to pass through in order to get to Detroit. Tecumseh, taking a roll of elm bark, and extending it on the ground and securing it in place by four stones, drew his scalping-knife, and, with the point, etched upon the bark a plan of the country, showing its hills, rivers, woods, morasses and roads. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Tecumseh, as well as by the fact that he induced the Indians not of his immediate party to cross the river first. General Brock took off his splendid sash and, in the presence of the army, placed it around the body of the chief. Tecumseh received the honor with evident gratification; but was next day seen without his sash. General Brock, fearing something had displeased the chief, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon

returned with the report that Tecumseh, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction, when an older, and as he said, abler warrior than himself was present, had transferred the sash to Roundhead, the Wyandot chief.

In this the great chief showed his shrewdness, knowing the Indian's love of display and the tendency in human nature to jealousy. Moreover, he would not be so conspicuous in battle.

As is well known, the American general, Hull, made a cowardly surrender of Detroit. He was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned because of his age and his services during the Revolution.

At the time of the surrender, General Brock asked Tecumseh not to allow the Indians to abuse the prisoners. "Have no fear," he replied; "I despise them too much to meddle with them."

The surrender of Detroit exposed the whole Northwestern frontier to the ravages of the enemy. General Brock was killed at the battle of Queenstown and the command of the British army devolved upon General Proctor. He had under him in the spring of 1813 fourteen hundred British and eighteen hundred Indian allies, commanded by Tecumseh. The Americans to meet this force had only twelve hundred troops and a small force of Indians, under the command of General Harrison; but they were *Americans,* and many of them from *Kentucky.*



RED CLOUD,

NOTED SIOUX CHIEF.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

See page 619.

One of the most disastrous affairs of the war was in connection with the attack upon Fort Meigs. It seems that Colonel Dudley and his force had been sent to the opposite side of the river to seize a battery erected by the enemy and spike the cannon. They gained possession of the battery, but before they could complete their work the enemy rallied in overwhelming numbers. Nearly every one who escaped the rifle and tomahawk was captured, Dudley being one of those who was tomahawked and scalped.

The prisoners were taken to Proctor's headquarters, where the Indians tomahawked such as they pleased. More than twenty were murdered in this horrible manner. General Proctor made no attempt to restrain them, but was looking calmly upon the fiendish work, when he heard a voice in the Indian tongue shouting something at the rear. Turning his head he saw Tecumseh dashing forward, his horse at full speed. The instant he reached the spot he leaped off, and seeing two Indians in the act of killing an American, seized one by the throat and the other by the breast and hurled them to the ground. Drawing his tomahawk and scalping-knife he sprang between the Indians and their victims, and, brandishing the weapons with the fury of a madman dared any one of the blood thirsty savages to attempt to injure another prisoner. His consuming wrath cowed all, and they slunk away from him. Turning to Proctor, he sternly demanded why he had not stopped the massacre.

"Sir," replied the British general, "your Indians can not be restrained."

"Begone!" thundered Tecumseh; "you are not fit to command! Go home and put on the petticoat of a squaw!"

Call him barbarian, if you will, but remember, that of the two commanders the fiend who looked on

complacently during this cruel butchery of defenseless white prisoners, was *white;* while he who risked his life to prevent it, was a *red man.*

Another instance in the career of this truly great man is given by Drake. Shortly after he had stopped the slaughter of the captives he noticed a small group of Indians interested in something. Colonel Elliott said to him: "Yonder are four of your people who have been taken prisoners you may do what you please with them." Tecumseh walked over to the group and found four Shawnees, who, while fighting on the side of the Americans, had been captured. "Friends," said Tecumseh, "Colonel Elliott has placed you under my charge and I will send you back to your nation, with a talk to your people."

Accordingly, he took them with the army as far as Raisin, from which point their return home would be less dangerous, and then sent two of his warriors to accompany them with a friendly message to their chiefs. They were thus discharged, under their parole not to fight against the British during the war.

Tecumseh was an unruly ally, because he despised Proctor. One day, provisions being scarce, salt beef was given the English soldiers, while the Indians received only horse-flesh. Angered at the outrage, Tecumseh strode to Proctor's tent and demanded an explanation. Seeing the English general about to treat the complaint with indifference, Tecumseh significantly struck the hilt of the commander's sword, touching at the same time the handle of his tomahawk, and said: "You are Proctor. I am Tecumseh." This hint at a mode of settling the difficulty brought Proctor to terms at once.

After an unsuccessful attempt to reduce Fort Stephenson, then garrisoned by one hundred and sixty men

commanded by Major Croghan, Proctor and his forces retreated to Malden.

About this time, an American citizen, Captain Le Croix, was arrested by order of the British commander and confined on board a ship, to be sent to Montreal. Tecumseh had an especial friendship for Le Croix, and it may have been because of his influence with the chief that he was seized. Tecumseh, suspecting that Le Croix had been imprisoned, called on General Proctor, and asked if he knew anything of his friend. He even ordered the British general to tell him the truth, adding, "If I ever detect you in a falsehood, I, with my Indians, will immediately abandon you." The general was obliged to acknowledge that Le Croix was a prisoner. Tecumseh then demanded that his friend should be instantly liberated. General Proctor wrote a line stating that the "King of the Woods" desired the release of Captain Le Croix, and that it must be done at once. The order was obeyed. Tecumseh treated the American commander with equal contempt. A recent writer gives a challenge which that great chief sent to General Harrison at the first siege of Fort Meigs. It was as follows:

"General Harrison: I have with me eight hundred braves. You have an equal number in your hiding place. Come out with them and give me battle. You talked like a brave when we met at Vincennes, and I respected you, but now you hide behind logs and in the earth, like a ground-hog. Give me answer.

"Tecumseh."

The Americans always had great confidence in Tecumseh, though he was an enemy. Once when the English and Indians were encamped near the River Raisin, some Sauks and Winnebagos entered the house of a Mrs. Ruland and began to plunder it. She immediately sent her little daughter to ask Tecumseh to come to her assistance. The chief was in council and was making a speech when the child entered the building and pulled the skirts of Tecumseh's hunting-shirt, saying, "Come to our house, there are bad Indians there." Tecumseh did not wait to finish his speech, but walked rapidly to the house. At the entrance he met some Indians dragging a trunk away. He knocked down the first one with a blow from his tomahawk. The others prepared to resist. "Dogs!" cried the chief, "I am Tecumseh!" The Indians immediately fled and Tecumseh turned upon some English officers who were standing near: "You," said he, "are worse, than dogs, to break your faith with prisoners." The officers immediately apologized to Mrs. Ruland, and offered to put a guard around her house. She declined this offer, however, saying that she was not afraid so long as that man, pointing to Tecumseh, was near.

The ill success which attended the efforts of the British caused Tecumseh not only to lose heart, but dissipated what little faith he had felt in Proctor. He seriously meditated a withdrawal from the contest. Assembling the Shawnees, Wyandots and Ottawas, who were under his command, he declared his intention to them. He told them that when they had taken up the tomahawk and joined their father, the King, they were promised plenty of white men to fight with them; "but the number is not now greater," said he, "than at the commencement of the war; and we are treated by them like the dogs of snipe hunters; we are always sent ahead to start the game. It is better that we should return to our own

country, and let the Americans come on and fight the British."

To this proposition his followers agreed; but the Sioux and Chippewas discovering his intention, went to him, and insisted that inasmuch as he had first united with the British, and had been instrumental in bringing their tribes into the alliance, he ought not to leave them; and through their influence he was finally induced to remain.

Tecumseh's last grudge against Proctor was on account of the retreat of the English from Malden, after Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie. The Indians did not understand the movements of a naval battle, and General Proctor, who doubtless dreaded the influence of a defeat upon them, said to Tecumseh, "My fleet has whipped the Americans, but the vessels being much injured have gone to Put-in-Bay to refit, and will be here in a few days."

The suspicions of Tecumseh were soon aroused, however, when he thought he perceived indications of a plan to retreat from Maiden. When he spoke to Proctor on the subject, that cringing coward told him that he was only going to send all his valuables up the Thames, where they would be met by a reinforcement and be safe. Tecumseh, however, felt sure that the commander was meditating a retreat. He demanded, in the name of his Indians, that he be heard by General Proctor. Audience was granted him on September 18, and the Indian orator delivered his last speech, a copy of which was afterward found in Proctor's baggage when it was captured. We can only quote two paragraphs from it here:

"You always told us," said he, "you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father

doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail on its back, but when affrighted drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure they have done so by water; we, therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

"Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent to his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us and you may go, and welcome. For us, our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

In spite of Tecumseh's protest, Proctor burned Malden and began a retreat. He pretended from time to time that he would halt and give battle. When the retreat commenced, Tecumseh said, "We are now going to follow the British, and I am sure that we shall never return." At last, on October 5, Proctor was forced to halt and oppose the pursuing Americans in the battle of the Thames. Just before the engagement Tecumseh said to the group of chiefs around him: "Brother warriors, we are about to enter into an engagement, from which I shall never come out—my body will remain on the field of battle." Unbuckling his sword and handing it to a chief, he said, "When my son becomes a noted warrior and able to wield a sword, give this to him."

The battle which followed was for a time fiercely contested, and the position selected was well adapted for defense. The Indians, under their indomitable leader, stood their ground longer than the British regulars.

Proctor fled, like the coward he was, leaving the great

chief and his warriors to receive the brunt of the battle. The flight of the British commander was too rapid for him to be overtaken, though they captured his baggage.

With one arm bleeding and almost useless, Tecumseh, too proud to fly, stood his ground, dealing prodigious blows right and left, and inspiring his warriors with his loud commanding war-whoop, which was heard above the din of the battle.

Col. Richard M. Johnson and his Kentucky cavalry were ordered to charge the Indians. This they did with such fury that the savage warriors fled; but not until their intrepid leader had received a bullet through his head, which stilled his clarion voice in death.

The discussion as to who killed Tecumseh became a singularly heated one in subsequent political campaigns, the chief recommendation for office in that day being skill as an Indian fighter.

The friends of Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, claimed that *honor* for their hero when he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. This, indeed, constituted one of his chief claims to the suffrage of his party, just as Harrison's victories at Tippecanoe and the Thames elevated him to the Presidency. Johnson himself never made the claim, saying that his assailant was so close upon him that he did not stop to ask him his name before shooting him.

It may be doubted whether anybody ever did know who fired the shot that killed the great chief. Those who saw him shot, from the American side, did not know him from any other Indian, for there was nothing in his dress to distinguish him from his warriors, and the Indians who saw him fall did not know his slayer. Many mistook the body

of a gayly dressed and painted warrior for that of Tecumseh.

James, the English historian, and Eggleston, both assert that from the body of this Indian much of the skin was actually flayed and converted into razor-strops by some of the pioneer Kentuckians, who had become almost as barbarous as the savages against whom they fought. The truth of this statement is confirmed by the testimony of several American officers and privates who were in the battle of the Thames. They state, however, that it was the work of a few brutish individuals, and that the great mass of the army were shocked at its perpetration. {FN}

{FN} The author when a youth was told by Dr. William A. Moore, of Milford, Kentucky, a member of the Legislature and an old-school gentleman of the highest integrity, that he (the Doctor) had seen a razor-strop made from the skin that covered Tecumseh's backbone. It has been demonstrated that Tecumseh's body was not harmed, but another Indian mistaken for him was both scalped and flayed.

A short distance from where Tecumseh fell, the body of his friend, Wasegoboah, the husband of Tecumapease, was found. They had often fought side by side, and now, in front of their men, bravely battling the enemy, they side by side closed their mortal careers.

The British historian, James, in his account of the battle of the Thames, makes the following remarks upon the character and personal appearance of the subject of this sketch.

"Thus fell the Indian warrior, Tecumseh, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was of the Shawnee tribe, five feet ten inches high, and with more than the usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eye penetrating, his countenance, which even in death betrayed

the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast.

"Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could not have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council.

"Such a man was the unlettered savage, Tecumseh. He has left a son, who, when his father fell, was about seventeen years old, and fought by his side. The prince regent in 1814, out of respect to the memory of the old, sent out as a present to the young Tecumseh, a handsome sword. Unfortunately, however, for the Indian cause and country, faint are the prospects that Tecumseh, the son, will ever equal, in wisdom or prowess, Tecumseh, the father."

The name of Tecumseh's son was Pugeshashenwa. The prince regent also settled upon him an annual pension, in consideration of his father's services. He was treated with much respect, because he was the son of his father, and removed to Indian Territory with the remnant of the Shawnee nation.

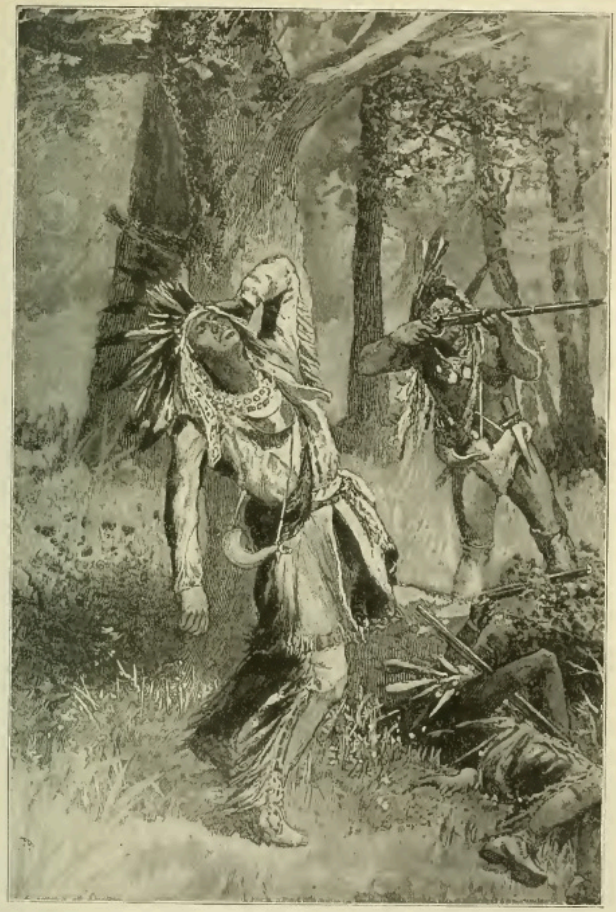
Tecumseh is described as a perfect Apollo in form, his face oval, his nose straight and handsome, and his mouth regular and beautiful. His eyes, singularly enough, were "hazel, clear and pleasant in conversation, but like balls of fire when excited by anger or enthusiasm." His bearing was that of a lofty and noble spirit, a true "King of the Woods," as the English called him. He was temperate in his habits, loving truth and honor better than life. He was an ideal Indian, and both in body and mind the finest

flower of the aboriginal American race.

Possessing a genius which must have made him eminent in any age or country, like Brant, Pontiac and King Philip, his illustrious predecessors, he had failed yet like them he was great in defeat. He was the first great chieftain to prohibit the massacre of prisoners.

Trumbull, in his "Indian Wars," thus refers to this renowned leader: "He was the most extraordinary Indian that has ever appeared in history. His acute understanding very early in life informed him that his countrymen had lost their importance that they were gradually yielding to the whites, who were acquiring an imposing influence over them. Instigated by these considerations, and perhaps by his natural ferocity and attachment to war, he became a decided enemy to the whites, with an invincible determination to regain for his country the proud independence she had lost.

"Aware, at length, of the extent, number and power of the United States, he became fully convinced of the futility of any single nation of red men attempting to cope with them."



DEATH OF TECUMSEH AT THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

See page 356.

"He formed, therefore, the grand scheme of uniting all the tribes east of the Mississippi into hostility against the United States. This was a field worthy of his great and commanding genius."

Besides several towns in different States christened in his honor, his name was also borne by one of the greatest of American generals.

At the meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington, November 23, 1891, to select a city in which to hold a Presidential convention, President Palmer, of the World's Fair Commission, gave in an eloquent plea for the selection of Detroit, the promise to take the visitors thirty miles over into Canada to view the spot where Tecumseh, "the greatest Indian the American continent ever knew, was slain."

Paradoxical as it may seem, he was a savage, yet one of nature's noblemen.

The words of Hamlet apply to this "King of the Woods" in a striking manner:

"See, what a grace was seated on this brow
Hyperion's locks; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

CHAPTER XI.

BLACK HAWK, OR MA-KA-TAI-ME SHE-KIA-KIAK, AND HIS WAR.

Great warriors among the Indians, like those of the favored white race, learned from those who preceded them. We have seen that King Philip united the tribes of New England against their common enemy, the whites, in the first great Indian war, and his example was copied in turn by Pontiac and Tecumseh.

Black Hawk led a band of his own warriors and fought under Tecumseh in the war of 1812, and must have gained much inspiration as well as a knowledge of the most effectual methods of fighting the Americans, from that great chieftain. Certain it is Black Hawk also sought to form a confederation of the neighboring tribes, including the Pottawatomies, Winnebagos, Chippewas, Menomonees and Ottawas. But they had not forgotten the lessons of the preceding half-century or more, and remained neutral.

He also visited the commander of the British forces at Malden, opposite Detroit, hoping to gain encouragement and munitions of war, but in this he was disappointed. The commander, knowing the power of the Americans and the feeble resources of the Indians, strongly advised against a hopeless war. This was not the kind of advice the enraged chief wanted, and, of course, it was declined.

What was the cause of the Black Hawk War? There

are several answers to this question, but we think the explanation of Black Hawk himself in his autobiography is authentic and the real *"casus belli."* This autobiography was dictated to an amanuensis, by means of an interpreter. In it the chief said:

"In 1804 one of our people killed an American and was captured and confined in the prison at St. Louis for the offense. We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him, and determined that Quashquame, Pashepaho, Onchequaka and Hashequarhiqua should go down to St. Louis, see our American father and do all they could to have our friend released, by paying for the person killed, thus covering the blood and satisfying the relations of the murdered man; this being the only means with us for saving a person who had killed another, and we then thought it was the same way with the whites.

"The party started with the good wishes of the whole nation, who had high hopes that the emissaries would accomplish the object of their mission.

"The relations of the prisoner blacked their faces and fasted, hoping the Great Spirit would take pity on them and return husband and father to his sorrowing wife and weeping children.

"Quashquame and party remained a long time, but finally returned and encamped a short distance below the village. They did not come up that day, nor did any one approach their camp. They appeared to be dressed in fine coats and had medals. From these circumstances we were in hopes that they had brought good news.

"Early the next morning the council lodge was crowded. Quashquame and party came up and gave us the following account of their mission:

"'On our arrival at St. Louis we met our American father and explained to him our business, urging the release of our friend. The American chief told us he wanted land. We agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, likewise more on the Illinois side opposite Jefferson. When the business was all arranged we expected to have our friend released to come home with us. About the time we were ready to start our brother was let out of prison. He started and ran a short distance, when he was *shot dead!'*

"This was all they could remember of what had been said and done. It subsequently appeared that they had been drunk the greater part of the time while at St. Louis.

"This was all myself and nation knew of the so-called treaty of 1804. It has since been explained to me. I found by that treaty, that all of the country east of the Mississippi and south of Jefferson was ceded to the United States for one thousand dollars a year. I will leave it to the people of the United States to say whether our nation was properly represented in this treaty? Or whether we received a fair compensation for the extent of country ceded by those four individuals?

"I could say much more respecting this treaty, but I will not at this time. It has been the origin of all our serious difficulties with the whites."

On June 27, 1831, Black Hawk made a treaty with General Gaines, and gave a reluctant consent to abandon his village and cornfields on the Rock River in Illinois and join Keokuk's band on their reservation in Iowa. General Gaines believed the trouble was ended, and so it probably would have been had the whites observed the provisions of the treaty. The Indians had been promised corn to supply the wants of their families in lieu of that which was left in

their fields, but the amount was so meager that they began to suffer.

In this emergency, a party of Sacs, to quote the language of Black Hawk, crossed the river "to steal corn from their own fields."

Moving with his band up Rock River, he was overtaken by a messenger from General Atkinson ordering him to return and recross the Mississippi. Black Hawk said he was not on the warpath, but going on a friendly visit to the village of White Cloud, the Winnebago Prophet, and continued his journey. General Atkinson now sent imperative orders for him to return at once, or he would pursue him with his entire army and drive him back. In reply Black Hawk said the general had no right to make the order so long as his band was peaceable, and that he intended to go on to the Prophet's village.

When Black Hawk reached a point about forty miles above Dixon's Ferry he was met in council by some Pottawatomie and Winnebago chiefs. They assured Black Hawk that their people would not join him in making war upon the United States, contrary to his expectations. Black Hawk now saw that the Prophet and others had misrepresented the plans and intentions of these tribes, and resolved to send a flag of truce to General Atkinson and ask permission to descend Rock River, recross the Mississippi and return to their reservation.

About this time General Whitesides had concentrated a large force of militia at Dixon's Ferry, and, at the solicitation of Major Stillman, permitted him to take out a scouting party of 270 mounted men. They ascended Rock River to the mouth of Sycamore Creek and encamped within a few miles of Black Hawk's band, but ignorant of that fact. Indian scouts soon reported to Black Hawk that a

large company of mounted militia were coming toward his camp, and the chief at once dispatched three warriors with a white flag of truce, and an invitation for the officers to visit his camp. The whites paid no attention to this flag, but captured the messengers, killing the flag-bearer instantly. Black Hawk also sent five others to look after the flag-bearers. They were pursued and one killed, but the remainder, together with the two flag-bearers, made their escape in the confusion incident to making preparation to charge the Indian camp.

When the old chief heard that his flag of truce was disregarded and two of his warriors killed, he gave the war-whoop and prepared to meet the whites. He had only about forty mounted warriors, the others being absent on a hunting trip. Having taken a position in a copse of timber and underbrush near Sycamore Creek, he waited the approach of the whites. The soldiers advanced in disorderly fashion, and, having crossed the creek, were surprised by a terrific war-whoop from the Indians who were concealed in the bushes and with deadly aim commenced firing into their ranks. Judging from the yelling of the Indians their number was variously estimated at from one to two thousand. The entire party was thrown into such confusion that Major Stillman had no control of them and ordered a retreat.

The forty Indians put the two hundred and forty to flight, killing a dozen and losing only two or three.

With one exception the entire company continued their flight to Dixon's Ferry, a distance of thirty miles; some never stopped until they *were safe at home.*

Black Hawk and fifteen warriors soon gave up the chase, and returned to his camp. But the remainder pursued the fugitives several miles, overtaking and killing a few

whose horses were too slow to keep out of their way.

Among the slow mounted of the retreating party was a Methodist preacher, who adopted a novel plan to save himself and horse. On coming to a ravine he left the main track and followed down the ravine until he found a place where the banks were deep enough to shelter himself and horse from view, and remained there for two hours in safety. He had the precaution to keep a strict count of the Indians as they crossed the ravine. When they had returned and continued on their way to their camp, he left his hiding-place and trotted leisurely along to Dixon's Ferry, which he reached about sunrise the next morning.

When he reported the stratagem by which he was saved, and was asked the number of the pursuing Indians, he promptly replied *"twenty-five by actual count."* Great indignation was manifested by some of the brave volunteers, who reached camp several hours before him and reported the number of the Indians at *fifteen hundred to two thousand.* But the minister was well known by many of the volunteers as a high-toned Christian gentleman whose veracity had never been questioned, and they stood by him, and no violence was attempted.

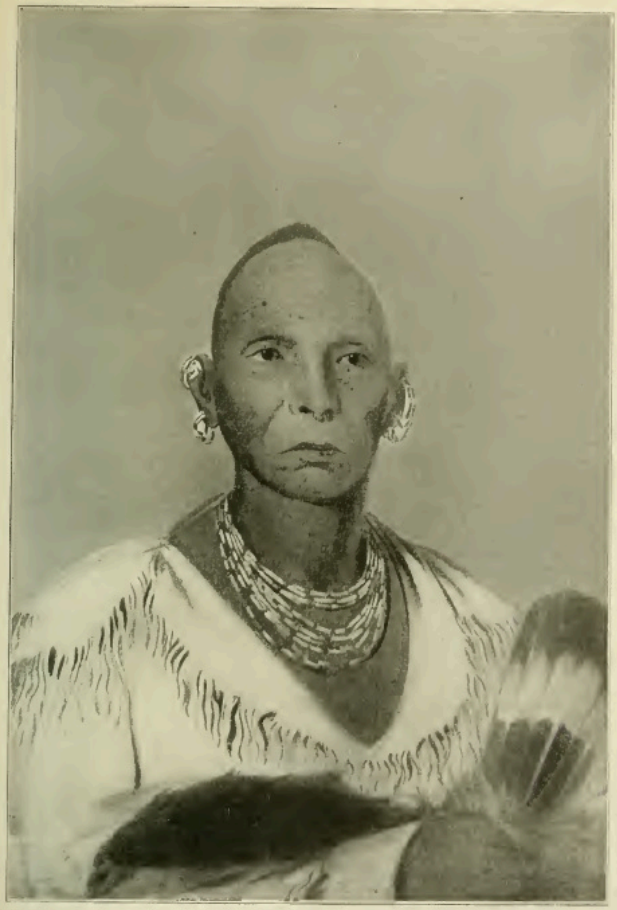
The news of Stillman's defeat "by two thousand blood thirsty Indian warriors" spread fast, far and wide, and Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, called for more volunteers.

When the news reached Washington General Scott was ordered to take a thousand soldiers and proceed to the seat of war and take the command. While en route this army was attacked by cholera, which swept off a large number and rendered the remainder unfit for service. It is now generally conceded that the violation of a flag of truce, which is respected in all civilized wars, the wanton murder of its bearers, and the attack upon a mere remnant

of Black Hawk's band when suing for peace, precipitated a war which could have been and should have been avoided.

As positive proof that the volunteers were guilty of precipitating the war by killing the bearer of the white flag of truce, we quote the narrative of Elijah Kilbourn, one of the scouts connected with Stillman's command. It seems that Kilbourn was captured by Black Hawk during the war of 1812, and adopted into his tribe. He finally escaped, and was again captured by three of Black Hawk's braves at the battle of Sycamore Creek. The story also shows the noble character of Black Hawk, and will be told in Kilbourn's own language. Said he: "We had been scouting through the country that lay about Fort Stephenson, when early one morning one of our number came in with the intelligence that the fort was besieged by a combined force of British and Indians. We were soon in the saddle and riding with all speed in the direction of the fort, hoping to join in the fight. But in this we were disappointed, as we learned that the brave little garrison, under the command of Major Crogan, had repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. We learned, however, that Black Hawk, the leader of the savages, at the termination of the battle, had gone back with twenty of his warriors, to his village on Rock River, and we determined at once to follow him.

"At sunrise the next morning we were on his trail and followed it with great care to the banks of a stream. Here we ascertained that the savages had separated into nearly equal parties—the one keeping straight down the bank of the stream, while the other had crossed to the other side and continued toward Rock River. Our leader now detailed four of us to follow the trail across the stream, while he with the rest, some seven or eight in number, immediately took the one down the bank."



BLACK HAWK, OR MA-KA-TAI-ME SHE-KIA-KIAK,

SAC AND FOX WAR-CHIEF

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

"During the course of the following morning we came across a great many different trails, and by these we were so perplexed that we resolved to return to the main body, but from the signs we had already seen we knew that such a step would be attended with the greatest danger. It was at last decided that it would be far more safe for all hands to separate, and each man look out for himself. This resolve was immediately put into execution, and a few minutes later found me alone in the great wilderness. I had often been so before, but never had I been placed in a situation as dangerous as the present one, for now on all sides I was surrounded by hostile Indians.

"I encountered nothing very formidable till some two hours before sunset, when, just as I emerged from a tangled thicket, I saw an Indian on his knees at a clear, sparkling spring, slaking his thirst. Instinctively I placed my rifle to my shoulder, drew a bead upon the savage and pulled the trigger. Imagine, if you can, my feelings as the flint came down and was shivered to pieces without igniting the priming.

"The next moment the savage was up on his feet, his piece leveled directly at me and his finger pressing the trigger. There was no escape. I had left my horse in the woods some time before. The thicket behind me was too dense to permit me to enter it again quickly, and there was no tree within reach of sufficient size to protect me from the aim of my foe, who, now finding me at his mercy, advanced, his gun still in its threatening rest and ordered me to surrender. Resistance and escape were alike out of the question, and I accordingly delivered myself up his prisoner, hoping by some means to escape at some future

period. He now told me, in good English, to proceed in a certain direction. I obeyed him and had not gone a stone's throw before, just as I turned a thick clump of trees, I came suddenly upon an Indian camp, the one to which my captor undoubtedly belonged.

"As we came up all the savages, some six or eight in number, rose quickly and appeared much surprised at my sudden appearance amongst them; but they offered me no harm, and they behaved with most marked respect to my captor, whom, upon a close inspection I recognized to be Black Hawk himself. The tall chief, with his keen eye, looked every inch a warrior.

"'The white mole digs deep, but Makataimeshe Kiakiak (Black Hawk) flies high and can see far off,' said the chieftain in a deep guttural tone, addressing me. He then related to his followers the occasion of my capture, and as he did so they glared at me fiercely and handled their weapons in a threatening manner, but at the conclusion of his remarks they appeared better pleased, although I was the recipient of many a passing frown. He now informed me that he had told his young men that they were to consider me a brother, as he was going to adopt me into the tribe.

"This was to me little better than death itself, but there was no alternative, and so I was obliged to submit, with the hope of making my escape at some future time. The communication of Black Hawk, moreover, caused me great astonishment, and after pondering the matter I was finally forced to set down as its cause one of those unaccountable whims to which the savage temperament is often subject.

"The next morning my captors forced me to go with them to their village on Rock River, where, after going

through a tedious ceremony, I was dressed and painted, and thus turned from a white man into an Indian.

"For nearly three years ensuing it was my constant study to give my adopted brothers the slip, but during the whole of that time I was so carefully watched and guarded that I never found an opportunity to escape.

"However, it is a long lane that has no turning, and so it proved in my case. Pretending to be well satisfied with my new mode of life, I at last gained upon the confidence of the savages, and one day when their vigilance was relaxed, I made my escape and returned in safety to my friends, who had mourned for me as dead.

"Many years after this I was a participant in the battle at Sycamore Creek, which is a tributary of Rock River. I was employed by the Government as a scout, in which capacity it was acknowledged I had no superior, but I felt no pride in hearing myself praised, for I knew I was working against Black Hawk, who, although he was an Indian, had once spared my life, and I was one never to forget a kindness. And, besides this, I had taken a great liking to him, for there was something noble and generous in his nature. However, my first duty was to my country, and I did my duty at all hazards.

"Now you must know that Black Hawk, after moving west of the Mississippi, had recrossed, contrary to his agreement; not, however, from any hostile motive, but to raise a crop of corn and beans with the Pottawatomies and Winnebagos, of which his own people stood in the utmost need. With this intention he had gone some distance up Rock River, when an express from General Atkinson ordered him peremptorily to return. This order the old chief refused to obey, saying that the general had no right to issue it. A second express from Atkinson threatened

Black Hawk that if he did not return peaceably force would be resorted to. The aged warrior became incensed at this and utterly refused to obey the mandate, but, at the same time, sent word to the general that he would not be the first to commence hostilities.

"The movement of the renowned warrior was immediately trumpeted abroad as an invasion of the State, and with more rashness than wisdom, Governor Reynolds ordered the Illinois militia to take the field, and these were joined by the regulars under General Atkinson, at Rock Island. Major Stillman, having under his command two hundred and seventy-five mounted men, the chief part of whom were volunteers, while a few, like myself, were regular scouts, obtained leave of General Whitesides—then stationed at Dixon's Ferry—to go on a scouting expedition. I knew well what would follow; but still, as I was under orders, I was obliged to obey, and together with the rest proceeded some thirty miles up Rock River to where Sycamore Creek empties into it. This brought us to within six or eight miles of the camp of Black Hawk, who, on that day, May 14, was engaged in preparing a dog feast for the purpose of fitly celebrating a contemplated visit of some Pottawatomie chiefs.

"Soon after preparing to camp we saw three Indians approach us, bearing a white flag; and these, upon coming up, were made prisoners. A second deputation of five were pursued by some twenty of our mounted militia and two of them killed, while the other three escaped. One of the party that bore the white flag was, out of the most cowardly vindictiveness, *shot down while standing a prisoner in camp.* The whole detachment, after these atrocities, now bore down upon the camp of Black Hawk, whose braves, with the exception of some forty or fifty, were away at a distance, hunting.

"As we rode up a galling and destructive fire was poured in upon us by the savages, who, after discharging their guns, sprang from their coverts on either side, with their usual horrible yells, and continued the attack with their tomahawks and knives. My comrades fell around me like leaves; and happening to cast my eyes behind me I beheld the whole detachment of militia flying from the field. Some four or five of us were left unsupported in the very midst of the foe, who, renewing their yells, rushed down upon us in a body. Gideon Munson and myself were taken prisoners, while others were instantly tomahawked and scalped, Munson, during the afternoon, seeing, as he supposed, a good opportunity to escape, recklessly attempted it, but was immediately shot down by his captor. And I now began to wish they would serve me in the same manner, for I knew that if recognized by the savages, I should be put to death by the most horrible tortures. Nothing occurred, however, to give me any real uneasiness upon this point till the following morning, when Black Hawk, passing by me, turned and eyed me keenly for a moment or so. Then, stepping close to me, he said, in a low tone: *'Does the mole think that Black Hawk forgets?'*

"Walking away with a dignified air, he left me, as you may suppose, bordering on despair, for I knew too well the Indian character to imagine for a single instant that my life would be spared under the circumstances, I had been adopted into the tribe by Black Hawk, had lived nearly three years among them, and by escaping had incurred their displeasure, which could only be appeased with my blood. Added to this, I was now taken prisoner at the very time that the passions of the savages were most highly wrought upon by the mean and cowardly conduct of the whites. I therefore gave up all hope, and doggedly determined to meet stoically my fate.

"Although the Indians passed and repassed me many

times during the day, often bestowing on me a buffet or a kick, yet not one of them seemed to remember me as having formerly been one of the tribe. At times this infused me with a faint hope, which was always immediately after extinguished, as I recalled to mind my recognition by Black Hawk himself.

"Some two hours before sunset Black Hawk again came to where I was bound, and having loosened the cords with which I was fastened to a tree, my arms still remaining confined, bade me follow him. I immediately obeyed him, not knowing what was to be my doom, though I expected nothing short of death by torture. In silence we left the camp, not one of the savages interfering with us or offering me the slightest harm or indignity. For nearly an hour we strode on through the gloomy forest, now and then starting from its retreat some wild animal that fled upon our approach. Arriving at a bend of the river, my guide halted, and turning towards the sun, which was rapidly setting, he said, after a short pause:

"'I am going to send you back to your chief, though I ought to kill you for running away a longtime ago, after I had adopted you as a son, but Black Hawk can forgive as well as fight. When you return to your chief I want you to tell him all my words. Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many suns but they shall not see many more, and that his back is no longer straight, as in his youth, but is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirit has whispered among the tree-tops in the morning and evening, and says that Black Hawk's days are few, and that he is wanted in the spirit land. He is half dead, his arm shakes and is no longer strong, and his feet are slow on the warpath. Tell him all this, and tell him, too,' continued the untutored hero of the forest, with trembling emotion and marked emphasis, 'that Black Hawk would have been a friend to the whites, but they would not let him, and that

the hatchet was dug up by themselves and not by the Indians. Tell your chief that Black Hawk meant no harm to the palefaces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to raise corn for his starving women and children, and that even then he would have gone back; but when he sent this white flag the braves who carried it were treated like squaws and one of them inhumanly shot. Tell him, too,' he concluded with terrible force, while his eyes fairly flashed fire, '*that Black Hawk will have revenge,* and that he will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him, Come away.'

"Thus saying, he loosened the cord that bound my arms, and after giving me particular directions as to the best course to pursue to my own camp, bade me farewell and struck off into the trackless forest, to commence that final struggle which was decided against the Indians."

Although the Winnebagos and the Pottawatomies had resolved to take no part in the war, yet a few young warriors from each of these tribes, emboldened by Black Hawk's easy victory over Stillman's raw recruits, decided to join his band. These committed many depredations among the settlements along the Fox and Illinois rivers.

When the warriors returned from their hunting expedition, Black Hawk concentrated his entire force, consisting of about five hundred warriors, according to his own statement, at a point between the Rock and Wisconsin rivers.

General Atkinson, with a force of nearly two thousand men, pressed on to meet him. But the wily chief declined to risk a battle with such odds and withdrew into the wilderness. General Atkinson followed, incurring the danger of an ambuscade, but Black Hawk could not be brought to a stand.

When Black Hawk reached the Mississippi River, he let most of his women and children descend it in canoes, but a majority were captured by the whites and quite a number drowned.

With the main body of his warriors he approached the river, intending to cross, but was met at this point by the steamboat Warrior.

The chief was so touched by the suffering of the women and children, the starving condition of his men, and the utter hopelessness of continuing the unequal struggle, that he decided to surrender. Accordingly, he sent a hundred and fifty warriors to the edge of the stream with a flag of truce. An effort was also made to communicate with the Winnebago interpreter on board the boat. But either the interpreter failed to understand what was shouted to him by the Indians on shore or he was treacherous and failed to report the message correctly to Captain Throckmorton, of the Warrior, or Lieutenant Kingsburg, who commanded the troops, for certain it is those on the boat paid no attention to the white flag of truce or the expressed desire on the part of Black Hawk to surrender.

Orders were given to shell the Indians on the shore with musketry and a six-pounder loaded with canister. It resulted in killing twenty-three Indians outright and wounding a large number. The savages were trying to surrender, and were so astonished at this unexpected attack, that they fired only a few random shots, one of which passed through a man's leg on the Warrior.

As the wood began to fail, and night was approaching, the Warrior went on to Prairie du Chien. The final battle of the war occurred the next day, August 2. This is known as the battle of Bad Axe and was fought where the little stream by that name joins the Mississippi.

The account we give of it is quoted from Black Hawk's autobiography, in which the chief said: "Early in the morning a party of whites, being in advance of the army, came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi. They tried to give themselves up; the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced slaughtering them. In a little while the whole army arrived. Our braves, but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no regard to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to fight until they were killed. As many women as could commenced swimming the Mississippi, with their children on their backs. A number of them were drowned, and some shot before they could reach the opposite shore.

"This massacre, which terminated the war, lasted about two hours. Our loss in killed was about sixty, besides a number that was drowned. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by my braves exactly; but they think that they killed about sixteen during the action."

It was afterward estimated that the loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was twenty-seven—that of the Indians nearly two hundred.

In reviewing the Black Hawk War the student of history is forced to the conclusion that it was caused by the white man's avarice and determination to swindle the Indian out of his birthright, the finest lands of Wisconsin, Missouri and Illinois, for the usual mess of pottage. It began by the deliberate murder of the bearer of a white flag of truce (which is respected by every civilized nation on earth), and it ended in an indiscriminate massacre of men, women and helpless children, while the chief and warriors were suing for peace, and actually trying to surrender.

Having escaped through the lines of the American

army, Black Hawk, with a small party, fled to the Winnebago village at La Crosse. On his arrival here he entered the lodge of their chief and told him he intended giving himself up to the American war-chief and die if it pleased the Great Spirit. Black Hawk still retained his medicine bag, which he now presented to the chief, and informed him that it was "the soul of the Sac nation—that it never had been dishonored in any battle; take it, it is my life—dearer than life—and give it to the American chief!" The Winnebago chief received it, promised to take special care of it, and said if Black Hawk's life was spared he would send it to him, but for some unknown cause this promise was never fulfilled.



BUFFALO HUNT.

Courtesy of Newberry Library.

During his stay at this village the squaws made him a suit of white deerskin, which he wore when he went with several Winnebagos to Prairie du Chien and gave himself up.

On August 27, 1833, about noon, Black Hawk and his companion, called the Prophet, surrendered to General Street at Prairie du Chien.

On September 7, Black Hawk, now a prisoner of war, together with the Prophet and others, were taken on board the steamer Winnebago and sent to Jefferson Barracks, in charge of Lieut. Jefferson Davis, of whom the chief said: "He is a good and brave young chief, with whose conduct I was much pleased, and treated us with great kindness."

We are here reminded that at least four men who took part in the Black Hawk War were heard of again. Col. Zachariah Taylor and Capt. Abraham Lincoln each became President; Lieut. Jefferson Davis, Taylor's son-in-law, President of the Southern Confederacy, while Gen. Winfield Scott, "the hero of four wars," escaped the cholera, which almost destroyed his army, to become a strong Presidential probability, and the standard-bearer of the Whig party.

While Black Hawk was not equal to Pontiac, Brant or Tecumseh as a warrior and leader of men, yet his skill in oratory placed him in the class with Red Jacket, Logan, or even the gifted Tecumseh. Fortunately many of his speeches were made under circumstances which have permitted them to be preserved and though they were probably "revised," in some instances, by admiring friends, yet he undoubtedly possessed a peculiar poetical eloquence all his own.

When the fallen chieftain entered the presence of

General Street as a prisoner he thus addressed him: "You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected if I did not defeat you to hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you and fight you face to face. I fought hard, but your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

"He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and pappooses, against white men, who came year after year to cheat him and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

"An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation; he would be put to death and eaten up by the wolves. The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false looks and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to

deceive them. We told them to let us alone and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our path as they coiled themselves among us, like a snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones—all talkers and no workers.

"We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction. Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up and our squaws and pappooses without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council-fire. It was warm and pleasant. We setup the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and commend him.

"Black Hawk is a true Indian and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of

the whites. He has been taken prisoner and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting and will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk."

Black Hawk at the time of his imprisonment was sixty-six years of age.

Some time during the month of September the United States made a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes by which six million acres of choice land were ceded, containing the rich lead mine near Galena. In payment for this cession the United States agreed "to pay an annuity of $20,000 for thirty years; to support a blacksmith and gunsmith in addition to those then employed; to pay the debts of the tribes; to supply provisions; and, as a reward for the fidelity of Keokuk and the friendly band, to allow a reservation to be made for them of forty square miles, on the Iowa River, to include Keokuk's principal village." This treaty also required that Black Hawk, his two sons, the Prophet, Neopope (the second chief) and five others of the hostile band were to remain in the hands of the whites as hostages during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

The captive Indians were sent to Washington by order of President Jackson, and arrived at their destination April 22, 1833. The day following Black Hawk had a long interview with the President; it is said that his first greeting on meeting President was, "I am a man, and you are another."

"Old Hickory" had had a wide experience with Indians, and at once made them feel at ease by greeting them kindly, and after having the articles of dress provided for them exhibited he told Black Hawk they would be delivered to him for distribution. He then said they would have to leave shortly for Fortress Monroe and remain until

he gave them permission to return to their country. That date depended upon the conduct of the Indians, but he hoped they would soon evince good feeling and thereby shorten the time.

During this interview Black Hawk gave a brief history of the cause of the war, saying: "We did not expect to conquer the whites; no. They had too many houses, too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking, my people would have said, 'Black Hawk is a woman, he is too old to be a chief; he is no Sac.' These reflections caused me to raise the war-whoop. I say no more of it, it is known to you. Keokuk once was here; you took him by the hand, and, when he wished to return to his home, you were willing. Black Hawk expects that, like Keokuk, we shall be permitted to return too."

The President assured him that he was acquainted with the essential facts of the war, and that the chief need feel no uneasiness about the women and children whom they had left behind. They would be looked after and protected from their Indian foes.

On April 26 the captives arrived at Fortress Monroe. Here they received much kindness, and though confined were not shackled, and their imprisonment made as easy as possible. But they pined for the free air of the prairies, for their rude wigwams and the companionship of their families. Time passed slowly, with little to occupy their minds, but their own sad thoughts.

We can not help but wonder if the mind of Black Hawk at this time reverted to the young war-chief (Jefferson Davis) who treated him so kindly while on board the steamer Winnebago en route for Jefferson

Barracks; who was destined at the downfall of the Confederacy to be a United States prisoner and confined in Fortress Monroe, the same grim Bastille in which he was now incarcerated.

Fortunately their behavior was satisfactory to the President and by special order the prisoners were released the 4th of June.

It was thought wise by the Government to impress the Indians by a contrast of their own feeble resources with the vast wealth and great population of the Americans, by giving them a view of several large cities on their journey home. So the day following their release from prison the Indians and their escort took a steamer for Baltimore, by way of Norfolk.

When Black Hawk and his party arrived in Baltimore they found that the Great Father, President Jackson, was also in that city. In an interview with the chief, the President said "When I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly in going to war against the whites. Your conduct then compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated with great loss, and several of you surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you, too, that I would inquire whether your people wished you to return, and whether if you did return there would be any danger to the frontier. General Clark and General Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that your principal chief and your people are anxious you should return, and Keokuk has asked me to send you back. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and that you will never again take up the hatchet against the whites, and I have given directions that you should be taken to your own country.

"Major Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the White people. You will see that our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children, but such a force would soon be sent against you as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families. I hope they will not again raise the tomahawk against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again make war against our people I shall send a force which will severely punish you. When you go back, listen to the councils of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs; bury the tomahawk and live in peace with the people on the frontier. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair sky to return."

From Baltimore the party, conducted by Major Garland, went to Philadelphia. Here the Indians visited the mint and each received a number of new coins, of which they were very proud.

New York was the next city visited. Here the Indians were amazed at the size of the "village" and the vast throngs of people which greeted them at every turn. Indeed, all along the route they were dined and wined and well nigh killed with kindness. Black Hawk also received a large number of valuable presents.

One of the most interesting incidents of what might be called their triumphal tour, was a brief visit to the Senecas, at their council-house on their reservation in New York. The Seneca chieftain, Captain Pollard (Karlundawana), an aged and respected man, expressed his pleasure at meeting them, urging them to go to their homes in a peaceable frame of mind, to cultivate the soil, and never more to fight against the white men.

To which Black Hawk replied: "Our aged brother of the Senecas, who has spoken to us, has spoken the words of a wise and good man. We are strangers to each other, though we have the same color, and the same Great Spirit made us all and gave us this country together. Brothers, we have seen how great a people the whites are. They are very rich and very strong. It is folly for us to fight against them. We shall go home with much knowledge. For myself, I shall advise my people to be quiet, and live like good men. The advice which you gave us, brother, is very good, and we tell you now we mean to walk the straight path in the future, and to content ourselves with what we have and with the cultivation of our lands."

From Buffalo the Indians traveled by water to Detroit. After leaving this city no incident of importance occurred until they reached Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, about the 1st of August. Fort Armstrong had been selected as the most appropriate place for the dismissal of the Indians.

Keokuk was away on a buffalo hunt when Black Hawk arrived, but hurried to the place, attended by a large party, as soon as he heard the news. A large room in the garrison was prepared for the reception of the two parties. About ten o'clock Keokuk appeared at the head of a hundred warriors. Profound silence prevailed until the arrival of Black Hawk and his party. As they came in Keokuk and the chiefs of his band arose and shook hands with him and the rest. Black Hawk and party moved around and seated themselves opposite Keokuk; but he and his son showed in their looks their dejection and humiliation, for they knew that after years of rivalry the time of triumph for Keokuk, the younger chieftain, had arrived.

Major Garland broke the silence by saying that he was glad to find so much good feeling in the tribe toward

Black Hawk and his party. He was confident, from what he had seen and heard, that they would have no more trouble among themselves. He had but little to say as the President's speech to Black Hawk said all, and this would now be read and interpreted to the Indians. This was accordingly done, when Keokuk arose and said impressively:

"I have listened to the talk of our Great Father. It is true; we pledged our honors with those of our young braves, for their liberation. We thought much of it; our councils were long; their wives and children were in our thoughts. When we talked of them our hearts were full. Their wives and children came to us, which made us feel like women; but we were men. The word which we sent to our Great Father was one word, the word of all. The heart of our Great Father was good; he spoke like the father of children. The Great Spirit made his heart big in council. We received our brothers in friendship our hearts are good toward them. They once listened to bad counsel; now their ears are closed. I give my hand to them; when they shake it they shake the hand of all. I will shake hands with them and then I am done."

Major Garland now delivered the most humiliating insult and the unkindest cut Black Hawk had ever received. He said he wished all present clearly to understand that the President considered Keokuk the principal chief of the tribe, and in the future he should be acknowledged as the only one entitled to that distinction. He wished Black Hawk to listen and conform to his counsels. The two bands that had heretofore existed in the tribe must be broken up.

When this cutting speech was translated to Black Hawk a bad matter was made worse by a blunder of the interpreter, who represented Major Garland as declaring that Black Hawk *must conform* to the counsels of Keokuk.

The chief was infuriated, and rising to his feet, his eyes flashing fire, he replied: "I am an old man; I will not conform to the counsel of any one. I will act for myself; no one shall govern me. I am old; my hair is gray. I once gave counsels to my young men; am I to conform to others? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where I shall rest. What I said to our Great Father in Washington, I say again: I will always listen to him. I am done."



KEOKUK,

HEAD CHIEF OF SAC AND FOX TRIBE.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

See page 386.

It was the last flickering spark of grandeur and greatness. His words caused a stir among the listeners. The interpreter hastened to explain that he was only requested to listen to the counsels of Keokuk. Black Hawk made no reply, but seemed absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, until Keokuk said to him in an undertone: "Why do you speak thus before the white men? I will speak for you, you trembled and did not mean what you said." Black Hawk nodded assent and Keokuk said:

"Our brother, who has again come among us, has spoken, but he spoke in wrath, his tongue was forked; he spoke not like a man, a Sac. He knew his words were bad; he trembled like the oak, whose roots have been washed by many rains. He is old what he said let us forget. He says he did not mean it; he wishes it were forgotten. I have spoken for him. What I have said is his own words, not mine. Let us say he spoke in council to-day and that his words were good; I have spoken."

Major Garland that evening invited the principal chiefs, including Black Hawk, to meet him at his quarters. After several speeches had been made by the other chiefs, Black Hawk arose, and in a calm but somewhat subdued manner, said: "I feel that I am an old man. Once I could speak, but now I have little to say. To-day we meet many of our brothers. We are glad to see them. I have listened to what my brothers said; their hearts are good; they have been like Sacs since I left them; they have taken care of my wife and children, who had no wigwam. I thank them for it; the Great Spirit knows I thank them. Before the sun sets behind the hills to-morrow I shall see them. I want to see them. When I left them I expected to return. I told our

Great Father, when in Washington, I would listen to his counsels; I say so to you. I will listen to the counsel of Keokuk. I shall soon be far away. I shall have no village, no band; I shall live alone. What I said in council to-day I wish forgotten. If it has been put upon paper, I wish a mark to be drawn over it. I did not mean it. Now we are alone; let us say we will forget it. Say to our Great Father and Governor Cass that I will listen to them. Many years ago I met Governor Cass in councils, far across the prairies to the rising sun. His counsels were good. My ears were closed. I listened to the Great Father across the waters. My father listened to him, whose band was large. My band was once large, but now I have no band. I and my son and all our party thank our Great Father for what he has done. He is old; I am old; we shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where we shall rest. He sent us through his great villages. We saw many white men, who treated us with kindness. We thank them. We thank you and Mr. Sprague for coming with us. Your road was long and crooked. We never saw so many white men before. When you were with us we felt as though we had some friends among them. We felt safe. You knew them all. When you come upon the Mississippi again, you shall come to my wigwam. I have none now. On your road home, you pass where my village once was. No one lives there now; all are gone. I give you my hand; we may never meet again. I shall long remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you and your wives and children. Before the sun rises I shall start to my family. My son will be here to see you before you go, I will shake hands with my brothers now, and then I am done."

In September, 1837, a delegation of Sacs and Foxes, and another of Sioux and Iowas visited Washington, and at the suggestion of the President, extended their tour through the principal cities of the East.

The idea of impressing the untutored mind of poor Lo

{?} with our wealth, numbers and importance as a nation, seems to have been a favorite one with many of our Presidents. We presume this delegation, which included both Black Hawk and Keokuk, was suitably impressed, as have been many others since.

This tour extended to Boston, where the delegation was addressed by Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, in one of the best speeches ever delivered to Indians, at the conclusion of which Keokuk and Black Hawk each made eloquent addresses. Presents were then distributed to the Indians by the Governor. Keokuk received a splendid sword and brace of pistols, his little son a nice little rifle, the other chiefs long swords, and Black Hawk a sword and brace of pistols. At the close of the ceremonies in the Capital, the Indians entertained thirty thousand cultured Bostonians with a war-dance.

Soon after his return from Boston Black Hawk moved further west to the Des Moines River, near the storehouse of an Indian trader, where he had previously built a good house for his future home. His family included his wife, two sons, Nashashuk and Gamesett, and an only daughter and her husband.

As he had given up the chase entirely, having sufficient means from his annuities, he now turned his attention to the improvement of his grounds, and soon had everything comfortable around him. Here he had frequent visits from the whites, who came through curiosity to see the great war-chief, but all were made welcome and treated with great hospitality.

On the Fourth of July, 1838, Black Hawk was at a celebration in Fort Madison, by special invitation. Among the toasts called forth by the occasion was the following:

"Our illustrious guest, Black Hawk. May his declining years be as calm and serene as his previous life has been boisterous and full of warlike incidents. His attachment and present friendship to his white brethren fully entitle him to a seat at our festive board."

As soon as this sentiment was drunk. Black Hawk arose and delivered the following speech, which was taken down at the time by two interpreters, and by them furnished for publication:

"It has pleased the Great Spirit that I am here to-day —have eaten with my white friends. The earth is our mother—we are now on it—with the Great Spirit above us —it is good. I hope we are all friends here. A few summers ago I was fighting against you—I did wrong, perhaps; but that is past—it is buried—let it be forgotten.

"Rock River was a beautiful country—I liked my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for it. It is now yours—keep it as we did—it will produce you good crops.

"I thank the Great Spirit that I am now friendly with my white brethren. We are here together—we have eaten together—we are friends—it is your wish and mine. I thank you for your friendship.

"I was once a great warrior—I am now poor. Keokuk has been the cause of my present situation—but do not attach blame to him. I am now old. I have looked upon the Mississippi River since I was a child. I love the great river. I have dwelt near its banks from the time I was an infant. I look upon it now. I shake hands with you, and as it is my wish, I hope you are all my friends."

Black Hawk always felt an unrelenting hatred for

Keokuk, whom he averred excelled him in nothing but drinking whisky. Keokuk was, however, beyond his influence, as he was recognized as the principal chief of the tribe by the United States Government. He was undoubtedly a man of great talents, excelled as an orator and diplomat. Seeing how utterly hopeless it was to go to war with the United States, he advocated peace at any price, even the sale of 26,500,000 acres of the finest land in Missouri, Wisconsin and Illinois, at three cents an acre.

According to his autobiography Black Hawk was born at the Sac village on the Rock River in the year 1767. His father's name was Pyesa. He was also a chief of the Rock River band of the Sac tribe, but not very prominent, it would seem.

The subject of this sketch was full six feet in height, and well proportioned. It will be remembered that there is a tone of melancholy in all his speeches, as if he considered his life's career ended, and expected his troubles to end in a speedy death. His proud heart was broken by the cruelty of the Government in deposing him and recognizing his rival, Keokuk, as the principal chief. After this was done he seemed to have lost interest in life and to actually desire the rest of the grave. Nor had he long to wait, but passed away October 3, 1838, at the age of seventy-one years. But he failed to find the much desired repose in the grave, for some of that same race which kept him moving on while living turned ghoul and dug up his bones. This fact is learned from the following letter written to the *Burlington Hawk Eye* by Capt. James H. Jordan, a trader among the Sacs and Foxes before Black Hawk's death, who was present at the funeral, in which he says:

"Black Hawk was buried on the northeast quarter of Section 2, Township 70, Range 12, Davis County, Iowa, near the northeast corner of the county, on the Des Moines

River bottom, about ninety rods from where he lived when he died, on the north side of the river. I have the ground on which he lived for a door-yard, it being between my house and the river. The only mound over the grave was some puncheons split out and set over his grave and then sodded over with bluegrass, making a ridge about four feet high. A flagstaff some twenty feet high was planted at the head, on which was a silk flag, which hung there until the wind wore it out. My house and his were only about four rods apart when he died. He was sick only about fourteen days. He was buried right where he sat the year before, when in council with the Iowa Indians, and was buried in a suit of military clothes, made to order and given to him when in Washington City by General Jackson, with hat, sword, gold epaulets, etc.

"The Annals of Iowa of 1863 and 1864 state that the old chief was buried by laying his body on a board, his feet fifteen inches below the surface of the ground, and his head raised three feet above the ground. On his left side was a sword presented him by General Jackson; on his right side a cane presented him by Henry Clay, and one given him by a British officer, and other trophies. Three medals hung about his neck, from President Jackson, ex-President John Quincy Adams, and the city of Boston, respectively. The body was covered with boards on each side, six feet long, which formed a ridge; the gables being closed by boards the whole was covered with bluegrass sod. Near the flagstaff was the usual hewn post inscribed with Indian characters representing his warlike exploits, etc. Enclosing all was a strong circular picket fence twelve feet high, his body remained here until July, 1839, when it was carried off by a certain Dr. Turner, then living at Lexington, Van Buren County, Iowa. Captain Horn says the bones were carried to Alton, Illinois, to be mounted with wire. Mr. Barrows says they were taken to Warsaw,

Illinois. Black Hawk's sons, when they heard of this desecration of their father's grave, were very indignant, and complained of it to Governor Lucas, of Iowa, and his excellency caused the bones to be brought back to Burlington in the fall of 1839, or spring of 1840. When the sons came to take possession of them, finding them safely stored 'in a good dry place,' they left them there. The bones were subsequently placed in the collection of the Burlington Geological and Historical Society, and it is thought that they perished in the fire, which destroyed the building and all the society's collections in 1855; though the editor of the Annals (April, 1865, p. 478) says there is good reason to believe that the bones were not destroyed by the fire, and he is credibly informed that they are now at the residence of a former officer of said society, and thus escaped that catastrophe."

In closing this narrative of the life of this noble old chief it may be just to speak briefly of his personal traits. He was an Indian, and from that standpoint we must judge him. The make-up of his character comprised those elements in a marked degree which constitutes a noble nature. In all the social relations of life he was kind and affable. In his home he was the affectionate husband and father. He was free from many vices that others of his race had contracted from their association with the white people, never using intoxicating beverages to excess. As a warrior he knew no fear, and on the field of battle his feats of personal prowess stamped him as the "bravest of the brave." But he excelled as an orator and counsellor of his people rather than a military hero. His love of his country, his home, his lands, and the rights of his people to their broad domain, moved his great soul to take up arms. Revenge or conquest formed no part of his purpose. Right was all he demanded, and for that alone he waged the unequal contest with the superior race to the bitter and

inevitable termination.

The Black Hawk Watch Tower, as it is called, is situated on the Rock River a short distance from the Mississippi. It had been selected by Black Hawk's father as a lookout, at the first building up of the Sac village. From this point they had an unobstructed view up and down both rivers for many miles, and across the prairies as far as the vision could penetrate. The "Tower" is now a summer resort for the people of Rock Island.

In his autobiography Black Hawk says: "In 1827, a young Sioux Indian got lost on the prairie in a snowstorm, and found his way into our village. Although he was an enemy, he was safe while accepting the hospitality of the Sacs. He remained there for some time on account of the severity of the storm. Becoming well acquainted, he fell in love with the daughter of one of the head men of the village where he had been entertained, and before leaving for his own country, promised to come back for her at a certain time during the next summer.

"In July he made his way to the Rock River village, where he secreted himself in the woods until he could meet the maiden he loved, who came out to the field with her mother to assist her in hoeing corn. Late in the afternoon her mother left her and went to the village. No sooner had she got out of hearing, than he gave a loud whistle, which assured the maiden that he had returned. She continued hoeing leisurely to the end of the row, when her lover came to meet her, and she promised to come to him as soon as she could go to the lodge and get her blanket, and together they would flee to his country. But, unfortunately for the lovers, the girl's two brothers had seen the meeting, and after procuring their guns started in pursuit of them. A heavy thunderstorm was coming on at the time. The lovers hastened to and took shelter under a cliff of rocks, at Black

Hawk's Watch Tower. Soon after a loud peal of thunder was heard, the cliff of rocks was shattered in a thousand pieces, and the lovers buried beneath, while in full view of her pursuing brothers. This, their unexpected tomb, still remains undisturbed.

"This tower, to which my name has been applied, was a favorite resort, and was frequently visited by me alone, when I could sit and smoke my pipe and look with wonder and pleasure at the grand scenes that were presented by the sun's rays even across the mighty water. On one occasion a French-man, who had been making his home in our village, brought his violin with him to the tower, to play and dance for the amusement of a number of our people, who had assembled there, and, while dancing with his back to the cliff, accidentally fell over it and was killed by the fall. The Indians say that always at the same time of the year soft strains of the violin can be heard near that spot."

The following beautiful word painting by a recent visitor to the tower we take from the Rock Island Union:

BLACK HAWK'S WATCH TOWER.
BY JENNIE M. FOWLER.

"Beautiful tower! famous in history,
Rich in legend, in old-time mystery,
Graced with tales of Indian lore,
Crowned with beauty from summit to shore.

"Below, winds the river, silent and still,
Nestling so calmly 'mid island and hill.
Above, like warriors, proudly and grand,
Tower the forest trees, monarchs of land.

"A landmark for all to admire and wonder.
With thy history ancient, for nations to ponder,

Boldly thou liftest thy head to the breeze.
Crowned with thy plumes, the nodding trees.

"Years now are gone—forever more fled.
Since the Indian crept with catlike tread.
With moccasined foot, with eagle eye
The red men our foes in ambush lie.

"The owl still his nightly vigil keeps.
While the river, below him, peacefully sleeps,
The whippoorwill utters his plaintive cry.
The trees still whisper, and gently sigh.

"The pale moon still creeps from her daily rest,
Throwing her rays o'er the river's dark breast,
The katydid and cricket, I trow,
In days gone by, chirruped, even as now.

"Indian! thy camp-fires no longer are smoldering,
Thy bones 'neath the forest moss long have been moldering,
The 'Great Spirit' claims thee. He leadeth thy tribe.
To new hunting-grounds not won with a bribe.

"On thy Watch Tow'r the paleface his home now makes.
His dwelling, the site of the forest tree takes.
Gone are thy wigwams, the wild deer long fled,
Black Hawk, with his tribe, lie silent and dead."



SHABBONA, OR "BUILT LIKE A BEAR,"

POTTAWATOMIE CHIEF.

"THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND."

Copy of portrait owned by Judge Geo. M. Hollenback.

CHAPTER XII.

SHABBONA, THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND —THE CELEBRATED POTTAWATOMIE CHIEF.

"Is Saul also among the prophets?" Is Shabbona classed among the *famous* Indian chiefs? He who was only chief of a small band or village?

Yes, and for the best of reasons.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

However, we will tell the story of his life, and let the reader judge whether he is rightly classified.

According to his own statement he was born in an Ottawa village about the beginning of the Revolutionary War, in the year 1775 or 1776.

We have before us, as we write, three different sketches of his life, and though they all agree as to the date, they mention three distinct birth places, widely separated. Thus we find that Matson, his principal biographer, says "he was born at an Indian village on the Kankakee River, in what is now Will County, Illinois." Caroline M. McIlvane, librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, in her interesting sketch of Shabbona, says, "he was born at an Indian village on the Maumee River"; while one of the speakers at the dedication of the Shabbona monument, which occurred at Morris, Illinois, October 23, 1903, said "Shabbona was born at the principal village of

the Ottawas in Canada." Who shall decide when the doctors disagree?

His father, a nephew of the illustrious Pontiac, was a war-chief of the Ottawas, and was undoubtedly a man of ability, as he was one of the commissioners representing his tribe in Wayne's treaty at Greenville, in 1795, and made a speech on that occasion.

When Shabbona was an infant his parents moved to Canada, where the boy grew up and was instructed in all the Indian lore of his day. In youth he excelled all competitors in the many feats of strength, speed and endurance. His name is usually interpreted to mean "Built like a bear," and it was certainly appropriate, as he was five feet nine inches in height, well proportioned, though with very broad, deep chest, heavy shoulders, large neck and a head of extraordinary size.

Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, agent of the American Fur Company, at Chicago, said of Shabbona: "From my first acquaintance with him, which began in 1818, to his death, I was impressed with the nobility of his character. Physically he was as fine a specimen of a man as I ever saw—tall, well proportioned, strong and active, with a face expressing great strength of mind, and goodness of heart."

Fur traders who knew him in the prime of his life, speak of him as a very handsome Indian, excelling in horsemanship, dancing and athletics of all kinds.

The name of the subject of this sketch was spelled many different ways, but was usually pronounced as though spelled Shab-o-nay. Hon. George M. Hollenback, of Aurora, Illinois, says: "I have heard 'The Old Settler' pronounce his own name many times and it was always as though it was spelled Shab-o-neh."

Matson, in "Memories of Shaubena," says, "In four treaties where his signature appears, the orthography varies, and each of his educated descendants and connections spell the name different. I have in my possession, either written or printed, seventeen different ways of spelling the name. Some of these are so unlike that it is hard to believe they were intended for the same person."

The French form of the name was Chamblee, and this spelling was used by his old friend Sauganash, or Billy Caldwell, in the following document, the original of which reposes in the archives of the Chicago Historical Society:

"This is to certify that the bearer of this name, Chamblee, was a faithful companion to me during the late war with the United States. The bearer joined the late celebrated warrior, Tecumseh, of the Shawnee Nation, in the year 1807, on the Wabash River, and remained with the above warrior from the commencement of hostilities with the United States until our defeat at Moravian Town, on the Thames, October 5, 1813. I have been witness to his intrepidity and courageous warrior conduct on many occasions, and he showed a great deal of humanity to those unfortunate sons of Mars who fell into his hands.

"Amhurstburg, August 1, 1816. B. Caldwell,
Captain I. D."

We have decided to adopt the style used in spelling the town in Illinois named for the chief, as also on the monument over his grave.

About the year 1800, according to a letter from Frances R. Howe, of Porter Station, Indiana, a grandniece of Shabbona, "an extended hunting excursion brought him

from the Ottawa country into the Pottawatomie hunting grounds, where he was kindly received by a chief and his family. The young hunter made such a fine impression on Spotka and his wife that they gave him their daughter in marriage." This Pottawatomie wife of Shabbona was Wiomex Okono, whose home, according to Miss McIlvane, was located where the city of Chicago now stands. {FN} On the death of Spotka, and before he was forty years old, our hero was made chief of his adopted nation. He soon afterward moved his band to what has since been called Shabbona's Grove, in the southern part of De Kalb County. Here he resided until 1837.

{FN} Matson locates this Pottawatomie band, into which Shabbona married, on the Illinois River, a short distance above the mouth of the Fox.

In the summer of 1807, when Shabbona was on the Wabash, he spent some time at the Shawnee village with Tecumseh. This was probably his first acquaintance with the great chief. On a warm day in early Indian summer, in 1810, while Shabbona and his young men were playing ball, Tecumseh, accompanied by three chiefs, mounted on spirited black ponies, rode into the village. On the next day a favorite fat dog was killed and a feast made for the distinguished visitors. On their departure their host accompanied them, stirred by Tecumseh's eloquence on behalf of his pet scheme of uniting all the Western tribes in a confederation, to wage war against the whites.

The five chiefs now visited the Winnebagos and Menomonees. Passing through Green Bay they crossed the southern part of Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien. From here they descended the Mississippi to Rock Island, and visited the Sac and Fox villages of Wapello and Black Hawk.

Shabbona now returned to his village, but Tecumseh

and party continued down the river to St. Louis.

The following summer Shabbona was present at the second council at Vincennes, which ended as the former one, without any concessions on either side, and consequently without effecting a reconciliation.

The next day after the council Shabbona started on a journey South, with Tecumseh and two other Shawnee chiefs. They spent several months among the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws. Returning to the Wabash late in the fall, about two weeks after the battle of Tippecanoe, they saw the remains of soldiers which had been dug up by the Indians and scattered over the battlefield.

In the summer of 1812 messengers from Tecumseh visited many villages in northern Illinois, informing the tribes that war had been declared between the United States and England, and offering the warriors large sums of money to fight for the latter. These emissaries wished to capture Fort Dearborn before the garrison knew that war existed. Shabbona intended at first to remain at home and take no part in the war, but hearing that a number of warriors from other villages and a few from his own had left for Chicago, he mounted his pony and followed them.

Shabbona and a few warriors arrived at Chicago on the afternoon of the fatal day of the Fort Dearborn massacre. This was August 16, 1812, the same day of the cowardly surrender of General Hull at Detroit.

The chieftain and his young warriors were horrified at the sight of blood and carnage. The sand along the beach where the massacre had occurred was dyed and soaked with the blood of forty-two dead bodies of soldiers, women and children, all of whom were scalped and mutilated. The body of Capt. William Wells, for whom Wells street,

Chicago, is named, lay in one place, his head in another, while his arms and legs were scattered about in different places.

The captain had been very friendly with Black Partridge, and that chief now gathered up his remains and gave them decent burial near where they were found, but the remains of the other victims of the massacre lay where they had fallen until the rebuilding of Fort Dearborn, in 1816, when they were collected and interred by order of Captain Bradley.

The prisoners who had been spared were taken to the Indian camp, which was near the present crossing of Jackson and State streets, and closely guarded.

John Kinzie, whose residence stood on the north bank of the river opposite the fort, had been the Indian trader at this place for eight years, and, of course, he had many friends among the savages. As a special favor he was permitted to return to his own house, accompanied by his family, including a step-daughter (the wife of Lieutenant Helm) now badly wounded.

The evening after the massacre the chiefs present held a council to decide the fate of the prisoners, and it was agreed to deliver them to the British commander at Detroit, according to the terms of surrender. This would have been done, but unfortunately many warriors from a distance came into camp after dark, who were thirsting for blood, and seemed determined to murder the prisoners, in spite of the decision of the chiefs in council and the stipulated terms of surrender.

Black Partridge and Shabbona, with a few of their warriors, determined to make an effort to protect the inmates of Kinzie's house from the tomahawks of the

blood thirsty savages; accordingly they took a position on the porch with their rifles crossing the doorway. But the guard was overpowered by sheer numbers, as a large party of hostile savages, with their faces painted, rushed by them, forcing their way into the house. The parlor and sitting-room were quickly filled with Indians, who stood with scalping-knives and tomahawks in hand, waiting the signal from their leader to commence the bloody work. Mrs. Kinzie, with her children, and Mrs. Helm, sat in a back room weeping at the thought of the horrible death which awaited them in a moment. Even Black Partridge was in utter despair, and said to Mrs. Kinzie, "We have done everything in our power to save you, but now all is lost you and your friends, together with the prisoners at the camp, will be slain." But there was a chief in the camp who had more influence than either Black Partridge or Shabbona. At the instant Black Partridge spoke a loud whoop was heard at the river. He immediately ran to see what it meant, and in the darkness saw a canoe approaching, and shouted to its occupant, "Who are you, friend or foe?" The new comer leaped ashore exclaiming in reply, "I am Sauganash," His voice rang out like a trumpet on the still night air, reaching the ears of Mrs. Kinzie and her friends in the back room of her house, and a faint hope sprung up in her heart. She knew Sauganash, or Billy Caldwell, the halfbreed, could save them if he only reached the house in time. Black Partridge now shouted, "Hasten to the house, for our friends are in danger and you alone can save them!" The tall, manly-looking chief, with his head adorned with eagle feathers and rifle in hand, ran to the house, rushed into the parlor, which was still full of scowling savages with weapons drawn, and by entreaties, and threats of the dire vengeance of his friend and kinsman, the great Tecumseh, who never, when present, allowed a massacre of prisoners, he prevailed on them to abandon their murderous designs. Through his influence

Kinzie's family and the prisoners at the camp were saved a horrible death.

It was afterward found that a young half-breed girl, who had been in Kinzie's family for some time, where she had received kind treatment, seeing the hostile savages approaching, ran to Billy Caldwell's wigwam, and informed him of their danger, when he hastened to the rescue just in time. This young half-breed girl afterward married a Frenchman named Joseph Pathier.

Sauganash, or Billy Caldwell, one of the heroes of the Fort Dearborn massacre, was a son of Colonel Caldwell, of the British army, who for many years was stationed at Detroit. His mother was a squaw of great beauty and intelligence, a connection (possibly a sister) of the renowned Tecumseh. He was known by the name of Sauganash, which in the Pottawatomie language means an Englishman. Billy Caldwell had a good education for that time, was a very popular chief, the idol of his band, and possessed a remarkable influence over the entire tribe. He lived at Chicago twenty-six years in a cabin located on the north side of the river, near where North Water crosses La Salle street. He went west with his tribe in June, 1836, and died in Kansas some years after this.

Late in the autumn after the Chicago massacre, just as Shabbona and his band were about to start on their winter hunt, two messengers from Tecumseh arrived at his village. They brought a good-sized package of presents, consisting of beads, rings and various kinds of ornaments, intended mainly for the Squaws. Tecumseh had sent the wampum to Shabbona, asking him to bring his warriors and join his forces, and for their services they were promised a large amount of British gold. Tecumseh's emissaries said, moreover, that all the Pottawatomies along the Illinois and its tributaries, including the bands of Black

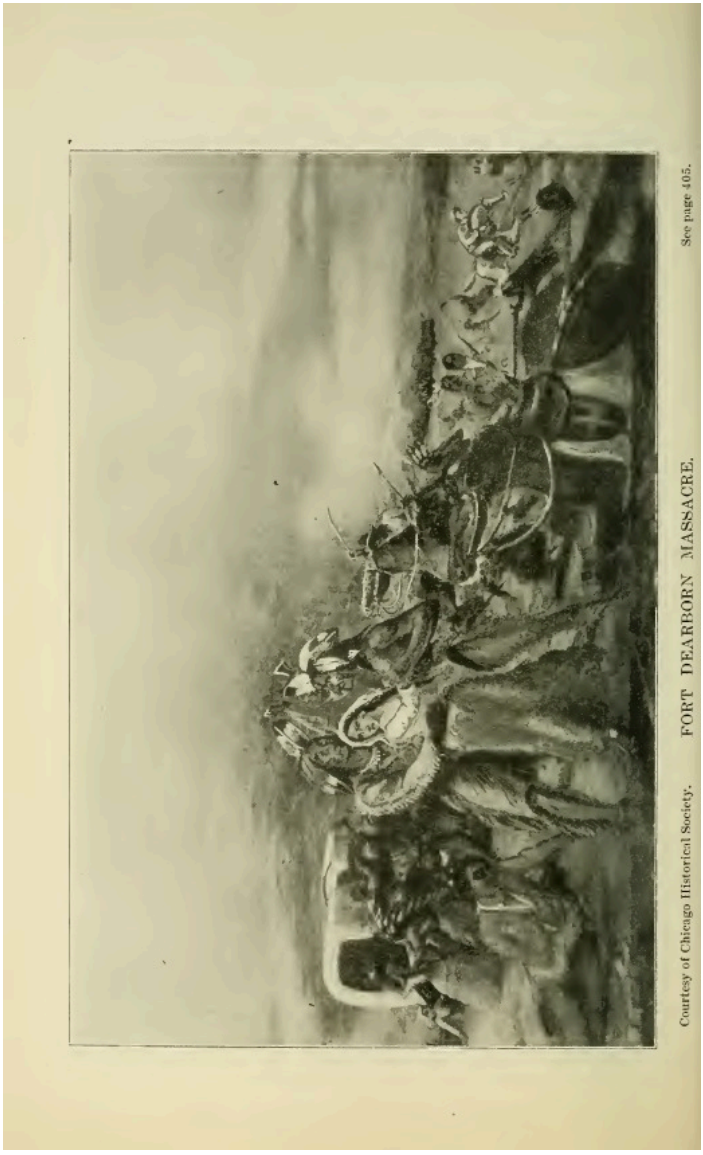
Partridge, Como, Schwinger and Comas, had dug up the hatchet and pledged their support; and that Thomas Forsyth, a trader at Peoria, had raised a company of French and half-breeds and gone to the war. These statements all proved to be false. Not one of the bands mentioned had agreed to go to war, and Shabbona afterward said had he known the true facts he would have remained at home, and continued the hunt, which would have been more profitable.

But believing the report, the winter hunt was indefinitely postponed, and the following day Shabbona started for the seat of war at the head of twenty-two warriors. When they reached the St. Joseph River they fell in with Colonel Dixon's recruits, consisting of a large number of warriors led by Black Hawk, who had followed around the lake from Green Bay.

Shabbona became an aide to General Tecumseh, served until the end of the war, and stood by his side when he fell in the battle of the Thames. He always revered the memory of Tecumseh and loved to talk about him.

In giving his account of the death of Tecumseh to the early settlers around him, Shabbona said that on the morning of the battle of the Thames, Tecumseh, Billy Caldwell and himself were sitting on a log near the camp-fire, smoking their pipes, when a messenger came to Tecumseh, saying General Proctor wished to see him immediately. The chief arose and went hastily to the general's headquarters, but soon returned, looking quite melancholy, without saying a word, when Billy Caldwell said to him, "Father, what are we to do? Shall we fight the Americans?" To which he replied, "Yes, my son; before sunset we will be in their smoke, as they are now marching on to us. But the general wants you. Go, my son, I shall never see you again." Tecumseh appeared, he said, to have

a presentiment that the impending battle would be his last. Tecumseh posted his warriors in the thick timber flanking the British line, with himself at their head, and here awaited the approach of the Americans. Soon the battle commenced, and the Indian rifles were fast thinning the ranks of the Americans, when a large body of horsemen were seen approaching on a gallop. These troopers came bravely on until they approached the line of battle, when Tecumseh and his warriors sprang forward with the Shawnee war-whoop to meet the charge. For a moment all was confusion, being a hand-to-hand fight, and many were slain on both sides. Tecumseh, after discharging his rifle, was about to tomahawk the man on a white horse (Col. R. M. Johnson), when the latter shot him with a pistol. The tomahawk, missing its deadly aim, took effect on the withers of the horse, while Tecumseh, with a shrill whoop, fell to the ground. Shabbona said he was standing by the side of Tecumseh when he received the fatal shot, and sprang forward, to tomahawk the slayer of the great chief, but at that instant the horse reared and fell, being pierced by many bullets, and the rider, badly wounded, was thrown to the ground but rescued by his comrades. The warriors, no longer hearing the voice of Tecumseh, fled from the field, when the battle ended.



Courtesy of Chicago Historical Society. FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE. See page 405.

That night, after the battle, Shabbona accompanied a party of warriors to the fatal field and found Tecumseh's remains, where he fell. A bullet had pierced his heart and his skull was broken, probably by the breech of a gun; otherwise the body was untouched. Near Tecumseh's remains lay the body of a large, fine-looking warrior, decorated with plumes and paint, whom the soldiers, no doubt, mistook for the great chief, as it was scalped and large portions of skins tripped from the body. On the day of the battle Tecumseh was dressed in plain buckskin, wearing no ornaments except a British medal suspended from the neck by a cord. The fact that Tecumseh was very modest and never wore anything to distinguish him from his warriors, though a British general as well as head chief of the Indian Confederation, was one cause of his great popularity. He was one with his men, and ruled by force of character and actual ability. This habit probably saved his life in other battles, and his body from being mutilated by the Kentucky soldiers, many of whom were backwoodsmen who fought the Indians in their own way.

Shabbona's narrative is the most interesting, and probably the most authentic account of the death of Tecumseh we have found in history. Many years after, when Col. Richard M. Johnson was Vice-President of the United States, Shabbona visited Washington, and the two got together and had a long conversation about the battle of the Thames and the death of Tecumseh. Before leaving Washington Colonel Johnson presented the chief a heavy solid gold ring, in token of friendship, which he wore until the day of his death, and by his request it was buried with him.

At the time of the Winnebago War, in the summer of 1827, the settlers along the frontier were very much alarmed, as it was thought that the Pottawatomies were about to take part in it. It was now that Shabbona first

earned his title of "The white man's friend," by mounting his pony and visiting almost every Pottawatomie village in the State, explaining to the chiefs the folly of going to war with the United States, and in most cases his arguments were successful.

Big Thunder, who had a village on the Kishwaukee, near where Belvidere now stands, had agreed to go to war; but when Shabbona visited him, and pointed out the impossibility of conquering the whites, he changed his mind, and, returning the wampum which the Winnebagos had sent him, decided to remain at peace. Shabbona also visited Big Foot's village, but here his mission was a failure. Big Foot was in favor of uniting all the Western tribes to make war on the frontier and drive the whites from the country. He had promised Red Bird, the noted Winnebago chief, to become his ally, and should take up the tomahawk when the war began.

Soon after Shabbona's visit Big Foot and his band came to Chicago to draw their annual payment from the Government, and while there they deported themselves in a way to alarm the people.

The night after drawing their pay some of the Indians painted their faces, danced around the agency-house singing war songs, and occasionally yelling at the top of their voices. On the following night Fort Dearborn was struck by lightning and set on fire, when several buildings were burned. Big Foot and his warriors refused to render any aid in extinguishing the flames, but stood by as idle spectators.

The Indians were encamped in a grove north of the river and appeared sulky and unfriendly, constantly avoiding conversation with the whites, but frequently engaged in earnest conversation with each other. It was

also noticed that they would stop talking as soon as other Indians or whites approached. In a few day's the band left at night for their village, and their strange conduct caused the people to believe they intended evil.

The next day after Big Foot's departure the citizens called a meeting to discuss the situation and plan for their safety. This meeting was attended by whites, half-breeds and Indians. It was decided at this meeting to send Shabbona and Billy Caldwell as messengers to Big Foot's village to get an explanation of their strange conduct and learn, if possible, what they intended to do. The two chiefs started on their mission the following morning.

Big Foot was a large, raw-boned, big-footed, dark-visaged Indian. His countenance was bloated by intemperance. He is said to have ruled over his band with despotic sway, and usually his will was law. His village was on the banks of the lake, which formerly bore his own name, but is now called Lake Geneva.

When Shabbona and Billy Caldwell reached their destination they thought it prudent for one to hide in the cedar timber on the ridge overlooking the village, to watch proceedings, while the other had the interview with Big Foot and his band. It was Shabbona who rode boldly into the village, but the meeting between the two chiefs was far from friendly.

Big Foot at once accused Shabbona of being a friend of the whites and a traitor to his tribe, saying had it not been for him, Billy Caldwell and Robinson, all of the Pottawatomies would unite with the Winnebagos in making war on the Americans; to which Shabbona replied that he could not assist the Winnebagos against the United States, as the whites were so strong they must eventually conquer, and the war could only result in the ruin of that

tribe. A large number of warriors had collected around the two chiefs, listening to their conversation, when Big Foot became so enraged that he seized his tomahawk and would have killed Shabbona had not the warriors interfered and prevented it. Shabbona was now disarmed, bound and thrown into an unoccupied wigwam and guarded by two warriors to prevent his escape.

Billy Caldwell, from his hiding place, was watching closely, and when he saw his friend stripped of his arms, bound and led away, probably to be put to death, he became alarmed, fearing he might meet the same fate if caught; consequently he mounted his pony and hastened back to Chicago and reported Shabbona either killed or a prisoner in Big Foot's village. The citizens were greatly alarmed, as their worst fears were confirmed. Shabbona had been known by the people of Chicago a long time. He was held in high estimation by both whites and Indians, and all were grieved at his loss. But while grief and excitement was at its height, Shabbona returned, his pony covered with foam, and the grief was turned into rejoicing.

It seems that a council was called the night after he was taken captive, to consider what to do with him. It was decided in council that it was unsafe to keep Shabbona a prisoner, as his band and other bands, as well as the whites at Chicago, whose messenger he was, would certainly come to his rescue, and if executed his death would be avenged. So, against the protest of Big Foot, who was still enraged at him, the warriors decided to set him free the next morning. This was accordingly done, and when his belongings, including his pony, were returned to him, a friend whispered in his ear to ride for his life, as Big Foot would surely pursue and he would be killed if overtaken. This accounted for the foam on the pony. It was, indeed, a race for life, as Big Foot and four warriors were hot on his trail for many miles, but Shabbona's pony proved to be the

best.

During the period from 1823 to October 3, 1828, Fort Dearborn was not permanently occupied by troops. Consequently for five years the citizens of Chicago were without protection.

The inhabitants of Chicago consisted principally of French, half-breeds and a few Yankee adventurers engaged in the fur trade. The people had been on good terms with the Indians, and often exchanged friendly visits with them; but now war existed between the whites and Winnebagos, and it was known that Big Foot's band, and perhaps other of the Pottawatomies, were ready to join them. With the exception of the bands controlled by Shabbona, Billy Caldwell and Robinson, the country for two hundred miles around was full of discontented Indians, who were liable to dig up the tomahawk at any time. So the citizens almost imagined they were in danger of a second massacre. But Shabbona quieted their fears by offering to bring his warriors to Chicago and guard it, if it became necessary, and his proposition the people hailed with much rejoicing. Happily this was not found necessary, as shortly after this an express came from Galena with the good news that the Winnebago war was over and Red Bird a prisoner.

In the summer of 1829, a Connecticut Yankee, by the name of George Whitney, came to Shabbona's village for the purpose of trading with the Indians. Whitney's outfit consisted of a covered wagon drawn by two mules, and loaded with a miscellaneous stock of articles of Indian traffic, including a barrel of whisky. The Indian trader had with him a jolly young half-breed named Spike, who performed the duties of teamster, cook and interpreter.

After pitching his tent in the edge of Shabbona's grove near the village, Whitney enjoyed an excellent trade

with the Indians, especially in whisky. Many Indians got drunk and became noisy and abusive to their families, seeing which, Shabbona went to Whitney and requested him not to sell any more whisky to his people; but regardless of this request, Whitney continued to sell his distilled damnation to all who had the price. At this Shabbona became justly indignant, and going to his tent one morning he told the trader that if he did not leave the grove that day he would be at the trouble of moving him. As soon as Shabbona had gone, Whitney asked Spike what the angry chief had said. "He said," answered Spike, "that if you are found here at sunset your scalp will be seen to-morrow morning hanging on the top of that pole," pointing to a high, straight pole used by the Indians in their crane dances.

On hearing this Whitney turned pale and trembled; he began at once to take down his tent and pack his goods; at the same time he ordered Spike to catch the mules and hitch them to the wagon as soon as possible. When everything had been hastily tumbled into the wagon, Whitney seized the reins, and whipping his mules into a gallop, quickly disappeared in the direction of Chicago, and was never heard of again in that part of the country.

What a pity white men have not pluck enough to try the same experiment when they see a saloon is about to be forced onto them against their wills, to debauch their sons.

The Sacs and Foxes, Winnebagos and Pottawatomies held a council in February, 1832, at Indian town. Black Hawk, Neopope, Little Bear and many other chiefs of their tribe were present. White Cloud, or the Prophet, represented the Winnebagos, while Shabbona, Waba, Shick Shack, Meommuse, Waseaw, Sheatee, Kelto, Autuckee and Waubonsie were the Pottawatomie chiefs in attendance.

The object of this council was to unite the different tribes in a war against the frontier settlements, hoping to check or drive back the tide of emigration, and save their villages and hunting grounds from the encroachments of the whites. During the council, which lasted a number of days, many speeches were made for and against such a union. The Winnebago chief, White Cloud, called the Prophet, was the leading spirit of the council. His zeal and oratory gave him great influence. He said, in one of his speeches, "If all the tribes are united, their warriors will be like the trees of the forest"; to which Shabbona replied, "Yes, but the soldiers of the whites will outnumber the leaves on the trees."

Shabbona, while not a great orator, possessed honesty and good judgment, and this in a measure atoned for his lack of eloquence. After the death of Black Partridge and Senachwine no chief among the Pottawatomies had as much influence as Shabbona. While Black Hawk was a prisoner at Jefferson Barracks, in the fall of 1832, he told Thomas Forsyth, the former agent of the Sacs and Foxes, that, had it not been for Shabbona the whole Pottawatomie nation would have joined his standard, and then he could have continued the war for years, dictated his own terms of peace, and his people would not have been so crushed and humiliated.

As evidence of the influence of Shabbona it is said that, at the Indiantown council, he induced all the Pottawatomie chiefs except Waubonsie to oppose the union of the tribes against the whites.

Black Hawk now regarded his scheme as a failure, and mounting his pony left for home with a sad heart. However, the Prophet, Neopope and Wisshick were not so easily discouraged, and started on a mission to the villages on the upper Rock River, and in Wisconsin. A few of the

chiefs accepted the wampum, and promised support in case of war, but most of the Winnebagos, remembering the disastrous war of a few years ago under Red Bird, remained neutral and advised against another encounter with the whites. But Neopope and Wisshick reported that *all* the Pottawatomies at the north and most of the Winnebagos would join him in a war if he would come up in their country.

Deceived by these false statements, Black Hawk determined to prosecute his original plans and started up the Rock River with his entire band.

When Black Hawk ascended to the present site of Byron without meeting the expected reinforcements, he became discouraged. After fixing his camp on a stream, since appropriately called Stillman's Run, he dispatched a runner for his old friends in arms, Shabbona and Waubonsie, who immediately started to his camp. After dinner Black Hawk took his two friends a short distance, and seating themselves on a fallen tree, he told them the story of his wrongs. Said he, "I was born at the Sac village, and here I spent my childhood, youth and manhood. I like to look upon this place, with its surroundings of big rivers, shady groves and green prairies. Here is the grave of my father and some of my children; here I expected to live and die and lay my bones by the side of those near and dear unto me; but now, in my old age, I have been driven from my home, and dare not look again upon this loved spot." Here the old chief broke down and wept, a rare thing for an Indian. After wiping his tears away he continued, almost heartbroken, "Before many moons you, too, will be compelled to leave your homes, the haunts of your youth your villages, cornfields and hunting grounds will be in possession of the whites, and by them the graves of your fathers will be plowed over, while your people will be driven westward toward the setting sun to find a new home

beyond the Father of Waters."

This prediction was fulfilled in both cases. Continuing, the aged chief said, "We have always been as brothers; have fought side by side in the British War; have hunted together and slept under the same blanket; we have met in council at religious feasts; our people are alike and our interests the same.

"I am now on the warpath. Runners have been sent to different villages bearing wampum and asking the chiefs to meet my band in council. Once united we would be so strong the whites would not attack us, but would treat on favorable terms, and return to me my village and the graves of my people."

Shabbona, in reply, said he could not join him in a war against the whites; that Governor Clark, General Cass and his friends at Chicago had made him many presents, some of which he still kept as tokens of friendship, and while in possession of these gifts he could not think of raising the tomahawk against their people. Shabbona also declined to attend the proposed council, and advised Black Hawk to return west of the Mississippi as the only means of saving his people; the two chiefs parted, to meet no more in this life.

Waubonsie, seeing the decided stand taken by Shabbona, also refused to take part in the approaching war. However, Waubonsie agreed to attend the council of chiefs.

The next day after this interview Shabbona mounted his pony and went to Dixon's Ferry to offer the service of himself and warriors to General Reynolds.



ANNIE RED SHIRT,

AN INDIAN BEAUTY.

By E. L. Thacher.

There was among the volunteers a worthless vagabond named George McKabe, who was employed as cook in one of the companies. McKabe was married to an Indian squaw belonging to Black Hawk's band, but was too lazy to hunt or work and spent his time loafing around the village drinking whisky and stealing from the settlers. He joined the volunteers at Black Hawk's suggestion who thought it well to have a spy among the whites to inform him of their plans, and warn the Indians when an attack was intended.

This wretch, who was equal to any villainy, whether it concerned friend or foe, while strolling through Stillman's camp at Dixon's Ferry, saw Shabbona when he arrived, and told some of the rangers that he was a Sac Indian belonging to Black Hawk's band, and there as a spy. The rangers, believing McKabe's story, dragged Shabbona from his pony, disarmed him, and abused him in a shameful manner. In vain he exclaimed in his broken English, "Me Shabbona; me Pottawatomie; Neconche moka man" (a friend of the white man). The drunken ruffians paid no attention to him and would have murdered him outright had not Mr. Dixon, the keeper of the ferry, heard of it and hurried to his rescue. This gentleman had known Shabbona a number of years, and claiming him for his friend and guest he was permitted to take the chief to his home, and afterward introduced him to Governor Reynolds, General Atkinson, Colonel Taylor and others, and he became a prime favorite with officers and men.

Black Hawk's grand council was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with his pony in a gallop, bringing tidings of the approach of Stillman's army. Some of the

chiefs were on the way but had not yet arrived, and those who were present, including Waubonsie, mounted their ponies and rode back to their villages with all speed.

So the council never met, and Black Hawk failed to obtain the aid of the friendly chiefs; some even became allies of the whites.

There were, however, certain disaffected Pottawatomies, belonging to different bands, who joined Black Hawk. These, with a few Sac and Fox warriors and Winnebagos committed many outrages and murders on the defenseless settlers along the Illinois, Fox and Rock rivers, and their tributaries. Many others would have been butchered had they not received warning from their friend in need and friend indeed, Shabbona.

The night after Stillman's retreat, as Shabbona was sleeping at his home he was awakened by a messenger, who reported that a battle had been fought and Black Hawk's band had been victorious. The chief knew only too well that war parties would be immediately sent out to murder the nearest settlers. So he made a hasty preparation to warn them of danger. Having dispatched his son, Pypegee, to Holderman's Grove settlements and his nephew, Pyps, to those on Fox River, he mounted his fleetest pony and started for Bureau and Indian Creek.

We can not help but think that the words of the hymn writer would apply as well to this heathen, hurrying to save the lives of those nominal Christians, as it would to the Christian missionary hastening to save the heathen:

"Take your life in your hand,
Go quick while you may;
Speed away, speed away, speed away!"

The first house Shabbona reached was that of Squire Dimmick, who lived near the present site of La Moille. When informed of his danger, Dimmick replied that "he would stay until his corn was planted," adding that "he had left the year before, and it proved a false alarm, and he believed it would be so this time." Shabbona's reply to this was, "If you will stay at home, send off your squaw and pappooses, or they will be murdered before the rising of to-morrow's sun!" Shabbona had now mounted his pony again, and as he turned to go he raised his hand above his head, and in a loud impressive voice exclaimed "Auhaw Puckegee" (you must leave) and started off in a gallop to warn others. This last remark caused Dimmick to change his mind, and hastily putting his family and a few things into a wagon he left his claim, never to return.

Shabbona continued to ride until he had warned all the settlers on Bureau and Indian creeks, and they at once fled to Hennepin, Peoria and Springfield, where they remained until the war was over, while a few never returned to their claims. It was not a false alarm the settlers received, for during the night of the same day that Shabbona notified them, Girty, a notorious half-breed, led a band of about seventy warriors to Bureau. During the night this band of cut-throats visited almost every house in the settlement, in some of which they found the fire still burning, but were surprised to find their intended victims had fled. Girty's band encamped in the edge of the timber west of the present site of Princeton.

When Shabbona's nephew, Pyps, had warned the settlers on Fox River of the commencement of hostilities, he went on a visit to a young squaw, of whom he was enamoured, at Rochell's village, south of the Illinois. After remaining a few days, he was returning home by way of Indian Creek when he noticed a large body of Indians entering the timber within six miles of the settlement.

Hurrying home, he immediately informed Shabbona about the Indians and also of having noticed some of the settlers still in their cabins.

Knowing that these settlers would be almost certain to fall victims to these savages, Shabbona determined to go and warn them a *second time.* Accordingly, about midnight, after giving some directions to his family and friends, in case he should be killed, which he knew would be his fate if seen by the hostiles, Shabbona started for the Indian Creek settlement.

He thus deliberately periled his life to save his white friends. It was certainly one of the most courageous deeds recorded in history, for—

"The noblest place a man can die
Is where man dies for *man.*"

But he seems to have been protected by Providence, for the Sac bullet was never moulded that was destined to lay our hero low.

Shabbona arrived at his destination about sunrise, before the people were out of bed, with his pony in a foam of sweat. He quickly informed the settlers that a large band of hostile Indians were seen in the timber about six miles above on the evening before, and unless they left immediately they would almost certainly be killed. On hearing this, Hall, one of the leading citizens, was in favor of starting for Ottawa at once. But another man with greater influence, by the name of Davis, opposed it, saying he did not fear the Indians, and no redskin could drive him from his home. Unfortunately the counsel of Davis prevailed, and the settlers refused to heed the warning of Shabbona, and, strange to say, made no preparation for defense.

On the fatal day of the Indian Creek massacre, about four o'clock in the afternoon of May 20, 1832, the red fiends made their attack under the leadership of Girty, the infamous half-breed. Most of the men were at work in the blacksmith shop, and the women busy with their household affairs. The whites were completely surprised and shot down before they could make an effectual resistance.

In less time than it takes to record it, fifteen people were butchered, including Hall and Davis; the entire community was wiped out of existence, except a few who were in the field, and the two sisters, Sylvia and Rachel Hall, carried off into captivity.

The next day after the massacre, a company of rangers from Chicago and vicinity, under Captain Naper, and also a party from Putnam County, visited the scene of horror and buried the dead. A fine monument was afterward erected over the remains of the victims by their surviving friends, containing the names and ages of those massacred.

The Hall sisters were conveyed on horseback to Black Hawk's camp, near the present site of Madison, Wisconsin. Meantime their brother, John W. Hall, marched with his regiment as far north as the lead mines of Galena. Here he informed Col. H. Gratiot, agent of the Winnebagos, of his sisters' captivity, and the gallant colonel employed two chiefs, White Crow and Whirling Thunder, to ransom the captives, and they started at once to Black Hawk's camp. A council was now called and it was agreed to ransom the prisoners for two thousand dollars and forty horses, besides a quantity of blankets, beads, etc. But the matter was not yet ended; a young chief claimed Rachel as his prize, intending to make her his wife, and was unwilling to give her up. He even threatened to tomahawk her rather than let her go. After some delay a compromise was

effected by giving him ten horses; but before parting with her he cut off two of her locks of hair as a trophy. The girls were now taken to Galena, where they were rejoiced to meet their brother, John W., whom they supposed was killed in the massacre.

An account of the capture of these sisters having been published throughout the country, the people everywhere were much rejoiced at their deliverance. The people of Galena also vied with each other in honoring them and bestowing presents, including several handsome dresses, made in the latest fashion.

After about a week's stay at Galena they started to St. Louis, accompanied by their brother, on board the steamer Winnebago—the same boat, by the way, on which Black Hawk himself was afterward conveyed to Jefferson Barracks.

At St. Louis the sisters were entertained by Governor Clark. During their stay with the Governor's family money amounting to $470 was collected for them, besides many valuable presents. It was here they were met by Rev. Erastus Horn, an old friend of their father, who conveyed them to his home in Cass County, Illinois. When their brother, John W. Hall, married and settled in Bureau County, the two girls made their home with him. The State Legislature presented them with a quarter section of canal land near Joliet, and Congress afterward made an appropriation of money for their benefit.

Sylvia, the older, married Rev. William Horn, and established a home at Lincoln, Nebraska. Rachel married William Munson and settled at Freedom, La Salle County, near the scene of her captivity. Here she remained until her untimely death a few years afterward.

When Pyps, Shabbona's nephew, notified the settlers on Fox River he came to a family by the name of Harris. It seems that Mr. Harris and his two sons were away at the time hunting their horses, which had strayed off the day before, so the family had no means of escape except on foot. This would not have been so bad, but for the fact that old Mr. Combs, Mrs. Harris' father, made his home with her, and being confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism, could not go with the family in their flight. Mrs. Harris regretted to leave him to almost certain death. But the old hero exclaimed, "Flee for your lives, and leave me to my fate; I am an old man and can live but a short time at any rate." Mrs. Harris and the grandchildren left him with sore hearts, never expecting to see him again. Traveling slowly on foot they were overtaken by the Aments and Clarks, and later by Mr. Harris and his two sons. In due time they arrived at Plainfield.

Soon after the departure of the Harris family, the house was entered by a party of Indians, who, finding supper on the table sat down and ate. During the meal they talked about the escape of their intended victims, and one remarked to the rest, "Shabbona did this." Verily, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Others besides "civilized man can not live without cooks," or at least it is here demonstrated that even savages appreciate good cooking. Mrs. Harris was a famous cook of that day, and this fact probably saved her father's life. It is more than probable that had the Indians discovered "Grandpa Combs" before they had eaten that good supper, while they were hungry and savage, the old gentleman would have been tomahawked and scalped. But after supper the Indians were in a better humor, and instead of killing the helpless old man, they actually *administered to his wants,* and tried to make him comfortable. Not only so, but for nearly a week they *visited him daily,* supplying him with

food and drink. Thus matters continued until Harris's House was visited by a company of rangers commanded by Captain Naper, who found old Mr. Combs so much improved in health that he was able to go with them to Plainfield, and afterward to Chicago with his friends. He survived the war several years, and often spoke of his kind treatment from the Indians when he expected to be killed.

While the regular army, under the command of General Atkinson, camped at Dixon's Ferry waiting for reinforcements to enable them to pursue Black Hawk, a number of Pottawatomie warriors joined it and were mustered into service. The warriors were led by Shabbona, Waubonsie and Billy Caldwell. General Atkinson, after consulting with his officers and other parties about the merits of the three chiefs, gave the command of the warriors to Shabbona. This gave offense to the other chiefs, each of whom expected the honor, and they shortly left the service, taking with them some of the warriors. Shabbona and his band remained with the army during the campaign, doing good service as scouts, and keeping General Atkinson posted on the movements of Black Hawk.

General Atkinson and his army came up with Black Hawk's band near four lakes, where they were secreted in the thick timber, surrounded by water and swampy land. An attempt was made to construct rafts to cross the water, but, night coming on, it was abandoned. In the darkness of the night some of Black Hawk's warriors came within hailing distance of the army and shouted across the narrow lake and swamp that Black Hawk's braves could whip Atkinson's army, and their squaws could whip Shabbona's warriors. At these taunting words Shabbona became very indignant and asked permission of the general to take his warriors around the head of the lake and attack Black Hawk's men during the darkness of the night, but the

request was not granted.

Next day the army went around the lake to attack the enemy. Shabbona, at the head of his warriors, was ordered to charge the enemy. The order was obeyed. The Indians, yelling their war-whoop, charged through the timber, but met with no resistance, as Black Hawk and his warriors had fled during the night.

In the winter of 1831 and 1832, Governor Clark, of St. Louis, who had been appointed general Indian agent of the West, hearing that Shabbona had prevented the Pottawatomies from becoming allies of Black Hawk, sent him a number of presents, among which was a handsome fur hat with a wide silver band. War and carnage were represented on one side of this silver band, on the other friendship, pipe of peace, etc. For safe keeping Shabbona carried this hat to his friend, John M. Gay, who lived a few miles north of what is now Wyanet. Mr. Gay put it for safekeeping in the garret, but the following spring, during the Black Hawk war, he and his family fled from home, leaving the hat, with many other things, in his house. On returning at the close of the war he found that the Indians had carried off most of his things, including Shabbona's hat. After the war the chief called for his hat, and was much grieved to find it gone. The Indians who stole the hat took it to Black Hawk's camp and presented it to that chief, and it was worn by him at the great feast and council near four lakes. It was afterward picked up on the battlefield of Wisconsin River by one of General Dodge's rangers, who carried it to Galena, where it was kept some time as one of the trophies of the war. Some years after the close of the war this hat was recognized by an Indian as the one stolen from Gay's house and worn by Black Hawk at the Council of Four Lakes.

The prediction made by Black Hawk that Shabbona

would soon be compelled to abandon his beloved village and go west to a reservation was fulfilled in the summer of 1836. At that time the Indian agent, Capt. J. B. Russell, notified the chief that his band must remove to the lands assigned them by the Government, in accordance with the treaty, as no one but himself and family could remain at the Grove. In imagination I hear some one say, "But this Government order applied only to Shabbona's band. Of course, the Government would not be so ungrateful to 'The White Man's Friend' as to force him to leave his happy home, where he had spent the most of his life, and go to a new reservation in a distant State." Granting that this was the intention of the Government, it was still a cruel deed to force the chief in his declining years to make a choice between his village and his band. Let it not be forgotten that not only Shabbona, but practically his entire band of warriors, fought on the side of the whites during the Black Hawk War, besides saving the lives of many settlers by warning them of danger. Common justice, to say nothing of gratitude, should have impelled the Government to make an exception in the case of Shabbona and his band. A reservation should have been given them around and including Shabbona's Grove, and the title should have been secured to them,

"While the grass grows
And the water flows."



WAUBONSIE, POTTAWATOMIE CHIEF,

WHOSE VILLAGE STOOD NEAR AURORA, ILL.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

See page 417.

"Consistency is a jewel," but our Government never displayed any of it in its dealings with the Indians. Black Hawk's warriors, who arrayed themselves against the Government, were sent across the Mississippi to a reservation in the rich land of Southeastern Iowa, while Shabbona's warriors, who fought bravely as allies of the Government, are banished to a reservation in distant western Kansas, a somewhat arid and inhospitable region. Friend and foe are treated exactly alike, when a few greedy white men covet the Indian's village and cornfields. The ways of our Government in its dealings with the Indians are past finding out.

When notified by the agent, Shabbona said he did not like to leave his happy home, but could not think of being separated from his people, therefore he would go with them. The agent offered to move them at the expense of the Government, but Shabbona said he did not require it, as they had plenty of ponies to carry all their tents, and the hunters could supply them with food while making the journey.

Shabbona's band left their grove in September, but stopped on Bureau Creek about six weeks, engaged in hunting and fishing. Here he received the visits from a number of settlers, some of whom were the people he had warned during the Black Hawk War. These now expressed their gratitude by bringing into his camp green corn, melons, squashes and fruit of all kinds, and in return he sent them turkeys and venison.

Shabbona was afflicted with ague at this time and seemed very grateful to his white friends for their visits and presents. He told them he had hunted on Bureau thirty years in succession, but this was probably his last hunt, as he was going to his reservation in the Far West in a few days, where he expected to leave his bones. He was very

sad at the thought of being compelled to leave the country where he had spent his infancy, youth and manhood, and be forced in his old age to seek a new home in a distant land. At the time of his departure for Kansas his band consisted of one hundred and forty-two persons, old and young, and they had one hundred and sixty ponies. The journey was resumed late in October.

Soon after Shabbona and his band settled on the reservation in western Kansas, the Black Hawk band of Sacs and Foxes were moved from Iowa to the same locality. This band, under the leadership of Neopope, who was second in command during the war, settled on a reservation only about fifty miles from Shabbona's, Neopope had often declared he would kill Shabbona, Pypegee and Pyps for notifying the settlers of danger and fighting against them during the late war. Shabbona had been warned of these threats, but did not believe he would ever be harmed.

In the fall of 1837, Shabbona, Pypegee, Pyps and five others went on a buffalo hunt about one hundred miles from home. Neopope heard of it, and thinking this a good time to take his revenge, raised a war party and followed them.

About midnight, when all were asleep, this party of Sacs and Foxes attacked the camp, killing Pypegee and Pyps and wounding another hunter, who was overtaken and slain. Shabbona, his son, Smoke, and four others escaped from the camp, but Neopope and his warriors were hot on their trail and pursued them almost to their village. The fugitives reached home the third day, more dead than alive, having traveled more than one hundred miles on foot, without rest or food. Knowing that he would be killed if he remained in Kansas, the aged chief left immediately for his farm in De Kalb County, Illinois, accompanied by

his family, consisting of two squaws, children and grandchildren, about twenty-five people in all. He arrived at his destination the latter part of November, 1837.

Some time during the spring of 1838, some of Shabbona's family discovered an old decrepit squaw hid in the thick timber near the village. Her face was partly covered with a buckskin headdress, and highly colored with different kinds of paint. Strange to say, she was armed with rifle, knife and tomahawk, and a jaded pony hitched near by showed evidence of a long journey. The aged squaw would give no account of herself, nor could they get her to tell whence she came or her destination. She seemed sullen and morose, and having been furnished with food, mounted her pony and left the grove. It was afterward learned that this old squaw was not a squaw at all, but Neopope, the war-chief of Black Hawk's band, who had assumed that disguise and was there to assassinate Shabbona. Having been discovered and fearing detection caused him to leave without accomplishing his object. Shabbona did not know the true character of the old squaw until he visited Kansas, after the death of Neopope, and the incident was told by some of his friends.

In the spring of 1849 Shabbona, with his family, went to visit his band in Kansas and remained there over two years. As soon as he was gone certain parties made affidavits that he had sold and abandoned his reservation and gone West to live. These papers were sent to the General Land Office at Washington, and the Commissioner decided that by abandoning his land Shabbona had forfeited his right to the reservation. When he returned in the fall of 1851 with his family, he was amazed to find the whites in possession of his village, cornfields and grove.

When he found himself deprived of all that he held dear, he broke down and cried like a child. Many days he

gave himself up to sadness and refused to be comforted, and each night he went to a lonely place in the grove and prayed to the Great Spirit. To add insult to injury, the white ruffian who now had possession of the grove cursed the aged chief for cutting a few camp poles, and burning a few dry limbs for cooking, and ordered him to leave "his" grove, which had been Shabbona's home for fifty years. He was now old—past three score and ten—no longer capable of getting a living by hunting, as formerly, and with a number of small grandchildren depending on him for support. With a sad heart Shabbona looked for the last time upon the graves of departed loved ones, and then left the grove forever.

Shabbona never could understand why the Government should dispossess him of his reservation in his old age, just when he needed it most. Can you understand it, gentle reader?

The aged chief and his family now camped in a grove of timber on Big Rock Creek, where he remained some time undecided what to do. Here his white friends of other days came to see him and brought many presents.

It was during his stay at this place that the citizens of Ottawa, at the solicitation of ex-Sheriff George E. Walker, raised money to buy and improve a small tract of land on the south bank of the Illinois River, two miles above Seneca, in Grundy County. Here his friends built a comfortable frame dwelling, with fencing and other improvements, and presented it to Shabbona for a home. The house was pleasantly situated and commanded a splendid view of the river, but Shabbona preferred to live in a wigwam and the residence was used only as a storehouse.

The Government gave him an annuity of two hundred

dollars, as a Black Hawk War veteran; this fund, supplemented by gifts from his friends, kept him above want.

While living at this place, Shabbona received a call from Williamson Durley, of Putnam County, who gave him a special invitation to visit at his house. Mr. Durley had been a merchant at Hennepin a number of years, and Shabbona often traded with him for goods for his band, paying for them in furs. Their business relations were pleasant and Shabbona regarded Mr. Durley as one of his best friends.

While on this visit Shabbona was accompanied by three daughters and his grandson, a lad of twelve years of age, named Smoke. At the suggestion of Mr. Durley the whole party dressed themselves in full Indian costume, with feathers, paint, rings, beads, etc., and mounted on horseback they visited Hennepin, where they attracted much attention. All the citizens turned out to honor them with a hearty reception.

At different times Shabbona was selected by the Pottawatomie tribe to represent their interest at the National Capital. On one of these visits to Washington, General Cass introduced him to the President, some of the members of Congress, heads of departments and others. A large crowd had collected in the rotunda of the capitol to see Shabbona, when General Cass introduced him to the audience, saying, "Shabbona is the greatest red man of the West; he has always been a friend to the whites and saved many of their lives during the Black Hawk War." At the conclusion of this speech people came forward to shake hands with the chief, and many of the ladies *met him with a kiss.*

On another of the trips to Washington, while

Shabbona, with other chiefs, was standing on the east portico of the capitol engaged in conversation an elegantly dressed gentleman approached the group, and, looking earnestly at Shabbona, exclaimed, "Were you not in the battle of Frenchtown in 1813?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he continued, "Do you remember saving the life of a wounded lieutenant from Kentucky by the name of Shelby?" The chief remembered the incident, when the gentleman exclaimed, "Well, I am that same Lieutenant Shelby!" Mr. Shelby showed his gratitude by the presentation of several gifts.

Hon. Perry A. Armstrong, of Morris, Illinois, for many years an intimate friend of Shabbona, says: "We were in Joliet one chilly night in November, 1857, and put up at the Exchange Hotel. Arising a little after daylight, we opened the window-blind of our bedroom, when we noticed an Indian slowly walking up and down the sidewalk opposite the hotel, beating his arms around his body to keep up a circulation of blood. A high, tight-board fence stood on the west of the sidewalk, close up to which we beheld three persons lying, well wrapped in blankets. On reaching the street we were greeted with 'Boozhu coozhu nicon' (How do you do, my friend), in the familiar voice of Shabbona. His wife, daughter and grandchild were sleeping sweetly and comfortably under the shelter of the board fence, wrapped in their own blankets, to which the old chief had added his while he kept watch and ward during the long cold night over his sleeping loved ones, although he was over fourscore years of age. Always considerate of the rights and comforts of others, Shabbona was diffident and cautious in approaching the home of a white man. He had reached Joliet late the night previous, and was too diffident to wake anybody to ask for shelter. Finding this high fence would ward off the fierce western wind, he arranged his wife and daughter and little

grandchild so they could be comfortable, and gave them his own blanket, while he kept himself from chilling by constant exercise."

On one occasion Shabbona was on a hunting trip in the big woods of the Kankakee River, hoping to find a deer, accompanied by his family and some friends from Kansas. While the old chief and his friends were off hunting the man who owned the grove where they were encamped came and abused the squaws by calling them hard names, and ordered them to leave. He even tore down one of the tents in his anger. Of course Shabbona was indignant when he returned and heard of it, and determined to move his camp the next morning.

That evening about sunset the owner of the timber, accompanied by two of his neighbors, returned to the Indian camp, when the old chief offered his hand, at the same time exclaiming, "Me Shabbona." This introduction usually acted as a talisman among settlers, by giving him a hearty welcome wherever his camp was pitched, but with this ruffian it failed of its magical effect. His answer was to inform the chief, with an oath, that if he did not immediately leave he would destroy his tents. Shabbona took out some pieces of silver and offered them to him in payment for a few tent poles and firewood. But this did not satisfy the enraged man. Being in a terrible rage, his voice raised to a high pitch, he told the chief that if he did not leave his timber at once he would move him, and, in carrying out his threats, upset a kettle containing the Indian's supper. This was too much for the old chief. It was now his turn to get angry, because forbearance had ceased to be a virtue; therefore, he took his tomahawk and knife out of his belt, laying them on the ground by the side of his rifle, and then going up to the man, said to him in broken English, his eyes flashing fire, that if he did not shut his mouth he would knock every tooth down his throat. The

owner of the timber was completely cowed, he turned pale, and without saying another word made a hasty retreat, leaving Shabbona to move his encampment when it suited him.

One Fourth of July the people of Ottawa, Illinois, determined to celebrate in grand style, and at the same time raise a fund for the benefit of Shabbona. Mounted on his favorite pony, with all his Indian costume, the aged chief led the procession. That evening they gave a splendid ball in a large hall; and as the price of the tickets was high and the attendance large, quite a sum of money was realized. One of the belles of that city proposed that Shabbona should be asked to select the prettiest lady at the ball, thinking, of course, she would be the favored one.

The proposition was accepted with hilarious approval, because there were many others who had claims to beauty. When all the ladies were seated around the hall and the old chief was informed by his friend, George E. Walker, of what they wished him to do, he accepted the task, and with a broad smile on his face and a merry twinkle in his eye, which meant fun, he started at the lower end of the hall, and by a sign made them understand that he wished them to rise *seriatim,* as he came to each, and required them to walk up the length of the hall and back again and be seated before he examined the next. This he did to every lady in the hall, examining their dress, form and gait as critically as a horse jockey would a horse before purchase. None escaped the examination, old or young, from the girl in her teens to the aged matron, even including Okono, his four-hundred-pound squaw. When all had been examined in this way he approached his wife, slapped her on the shoulder, and remarked, "Much big, heap prettiest squaw."

There was a loud shout of approval—not of his judgment of beauty, but of his good sense and knowledge

of human nature. Had he selected one of the many really beautiful young ladies, by that selection he would have offended the rest, but by choosing his own squaw, he turned the whole affair into a huge joke.

Matson informs us that a few years before his death, the aged chief gave all his family Christian names, in addition to their Indian names, assuming the name of Benjamin himself.

Our tawny hero passed away at his residence on the Illinois River, July 17, 1859, aged eighty-four years, and was buried with much ceremony in Morris Cemetery.

For many years no stone marked the grave. But at the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Old Settlers of La Salle County, Illinois, held at Ottawa on August 19, 1897, with several thousand people present, Hon. Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, offered a motion for the appointment of a committee of Old Settlers to devise ways and means for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Shabbona, to be placed where he was buried, which motion was unanimously carried. After the committee was appointed, it organized by electing P. A. Armstrong, president; C. F. Gunther, R. C. Jordan and G. M. Hollenbeck, vice-presidents; L. A. Williams, secretary, and E. Y. Griggs, treasurer. They now became incorporated under the statute as "The Shabbona Memorial Association."

All this resulted in raising funds and erecting a monument, which was unveiled and dedicated October 23, 1903.

The president of the association, Hon. Perry A. Armstrong, of Morris, in dedicating the monument, used corn, beans, pumpkins and tobacco, instead of corn, wine

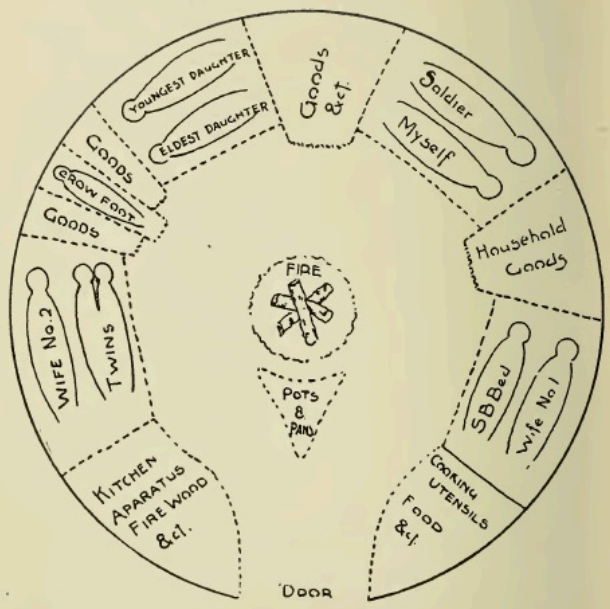
and oil, stating that "they were native products of North America, and used by the Indians. Corn and beans were their staff of life, pumpkins and squashes their relishes, and tobacco their solace. They used it in their pipes but never chewed it."

Short addresses were also made by ex-Congressman Henderson, of Princeton; Hon. M. N. Armstrong, of Ottawa, and Hon. R. C. Jordan. The latter began by saying, "Character speaks louder than words. A great man never dies. And great are the people who are great enough to know what is great. Man has shown an innate goodness by his disposition in all ages to laud the good deeds of his fellows. And that he has ever cherished ideals higher than self is proven by the tributes offered to the memory of his dead."

By the side of Shabbona slumber his wife, Canoka; Mary, his daughter; his granddaughter, Mary Okonto, and his nieces, Metwetch, Chicksaw, and Soco.

The monument is a huge bowlder of granite, fit symbol of the rugged, imperishable character of him who sleeps beneath, and contains the simple inscription:

"SHABBONA, 1775-1859."



PLAN OF SITTING BULL'S TEPEE,

AS DRAWN BY SCOUT ALLISON.

See page 480.



SITTING BULL, OR TATANKA YOTANKA,

RENOWNED SIOUX CHIEF AND MEDICINE MAN.

Photo by D. F. Barry.

CHAPTER XIII.

SITTING BULL, OR TATANKA YOTANKA, THE GREAT SIOUX CHIEF AND MEDICINE MAN.

The Sioux or Dakota Indians were first seen by the French explorers in 1640, near the head waters of the Mississippi River. The Algonquins called them Nadowessioux, whence the name gradually became shortened into Sioux. This was the largest family or confederation in the Northwest and was divided into a number of tribes, known as the Santee, Sisseton, Wahpeton, Yankton, Yanktonnais, Teton, Brule, Ogalalla and Unepapa. These are all Sioux proper, and still number nearly thirty thousand tall, well-built Indians, with large features and heavy, massive faces. They are perhaps the finest type of plains Indians, who, until recent years, lived by hunting the buffalo.

At one time their territory extended east of the Mississippi and from the source of the "Father of Waters" to the upper Missouri, but they live at present chiefly in the States of North and South Dakota.

Undoubtedly the most famous leader of the Sioux was the subject of this sketch. He was great in spite of the fact that he was a medicine man, rather than chief proper, and that his tongue was mightier than his tomahawk.

Sitting Bull was born on Willow Creek, Dakota, in 1837. He is said to have been an Unepapa, though he

signed the treaty in 1868 as an Oglala.

He is described as a heavy built Indian, with a large, massive head, and, strange to say, *brown hair,* which is very rare among Indians. His complexion was also light and his face badly marked with smallpox. He was about five feet ten inches tall, possessed a fine physique and striking appearance, with his prominent hooked nose, and fierce half-bloodshot eyes gleaming from under brows which indicate large perceptive organs. Judging from his photograph, taken in a standing position, he was slightly bow-legged, and wore his hair in two heavy braids hanging on either side in front of his shoulders.

Sitting Bull's reputation was more of the agitator and schemer than of the warrior. As Cyrus Townsend Bradley, in his "Indian Fights and Fighters," well says, "The Indians said he had a big head but a little heart, and they esteemed him something of a coward; in spite of this his influence over the chiefs and the Indians was paramount, and remained so until his death.

"Perhaps he lacked the physical courage which is necessary in fighting, but he must have had abundant moral courage, for he was the most implacable enemy and the most dangerous—because of his ability, which was so great as to overcome the Indian's contempt for his lack of personal courage—that the United States had ever had among the Indians. He was a strategist, a tactician—everything but a fighter. However, his lack of fighting qualities was not serious, for he gathered around him a dauntless array of war-chiefs, the first among them being Crazy Horse, an Ogalalla, a skilful and indomitable, as well as a brave and ferocious leader." There was probably, no other Sioux who could make so proud a showing of the combined essentials of leadership as this prophet, priest, medicine man and chief.

The leading events of the early part of his career were recorded by himself and fell into the hands of the whites by an accident soon after the Phil. Kearney massacre. It seems that a Yanktonnais Indian brought to Fort Buford an old roster-book of the Thirty-first Infantry, which had on the blank sides of the leaves a series of portraitures of the doings of a mighty warrior. They were rather skilfully executed in brown and black inks, with coloring added for the horses and clothing. The totem in the corner of each pictograph, a buffalo bull on its haunches, connected with the hero by a line, revealed the fact that it was a history of Sitting Bull, who with a band of warriors had been committing depredations in that part of the country for several years.

The Yanktonnais Indian finally admitted that he had stolen it from Sitting Bull and sold it for a dollar and a half's worth of supplies. Almost every picture of the first twenty-five represents the slaughter of enemies of all sorts —Indians and white men, women and children, frontiersmen, railroad hands, teamsters and soldiers. He was as impartial as death itself, and all was grist that came to his mill. The next lot of about a dozen show his exploits as a collector of horses, a pursuit at which he was a brilliant success. The last few pictures represent him as leader of the Strong Hearts—a Sioux fraternity of warriors noted for their bravery and fortitude—charging two Crow villages. In one of these encounters thirty scalps were taken. These picture diaries are usually correct in detail. Ordinarily they are made on buffalo robes, or buckskin, and are kept by the hero to display among his own people who are acquainted with the facts of which he boasts. In this case there were soldiers at the fort who could vouch for the truth of some of the picture records.

While, therefore, Sitting Bull was not a chief of any great prominence during "the piping times of peace," he

had a record as a fighter and a reputation as a skilful commander, which made him a powerful loadstone of attraction to the discontented Sioux of the agencies. These always thought of him, and flocked to his camp at the first outbreak of hostility.

It was stated at one time that Sitting Bull, while hating the white Americans, and disdaining to speak their language, was yet very fond of the French Canadians, that he talked French and that he had been converted to Christianity by a French Jesuit, named Father De Smet. It is uncertain how much truth there is in the statement, but there is probably some foundation for it. Certain it is, the French Jesuits have always been noted for their wonderful success in gaining the affections of the Indians, as well as for the transitory nature of their conversions. It is quite possible that Father De Smet may not only have baptized Sitting Bull some time, but induced him and his braves to attend mass, as performed by himself in the wilderness. There was never any real evidence of a change of heart, and the benefits of the conversion were only skin deep, as far as preventing cruelty in war was concerned.

It can not be denied that Sitting Bull was an Indian of unusual powers of mind, and a warrior whose talent amounted to genius. He must have been a general of the highest order, to have set the United States at defiance, as he did, for ten long years. That he was able to do this so long was owing to his skilful use of two advantages: a central position surrounded by "bad-lands," and the quarter circle of agencies from which he and his band drew supplies as wards of the Government, and allies, every campaign. These so-called "bad-lands" are large sections of clay soil, baked into chasms, four or five feet wide and perhaps twenty feet deep, by the long and intense droughts of that climate. This rough country, impassable for wagons, surrounded the hostiles at the time of which we

write.

In the face of these advantages and of Sitting Bull's talents as a warrior, the Government decided to pacify them by giving the Indians all they asked, in the treaty of 1868.

Thus matters stood from 1868 to 1875, when Sitting Bull, accompanied by Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, visited the national capital. The three distinguished Sioux chiefs attracted marked attention, and were feasted and entertained by some of the leading men of the nation. General Grant was then President and the Great Father granted an audience with the three chiefs. The President and his advisers tried to induce the Sioux leaders to sign a new treaty, because—well gold had been discovered in the Black Hills, most of which by treaty belonged to the Sioux, but the three chiefs stubbornly refused to sign any treaty whatever, even at the request of the Great Father.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." She also has her defeats, and this was one of them. Finding nothing could be accomplished in the way of a new treaty, or peaceable settlement of the vexatious question, it was determined in 1876 to try one more campaign against Sitting Bull and his hostiles.

When gold was discovered in the Black Hills, there was the usual rush of miners and turbulent frontier population. Notwithstanding the fact that our authorities warned the emigrants to keep away, thousands of desperate men were soon engaged in the scramble for the precious metal. By way of retaliation, the Sioux left their reservation and began burning houses, stealing horses and killing settlers in Montana and Wyoming. A strong force of regulars under Generals Crook and Terry marched against them in the mountainous country of the Upper

Yellowstone, and several thousand warriors under Sitting Bull were driven back toward the Big Horn mountains and river.

Gen. George A. Custer and Major Reno were sent forward with the Seventh Cavalry to locate the hostiles. Custer started on June 22d, and early in the morning of the 25th, 1876, discovered the camp of Sitting Bull. The village extended three and a half miles up the Little Big Horn and is estimated to have contained at least five thousand people.

Any one else but Custer would have waited for reinforcements, or retired without risking a battle with such tremendous odds against him, but this was not Custer's way.

It is quite probable he did not realize what a fearful hornet's nest he was about to stir up. Certain it is, Custer, as had always been his custom, divided his command into three parts—one division under Major Reno, one under Captain Benteen, the third commanded by himself. Reno was ordered to charge the lower end of the village, Benteen to charge the center on the opposite side, and he intended to strike the enemy on the upper end of the valley.

The particulars of what followed can never be known, since Custer and every one of his immediate command were killed. As in the case of the fall of the Alamo, in 1836, none of the soldiers survived to tell the story.

There were, however, two survivors who were not soldiers in the strictest sense of the term. They were Curley, the Crow scout, who escaped by letting down his hair and donning a blanket, and thus disguising himself as a Sioux. He claims to have found an unguarded pass through which he escaped and to have informed General

Custer of it. He even urged Custer to mount his fleet horse and ride for his life. But that gallant hero preferred to die by his men, rather than attempt to escape in this selfish manner.

The other survivor was Comanche, the famous horse of Captain Keogh, a relative of General Custer. He was found about a day's journey from the battlefield, and as he had seven bad wounds, and was very weak from loss of blood, the soldiers never expected to get him back to camp, but by constructing a strong litter of poles and army blankets this was accomplished. With the best of treatment the equine hero fully recovered, and was given an honorable discharge. Special provision was made for the care and support of Comanche at Fort Riley. Once in a while, when the cavalry troops were on inspection, Comanche was led out, saddled and bridled, but no one ever sat in his saddle after the battle of the Little Big Horn.

Custer's command used the dead bodies of their horses killed by the Indians for a barricade. As the soldiers began the attack with a charge, every horse had been saddled. When, however, Comanche was found he was stripped of his saddle, bridle and accoutrements. It is therefore supposed that the Indians stripped and left him, believing he could not recover.

He is known to be the sole survivor of the cavalry horses, as the body of every other horse was found among the heaps of slain.

Comanche was one of the original mounts of the Seventh Cavalry, which was organized in 1866, and had been in almost every battle with the Indian service of that thrilling period. He was now taken in charge by Captain Rowlan and sent to Fort Riley, where for fourteen years he roamed the pasture at will, and was the pet of the Seventh

Cavalry. He received the kindest of treatment until he died of old age, November 6, 1891. At the time of his death it was estimated that he was forty-five years old. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that few horses reach the age of thirty-five years.

Comanche's skin was stuffed and mounted and placed in the museum of the Kansas State University. It was afterward on exhibition at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, where it was seen by the author.

As there were no white survivors of the Custer fight on Little Big Horn, the historian is compelled to get his information from the Indian leaders.

Sitting Bull, Gall and Rain-in-the-Face, Itiomagaju, have each been induced to give their versions of it. We have not thought it best to quote Sitting Bull's statement. He was absent at the time of the battle "making medicine," took no active part in it, and we consider the whole story as either drawn on his imagination, or that of the reporter who interviewed him. We quote the account of Rain-in-the-Face, because he at least was present at the battle, and is the accredited slayer of Capt. Tom Custer.

It seems that Rain-in-the-Face had waylaid and murdered Dr. Houzinger, a veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Baliran, a sutler, who were stragglers in the rear, at the time of the Yellowstone expedition under General Stanley. Not long after this Rain-in-the-Face, with other young Sioux, took part in the Sun Dance, a ceremonial performance of great torture in which the aspirants give final proof of endurance and courage which entitles them to the *toga virilis* of a full-fledged, warrior. One feature of it was the suspension in air of the candidate by a rawhide rope passed through slits cut in the breast, or elsewhere, until the flesh tears and he falls to the ground. If he faints,

falters or fails, or even gives way momentarily to his anguish during the period of suspension, he is called and treated as a squaw for the rest of his miserable life.

Edward Esmond says, "Rain-in-the-Face was lucky when he was so tied up; the tendons gave way easily, and he was released after so short a suspension that it was felt he had not fairly won his spurs. Sitting Bull, the chief medicine man, decided that the test was unsatisfactory. Rain-in-the-Face thereupon defied Sitting Bull to do his worst, declaring there was no test could wring a murmur of pain from his lips.

"Sitting Bull was equal to the occasion. He cut deep slits in the back over the kidneys, the hollows remaining were big enough almost to take in a closed fist years after, and passed the rawhide rope through them. For two days the young Indian hung suspended, taunting his torturers, jeering at them, defying them to do their worst, while singing his war songs and boasting of his deeds. The tough flesh, muscles and tendons would not tear loose although he kicked and struggled violently to get free. Finally, Sitting Bull, satisfied that Rain-in-the-Face's courage and endurance were above proof, ordered buffalo skulls to be tied to his legs, and the added weight, with some more vigorous kicking, enabled the Indian Stoic to break free. It was one of the most wonderful exhibitions of stoicism, endurance and courage ever witnessed among the Sioux, where these qualities were not infrequent."

Rain-in-the-Face had passed the test. No one thereafter questioned his courage. He was an approved warrior, indeed. It was while suspended thus that he boasted of the murder of Dr. Houzinger and Mr. Baliran, and was overheard by Charley Reynolds, the scout, who told Custer and the regiment. Rain-in-the-Face was arrested at Standing Rock Agency by a squad of soldiers

under the command of Capt. Tom Custer, whom the Indians called Little Hair, to distinguish him from his brother, the general, whom they called Long Hair. He was put in the guard-house and condemned to execution, but, with the aid of white prisoners, made his escape. Before doing so, however, he told Tom Custer, in the event of his escape, he would cut his heart out and eat it.

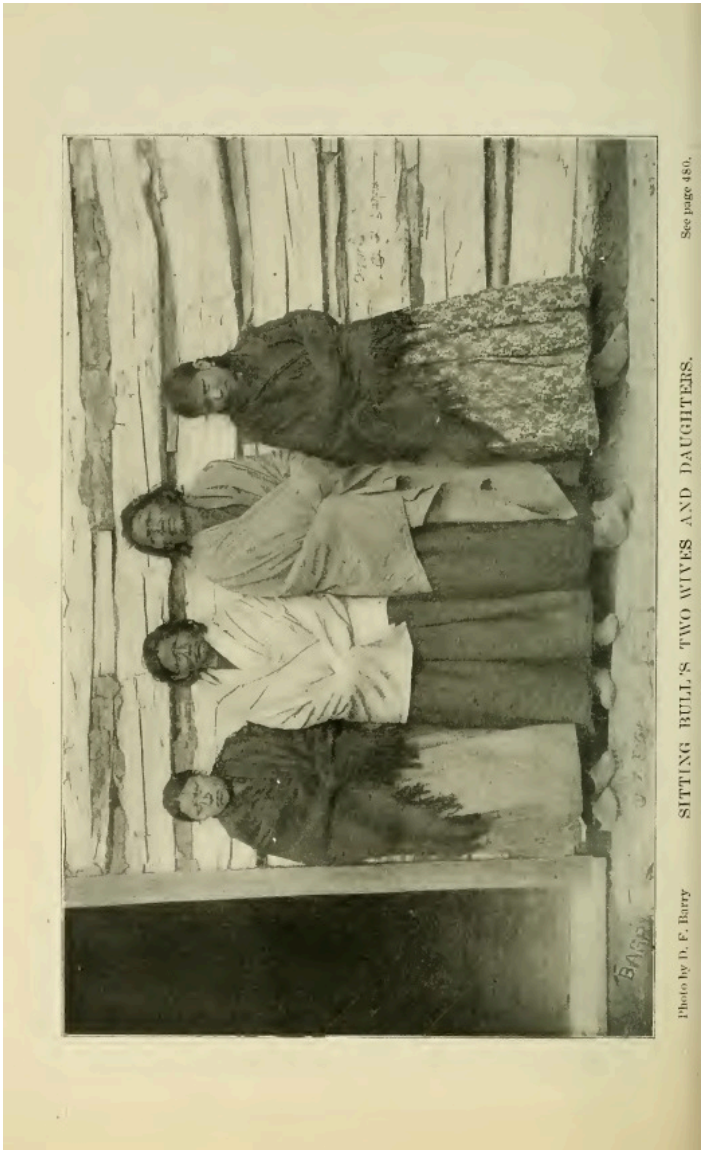


Photo by D. F. Barry SITTING BULL'S TWO WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

See page 486.

From now on we will let the noted warrior tell his own story as found in *Outdoor Life,* of March, 1903:

"I rejoined Sitting Bull and Gall. They were afraid to come and get me there. I sent Little Hair a picture, on a piece of buffalo skin, of a bloody-heart. He knew I didn't forget my vow. The next time I saw Little Hair, ugh! I got his heart. I have said all."

And, Indian-like, he stopped. But we wanted to hear how he took Tom Custer's heart. McFadden, who is quite an artist as well as an actor of note, had made an imaginary sketch of "Custer's Last Charge." He got it and handed it to Rain, saying: "Does that look anything like the fight?" Rain studied it for a long time, and then burst out laughing.

"No," he said, "this picture is a lie. Those long swords, have swords—they never fought us with swords, but with guns and revolvers. These men are on ponies—they fought us on foot, and every fourth man held the others' horses. That's always their way of fighting. We tie ourselves onto our ponies and fight in a circle. These people are not dressed as we dress in a fight. They look like agency Indians—we strip naked and have ourselves and our ponies painted. This picture gives us bows and arrows. We were better armed than the long swords. Their guns wouldn't shoot but once—the thing would not throw out the empty cartridge shells. (In this he was historically correct, as dozens of guns were picked up on the battlefield by General Gibbon's command, two days after, with the shells still sticking in them, showing that the ejector wouldn't work.) When we found they could not shoot we saved our bullets by knocking the long swords over with our war-clubs—it was just like killing sheep. Some of them got on their knees and begged; we spared none—ugh! This picture is like all the white man's pictures of Indians, a lie. I will show you how it looked."

Then turning it over he pulled out a stump of a lead pencil from his pouch and drew a large shape of a letter S turned sidewise. "Here," said he, "is the Little Big Horn River; we had our-lodges along the banks in the shape of a bent bow."

"How many lodges did you have?" asked Harry.

"Oh, many, many times ten. We were like blades of grass." [It is estimated that there were between four and six thousand Indians, hence there must have been at least a thousand lodges.]

"Sitting Bull had made big medicine way off on a hill. He came in with it; he had it in a bag on a coup-stick. He made a big speech and said that Waukontonka (the Great Spirit) had come to him riding on an eagle. Waukontonka had told him that the long swords were coming, but the Indians would wipe them off the face of the earth. His speech made our hearts glad. Next day our runners came in and told us the long swords were coming. Sitting Bull had the squaws put up empty death lodges along the bend of the river to fool the Ree scouts when they came up and looked down over the bluffs. The brush and bend hid our lodges. Then Sitting Bull went away to make more medicine and didn't come back till the fight was over.

"Gall was head chief. Crazy Horse led the Cheyennes; Goose, the Bannocks. I was not a head chief—my brother, Iron Horn was—but I had a band of the worst Uncpapas; all of them had killed more enemies than they had fingers and toes. When the long swords came we knew their ponies were tired out. We knew they were fooled by the death lodges. They thought we were but a handful.

"We knew they made a mistake when they separated. Gall took most of the Indians up the river to come in

between them and cut them off. We saw the Ree scouts had stayed back with Long Yellow Hair, and we were glad. We saw them trotting along, and let them come in over the bluffs. Some of our young men went up the gully which they had crossed and cut them off from behind.

"Then we showed our line in front, and the long swords charged. They reeled under our fire and started to fall back. Our young men behind them opened fire. Then we saw some officers talking and pointing. Don't know who they were, for they all looked alike. I didn't see Long Hair then or afterward. We heard the Rees singing their death song—they knew we had them. All dismounted and every fourth man held the others' ponies. Then we closed all around them. We rushed like a wave does at the sand out there (this interview occurred at Coney Island) and shot the pony holders and stampeded the ponies by waving our blankets in their faces. Our squaws caught them, for they were tired out.

"I had sung the war-song—I had smelt the powder smoke—my heart was bad—I was like one that had no mind. I rushed in and took their flag; my pony fell dead as I took it. I cut the thong that bound me. I jumped up and brained the long-sword flagman with my war-club and ran back to our line with the flag.

"The long sword's blood and brains splashed in my face. It felt hot and blood ran in my mouth. I could taste it. I was mad. I got a fresh pony and rushed back, shooting, cutting and slashing. This pony was shot and I got another.

"This time I saw Little Hair. I remembered my vow. I was crazy. I feared nothing. I knew nothing would hurt me, for I had my white-weasel-tail-charm on. {FN} [He was wearing the charm at the time he told this.] I don't know how many I killed trying to get at him. He knew me. I

laughed at him and yelled at him. I saw his mouth move, but there was so much noise I couldn't hear his voice. He was afraid. When I got near enough I shot him with my revolver. My gun was gone, I don't know where. I leaped from my pony and cut out his heart and bit a piece out of it and spit it in his face. I got back on my pony and rode off shaking it. I was satisfied and sick of fighting; I didn't scalp him."

{FN} Notwithstanding his white-weasel-tail charm Rain-in-the-Face was wounded in this battle. A bullet pierced his right leg just above the knee. With a razor the wounded man attempted some surgery. First he cut deeply into the front of his leg, but failed to reach the bullet. Then he reached around to the back of his leg and cut into the flesh from that quarter. He got the bullet, also several tendons, and narrowly missed cutting the artery and bleeding to death. He was lame and had to walk on crutches all his life thereafter. [Statement of Mr. Esmond.]

"I didn't go back on the field after that. The squaws came up afterward and killed the wounded, cut their bootlegs off for moccasin soles and took their money, watches and rings. They cut their fingers off to get them quicker. They hunted for Long Yellow Hair to scalp him, but could not find him. He didn't wear his fort clothes (uniform), his hair had been cut off, and the Indians didn't know him. [This corroborates what Mrs. Custer says about her husband having his long yellow curls cut at St. Paul some weeks before he was killed.]

"That night we had a big feast and the scalp dance. Then Sitting Bull came up and made another speech. He said, 'I told you how it would be. I made great medicine. My medicine warmed your hearts and made you brave.'

"He talked a long time. All the Indians gave him the credit of winning the fight because his medicine won it. But he wasn't in the fight. Gall got mad at Sitting Bull that

night. Gall said: 'We did the fighting, you only made medicine. It would have been the same anyway.' Their hearts were bad towards each other after that always.

"After that fight we could have killed all the others on the hill (Reno's command) but for the quarrel between Gall and Sitting Bull. Both wanted to be head chief. Some of the Indians said Gall was right and went with him. Some said Sitting Bull was. I didn't care, I was my own chief and had my bad young men; we would not obey either of them unless we wanted to, and they feared us.

"I was sick of fighting—I had had enough. I wanted to dance. We heard more long swords were coming with wheel guns (artillery, Gatlings). We moved camp north. They followed many days till we crossed the line into Canada. I stayed over there till Sitting Bull came back, and I came back with him. That is all there is to tell. I never told it to white men before."

When he had finished, I said to him: "Rain, if you didn't kill Long Yellow Hair, who did?" "*I don't know. No one knows.* It was like running in the dark." "Well," asked Mae, "Why was it Long Yellow Hair wasn't scalped, when every one else was? Did you consider him too brave to be scalped?"

"No one is too brave to be scalped; that wouldn't make any difference. The squaws wondered afterward why they couldn't find him. He must have lain under some other dead bodies. I didn't know, till I heard it long afterward from the whites, that he wasn't scalped."

Rain-in-the-Face was about sixty-two years of age at the time of his death, which occurred at Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, September 12, 1905, and was the last chief to survive and tell the tale of the Custer fight,

Gall and Sitting Bull have both gone to hunt the white buffalo long since. Rain could write his name in English. He was taught to do it at the World's Fair in order to sell Longfellow's poem entitled, "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face." He didn't know the significance of it after he had written it. His knowledge of English was confined to about thirty words, but he could not say them so any one could understand him, though he could understand almost anything that was said in English. The author recalls seeing him at the World's Fair while hunting Indian data. He looked then very much like his picture and walked with crutches.

Like many other Indians, his gratitude was for favors to come and not for favors already shown. You could depend upon any promise he made, but it took a world of patience to get him to promise anything. Even at the age of sixty he was still a Hercules. In form and face he was the most pronounced type of the ideal Fenimore Cooper dime novel Indian in America.

Upon the arrival of news of the Custer fight at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, General Miles and the Fifth Infantry were ordered to proceed to the scene of hostilities and form part of the large command already there. The order was at once obeyed.

On October 18 Lieut.-Col. E. S. Otis, commanding a battalion of four companies of the Twenty-third Infantry, was escorting a wagon train of supplies from Glendive, Montana, to the cantonment, when he was attacked by a large force of Indians. The soldiers had a hard fight to keep the animals from being stampeded, and the train from capture. They finally beat off the Indians, and during a temporary cessation of hostilities, a messenger rode out from the Indian lines, waving a paper, which was left on a hill in sight. When it was picked up Colonel Otis found it

to be an imperious message, probably written by some half-breed, but dictated by the subject of this sketch. It ran as follows:

"Yellowstone.

"I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here.

"I am your friend.
Sitting Bull."

"I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can."

This document was certainly unique in Indian warfare, as it illustrates both the spirit and naivete of the noted chief.

Colonel Otis dispatched a scout to Sitting Bull with the information that he intended to take his wagon train through to headquarters in spite of all the Indians on earth, and if Sitting Bull wanted to have a fight, he (Otis) would be glad to accommodate him at any time and on any terms. The train soon started and the Indians as promptly resumed the attack. But the engagement was soon terminated by a flag of truce. A messenger from the Indians stated that they were tired and hungry and wanted to treat for peace.

Otis invited Sitting Bull to come into his lines, but that wily chief refused, although he sent three chiefs to represent him. Otis had no authority to treat for peace, but

he gave the Indians a small quantity of hard bread and two sides of bacon. He also advised them to go to Tongue River and communicate with his superior officer, General Miles. The train now moved on, and after following a short distance with threatening movements the Indians withdrew.

The same night Otis met General Miles with his entire force, who sent the train on to the cantonment, and started after Sitting Bull. Miles's little army at this time numbered three hundred and ninety-eight men, with one Gatling gun. With Sitting Bull were Gall and other noted chiefs, and one thousand warriors of the Miniconjous, San Ares, Brules and Uncpapas, together with their women and children, in all over three thousand Indians. Miles overtook Sitting Bull on October 21, at Cedar Creek, when that chief asked for an interview, which was arranged. Sitting Bull was attended by a sub-chief and six warriors, Miles by an aide and six troopers. The meeting took place at a halfway point between the two lines, all parties being mounted.

In his "Indian Fights and Fighters," Cyrus Townsend Brady says of this interview: "Sitting Bull wanted peace on the old basis. The Indians demanded permission to retain their arms, with liberty to hunt and roam at will over the plains and through the mountains, with no responsibility to any one, while the Government required them to surrender their arms and come into the agencies. The demands were irreconcilable, therefore. The interview was an interesting one, and though it began calmly enough, it grew exciting toward the end.

"Sitting Bull, whom Miles describes as a fine, powerful, intelligent, determined looking man, was evidently full of bitter and persistent animosity toward the white race. He said, 'No Indian that ever lived loved the white man, and no white man that ever lived loved the

Indian; that God Almighty had made him an Indian, but He didn't make him an agency Indian, and he didn't intend to be one.' The manner of the famous chief had been cold, but dignified and courteous. As the conversation progressed, he became angry—so enraged, in fact, that in Miles's words, 'he finally gave an exhibition of wild frenzy. His whole manner seemed more like that of a wild beast than a human being. His face assumed a furious expression. His jaws were lightly closed, his lips were compressed and you could see his eyes glisten with the fire of savage hatred.'

"One can not help admiring the picture presented by the splendid, though ferocious, savage. I have no doubt General Miles himself admired him.

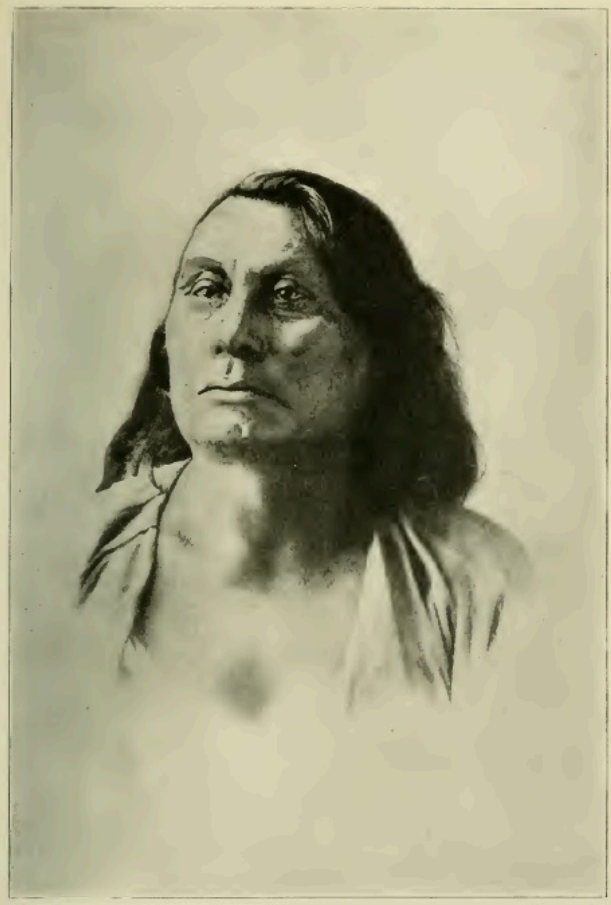
"At the height of the conference, a young warrior stole out from the Indian lines and slipped a carbine under Sitting Bull's blanket. He was followed by several other Indians, to the number of a dozen, who joined the band, evidently meditating treachery. Miles, who with his aide, was armed with revolvers only, promptly required these new auxiliaries to retire, else the conference would be terminated immediately. His demand was reluctantly obeyed. After some further talk a second meeting was appointed for the morrow, and the conference broke up.

"During the night Miles moved his command in position to be able to intercept the movement of the Indians the next day. There was another interview with the picturesque and imperious savage, whose conditions of peace were found to be absolutely impossible, since they involved the abandonment of all military posts, the withdrawal of all settlers, garrisons, etc., from the country. He wanted everything and would give nothing. He spoke like a conqueror, and looked like one, although his subsequent actions were not in keeping with the part. Miles, seeing the futility of further discussion,

peremptorily broke up the conference. He told Sitting Bull that he would take no advantage of the flag of truce, but that he would give him just fifteen minutes to get back to his people to prepare for fighting. Shouting defiance, the chiefs rode back to the Indian lines.

"There was 'mounting in hot haste' and hurried preparations made for immediate battle on both sides. Watch in hand, Miles checked off the minutes, and exactly at the time appointed he ordered an advance. The Indians set fire to the dry grass, which was not yet covered with snow, and the battle was joined amid clouds of flame and smoke. Although outnumbered nearly three to one, the attack of the soldiers was pressed home so relentlessly that the Indians were driven back from their camp, which fell into the possession of Miles.

"The Sioux were not beaten, however, for the discomfited warriors rallied a force to protect their flying women and children, under the leadership of Gall and others. Sitting Bull not being as much of a fighter as a talker. They were led to the fight again and again by their intrepid chiefs. On one occasion, so impetuous was their gallantry that the troops were forced to form a square to repel their wild charges. Before the battle was over—and it continued into the next day—the Indians had been driven headlong for over forty miles."



CHIEF GALL,

WAR CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

Photo by D. F. Barry.

"They had suffered a serious loss in warriors, but a greater in the destruction of their camp equipage and winter supplies and other property. Two thousand of them came in on the third day and surrendered under promises of good treatment. Several hundred broke into small parties and scattered. Miles's little force was too small to be divided to form a guard for the Indians; he had other things to do, so he detained a number of the principal chiefs as hostages, and exacted promises from the rest that they would surrender at the Spotted Tail or Red Cloud Agency—a promise which, by the way, the great majority of them kept. Sitting Bull, Gall and about four hundred others refused to surrender, and made for the boundary line, escaping pursuit for the time being."

Here they were joined by the brothers Iron Horn and Rain-in-the-Face, each leading a band.

Sitting Bull now determined to make his home in British America, and seemed to be on friendly terms with his cousin John of the same surname. His following was augmented by discontented Indians from the reservations, who were continually crossing the boundary to join the famous chief. Canada thus became the sanctuary of refuge for the Indian, as it had formerly been for the Negro slave, but the two races were impelled by entirely different motives. That of the Negro was to escape cruel servitude, often with the accompaniment of the overseer's lash or the bloodhound's fangs; while the incentive of the Indian in fleeing from our reservations was the hope of escaping *impending starvation.* One of the military commanders, in his official report, says, "The hostile body was largely reenforced by accessions from the various agencies, where the malcontents were, doubtless in many cases, driven to desperation by starvation and the heartless frauds perpetrated on them"; and that the Interior Department is obliged to confess that, "Such desertions were largely due

to the uneasiness which the Indians had long felt on account of the infraction of treaty stipulations by the white invasion of the Black Hills, seriously aggravated at the most critical period by irregular and insufficient issues of rations necessitated by inadequate and delayed appropriations."

Indeed, it seemed in those dark days the "apparent purpose of the Government to abandon them (the reservation Indians) to starvation."

As if to add insult to injury, about this time a commission consisting of Brig.-Gen. A. H. Terry, Hon. A. G. Lawrence and Colonel (now General) Corbin, secretary, was sent to Canada to treat with Sitting Bull, and the malcontents then at Fort Walsh. General Terry recapitulated to them the advantages of being at peace with the United States, the kindly (?) treatment that all surrendered prisoners had received, and said: "The President invites you to come to the boundary of his and your country, and there give up your arms and ammunition, and thence go to the agencies to which he will assign you, and there give up your horses, excepting those which are required for peace purposes. Your arms and horses will then be sold, and with all the money obtained for them cows will be bought and sent to you."

The reference to the kindly treatment received by the surrendered prisoners would have been amusing if it had not been pitiful. At that moment there were Indians in the council who had left our reservations solely to escape starvation, and the Indian chiefs knew all about this.

The Indians must have been totally without sense of humor if they could have listened to the commissioners without laughing. Sitting Bull's reply, which we can only quote in part, is worthy of being put on record among the

notable protests of Indian chiefs against the oppressions of their race. Said he "For sixty-four years you have kept me and my people and treated us bad. What have we done that you should want us to stop? We have done nothing. It is all the people on your side that have started us to do all these depredations. We could not go anywhere else and we took refuge in this country. . . . I would like to know why you came here? In the first place I did not give you the country; but you followed me from one place to another, so I had to leave and come over to this country. . . . You have got ears to hear, and eyes to see, and you see how I live with these people. You see me. Here I am. If you think I am a fool, you are a bigger fool than I am. This house is a medicine-house. You come here to tell us lies, but we don't want to hear them. I don't wish any such language used to me that is to tell me lies in my Great Mother's (Queen Victoria's) house. This country is mine, and I intend to stay here and to raise this country full of grown people. See these people here. We were raised with them [shaking hands with the British officers]. That is enough, so no more. . . . The part of the country you gave me you ran me out of. . . . I wish you to go back and take it easy going back."

After several others had spoken, and the Indians seemed about to leave the room, the interpreter was directed to ask the following questions: "Shall I say to the President that you refuse the offers that he has made to you? Are we to understand that you refuse those offers?" Sitting Bull answered: "I could tell you more, but that is all I have to tell. If we told you more, you would not pay any attention to it. This part of the country does not belong to your people. You belong to the other side, this side belongs to us."

Thus the conference closed. The Indians positively refused to give up all their weapons, to exchange their horses for cows and the priceless privilege of being shut up

upon reservations, off which they could not go without being pursued, arrested and brought back by troops.

Sitting Bull did not believe the cows would materialize if his people gave up their horses. He had long since lost faith in the Government which, as he expressed it, "had made fifty-two treaties with the Sioux and kept none of them."

It was also in this connection that the great Indian leader made his famous reply: "Tell them at Washington if they have one man who speaks the truth to send him to me, and I will listen to what he has to say."

The country originally owned and occupied by the Sioux extended many miles beyond the Canadian boundary line. Hence they had claims to territory in both countries, but their lot at this period was indeed sad. Those bands on our side were for the most part confined to reservations where, by reason of crop failure and the other causes already given, they were threatened with starvation.

Those malcontent Indians under Sitting Bull, on the Canadian side, enjoyed liberty, but they had little else. The Canadian Government would give them protection but no supplies. And now the buffalo, on which they depended mainly for subsistence, was being gradually exterminated or driven off.

Besides the commission appointed by the Government at least two enterprising Chicago papers sent reporters all the way to Canada to interview the Indian sphinx of the Northwest. These interviews took place at Fort Walsh, in the presence of Major Walsh, who seems to have been a prime favorite with Sitting Bull and all his followers. In the first one, it is stated:

"At the appointed time, half-past eight, the lamps were lighted and the most mysterious Indian chieftain who ever flourished in North America was ushered in. There he stood, his blanket rolled back, his head upreared, his right moccasin put forward, his right hand thrown across his chest. I arose and approached him, holding out both hands. He grasped them cordially. 'How!' said he, 'How!' At this time he was clad in a black and white calico shirt, black cloth leggins and moccasins, magnificently embroidered with beads and porcupine quills. He held in his left hand a foxskin cap, its brush drooping to his feet; with the dignity and grace of a natural gentleman he had removed it from his head at the threshold. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. His visage, devoid of paint, was noble and commanding; nay, it was something more. Besides the Indian character given to it by high cheek-bones, a broad, retreating forehead, a prominent, aquiline nose and a jaw like a bull-dog's, there was about the mouth something of beauty, but more an expression of exquisite irony. Such a mouth and such eyes as this Indian's, if seen in the countenance of a white man would appear to denote qualities similar to those which animated the career of Mazarin. Yet there was something wondrously sweet in his smile as he extended to me his hands.

"Such hands! They felt as small and soft as a maiden's, but when I pressed them I could feel the sinews beneath the flesh quivering hard like a wild animal's. I led him to a seat, a lounge set against the wall, on which he sat with indolent grace. Major Walsh, brilliant in red uniform, sat beside him, and a portable table was brought near. Two interpreters brought chairs and seated themselves, and at a neighboring desk the stenographer took his place. I afterward learned that two Sioux chiefs stood on guard outside the door, and that all the Indians in the fort had their arms ready to spring in case of a suspected treachery.

On the previous night two of the Indians had been taken suddenly ill, and their sickness had been ascribed by some warriors to poison. So restless and anxious were all the savages that nothing but the influence and tact of Major Walsh could have procured for me and for your readers the following valuable, indeed, historical, colloquy with this justly famous Indian.

"I turned to the interpreter and said, 'Explain again to Sitting Bull that he is with a friend.' The interpreter explained. 'Banee!' said the chief, holding out his hand again and pressing mine.

"Major Walsh here said: 'Sitting Bull is in the best mood now that you could possibly wish. Proceed with your questions and make them as logical as you can. I will assist you and trip you up occasionally if you are likely to irritate him.'

"Then the dialogue went on. I give it literally:"

"'You are a great chief,' said I to Sitting Bull, 'but you live behind a cloud. Your face is dark, my people do not see it. Tell me, do you hate the Americans very much?"

"A gleam as of fire shot across his face.

"'I am no chief.'

"This was precisely what I expected. It will dissipate at once the erroneous idea which has prevailed that Sitting Bull is either a chief or a warrior.

"'What are you?'

"'I am.' said he, crossing both hands upon his chest, slightly nodding, and smiling satirically, 'a man.'

"'What does he mean?' I inquired, turning to Major Walsh. 'He means,' responded the major, 'to keep you in ignorance of his secret if he can. His position among his bands is anomalous. His own tribe, the Uncpapas, are not all in fealty to him. Parts of nearly twenty different tribes of Sioux, besides a remnant of the Uncpapas, abide with him. So far as I have learned, he rules over these fragments of tribes, which compose his camp of twenty-five hundred, including between eight hundred and nine hundred warriors, by sheer compelling force of intellect and will. I believe that he understands nothing particularly of war or military tactics, at least not enough to give him the skill or the right to command warriors in battle. He is supposed to have guided the fortunes of several battles, including the fight in which Custer fell. That supposition, as you will presently find, is partially erroneous. His word was always potent in the camp or in the field, but he has usually left to the war-chiefs the duties appertaining to engagements. When the crisis came he gave his opinion, which was accepted as law.'

"'What was he then?' I inquired, continuing this momentary dialogue with Major Walsh. 'Was he, is he, a mere medicine man?'

"'Don't for the world,' replied the major, 'intimate to him, in the questions you are about to ask him, that you have derived the idea from me, or from any one, that he is a mere medicine man. He would deem that a profound insult. In point of fact he is a medicine man, but a far greater, more influential medicine man than any savage I have ever known. He has constituted himself a ruler. He is a unique power among the Indians. To the warriors, his people, he speaks with the authority of a Robert Peel, to their chiefs with that of a Richelieu. This does not really express the extent of his influence, for behind Peel and Richelieu there were traitors and in front of them were

factions. Sitting Bull has no traitors in his camp; there are none to be jealous of him. He does not assert himself over strongly. He does not interfere with the rights or duties of others. His power consists in the universal confidence which is given to his judgment, which he seldom denotes until he is asked for an expression of it. It has been, so far, so accurate, it has guided his people so well, he has been caught in so few mistakes and he has saved even his ablest and oldest chiefs from so many evil consequences of their own misjudgment, that to-day his word among them all is worth more than the united voices of the rest of the camp. He speaks; they listen and they obey. Now let us hear what his explanation will be?

"'You say you are no chief?' 'No!' with considerable hauteur.

"'Are you a head soldier?' 'I am nothing—neither a chief nor a soldier.' 'What, nothing?' 'Nothing.'

"'What, then, makes the warriors of your camp, the great chiefs who are here along with you, look up to you so? Why do they think so much of you?' Sitting Bull's lips curled with a proud smile. 'Oh, I used to be a kind of a chief; but the Americans made me go away from my father's hunting ground.'

"'You do not love the Americans?' You should have seen this savage's lips. 'I saw to-day that all the warriors around you clapped their hands and cried out when you spoke. What you said appeared to please them. They liked you. They seemed to think that what you said was right for them to say. If you are not a great chief, why do these men think so much of you?'

"At this, Sitting Bull, who had in the meantime been leaning back against the wall, assumed a posture of

mingled toleration and disdain.

"'Your people lookup to men because they are rich; because they have much land, many lodges, many squaws.' 'Yes.'

"'Well, I suppose my people look up to me because I am poor. That is the difference.' In this answer was concentrated all the evasiveness natural to an Indian.

"'What is your feeling toward the Americans now?' He did not even deign an answer. He touched his hip, where his knife was.

"I asked the interpreter to insist on an answer.

"'Listen,' said Sitting Bull, not changing his posture, but putting his right hand out upon my knee. I told them to-day what my notions were—that I did not want to go back there. Every time that I had any difficulty with them they struck me first. I want to live in peace.'

"'Have you an implacable enmity to the Americans? Would you live with them in peace if they allowed you to do so or do you think you can only obtain peace here?' 'The White Mother is good.'

"'Better than the Great Father?' 'Hough!' And then, after a pause, Sitting Bull continued: 'They [the Commissioners] asked me to-day to give them my horses. I bought my horses and they are mine. I bought them from men who came up the Missouri in Mackinaws. They do not belong to the Government, neither do the rifles. The rifles are also mine. I bought them I paid for them. Why I should give them up, I do not know. I will not give them up.'

"'Do you really think, do your people believe that it is

wise to reject the proffers that have been made to you by the United States Commissioners? Do not some of you feel as if you were destined to lose your old hunting grounds? Don't you see that you will probably have the same difficulty in Canada that you have had in the United States?' 'The White Mother does not lie.'

"'Do you expect to live here by hunting? Are there buffaloes enough? Can your people subsist on the game here?' 'I don't know. I hope so.'

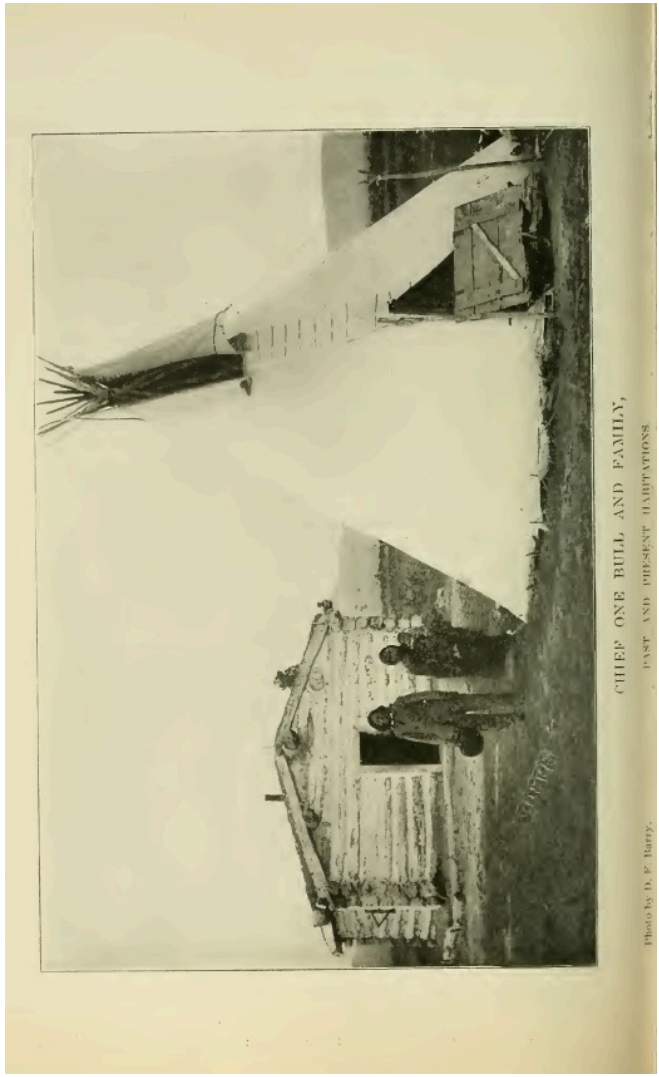
"'If not, are any part of your people disposed to take up agriculture? Would any of them raise steers and go to farming? 'I don't know.'

"'What will they do, then?' 'As long as there are buffaloes that is the way we will live.'

"'But the time will come when there will be no more buffaloes.' 'Those are the words of an American.'

"'How long do you think the buffaloes will last?' Sitting Bull arose. 'We know,' said he, extending his right hand with an impressive gesture, 'that on the other side the buffaloes will not last very long. Why? Because the country over there is poisoned with blood—a poison that kills all the buffaloes or drives them away. It is strange,' he continued, with his peculiar smile, 'that the Americans should complain that the Indians kill buffaloes. We kill buffaloes, as we kill other animals, for food and clothing, and to make our lodges warm. They kill buffaloes for what? Go through your country. See the thousands of carcasses rotting on the plains. Your young men shoot for pleasure. All they take from a dead buffalo is his tail or his head, or his horns, perhaps, to show they have killed a buffalo. What is this? Is it robbery? You call us savages. What are they? The buffaloes have come north. We have

come north to find them, and to get away from a place where the people tell lies.'"



CHIEF ONE BULL AND FAMILY,
PAST AND PRESENT HABITATIONS
Photo by D. F. Barry.

"To gain time, and not to dwell importunately on a single point, I asked Sitting Bull to tell me something of his early life. In the first place, where he was born? 'I was born on the Missouri River; at least I recollect that somebody told me so—I don't know who told me or where I was told of it.'

"'Of what tribe are you?' 'I am an Uncpapa.'

"'Of the Sioux?' 'Yes; of the great Sioux nation.'

"'Who was your father?' 'My father is dead.'

"'Is your mother living?' 'My mother lives with me in my lodge.'

"'Great lies are told about you. White men say that you lived among them when you were young; that you went to school; that you learned to write and read from books; that you speak English; that you know how to talk French?' 'It is a lie.'

"'You are an Indian?' (Proudly) 'I am a Sioux.'

"Then suddenly relaxing from his hauteur. Sitting Bull began to laugh. 'I have heard,' he said, 'of some of these stories. They are all strange lies. What I am I am,' and here he leaned back and resumed his attitude and expression of barbaric grandeur. 'I am a man. I see, I know; I began to see when I was not yet born—when I was not in my mother's arms. It was then I began to study about my people. I studied about many things. I studied about the smallpox, that was killing my people—the great sickness that was killing the women and children. I was so

interested that I turned over on my side. The Great Spirit must have told me at that time (and here he unconsciously revealed his secret), that I would be the man to be the judge of all the other Indians—a big man, to decide for them in all their ways.'

"'And you have since decided for them?' 'I speak. It is enough.'

"'Could not your people, whom you love so well, get on with the Americans?' 'No!'

"'Why?' 'I never taught my people to trust Americans. I have told them the truth—that the Americans are great liars. I never dealt with the Americans. Why should I? The land belonged to my people. I say I never dealt with them —I mean I never treated with them in a way to surrender my people's rights. I traded with them, but I always gave full value for what I got. I never asked the United States Government to make me presents of blankets or cloth, or anything of that kind. The most I did was to ask them to send me an honest trader that I could trade with, and I proposed to give him buffalo robes and elk skins, and other hides in exchange for what we wanted. I told every trader who came to our camps that I did not want any favors from him—that I wanted to trade with him fairly and equally, giving him full value for what I got, but the traders wanted me to trade with them on no such terms. They wanted to give little and get much. They told me if I did not accept what they gave me in trade they would get the Government to fight me. I told them I did not want to fight.'

"'But you fought?' 'At last, yes; but not until I had tried hard to prevent a fight. At first my young men, when they began to talk bad, stole five American horses. I did not like this and was afraid something bad would come of it. I took the horses away from them and gave them back to

the Americans. It did no good. By and by we had to fight.'"

The reporter now drew from the great leader his version of the Little Big Horn fight, and the death of Custer. But, as neither party to the dialogue were in the battle, this part of the interview must of necessity be the work of imagination and will not be quoted. It is impossible for any one to give an authentic description of a battle fought in his absence.

John F. Finnerty, the war correspondent for the Chicago *Times,* also visited Sitting Bull, while he and his band were encamped on Mushroom Creek, Woody Mountain, in the summer of 1879.

His experience with the "Sphinx" was somewhat different from that of the other reporter.

The invitation to make this visit also came from Major Walsh, of the mounted police, who called at General Miles's camp, on Rocky Creek, a few days previous. We can only quote a few paragraphs bearing directly on the famous chief:

"So," thought I, "I am going to see the elephant. I have followed Sitting Bull around long enough, and now I shall behold 'the lion in his den,' in earnest. Presently the tramping and shouting of the scalp-dance ceased, and the chiefs, their many colored blankets folded around them, after the fashion of the ancient toga, came filing down to the council, seating themselves according to their tribes in a big semicircle.

"Major Walsh had chairs placed for himself and me under the shade of his garden fence. The chiefs seated themselves on the ground, after the Turkish fashion. Behind them, rank after rank, were the mounted warriors,

and still further back, the squaws and children. The chiefs were all assembled, and I inquired which was Sitting Bull. 'He is not among them,' said Major Walsh. 'He will not speak in council where Americans are present, because he stubbornly declares he will have nothing to do with them. You will see him, however, before very long.'

"Soon afterward, an Indian mounted on a cream-colored pony, and holding in his hand an eagle's wing, which did duty for a fan, spurred in back of the chiefs and stared stolidly for a minute or two at me. His hair, parted in the ordinary Sioux fashion, was without a plume. His broad face and wide jaws were destitute of paint, and as he sat there on his horse, regarding me with a look which seemed blended of curiosity and insolence, I did not need to be told that he was Sitting Bull.

"'That is old Bull himself,' said the major. 'He will hear everything, but will say nothing until he feels called upon to agitate something with the tribe?

"After a little, the noted savage dismounted, and led his horse partly into the shade. I noticed he was an inch or two over the medium height, broadly built, rather bow-legged, I thought, and he limped slightly, as though from an old wound. He sat upon the ground, and was soon engirdled by a crowd of young warriors, with whom he was an especial favorite, as representing the unquenchable hostility of the aboriginal savage to the hated palefaces.

"I amused myself on July 31 by accompanying the major to a bluff immediately overlooking the Sioux camp, and from which a complete view of the numbers and surroundings of that great horde of savages could be obtained. I thought there were, at the lowest calculation, from one thousand to eleven hundred lodges in that encampment. There must have been twenty-five hundred

fighting men, at the least, in the confederated tribes. Arms and ammunition were plentiful, but food of any kind was scarce. The Indians did not seem to trouble themselves about concealing their strength; on the contrary, they seemed to glory in it, and the young warriors wore an air of haughty hostility whenever I came near them. Their leaders, however, treated me respectfully. Sitting Bull only stared at me occasionally, but was not rude, as was often his habit when brought in contact with people he supposed to be Americans, whom he hated with inconceivable rancor. He said to Larrabee, the interpreter: 'That man (meaning me) is from the other side. I want nothing to do with the Americans. They do not treat me well. They cheat me when I trade. They have my country now. Let them keep it. I never seek anybody. Least of all do I seek any Americans."

"This rather nettled me, for I had made not the slightest attempt to speak to Mr. Bull, and, in fact, did not care much to interview him, as he had been long ago pumped dry about his hatred of our people, and that was about his chief stock-in-trade, although I am not going to deny that he had some great mysterious power over the Sioux, and especially over his own tribe of Uncpapas. He was, in fact, their beau-ideal of implacable hostility to the paleface, and he shouted at the United States, from the safe recesses of the Queen's dominions, 'No surrender!'

"'Tell Sitting Bull,' I said to Larrabee, 'that if he does not seek me, neither do I him. I am not going to beg him to speak to me.'

"The interpreter laughed and said: 'It is just as well not to take any notice. He may be in better humor by-and-by.'

"Many of the high-minded and most of the vicious

men among the Indians of the Northwest found their leader in Sitting Bull, who, although often unpopular with his fellow-chiefs, was always potent for evil with the wild and restless spirits who believed that war against the whites was, or ought to be, the chief object of their existence. This was about the true status of the Indian agitator in those days. He had strong personal magnetism. His judgment was said to be superior to his courage, and his cunning superior to both. He had not, like Crazy Horse, the reputation of being recklessly brave, but neither was he reputed a dastard. Sitting Bull was simply prudent and would not throw away his life, so long as he had any chance of doing injury to the Americans.

"It is true that the wily savage was to all intents and purposes, a British subject, but his influence crossed the line, and no settlers would venture on Milk River until the implacable savage was thoroughly whipped and humbled. I don't care what any one says about Sitting Bull not having been a warrior. If he had not the sword, he had at least the magic sway of a Mohammed over the rude war tribes that engirdled him. Everybody talks of Sitting Bull, and, whether he be a figure-head or an idea or an incomprehensible mystery, his old-time influence was undoubted. His very name was potent. He was the Rhoderick Dhu of his wild and warlike race, and when he fell the Sioux Confederation fell with him. The agitator was then verging on fifty, but hardly looked it.

"Mrs. Allen, wife of the post trader, said Sitting Bull was the nicest Indian around the trading-post, always treating her with the most marked consideration, and never intruding upon the privacy of the household, by hanging around at meal time, as some of the others did. In the hostile camp I had several opportunities of studying his face, and I can say honestly that 'Old Sit' has a fine aboriginal countenance, and, once seen, he can never be

forgotten. I heard his voice many times—deep guttural, but, at the same time, melodious. He called my friend, Walsh, 'meejure,' his nearest approach to the pronunciation of 'major.' In manner he was dignified but not stiff, and when in good humor, which occurred pretty often, he laughed with the ease of a schoolboy. The traditional idea of white people that Indians never laugh, is but a time-honored absurdity. Among themselves they are often gayly boisterous, and I know of no people who can enjoy what they consider a good joke better.

"The Indians appeared to be pretty short on meat supply during my stay in their camp, but the poor creatures had no more idea of the imminence of the famine which subsequently compelled their surrender, than so many children. The faithful squaws went out on the wooded bluffs and gathered all kinds of berries to make up for the lack of animal food. Yet it was the intense humanity of Major Walsh that absolutely kept the wretched people from eating their horses. I knew then that the reign of Sitting Bull would not be long in the land."

In the fall of 1880, E. H. Allison, the army scout, who was master of the Sioux language, was ordered by Gen. A. H. Terry to visit the camp of Sitting Bull and induce that leader and his band to surrender. Accordingly, the scout made preparation to start, by filling an army wagon with provisions and presents for the Indians. He now selected the four best mules in the camp to draw the wagon, and Private Day, a soldier, volunteered as teamster, dressed in citizen's clothes.

The scout and his companion started from Port Buford October 25, and reached the camp of Sitting Bull in due time. They found the Indians on the west bank of Frenchman's Creek, just where it joins Milk River, which is in the northern part of Montana.

"We reached the camp," said the scout, "about 3 p. m., when I was rather agreeably surprised and somewhat puzzled by receiving a pressing invitation, which could easily be construed into a command, to make my home at Sitting Bull's lodge, as long as I stayed in the camp. I accepted the invitation, but stipulated that Chief Gall should superintend the distribution of the provisions which I had brought them. [He thus satisfied both chiefs and their followers.] To this Sitting Bull readily acceded, and I was soon comfortably housed, together with the soldier, in the tepee of the great Indian priest and prophet. After an early supper, I sought and obtained a private interview with Chief Gall, who, knowing the object of my visit, informed me that he had resolved to effect the surrender of the entire band. Sitting Bull and all, but to accomplish this more time would be required than he had first anticipated. He must first go back to Canada, to enable Sitting Bull to keep an engagement to meet Major Walsh, of the Dominion forces, in a council, at the Woody Mountain Trading Post. And to insure success, and expedite matters, he advised that I should meet him again at Woody Mountain, as soon as possible, after reporting to Major Brotherton, at Fort Buford. Considering the circumstances, I deemed it best to acquiesce in his plans. Yet I was anxious to make some kind of a showing on this trip that would encourage Major Brotherton, and reward him for the confidence he had placed in me. I explained this to Chief Gail, who told me to remain in the camp two days, to rest my mules, and by that time he would have twenty families ready to send in with me; but he cautioned me not to let Silting Bull know their real purpose, but to lead him to suppose they were only going in to the agency on a visit to their friends.

"Perfectly satisfied with these arrangements, I returned a little after dark to Sitting Bull's lodge, where the soldier, who could not speak a word of the Indian

language, was having a lonesome time, and growing somewhat anxious for my safety. We were both very tired and soon lay down to rest, while I engaged the old chief in conversation. Sitting Bull's family at that time consisted of his two wives (sisters), two daughters and three sons, the eldest being a daughter of seventeen, the other daughter being next, about fourteen, the eldest son, Crow Foot (since dead), seven years old, and the two youngest boys were twins, born about three weeks before the battle of the Little Big Horn, and were, therefore, not more than four and a half years old; one of the twins was named Ih-pe-ya-na-pa-pi, from the fact that his mother 'fled and abandoned him in the tepee,' at the time of the battle. The accompanying cut shows the arrangement of beds, etc., in the lodge, while we were there.

"I continued in conversation with the chief until about midnight, when I fell asleep. I must have been asleep less than an hour, when I was awakened by the sharp crack of a rifle ringing out on the still night air, and the simultaneous war-whoop of contending savages. The camp was instantly in a state of the wildest confusion. Indian women, seizing their babies, fled, screaming, they knew not whither, for safety; warriors suddenly awakened from their slumbers, seized their arms and flew with the speed of the wind to the aid of their comrades, who were already engaged in conflict with an enemy, whose presence could only be determined by the sharp report and flashes of fire from their guns, as they fired in the darkness upon the Sioux camp. Here was an opportunity for the soldier and myself to prove our friendship, by aiding the Sioux warriors in their defense of the camp, which we proceeded to do, by seizing our rifles and hastily joining the warriors, who, by this time, had turned the enemy, whose firing soon ceased altogether, and we all returned to the camp, where comparative quiet was restored; but no one slept any more

that night. Our muscles were strained and our nervous systems were unstrung."



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE,

ACCREDITED SLAYER OF TOM CUSTER.

Photo by D. F. Barry.

See page 455.

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"The fact that myself and companion took part in the defense of the camp was favorably commented on by all, and in all probability saved our lives, for the Indians are very superstitious, and their blood was up; something was wrong; in fact, things had been going wrong for several days. There must be a 'Jonah' in the camp, and how easy it would be to find a pair of 'Jonahs' in the persons of two white men in camp; but our prompt action had made a most favorable impression, and diverted their thoughts from the subject of 'Jonahs,' and I improved the opportunity by comparing their uncertain, hunted existence with the happy life of their friends at the agencies in Dakota, whose wives and little ones were even then sleeping peacefully in their beds, without fear of being disturbed by prowling bands of Indian foes.

"A number of warriors followed cautiously after the retreating Blackfeet, but failed to come up with them. They returned to camp about ten in the morning, and reported finding blood-stained bandages on the trail, so there must have been some of the enemy wounded. Among the Sioux, no one was hurt, nor did they lose any horses on this occasion. But danger was yet lurking near. About two in the afternoon, a warrior came into camp and reported the discovery of a small herd of buffalo, about four miles from camp. About thirty warriors mounted their horses and went out to kill them; among the number was Scarlet Plume, a popular young brave, who was a favorite with every one. The warriors approached the buffalo under cover, till they were within easy rifle range, when they opened fire and killed all but one, which struck on across the plain, seemingly unhurt. Young Scarlet Plume alone gave chase, following the animal and finally killing it near the head of a ravine, running up from the Milk River, which at that point was densely studded with timber. He had killed his last buffalo. He was alone and more than a mile from his

companions. A party of Blackfeet braves, concealed in the timber, had been watching his movements, and now, while he was busily engaged skinning the buffalo, they approached, under cover of the ravine, shot him, took his scalp and made good their escape. His body was found by his father. Old Scarlet Thunder, and was brought by him into camp, a little before sunset that evening. Then indeed there was weeping and wailing in that camp. Language utterly fails me when I try to describe the scene that followed. His old mother, his five sisters, and scores of friends and relatives, tore their hair, slashed their limbs with knives, till the ground where they stood was wet with hot human gore; they rent their garments, calling in a loud wailing voice upon the name of the lost son and brother.

"It was no time for negotiations. Not a time for anything, in fact, but silence and obscurity on my part; so, with my companion, I sought the seclusion of Sitting Bull's tepee, where we spent the night in fitful and unrefreshing slumber. Early in the morning, at the first faint dawn of day, I was awakened by a call from Chief Gall, whom I joined in a walk about the camp. He informed me that the twenty lodges he had promised me had silently taken their departure during the night, and that I would find them in the evening encamped about twenty miles down the Milk River. He said that five women and nine children belonging to the party, but who had no horses, had remained behind, and desired to ride in my wagon. He also informed me that Strong Hand would return with me to Poplar Creek. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, we hitched up the mules, and were only too glad to get away from a place, where, to say the least, our experience had been very unpleasant. Strong Hand was returning afoot, and at his suggestion, I loaned him my horse, to enable him to traverse the river bottoms in quest of deer. The women and children climbed in the wagon with their

meager effects, and we began moving out of the camp. Strong Hand riding just in advance of the mules, while I occupied a seat with the driver.

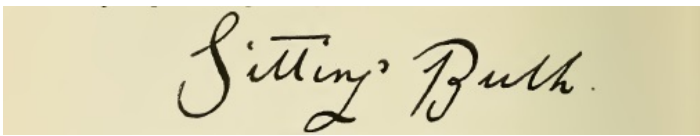
"It was nearly dark when we came up with the twenty lodges sent on ahead by Chief Gall. Strong Hand was there with plenty of good venison and we soon had a hot supper. We returned in safety to Fort Buford, where, I hope, with a pardonable degree of pride I turned over to Major Brotherton the first fruits of my labor, twenty lodges of the hostile Sioux, and submitted an official report to be forwarded to General Terry, of this, my visit to the camp of Sitting Bull."

A short time after this Scout Allison heard from an Indian who arrived from Sitting Bull's camp that an open rupture had occurred between Chief Gall and Sitting Bull. This was occasioned by the discovery of some of the adherents of Sitting Bull that Chief Gall had instigated the desertion of the twenty lodges who had come with Allison to Buford. Concealment being no longer possible, Chief Gall, characteristically prompt in action, had leaped into the midst of the camp, and publicly called upon all who acknowledged him as chief to separate themselves from the followers of Sitting Bull, and prepare immediately to follow him to Fort Buford. It was a bold thing to do, and the first time in the history of the reign of Sitting Bull that his authority had been set at defiance. It was clearly a test of supremacy, and Chief Gall came off victorious, taking away from Sitting Bull fully two-thirds of the entire band.

On July 20, 1881, Sitting Bull, with the remainder of his band, surrendered at Fort Buford. Two days later all the captive hostiles, numbering 2,829, were turned over to the agent at Standing Rock, North Dakota.

Ellis, in his "Indian Wars," informs us that "For a time

the old chief acted like a good Indian. He exhibited himself for weeks in New York and other cities, where he naturally aroused much interest and curiosity. A striking scene was that observed in 1883, when, at one of the railway stations of the West, Sitting Bull sat on a windy eminence selling his autographs for a dollar and a half apiece. In the smiling group of purchasers gathered around him were Generals U. S. Grant and P. H. Sheridan, Carl Schurz, W. M. Evarts, a number of United States Senators and Congressmen, several British noblemen, besides Berlin bankers, German professors, railway presidents, financiers and journalists. The old chief did a thriving trade disposing of his signature, of which this is a facsimile:"



"In July and August, 1888, Sitting Bull, at a conference at Standing Rock, influenced his tribe to refuse to relinquish their lands. He was as defiant as ever, and, but for his death, must have been the leading actor in the last outbreak."

Nothing more is heard of Sitting Bull until 1890, when that strange hallucination, the Messiah craze, took possession of some of the Sioux bands. This strong delusion seems to have had its origin in about the following manner, as we learn from a letter written to General Miles by an army officer stationed at Los Angeles, California, and bearing the date of November 28, 1890.

In it the officer says: "I know you will be surprised when I say to you, I have found the Messiah, and the story of my finding him is as follows: Last spring an Indian called and said he would like to speak to the commander. I took him into the room, and he gave me a history of himself. He said his name was Johnson Sides; that he was known as the Peace-maker among all Indians and whites of Nevada, where he lived.

"To substantiate his statement he showed me a medal which he carried strung around his neck, on which was a legend to the effect that he was presented with the medal by some Christian society for his efforts toward doing good to his fellowmen, whether white or red.

"He could talk very good English, was dressed like an ordinary laborer, but had the Indian's way of wearing his hair. He told me he knew the Bible; that he was desirous of making peace with every one, and that is why he was named Peacemaker. He said that Indians had come from far and near to see him, and he pulled out a pipe, such as are made by Northern Indians, which pipe was recognized as having come from either Montana or Dakota. Johnson Sides said it came from Dakota, and the kind of clay of which it was made could not be found in Nevada, and that the stem was of a peculiar wood, not found in Nevada or California. He mentioned the names of the Indians who had visited him, and the tribes to which they belonged; also gave the time they had called.

"I firmly believe that this is the good-natured Indian that has caused all this trouble; that he has taught the members of his tribe the story of Christ, or the Messiah, and the time when he will once more visit this earth, as it has been taught him by the Christian people interested in his welfare. He has told these visiting Indians of the paradise in store for all people when the Son shall once

more visit the earth; and the Indian's paradise is whatever his imagination may lead him to believe, the same as the white man's. He has no doubt delivered the story in its true light, and the Indians, in retelling the story, have warped and woven it according to their understanding."

It is believed that some of the Sioux of the Standing Rock Agency were among those who visited Johnson Sides, and it is thought that the Messiah craze and ghost dance grew out of the excitement incident to their report of the visit, warped by an overwrought imagination.

While matters were thus shaping themselves, the wily old medicine man, Sitting Bull, bided his time watching for an opportunity to regain his former prestige. Vague traditions had always existed concerning the second coming of Christ. Pontiac, Tecumseh and Black Hawk were each in touch with a "prophet" who fired the imaginations of warriors and head chiefs to a frenzy.

So the sagacious leader believed that once more his hour had struck. Was not he, Sitting Bull, a great Medicine Man? A religious teacher? And shall he not lead his people in this? Clearly this was his opportunity, but in order to be an effectual leader, he must first see the Messiah. This he actually claimed to have done, and the story was related to Mr. Zook, a Montana ranchman, as follows:

"Sitting Bull was hunting one day near the Shoshone mountains, and as night came on he was seized with a strange feeling, and at first involuntarily, but finally with alacrity, he followed a star, which moved westward through the sky. All night the star guided him, and near morning he met the Messiah, clad in a white robe. His hair flowed upon his shoulders, his beard was long, and around his head shone a bright halo. When Sitting Bull beheld this wonderful apparition, he fainted and had a strange dream.

A band of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who had long since been dead, appeared to him and danced, inviting him to join them. Presently he was restored to his senses, and the Messiah spoke to him. He asked him if the Indians would not rejoice to see their dead kindred and the buffalo restored to life, and Sitting Bull assured him that they would be deeply gratified. Then the Messiah told him that he had come to save the white men, but that they persecuted him; and now he had come to rescue the long-tormented Indian. He showed him the holes in his hands, made by the nails when he was crucified, to convince him that he was the same Christ who had appeared nineteen hundred years ago. All day Christ instructed him and gave him evidence of his power. He said that the white men had come to take him, but as they approached the soil became quicksand and the men and horses sank. As evening came on, he bade Sitting Bull depart; and although he had been hunting away from his tepee for ten sleeps, he came to it in a very few minutes. He told his people his story and sent others to verify his statements, and they told the same tales."

When the Indians heard of this wonderful vision of Sitting Bull, they came in swarms and pitched their tepees around him. There, at his suggestion, they inaugurated the "worship dances," and forming a ring to the number of three thousand people, they danced around Sitting Bull and his chiefs, while chanting a monotonous accompaniment of weird strains. Thus they danced all night, or until they dropped down from sheer exhaustion, when others would take their place.

Sitting Bull soon became the acknowledged lender in this strange form of worship, which spread like wild fire among the Sioux of the reservations.

Indian Agent McLaughlin called on Sitting Bull at his

camp on Grand River, forty miles southwest from Fort Yates, and had an earnest talk with the great medicine man, hoping to dissuade him and his deluded followers from their absurd action and unwarranted expectations.

Sitting Bull seemed a little impressed, but still assumed the role of big chief before his followers. "He finally," said McLaughlin, "made me a proposition, which was that I should accompany him on a journey to trace from the beginning the story of the Indian Messiah, and when he reached the last tribe, or where it originated, if they could not produce the man who started the story, and we did not find the new Messiah, as described, upon the earth, together with the dead Indians returning to reinhabit this country, he would return convinced that they (the Indians) had been too credulous and imposed upon, which report from him would satisfy the Sioux, and all practices of the ghost societies would cease; but if we found the Messiah, they be permitted to continue their medicine practices, and organize as they are now endeavoring to do.

"I told him that this proposition was a novel one, but that the attempt to carry it out would be similar to an attempt to catch up with the wind that blew last year, but that I wished him to come to my house, where I would give him a whole night, or a day and a night, in which time I thought I could convince him of the absurdity of this foolish craze, and the fact of his making me the proposition that he did was a convincing proof that he did not fully believe in what he was professing and he tried so hard to make others believe.

"He did not, however, promise fully to come into the agency to discuss the matter, but said he would consider my talk and decide after deliberation."

Nothing came of it, however, and when it was found

that neither cajolery nor threats availed with Sitting Bull his arrest was determined on. It was held that his failure to send his children to the agency school, and to report in person, was a sufficient breach of peace to justify such a step.

The warrant for the arrest was sent in the form of the following telegram:

"Headquarters Department of Dakota,
St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 12, 1890.

"*To Commanding Officer, Fort Yates, North Dakota:*

"The division commander has directed that you make it your especial duty to secure the person of Sitting Bull. Call on the Indian agent to cooperate and render such assistance as will best promote the purpose in view.

"Acknowledge receipt, and if not perfectly clear, report back.

"By command of General Ruger.

"(Signed) M. Barber,
Assistant Adjutant-General."

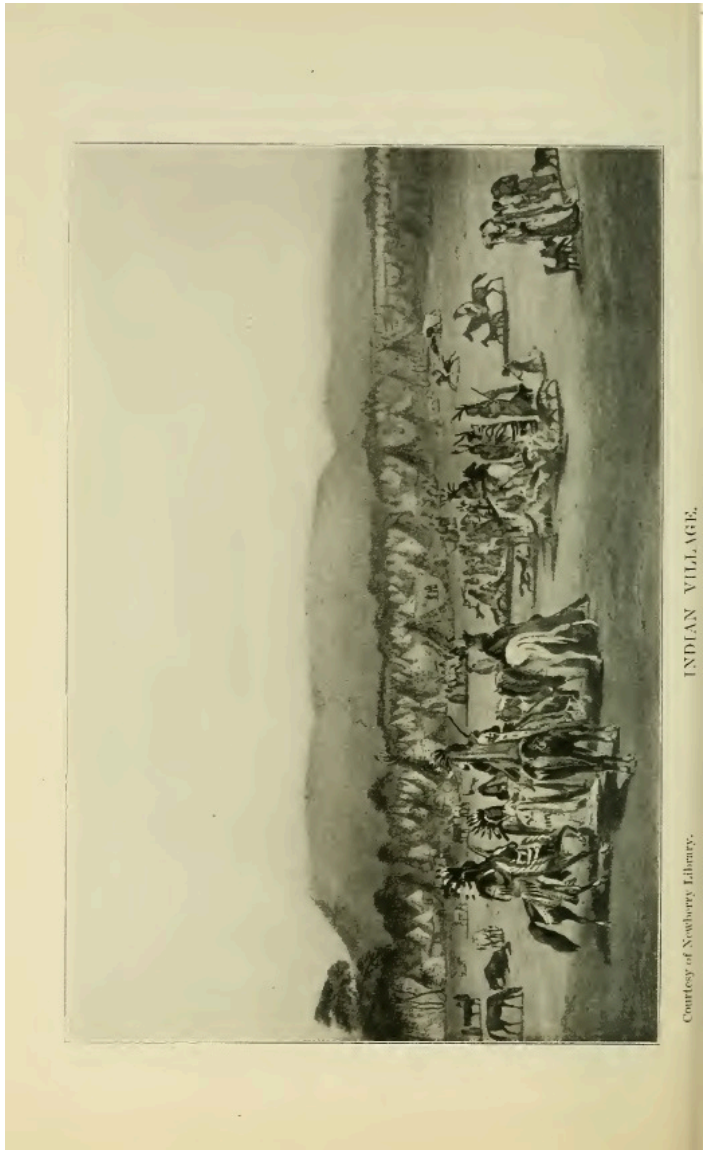
After Colonel Drum, the commandant at Fort Yates, had consulted with Major McLaughlin, the Indian agent, it was decided that the arrest should be effected through the Indian police.

Accordingly, a band of police, under the command of Lieut. Henry Bull Head, was detailed to make the capture.

The Indian police, to the number of forty, set out to perform their errand, followed at some distance by two troops of cavalry under Captain Fetchet and a body of infantry, under Colonel Drum.

Five miles from Sitting Bull's camp, the troops and police held a consultation. It was agreed that the soldiers should station themselves within two or three miles of the Indian camp, where they could be readily signaled.

Lieutenant Bull Head now selected ten policemen, including Sergeants Shave Head and Red Tomahawk, and at their head entered the house about 5:50 o'clock on the morning of December 15, and arrested Sitting Bull. He occupied considerable time in dressing, and at first accepted his arrest quietly; but while dressing, his son, Crowfoot, commenced upbraiding him for agreeing to go with the police. On this Sitting Bull became stubborn and refused to go. After some parleying, the police removed him from the house and found themselves and prisoner in the midst of a howling mob of ghost-dancers, frenzied with rage.



INDIAN VILLAGE.

Courtesy of Newberry Library.

In a letter written by Major McLaughlin we learn what happened at this time. Said he: "The policemen reasoned with the crowd, gradually forcing them back, thus increasing the open circle considerably; but Sitting Bull kept calling upon his followers to rescue him from the police; that if the two principal men, Bull Head and Shave Head, were killed, the others would run away; and he finally called out for them to commence the attack, whereupon Catch-the-Bear, and Strike-the-Kettle, two of Sitting Bull's men, dashed through the crowd and fired. Lieutenant Bull Head was standing on one side of Sitting Bull and Sergeant Shave Head on the other, with Sergeant Red Tomahawk behind, to prevent his escaping. Catch-the-Bear's shot struck Bull Head on the right side, and he instantly wheeled and shot Sitting Bull, hitting him in the left side, between the tenth and eleventh ribs, and Strike-the-Kettle's shot having passed through Shave Head's abdomen, all three fell together. Catch-the-Bear, who fired the first shot, was immediately shot down by Private Lone Man."

It is said that while reeling, Sitting Bull managed to draw a revolver, which exploded just as he fell, the ball entering Bull Head's thigh. At the same instant the second sergeant, Red Tomahawk, shot the old chief in the stomach.

The fight now became general, Sitting Bull's followers swarmed around the police and guns were clubbed. The ground was strewn with broken stocks and bent barrels.

The entire force of Indian police under Red Tomahawk now engaged in the fray, but were getting the worst of it and retreated to Sitting Bull's house. At this instant the white soldiers arrived and quickly formed for action.

The cavalry, under Captain Fechet, charged the Indians, while the artillery, under Lieutenant Brooks, began to shell them with their Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, and the hostiles fled in disorder.

Though badly wounded, Sitting Bull crawled into the bushes, and, like Custer before him, made his "last stand," fighting desperately with his Winchester. He was dragged forth and an Indian policeman sprang forward with a small pole, used on the sides of wagons, and beat in his head, while others broke his rifle over his head, and slashed his face horribly with their knives.

Lieutenant Slocum did all he could to prevent this brutality, but the Indian police were infuriated on account of their loss and beyond his control.

Thus died one of the greatest, and certainly the most famous, Indian since Tecumseh. He divides honors with Little Turtle, in having planned and gained the greatest victories ever achieved by the Indian over his white foe. Nor will any warrior of the future surpass Sitting Bull, for the last great battle between the two races has been fought. It will be remembered that three among the greatest of the Indian chiefs, Philip, Pontiac and Sitting Bull, were slain by Indians.

Many sensational writers profess to believe that Sitting Bull was murdered, and that when his arrest was arranged it was understood that an excuse was to be found for putting him out of the way.

We can not believe that our Government and military authorities would plot a deliberate and horrible murder. This has never been our record in disposing of vanquished foes. We firmly believe that had the great leader submitted to arrest quietly his life would have been spared. But it was

Sitting Bull who alarmed the camp and ordered the attack, which was commenced by his own warriors.

The fight which resulted was brief but desperate, and there fell of the ghost-dancers, besides Sitting Bull, Catch-the-Bear, Black Bird, Little Assiniboine, Crow Foot (son of Sitting Bull, seventeen years old), Spotted Horse Bull, a chief; Brave Thunder, a chief, and Chase, badly wounded.

Of the police there were killed, Bull Head, the lieutenant in command; Shave Head, first sergeant; Little Eagle, fourth sergeant; Afraid-of-Soldiers, private; John Armstrong and Hawk Man, special police, and Middle, mortally wounded.

The bodies of the Indian police were all buried with military honors in the agency cemetery at Fort Yates a few days later. But the surviving police and their friends objected so strenuously to the interment of Sitting Bull among their dead that he was buried in the cemetery of the post, some distance away.

Hundreds of tourists go each year to see the last resting place of this truly great Indian; and, vandal-like, rob the grave and vicinity of whatever they can find, as relics.

Sitting Bull was an enigma, and never fully understood by white man or Indian. He prided himself, like all medicine men, in being mysterious; the fact that he was a true patriot, from the Indian's standpoint, none can question.

His old friend and fellow-chief, Rain-in-the-Face, was buried by his side. United during most of their stormy lives, it was appropriate that "in death they were not divided." Both sleep peacefully in the Indian cemetery of

the Standing Rock Reservation. The name, Standing Rock, comes from a solitary stone which stands on the bank of the Missouri River at this point. Following is the legend:

Long years ago, probably before Columbus' caravels crossed to the western world, a Ree Indian took a Sioux squaw for his second wife. His first spouse, and mother of his child, could not brook the rival and daily pined in silence and sorrow. In vain her husband's assurances that she was still first in his heart and home. The sight of the usurper ate into her heart, and at last, with her babe on her shoulders, she fled as did Hagar with Ishmael, although in this case it was Sarah who left her husband's home. Her friends followed her, pleading with her to return, since only death and starvation awaited her, but she kept on her way until she reached the bank of the Missouri. There she sat with the child on her shoulders, paying no heed to her friends, until at last she broke her silence. "Leave me," she said. "I am turning to stone, and my child and I shall sit here forever." Even as she spoke the change came over her, and there the mother and child sit to-day. The Indians called the Standing Rock "wokan," or holy, and for centuries votive offerings were laid before it. The Government placed it upon a pedestal, and sphinx-like it looks toward the East, over the land from which the Indian has been driven forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHIEF JOSEPH, OF THE NEZ PERCES, OR

HIN-MAH-TOO-YAH-LAT-KEKT.

THUNDER ROLLING IN THE MOUNTAINS—
THE MODERN XENOPHON.

This remarkable man, and greatest Indian since Tecumseh, was born, according to his own statement, in eastern Oregon, in the year 1841.

In the *North American Review,* of April, 1879, is an article dictated by Joseph, in which he states that his tribe was originally called the Chute-pa-lu, and gives the origin of the name Nez Perces (nose pierced), as applied to them, as follows:

"We did not know there were other people besides the Indian until about one hundred winters ago, when some men with white faces came to our country. They brought many things with them to trade for furs and skins. They brought tobacco, which was new to us. They also brought guns with flint stones on them, which frightened our women and children.

"Our people could not talk with these white-faced men, but they used signs which all people understand. These men were Frenchmen, and they called our people 'Nez Perces,' because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name.

"The first white men of your people who came to our country were named Lewis and Clark. They also brought many things our people had never seen. They talked straight and our people gave them a great feast, as proof that their hearts were friendly. These men were very kind. They made presents to our chiefs and our people made presents to them. We had a great many horses, of which

we gave them what they needed, and they gave us guns and tobacco in return. All the Nez Perces made friends with Lewis and Clark, and agreed to let them pass through their country, and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Perces have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Perces that they were the friends of the white men."

Chief Joseph's father was also a chief, and called Joseph. It seems that this name was given to him by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, who was associated with Dr. Marcus Whitman, and at one time a missionary to the lower Nez Perces.

A strange man was old Joseph, a sturdy, strong-built man with a will of iron and a foresight that never failed him, save when he welcomed the Americans to his country. He had some strange notions, too, one of which was that "no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own." He seems to have been an aboriginal Henry George in his idea that ownership in land should be limited to occupancy.

In 1855 Governor Stevens and Rev. Mr. Spaulding invited all the Nez Perces to a treaty council. Old Joseph was present, and when Mr. Spaulding urged him to sign the treaty, he answered, "Why do you ask me to sign away my country? It is your business to talk to us about spirit matters, and not to talk to us about parting with our land."

When Governor Stevens also urged him to sign the treaty he refused, saying, "I will not sign your paper; you go where you please, so do I; you are not a child. I am no child; I can think for myself. No man can think for me. I have no other home than this. I will not give it up to any man. My people would have no home. Take away your

paper, I will not touch it with my hand!"

Old Joseph was as firm as a rock and would never sign way his rights to Wallowa (Winding Water), claiming that it had always belonged to his people and their title should be perpetuated. He even went so far as to enclose the entire tract with poles firmly planted in the ground, and said, "Inside this boundary is the home of my people. The white man may take the land outside. Within this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man."

Deluded old Joseph! Vain was your effort; nor would a Chinese wall have long been an effectual barrier against the encroachments of the whites, who had seen and coveted the beautiful valley of the "Winding Waters." Ere long white settlers established homes *inside* the boundaries of the aged chief, in spite of his remonstrance. And the United States Government, instead of protecting him in his rights, coolly claimed that it had bought all the Nez Perces country outside of Lapwai reservation from Chief Lawyer and others.

On account of these encroachments another treaty was made in 1863. By this time old Joseph had become blind and feeble, and could no longer speak for his people. It was then that young Joseph took his father's place as chief, and made his first speech to white men. Said he to the agent who held the council: "I did not want to come to this council, but I came, hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take our country. We have never accepted any presents from the Government. Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell this land. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood

warms the hearts of our men."

The agent told Joseph he had orders from the Great White Chief at Washington for his band to go upon the Lapwai Reservation, and that if they obeyed he would help them in many ways. "You *must* move to the agency," he said. To which Joseph replied, "1 will not. I do not need your help; we have plenty, and we are contented and happy if the white man will let us alone. The reservation is too small for so many people with all their stock. You can keep your presents; we can go to your towns and pay for all we need; we have plenty of horses and cattle to sell, and we won't have any help from you; we are free now; we can go where we please. Our fathers were born here. Here they lived, here they died, here are their graves. We will never leave them." The agent went away, and the Indians had peace for a little while.

In his narrative young Joseph said, "Soon after this my father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said: 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother.' I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of 'Winding Waters.' I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

Spoken like the noble son of an equally noble sire. Inspired by such words of burning patriotism, is it any wonder that young Joseph resisted the encroachments of the whites and the machinations of the Government authorities to the bitter end, and not only gave them "a run for their money," but the most stubbornly contested campaign of all our Indian wars?

Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, was more than six feet in height, of magnificent physique, strikingly handsome and graceful, with a native dignity, and a mind of great strength. He was a true patriot and in defense of his country evinced the genius of a natural born general, and could he have received the training of West Point, he would have become the peer of Grant, Lee or Sherman. He conducted, as will be seen, one of the most skilful and masterly retreats in the annals of warfare.



CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCES, OR HIN-MAH-TOO-YAH-LAT-KEKT,

THE INDIAN XENOPHON.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

See page 497.

He was, moreover, as eloquent as Logan or Red Jacket, and a gifted logician, who could not be refuted. He disposed of the question in dispute in a manner that was at once logical and unanswerable. Said he, "If we ever owned the land we own it still, for we never sold it. In the treaty councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, 'Joseph, I like your horses and I want to buy them.' I say to him, 'No, my horses suit me; I will not sell them.' Then he goes to my neighbor and says to him, 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbor answers, 'Pay me the money and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses and you must let me have them.' If we sold our lands to the government this is the way they were bought."

After the wrong was consummated, when Joseph was permitted to go to Washington and talk to our wise men, he said, "I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They can not tell me." That question will never be answered.

In his report of September, 1875, Gen. O. O. Howard said, "I think it a great mistake to take from Joseph and his band of Nez Perces Indians that (the Wallowa) valley. The white people really do not want it. They wish to be bought out. I think gradually this valley will be abandoned by the white people, and possibly Congress can be induced to let these really peaceable Indians have this poor valley for their own."

Lieut.-Col. H. Clay Wood was another member of the commission who, in his report of August 1, 1876, on "The Status of young Joseph and his band of Nez Perces

Indians," gave his opinion that the Government had so far failed to comply with its agreements in the treaty of 1855; that none of the Nez Perces were bound by it. He also made a minority report as commissioner, recommending that although Joseph's band would have to be moved eventually, yet that, "until Joseph commits some overt act of hostility, force should not be used to put him upon any reservation."

The other members of the commission, D. H. Jerome, William Stickney and A. C. Barstow, must have made a very different report, for certain it is, the Department of the Interior, acting on its recommendations, ordered the non-treaties to be placed on the Lapwai reservation.

By virtue of his office as commander of that district, General Howard was the agent to enforce this order. He met the non-treaties in May, and found, as he must have anticipated, that they were unwilling to go on the reservation.

General Howard held three councils with the malcontent Indians at Fort Lapwai, the station of the Indian agency for the Nez Perces reservation, said to be the loveliest valley of Idaho. The last of these councils, that of May 7, 1877, was indeed a stormy session. The principal speaker on this occasion was Too-Hool-Hool-Suit, who was a dreamer as well as a prophet, priest and chief. He taught that the earth having been created by God in its completeness, should not be interfered with, disturbed or improved by man, and that if the Indians continued steadfast in their belief, a great leader would be raised up in the East, at a single blast of whose trumpet all the dead warriors would start suddenly into life, and that the millions of braves thus collected would expel the white man from the continent of America, and repossess it for their own dusky race. The old dreamer was a man of great

importance and remarkable influence among the Indians.

As the council proceeded, Too-Hool-Hool-Suit arose and said to General Howard: "The Great Spirit Chief made the world as it is, and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where he placed us." Chief Joseph says General Howard now lost his temper, and said: "Shut up! I don't want to hear any more such talk. The law says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so, but you persist in disobeying the law [meaning the treaty]. If you do not move I will take the matter into my own hand and make you suffer for your disobedience."

Too-Hool-Hool-Suit answered: "Who are you, that you ask us to talk, and then tell me I shan't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the river to run for us to drink? or the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us as though we were boys? If you did, then you have the right to talk as you do."

General Howard replied, "You are an impudent fellow, and I will put you in the guard-house," and then ordered a soldier to arrest him. Too-Hool-Hool-Suit made no resistance. He asked General Howard: "Is that your order? I don't care. I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You can arrest me, but you can not change me or make me take back what I have said."

Continuing, Joseph said: "The soldiers came forward and seized my friend and took him to the guard-house. My men whispered among themselves whether they should let this thing be done. I counseled them to submit. If I had said nothing, General Howard would never have given another

unjust order against my men. I saw the danger, and, while they dragged Too-Hool-Hool-Suit to prison, I arose and said: '*I am going to talk now*. I don't care whether you arrest me or not.' I turned to my people and said: 'The arrest of Too-Hool-Hool-Suit was wrong, but we will not resent the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts, and we have done so.' Too-Hool-Hool-Suit was a prisoner five days before he was released."

This Indian chief was, therefore, put under military arrest and confined for five days for delivering himself of what General Howard calls a "*tirade*" in a council to which the Indians had been invited to come for the purpose of consultation and expression of sentiment. As the Indian Commissioner, in his Annual Report for 1878, well says, "If such and so swift penalty as this, for 'tirades' in council were the law of our land, especially in the District of Columbia, it would be 'no just cause of complaint' when Indians suffer for it. But considering the frequency, length and safety of 'tirades' in all parts of America, it seems unjust not to permit Indians to deliver them. However, they do come under the head of 'spontaneous productions of the soil;' and an Indian on a reservation is invested with no such proprietorship in anything which comes under that head."

The position of the Government was now plain to the Indians. They must go to the reservation or fight. They decided to go. Joseph wrote: "I said in my heart that rather than have war I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people. General Howard refused to allow me more than thirty days to move my people and their stock. I said to him, 'My people have always been the friends of the white man. Why are you in such a hurry? I can not get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered, and Snake

River is very high. Let us wait until fall, then the river will be low. We want time to hunt up our stock and gather supplies for winter. We want the people who live upon the lands we are to occupy at Lapwai to have time to gather their harvest."

General Howard replied, "If you let the time run over one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you on the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside the reservation at that time will fall into the hands of the white men."

It does seem that this great haste was unnecessary and positively cruel, and that those Indians should have been given time to collect their stock, their sole means of subsistence, and get them safely over the river. But the theory is we must have firmness in dealing with the Indian, if we have nothing else; yet this time it proved to be a serious and costly blunder. Joseph truly said, "If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock and treated Too-Hool-Hool-Suit as a man should be treated, *there would have been no war.*"

The Indians went to make their preparations; they looked on their old home and their love for it increased at the thought that they were about to be deprived of it by fraud, even though they had never sold or signed it away. Too-Hool-Hool-Suit's indignation burned because of his imprisonment for the offense of telling his convictions in the council, the very thing he was expected to do. There was a warrior whose father had been killed by a white man, and the wrong was unrebuked. There were the two warriors who had been whipped by one Harry Mason. These formed a war party, and determined, over Joseph's counsel, to fight the soldiers when they came. It is said that at this time, Chief Joseph rode one day through his village, with a revolver in each hand, saying he would shoot the

first one of his warriors who resisted the Government. Finally, they gathered all the stock they could find, preparatory to moving. A heavy rain raised the river so high some of the cattle could not be taken across. Indian guards were put in charge of the cattle left behind. White men attacked these guards and took the cattle. After this Joseph could not restrain his young men and the warfare began.

It was the desire of Joseph and others that the settlers should not be molested, in the hope that they would remain neutral; but it was voted down in the war-council, on the grounds that it was the settlers who brought on all the trouble, because they wanted the Nez Perces' land and stock, and, in fact, some of them actually got both.

The Indians now bought arms and ammunition wherever they could. They practiced military movements, in which they were already quite proficient. General Shanks says that "Joseph's party was thoroughly disciplined; that they rode at full gallop along the mountain side in a steady formation by fours; formed twos, at a given signal, with perfect precision, to cross a narrow bridge; then galloped into line, reined in to a sudden halt, and dismounted with as much system as regulars."

June 18 arrived; the thirty days were up; the soldiers had not come. Over on Salmon River three Indians killed an old hermit ranch man named Devine. The taste of blood whetted their appetites, and the next day four more fell victims. Mounting their horses, they hurried to Camas Prairie, where the main body of Indians was encamped. Riding through the camp they displayed the spoils of their bloodshed and exhorted the others to join them. Joseph and his brother, Ollacut, were not in the camp; they had placed their tepees some distance from the others, on account of Joseph's wife, who was sick and wanted quiet. White Bird,

the next in rank and influence, gave way. Riding through the camp, he exclaimed, "All must join now. There is blood. You will be punished if you delay." Seventeen warriors joined the three and they hurried back to Salmon River. Eight more fell victims to them, including Harry Mason, who had whipped the two Indians.

On the night of June 14 another party attacked the people of the Cottonwood House, a ranch used as a frontier inn, on the road between Mount Idaho and Fort Lapwai. At ten o'clock they were warned by a messenger of the approaching Indians, and hurriedly started to Mount Idaho, two on horseback, the rest, including several women and children, in a farm wagon.

When they had covered ten miles of their journey they were overtaken by the Indians. Two men and a boy were killed and the others badly wounded, two men subsequently dying of their injuries.

Joseph protested against hostilities until he saw that war was inevitable. He then took command and moved his warriors to White Bird cañon, where they prepared to fight the soldiers. Nor had they long to wait. Colonel Perry, at the head of ninety soldiers, was soon on the road from Fort Lapwai. On the evening of the 16th he reached Grangerville, four miles from Mount Idaho, where he was joined by ten citizens. Marching on through the night, he reached White Bird cañon at daylight and began the descent of the broad trail, hoping to surprise the Indians. But the vigilant Joseph's keen eye was the first to discover the group of horsemen silhouetted against the sky at the head of the cañon, just as the sun was rising. "Get the white man's glass I Tell White Bird. Horses! The soldiers are here!" he shouted in command.

Some of his young men became a little nervous as

they saw the soldiers approaching and suggested that it would be better to move across the Salmon River, where the soldiers could not reach them. "No." said Joseph, "we will fight them here." The women and children were sent across the river and a party of mounted warriors under White Bird took a position in ambush behind a ridge on the south side of the cañon. The rest, under Joseph, were crouched on the ground, squarely across the trail, hidden behind rocks and in hollows. On came the soldiers until well within range, when every bush and rock poured out its fire. At the same time White Bird's men appeared on the left and poured in another deadly volley. The soldiers were falling fast, and the order was shouted to fall back to the next ridge. This was immediately done, but with the enemy at their heels there was no time to stop. While the officers were trying to rally their men the Indians were pressing along the sides of the cañon to gain the head and cut off retreat. Part of the command reached the ascent and hurried out. The remainder, under Lieutenant Theller, were cut off, and most of them, including the gallant lieutenant, were killed. Across the rugged country the Indians pursued the flying troops for twelve miles. But once out of that death trap the officers obtained control, and the retreat was conducted with some degree of order. Four miles from Mount Idaho Joseph withdrew his men. He had fought and won his first battle, even though largely outnumbered by his enemy.

Joseph says of this encounter: "We numbered in that battle sixty men, and the soldiers one hundred. The fight lasted but a few minutes before the soldiers retreated. They lost thirty-three killed, and had seven wounded. When an Indian fights, he only shoots to kill; but soldiers shoot at random. None of the soldiers were scalped. We do not believe in scalping nor in killing wounded men. Soldiers do not kill many Indians unless they are wounded and left

upon the battlefield. Then they kill Indians."

The military reputation of the Nez Perces was altered. It would require a stronger force to subdue them. Reinforcements were ordered from all the neighboring forts. Skirmishing and minor engagements continued.

While waiting for these reinforcements a detachment was sent under Captain Whipple to attack Chief Looking-Glass and his band, and bring them in before they had time to join the hostiles. Whipple discovered the red men in the neighborhood of Mount Idaho, and dispatched Lieutenant Rains with ten picked men and a scout named Foster to reconnoiter. Following this advance-guard at a distance of a mile with his main force, the sound of firing was heard at the front. Hurrying forward with his command, Whipple was horrified to find that Rains and every man in his detachment had been killed. A company of seventeen volunteers, under Captain Randall, was attacked on the Mount Idaho road; two were killed and two wounded. All would have been cut to pieces, had not Captain Whipple and his company hurried to the rescue. As to Looking Glass, his camp was destroyed, and seven hundred and twenty-five ponies captured, but he and his warriors all escaped and joined Joseph.

Meantime, General Howard was at Fort Lapwai impatiently waiting for reinforcements. But the accounts of Indian horrors came so thick and fast that further delay, though desirable, was yet impossible.

Mason, in his account of this expedition, says: "The little band of men—cavalry and infantry—together with an old mountain howitzer and two Gatling guns, are drawn up in marching order. The train of pack-mules, with their immense loads of ammunition and provision, move restlessly back and forward in the parade-ground. The

trained white mare, with the tinkling bell attached to her neck, stands thoughtful and attentive, ready to lead her restless followers along the stony trail."



BUCKSKIN CHARLIE,

WAR-CHIEF OF THE UTES.

See page 584.

"The last farewells are said. The last mule pack is adjusted. The last red-shirted artillery man takes his stand by his gun. There is a moment of quiet. Suddenly the commanding officer shouts, 'Attention!' and then a moment later, 'Column, march!' Every man steps off with his right foot. The cavalry are in front. The proud bell-mare, with her cavalcade of mules, stubborn to all else, but to her yielding the most perfect obedience, {FN} follow, and behind them, in column of fours, come the infantry."

{FN} The author's father has taken large droves of mules from Lexington, Kentucky, on foot to New Orleans, with no help but one assistant and an old white mare. If this queen of the drove was inclined to bite or kick her followers on the slightest provocation, her influence over them, was wonderful. Without her no fence would hold them overnight; with her in their midst no fence was necessary, for where she was there would they be also.

On July 11, General Howard and his little army of four hundred fighting men, besides teamsters and train men, came in sight of the enemy.

Joseph, at the head of about three hundred warriors, had crossed the country to the Lapwai reservation and taken a position on the Clearwater, and was waiting to give battle, having erected breast works of the most approved pattern.

This was done with the assistance of the squaws, who fought as hard as the men, and, as usual, worked harder.

The soldiers advanced in line of battle, leaving the supply trains unguarded. From the high point of vantage he had taken, Joseph was quick to notice this and dispatched thirty warriors to attack them. An officer with his field glass caught this movement just in time to send a messenger to warn them to hurry into the lines. A company of cavalry also galloped to their protection. The Indians

gained the smaller train, killed two packers and disabled their animals, but were driven off by the fire of the cavalry. The large train, however, gained the lines uninjured. The battle raged all that afternoon, with its charges and counter charges, its feinting and fighting. During the night both parties kept up a desultory fire while strengthening their positions. The battle was renewed in the morning, and continued with no perceptible advantage to either side until the middle of the afternoon. At that time a fresh company of cavalry reënforced General Howard's command. The troops now redoubled their effort by charging the enemy's line on the left. For a short time the Indians fought desperately from behind their rocky breastworks, but at length gave way and fled in all directions, bounding from rock to rock through the ravines, or plunging into the river out of sight only to reappear when its swift current had borne them out of range. The victorious troops pressed them so closely that the Indian camp, with its blankets, buffalo robes and cooking utensils fell into their hands. The Indians, however, made their escape with their herds and sufficient supplies for their purpose, and before the soldiers could cross the Clearwater, a large body of warriors was seen on the right front, apparently returning for an attack. While preparations were being made to meet this force, the remainder, of the Indians continued their flight and escaped. The returning warriors, having accomplished their purpose by this feint, shortly disappeared. In the morning the troops continued to pursue the retreating Indians, only to fall into an ambush by the rear-guard of the Nez Perces, and be thrown into confusion.

As Dunn says: "Night found the Indians safely encamped in an almost impregnable position, at the entrance of Lolo trail. Joseph had fought his second battle, against heavy odds, and though beaten, had brought off his

forces most creditably."

Finding they were largely outnumbered, the Indians retreated through the mountain pass to Bitter Root valley, over what General Sherman says "Is universally admitted by all who have traveled it—from Lewis and Clark to Captain Winters—as one of the worst trails for man and beast on this continent." The Nez Perces came safely over this trail, encumbered with their women and children and herds.

In the valley of the Lou-Lou they were confronted by a hastily built fort, held by Captain Rawn with a few regulars and some volunteers. Looking-Glass said to them, "We will not fight the settlers if they do not fight us. We are going by you to the buffalo country. Will you let us go in peace?" Rawn replied, "you can not go by us." To this the Indian answered, "We are going by you without fighting if you will let us, but we are going by you anyhow."

The volunteers now interfered, and told the commander the Nez Perces had always been "good Indians." The settlers on the Bitter Root had no grounds for complaint in their conduct, as they passed each year to and from the buffalo country. Besides, in the expressive frontier phrase, "they had not lost any Indians," and consequently were not hunting for any. The Indians might pass, and God speed them out of the country.

The Nez Perces not only passed by in peace, but they stopped at the villages of Stevensville and Corvallis and traded with the whites. They also left a spy at Corvallis, who stopped until Howard had come up and passed on, and then sped away to Joseph with full particulars.

Meantime General Gibbon, with about two hundred

cavalry, had hastened from Helena across to Fort Missoula, on the Bitter Root, but arrived too late to intercept Joseph. Gibbon followed the Indian trail, and overtook them August 8. Waiting through the night for "that dark still hour which is just before the dawn," he swept through the camp in a furious charge, completely surprising the Indians. It seems that Joseph and his men supposed the war was over, and having started to the buffalo country, were careless about posting sentinels. Though taken by surprise, General Joseph rallied his warriors and recaptured the camp. He also drove the soldiers back to a grove of timber, where they erected rude barricades, and made a stand.

Joseph said of General Gibbon: "Finding that he was not able to capture us, he sent to his camp for his big guns (cannon), but my men had captured them and all the ammunition. We damaged the big guns all we could and carried away the powder and lead." At eleven o'clock that night the Indians withdrew, leaving Gibbon wounded and his command so crippled that it could not pursue. Joseph had fought and won his third battle.

The Nez Perces remained long enough to bury their dead, but when General Howard joined Gibbon at this place, his Bannock scouts, ghoul-like, dug up the bodies, and in the presence of officers and men, scalped and mutilated them. The body of Looking-Glass, their ablest diplomat, who fell here, was abused in this manner, although the Nez Perces, being neither civilized nor the allies of civilization, neither took scalps nor mutilated. It is also their proud boast that they never made war on women and children while the war lasted. Joseph said "We would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act."

Continuing the retreat, Joseph and his band crossed the continental divide again into Idaho, and camped on the great Camas prairie, on the Yellowstone, west of the

National Park. He had replenished his supplies, captured two hundred and fifty good horses, and his forces were in excellent condition. General Howard's troops also camped in the prairie a day's march behind. Lieutenant Bacon had been dispatched with a squad of men to hold Tacher's Pass, the most accessible roadway over the divide into the park. The pickets and sentinels were posted, and the weary troopers were soon sleeping, unconscious of war's alarms.

In the faint starlight dark forms might have been seen creeping through the tall grass. Halter ropes and hobbles were cut and bells removed from the necks of the bell-mares. Creeping away in the same manner, but with less caution, a slight noise was made. "What was that?" asked a picket of a comrade. "Nothing but a prowling wolf," was the reply. For some time nothing could be heard in the camp but the regular foot falls of the sentinel. Suddenly a troop of horsemen came in sight, riding back over the trail of the Indians. They rode in column of fours, regularly and without haste. "It must be Bacon's men returning," said the pickets. On came the troopers to the very lines of the camp, but when they were challenged by the sentinel they answered with a war-whoop. At once pandemonium was let loose. A wild yell arose, followed by a fusillade of small arms, which startled the soldiers and stampeded the horses and mules, which were seen scampering away, with heads in the air, nostrils spread, snorting with excitement, followed by the Indians, yelling like demons. We must credit the great chieftain with a successful surprise.

The Nez Perces next eluded Bacon and retreated through Tacher's Pass into the beautiful National Park. In the region of the hot springs and geysers, they met a party of travelers. It consisted of Mr. Cowan, his wife, sister-in-law, brother-in-law and two guides. Three of the men were left for dead, but the other, together with the two ladies, were carried into captivity. Horrible fate! General Howard

said they were "afterward rescued." But Joseph said, "On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were kindly treated."

On September 9 word was brought that General Sturgis was coming from the Powder River country with three hundred and fifty cavalry and some friendly Crows. Joseph was now between the two forces. Can the Indian chieftain again escape? Yes, this savage, with a genius for war which would have made him famous among the military heroes of any age or country, made a feint toward the West, fooling Sturgis, and sending him on a wild-goose chase to guard the trail down the Stinking Water. At the same time Joseph and his people, under cover of a dense forest, made their way into a narrow and slippery cañon. This was immensely deep, but the almost perpendicular walls were but twenty feet apart. Through this dark chasm slipped and floundered the cavalry and infantry. It must have been a strange sight as the column moved slowly along the bottom of the defile, men, horses, pack-mules and artillery, with only a narrow ribbon of sky high above them. All in vain, Joseph again escaped.

There was but one way to reach them and that was by direct pursuit. All day long the Indians retreated, fighting desperately as they went, and at dark the exhausted soldiers withdrew to camp at the mouth of the cañon. Nothing had been accomplished during the day except to round up several hundred ponies which had been abandoned by the Nez Perces, while they continued their flight on fresh mounts. March as they would, the soldiers could not diminish the distance between pursued and pursuers.

The Nez Perces retreated up the Musselshell River, and then, circling back of the Judith Mountains, struck the

Missouri September 23, at Cow Island. General Joseph had fought his fourth battle, against a greatly superior force, which he had held in check, while he brought off his own people in comparative safety. Crossing the Missouri, the Nez Perces moved on leisurely to the north. Having repulsed the forces of Howard, Gibbon, and Sturgis, each in turn, the Indians began to feel secure. They were now entering a beautiful country, a veritable paradise, lying between the Bear Paw and Little Rocky Mountains. It is also rich in romance and tradition, and the reputed locality of the "Lost Cabin of Montana," the new El Dorado of miners' thoughts by day and dreams by night.

The Indians established their camp on Snake Creek, a tributary of Milk River, within a day's march of the British dominions.

There was yet one hope. Days before, a messenger had embarked in a canoe and started down the Yellowstone River to Fort Keough, to inform Gen. N. A. Miles, the commandant, of the situation. General Miles at once put his forces in order and started northward to intercept the wily Joseph. He reached the Indian camp on the morning of September 30, at the head of three hundred and seventy-five men, and at once began the attack.

The Nez Perces knew of their coming only long enough to take a position in the ravines of the creek valley, and await the attack. General Miles ordered a charge upon the Indian camp, which succeeded in cutting it in two and capturing most of their horses. The soldiers, however, recoiled under the deadly fire of the Indians, with one-fifth of their force killed and wounded.

Joseph's warriors, though surprised, proved themselves worthy of the reputation they had established at Camas prairie, Big Hole and elsewhere, and fought with

great valor. The continuous fire and unerring aim of their magazine guns at close range inflicted a loss to General Miles of twenty-six killed and forty wounded, while Joseph's loss for the first day and night was eighteen men and three women.

Each side found foe men worthy of their steel. Never, on any occasion, did the American Indians display more heroic courage, and never did the American soldiers exhibit more unshaken fortitude.

For four days and as many nights the two forces faced each other. The whites controlled the situation, as escape from the ravine was cut off, but were unwilling to attempt to capture the camp by storm. They knew, from their first experience, that such an attempt would involve a terrible loss of life. Meantime, Joseph strengthened his intrenchments and prepared for a siege. He also dispatched a messenger to Sitting Bull, who was just over the line of the British dominions with twelve hundred discontented and hostile Sioux. The hope was that this chief and his warriors would come to their relief; but for some reason Sitting Bull failed them in their extremity.

The Indians could not escape through the lines without abandoning their wounded and helpless. Joseph said of this battle: "We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We had never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of white men. I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. General Miles had promised that we might return to our country with what stock we had left. I believed General Miles, or I never would have surrendered. I have heard that he has been censured for making the promise to return us to Lapwai. He could not have made any other

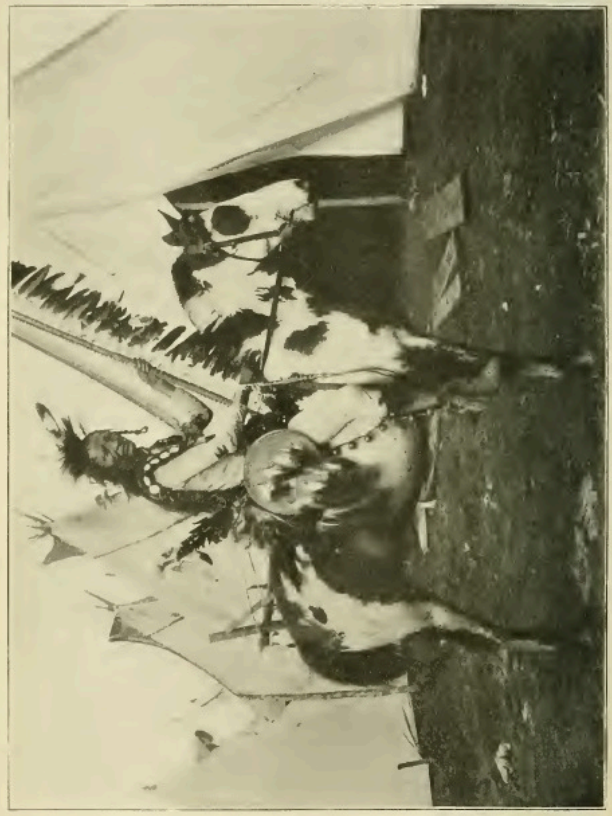
terms with me at that time. I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance, and then neither of the generals nor their soldiers would have ever left Bear Paw Mountain alive."

On the morning of October 5 Joseph and his band surrendered—those who were left. Ollacut, his brother, had fallen here at Snake Creek, with twenty-seven others. White Bird had flown in the night with a band of one hundred and five, including Joseph's daughter. They reached the British Dominions and joined Sitting Bull. So, to stop any further bloodshed, Chief Joseph now handed his gun to General Miles, in the presence of General Howard, who arrived the day previous with a small escort, and said with impressive dignity: "Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-Glass is dead; Too-Hool-Hool-Suit is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men (Ollacut) is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick, and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more against the white man forever."

"Thus," says General Sherman, "has terminated one of the most extraordinary Indian wars of which there is any record."

The Indians throughout displayed a courage and skill that elicited universal praise; they abstained from scalping, let captive women go free, did not commit indiscriminate murder of peaceful families, which is usual, and fought

with almost scientific skill, using advance and rear guards, skirmish lines and field fortifications.



"COMES OUT HOLY," SIOUX.

Courtesy of Field Museum.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, perhaps the greatest living authority, as he is certainly one of our ablest generals and most successful Indian fighters, says in his report: "As these people have been hitherto loyal to the Government, and friends of the white race, from the time their country was first explored, and in their skilful campaign have spared hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property, that they might have destroyed, and as they have been, in my opinion, grossly wronged in years past; have lost most of their ponies, property and everything except a small amount of clothing, I have the honor to recommend that ample provision be made for their civilization, and to enable them to become self-sustaining. They are sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the consideration which, in my opinion, is due them from the Government. The Nez Perces are the boldest men, and the best marksmen of any Indians I have encountered, and Chief Joseph is a man of more sagacity and intelligence than any Indian I have ever met. He counseled against the war, and against the usual atrocities practiced by Indians, and is far more humane than such leaders as Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. The campaign of the Nez Perces is a good illustration of what would be the result of bad faith or ill-treatment toward the large tribes of mountain Indians that occupy most of the Rocky Mountain range."

It must be understood that Joseph surrendered on honorable terms. General Miles said: "I acted on what I supposed was the original design of the Government to place these Indians on their own reservation, and so informed them, and also sent assurances to the war parties that were out and those who had escaped, that they would be taken to Tongue River and retained for a time, and sent across the mountains as soon as the weather permitted in the spring." The Indians understood also that they were to retain what stock they still had. General Howard also

concurred in these conditions and gave orders to General Miles to send the Indians to his department in the spring, unless he received "instructions from higher authority."

The terms of this surrender were shamefully violated. Joseph and his band were taken first to Fort Lincoln. Then to Fort Leavenworth, afterward to the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory. At Leavenworth they were placed between a lagoon and the river, the worst possible place for sanitary conditions that could have been selected, with no water but that of the "Big Muddy" to drink. All were affected by the poisonous malaria of the camp.

Joseph said, "Many of my people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. I can not tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief, who rules above, seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people." Yet he is just and magnanimous enough to add in the same connection: "I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses, over eleven hundred, and all our saddles, over one hundred, and we have not heard from them since. *Somehody has got our Horses.*"

As Helen Hunt Jackson well says in her "Century of Dishonor," "This narrative of Chief Joseph's is profoundly touching; a very Iliad of tragedy, of dignified and hopeless sorrow; and it stands supported by the official records of the Indian Bureau."

The Indian Commissioner, in his Annual Report for 1878, says: "After the arrival of Joseph and his band in Indian Territory, the bad effect of their location at Fort Leavenworth manifested itself in the prostration by

sickness at one time of two hundred and sixty out of the four hundred and ten, and within a few months in the death of more than one-quarter of the entire number."

It is gratifying to record that General Miles left no stone unturned to have the conditions of the surrender respected. Some seven years later, when he had been promoted, he succeeded in having Chief Joseph and the remnant of his band returned to the neighborhood of their old home. Joseph and a few others were placed at the Colville Agency, in Washington, and the remainder were put with their people on Lapwai reservation.

A few years ago Chief Joseph attended the commencement exercises of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, and there sat at the same banquet table with Gen. 0. 0. Howard. The two former foes, but at that time fast friends, toasted each other.

A special correspondent of the *Inter Ocean* wrote of this incident:

"These two men were the chief opposing figures in a most remarkable Indian war twenty-seven years ago. During this war, in 1877, Chief Joseph's battle line was fourteen hundred miles long. He proved one of the greatest foes who ever fought against an American army, but his present attitude is vastly different, as was shown by his speech at the banquet. He spoke in the Indian language, the literal translation being as follows:

"'Friends, I meet here my friend, General Howard. I used to be so anxious to meet him. I wanted to kill him in war. To-day I am glad to meet him, and glad to meet everybody here, and to be friends with General Howard. We are both old men, still we live, and I am glad. We both fought in many wars and we are both alive. Ever since the

war I have made up my mind to be friendly to the whites and to everybody. I wish you, my friends, would believe me as I believe myself in my heart in what I say. When my friend General Howard and I fought together I had no idea that we would ever sit down to a meal together, as to-day, but we have, and I am glad. I have lost many friends and many men, women and children, but I have no grievance against any of the white people, General Howard or any one. If General Howard dies first, of course I will be sorry. I understand and I know that learning of books is a nice thing, and I have some children here in school from my tribe that are trying to learn something, and I am thankful to know there are some of my children here struggling to learn the white man's ways and his books. I repeat again I have no enmity against anybody. I want to be friends to everybody. I wish my children would learn more and more every day, so they can mingle with the white people and do business with them as well as anybody else, I shall try to get Indians to send their children to school.'"

During the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, in 1904, Chief Joseph was one of the greatest attractions at the Indian Congress, the early part of the season. But the thought of exhibiting himself for money was very distasteful and humiliating to the proud chieftain. This, together with his habit of brooding over the wrongs and afflictions of his unhappy people, brought on a sickness. He went back to the reservation the early part of July, but it was simply going home to die. He lingered along until the 21st day of the following September, when his great soul took its flight to the "Great Spirit Chief," who will judge between him and the Government who (it would almost seem) deliberately wasted and destroyed one of the noblest and most civilized of the native American tribes.

Soon after his death, Dr. E. H. Latham, the agency

physician, was interviewed by a newspaper reporter, and he declared that "Joseph had died of a broken heart."

No people on earth have a nobler patriotism, or greater love for their country than the Indians. We doubt not the doctor's diagnosis was correct, and we firmly believe that thousands of other leaders of that race have died of the same malady.

All fair-minded people now believe it was a mistake, and a burning shame, to take the Wallowa valley away from Joseph and his band for the benefit of a few greedy settlers, when there were at that very time teeming millions of acres of land just as good, and open to settlement, throughout eastern Oregon and border States. All the vast treasure and bloodshed would have been saved, and to-day there would have been in that valley of "Winding Water" one of the most civilized, prosperous and progressive Indian settlements in America.

It would actually pay our Government in dollars and cents to mete out the same protection and justice to the Indian as it does to every one else under the flag whose skin is white. Whatever the theory may be, the practice has been to regard the Indian as the legal prey and predestined victim for every white scoundrel who wanted to rob or even murder him, and he was often justified on the theory that "the only good Indian is a dead one."

But it is a long lane that has no turn. Those broken-hearted martyrs, like Joseph, have not died in vain. We seem to be entering on a new era of human brotherhood, in which the value is placed on the jewel rather than the *color* of the casket containing it. Manhood, worth, virtue, are now sought for and honored even by the proud Anglo-Saxon, regardless of race or color.

The proof of this statement is found in the splendid monument erected by the Washington University State Historical Society over the remains of Chief Joseph.

We are indebted to Prof. Edmond S. Meany, secretary of the above society, for an account of the exercises held at the unveiling and dedication of the monument. This took place at Nespelim, Washington, June 20, 1905, in the presence of a large number of white and Indian friends and admirers of the great chief.

The monument is of white marble and measures seven and one-half feet in height. On the front is carved a fine portrait of the famous warrior. On the base, below this portrait, in large raised letters, appears the name, CHIEF JOSEPH. On one side is his Nez Perce name, Hin-Mah-Too-Yah-Lat-Kekt, and its translation, "Thunder Rolling in the Mountains." On the other side, "He led his people in the Nez Perce war of 1877. Died 21 September, 1904, age, about 60 years," On the back of the shaft: "Erected 20 June, 1905, by the Washington University State Historical Society."

We also received from an Indian correspondent, Tom Eagle Blanket, of Nespelim, a newspaper containing a report of the exercises of the occasion. Several speeches were made by representatives of both races. The principal Indian orator was Yellow Bull, an aged Nez Perce from Montana, who was a sub-chief, next in rank to the younger Joseph, at the time of the war, and fought with him, side by side. Though old and blind. Yellow Bull walked erect and made quite an imposing appearance in his rich Indian dress. He spoke very earnestly, and said in part: "I am very glad to meet you all here to-day, my brothers and sisters, and children and white friends. When the Creator created us, he put us on this earth, and the flowers on the earth, and he takes us all in his arms and keeps us in peace and

friendship, and our friendship and peace shall never fade, but it will shine forever. Our people love our old customs. I am very glad to see our white friends here attending this ceremony, and it seems like we all have the same sad feelings, and that would seem like it would wipe my tears. Joseph is dead; but his words are not dead; his words will live forever. This monument will stand—Joseph's words will stand as long as this monument. We (the red and the white people) are both here, and the Great Spirit looks down on us both; and now if we are good and live right, like Joseph, we shall see him. I have finished."

As soon as the two widows of Joseph and other old squaws who were with the fighting Nez Perces during the war heard the voice of Yellow Bull once more, and his words of the dead chieftain, they broke forth into loud wailing, thus proving that Indian women love as devotedly, and mourn for the loved and lost, exactly like their white sisters.

After electing Albert Waters chief, to succeed Joseph, the bands returned to their homes and reservations.

CHAPTER XV.

GERONIMO, OR GO-YAT-THLAY, THE YAWNER,

THE RENOWNED APACHE WARRIOR AND MEDICINE MAN.

With the possible exception of the Sioux, the Apaches were the most formidable of all our Western Indian tribes. Indeed it is conceded that in cunning, ferocity and endurance they have never had an equal on this continent, or a superior on this globe.

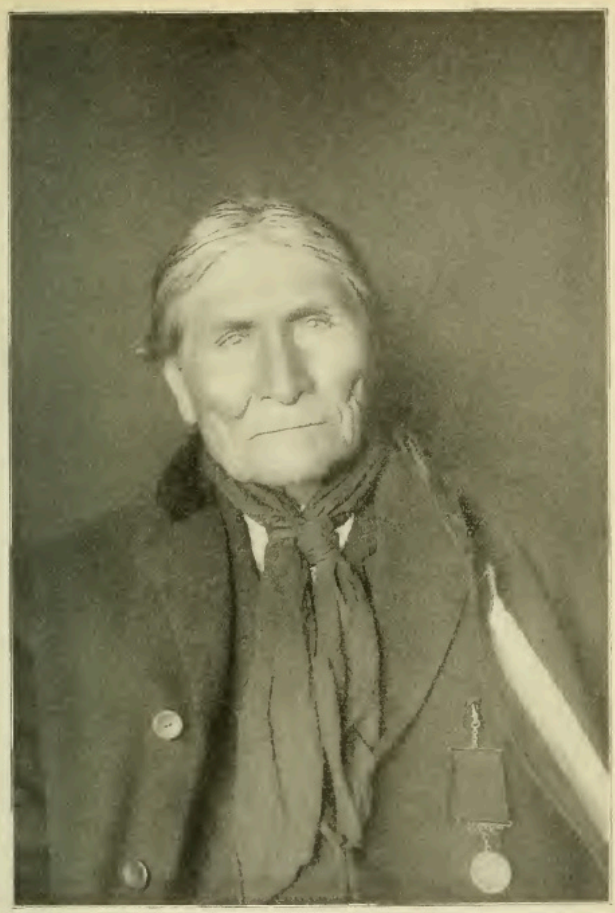
General Crook, who was an acknowledged authority, has seen an Apache lope for fifteen hundred feet up the side of a mountain without showing any sign of fatigue, there being neither an increase of respiration or perspiration. A band of Apaches have been known to ambush a party of whites on an open plain, where there was neither tree, shrub, nor blade of grass growing. It was done by burrowing in the sand and covering their bodies, all but their eyes, and remaining motionless until the unsuspecting whites were within a hundred yards of them.

Capt. John G. Bourke, who served under Crook against the Apaches, thus describes those warriors: "Physically, he is perfect; he might be a trifle taller for artistic effect, but his apparent 'squattiness' is due more to great girth of chest than to diminutive stature. His muscles are hard as bone, and I have seen one light a match on the sole of his naked foot. Twenty years ago, when Crook took him in hand, the Apache had few wants and cared for no luxuries. War was his business, his life, and victory his dream. To attack a Mexican camp or isolated village, and run off a herd of cattle, mules or sheep, he would gladly travel hundreds of miles, incurring every risk and displaying a courage which would have been extolled in an historical novel if it had happened in a raid by Highlanders upon Southrons; but when it was your stock or your friends, it became quite a different matter. He wore no clothing whatever, save a narrow piece of calico or buckskin about the loins, a helmet, also of buckskin, plentifully crested with the plumage of the wild turkey and eagle, and long-legged moccasins, held to the waist by a

string, and turned up at the toes in a shield which protected him from stones and 'cholla' cactus. If he felt thirsty he drank from the nearest brook; if there was no brook near by, he went without, and, putting a stone or twig in his mouth to induce a flow of saliva, journeyed on. When he desired to communicate with friends at home, or to put himself in correspondence with persons whose cooperation had been promised, he rubbed two sticks together, and dense signal smoke rolled to the zenith and was answered from peaks twenty and thirty miles away. By nightfall his bivouac was pitched at a distance from water, generally on the flank of a rocky mountain, along which no trail would be left, and up which no force of cavalry could hope to ascend without making a noise to awaken the dead."

The Apache had another practice which made it still more difficult to trail or capture a roving band. After striking a murderous blow, and when closely pursued, they would break up into small parties, which, if hard pressed, would continue to dissolve until each one was pursuing his way alone through the mountain fastnesses. When pursuit was suspended and the danger over, they reunited at some remote rendezvous well known to all.

Another great advantage which the Apache had over the soldier is the fact that these people were familiar with all the ravines, caverns, cañons, defiles, gorges and places inaccessible to horses, which are almost innumerable in the mountain ranges of Arizona, New Mexico and across the headwaters of the Rio Grande. The Apache, when on a raid, could live on rats, mice, terrapin and rabbits; and if all these failed and he was hard pressed, he would kill and eat his horse.



GERONIMO.

OR GO-YAT-THLAY, THE YAWNER,

THE RENOWNED APACHE CHIEF AND MEDICINE MAN.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

See page 529.

Among the arts possessed by these red men was that of concocting a beverage from the maguey plant, called "Tizwin," compared to which fusel oil and Jersey lightning are as mild and harmless as Jersey milk. But the Apaches are not at all squeamish as regards the flavor of their liquors; strength and results are all that is demanded, and "Tizwin" had plenty of both. So when they wished to indulge in a debauch they would drink copious draughts of this horrible concoction, which brought out all the latent demon in them, provided it had not already come to the surface.

Ellis, in his "Indian Wars," says: "The climate of Arizona and other parts of the Southwest, for weeks at a time, is like a furnace. Were not the air dry, life would be unbearable to the whites. If those who remained at home had any conception of the sufferings of our officers and soldiers when prosecuting their Indian campaigns, their lips, instead of speaking criticism, would utter expressions of wonder and admiration.

"When the troops were trying to run down the Apaches, the thermometer, day after day, marked one hundred and twenty degrees, and often more. The metalwork on their guns became so hot that it could not be touched with the bare hand. The air pulsated and the soil was baked under their feet. Sometimes, when aflame with thirst, they toiled mile after mile, cheered by the expectation of reaching some spring, they found the Apaches had been there ahead of them and befouled it beyond all use for man or beast."

Various reasons have been assigned to account for the Apache outbreak of the spring of 1885. Perhaps the following is the most probable of those mentioned.

Rendered desperate by long-enforced temperance restrictions, the Apaches concocted a quantity of their native drink, "Tizwin," and the braves got uproariously drunk. With returning sobriety came repentance and a wholesome fear of General Crook, who was then in command of the forces in the Southwest and had supervision of the posts and reservations. Such sprees by his Indian charges were strictly forbidden, and surely punished. Lieutenant Davis, in command of the post, was interviewed regarding their offense and the probability of punishment. "I must report the matter to General Crook," replied the officer; "I can not say what steps he will see fit to take in the matter."

The braves withdrew anxious and fearful, but concealing their real feelings beneath a sullen gravity. The envoys reported the ominous reply of the lieutenant to the others of the band, and the matter was discussed at length. Among those who had the most to say was a woman, Huera, the squaw of Mangus, one of the principal chiefs of the Apaches, who possessed an influence over the braves seldom equaled by Indian women. More than once her intercession cast the balance in the fate of a captive, and meant death by torture or life and adoption into the tribe. She now addressed the warriors about as follows: "Are you men, old women or children? If old women and children you will stay here and wait to receive your punishment. But if you are warriors you will take the warpath, and then the 'Grey Fox' must catch you before you are punished. May-be-so you go to Sonora, and he no catch you. I have spoken."

To her fierce utterances they listened with attention, because she told them what they wanted to hear, and the next day saw them upon the warpath. They had escaped punishment, for a time at least, for it is an axiom of Indian warfare, the truth of which is at once apparent, that you

can not do anything to an Indian until you have caught him.

The leader of this band of Chiricahua Apaches is the subject of this sketch—the far-famed Geronimo, the best advertised Indian on earth. He is a son of Tah-Clish-Un, and a pupil of Cochise, from whom he had learned every detail of Indian generalship, and had succeeded him in his marvelous influence over the tribe.

Lieut. Britton Davis, Third Cavalry, under whose control the Chiricahuas were, telegraphed at once to General Crook a report of the case, but the wires were working badly and the message was never delivered. Had the message reached Crook, he would at once have taken action to head them off and it is quite probable no trouble would have occurred, as he would have nipped it in the bud.

The troops were at once prepared for pursuit, and the long chase began about the middle of April, 1885. Their earliest field of operations was in that portion of New Mexico between the Ladron and Magdalena Mountains and the boundary of Arizona, and just north of the Gila River. "Geronimo knows this country as well as if he had made it himself," was the quaint remark of a newspaper correspondent; and indeed it would not have suited his purpose better, had it been made to order.

From mountain fastnesses beyond the reach of the ordinary white soldier, the warriors of Geronimo and Naiche could look down upon the troops sent in pursuit. From their hiding-places among the caves and cañons they could make a sudden dash upon scouting parties, or cut off supply trains; and the cunning savages knew how to time these descents so as to avoid danger of diminishing their band.

"But," as Kelsey says, "it was not only in finding secure hiding-places that the Indians were too much for the whites. Had that been all, they might have been surrounded by a cordon of soldiers and reduced by famine. They had pathways known only to themselves, by which they could elude pursuit. Issuing from their rocky caves and lofty eyries, the untiring children of the plains would descend upon the isolated settlements which are scattered over the two territories, and write in fire and blood the message of defiance to the general whom they had once feared. Now and then, perhaps a captive woman or child would be carried off to a fate worse than death; but more often all fell beneath the murderous stroke of the Apache. Possessing themselves of the horses which had once belonged to the murdered settler, they would ride off. However hot the pursuit they were not to be caught.

"The cavalry must have rest, not only for themselves, but for their horses. But if the steeds of the Indians tired, they had but to steal others at the settlements which they passed, and freshly mounted, the unwearied red men laughed at the white men's best speed. From ninety to one hundred miles in the course of the day was no unusual achievement, though they were encumbered with their women and children; and if necessity required they could travel much farther without resting."

General Crook had a theory that the best way to catch Geronimo and his band of marauders was to employ other friendly Apache warriors as scouts, trailers and Indian police.

This was accordingly done, and between two and three hundred were sworn into the service of the United States, and placed under the command of Captain Crawford.

With the aid of these Apache scouts they were now able to match cunning with cunning, to interpret the smoke signals, to trail the enemy night or day where no track was visible to the eyes of the regulars.

Geronimo now fled across the Mexican line into the provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, where in the Sierra Madre Mountains the country was even more rugged than on the American side.

Fortunately a treaty existed with Mexico at this time, whereby troops from either country were permitted to cross the boundary when in chase of fugitive Indians.

Geronimo had with him when he started thirty-four warriors, eight boys and ninety-one women. Who were almost as fierce as the bucks. Never did so small a band of savages give our Government as much trouble.

General Crook and Captain Crawford were on their mettle, and the pursuit was continued across the Rio Grande. From place to place along the border the soldiers followed the fugitives. Now and again a sudden encounter would result in the death of one or two on either side, and the retreat of the Apaches.

The soldiers and Indian scouts pushed matters so hard that they finally corraled Geronimo. They held him just one night, when he escaped again and the flight was continued. Several nights later he had the temerity to steal into camp with four warriors, and, seizing a white woman, told her that the only way to save her life was to point out his wife's tent. She obeyed. Geronimo set her down, caught up his squaw, and was off before the alarm could be given.

During the fall of 1885, the death of Geronimo was regularly reported about every two weeks, but during the

first part of November he was sufficiently alive to have three running fights with the pursuing soldiers.

The Mexicans had also suffered severely from the depredations of the marauding Apaches, and they, too, had organized a company of irregular troops from the Tarahumari Indians, who were almost as wild and fierce as the Apaches themselves, and had been their mortal enemy for the past two hundred years. This company, one hundred and fifty strong, officered by Mexicans and under the command of Santa Anna Perez, a captain in the Mexican army, had trailed a band of thieving Apaches seventeen days.

Meantime Captain Crawford and his regulars and Indian scouts were relentlessly pursuing Geronimo and his band, and during the month of January, 1886, they came up with them near Nacori, in the State of Sonora, and surrounded their camp just before daylight. For once Geronimo was surprised; probably worn out at last by the continuous pursuit, the Indians slept sounder than usual. Certain it is, the surprise was complete, and after a few volleys had been fired the Indians saw their case was hopeless and prepared to surrender.

Hoisting a white flag, which was the signal for the firing to cease, and relying on the white man's chivalry, the squaws of the camp were dispatched, as messengers, to the commanding officer. The squaws stated that Geronimo, Xaiche and their warriors wished to confer with Captain Crawford; that they were worn out with the long chase, and were ready to meet General Crook and surrender to him. They had no terms to propose, but would throw themselves on the mercy of the victor. Captain Crawford now demanded that they should surrender their horses, mules, wagons, ammunition and camp outfit. His requirements were at once complied with, and it was

agreed that a conference should be held the next day to arrange a meeting between General Crook and the hostiles.

Thus matters stood when the band of thieving, murdering Apaches pursued by the Mexican soldiers, reached Geronimo's band. The fugitives found their comrades treating with a United States officer. They had literally jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. The Mexicans were hot in pursuit, and were not to be deprived of their revenge simply because their foes had received unexpected reinforcements. They promptly opened fire, which was as promptly returned. Suddenly above the conflict a shrill voice is heard: "For God's sake, stop firing! These are United States troops."

The captain at once ordered his men to stop, but before the command was understood, there was a report from a Mexican rifle, and the gallant Captain Crawford fell back with a bullet in his brain. With a muttered curse, a young Apache called Dutchy returned the shot and avenged the death of his beloved captain that he was unable to prevent.

In this unfortunate skirmish the Mexicans lost one of their bravest officers, Mauricio Coredor, who was one of their best Indian fighters, and had rendered great service to both nations by ridding the earth of Victorio, that bloodthirsty and cruel Apache, a worthy predecessor of Geronimo. They also lost another officer and two privates; while four of their number were wounded, or, according to some accounts, nine.

Of the United States force, two privates were wounded; the commanding officer being the only one whose injury was fatal.

When the firing ceased, Lieutenant Maus, the second

in command, accompanied by one comrade, advanced to confer with Capt. Santa Anna Perez. The United States uniform is not always an all-sufficient guarantee in such cases, and the Mexican commander was doubtful what course to pursue. Lieutenant Maus proposed that when they should reach Nacori, he would produce papers to show that he was what he claimed to be. But Captain Perez resolved that he would not fail in discretion and refused to allow an Apache to approach his camp, even though a United States scout. Matters between the two officers were finally adjusted, by each giving the other a letter, stating the manner in which the fight occurred; so that neither would be censured by his superior officer for firing upon the troops of a friendly nation. Having escorted the body of Captain Crawford to Nacori, where it was temporarily interred (and afterward conveyed to Kearney, Nebraska, for burial), Lieutenant Maus took the command and encamped with all his force on the bank of the San Bernardino Creek, whence he sent a courier to Fort Bowie to inform General Crook of the request of Geronimo's band for an interview, looking to a surrender. Meanwhile, as usual, the wishes of the settlers had far outrun the facts, and it was confidently asserted that Geronimo had already surrendered with all his warriors. General Crook at once assented to the request, and set off for the rendezvous.

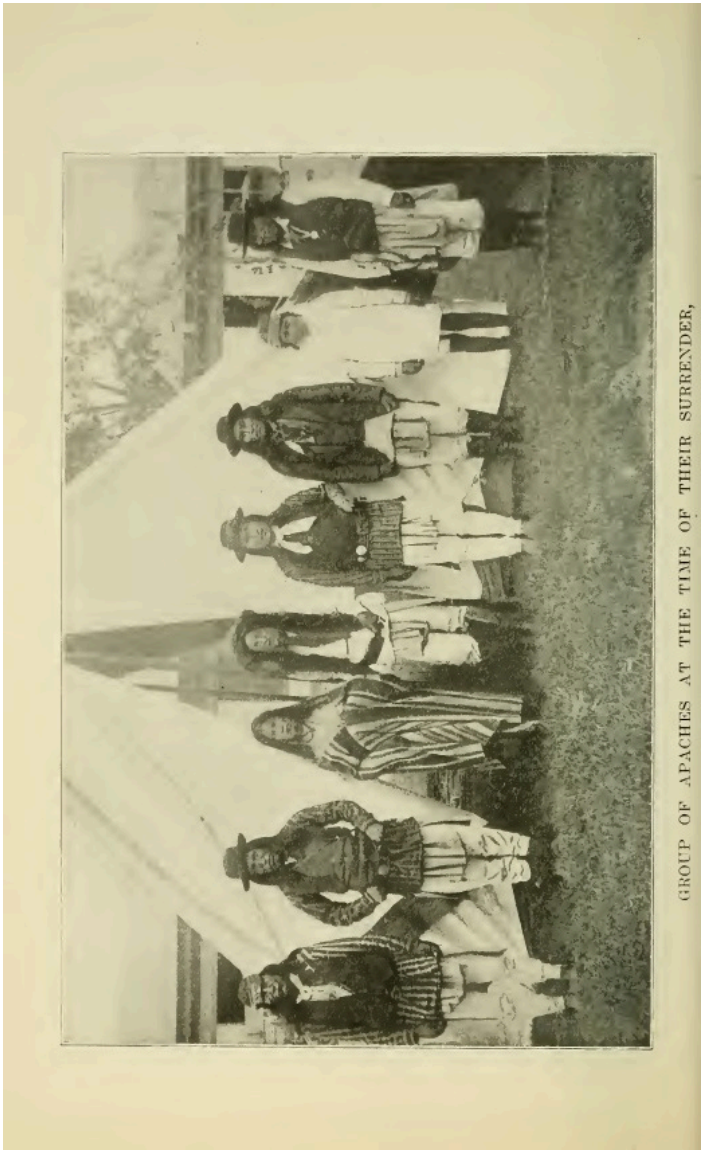
The journey of forty miles was soon made and communications opened with the hostiles, whose camp was about twenty-five miles south of that of Lieutenant Maus. The Indians called for more time, on the plea that it was difficult to collect all the braves belonging to the band, as they were scattered through a rough mountain country difficult of access by couriers. Meantime the settlers were anxious for the surrender, for well they knew that their lives and stock were in constant jeopardy while Geronimo and his marauders were at large, so they gave their

imaginations full rein, and had the whole business arranged to their satisfaction several times before General Crook had even fixed a date for it. So it came about that the slippery Geronimo surrendered as many times in the spring of 1886 as he had been killed the previous fall. Unfortunately for the peace and safety of the people of the three territories, surrendering in imagination and on paper was no more effective than killing done in the same way; and Geronimo remained in his camp until the latter part of March.

At last the interview took place under the shade of large sycamore and cottonwood trees. Captain Bourke, who was present, made a verbatim record of the conference. Said he:

"Geronimo began a long disquisition upon the causes which induced the outbreak from Camp Apache; he blamed 'Chato,' 'Mickey Free,' and Lieut. Britton Davis, who, he charged, were unfriendly to him. He was told by an Indian named 'Nodiskay' and by the wife of 'Mangus,' that the white people were going to send for him, arrest and kill him; he had been praying to the Dawn (Tapida) and the Darkness, to the Sun (Chigo-na-ay), and the Sky (Yandestan), to help him and put a stop to those bad stories that people were telling about him and what they had put in the papers. [The old chief was here apparently alluding to the demand made by certain of the Southwestern journals at the time of his surrender to Crook in 1883, that he should be hanged.] 'I don't want that any more; when a man tries to do right, such stories ought not to be put in the newspapers. What is the matter that you [General Crook] don't speak to me? It would be better if you would speak to me and look with a pleasant face; it would make better feeling; I would be glad if you did. I'd be better satisfied if you would talk to me once in a while. Why don't you look at me and smile at me? I am the same man. I have the same

feet, legs and hands, and the sun looks down on me a complete man; I wish you would look and smile at me. The Sun and the Darkness, the Winds, are all listening to what we now say. To prove to you that I am now telling you the truth, remember I sent you word that I would come from a place far away to speak to you here, and you see me now. Some have come on horseback and some on foot; if I were thinking bad or if I had done bad, I would never have come here. If it had been my fault would I have come so far to talk with you?' He then expressed his delight at seeing 'Ka-e-ten-na' once more; he had lost all hope of ever having that pleasure; that was one reason why he had left Camp Apache."



GROUP OF APACHES AT THE TIME OF THEIR SURRENDER,

"To this speech General Crook replied, through the interpreter, 'I have heard what you have said. It seems very strange that more than forty men should be afraid of three; but if you left the reservation for that reason, why did you kill innocent people, sneaking all over the country to do it? What did those innocent people do to you that you should kill them, steal their horses, and slip around in the rocks like coyotes? What had that to do with killing innocent people? There is not a week passes that you don't hear foolish stories in your own camp; but you are no child—you don't have to believe them. You promised me in the Sierra Madre that that peace should last, but you have lied about it. When a man has lied to me once I want some better proof than his own word before I can believe him again. Your story about being afraid of arrest is all bosh; there were no orders to arrest you. You sent up some of your people to kill 'Chato' and Lieutenant Davis, and then you started the story that they had killed them, and thus you got a great many of your people to go out. Everything that you did on the reservation is known; there is no use for you to try to talk nonsense. I am no child. You must make up your mind whether you will stay out on the warpath or surrender unconditionally. If you stay out I'll keep after you and kill the last one if it takes fifty years. You are making a great fuss about seeing 'Ka-e-ten-na'; over a year ago I asked you if you wanted me to bring 'Ka-e-ten-na' back, but you said 'no.' It's a good thing for you, Geronimo, that we didn't bring 'Ka-e-ten-na' back, because 'Ka-e-ten-na' has more sense now than all the rest of the Chiricahuas put together. You told me the same sort of a story in the Sierra Madre, but you lied. What evidence have I of your sincerity? How do I know whether or not you are lying to me? Have I ever lied to you? I have said all I have to say; you had better think it over to-night and let me know in the morning.'"

Thus the conference ended with the best of prospects for a treaty, and an immediate end of hostilities. The Indians were subdued and had determined to surrender, but it was not to be. There is one power which was not taken into account, but which proved to be more potent for evil than the representatives of the Government—Crook and his army—were for good. John Barleycorn appeared at this turning point of the treaty, and proved to be stronger than Uncle Sam, by promptly undoing all that Crook and the lamented Crawford had done.

According to Captain Bourke, "'Archaise' and 'Ka-e-ten-na' came and awakened General Crook before it was yet daylight, on March 28, and informed him that 'Nachita,' one of the Chiricahua chiefs, was so drunk he couldn't stand up and was lying prone on the ground; other Chiricahuas were also drunk, but none so drunk as 'Nachita.' Whisky had been sold them by a rascal named Tribollet, who lived on the San Bernardino ranch, on the Mexican side of the line, about four hundred yards from the boundary. These Indians asked permission to take a squad of their soldiers and guard Tribollet and his men to keep them from selling any more of the soul-destroying stuff to the Chiricahuas. A beautiful commentary upon the civilization of the white man! When we reached Cajon Bonito, the woods and grass were on fire; four or five Chiricahua mules, already saddled, were wandering about without riders. Pretty soon we came upon 'Geronimo,' 'Kuthli' and three other Chiricahua warriors riding on two mules, all drunk as lords. It seemed to me a great shame that armies could not carry with them an atmosphere of military law which would have justified the hanging of the wretch, Tribollet, as a foe to human society. Upon arriving at San Bernardino Springs, Mr. Frank Leslie informed me that he had seen this man Tribollet sell thirty dollars' worth of mescal in less than one hour—all to Chiricahuas—and

upon being remonstrated with, the wretch boasted that he could have sold one hundred dollars' worth that day at ten dollars a gallon in silver. That night, during a drizzling rain, a part of the Chiricahuas—those who had been drinking Tribollet's whisky stole out from Maus' camp and betook themselves to the mountains, frightened, as was afterward learned, by the lies told them by Tribollet and the men at his ranch. Two of the warriors, upon sobering up, returned voluntarily, and there is no doubt at all that, had General Crook not been relieved from the command of the Department of Arizona, he could have sent out runners from among their own people and brought back the last one without a shot being fired. Before being stampeded by the lies and the vile whisky of wicked men, whose only mode of livelihood was from the vices, weaknesses, or perils of the human race, all the Chiricahuas—drunk or sober—were in the best of humor and were quietly herding their ponies just outside of Maus' camp.

"Thus was one of the bravest, and, up to this point, most successful generals and his army defeated by one villainous wretch with a barrel of cheap whisky. What did Tribollet care how many settlers' homes were burned, their stock driven off, and their families butchered, if he could only sell his vile adulterated whisky at ten dollars a gallon in silver."

Many settlers of the Southwest had long believed that General Geronimo was a better officer than General Crook, and this result, just at the time of the proposed surrender, seemed to justify them.

About the most charitable construction we can put upon General Crook's action, or rather want of action, is that he was failing at this time, by reason of age, and "eight years of the hardest work of his life." He certainly was slow, careless and showed a lack of firmness in dealing

with the villainous wretch, Tribollet.

If no other way was open, he could have arrested him, or acted on the suggestion of the Apache scout, and detailed a squad of soldiers to guard Tribollet and his men to keep them from selling whisky to the Indians, contrary to orders.

General Crook now tendered his resignation as commander of the Department of the Southwest, and was succeeded by Gen. Nelson A. Miles.

General Crook's policy had been to surround the hostiles and crush them as an anaconda does his prey; but he might as well have tried to crush an air-cushion. General Miles, who was our most successful Indian fighter, because he was somehow nearly always *present* when hostile Indians were ready to surrender, adopted a more active and vigorous campaign. He organized the expedient of offering a reward for each Indian or head of an Indian brought in. It is said that the price of an ordinary brave was $50, while Geronimo, dead or alive, was worth $2,000 to the one who should kill or capture him. In spite of these drastic measures, those who predicted a speedy end of the war were doomed to disappointment.

Capt. H. W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, took the field with his command, May 5, 1885. He intended at first to operate exclusively in Mexico, as it was thought that Geronimo had fled to his stronghold in the Sierra Madre. But this was only a ruse to send the soldiers on the wrong trail, while the band of that wily chief broke up into small companies and raided through southwestern Arizona and northwestern Sonora. But Lawton soon learned the deception and followed the raiding parties.

Captain Lawton's command consisted of thirty-five

men of Troop B, Fourth Cavalry, twenty Indian scouts, twenty men of Company D, Eighth Infantry, and two pack trains. Fresh detachments of scouts and infantry took the places of those first sent out, and by the first part of July the Apaches had been driven southeast of Oposura. Up to this time Lawton's command had marched a distance equal to two-thirds of the breadth of the continent, surprised the hostiles once, and forced them to abandon their camps on three different occasions. The country at this time was burned over, and in many places there was neither grass nor water.

"Every device known to the Indian," wrote Captain Lawton, "was practiced to throw me off the trail, but without avail. My trailers were good, and it was soon proven that there was not a spot the enemy could reach where security was assured."

During the month of July the cavalry were so worn out, a fresh start was made with only infantry and Indian scouts. Assistant Leonard Wood was given the command of the infantry, while Lieutenant Brown led the scouts. These charged the camp of the hostiles and captured all their ponies and baggage, but the elusive Geronimo and his band escaped, to supply themselves with fresh horses from the nearest corral.

When the infantry in turn became exhausted and their shoes worn out on the rocks, they were sent back to the supply camp for rest, while fresh cavalry, under Lieut. A. L. Smith, continued the campaign.

General Miles's order at this time was: "Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture, or until they are assured a fresh command is on the trail." In obedience to this command, the hunt for Geronimo was taken up by twenty-five different detachments representing

four regiments.

This continuous trailing, together with five encounters, soon convinced the Apaches that there was no safety in Arizona, and they hurried to the mountain fastnesses of the Sierra Madre in Sonora, where they frequently rise 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the plain, which is a mile above sea level.

Surgeon Wood, in his report, describes Sonora as "a continuous mass of mountains of the most rugged character. Range follows range with hardly an excuse for a valley, unless the narrow cañons be so considered." Spencer says these cañons are a mile deep.

Lawton's command now resumed the trail, clinging to it like bloodhounds, in spite of heat, hunger, thirst and fatigue. Geronimo and Naiche could not shake him off. Pursued and pursuers reached a point three hundred miles south of the boundary line.

The relays of troops on their trail night and day were too much even for Geronimo's band, in spite of their marvelous powers of endurance. They were at last perfectly exhausted and willing to surrender. At this time Lieut. C. B. Gatewood, of the Sixth Cavalry, at the risk of his life, went into Geronimo's camp, where he met him face to face and demanded his surrender. As he and his entire band were helpless and hopeless they expressed themselves as willing to submit.

The only terms Lawton or his superior, General Miles, would consider was unconditional surrender. At last, after some consultation with his warriors, the oft-killed and much surrendering Apache submitted himself to the United States authorities on the morning of September 3, 1886, at Skeleton Cañon, Arizona. When the band

surrendered, General Miles noticed that Chief Naiche was not among the Indians; and messengers were sent after him to induce him to come in; but he delayed until the evening of the next day. The chief explained that his delay was due to two reasons. In the first place, he was fearful of being treated as his grandfather, Mangus Colorado, had been, that is, murdered after he surrendered.

His second reason for delay was that he thought it appropriate that he, the son of the great war-chief, Cochise, and the first chief of the Chiricahuas, should be the last to lay down his arms and cease fighting the white men, whom he and his fathers had fought for two centuries.

Never was the surrender of so small a number of savages deemed of more importance. Twenty-two warriors comprised the entire fighting force that remained. About eighteen months had been spent in the pursuit, which covered a distance of two thousand miles. General Miles had been in command just twenty-one weeks, during which time his men traversed more than one thousand miles.

The Geronimo war, now ended, had cost the Government more than a million dollars.

When the news was received, and confirmed by later reports, that Geronimo and his band had actually surrendered, there was much rejoicing throughout western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and even across the Rio Grande in Mexico. Bonfires were made, and congratulatory telegrams poured in upon General Miles and Captain Lawton from many sources. Families who had been in daily terror of their lives, now felt they could retire at night with some assurance of living to see the sunrise of the next morning.

It was not thought prudent to let Geronimo and his band remain in the Southwest, even as United States prisoners, as the settlers would have still been in terror lest they should again break out of the reservation or prison and renew their depredations.

For this reason, Geronimo and sixteen members of his band, including the leading chiefs, were sent to Fort Pickens, Florida. The rest of his band, and the four hundred Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians of Fort Apache were sent to Fort Marion, near St. Augustine, Florida, about the same time. May 1, 1887, the prisoners from the latter fort were removed to Mount Vernon, Alabama, to improve their health. Here they were afterward joined by Geronimo and the other prisoners from Fort Pickens.

At least two of the officers engaged in this campaign afterward became distinguished in the Spanish-American and Philippine wars. We refer to Capt. H. W. Lawton and Surgeon Leonard Wood, whose subsequent histories are well known.

Capt. John G. Bourke, near the close of his work, "On the Border with Crook," states that a number of the prisoners sent to Florida, including "Chato" and his band, "had remained faithful for three years, and had rendered signal service in the pursuit of the renegades." Continuing, he wrote, "Yet, every one of those faithful scouts—especially the two, 'Ki-e-ta' and Martinez, who had at imminent personal peril gone into the Sierra Madre to hunt up 'Geronimo' and induce him to surrender—were transplanted to Florida, and there subjected to the same punishment as had been meted out to 'Geronimo.' And with them were sent men like 'Goth-Kli' and 'To-Klanni,' who were not Chiricahuas at all, but had only lately married wives of that band, who had never been on the warpath in

any capacity except as soldiers of the Government, and had devoted years to its service. There is no more disgraceful page in the history of our relations with the American Indians than that which conceals the treachery visited upon the Chiricahuas who remained faithful in their allegiance to our people."

If these statements are true, and they are quoted from documents of the War Department, then the loyal Indians of this period have been terribly wronged. And every honorable soldier, and just citizen, should demand that reparation be made and the wrong righted as much as possible, even after the lapse of years. If these Indians were unjustly imprisoned, as is here claimed, the accumulating years only serve to augment the shame of those responsible for such an outrage.

In the spring of 1889 a school was opened for the Indian children at Mount Vernon, Alabama, and Geronimo was not only present at the opening, but acted as head usher on the occasion.

October 4, 1894, Geronimo and a portion of his band, including Naiche and other chiefs, were removed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. They now number 240 people and are called prisoners of war.

Naiche, the last of the band to surrender, seems to be, according to his own statement, an hereditary chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. He is said to be a clever artist, and a crack shot, either with the primitive bow and arrow or Winchester rifle. He is now one of the United States soldiers at Fort Sill, having enlisted as a Government scout.

As we were anxious to learn more of these two noted Indians, especially Geronimo, we determined to make a

visit to Fort Sill, which is in Comanche County, Oklahoma Territory, three miles from Lawton. This we did in April of 1905.

The commandant at the fort, Lieut. George A. Purington, extended every courtesy, and among other things gave me this bit of information. Said he: "When Geronimo was about to start to Washington I gave him a check for $171. He took it to Lawton and deposited $170 of it in the bank, and started to Washington with only $1 in his pocket. But wherever the train stopped and people learned that Geronimo was on board they crowded around the car windows and bought his autograph as fast as he could write it at 50 cents each." The interpreter, George M. Wratton, who was with Geronimo, said he had trouble getting him from one depot to another because of the people crowding around, eager for his autograph. He attracted more attention than any one in Washington, the President alone excepted. He soon had his pockets full of money. He bought a trunk and filled it with good clothes, and had money in his pocket when he returned to Fort Sill, ahead of the interpreter, having become separated from him in Washington.



Naiche

HEAD CHIEF OF THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES.

Courtesy of Naiche.

See page 550.

The commandant also informed us that Geronimo's imprisonment was of the mildest form possible. His treatment is kind and humane, and, in fact, he is a well-to-do Indian, with money in the bank at Lawton and the proceeds of a herd of about two hundred cattle, kept on the reservation by his good friend, Uncle Sam. Continuing, the lieutenant said, warming with his theme; "Why, as a matter of fact, Geronimo enjoys comparative freedom. Besides going to Washington City recently and coming all the way back by himself, he is continually going somewhere. Here is a letter which I have just received from one of the Miller Brothers, proprietors of 101 Ranch of Bliss, Oklahoma, asking me to let Geronimo be with them June 11 in their great Wild West Cowboy and Indian outfit, which is being arranged to entertain the National Editorial Association, which will meet at Guthrie about that time. They propose to pay Geronimo his own price, and I am perfectly willing he should go and earn something for himself. Out of the fifty or sixty thousand people expected on the ground that day, it is thought that at least ten thousand will come purposely to see Geronimo, as he is the best advertised Indian in America. Just last night I gave him a permit to visit Quanah Parker, and he will go to-day. Here he enjoys comparative liberty and protection, but should the President pardon him, and he return to his old haunts in Arizona or Texas, there are a number of white men, whose families he and his warriors butchered, have sworn to kill him on sight."

In walking around the grounds of the fort, I went into a sutler's store and purchased a bow and arrow made by Geronimo, but I failed to find the chief, and was passing near the depot, going to the home of Mr. Wratton, the

interpreter, to make inquiry, when the station agent called to me and said Geronimo was then in the depot waiting for a train. Hurrying back, I found the noted chief on the platform of the depot; he took my proffered hand with a smile and a hearty "How!" and pulled me up on the platform. I had expected to see a gray-haired, sour-visaged, skinny-looking old Indian, with a scowl on his face and nervous twitching fingers, as if eager to shed more blood. But instead I saw a smiling, well-kept, well-dressed Indian, about five feet nine inches tall, with square shoulders and deep chest, indicating the marvelous power of endurance for which he and his warriors were noted. His actual weight that day was 169 pounds, but an old soldier who had followed him over desert and mountain assured me that his fighting weight used to be about a ton.

He is rather darker than the average of the Apaches, his skin being more of a chocolate than copper color. He has the usual Indian features with broad face and high and prominent cheekbones, each covered at the time with a vermilion spot about the size of a silver dollar. But the most remarkable of all his features are his eyes, which are keen and bright and a decided blue, something very rare among Indians.

He was dressed in a well-fitting blue cloth suit of citizen's clothes, and it was hard to realize that he was the same Indian designated by General Miles as "the tiger of the human race." I found that while he was quick to understand much that was said to him, he spoke but a few words of English, therefore I suggested by signs that we go to the interpreter's house and have him talk for us. Turning to the station agent and looking up the track he asked, "How much?" The agent pulled out Geronimo's open-faced silver watch from his vest pocket and running his finger around the dial, and half around again, he indicated an hour and a half. "Good," he exclaimed, and we started off

to the interpreter's house, about one-fourth of a mile across the prairie from the depot. Imagine the writer and Geronimo walking arm in arm across the pasture. Well, that is what happened. There are other things besides politics which make strange companions.

About half way to the house there was a little stream to cross, its width being a good jump for a man. Now I rather excelled in jumping in my college sports and saw a chance to test the old chief's activity, so running forward, I vaulted over the stream, but it required an effort, and to my astonishment Geronimo leaped it with ease and went a foot farther than where I landed.

Near the interpreter's yard was a prairie-dog town, the first I had ever seen. It consisted of a number of little hills with a hole in the side least exposed to rain; on top of some of these hills prairie dogs were to be seen, and heard, barking at us as we approached until we got quite near, when they would dart into their holes. The aged chief noticed them, and throwing an imaginary Winchester to his shoulder and sighting along the barrel, he made his mouth "pop" several times in imitation of a gun. In the distance I noticed three more hills, each with a prairie dog sentinel on top. Calling his attention to them by pointing in that direction, he at once raised the sights on his imaginary gun and again his "pop! pop! pop!" was heard, showing that his eyes are still good.

When we reached the house of the interpreter, George M. Wratton, and I had explained the object of our call, and convinced him that I was a historian searching for facts and information, he was ready to help me. I found him a very intelligent, well informed gentleman, who, as the commandant had assured me, probably knows more about Geronimo than the chief does himself.

Mr. Wratton was present, and one of the two interpreters who did the talking, when Geronimo surrendered to General Miles. He was a famous scout during the Geronimo war and is now interpreter at Fort Sill. He it was who interpreted Geronimo's speech to the "Great Father," President Roosevelt, in Washington, as also the reply. My first question to Geronimo was, "Where were you born?" "In Arizona," was the reply. "How old are you?" "He says he is seventy-three," said my interpreter, "but I tell you he is at least eighty, if not more." Continuing, he added, "I don't believe he knows his age, few Indians do." "Is he a full-blood Indian?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Then how is it that he has a Mexican or Spanish name? Geronimo is from one of those languages and is the same as Gerome." The chief's reply was that this name was given him in Mexico many years ago, when but a youth, and took the place of his Indian name, as it was much easier to pronounce.

"Do you know this Indian name?" I asked, "and will you kindly write it on my note-book?" "Certainly," he answered, and this is what he wrote: "Go-Yat-Thlay." Having obtained through the interpreter a promise from Geronimo to write his autograph on my bow and note-book, we returned to the depot, where this promise was at once made good. While waiting for the trains, which were to meet at Fort Sill. I showed Geronimo a book which I had bought in Lawton that morning. It was a short history of the Comanche and Apache tribes and contained a number of Indian pictures, including several of Geronimo. He was greatly interested in these cuts, especially those of himself, and took pains to show them to the other Indians around. At last he turned to me, and pointing first to himself and then to the picture, he uttered one expressive word, "Me."

A few minutes later Geronimo and the writer waved a

last adieu to each other from the rear platforms of receding trains and the interview ended. I learned at Fort Sill that Geronimo, in point of fact, is not a chief at all, that honor belonging to Naiche, but, like Sitting Bull, is an Indian medicine man with the authority of a chief. Be that as it may, he is recognized not only as a chief but as the most famous living chief. The words of Spartacus to the gladiators would be as true if spoken by this barbarian, "Ye call me chief and ye do well."

While in Washington last March attending the inauguration of President Roosevelt, Geronimo called on the President, accompanied by the five other chiefs who were in the procession, and his interpreter, Mr. Wratton. At this time he made the following address to the "Great Father," through his interpreter, and received a characteristic reply:

GERONIMO'S APPEAL.

"Great Father, I look to you as I look to God. When I see your face I think I see the face of the Great Spirit. I come here to pray to you to be good to me and to my people.

"When I was young, many years ago, I was a fool. Did I know that I was a fool? No. My heart was brave. My limbs were strong. I could follow the warpath days and nights without rest and without food. I knew that fear of me was in the heart of every chief of red men who was my enemy.

"Then came the warriors of the Great White Chief. Did I fear them? No. Did I fear the Great White Chief? No. He was my enemy and the enemy of my people. His people desired the country of my people. My heart was strong against him. I said that he should never have my

country.

"Great Father, in those days my people were as the leaves of the trees. The young men were strong. They were brave. The old men were glad to die in battle. Our children were many. Should we let strangers take their country from them? No. Should our women say that our livers were white? No. I defied the Great White Chief, for in those days I was a fool.

"I had a bad heart, Great Father. My heart was bad then, but I did not know it. Is my heart bad now? No. My heart is good and my talk is straight. I am punished and I suffer. I ask you to think of me as I was then. I lived in the home of my people. I was their chief. They trusted me. It was right that I should give them my strength and my wisdom.

"When the soldiers of the Great White Chief drove me and my people from our home we went to the mountains. When they followed we slew all that we could. We said we would not be captured. No. We starved, but we killed. I said that we would never yield, for I was a fool.

"So I was punished, and all my people were punished with me. The white soldiers took me and made me a prisoner far from my own country, and my people were scattered. What was Geronimo then? Was he the great chief of the Apache nation? No. His hands were tied. He was no more than a woman.

"Great Father, other Indians have homes where they can live and be happy. I and my people have no homes. The place where we are kept is bad for us. Our cattle can not live in that place. We are sick there and we die. White men are in the country that was my home. I pray you to tell them to go away and let my people go there and be happy.

"Great Father, my hands are tied as with a rope. My heart is no longer bad. I will tell my people to obey no chief but the Great White Chief. I pray you to cut the ropes and make me free. Let me die in my own country, an old man who has been punished enough and is free."

Roosevelt's reply.

"Geronimo, I do not see how I can grant your prayer. You speak truly when you say that you have been foolish. I am glad that you have ceased to commit follies. I am glad that you are trying to live at peace and in friendship with the white people.

"I have no anger in my heart against you. I even wish it were only a question of letting you return to your country as a free man. Then I should not have the same feeling about it. I must think and act for the good of all the people of this country.

"You must remember that there are white people in your old home. It is probable that some of these have bad hearts toward you. If you went back there some of these men might kill you, or make trouble for your people. It is hard for them to forget that you made trouble for them. I should have to interfere between you. There would be more war and more bloodshed.

"My country has had enough of these troubles. I want peace for all, for both the red and the white men. You and your people are not confined within doors. You are allowed to cut the timber and till your farms. The results of your labor are for your own benefit.

"I feel, Geronimo, that it is best for you to stay where you are. For the present, at least, I can not give you any promise of a change. I will confer with the Commissioner

and with the Secretary of War about your case, but I do not think I can hold out any hope for yon. That is all that I can say, Geronimo, except that I am sorry, and have no feeling against you."

We have had some correspondence with Mr. Wratton, the interpreter, and are indebted to him for much information contained in this sketch. In a recent letter, he says: "Geronimo has a daughter at Fort Sill named Eva, aged sixteen years; a daughter at Mescalero, New Mexico, named Lena, aged twenty years; also a son at Mescalero, New Mexico, aged about eighteen years. The aged chief also thinks he has some children living in Old Mexico, who were captured by the Mexicans many years ago."

Geronimo was the most conspicuous figure at Miller Brothers' "Last Buffalo Hunt," at Ranch 101, near Bliss, Oklahoma Territory, June 11, 1905. And when one of the visitors, Dr. Homer M. Thomas, of Chicago, shot and wounded a buffalo from his automobile, it was Geronimo who rushed forward and finished the animal with neatness and dispatch.

His latest achievement was his marriage to his eighth wife, a widow named Mary Loto, which took place Christmas day. Perhaps now he will be more contented at Fort Sill.



QUANAH PARKER,

PRINCIPAL CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

CHAPTER XVI.

QUANAH PARKER, HEAD CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF HIS MOTHER, CYNTHIA ANNE PARKER, KNOWN AS "THE WHITE COMANCHE."

Up to this point we have refrained from writing the biography of half-breed Indians, lest people should imagine their greatness was due to the infusion of the blood of the superior white race. But the story of Quanah Parker is so interesting, and he has such a remarkable personality in many ways, that we have decided to make an exception in his case. Then, too, as will be seen, his mother, Cynthia Anne Parker, at the time of his birth, was to all intents and purposes an Indian, though born of white parents.

It is said on good authority that the Apaches and Comanches are related through intermarriage and consanguinity, and at one period formed a single tribe.

During a scarcity of food these people were divided into the mountain tribes, who pledged their word and honor to their brothers who lived on the fish, water-fowl and swine, that they would never eat the fish from the streams, nor the fowls from the waters, nor the hogs from the mud. Their bottom-land brothers were to abstain from the game of the mountains and plains. This treaty, made in the time of famine, was sacredly kept in the days of plenty, and ever afterward those highland Indians refused to eat pork, fish or water-fowl.

The best account of Cynthia Anne Parker and her

famous son, Quanah, is found in White's "Experiences of An Indian Agent." In it he quotes an article from General Alford on "The White Comanche," in which the general says:

"Amongst numerous illustrations of heroism which illuminate the pages of Texas history perhaps none shines with a brighter halo than the capture of Fort Parker. In 1833 a small colony formed in Illinois, moved to the then Mexican province of Texas, and settled in a beautiful and fertile region on the Navasota River, about two miles from the present city of Groesbeck, the county seat of Limestone County. The colony consisted of nine families, in all thirty-four persons, of which Elder John Parker was the patriarchal head. They erected a block-house, which was known as Fort Parker, for protection against the assaults of hostile Indians. This structure was made of solid logs, closely knit together and hewn down so as to make a compact perfect square, without opening of any kind until it reached a height of ten or twelve feet, where the structure widened on each side, forming a projection impossible to climb. The lower story, reached only by an interior ladder, was used as a place of storage for provisions. The upper story was divided into two large rooms with port-holes for the use of guns. These rooms were also the living rooms, and reached only by a ladder from the outside, which was pulled up at night, after the occupants had ascended, making a safe fortification against any reasonable force unless assailed by fire.

"These hardy sons of toil tilled their adjacent fields by day, always taking their arms with them, and retired to the fort at night. Success crowned their labors and they were prosperous and happy. On the morning of May 18, 1836, the men left as usual for their fields, a mile distant. Scarcely had they left the inclosure when the fort was attacked by about seven hundred Comanches and Kiowas,

who were waiting in ambush. A gallant and most resolute defense was made, many savages being sent to their 'happy hunting grounds,' but it was impossible to stem the terrible assault, and Fort Parker fell. Then began the carnival of death. Elder John Parker, Silas M. Parker, Ben F. Parker, Sam M. Frost and Robert Frost were killed and scalped in the presence of their horror-stricken families. Mrs. John Parker, Granny Parker and Mrs. Duty were dangerously wounded and left for dead, and the following were carried into a captivity worse than death: Mrs. Rachel Plummer, James Pratt Plummer, her two-year-old son, Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, Cynthia Anne Parker, nine years old, and her little brother, John, aged six, both children of Silas M. Parker. The remainder of the party made their escape, and after incredible suffering, being forced even to the dire necessity of eating skunks to save their lives, they reached Fort Houston, now the residence of Hon. John H. Reagan, about three miles from the present city of Palestine, in Anderson County, where they obtained prompt succor, and a relief party buried their dead."

Cynthia Anne Parker and her little brother, John, were held by separate bands. John grew up to athletic young manhood, married a beautiful, night-eyed young Mexican captive, Donna Juanita Espinosa, escaped from the savages, or was released by them, joined the Confederate army under Gen. H. P. Bee, became noted for his gallantry and daring, and at last accounts was leading a happy, contented, pastoral life as a ranchero, on the Western Llano Estacado (Staked Plains) of Texas.

Four long and anxious years had passed since Cynthia Anne was taken from her weeping mother's arms, during which time no tidings had been received by her anxious family, when in 1840, Col. Len Williams, an old and honored Texan, Mr. Stout, a trader, and Jack Harry, a Delaware Indian guide, packed mules with goods and

engaged in an expedition of private traffic with the Indians. On the Canadian River they fell in with Pahauka's band of Comanches, with whom they were on peaceable terms. Cynthia Anne was with this tribe, and from the day of her capture had never beheld a white person. Colonel Williams proposed to redeem her from the old Comanche who held her in bondage, but the fierceness of his countenance warned him of the danger of further mentioning the subject.

Pahauka, however, reluctantly permitted her to sit at the foot of a tree, and while the presence of the white men was doubtless a happy event to the poor stricken captive, who in her doleful captivity had endured everything but death, *she refused to speak one word.* As she sat there, musing perhaps, of distant relatives and friends, and her bereavement at the beginning and progress of her distress, they employed every persuasive art to evoke from her some expression of her feelings. They told her of her relatives and her playmates, and asked what message of love she would send them, but she had been commanded to silence, and with no hope of release was afraid to appear sad or dejected, and by a stoical effort controlled her emotions, lest the terrors of her captivity should be increased. But the anxiety of her mind was betrayed by the quiver of her lips, showing that she was not insensible to the common feelings of humanity.

As the years rolled by Cynthia Anne developed the charms of captivating womanhood, and the heart of more than one dusky warrior was pierced by the elysian darts of her laughing eyes and the ripple of her silvery voice, and laid at her feet the trophies of the chase. Among the number whom her budding charms brought to her shrine was Peta Nocona, a redoubtable young Comanche war-chief, in prowess and renown the peer of the famous "Big Foot," who fell in a desperate hand-to-hand combat with

the famous Indian fighter, Capt. Shapley P. Ross, of Waco, the illustrious father of the still more distinguished son, Gen. Sul Ross, now the Governor of Texas. It is a remarkable and happy coincidence that the son, emulating the father's contagious deeds of valor and prowess, afterward, in single combat, in the valley of the Pease, forever put to rest the brave and knightly Peta Nocona.

Cynthia Anne, stranger now to every word of her mother tongue, save only her childhood name, became the bride of the brown warrior, Peta Nocona, bore him three children, and loved him with a fierce passion and wifely devotion, evinced by the fact that, fifteen years after her capture a party of hunters, including friends of her family, visited the Comanche encampment on the upper Canadian River, and recognizing Cynthia Anne, through the medium of her name, endeavored to induce her to return to her kindred and the abode of civilization. She shook her head in a sorrowful negative, and pointing to her little naked barbarians sporting at her feet, and the great, lazy chief sleeping in the shade near by, the locks of a score of fresh scalps dangling at his belt, replied: "I am happy wedded, I love my husband and my little ones, who are his, too, and I can not forsake them."

The account of the death of Peta Nocona, and the recapture of Cynthia Anne Parker, is best told in a letter written by Governor Ross to Gen. George F. Alford, from which we will quote a few paragraphs. It was dated:

"Executive Office, Austin, April 18, 1893.

"My Dear General—In response to your request, I herewith inclose you my recollections, after a lapse of thirty years, of the events to which you refer. . . . On December 18, 1860, while marching up Pease River, I had

suspicions that Indians were in the vicinity by reason of the great number of buffalo which came running toward us from the north, and while my command moved to the low ground I visited neighboring high points to make discoveries. To my surprise I found myself within two hundred yards of a large Comanche village, located on a small stream winding around the base of a hill. A cold, piercing wind from the north was blowing, bearing with it clouds of dust, and my presence was thus unobserved and the surprise complete.

"In making disposition for the attack the sergeant and his twenty men were sent at a gallop behind a chain of sand hills to cut off their retreat, while, with my forty men, I charged. The attack was so sudden that a large number were killed before they could prepare for defense. They fled precipitately, right into the arms of the sergeant and his twenty. Here they met with a warm reception, and finding themselves completely encompassed, every one fled his own way and was hotly pursued and hard pressed. The chief, a warrior of great repute, named Peta Nocona, with an Indian girl about fifteen years of age mounted on his horse behind him, and Cynthia Anne Parker, his squaw, with a girl child about two years old in her arms, and mounted on a fleet young pony, fled together. Lieut. Tom Kelliheir and I pursued them, and after running about a mile, Kelliheir ran up by the side of Cynthia Anne's horse, and supposing her to be a man, was in the act of shooting her when she held up her child and stopped. {FN} I kept on alone at the top of my horse's speed, after the chief, and about half a mile further, when in about twenty yards of him, I fired my pistol, striking the girl, whom I supposed to be a man, as she rode like one, and only her head was visible above the buffalo robe with which she was wrapped —near the heart, killing her instantly. And the same ball would have killed both but for the shield of the chief,

which hung down, covering his back. When the girl fell from the horse, dead, she pulled the chief off also, but he caught on his feet, and, before steadying himself, my horse, running at full speed, was nearly upon him, when he sped an arrow, which struck my horse and caused him to pitch or 'buck,' and it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep my saddle, meantime narrowly escaping several arrows coming in quick succession from the chief's bow. Being at such disadvantage, he undoubtedly would have killed me, but for a random shot from my pistol while I was clinging with my left hand to the pommel of my saddle, which broke his right arm at the elbow, completely disabling him. My horse then becoming more quiet, I shot the chief twice through the body; whereupon he deliberately walked to a small tree near by, the only one in sight, and leaning against it with one arm around it for support, began to sing a weird, wild song—the death song of the savage. There was a plaintive melody in it which, under the dramatic circumstances, filled my heart with sorrow. At this time my Mexican servant, who had once been a captive with the Comanches and spoke their language as fluently as his mother tongue, came up in company with others of my men. Through him I summoned the chief to surrender, but he promptly treated every overture with contempt, and emphasized his refusal with a savage attempt to thrust me through with his lance, which he still held in his left hand. I could only look upon him with pity and admiration, for, deplorable as was his situation with no possible chance of escape, his band utterly destroyed, his wife and child captives in his sight, he was undaunted by the fate that awaited him, and as he preferred death to life, I directed the Mexican to end his misery by a charge of buckshot from the gun which he carried, and the brave savage, who had been so long the scourge and terror of the Texas frontier, passed into the land of the shadows and rested with his fathers. Taking up

his accoutrements, which I subsequently delivered to Gen. Sam Houston, as Governor of Texas and commander-in-chief of her soldiery, to be deposited in the State archives at Austin, we rode back to the captive woman, whose identity was then unknown, and found Lieutenant Kelliheir, who was guarding her and her child, bitterly reproaching himself for having run his pet horse so hard after an old squaw. She was very dirty and far from attractive, in her scanty garments, as well as her person, but as soon as I looked her in the face, I said: 'Why, Tom, this is a white woman; Indians do not have blue eyes.' On our way to the captured Indian village, where our men were assembling with the spoils we had captured, I discovered an Indian boy about nine years old, secreted in the tall grass. Expecting to be killed, he began to cry, but I made him mount behind me and carried him along, taking him to my home at Waco, where he became an obedient member of my family. When, in after years, I tried to induce him to return to his people, he refused to go, and died in McLennan County about four years ago."

{FN} Another account says she threw back her robe, held her child in front of her and exclaimed in broken Spanish, "Americano! Americano!"

"When camped for the night, Cynthia Anne, our then unknown captive, kept crying, and thinking it was caused by fear of death at our hands, I had the Mexican tell her in the Comanche language, that we recognized her as one of our own people and would not harm her. She replied that two of her sons, in addition to the infant daughter, were with her when the fight began, and she was distressed by the fear that they had been killed. It so happened, however, that both escaped, and one of them—Quanah—is now the chief of the Comanche tribe, and the beautiful city of Quanah, now the county seat of Hardeman County, is

named in his honor. The other son died some years ago on the plains. Through my Mexican interpreter I then asked her to give me the history of her life with the Indians, and the circumstances attending her capture by them, which she promptly did in a very intelligent manner, and as the facts detailed by her corresponded with the massacre at Parker's Fort in 1836, I was impressed with the belief that she was Cynthia Anne Parker.

"Returning to my post, I sent her and her child to the ladies at Camp Cooper, where she received the attention her sex and situation demanded, and at the same time I dispatched a messenger to Col. Isaac Parker, her uncle, near Weatherford, Parker County, named as his memorial, for he was many years a distinguished Senator in the Congress of the Republic, and in the Legislature of the State after annexation. When Colonel Parker came to my post I sent the messenger with him to Camp Cooper, in the capacity of interpreter, and her identity was soon discovered to Colonel Parker's entire satisfaction. She had been a captive just twenty-four years and seven months, and was in her thirty-fourth year when recovered. I remain, my dear general,

"Sincerely your friend.
L. S. Ross."

A few more incidents of her subsequent life are told by General Alford. Said he: "Cynthia Anne and her infant barbarian were taken to Austin, the capital of the State; the immortal Sam Houston was Governor, the Secession Convention was in session. She was taken to the magnificent Statehouse, where this august body was holding grave discussion as to the policy of withdrawing from the Union. Comprehending not one word of her

mother tongue, she concluded it was a council of mighty chiefs, assembled for the trial of her life, and in great alarm tried to make her escape. Her brother, Col. Dan Parker, who resided near Parker's Bluff, in Anderson County, was a member of the Legislature from that county, and a colleague of this writer, who then represented the Eleventh Senatorial District. Colonel Parker took his unhappy sister to his comfortable home, and essayed by the kind offices of tenderness and affection to restore her to the comforts and enjoyments of civilized life, to which she had been so long a stranger. But as thorough an Indian in manner and looks as if she had been a native born, she sought every opportunity to escape and rejoin her dusky companions, and had to be constantly and closely watched."



QUANAH PARKER AND TWO OF HIS WIVES.

Photo by Drake.

See page 459.

"The civil strife then being waged between the North and South, between fathers, sons and brothers, necessitated the primitive arts of spinning and weaving, in which she soon became an adept, and gradually her mother tongue came back, and with it occasional incidents of her childhood. But the ruling passion of her bosom seemed to be the maternal instinct, and she cherished the hope that when the cruel war was over she would at least succeed in reclaiming her two sons, who were still with the Comanches. But the Great Spirit had written otherwise, and Cynthia Anne and Little Prairie Flower were called in 1864 to the Spirit Land, and peacefully sleep side by side under the great oak trees on her brother's plantation near Palestine.

"Thus ends the sad story of a woman whose stormy life, darkened by an eternal shadow, made her far-famed throughout the borders of the imperial Lone Star State.

"Cynthia Anne's son has been for some years the popular hereditary chief of the once powerful confederacy of Comanche Indians, which, though greatly decimated by war and the enervating influences of semi-civilization, is still one of the most numerous tribes in the United States. He is intelligent and wealthy; in personal appearance he is tall, muscular and graceful in his movements; is a friend of the white man, and rules his tribe with firmness, moderation and wisdom. He is located on his picturesque reservation in Oklahoma, not many miles distant from the city of Quanah, so named in his honor.

"A few years since I met the chief in Wichita Falls, and when informed that I had personally known his pale-faced mother, Cynthia Anne, or Prelock—as she was called by the Indians—he had a thousand questions to ask about her personal appearance, size, shape, form, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, etc. He gave me a cordial

invitation to visit him at his 'tepee,' or wigwam, near Fort Sill, profusely promising all the fish, game, ponies and *squaws* I desired."

General Alford's statement that Quanah is the hereditary chief is incorrect. It is true he is the son of Chief Peta Nocona, but it by no means follows that the son of a chief will succeed to the chieftaincy, by "divine right" of inheritance. The son of a common warrior, if he possesses the elements of leadership, force of character, eloquence in council, and general ability, will stand a much better show of becoming a chief, than the son of a chief lacking in these essentials.

Fortunately we know how Quanah Parker became chief; he told part of his story to the author of this book and the entire account to E. E. White, the special Indian Agent. As the story is very romantic and interesting we will give it in full.

Said Mr. White: "By the death of his father and the recapture of his mother, Quanah was left an orphan at an age which could not have been more than twelve years. The same disaster that reduced him to orphanage also made him a pauper. Although the son of a deceased chief, now having no parents, no home and no fortune, he became, not the ruler of his tribe, but a waif of the camp. But being self-reliant, an expert archer, a successful hunter for one of his age, good natured and intelligent, he made friends, among the boys of the tribe at least, and found whereon to lay his head, and plenty to eat and wear. And while orphanage and poverty entailed sorrow and suffering upon the young savage, it was happily contrary to nature for those sad misfortunes to divest him of the 'divine right' to love and be loved. And although he was half a savage by blood and a complete one by habit and association, abundant proof that he was not devoid of the finer instincts

of humanity is found in the ardent and constant love which he has always borne for his first wife, Weckeah, and the strong and undying affection and sympathy that he has always exhibited for his most unhappy mother. It is said that his first question upon surrendering the tribe to General MacKenzie, in 1876, was concerning her, and that his first request was for permission to go to see her, her death not then being known either to himself or the general.

"Proof of his captive mother's love for him, and the sentiment of her nature, are shown in the name she bestowed upon him, its meaning in the Comanche language being fragrance. I was one day on the prairie with a large party of Comanches. We stopped at a spring for water, and the chiefs, Tabannaka and White Wolf, the Jonathan and David of the tribe, walked down the branch a short distance and gathered a large handful of wild mint. Holding it to my nose, White Wolf said, 'Quanah, quanah. You take it.' I said, 'Sweet smell; is that quanah?' They replied: 'Yes; quanah—heap good smell.' Then plucking a bunch of wild flowers they inhaled their fragrance to show me what they meant, and then handing them to me said, 'Quanah—quanah—heap quanah—good smell.'

"Quanah's best friend and most constant playmate in his orphanage was Weckeah, Chief Yellow Bear's daughter. They rode her father's ponies to the water holes, played through the camps together, and were inseparable. He shot antelope and other game for her amusement, and she learned to bead his moccasins and ornament his bow quiver.

"The years went by and Quanah and Weckeah were no longer papooses. They were in the very bloom of young manhood and womanhood, and each in form and feature without flaw or blemish. But they did not know that they

loved each other.

"There were other young men in the village, however, and one day one of them, gaudily painted and bedecked with beads and small mirrors, came near Yellow Bear's tepee, blowing his reed flutes. Three days later he came again, and nearer than before. Only two days passed until he came the third time. Spreading his blanket on the grass in front of Yellow Bear's tepee, and seating himself on it, he looked straight at the doorway and played softly all the love songs of the tribe. Weckeah showed not her face to the wooer. Her heart was throbbing violently with a sensation that had never thrilled her before, but it was not responsive to the notes of the flutes.

"Nor had Quanah been unobservant and there were strange and violent pulsations through his veins also. It was the first time he had ever seen the arts of the lover attempted to be employed on Weckeah. Instantly his very soul was aflame with love for her. There was just one hot, ecstatic, overpowering flush of love, and then there came into his leaping heart the chilling, agonizing thought that this wooing might be by Weckeah's favor or encouragement. Then a very tempest of contending emotions raged in his breast.

"When the sun's rays began to slant to the east there came to Yellow Bear's tepee a rich old chief by the name of Eckitoacup, who had been, when a young man, the rival of Peta Nocona for the heart and hand of the beautiful 'White Comanche,' Cynthia Anne Parker. Eckitoacup and Yellow Bear sat down together, on buffalo robes under the brush wickiup in front of the tepee. They smoked their pipes leisurely, and talked a long time, not in whispers, but very slow and in low tones. When Quanah and Weckeah met that evening it was with feelings never experienced before by either of them.

"Weckeah was greatly agitated. She fluttered like a bird, and kneeling at Quanah's feet, she locked her arms around his knees, looked up in his face and begged him to save her.

"The lover with the flutes was Tannap, the only son of rich old Eckitoacup. Weckeah abhorred him, but his father had offered Yellow Bear ten ponies for her. Yellow Bear loved his daughter, and notwithstanding it was the tribal custom he was loath to sell her against her will. He had given Eckitoacup no answer for the present, and Weckeah implored Quanah to get ten ponies and take her himself.

"Quanah was filled with deepest pity for Weckeah, and alarmed at the prospect of losing her, for he owned but one pony, and Tannap's father owned a hundred. After telling Weckeah to be brave and note everything said and done in her sight and hearing, Quanah tore away from her, and gathering all of his young friends together, explained his situation to them. They loved him and hated Tannap, but calamities in war had made them all poor like himself. They separated to meet again in secret with others next morning. During the day nine ponies were tendered to him, which, with the one he owned made ten. These Quanah accepted on condition that others should be received in exchange for them whenever he could get them, which he was ambitious and hopeful enough to believe he could some day do.

"Driving these ponies, with the haste of an anxious lover, to Yellow Bear's tepee, Quanah there met old Eckitoacup, who greeted him with a taunting chuckle of exultation and a look of wicked revenge. His spies having informed him of the action of Quanah's friends, he had raised his bid to twenty ponies. This being an exceptionally liberal offer, Yellow Bear had promptly accepted it, and now the jealous and unforgiving old savage was exulting

in his triumph over the poor but knightly rival of his arrogant and despised son, and gloating in his revenge upon the valiant and rising son of his own late successful and hated rival.

"Entering the tepee, Quanah found Weckeah prostrated at her mother's feet in deepest distress. In two sleeps Tannap would bring the twenty ponies and claim his prize. Weckeah was heartbroken and Quanah was desperate. He hurried back for another consultation with his friends, but not to ask for more ponies. It was to submit a new and startling proposition to them—to tell them of a new thought that had come to him—a new resolution that had taken possession of his very soul. Though he himself did not suspect it, the star of a new chief was about to rise above the horizon.

"The new scheme promising spoils and adventure, as well as triumph over a hated rival, Quanah's zealous young friends agreed to it with an enthusiasm which they could hardly avoid showing in their faces and actions.

"The unhappy lovers stole another brief twilight meeting in the shadows of Yellow Bear's tepee. Weckeah's quick eyes noted with increasing admiration and confidence that the past two days had marked a great change in Quanah. He was now no longer a boy. He seemed to have grown taller, was more serious and thoughtful, and spoke with an evident courage and consciousness of strength which gave her great hope and comfort. He told her that their only hope was in flight, and, as she knew, according to the inexorable law of the tribe, that meant certain death to him and at least the delivery of herself to Tannap, and possibly death to herself also, if they should be overtaken.

"Weckeah, instead of being deterred by the hazards of

the attempt at elopement, was eager to go, for in that step she could see the possibility of a life of happiness, and escape from a fate which, in her detestation of Tannap, she regarded as even worse than death.

"Just at moondown the next night, which, from the description given me, I suppose was about eleven o'clock, Quanah and one of his friends met Weckeah at the door of her father's tepee and conducted her to the edge of the camp, where their horses and twenty-one other young men were waiting.

"Then began the most remarkable elopement, and, in some respects, at least, the most remarkable ride ever known on the plains, among either whites or Indians.

"Quanah took the lead with Weckeah next behind him, and the twenty-two young men following in single file. For seven hours they did not break a lope, except to water their ponies in crossing streams. At daylight they stopped to graze their ponies and make a repast on dried buffalo meat. Here Weckeah saw with pride and increasing confidence that many of those twenty-two tall sinewy young men carried guns, and all of them revolvers, shields, bows, and quivers full of arrows, and were mounted and equipped throughout as a select war party.

"Stopping only a few hours, they changed their course, separated and came together again at a designated place at sunset. There they stopped again until moondown, and then resuming their journey, traveled together all night.

"They were now in Texas, and dared not travel any more in daylight. When night came on they changed their course again, separated into couples, and traveled that way several nights, coming together at a place which, from the

description, I think probably was Double Mountain, in Scurry County, Texas. There they stopped several days to recruit their ponies, subsisting themselves on game, which then abounded in that region. From that place they traveled in couples from high point to high point until they came to a river, which I suppose, from the description, was one of the main branches of the Concho, and there they established their rendezvous, and, as Quanah expressed it, 'went to stealin' hosses.'

"It has been said—indeed, I believe it has been universally conceded—that the Comanches, before their subjugation, were 'the finest horse thieves the world ever saw.' Whether this has been conceded or not, I am sure no one who knew them then will deny that it was a well-deserved 'compliment.' And I doubt not that Quanah and his bridal party, or *bridle party,* whichever it may seem most appropriate to call it, contributed generously to the weaving of that wreath for the tribal brow.

"Eckitoacup's band being utterly unable to follow the trail, the fugitives remained undiscovered in that region for more than a year, and, in Quanah's own candid and comprehensive language, 'just stole hosses all over Texas.' In a few months they had a large herd, including many valuable American horses and mules.

"But it was not long until the young men began to sigh for the girls they had left behind them, and to venture back, a few at a time, to see them, and always with laudations of their chief, and glowing accounts of the magnitude and 'profits' of their 'business.' They invariably returned with their sweethearts, and many other Indians, of both sexes, also. With Quanah's encouragement their visits became frequent, and at the end of a year his band numbered several hundred.

"But through these visits old Eckitoacup had heard of the fugitive, and was now coming with a large war party to punish him and take Weckeah. Weckeah again became badly frightened. She would get behind Quanah from the direction of Tannap's approach, clasp her arms around him and beg him not to give her up. But her entreaties were wholly unnecessary. Quanah, of his own accord, was ready to die rather than suffer her to be taken from him.

"Eckitoacup found Quanah's band posted for battle. He was astounded at their numbers and became so alarmed for his own safety that he was glad to agree to an offer of compromise, rather than risk the hazard of battle. Four chiefs were sent from each side to meet half way between the two bands and arrange the compromise. After a great deal of smoking and haggling Eckitoacup's men proposed to accept nineteen horses, the pick of Quanah's herd, in full satisfaction of all demands. Quanah promptly approved the agreement with the cheerful and significant observation that he knew a ranch where he could get nineteen others just as good in a few hours. "This gave Quanah the right to return to the tribe, and as the Texans had him pretty well 'located' in that rendezvous and were becoming quite 'impudent' and inhospitable to him, and his band was now too large to be longer concealed anywhere in the State, he followed close after Eckitoacup. Continuing in the territory, to receive accessions from the other bands, including Eckitoacup's, he soon became the acknowledged chief of the tribe, and as a war-chief, before being overpowered and conquered, he had achieved great renown for prowess, enterprise, sagacity and true military genius, his sway perhaps never being greater, or even as great, as it is at the present day. He lives in a picturesque valley on the south side of the Wichita Mountains, where he owns a good home, a hundred horses, perhaps a thousand cattle, and has two hundred and fifty acres of land in cultivation,

though I doubt if he has ever plowed a furrow himself, *or would do it if he could.* Weckeah presides over his household, happy and contented, proud of her husband, with immunity from burdensome duties, and provided with all the comforts and luxuries befitting her station in life. But there is a good deal of Brigham Young, or the Sultan of Turkey, in this untutored Comanche, and instead of Weckeah being his only wife, she is merely one of a harem of five—his devotion to her, which has always been constant and unquestioned, not precluding him from the polygamous custom of the tribe. It must be said to his credit, however, that Weckeah is still his favorite. This is quite evident to those who see much of them, and on one occasion, when something was said of the possibility of the Government arbitrarily divorcing all the Indians from their plural wives, I asked him which of his he would choose to retain if that were done. Without a moment's hesitation he said Weckeah."



COMANCHE INDIANS STEALING COWS.

"Yellow Bear, Weckeah's father, became an ardent friend and admirer of Quanah, and lived until 1887, when he got what the Texans considered 'a mighty good joke' on himself. He and Quanah got to feeling rich and 'civilized,' put on their 'white man's clothes,' and went down to Fort Worth to have a big 'blow out' with a 'herd' of cattle barons who were grazing cattle on their reservation. They put up at the leading 'chuck-away tepee' of the town, the Pickwick, and coming in from a round-up of the city with their white friends at a late hour of the night, they dragged themselves wearily up to their room, and '*blowedout' the gas.* When discovered next morning, Yellow Bear's spirit had been blown away to the boundless prairies of the Great Spirit above, never to return, and Quanah was crouched on his 'all-fours' at a window, unconscious, his own soul just about to wing its flight to the same mysterious realms."

I was living in Oklahoma in the spring of 1905, employed in preparing the manuscript of this book. As I needed a good sketch of Quanah Parker, in order to complete my "Lives of Famous Indian Chiefs," I decided to go and interview him and get my information at first hands and authentic. Arriving at Lawton, I was informed that Quanah Parker was at Cache, a small town in Comanche County, twelve miles distant. I immediately boarded the 'Frisco train, and in due time found myself at Cache, which is located at the foot of the Wichita Mountains.

I found the chief in his buggy just starting out of town, and seemingly in a hurry, but when I introduced myself and stated my business, he alighted from the buggy and expressed himself as willing to talk.

Though a half-breed, Quanah Parker has every appearance of a typical Indian, being tall, straight, athletic and as dark as the full bloods of his tribe. He rules his

people with wisdom and moderation, by sheer force of character, and is very popular with both white and red neighbors. He is quite wealthy, and ambitious withal to represent the new State, shortly to be formed of the two territories, in the United States Senate. He argues that a large percentage of the population of the new State will be of his race, who will also be affected by many of the laws to be enacted, therefore there should be an Indian in the United States Senate, or it would be another case of taxation without representation.

As the population of the new State will be of both races, so a logical representative in the Senate should belong to both races. All of which clearly means Chief Parker. And he is perfectly willing to serve his people in that august body, when the time comes. And indeed the new State might hunt further for senatorial timber and fare worse, only in case of his election he would likely be refused a seat on the grounds of being a polygamist. The prophecy that "seven women shall take hold of one man" was fulfilled in his case; but of late years he has reduced his harem.

He prides himself on being a personal friend of President Roosevelt and was one of the six chiefs who were in the parade at the time of the inauguration last March, the others being Little Plume, of the Blackfoot tribe; American Horse and Hollow Horn Bear, of the Sioux; Geronimo, of the Apaches, and Buckskin Charley, of the Utes. When we were seated in the shade the chief said: "What do you want to talk about?" I answered by way of a leader, "Tell me of your last trip to Washington and the President's inauguration." He proceeded to comply with the request, but as this was reported in all the papers at the time, we will omit it and refer to something of more general interest.

The chief was easily understood, but spoke somewhat broken, and in a manner peculiar to the Indian. We will try to give his exact language: "How about the President's wolf hunt in the big prairie," we asked. "It's like this," he answered. "President came along in his special car. It stopped. President stood on platform of car, fix glasses on his nose, look all over crowd. I standing back good way among Injuns. President see me, motion first with one hand, then two hands, like this, but I no go."

"Why you no go," I asked in astonishment, "when the President motioned for you to come?" "How I know he mean me? Plenty Injuns in crowd, other chiefs around. Might mean other chiefs, so I no go at first; then he sent messenger after me. Messenger say, 'President Roosevelt want to see Chief Quanah Parker at car.' Then I know he mean me and I follow messenger to car through crowd; we elbow our way through crowd like this, and this [showing me how it was done]. President reach out over heads of people and grip my hand, so. He then give me big pull right up steps side him, shook my hand may-be-so like pump handle and pat me on back with other hand. He made a little speech and say, 'this is my friend, Chief Quanah Parker. I met him in Washington City. He friend to white and father to red man and 'titled to respect and honor of both.'

"Then people in crowd around car shout out, 'two big chiefs, big white chief, big red chief, both good men, and good friends,' and they do like this [clapping his hands], long time. President say: 'Won't you go hunting with me in big prairie, and stay week and show us where to find the wolves?' I went with him, stayed five days, took tent, camping and cooking outfit, and some of my men and my family, or some of my family; had good time, killed plenty wolves."

Continuing, the chief said: "President Roosevelt, him all right, him different from McKinley and Cleveland. They way up in the air, standing on their dignity, but him down here on level with the people. Him Injuns' President, as well as white man's President. Him all kinds of man; when he with cowboys, he cowboy; when he with Rough Riders, he roughest rider of all; when he with statesmen, he statesman; and when he with Injuns, he just like Injun; all same he white Injun. We personal friends. I talk to him and use influence with him for pardon Geronimo. I got message for Geronimo, but I no tell you, tell him first." "Then you will be going to Fort Sill in a few days to deliver the President's message?" I ventured to remark. But the reply was, "No! no! I much heap big chief; he come to see me."

I told him I realized that fact and intended to give him a good mention in my Indian history I was just completing, and asked him if he could furnish me a late photograph to enable me to have a good cut made for the book. He said that he and Geronimo had some pictures taken together in Washington City, and added, "They no come yet, may-be-so they come to-morrow, may-be-so next week; when they come I send you one." The chief kept his word, and some time afterward I got a photograph from him.

It was hard to realize as I saw the good-natured looking Comanche Indians loafing or trading in the stores of the enterprising little town of Cache, that only a few years ago some of those same warriors had doubtless made night hideous with their dreaded war-whoop, which is said to resemble the 'rah, 'rah! of the college boys.

Quanah Parker is really a great man, and a born ruler. He seems to combine the shrewdness and stoicism of the Indian with the intelligence and diplomacy of the white race. He manages to conciliate that element of his tribe

which hates the whites and doggedly opposes all innovations, while vigorously advocating progress.

When the lands were allotted to the Comanches he advised them to choose good farming lands and become peaceable, industrious citizens of the United States. They took his advice and chose lands close to those of their chief, thus forming a Comanche settlement and village which is beautiful for situation at the base of the picturesque Wichita Mountains, about eighteen miles from the military post of Fort Sill.

About two and one-half miles from Cache, on the south side of one of the Wichita Mountains, stands Quanah's home, known as the "White House of the Comanches." It is quite an imposing square, two-story frame building, with wide galleries running entirely around it. It gleams startlingly white and tall against the blue of the sky and the vivid green of the prairie, and presents a striking contrast to the somber gray and brown of the mountain side, which forms a background.

Built in the days when lumber had to be hauled hundreds of miles over rough prairie trails, it cost at least double what it would to-day. It is said to contain thirty rooms, and is furnished with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of civilization. Over the organ in his parlor hangs a life-sized oil painting of his white mother, to which the chief proudly calls the attention of all his visitors. For many years his was the only house on the reservation, and it became an object of wonder to the Indians and of interest to the white visitors.

The shrewd chief is a good financier, and looks after his own interest closely; owning large droves of cattle and at least a hundred ponies, and controlling thousands of acres of land, the allotments of his wives and children. To-

day there are three "ladies of the White House," To-ah-nook, Too-pay and Too-ni-ce (we never supposed a lady could be too nice). They have separate apartments and each has her own sewing machine, of which she is as proud as a small boy with a new toy.

Quanah not only belongs to the two races, but is somewhat dual-natured. In appearance, as we have stated, he is decidedly more Indian than white, and when he is with the full bloods, the moccasins, buckskin leggings, gaudy blanket and eagle-plume headdress or war bonnet adorn his stalwart person. But when mingling with his white friends, he adopts the garb of civilization—cutaway coat, stiffly laundered linen and soft felt hat.

Too-ni-ce, his youngest wife, accompanies him on his trips abroad, when she, too, dresses like the white ladies at the agency, and poses as "Mrs. Quanah Parker," driving with the chief in his handsome turnout behind his team of prize-winning sorrels, that even a Kentuckian might admire.

Quanah has a large family of children, and is giving all of them good educational advantages, at the mission schools on the reservation, the large school at Chilocco, Oklahoma, and at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

We met one of his sons, Baldwin, who is a sprightly and handsome youth of about seventeen, the day we spent at Cache, and from him derived much of the information contained in this chapter. He has also a beautiful and accomplished daughter, Needle Parker, whose sad, sweet face resembles somewhat the portrait of her grandmother. She also brings to mind one of the night-eyed Castilian beauties of old Mexico, whose blood mingles with and tinges the life-current of the Comanche Indians.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SHEAF OF GOOD INDIAN STORIES FROM HISTORY.

I. AN INDIAN STRATAGEM.

During the Revolutionary War, a regiment of soldiers was stationed upon the confines of an extensive savanna in Georgia. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main army. The sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks; but they were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians and borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm or being heard of afterward.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone. The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man, with warmth, "I shall not desert."

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone. They searched around the spot, but no traces of him could be found. It was now more necessary than ever that the station should not remain unoccupied; they left another man and returned to the guardhouse.

The superstition of the soldiers was awakened and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone. Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men whose courage and honesty were never suspected must be discovered, and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method.

Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer; "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution.

"I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me at the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would do right to fire upon the least noise that he could not satisfactorily explain. His comrades shook hands with him,

and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back and awaited the event in the guardhouse.

An hour had now elapsed and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment.

As they approached the post they saw the man advancing toward them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.



NEEDLE PARKER,

THE BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED DAUGHTER OF QUANAH PARKER.

Photo by Drake.

"I told you, colonel," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. That resolution I took has saved my life. I had not been long at my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked and saw a wild hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees, among the leaves.

"As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it seriously, but kept my eyes fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick grove immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, I hesitated whether I should fire.

"My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig. I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was immediately stretched before me, with a groan which I thought to be that of a human creature.

"I went up to it, and judge of my astonishment when I found that I had killed an Indian. He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and his feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animals, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and bushes the disguise could not be detected at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched for the moment to throw off the hog skin, burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or tomahawked them. They then bore their bodies away and concealed them at some distance in the leaves, which were thick on the ground.

II. THE MOHAWK'S LAST ARROW.

When the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., ruled France, he appointed one of his favorite courtiers, the Chevalier de Frontenac, Governor-General of New France, or Konnedieya. {FN} Some years after Count de Frontenac became viceregent, the war-like Five Nations (afterward six), "The Romans of America," proved themselves soldiers of the highest order. This they did not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina and the prairies of Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defenses of Montreal, with the same courage that, half a century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau, upon the banks of Lake George.

{FN} Since corrupted into Canada, "Beautiful Water," probably so called from the amber-like color of many of its streams.

To punish the savages for their "insolence," and bring them under subjection, the commander-in-chief, the veteran Governor Frontenac, organized an expedition to invade the country of the Five Nations, and marshaled his

forces at La Chine on July 4, 1696. The aged chevalier was said to have other objects in view besides the political motives for the expedition.

It seems that many years previous, when the Five Nations had invested the capital of New France and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the Governor-General, and in whom, indeed, M. de Frontenac was said to have a parental interest, was carried off, with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this girl; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the contented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations, under his command.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army was a renegade Fleming of the name of Hanyost. This man in early youth had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become a sojourner among their old allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old

friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances and offer his services as a guide to Count Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity or the habitual love of treachery which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitrament to a young Mohawk chief, Kiodago (a settler of disputes), whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand. Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer camp, among the wild hills, and when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that by surprising this party his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms, a small but efficient force was instantly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day the party found themselves in the neighborhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete that their commander's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes,

determined to head the onslaught, while his companion in arms, with Hanyost to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces, and then, a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village, secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war-parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible but superseded engine of destruction, roused them from their slumbers. The missile, to which a direction had been given that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams which formed the little street, went crashing among their frail frames of basket-work, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then, as the startled warriors leaped, all naked and unarmed, from their blazing lodges, the French pikemen, waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal. The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. Some, overwhelmed with dismay, sank unresisting upon the ground, and covering up their heads, after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panic, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest paths around them.

Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves like warriors. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corslets, ruddy with the reflected fires amid which they fought, glinted back still

brighter sparks from the hatchets of flint which crashed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high, the Indian war-whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air caught up and answered that discordant shriek.

De Grais, in the meantime, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the paler features of the Christian captive among the dusky females, who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurled backward into the flames by fathers and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high-spirited Frenchman, beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warrior who had hitherto been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the melee, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with a tomahawk before he could make a movement in his defense. The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom, as she emerged with an infant in her arms, from a lodge on the further side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodago, beneath whose hand he had fallen. The chief now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais leveled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodago, in the meantime, had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept

open. A cry of agony escaped the high-souled savage, as he saw how thus the last hope was lost. He made a gesture as if about to again rush into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceiving how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife, with arms outstretched to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

The rising sun had now lighted up the scene, but all this passed so instantaneously that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye upon the fugitives amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when, accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest training had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard, too, the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant to her heart, she urged her flight over crag and fell and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodago is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms and already the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily escape his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an

opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war-club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there was no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when, pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his last arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognized the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that that wily traitor, instead of being misled by his *ruse,* had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought, the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a

mountain torrent, and then leaving his foot-marks dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a falling tree; while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grais, Hanyost and a French musketeer, were hotly urging their way. The hunted warrior ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak, that shot its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the flowers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that at that very instant, De Grais and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged a stone, which crackling among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer, pointing in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning toward his follower while the scout, who stood furthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help thee now, bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth-hound is upon thee; and thy scalp-lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade.

Thy wife—But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!



THE MOHAWK'S LAST ARROW.

Masterpiece of Chapman.

See page 594.

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still gripped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffening thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not lost its power. {FN} The crisis which it takes so long to describe had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the French-men, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless, while the scene of his burning village in the distance inflamed him with hate and fury toward the instrument of his misfortunes. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodago aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bowstring dismisses his last arrow upon its errand. The hand of the Spirit could alone have guided that shaft! But Waneyo smiles upon the brave warrior, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuirass of the French officer, glances toward the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the sword-chain of the chevalier, whose corslet clanged among the rocks, as the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grais was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the embrace of the stiffening corpse.

{FN} The English mode of holding the arrow, as represented in the plate, is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.

What more is there to add. The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyrie to collect the fugitive survivors

of his band, and, after burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Count de Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterward, and the existence of his half-blood daughter was soon forgotten. And—though among the dozen old families in the State of New York who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the off spring of the noble Kiodago and his Christian wife —yet the hand of genius, as displayed in the admirable picture of Chapman, which we reproduce, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's LAST ARROW!

III. AUDUBON'S NIGHT OF PERIL.

"On my return from the upper Mississippi," said John J. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, "I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of Nature. My knapsack, my gun and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. The track that I followed was an old Indian trail, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles, which form their food, and the distant howlings of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so; and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracted my attention. I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the open door of a small log cabin,

and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in house-hold affairs.

"I reached the place, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a stool and quietly seated myself by the fire.

"The next object that attracted my attention was a finely formed young Indian resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against a log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not—he apparently breathed not.

"Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered to evince the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood.

"He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant look with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was that about an hour or so before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled up in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast and told the

woman that it was late and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness and beauty of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electrical quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck and handed it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value and put my chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her.

"Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself in so retired a spot secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the arm so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher's knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his belt, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

"Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have, he was not one of their number. I asked the woman for my

watch, wound it up, and under pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I now took a few bearskins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearances fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place in a low tone, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently; he moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me, and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

"The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat,* and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large butcher's knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning stone, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument until the cold sweat covered every

part of my body, despite my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him. Boys, you kill the Indian and then for the watch!'

"I turned, cocked my gunlocks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to startup and shoot the first that might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready; the infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot; but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced upon my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken young men were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked.

"The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives. They were quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having disposed of them as regulators were wont to treat such wretches, we set fire to the cabin, gave all their skins and implements to the young Indian warrior and proceeded, well pleased, toward the settlements.

"During upward of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travelers run in the United States that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for the occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans."

IV. AN HOUR OF TERROR, AND MIDNIGHT FEAST.

The following story, though somewhat similar to the foregoing, had a very different termination:

The year 1812 was one of anxiety and alarm to the frontier settlers of our country, for the Indians, incited by British emissaries, were sullen, and in many portions of the Ohio Valley and on the Canadian border openly hostile to the Americans.

Three families dwelling in a little settlement on the banks of a small stream which emptied into Lake Erie had refrained in every way possible from giving offense to their Indian neighbors, the Miamis of the Lake, whose nearest village was thirty miles distant. However, to be safe, they built a block-house surrounded by a tall stockade, and always had their guns and other weapons ready for use.

One dark night, Minor Spicer, who lived in one of these isolated cabins, heard some one call in front of his house. It was late, and Spicer's family, with the exception of himself and wife, had retired. Seizing his rifle, Minor, in spite of his wife's entreaty that he should pay no attention to the hail, opened the door and stepped outside.

A large Indian, mounted on a big raw-boned gray horse, with a deer across the withers, and a rifle in each hand, confronted the settler.

"What do you want?" the white man asked. The Indian replied in the Wyandotte tongue, a language perfectly unintelligible to Spicer.

"Speak English! Speak English!" shouted Spicer, "or as sure as a gun is iron I will draw a bead on you."

The Indian was not alarmed by this threat, since he understood not one word of it. But he knew three English, words, and now used them to good purpose. Pointing to the cabin, he exclaimed, "Injun tired, cold, sleepy," and Minor understood at once that he desired a night's lodging.

Now, among the frontiersmen, hospitality was universal. The latch string literally hung on the outside. No matter how humble the guest, and whether friend or foe, shelter was never denied, and even the last crust would be divided with the stranger. In the present instance the request was promptly granted, Spicer showing the Indian where to put his horse, and then, it must be confessed with inward misgivings, leading the way into the house, the Indian bringing in his venison.

The good woman fairly trembled with terror as she looked upon the towering form and forbidding face of their savage guest, as he hung up his venison with an air of proprietorship after which he placed his guns and tomahawk in a corner of the backroom which served as kitchen.

With his scalping-knife the Indian now cut a large piece from the venison and intimated by signs that he was hungry and desired Mrs. Spicer to cook it for him. Mrs.

Spicer complied with the request, her husband standing near, his rifle always within reach, watching every movement of the sullen-faced guest, regretting more and more that he had permitted him to enter. He consoled himself with the thought that had he refused he would have incurred his undying hatred, and resolved, while seemingly at ease, to be on the alert for treachery, and repay it with death.

The wife broiled the meat upon the coals, seasoned it well with pepper and salt, and motioned the Indian toward the table. He ate only a few mouthfuls, and when he thought he was unobserved, slyly slipped the greater portion of it in his pouch, clearly refuting, according to the watchful white man's mind, his claim that he was hungry, and convincing Spicer that mischief was intended.

The host and hostess signified their intention of retiring, and the Indian lay down before the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Spicer retired to the front room, which opened through a door from the kitchen, which was occupied by the Indian. Of course, sleep was impossible, for their own lives and that of their children, and indeed the fate of the whole settlement, might depend upon their vigilance.

The door of the room they occupied was left wide open, so that the Indian was in full view. Would the tall warrior, who had gained entrance to their home under pretense of being weary and hungry, attempt to murder them himself, or would he, when he thought the family sound asleep, unbar the door to admit his confederates to assist him in his bloody work? The husband and wife said nothing to each other regarding their fears, but the necessity of remaining awake was fully understood and agreed upon between them.

The bed upon which Spicer and his wife lay was

without the circle of the firelight, and in heavy shadow; and their faces were not discernible in the gloom. They breathed deeply to deceive the Indian, whom they believed to be as wakeful as they themselves, although he lay perfectly still for an hour. At the end of that time he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. All was silent, and he sat upright, and again listened as before. No sound disturbed the silence but the deep breathing of the sleeping children in the loft above him and the regular respiration of Spicer and his wife, who were watching the Indian with mingled feelings of anger and alarm, for now his evil intention seemed about to be made known. Rising to his feet, the Indian stepped as swiftly and softly as a panther to the corner where his weapons were piled.



LONE WOLF,

FAMOUS ORATOR AND PRINCIPAL CHIEF OF THE KIOWAS.

Courtesy of M. G. Burdette.

"Shall I shoot him in his tracks?" thought Spicer, whose hand was now upon his gun. "No, I can't shoot a man in my own house whose back is toward me, but if he draws the bolt of the outside door, or makes a motion to attack us, he will find me ready."

By this time the savage had reached the corner, and stood silently listening to see if he had awakened any one. Satisfied that he had not, he took up his glittering scalping-knife. Mrs. Spicer shuddered as he passed his fingers across the edge of the blade to assure himself of its keenness. Already she seemed to feel the cold steel upon her naked flesh. She touched her husband's hand as if to urge him to shoot. He gave her hand a reassuring pressure, and grasped his gun, awaiting the Indian's onslaught.

The savage, however, seemed in no haste, and instead of turning toward the door of the cabin, or the room in which Spicer and his wife lay, he quietly stole toward the opposite corner of the room. Surprised and puzzled, Spicer and his wife watched the Indian's mysterious movements, which in another minute explained themselves.

Reaching the corner where the venison hung, he took it down, and laying it upon the floor, deftly cut off a piece weighing a pound or two, and then made his way back to the fire and placed it on the embers. Carefully wiping his scalping-knife and placing it again with his weapons, he sat down before the fire, watching his meat cook, and, when it was done to his satisfaction, he devoured it with much apparent relish, and lay down again and was soon sleeping the sleep of the weary.

Indians as a rule (especially those around the great fresh-water lakes) dislike salt and pepper, and Mrs. Spicer had so seasoned the venison she cooked for her guest that it was unpalatable, and with innate delicacy he attempted

to conceal the fact that it was not done to his liking by slipping it into his pouch. Both Spicer and his wife knew in an instant that this was the case, when the Indian, unconscious how near his dislike for pepper and salt had brought him to death sat down to watch his venison broil. Their minds at ease, they too, were soon peacefully sleeping.

Afterward, when the Indian, who came season after season to visit Spicer and his family, learned enough English to speak quite well, he told them that upon the occasion of his first visit to their cabin he had lost his trail, and had been guided to their door by the light from the window. He had left his father, who was too tired to travel farther, in an abandoned hunting-hut they found in the woods, and had given him his blanket. The other rifle was his father's, and the next morning he went back to him, and the two found their trail and went onward to their village.

Every spring and autumn the Indian, who called himself "Heno," which is the Wyandot for "Thunder," used to call at the cabin of the Spicer's with gifts of game and skins, and when the settler, upon one of these visits, told him of the hour of terror he spent watching his movements the first night of their acquaintance, Heno, who was a merry fellow in spite of his looks, chuckled softly to himself, the humor of the situation evidently striking him forcibly.

Heno became very fond of the Spicer children, and upon his visits to their home they would importune their father to tell again the tale of Heno's midnight raid upon his venison, the Indian accompanying the narrator with expressive pantomime, which much delighted himself and his auditors.

V. STORY OF AN HONEST INDIAN.

The inhabitants along the north shore of Lake Superior are nearly all Indians, who are largely dependent upon the fisheries for their living; when these fail or are good, so is their general condition. It has been my good fortune, writes Stanley Du Bois, to spend many summers there.

My custom is to get a large Mackinac boat, the white man's improvement on the birch bark canoe, to put into it my tent, stores, camping and other equipment, and, together with a couple of Indians, to sail along the north shore of the great lake, usually making a new camp every night, not bound by any hard and fast rule to do so; staying longer if it is agreeable or too stormy to make sailing safe or pleasant. Sometimes I have to anchor and ride out a heavy swell, for there are hundreds of miles of shore line where the rocky cliffs come down to the water's edge, and if there is any surf there is no such thing as landing from a boat. One evening, having made a landing, pitched the tent, and had a good supper, while sitting alone, the Indians busy about the boat hauled up on the narrow beach, a huge dog came stalking up to me. He was in a pitiable condition. Evidently he had been in a fight with a bear or lynx, or some other fierce, powerful creature, for nearly half his scalp had been torn loose from his skull and hung down over his face, completely blinding one eye. At first I was uncertain how to act, but I soon saw that he meant no harm, really in dog language he very plainly gave me to understand that he looked to me for relief. Going into the tent I got a needle and thread, and together we went down to the water's edge, where I washed the dirt and vermin out of the great wound, and then placing the skin back where it belonged sewed it up. The Indians pricked a quantity of balsam blisters, and after smearing that plentifully over the edges of the wound, we gave the dog his supper. During the night he disappeared.

The Indians and myself finished the season according to our pleasure, and the incident of the dog was fast becoming a fading memory. Two years later, with these same two Indians, I was again sailing along the north shore of Lake Superior. Seeing a little wooden pier put out into the water we headed for it. As soon as we came near, some twenty-five or thirty half-wild, savage dogs stormed out on the pier and threatened to eat us alive! An elderly Indian came down from the shore, and with a stout club beat them mercilessly and drove them to the shore; all except one, who, changing his bark of anger and defiance to yelps of delight, fawned and whined on me most unaccountably, and despite blows and commands refused to leave.

"Now I know who fix my dog; come to my house. I too wish to thank you as well as my dog." That was the greeting I received, and the first I had heard of the mutilated dog of two years previous.

The house was a log hut of one room only on the ground floor, with a low, dark loft above; no luxuries and few comforts anywhere. His wife busied herself to get us something to eat; it didn't take long, and when dinner was called we sat down to the table. Reverently bowing their heads he asked God's blessing on what was before us, a broiled whitefish and a bucket of water, that was all, for the season's fishing so far had been a failure. The man and children could speak fairly good English, his wife could not speak it at all. After our meal I gave him a little bag of smoking tobacco. It was the first he had used for several months, and you can hardly know how happy he was. Moved by its influence and of gratitude for my care to his dog, he told me a strange experience that had come into his life. I have taken the liberty of altering his broken English and idioms into plain talk, but the facts are just as he told me that beautiful summer day, with the hum of the wind through the great pine trees over and back of his home, and

the wash of the waves on the rocky shore in front. But for the little group around that home it was a grand solitude for hundreds of miles in every direction. This is his story:

"Some thirty years ago there came to my cabin a young Englishman, not a hunter or a fisherman, but one who would sit for hours at a time on that old bent tree yonder, and make the strangest and sweetest music I ever heard. I never saw an instrument like his. He made me forget myself, and sometimes when he would play I would cry just like a dog. Then he would put that aside and go off into the woods alone, taking with him a stranger and even more curious instrument. What he was trying to do I do not know, but he looked into it, and then made marks in a book. I said he went alone, but that is hardly true; no white man went with him, only one of my little boys. They are men grown now, and have families of their own. One day a sailboat came to my little pier, and a gentleman called out, 'Hello Baker! you must go back with me right away,' and after a few minutes' talk he called out to me, 'I am going away, but will be back again. Keep what is mine till I return,' and they sailed away.

"That was more than thirty years ago, and he has not returned yet. If you care to see what he left with me I will show it to you."

We went back into the cabin, and his wife climbed into the loft overhead and passed down a violin case, a theodolite, and a small, silver-trimmed leather grip. Opening the case he took out as fine a violin as it has ever been my pleasure to handle. There was no name of maker or owner on it. The strings were loose, but after tuning it up as best I could after so long a time out of use, I found it had a marvelously pure, sweet, strong tone. The theodolite was of London make, and had seen much hard usage, but was in good condition. Opening the grip, which was not

locked, we took out and laid on the table a surveyor's memorandum book, a few pencils, a silver telescopic pen holder with a gold pen in its end, and an intaglio seal cut in a red stone in the other end, the letter B, some postage stamps, some sheets of paper and envelopes, and a small copy of Shakespeare's plays. Turning to the fly leaf of the book I read the name in pencil, "S. Baker."

"This is not all," said the Indian to his wife, and she went up to the loft again and brought down a canvas bag. It would have held about a quart. Untying the string which closed it, he turned the contents out on the table, gold and silver coins. We counted it. Sixty-two sovereigns and a few small pieces of silver, all English money.

To say that I was amazed but mildly expressed my thoughts at the time. Here was an Indian family, poor as poverty, yet with over three hundred dollars in gold for years in their cabin, and knowing its purchasing power perfectly well all the time. I asked him why he did not use it to buy necessities at such a time as this. He gave me a look of mingled sorrow and wonder that I would so much as suggest such a thing, and said that these things were left with him for safe keeping, and that he would sooner starve than betray his trust. They were starving then, and it was not the first time so either. I tried to persuade him to use it, but he said "No," and put it all back into the bag, and everything belonging to the young stranger was taken up and put away in the loft.

The next day I went away. My summer trips took me elsewhere for several years, but this past summer I was back to the north shore of Lake Superior again. Having a mind to look up my old Indian friend, I went to the place where we had parted company, but the little pier was wholly gone. We made a landing and soon came upon the ruins of the house. The roof had fallen in and the walls

were partly rotted down. The little garden patch was a tangle of briers and weeds; desolation reigned everywhere.

A couple of days later, still sailing along the shore, we came in sight of a long, strong, handsome pier, with a tall flag staff on its outer end. Back of it, about a hundred yards up the shore, was a tiny Indian village of maybe two hundred souls. Landing at the dock, a handsome young man greeted me and called me by name. He was a grandson of my old Indian friend. I immediately asked him of his grandfather.

"Come and see where we have laid him," was his answer; and taking me by the hand he led me to a beautiful little grassy plot, surrounded with a neat white paling fence. There, beside the wife of his youth, who had shared with him his privations, his joys and his sorrows, there his children had reverently laid him away.

We then went to the home of the young Indian. He had a neat story-and-a-half house, nearly covered with trailing vines. It was well furnished, a cabinet organ, a sewing machine, some books and pictures, a gasoline stove, carpets, curtains and other furniture of civilization. He was a prosperous lumberman, and a full-blooded Indian.

I asked him regarding the violin, theodolite, books, money, etc. The money had been used after his grandfather's death, the other articles he has in his possession now.

Going back as well as we could we came to the conclusion that they originally belonged to the man who afterward became Sir Samuel Baker, but we could not be certain. Of this we are sure, that the keeping of the money and other valuables so many years was a rare example of

fidelity. And the strangest part of it all is, that my knowledge of it, and yours, should come about through kindness to a dog in distress. I have had considerable experience with Indians, from the far North of our land to South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Times without number have I trusted my person and valuables to them, and in not a single instance was the confidence misplaced.

VI. "GO!" A STORY OF RED CLOUD.

The new El Dorado was in sight, writes Calkins. Gordon's party of twelve tired frontiersmen had mounted the high divide which separates the sources of the Running Water from those of the Cheyenne. For five weeks the men had shoveled drifts, buffeted blizzards and kept a constant vigil among the interminable sand-hills. By means, too, of stable canvas, shovels, axes, iron picket-pins and a modicum of dry feed, they had kept in good condition the splendid eight-mule team which drew their big freighter.

In fact "Gordon's outfit" was a model one in every respect, and probably no similar body of men ever faced our snow-bound, trackless plains, better equipped for the adventure. And now the muffled marchers cheered as "Cap" Gordon halted them and pointed to a blurred and inky upheaval upon the far rim of a limitless waste of white. The famous Black Hills, a veritable wonderland, unseen hitherto by any party of whites save the men of Custer's expedition, lay before them.

Two more days and the gold-seekers would gain the shelter of those pine-covered hills, where their merry axes would "eat chips" until shelter, comfort and safety from attack were secured. Out of the bitter cold, after weeks of toil and danger, into warmth and safety—no wonder they were glad.

As yet they had seen no sign of the hostile Sioux, but their frosty cheers, thin and piping, had hardly been borne away by the cutting wind when a moving black speck appeared on the western horizon.

The speck drew nearer, and resolved itself into a solitary horseman. Could it be that a single Sioux would approach a party of their strength? They watched the rider without anxiety. They were so near the goal now that no war party of sufficient strength to become a menace was likely to be gathered. They were equipped with an arsenal of modern guns, with fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, and had boasted they were "good to stand off three hundred Sioux."

Nearer and nearer drew the horseman, his pony coming on in rabbit-like jumps to clear the drifts. Speculation ceased. It was an Indian—probably a hunter strayed far from his village, half-starved and coming to beg for food. Well, the poor wretch should have frozen bread and meat, as much as he could eat they could not stop to give him better fare.

It was as cold as Greenland. The bundled driver upon the great wagon slapped his single line, and yelled at the plodding mules. Eleven buffalo-coated, fur-encased men with feet clad in snow-packs, marched at the tail of the freighter. In such weather their cold "shooting-irons" were left in the wagon, nor did they deem it necessary now to get them out.

They were prepared for a begging Indian, but the apparition which finally rode in upon the monotony of the long march seemed to them a figure as farcical as savage. As the Sioux horseman confronted them he lowered his blanket, uncovering his solemn, barbarian face, and stretching out one long arm, pointed them back upon their

trail. "Go!" he said, and he repeated the command with fierce insistence.

The freight wagon rattled on, but the footmen halted for a moment to laugh.



KIOWA ANNIE,

NOTED INDIAN BEAUTY.

Photo by Drake.

The Indian stretched his lean arm and shouted, "Go!" still more savagely. It was immensely funny. Gordon's men jeered the solitary autocrat, and laughed until their icicled beards pulled. They bade him get into a drift and cool off; asked him if his mother knew he was out, and whether his feet were sore, and if it hurt him much to talk, and if he hadn't a brother who could chin-chin *washitado?*

His sole answer to their jeering, as he rode along side, was "Go! go! go!" repeated with savage emphasis and a flourish of his arm to southward.

The footmen were plodding a dozen rods in the rear of their freight wagon, and still laughing frostily at this queer specimen of "Injun," when the savage spurred his pony forward. A few quick leaps carried him up to the toiling eight-mule team. His blanket dropped around his hips, and a repeating carbine rose to his face. Both wheelers dropped at the first shot, killed by a single ounce slug. A rapid fusillade of shots was distributed among the struggling mules, and then the Sioux was off, shaking his gun and yelling defiance, his pony going in zigzag leaps and like the wind.

Men ran tumbling over each other to get into the wagon and at their guns. The teamster and two or three others, who, despite the cold, carried revolvers under their great coats, jerked their mittens and fumbled with stiff fingers for their weapons. They had not been nerved up with excitement, like the Sioux, and before they could bring their guns to bear, the savage was well out upon the prairie.

And when these men tried, with rifle or revolver, to shoot at the swiftly moving erratic mark presented by the cunning Sioux and his rabbit-like pony, the cutting wind numbed their fingers and filled their eyes with water, the

glistening snow obscured their front sights, and they pelted a white waste harmlessly with bullets.

The anger which raged in them when they knew the Sioux had escaped Scot-free was something frightful. Six mules of the splendid eight lay weltering in blood; another was disabled, and only one had come off without hurt. Half the counties of northwestern Iowa had been scoured to get together "Gordon's Pride," as this fine freight-team had been named before the party left Sioux City.

The blight of their hopeful expedition, the frightful peril of their situation, were lost sight of in the absorbing desire for revenge which burned in every man of them as they gazed upon the stricken, stiffening heap of animals. All were for giving chase immediately. They believed they could easily overtake the Sioux among the drifts of the lower lands, where creeks and snow-filled ravines must cause him to shift his course continually.

"Boys," said Gordon, when some of them had hastily begun to strip for the chase, "boys, this is my particular affair. You make camp and fix it for fightin'. I'll either get that Sioux, or he'll fetch his tribe back an' get us."

Cy Gordon was their captain. He had been a hay and wood contractor for many years in the Sioux country, and his word was law to this little band.

There was no need to argue that no man could have even guessed at the daring and disaster they had looked upon. The performance had been too appallingly simple and easy. It had come as unexpectedly as the flood of a cloudburst or the bursting of a gun.

While his men stood vengefully watching the flying Sioux, Gordon stripped himself of superfluous wrappings,

stocked his pockets with frozen bread and cartridges, slipped on a pair of snowshoes kept for emergency, tightened his belt, and launched himself in pursuit.

Horse and rider were again no more than a speck upon the vast snowfield. Gordon, with an "express" rifle under his arm, took the long, swinging stride of the accomplished snowshoer. In an hour the speck upon the snow had not grown smaller.

At high noon, by the sun, upon a broad flat where tall grass held the snow, Gordon came almost within bullet range of the Sioux. An hour later, among a tangle of drifted ravines, there was an exchange of shots, and the Sioux's pony dropped in its tracks. The Indian dodged out of sight, and Gordon pushed wearily on with a grin of hate under his icicles.

He took up the Sioux tracks, and noted with satisfaction that the Indian's moccasined feet punched through the light crust at every other step. In just a little while!

But he followed an hour or more among a seemingly interminable tangle of gullies without catching a glimpse of the wary dodger. Then he emerged into a wider valley, to find that the artful rascal had escaped out of range and out of sight upon a wind-swept stretch of river ice.

Gordon ground his teeth and swept over the smooth surface, sweating, despite the sharp cold, from fierce exertion. At a turn in the river he saw the Sioux; but there were others, more than a score of them, mounted and approaching the runner. The mule-killer's camp or town was close at hand.

Exhausted from his long run, Gordon, in his own

language, "threw up the sponge." He hastily sought the cover of river-drifts, and scooped himself a kind of rifle-pit. Then, with a pile of cartridges between his knees and slapping his hands to keep his fingers ready for action, he waited, meaning to do what execution he could before the end.

There was considerable parley among the Sioux, and then only a single Indian advanced toward the white man. This one came on foot within gunshot, then stopped and shook his blanket in token that he wanted to approach and talk.

Gordon laughed. The situation seemed to him grimly humorous. He motioned to the Indian to come on, and kept him well covered with his rifle. A moment later, however, he lowered his gun.

Whatever fate awaited Gordon, he knew that he stood in no danger of a treacherous stroke from the approaching Sioux. It was the chief, Red Cloud.

Gordon arose, and the chief came forward with a hand out-stretched. "My young man has killed your mules," was Red Cloud's greeting in the Sioux Tongue.

Gordon understood. "Yes," he said, "and I will not take your hand until you have done right."

The grave old chief drew his blanket about his shoulders with a shrug. "Now listen," he said. "If one of your soldiers had approached a party of my soldiers and had killed all their horses, and so crippled them and escaped, your people would have made him a big captain. It is so. My young man is very brave. He did as he was told. You can not come here and take my country—not yet. I have watched your advance and complained to your

soldiers at White River. When I saw they did not go out and catch you as our Great Father has said they should do, I sent my young man to stop you. You will find your soldiers at the three forks of White River. Now go!"

And without another word, Red Cloud turned upon his heel and stalked away.

This time Gordon was glad enough to obey the injunction to "go." Three days later his little party filed in at the military camp on White River, and when, some time afterward, their boxes of freight had been recovered, not so much as a blanket or a pound of sugar had been taken by Red Cloud's Sioux.

VII. McDOUGAL AND HIS KIND INDIAN NEIGHBOR.

One James McDougal, a native of Argyleshire, having emigrated to upper Canada, from anxiety to make the most of his scanty capital, purchased a location where the price of land was merely nominal, in a country sparsely settled, and on the extreme verge of civilization. His first care was to construct a log house in which to live, and a barn for his few domestic animals, consisting of cattle, sheep and hogs. This task finished, he busily employed himself in bringing a few acres of ground under cultivation, and, though his task was hard and slow, yet he became in a rough way fairly comfortable, as compared with the poverty he had left behind.

His greatest discomforts were distance from his neighbors, the church, the markets and even the mill; and along with these the suspension of those endearing charities, and friendly offices, which lend such a charm to social life.

On one occasion, Mr. McDougal found it necessary to take a sack of grain to the nearest mill, about fifteen miles distant, over a rough country. He got an early start, hoping to make the journey and return by sunset of the same day. In his absence, the care of the cattle devolved on his wife, and as they did not come up to the barn as usual at the close of day the careful matron went in quest of them.

Beyond the mere outskirts of the cleared land there was a forest, which to her, unpracticed in woodcraft, became a *terra incognita;* tall trees arose on every side —"a boundless contiguity of shade"—and with neither compass nor notched trees to guide her, it is not surprising that she soon found herself completely lost. Having wandered aimlessly until almost exhausted and completely discouraged, she dropped down by a large tree and wept bitterly.

At this moment the noise of approaching footsteps was heard. Her heart almost ceased beating with terror, for she knew that fierce wild beasts roamed through that forest. It proved to be neither bear nor panther, but what has been designated as "The still wilder Red Man of the Forest." An Indian hunter stood before her, a veritable "stoic of the woods, a man without fear."

Mrs. McDougal knew that Indians lived at no great distance, but as she had never seen a member of the tribe, her emotions were those of terror, quickening every pulse and yet paralyzing every limb. The Indian's views were more comprehensive; he had observed her, without being observed himself. He recognized her person, knew her home, comprehended her mishap, divined her errand and immediately beckoned her to follow him. The unfortunate woman understood his signal, and obeyed it, as far as terror left her power; and after a lengthened walk, which added not a little to her previous fatigue, they arrived at the

door of an Indian wigwam.

Her conductor, by signs, invited her to enter; but this she persistently refused to do, dreading the consequence, preferring death in the open air to the tender mercies of cannibals within. Perceiving her reluctance, and surmising her feelings, the hospitable Indian rushed into his wigwam and held a hasty consultation with his wife, who, in a few minutes, also appeared, and, by certain signs and sympathies known only to females, calmed the stranger's fears, and induced her to enter their lowly abode. Venison was instantly prepared for supper, and Mrs. McDougal, though still alarmed at the strangeness of her situation, found the food well cooked, and, in her hungry condition, delicious. Aware that their guest was weary, the Indians stretched two deerskins across the wigwam, thus dividing it into two apartments. Mats and soft furs were then spread upon the floor of each, and the visitor was given to understand that the further room from the entrance was for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied by signs, as well as she could, that she would prefer to sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the two entertainers sadly, often they looked at each other and conversed softly in their own language, and, at last, the red took the white woman by the hand, led her to her couch and became her bedfellow. In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and anxious to depart, without further delay—but her host and hostess would on no account permit it. Breakfast was prepared—another savory and well-cooked meal—and then the Indian conducted his guest to the very spot where the cattle were grazing. These he kindly drove from the woods, on the verge of which Mrs. McDougal saw her husband running about everywhere, hallooing and seeking for her in a state of mind bordering on distraction. Great was his joy, and great

his gratitude to her Indian benefactor, who was invited to the house and treated to the best the larder afforded, and presented on his departure with a suit of clothes.

Some time after this the Indian returned and endeavored to induce Mr. McDougal to follow him into the forest. But this invitation was positively declined—and the poor savage went on his way obviously grieved and disappointed. But again he returned and renewed his entreaties, yet without effect. At last he hit upon an expedient, which none save an Indian hunter would have thought of.

The McDougals had a nursling in the crib only a few months old, a fact the Indian failed not to observe. So, after his pantomimic eloquence availed nothing, he approached the crib, seized the child, wrapped a blanket around it, and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The alarmed parents instantly followed (as he knew they would) supplicating and beseeching at the top of their voices. But the Indian's resolves were as fixed as fate—and away he went, slow enough to encourage his pursuers, but still in the lead by a good many paces. The Indian was in no hurry, only aiming to keep out of the reach of McDougal's arms, and glancing back now and then to see that his pursuers were still following. The parents noticed, too, that the Indian carried the babe very gently and took pains to keep the blanket carefully wrapped around it. They now realized that he meant no harm to the child, but they were still puzzled to know what he did mean. After traveling in this manner several miles the savage stopped abruptly on the margin of a most beautiful little prairie, teaming with the richest vegetation and comprising several thousand acres of choice land.

When McDougal and his wife reached the Indian, he quietly restored the babe to its mother, and spreading both

hands toward the little paradise, he uttered the only English word he had acquired, which was, "look!"

The shrewd Scotchman did look with astonishment and delight, and the more he examined it the better he liked the prospect. He found the soil to be of the best quality of black prairie loam, which would need but the tickle of the plowshare to make it laugh with the golden harvest. As McDougal had sufficient cattle to break it, he could begin farming operations at once without the slow, laborious process of cleaning up forest. Moreover a good sized stream gushed out of a near-by cliff, affording abundance of never failing water for flocks and herds, and a fine mill site. It was one of the most beautiful and fertile spots in all Canada, and the white man immediately saw the propriety of the advice given by the untutored one.

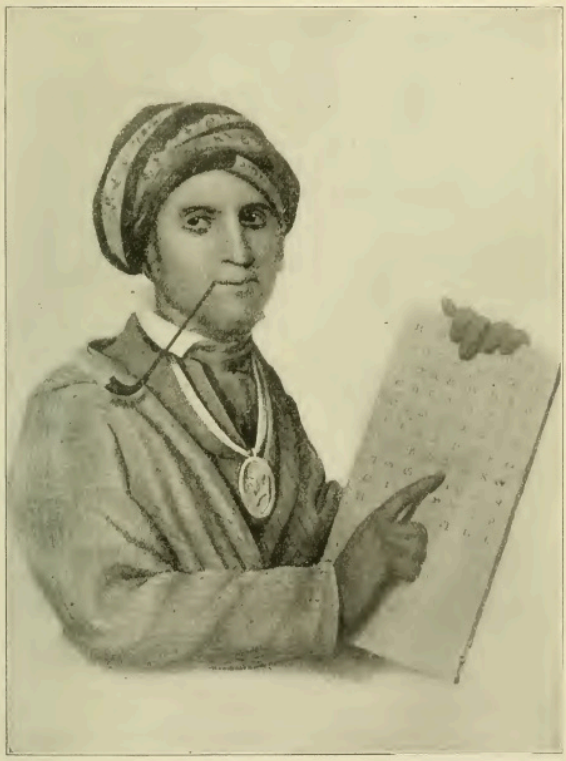
By a sort of tacit agreement, a day was fixed for the removal of the materials of our countryman's cabin, goods and chattels; and the Indian friend, true to his word, brought a detachment of his village to assist in one of the most romantic "flittings" ever undertaken. In a few days a roomy log house was erected near the headwaters of the beautiful little stream, just in the edge of the prairie, with a forest on the north for a windbrake. A garden was enclosed, and preparations made to break the virgin prairie.

McDougal was greatly pleased at the change—and no wonder, seeing that he could almost boast a bodyguard as bold and true as the bowmen of Robin Hood. His Indian friend speedily became a sort of foster brother, and his tribe as faithful as the most attached Tail of Gillies that ever surrounded a Highland chieftain. Even, the stupid kine lowed, on finding themselves suddenly transferred to a boundless range of richest pasture, and soon began improving rapidly in condition and increasing in numbers.

The little garden was also smiling like a rose, the over-abundant grass gradually giving way to thriving crops. The Indians continued friendly and faithful, occasionally bringing presents of venison and other game, and were uniformly rewarded from the stores of a dairy overflowing with milk and cream, and filled with butter and cheese.

In time a small grist and saw mill was built on the banks of the little stream, for the profit of the owner, and the accommodation of neighboring settlers. The Indian friend who made all this prosperity possible was at length induced to form a part of the establishment in the capacity of head shepherd a duty he undertook most cheerfully, as it still left him opportunities for hunting, trapping and keeping in touch with his tribe.

Let us hope, therefore, that nothing will occur to mar this beautiful picture of sylvan life; that the McDougal colony will wax stronger, till every acre of the beautiful prairie is forced to yield tribute to the plow and sickle.



SE-QUO-YAH,

THE CHEROKEE CADMUS, WITH HIS ALPHABET IN HIS HANDS.

After McKenna & Hall's copy of original.

See page 400.

VIII. STORY OF SE-QUO-YAH, THE CHEROKEE CADMUS.

About the year 1763 a child was born to an Indian woman in the old Cherokee country of Georgia. He was on his father's side the grandson of a German by the name of Guess, or Ghiest, and was given the name George Guess, though he is better known as Se-Quo-Yah. He was early impressed with the thought of the superiority of the white over the red race, and wisely concluded that much of this was due to the white man's learning, and ability to represent his thoughts on paper in a way to mean the same thing to every one who saw it; unlike the picture writing then in vogue among the Cherokees, which was necessarily lacking in clearness and liable to misinterpretation.

He could neither read nor speak any language other than Cherokee, but he was a close observer, and a mechanical genius, and determined to invent a system of writing his language. In some manner, Se-Quo-Yah found out that the writing of the white man consisted in the use of characters to represent sounds. At first he thought of using one character for each word; but this was not possible because there are so many words it complicated matters too much. He finally concluded that as there were eighty-six syllables in Cherokee, he would form a series of eighty-six characters to represent them. He found that these characters could be so combined as to represent every word in the Cherokee language. Many of these characters were taken from an English spelling-book which he managed to get hold of. Some are Greek characters, and others are letters of the English alphabet

reversed, the rest were specially invented.

It happened, too, from the structure of the Cherokee language or dialect, that the syllabic alphabet is also in the nature of a grammar; so that those who know the language by ear and master the alphabet, can at once read and write. Owing to the extreme simplicity of this system, it can be acquired in a few days. Some have even learned it in one day; which is certainly very remarkable.

So much for the invention. The reader is no doubt interested in knowing more of the history of the inventor of this wonderful alphabet, which has proven such a blessing to the Cherokees.

The only remarkable thing about Se-Quo-Yah's early years appears to have been his preference for playing alone and building houses of sticks in the woods, rather than to join in the sports of Indian children of his age. His mother owned a few cows that furnished her the means of living. When her son was grown to be a sturdy boy he built a substantial milk house, where he helped his mother with the dairy work, showing himself an expert dairyman and adding materially to her profits.

He early displayed great interest in natural forms and unusual power of observation, and developed much skill in representing what he saw in drawing. His pictures were at first as crude as the common picture-writing of his people; but with practice his animals and men assumed more and more a living shape and an accurate expression of action. He became famed as an artist, and many visited his mother's cabin to see his pictures and to watch the wonderful process of their creation.

When he had reached early manhood this same artistic faculty led him to desire to create objects of beauty,

and he turned his attention to making the silver ornaments so much prized by his people, such as armlets, brooches and clasps. There was great demand for these products of his hands, owing to the novelty of their design and the fineness of their execution. But Se-Quo-Yah possessed a practical vein of artistic talent. Not content with making silver trinkets, he became a blacksmith, and turned out from his forge the finest spades, rakes and hoes, which were highly appreciated by some of his tribesmen who failed to perceive the artistic quality of his silver work.

There was an individual quality about his hoes as well as his bracelets which he valued and desired to have the credit of, and he wished to put some mark upon his work that would prove it to be his own. With this thought in mind, he went to a white neighbor with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and asked him to write his name on paper. Mr. Lowrey wrote it, using his English name, George Guess. From this Se-Quo-Yah made a die with which he stamped all the articles of silver or iron that he made.

His work had not only put much money in his pouch, but was fast making him the most popular young man of the tribe. This popularity came near being his ruin. The young men flocked about him, praised his skill, and envied him the gain it brought him. He requited their flattery with generous entertainment, according to the fashion of his people. Unfortunately contact with the white man had changed this fashion for the worse. Indians of an earlier generation had entertained their friends with feasts of game and sweet potatoes; but the young braves of 1800 and thereabouts preferred rum, Se-Quo-Yah would buy a keg of rum, and with a party of companions, would retire into the woods to remain until the rum supply was exhausted and they had recovered from its effects. The work of the forge stood still; money was getting low in the pouch.

Through the efforts of his good friend, Mr. Lowrey, Se-Quo-Yah was aroused to a sense of his folly and degradation before it was too late to break away from his bad habits; he gave up his idle companions, resumed his work with renewed industry and spent his leisure time among the more sedate and intelligent men of his tribe.

Among the people in whose society he was now to be found, a frequent subject of discussion was the wonderful power possessed by the white man of making curious marks upon paper, which meant the same thing to every white man to whom they might be shown; unlike the Indian's picture-writing, which meant this or that, according to the interpretation put upon it. Some characterized it as sorcery; some reverently called it a gift of the Great Spirit to his favorite children; some believed it to be a mere trick, and with the object of detecting the fraud would show a written sentence to one white man after another, expecting some variation in the interpretation. Se-Quo-Yah alone pronounced it an art which might be practiced by all men, if they had only the ingenuity. He expressed the belief that he could "talk on paper," and in spite of the ridicule of his friends set to work to make good his assertion.

In the woods he gathered birch bark which he separated into thin sheets; on these, with dyes extracted from plants, he painted pictures, each one of which represented the name of some natural object. This process was very laborious and he abandoned it when he found that he had accumulated a number of characters greater than he could remember, while the vocabulary of the language still remained far from complete.

He now procured coarse paper and made a rough book, in which he began another series of experiments. At this point he had some assistance from a collection of

"talking leaves," as the Indians called a printed page. An English spelling-book fell into his hands, but he could not read a word of it; he did not even know any English, but the "talking leaves" were covered all over with figures of distinct shape, such figures as he was taxing his ingenuity to invent. Some of them he copied and adopted in his work, where, however, they play a part quite unlike that with which we associate them in the English alphabet. For instance, among the eighty-six characters of the alphabet invented by Se-Quo-Yah, we recognize the forms of our W, H, B and other letters, but W stands for the sound la, and the others represent sounds just as far from their English equivalents.

After about two years' work Se-Quo-Yah had the satisfaction of seeing that he had really achieved the end for which he had labored so patiently. He had made a complete alphabet of the Cherokee language, an alphabet of which it may safely be affirmed that it is the most perfect in the world, since its characters represent exactly the sound for which they stand, unlike the letters of our English alphabet, which in many cases do not even suggest the sound of the word they spell. For example, a Cherokee who read the letters b-u-t would take for granted that he had spelled the word beauty; reading l-e-g, he would pronounce it elegy. The consequence of this is that when a Cherokee school boy has once mastered the alphabet he knows how to read without any further labor. There are no spelling lessons to learn. If he hears a word correctly pronounced he knows exactly what letters must be used to form it.

Having composed his alphabet, Se-Quo-Yah tested it by teaching it to his little daughter, six years old. To his joy, he found that as soon as she had become familiar with the characters she could form correctly any word he spoke.

It had taken him two years to perfect his method; it took him a longer time to convince his people of its value. During those years, his neglect of his forge and the chase, his idle dreaming over his "talking leaves," had aroused the ridicule and contempt of his neighbors and the head men of his tribe, and angered his wife, who resented finding her husband a lazy drone in place of the prosperous blacksmith she had married. The most kindly opinion expressed of him was that he was insane; even the children laughed at the madman and his "talking leaves." When he assured them that those "talking leaves" contained a secret of inestimable value to the Cherokee nation, they only laughed the more and passed on, shaking their heads and saying, "Poor old Se-Quo-Yah!"

With considerable difficulty he persuaded his old friend, Mr. Lowrey to come to his cabin and make a test of his discovery. Mr. Lowrey consented from mere good-nature, not expecting to learn anything of interest. Se-Quo-Yah asked him to dictate to him some words and sentences, which he wrote in his characters. He then called in his little daughter, who read without difficulty the sentences that she had not heard spoken. There was no possibility of doubting that here was a great discovery. Mr. Lowrey became Se-Quo-Yah's earnest helper in his efforts to gain recognition. But the obstacles in the way were hard to overcome. Prejudice against "white men's ways," distrust of a thing so contrary to the traditions of the tribe, fear of sorcery, all had to be met and conquered. At length the chiefs of the nation consented to a public test of Se-Quo-Yah's claims. A number of the most intelligent young men of the tribe were selected and placed under his tuition. The result confirmed in the minds of the more superstitious their belief in the magical nature of Se-Quo-Yah's characters. Some of the scholars learned the alphabet in three days and were then able to read anything that Se-

Quo-Yah had written at the dictation of any of the judges. The triumph of the inventor was complete.

The tide once turned swelled to a flood. So many students flocked about the master that he could not teach them all. The youth of the nation were seized with a mad desire for knowledge of the "talking leaves." The old men began to grumble about the spell of enchantment that Se-Quo-Yah had cast over the young braves, making them indifferent to the corn-dance and neglectful of the chase, while they spent their days poring over foolish bits of paper. But the objection of the conservatives was overruled by the enthusiasm of the more progressive party. Study of the new art became general among the younger generation. Schools were opened, text-books were prepared. English books were translated and printed in the Cherokee character. One of the earliest translations made was of the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, which was prepared by a Christian Indian and printed before any other part of the Scriptures.

Se-Quo-Yah now made a journey to the West, visiting a portion of his tribe that had emigrated to Arkansas. To them also he communicated his discovery and instructed them in the use of his alphabet. After his return to Georgia, he held a correspondence with these disciples in the west that was eyed askance by the conservative elders as savoring too much of the black art.

During this absence in the West, his admirers in the East had secured from the council of the nation an appropriation of a sum of money to provide a medal to be presented to Se-Quo-Yah in commemoration of his great achievement. This medal was made in Washington. It was of silver and bore on one side the medallion portrait of the Indian Cadmus, on the other a complimentary inscription. During the remainder of his life he wore it constantly

suspended about his neck, and took great pride in exhibiting it to his friends.

A natural consequence of the popular interest in the new art of reading and letter-writing was a demand for news—more news than could be had through personal correspondence. This demand was met five years after the nation had accepted the alphabet, by the publication of a newspaper, the first paper printed in the Indian character. It was called *The Phoenix,* and the editor was Elias Boudinot, a Cherokee, who had received a liberal education at the North.

The paper was printed partly in the Cherokee character and partly in English. Another paper, similarly arranged, was started one year after the death of Se-Quo-Yah by an appropriation of the national council, and is still issued weekly at Tahlequah, Indian Territory.

This paper is called the *Cherokee Advocate.* A copy of it is on the author's desk as he writes this article, and he hopes some day to be able to read it.

In 1838, when the Cherokees were removed from their old home in Georgia, Se-Quo-Yah emigrated with them to western Arkansas. There he remained for about four years, extending the knowledge of literature among his people and enjoying his late-earned fame. Here in the new west there reached his ears rumors from the still remote West of a people whom he believed to be a lost portion of the Cherokee nation, and he felt a great desire to reach and extend to them also the benefits he had conferred upon the nation at large. He determined to go in search of these lost Cherokees. The means to carry out this plan may have been secured through a grant made to him by the nation about this time of an annuity equal to the salary of a chief.

He fitted up a prairie wagon with camp equipage and added books, writing materials, and everything necessary for the instruction of any who might come to him to be taught.

This indomitable old man, now in his seventy-third year, started across the mountains and prairies en route for New Mexico. His granddaughter, Mrs. Lucy Keys, of Woods, Indian Territory, writes, concerning this last journey: "I was about twelve years old when my grandfather, Se-Quo-Yah, left his home in the Cherokee Nation in 1843.

"I remember well the morning they left. His son, Teece, and several other men, I do not know their names, went with him. He limped a little as he walked, and coughed a great deal. It was said that he had the breast complaint. His friends thought a change of climate would help him. I was present when the men returned and reported his death.

"They told how his health began to improve, and they had great hopes of his recovery, until after passing Grand River. Then they found only bad water; and his health failed again; the provisions became scarce, and they depended entirely on game. It seemed that there was nothing for them. One of the men always stayed with Se-Quo-Yah, until at last he sent them all to hunt. They remained over night, and on their return to the place next day where they had left him, he was gone, but had left directions for them to follow him to another place which he described.

"They hurried on, but found him dead. They put his papers with his body and wrapped it with blankets and placed it away, upon a kind of shelf, in a small cave, where nothing could disturb it. They said they marked the place

so they could find it, but the men sent to bring the body failed to find the place."

In the Council House of Tahlequah is a marble bust of Se-Quo-Yah, showing him a man of mild and thoughtful countenance. His true monument is the literature of his nation; the memory of his great achievement is perpetuated in the name of those giant trees that tower above the Western forests as he over topped other men of his tribe.

Shortly after the knowledge of Se-Quo-Yah's system became general among his people, Col. Thomas L. McKenney made a report to the War Department on the condition of the Cherokee Nation, in which he says: "The success which has attended the philological researches of one of the nation, whose system of education has met with universal approbation among the Cherokees, certainly entitles him to great consideration and to rank with the benefactors of men. His name is Guess and he is a native and unlettered Cherokee; but, like Cadmus, he has given to his people the alphabet of their language."



BIG TREE,

SECOND KIOWA CHIEF AND BAPTIST DEACON.

Courtesy of Lesalie Goff.

IX. JOHN JAYBIRD, THE INDIAN RELIC-MAKER, AND THE CITY DUDE.

A remnant of the Cherokees remained in North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, after the most of the tribe removed to Indian Territory. Among these was a young man named John Jaybird, known among both whites and Indians as "the Indian relic-maker." His chief employment is carving the images of men and animals in a kind of soft stone found near the Little Tennessee River, of western North Carolina. With no other implement than a pocket-knife he can carve an exact image of any animal he has ever seen, or of which he has ever seen a picture. For these curiosities, or "Indian relics," as he calls them, he finds a profitable sale among the whites. He lived on the banks of the Little Tennessee River, and when not carving was fishing.

E. E. White, the special Indian agent, tells the following amusing story in which this young Cherokee figured. He said "A dude came out from the city to visit Mr. Siler, a prominent young lawyer of Charleston, North Carolina. He professed to be fond of fishing, and from the first manifested great impatience to embark in that delightful pastime. He was very loud, and so extremely blustering and energetic that Mr. Siler's village friends stood off and looked on in amazement, and sometimes in great amusement also. But Mr. Siler was courteous and obliging and not disposed to be critical. Nevertheless it was whispered about among his home friends that at heart he would be glad enough to get the dude off in the woods out of sight. At all events, he said, the dude should fish as much as he wished.

"Equipped with bait and tackle they betook themselves to the river. To the dude's evident astonishment the fish refused to come out on the bank and suffer him to

kill them with a club, and he shifted about too much to give them a chance at his hook. He could always see a better place somewhere else. He soon began to manifest disappointment in the fish and disgust for the country, and intimated that the people were shamefully deficient in enterprise and style, and in no respect what they should be. Rambling on down the river, the dude leading and Siler following—they came in sight of Jaybird, who was also fishing. Sitting motionless on a rock, with his gaze fixed on the cork on his line, he seemed the counterpart of 'the lone fisherman.'

"By Jove! Yonder's an Indian," said the dude; "let's make him get away and let us have that place." "Oh, no," replied Siler; "that's John Jaybird, one of the best fellows in the world. Let's not bother him."

Mr. Siler and Jaybird were close friends. "No," said the dude; "that's the most decent place I've seen, and I intend to have it; I do, by Jove!"

"Oh, no; don't do that," Siler pleaded; "he wouldn't disturb us. Besides, if we try to make him go, he's liable to get stubborn, and we had better not have any trouble with him. Wait and I'll ask him to let you have the place; may be he'll do it."

"Oh, get out," the dude ejaculated; "what's the use of so much politeness with a lazy, sleepy-looking Indian? Watch me wake him up and make him trot. By Jove, watch me!"

Swelling himself up to the highest tension, he strode up to Jaybird, who was still unaware of their approach. Slapping his hand down on Jaybird's head and snatching his hat off, he exclaimed:

"Here, you Indian; clear out from here! By Jove, clear out!"

Jaybird looked up at the intruder, but with a face as barren of expression as the rock upon which he sat.

Comprehending the demand, however, he replied: "Yes; me no clear out. Me heap like it, this place. Me heap ketch him, fish."

"Get out, I tell You! By Jove, get out!" roared the dude, with visible signs of embarrassment and rage.

"Yes, me no git out. Me heap like it, this." Before Jaybird could finish the sentence the dude slapped him on the side of the head with his open hand. Springing to his feet, Jaybird uttered a whoop and ran into the dude, butting him with his head and shoulders instead of striking him. The dude's breath escaped from him with a sound not unlike the bleat of a calf, and he fell at full length on his back. Jaybird went down on top of him, pounding and biting with a force and ferocity that suggested a combination of pugilist and wild cat. The dude tried to call Siler, but Jaybird put his mouth over the dude's and bit his lips half off. He bit the dude's nose, eyebrows, cheeks, ears and arms. He choked him and beat him from his waist to his head.

When Jaybird thus sprung himself head foremost at the dude, Siler fell over on the ground in a spasm of laughter. This did not escape Jaybird's notice, and he jumped to a wrong conclusion as to the cause of it.

Siler always said he had no idea the Indian was hurting the dude half so bad, but that the turn the affair had taken was so absurd and ridiculous, he would have been bound to laugh any way. His friends believed that he was

simply glad to see the dude get a whipping. Possibly both these causes contributed to his hilarity.

But the conviction had fastened itself on Jaybird's mind that this man Siler, whom he had always regarded as a friend, was laughing *because the dude was making him clear out.* So, while the *dude was performing that feat,* Jaybird kept one eye on Siler and silently determined in his own mind what he would do for him when he got through with the dude.

The dude had scarcely raised a hand in resistance since this human catapult struck him, and now he lay there as limp and motionless as a dead man. Siler had laughed until he was almost exhausted, and was leaning against a sapling, still laughing. Suddenly Jaybird uttered another whoop, sprang from the dude and rushed furiously on Siler. Before the hilarious lawyer could recover from his surprise, he was down on his back, rapidly being pounded and chewed into pulp himself.

The dude dragged himself to the root of a tree, carefully placed his single eyeglass, and began, as Siler expressed it, "to hold an inquest on himself, and take an inventory of his bruises and mutilations!" Siler called to him for help. He seemed surprised, and could repress his resentment of Siler's conduct no longer. Readjusting his eyeglass, and taking a closer look at Jaybird and Siler, he exclaimed in a tone of mingled revenge and satisfaction:

"Ah, by Jove! You're calling for help yourself now, are you? You played the deuce helping me you did, by Jove! I hope he'll beat you to death and scalp you, and if it were not for the law I'd help him do it; I would, by Jove!"

Jaybird relaxed no effort until Siler was as badly whipped as the dude. Then rising and deliberately *spitting*

on his bait afresh he resumed his seat on the rock, and again remarked in the same half deprecating tone, though with rather an ominous shake of his head: "Yes, me no git out. Me heap like it, this place. Me heap ketch him, fish."

None of their bones being broken, Siler and the dude were able to get back to Charleston. The whole town gathered in to look at them, and the affair provoked many witty comments. The doctor said he could patch up their wounds well enough for all practical purposes, but he shook his head discouragingly when asked if they would ever be pretty any more.

Mr. Jaybird came out without a scratch, and Siler said the last they saw of him he was sitting on the rock gazing at the cork on his line, precisely as he was when they found him.

It is certainly refreshing to read of one Indian who had rights white men were bound to respect, and who knew so well how to maintain them. "*May his tribe increase.*"

X. PROOF THAT THE INDIAN POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES IS INCREASING.

In order to disprove the impression which prevails among a large majority of our people that the Indians are decreasing constantly, we quote the following from the Government report relative to the population of our Reservations:

INDIAN RESERVATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES.

	Area in Acres.	Area in Sq. Miles.	Indian Population.
Arizona	15,150,757	23,673	40,189
California	406,396	635	11,341
Colorado			995
Florida			575
Idaho	1,364,500	2,132	3,557
Indian Territory	19,513,216	30,489	86,265
Iowa	2,965	4	385
Kansas	28,279	44	1,211
Michigan	8,317	13	7,557
Minnesota	1,566,707	2,477	8,952
Montana	9,500,700	14,845	10,076
Nebraska	74,592	116	3,854
Nevada	954,135	1,491	8,321
New Mexico	1,667,485	2,605	9,480
New York	87,677	137	5,334
North Carolina	98,211	153	1,436
North Dakota	3,701,724	5,784	8,276
Oklahoma	6,884,021	10,756	13,926
Oregon	1,300,225	2,031	4,063
South Dakota	8,991,791	14,049	19,212
Texas			290
Utah	2,390,040	3,186	2,115
Washington	2,333,574	3,646	9,827
Wisconsin	381,061	595	10,726
Wyoming	1,810,000	2,828	1,642

Miscellaneous or scattering			449
Total in the year 1880	154,741,349	241,800	255,327
Total in the year 1900	77,865,373	121,665	270,544
Total gain of Indian population in ten years			15,217

XI. RICH INDIAN MAID.

ANNIE DILLION, A LITTLE KIOWA GIRL, WHO IS HEIRESS TO MORE THAN $1,000,000—SAVES A RICH CATTLEMAN'S LIFE AND HE FITTINGLY REWARDED HER—PRETTY AND INTELLIGENT.

Because she proved true to her white friend in his time of need, Annie Trueheart Dillion, a little Kiowa maiden, fourteen years old, has become the richest Indian girl in all the West. Annie is the daughter of Chief Black Wolf and is heiress to the entire fortune of $1,000,000 and more left by John Dillion, a rich cattleman. Dillion was born and raised in Ireland, and when he came to America he went to Texas and worked on a ranch in that State as laborer and cowboy. By careful management he became rich. From his cattle ranch on the Rio Grande he shipped every year large herds of cattle to the Indian Territory to fatten upon the fine pasture lands of that favored region

during the spring and summer. He had been in this business so long that he was pretty well acquainted with all of the Kiowa chiefs and various members of the nation, and from the fact that he always had dealt fairly with his red brothers he was popular. He leased vast areas of pasture lands every year, and was always prompt in the payment of the rents. He was liberal, good-hearted and kindly disposed, but with one grave fault—he dearly loved a glass of grog, and as he grew older and his constitution began to yield to the hardships incident to his career he drank much. He enjoyed the company of his cowboys and cattlemen, and nothing pleased him better after a successful deal than to surround himself with a crowd of good fellows and make a night of it with plenty of red liquor. Seven years ago a little affair of this kind came near ending his career. He had visited the Territory to meet the agent of a big syndicate, with whom he expected to make a deal that would relieve him of several thousand head of steers. The deal was made and Dillion was in a most felicitous frame of mind. At that time the old Texan had in his employ a half-breed Cherokee, Bill Hawk. This rascal happened to be present when Dillion received a large sum of money in bills, which he saw the old man roll together and put in his pocket. The elated Texan, after taking several more toddies, decided to go out to a pasture about ten miles from Chickasha, where he had a fine herd of cattle that were being looked after by some of his favorite Texan cowboys, and he asked Hawk to hitch up a buggy and go with him. The man was eager to go, but his conduct did not arouse any suspicion at the time. The road to the pasture passed through a small Indian village, where Dillion had many acquaintances. When the old man reached this place several Indians and half-bloods gathered about his buggy and begged him to stay over night to attend a dance. He did so and enjoyed himself to the utmost until he finally succumbed to slumber. Late in the

night the old Texan felt something pulling his arm, and when he opened his eyes he found that a little Indian girl was trying to wake him. As soon as the child saw that his eyes were opened she whispered: "Dillion, now you go putty quick. Hawk heap bad man. Putty soon him come. Him got big knife—kill white man—take boss—take heap money. Me hear him talk. Him heap drunk. You go now." The child ran away, and Dillion slipped from under his blankets and rolled them together. After placing his hat at one end of the roll and his boots at the other he crawled away a short distance and lay down under a tree to watch for further developments. He did not wait long before he saw a man cautiously approach the pile of blankets. The drunken assassin was deceived by the hat and boots. He thought that his victim was at his mercy, and he drew a big knife from his belt and drove it into the roll of blankets with all his strength. The next instant Hawk sprang into the air with a wild yell and fell dead across the blankets, with a bullet in his heart. Dillion had killed him.

The old Texan never afterward was the same man. He continued to attend to his business and make money, but it was easy to see that there was a cloud on his mind. He never suspected his friend, Black Wolf, or any of the Indians of the village of having aided the assassin. He became attached devotedly to the Indian girl who had saved his life, and he finally got the chief's consent to let him educate her and make her his heiress. She was to be given to him when she became fourteen years old, but he died a short time before she reached that age, and now the girl's future and fortune are in the hands of important persons. John Rogers, of Presidio, who was in the millionaire's employ for nearly a quarter of a century, is the executor of his will, and he says that the Indian girl will inherit a fortune of $1,000,000 in cash that is with a safe deposit company in New York, and besides this, when

she is of legal age, or when she marries, she will come into possession of a fine ranch on the Rio Grande that is well stocked with cattle, and one of the prettiest haciendoes in old Mexico.

Miss Annie, who is now but fifteen years old, is at present a student at Hardin College, Mexico, Missouri. When she completes the course there she will go to some Eastern school for the finishing touches. She is a pure-blooded Indian girl and few heiresses have come into their fortunes in a way more romantic.

XII. MONUMENTS ERECTED TO SOME OF THE FAMOUS INDIANS.

Will M. Clemens, in writing recently for a Chicago paper, says: "In the United States to-day are nine monuments erected by white men to perpetuate the memory of famous Indians, and the nine great warriors of the early wilderness thus remembered are Miantonomoh, Uncas, Keokuk, Leatherlips, Seattle, Red Jacket, Cornstalk, Tomo-Chi-Chi and Pokagon.

"Miantonomoh, famous sachem of the Narragansetts, was one of the first Indian chiefs of whom early English settlers of Connecticut and Rhode Island had knowledge. He was captured and executed in 1643 and was buried a mile east of Norwich, Connecticut, on the spot where he died. For many years thereafter members of his tribe made visits to the grave, and each added to a pile of stone until a considerable monument was raised in this way to his memory by his own tribe. In 1841 the citizens of Norwich and vicinity placed over the grave of Miantonomoh a solid

block of granite, eight feet long, five feet high and five feet in thickness, with the inscription, 'Miantonomoh, 1643,' cut in large deep letters."



SATANTA,

KIOWA CHIEF AND NOTED ORATOR.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution.

"This was the first monument actually erected by white men over the grave of an Indian; and nothing could better illustrate the advance in civilization than this act of rescuing the grave of this noted chief from neglect and oblivion, who two hundred years before had been condemned and executed by the English settlers.

"Uncas was the most noted chief of the Mohegan tribe, a branch of the Pequots. He died of advanced age about 1683, at Norwich, Connecticut, to which town he deeded a large tract of land shortly before his death. The people of Norwich long contemplated a monument to Uncas, but the project did not take active form until the summer of 1833, when General Jackson, then President of the United States, visited Norwich, and his visit was made the occasion of awakening an active interest in the project of erecting a monument for their 'old friend,' as they expressed it—the Mohegan sachem, Uncas.

"President Jackson formally 'moved the foundation-stone to its place.' It has been described by the historian Caulkins as 'an interesting, suggestive ceremony; a token of respect from the modern warrior to the ancient—from the emigrant race to the aborigines.'

"But the project of completing the monument languished, and not until July, 1847, was the Uncas memorial finally completed. It is a granite obelisk or shaft, about twenty feet in height, supported by a huge granite block upon which the simple name 'Uncas' is cut in large letters. All about the grave of Uncas repose the ashes of many chiefs and members of his tribe. The place had been used before and has been used since by the Indians as a burying-place, but little or no evidence now remains to distinguish their respective graves.

"The monument to Chief Keokuk, 'The Watchful

Fox,' was erected at Keokuk, Iowa, in 1886. Subsequent to the Black Hawk War, Keokuk removed with his tribe from Iowa to the Territory of Kansas, where he died in 1848. Over his grave was placed a marble slab, which marked his place of burial until 1883, when the remains were exhumed and taken to Keokuk and interred in the city park, where a durable monument was erected by public-spirited citizens to designate the final resting-place of the noted chieftain. Later a bronze bust of Keokuk was placed in the marble room of the United States Senate at Washington.

"Chief Leatherlips of the Wyandots, who was executed by the people of his own race in 1810, is remembered by his white brothers with a lasting monument on the spot where he died in Franklin County, Ohio, fifteen miles from Columbus. Leather-lips was put to death 'for witchcraft,' and his execution was witnessed by William Sells, a white man. The Wyandot Club, of Columbus, in 1888, erected a Scotch granite monument, which stands in the center of a one-acre park surrounded by a substantial stone wall. The monument stands upon the summit of the east bank of the Scioto River, about fifteen rods from the river's edge. The view from the monument, both up and down the Scioto, is most picturesque and beautiful.

"The monument to Seattle, or Sealth, as called by the Indians, chief of the Squamish and Allied tribes, stands at Fort Madison, on Puget Sound, fifteen miles northwest of Seattle, Washington. Sealth was perhaps the greatest Indian character of the Western country. As a statesman he had no superior among the red men and ruled his people for more than half a century. At the time of his death, in 1866, he was the acknowledged head and chief sachem of all the tribes living on or near Puget Sound. He had reached the age of eighty when he passed away and had made many warm friends with the white pioneers in

Washington. Over a hundred white men were in attendance at his funeral. In 1890 his friends erected a monument of Italian marble, seven feet high, with a base or pedestal surmounted by a cross bearing the letters 'I. H. S.' On one side of the monument is the following inscription:

"SEATTLE,
Chief of the Squamish and Allied Tribes,
Died June 7th, 1866.
The Firm Friend of the Whites and for Him the City of
Seattle Was Named
by Its Founders.

"The memorial to the great Seneca chief, Red Jacket, or Sa-Go-Ye-Wat-Ha. 'The Keeper Awake,' stands in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, New York, and was erected in June, 1892. Red Jacket was born at Seneca Lake, New York, in 1752, and died on the Seneca reservation, near Buffalo, in 1830. His fame is that of a statesman and orator rather than as a warrior, and he was regarded as the most noted chief among the Six Nations of the Iroquois. He has been described as the perfect Indian in dress, character and instinct. He refused to acquire the English language, and never dressed other than in his native costume. He had an unalterable dislike for the missionary and contempt for the clothes of the white man.

"When Red Jacket died, in 1830, his remains were given over to Ruth Stevenson, a stepdaughter, who retained them in her cabin for some years, and finally secreted them in a place unknown to any person but herself. After she had become advanced in age, she became anxious to have the remains of her step father receive a final and known resting-place, and with that view, in October, 1879, she delivered them to the Buffalo Historical Society, which assumed their care and custody and deposited them in the vaults of the Western Savings

Bank of Buffalo, where they remained until October, 1884, when their final interment was made in Forest Lawn Cemetery at Buffalo. The splendid monument which now marks the spot was not completed until some years after the interment.

"The monument to Chief Cornstalk, warrior and sachem of the Shawnees, was erected at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, in 1896. It stands in the courthouse yard and was made possible by the thoughtfulness and generosity of the leading citizens of Point Pleasant. Here in October, 1774, was fought that great battle where Cornstalk won fame for his prowess and general-ship. He was, too, a man endowed with superior intellectual faculties and was an orator of transcendent eloquence. His murder in 1777 by a party of infuriated soldiers was the result of the killing of a white settler by some roving Indians. The death of Cornstalk destroyed the only hope of reconciliation and peace between the white settlers south of the Ohio River and the Indian tribes north of it. It was followed by a succession of wars, forays and murders, down to the battle of 'Fallen Timbers' in 1794, during which time many thousands of white men, women and children, and many thousands of the red race of all ages and conditions perished.

"There never has been and never can be any excuse or palliation for the murder of Cornstalk, and no one event in the history of those bloody times so much enraged the vindictive spirit of the Indian tribes, particularly of the Shawnees. It can never be known how many deaths of white men, women and children during the next twenty years were owing to this murder. One hundred and twenty years later an enduring monument was raised to his memory by a few generous-minded white men on the spot where he fought one of the greatest battles in all Indian warfare, and where three years afterward he gave up his

life.

"In the heart of Savannah, Georgia, reposes a huge granite boulder, erected in honor of the Indian chief, Tomo-Chi-Chi. This noble red man was the special friend of Gen. James Oglethorpe, the English knight who, in early colonial days, endured much hardship in the new country of America to befriend both the Georgia colony and the Indians thereabout. Chief Tomo-Chi-Chi, also mighty in the camp-fire councils of the braves, easily ranked as one of the foremost of his race in those times. And so when the stately descendants of Colonial sires, known as Colonial Dames of America, sought to commemorate the spirit of the Georgia colony, four years ago, they placed this monument in the State capital. The bronze tablet on the side reads: 'In memory of Tomo-Chi-Chi, the Mico of the Yamacrans, the companion of Oglethorpe, and the friend and ally of the colony of Georgia, this stone has been here placed by the Georgia Society of the Colonial Dames of America, 1739-1899.'

"The monument erected by the citizens of Chicago to Leopold and Simon Pokagon, chiefs of the Pottawatomie Indians, in Jackson Park, Chicago, completes the known list of memorials erected by white men to their red brethren in this country. The Pokagons, father and son, were successive chiefs and sachems of the once powerful Pottawatomie tribe, which long occupied the region around the southern and eastern shores of Lake Michigan. Leopold Pokagon is described as a man of excellent character and habits, a good warrior and hunter, and as being possessed of considerable business capacity. He was well known to the early white settlers in the region about Lake Michigan, and his people were noted as being the most advanced in civilization of any of the neighboring tribes. He ruled over his people for forty-three years.

"In 1833 he sold to the United States one million acres of land at 3 cents an acre, and on the land so conveyed has since been built the city of Chicago. He died in 1840 in Cass County, Michigan.

"His son, Simon, then ten years of age, became the rightful hereditary chief of the tribe. At the age of fourteen he began the study of English, which he successfully mastered, as well as Latin and Greek. No full-blooded Indian ever acquired a more thorough knowledge of the English language. In 1897 he wrote an article for a New York magazine on the 'Future of the Red Man,' in which he said: 'Often in the stillness of the night, when all nature seems asleep about me, there comes a gentle rapping at the door of my heart. I open it and a voice inquires: "Pokagon, what of your people? What will be their future?" My answer is: "Mortal man has not the power to draw aside the veil of unborn time to tell the future of his race. That gift belongs to the Divine alone. But it is given to him to closely judge the future by the present and the past."' Pokagon died January 28, 1899, at his old home in Allegan County, Michigan, at the age of seventy years; and thus passed away the last and most noted chief of the once powerful Pottawatomie tribe. His remains were buried in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago."

We are somewhat surprised that Mr. Clemens should think that the nine chiefs he mentions form a complete list of those to whom monuments have been built.

There are several others, including Joseph Brant, the great Mohawk sachem and head of the Iroquois Confederation, who was buried beside the church he had erected at Grand River, Canada. There is a monument over his grave, said to have cost $30,000, with the following inscription:

"This tomb is erected to the memory of Thayendanegea, or Captain Joseph Brant, principal chief and warrior of the Six Nations, Indians, by his fellow subjects, admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British Crown."

Shabbona, the White Man's Friend, the Pottawatomie chief, also has a monument on his grave in the cemetery at Morris, Illinois, recently erected by his white friends. In some cases the contributors were the children of the very people whose lives Shabbona saved by warning them at the time of the Black Hawk War. It is a massive boulder of granite, containing only the following simple inscription:

SHABBONA,
1775-1859.

A full description of the unveiling of this monument is given in our sketch of Shabbona.

In the month of June of the year 1905 a substantial monument was erected over the remains of Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, known as the Indian Xenophon, and one of the noblest red men of all history.

This monument now stands in the cemetery at Nespelim, Washington, on a commanding point, where the remains of the great chief were interred. The monument is of white marble and measures seven and one-half feet in height. A full account of the dedication is in our sketch of Chief Joseph. There is, as stated elsewhere, in the Council House of the Cherokees, at Tallequah, a marble bust of Se-Quo-Yah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet.

There is also over the entrance to "Tammany Hall," city of New York, a statue of the celebrated Delaware sachem, from whom the name is derived. This image is

probably fanciful, but there was undoubtedly such an individual as the illustrious Tamenend, who stands foremost in the list of all the great men of his tribe in any age.

This chief certainly exerted a far-reaching influence over both red and white men, even though his history is rather obscure. It is known, however, that he was a mighty warrior, an accomplished statesman, and a pure and high-minded patriot. In private life he was still more distinguished for his virtues than in public for his talents. His countrymen could only account for the perfections they ascribed to him by supposing him to be favored with the special communications of the Great Spirit. Ages have elapsed since his death, but his memory was so fresh among the Delawares of the eighteenth century that when Colonel Morgan, of New Jersey, was sent as an agent among them by Congress, during the Revolution, they conferred on him the title of Tamenend, as the greatest mark of respect they could show for the manners and character of that gentleman; and he was known by his Indian appellation ever afterward.

About this time the old chieftain had so many admirers among the whites also that they made him a saint, inserted his name in calendars, and celebrated his festival on the first day of May, yearly. On that day a numerous society of his votaries walked in procession through the streets of Philadelphia, their hats decorated with buck-tails, and proceeded to a sylvan rendezvous out of town, which they called the Wigwam, where after a long talk or speech had been delivered, and the *Calumet* of friendship passed around, the remainder of the day was spent in high festivity. A dinner was prepared and Indian dances performed on the green. The custom ceased a few years after the conclusion of peace, at the close of the Revolution, and though other Tammany associations have

since existed, they retain little of the model they were formed upon but the name.

New York city gradually absorbed the name (which was changed from Tamenend to Tammany for the sake of the euphony) and whatever of political prestige was included with it.

The name Tammany has come to be a synonym for municipal politics from a Democratic standpoint, as regards New York city, and it is interesting to know that the name and fame was literally captured from Philadelphia, where it first existed.

There are two other Indians who have been honored with memorials, one of whom was the Indian woman who was the guide to Lewis and Clark, and the other, Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief.

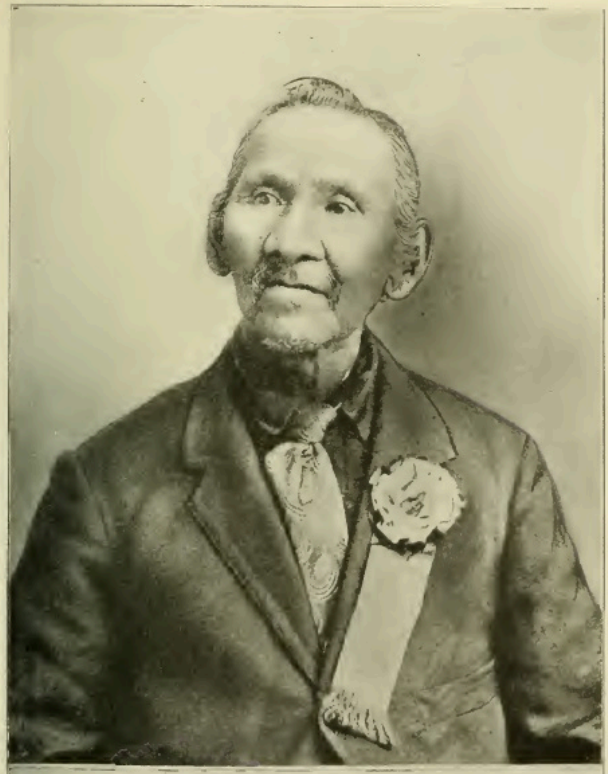
Within the corporate limits of the city of Auburn, New York, there is a high elevation called Fort Hill, which derives its name from the fact that it was formerly surmounted by a fort, built to protect the citizens from attacks of Indians. When the fort was demolished, the stones of which it was composed were used to construct a monument in memory of Logan. It is a tall shaft, in the face of which a slab of marble is inserted bearing Logan's pathetic words: "Who is there to mourn for Logan—not one." In summer the shaft is covered with ivy, and as it is on a high point it can be viewed from a great distance.

Fort Hill is now used as a cemetery.

There were thirty-five people in the Lewis and Clark Exploring Expedition in 1805, of whom thirty-four were men, and one a woman, but without her aid, it is quite probable, the expedition would have been a failure. This

woman, Sacajawea, or the Bird-woman, wife of Chaboneau, who accompanied them as a local interpreter, was a captive whose birthplace was in the Rocky Mountains. She proved to be the only person found, after a winter's search, who could by any possibility serve them as interpreter and guide among the unknown tongues and labyrinthine fastnesses through which they must force their way.

Sacajawea, therefore, became the chief counselor, guide, and interpreter of Lewis and Clark. She alone knew the edible roots, springs, passes and fords. So with her baby on her back, she proudly trudged on in the lead, for *two thousand miles.* Onward and upward they scrambled, threading cañons, fording torrents, scaling mountains, until they crossed the backbone of the continent. When food was scarce she went on alone to the Indian villages, where her presence with her infant proved to the savages that the expedition could not be hostile. Making her wants known to the squaws, she was given provisions for herself and the men. When hope sank in the hearts of the bravest she alone was able to cheer and inspire, by word and example.



SON OF LEOPOLD POKAGON, THE POTTAWATOMIE CHIEF WHO OWNED THE LAND ON WHICH CHICAGO STANDS.

Courtesy of Chicago Historical Society.

See page 657.

One day in their long and perilous journey they surprised a squaw so encumbered with papooses (which she would not desert) that she could not escape, and winning her heart by painting her cheeks, and presenting a looking-glass for their inspection, they made friends with her tribe, one of whose chiefs proved to be a brother to their Bird-woman, and her heart was gladdened by the reunion.

Many an episode in this eventful journey will hereafter glorify with romantic association, mountains, cañons, rocks, rivers and islands, all along the route; and none can be more touching than the story of the courageous and faithful Sacajawea, the Bird-woman. But when bounties in land and money were granted to others, she was forgotten. It was ever thus with the great benefactors of the race in general, and the Indian in particular. They stone them while living, and stone them when dead by building monuments to their memory.

In Portland, Oregon, the grateful white women have caused to be erected a statue of this noble red woman. Those who have seen it inform us that the artist has been especially happy in his modeling—sober, patient, silent, head firmly poised, she looks out wistfully to the western mountains and points the way. On her back is her papoose, chubby and contented, yet innocent of the thought that he is making history. This noble bronze reveals the honest wife, the loving mother, the faithful friend, the unerring guide. "Thousands looking upon this statue," as Elbert Hubbard says, "have been hushed into silence and tears. There is an earnestness in it—a purity of purpose—that rebukes frivolity and makes one mentally uncover."

XIII. PISKARET, THE HERO OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

The Iroquois, or "Romans of the West," called also Mingoes and Massawomeks, had a formidable rival in a powerful tribe known as the Adirondacks, whose home was on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence.

When the French settled Canada, in 1603, they found the Iroquois living where Montreal now stands, and engaged, even then, in a war with the Adirondacks. As the French wanted the country occupied by the Iroquois they promptly made common cause with the Adirondacks, and their united forces drove the Five Nations across the St. Lawrence and south and east of the great lakes, Erie and Ontario.

But this warlike confederation soon rallied from their temporary defeat, and, turning on their old enemies, renewed the struggle with such valor that the Adirondacks fled three hundred miles into the wilderness to escape extermination.

The Adirondacks now adopted the plan of sending out small parties, and of relying especially on their captains. Five of these men, alone, are said, by their astonishing energy and bravery, to have well-nigh turned the balance of the war. The chief and leader of this noble quintet was Piskaret, in his own day the most celebrated chieftain of the North. He and his four comrades solemnly devoted themselves to the purpose of redeeming the sullied glory of the nation, at a period when the prospect of conquest, and perhaps of defense, had already become desperate. They set out for Three Rivers in one canoe; each of them being provided with three muskets, which they loaded severally with two bullets, connected by a small chain ten inches in

length. In Sorel River they met with five boats of the Iroquois, each having on board ten men. As the parties rapidly came together, Piskaret and his men pretended to give themselves up for lost, and began singing their death song. This was continued till their enemy was just at hand, for the Iroquois intended to capture them alive for torture. But at a signal from Piskaret, the five men seized their muskets from the bottom of the canoe and fired simultaneously on the five canoes. The charge was repeated with the arms which lay ready loaded, and the slight birches of the Iroquois were torn asunder, and the frightened occupants tumbled overboard as fast as possible. Piskaret and his comrades, after knocking as many on the head as they pleased, reserved the remainder to feed their revenge, which was soon afterward done by burning them alive in the most cruel tortures.

This exploit, creditable as it might be to the actors in the eyes of their countrymen, served only to sharpen the fierce eagerness for blood which still raged in the bosom of Piskaret. His next enterprise was far more hazardous than the former; and so much more so, indeed, even in prospect, that not a single warrior would bear him company. He set out alone, therefore, for the country of the Five Nations (with which he was well acquainted), about that period of the spring when the snow was beginning to melt. Accustomed, as an Indian must be to all emergencies of traveling as well as warfare, he took the precaution of putting the hinder part of his snowshoes forward, so that if his footsteps should happen to be observed by his vigilant enemy, it might be supposed he had gone the contrary way. For further security he went along the ridges and high ground, where the snow was melted, that his track might be lost.

On coming near one of the villages of the Five Nations, he concealed himself until night, and then entered

a cabin, while the inmates were fast asleep, killed the whole family and carried the scalps to his lurking-place. The next day the people of the village sought for the murderer, but in vain. He came out again at midnight and repeated his deed of blood. The third night a watch was kept in every house and Piskaret was compelled to exercise more caution. But his purpose was not abandoned. He bundled up the scalps he had already taken, to carry home with him as a proof of his victory, and then stole warily from house to house until he at last discovered an Indian nodding at his post. This man he dispatched at a blow, but that blow alarmed the neighborhood, and he was forced immediately to fly for his life. Being, however, the fleetest Indian then alive, he was under no apprehension of danger from the chase. He permitted his pursuers to approach him from time to time, and then suddenly darted away from them, hoping in this manner to discourage, as well as escape them. When the evening came on he hid himself and his enemies stopped to rest. Feeling no danger from a single enemy, and he a fugitive, they even indulged themselves in sleep, without posting a guard. Piskaret, who watched every movement, turned about, tomahawked every man of them, added their scalps to his bundle, and leisurely resumed his way home, where he was greeted with great joy, and a dance, that lasted all day was celebrated in his honor.

When even these heroic deeds failed to arouse the remnant of his once powerful tribe, Piskaret is said to have journeyed far toward the setting sun, and joined the warlike Sioux, among whom he became a war-chief.

Perhaps the four Indians of the broadest culture and most liberal education of the present and recent past are Simon Pokagon, already mentioned, who was succeeded

by his son Charles, Gen. Ely Samuel Parker, Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman and Dr. Carlos Montezuma.

XIV. GEN. ELY S. PARKER.

Was a full-blooded Seneca Indian, born on the Tonawanda reservation in New York, in 1820. He was chief of the Seneca tribe and head of the Iroquois Confederation. His Indian name was Do-No-Hoh-Ga-Wa, which means "Keeper of the Western Gate." General Parker was educated at Ellicottsville, where he studied the profession of civil engineering. He also studied law and was admitted to the New York bar, but never practiced.

He lived for a time in Galena, Illinois, where he was a friend of General Grant. General Parker received a commission as captain in the United States army from President Lincoln and joined Grant at Vicksburg in 1862, where he was made a member of the general's staff, with the rank of colonel. He wrote the famous surrender of Lee at Appomattox in 1865. Grant made him a brigadier-general, and when he became President he appointed him Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which place he held until 1871. For several years he had been superintendent and architect of police stations in New York city.

General Parker married Miss Minnie Sackett of Washington, D. C, in 1867. President Grant attended the marriage ceremony and gave the bride away.

An old veteran who was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, told the author that General Parker, who was then Grant's military secretary, had the appearance of a mulatto, and was mistaken for one by

some of the Southern generals, who were indignant that General Grant should dictate the terms of capitulation to a "nigger." They were mollified, however, when it was explained to them that the secretary belonged to another swarthy race, which was never enslaved.

General Parker died at Fairfield, Connecticut, August 31, 1895.

XV. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DOCTOR EASTMAN.

Charles Alexander Eastman, whose Indian name is Ohiyesa, "The Winner," was born in Minnesota about 1858. His father was a full-blood Sioux of a leading family, by the name of Many Lightnings, and his mother a half-blood, called in Indian The Goddess, or in English Nancy Eastman. She died soon after the birth of Ohiyesa, who was carefully reared by his paternal grandmother.

When he was four years old the so-called "Minnesota massacre" broke up his family and drove the uncle and grandmother, with the boy, into exile in Manitoba, where they roamed about for ten years, living by the chase. In the meantime Ohiyesa was educated by his uncle, a notable hunter and warrior, in woodcraft and all the lore of the red man.

At the age of fifteen the boy was sought and found by his father, who had in the meantime embraced Christianity and civilization. He brought him to his home at Flandreau, South Dakota, a little community of citizen Indians, and sent him to school. After a year at a mission day-school and two years at Dr. Riggs's Indian boarding-school at

Santee, Nebraska, he went east to Beloit, Wisconsin, then to Knox College, Illinois, taking his final year of preparatory work at Kimball Union Academy, New Hampshire. He entered Dartmouth College in 1883, where he was successful both in scholarship and athletics, his specialty in the latter being long-distance running, and graduated in 1887. He graduated in medicine in 1890 at the Boston University.

Immediately after graduation, Dr. Eastman was appointed Government Physician to the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota, and served through the "Ghost Dance War" and for two years afterward. He married, in 1891, Miss Elaine Goodale, of Massachusetts. In 1893 he went to St. Paul, Minnesota, and for several years engaged in medical practice, and also represented the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations among the Indians. He afterward went to Washington as attorney for the Santee Sioux, and for several years furthered their interests at the National Capital.

His first literary work was a series of sketches of his early life for St. Nicholas, published in 1893-4. These were begun without much deliberation and originally intended to preserve some of his recollections for his own children. Several sketches and stories were published by other magazines, and in 1902 his first book, "Indian Boyhood," embodying the story of his own youth, was published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Two years later a book of wild animal and Indian hunting tales, "Red Hunters and the Animal People," appeared with the imprint of Harper and Brothers.

Dr. Eastman has recently been appointed by the Government to revise the allotment rolls of the Sioux, grouping them under appropriate family names. He is well known as a lecturer and is everywhere welcomed for his

sympathetic interpretations of Indian life and character.

Beyond a doubt he is, as Hamlin Garland says, "far and away the ablest living expositor of Sioux life and character."

The Boston Transcript says of him: "Dr. Charles A. Eastman is a Sioux Indian, and in his life, which began in 1858, has traversed almost the whole course of human civilization, from the life of a very child of the woods to that of the honored graduate of the white man's college and professional school of highest rank. . . . Dr. Eastman came back to his Alma Mater last month, when the corner-stone of the new Dartmouth Hall was laid, and at the banquet in the evening he made so good a speech that President Tucker had the warm applause of the great company when he exclaimed, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be an Indian!'"

Dr. Eastman's present home is Amherst, Massachusetts.

XVI. DR. CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

Is a full-blood Apache Indian. In the year 1872, when he was five years old, he was captured by the Pimas and brought to their camp, where he was offered for sale, a horse being the price asked. A traveling photographer, Mr. Charles Gentile, who happened to be in the Pima camp taking photographs, became interested in the boy and offered $30, the price of a horse, which the Indians accepted. He brought the boy East, and sent him to the public schools of Brooklyn, Boston and Chicago, and finally, through the interest of friends, he entered the

Illinois State University. He developed special aptitude for chemistry, and when he graduated a place was found for him in a drug store near the Chicago Medical College, where as a clerk he supported himself and earned means for the expense of a course in that college. He graduated in 1889, and, by the advice of friends, located as a physician in Chicago.

When General Morgan became Commissioner of Indian Affairs he heard of Dr. Montezuma and offered him an appointment as physician for the Indian school at Fort Stephenson, North Dakota. The doctor accepted, and after about a year's service there was promoted to the position of agency physician at an agency in Nevada. Afterward he held a similar position at the Colville agency, Washington. His next appointment was that of school physician at Carlisle Indian School in 1893.

In 1896 Dr. Montezuma returned to Chicago, where he enjoys a large and increasing practice in his profession. He knows nothing of his native Apache language, nor is there a trace of Indian superstition or habit to be found in him. He is not only civilized in habit and thought, but is also a high-toned, cultured gentleman and a member of the First Baptist Church of Chicago. In addition to his profession, he is teaching in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in the Post-Graduate Medical School of Chicago, and at the same time writing in the interest of his people, so he is a very busy man.

He is a warm friend and admirer of General Pratt, founder of Carlisle School; and believes the true solution of the Indian problem consists in educating the children of the white and red race in the same school and thus making American citizens of both, instead of a citizen of one and a ward and dependent of the other race. He thinks, moreover, that an Indian should be treated exactly as any other man.

Dr. Montezuma demonstrates in his own life the fallacy of the evolutionists, that several generations are necessary before a savage can be transformed into a civilized man, by actually undergoing a complete metamorphosis in one short generation.

Can the Indian be civilized, and is he capable of a high-class education? This is our answer; here are four men from as many representative tribes, two of which are wild, blanket tribes, and yet each of them became men of broad culture and a high degree of civilization. And what is true of these could have been and should have been true of ten thousand others, had our Government pursued a policy of common justice to the race.



DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN, OR OHIYESA "THE WINNER."

NOTED AUTHOR AND LECTURER.

Courtesy of Dr. Eastman.

See page 667.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INDIAN ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS, HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE.

A Gentleman who wished to make a present of oranges to a lady, sent them with a letter, by his Indian servant. The letter told how many were sent. On the way the fragrant smell of the fruit proved too great a temptation for the Indian boy. His mouth fairly watered for a taste, but having seen his master read and write letters, he was possessed with the idea that the paper he carried would tell on him if he touched the oranges. He therefore put the letter carefully under a stone, and then, going off to a distance, ate several oranges, feeling perfectly safe. When he came to deliver the remainder of the oranges the lady saw by the letter that some were missing. She charged the Indian with the theft, but he for some time stoutly denied it, and asserted that the letter lied nor was it until threatened with punishment that he confessed, so certain was he that he had put the letter where it could not see him.

The Indians are very grave, attentive and courteous. Even if they did not believe or could not understand a thing, they took care not to let it be seen. On one occasion when a minister had explained to them the history of the Christian religion—the fall of our first parents by eating an apple, the coming of Christ, his miracles and sufferings, etc., an Indian orator stood up to thank him.

"What you have told us," he began, "is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples; it is better to make them all into cider."

He then related in his turn an ancient tradition handed down through many generations of his people concerning the origin of maize, or Indian corn, and tobacco. Said he, "Two starving hunters, having killed a deer, were about to satisfy their hunger when they saw a beautiful young woman descend out of the clouds and stand beside them. They were at first afraid, but taking courage offered the spirit the choicest portion of their meat. She tasted it, and then, telling them to return in thirteen moons to the same spot, vanished. They returned as she bade them, at the appointed time. Where the good spirit had touched the ground with her right hand they found maize; with her left, beans; and where she stood was the luxuriant tobacco plant."

The missionary plainly showed his disgust and disbelief in this tradition, saying to the Indian: "What I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction and falsehood."

The offended Indian gravely replied: "My brother, it seems your friends have not well instructed you in the rules of civility. You saw that we, who understand and practice these rules, believed all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?"

The following is said to be the origin of the term "fire-water," as applied by the Indians to whisky: When the Fur Company first began to supply ardent spirits to the Indians in order to help their trade, the liquor was imported from England. It was the cheapest and most poisonous brand manufactured at the time, and for that reason was all the more acceptable to the Indian. When it reached the Hudson Bay territory, or the great region within which the rival fur companies traded, it had to be carried overland to the

various posts. For convenience of transportation, barrels of such whisky were divided into kegs. The carriers soon learned that they could make a profit by diluting the liquor with water, when changing it from the barrels into kegs. The Indians, however, missed the powerful effects and suspected that they were being cheated. They learned how to test the liquor before exchanging their peltries for it. They poured a small quantity of the liquor on the fire and if the flame was extinguished it was evident to them that the liquor was watered, and they at once pronounced it "bad." If, on the contrary, the liquor added to the flame, they knew that the alcohol had not been tampered with, and it was accepted as genuine "*fire-water.*"

That the "fire-water" supplied to the Indians of that day was comparable to the villainous stuff of present-day manufacture is illustrated by the statement of an Indian chief who had experienced its effects, and who had witnessed the sad havoc it had produced among his people. "Fire-water," exclaimed this savage, "can only be distilled from the hearts of wildcats and the tongues of women, it makes my people at once so fierce and so foolish."

The reference to the Hudson Bay Company reminds us of a speech made by Smohalla, chief of the Wa Napum, or "Columbia River" Nez Perces. Said he, "I know all kinds of men. First there were my people (the Indians); God made them first. Then he made a Frenchman (referring to the Canadian voyagers of the Hudson Bay Company), and then he made a priest (priests accompanied these expeditions). A long time after that came Boston men (Americans are thus called because the first of our nation came into the Columbia River in 1796 in a ship from Boston), and then King George men (the English). Later came black men, and last God made a Chinaman with a

tail. He is of no account and has to work all the time like a woman. All these are new people. Only the Indians are of the old stock. After a while, when God is ready, he will drive away all the people except those who have obeyed his laws. Those who cut up the lands or sign papers for lands will be defrauded of their rights and will be punished by God's anger.

"It is a bad word that comes from Washington. It is not a good law that would take my people away from me to make them sin against the laws of God.

"You ask me to plow the ground! Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest. You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? Then when I die I can not enter her body to be born again.

"You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it, and be rich, like white men! But how dare I cut off my mother's hair? It is a bad law and my people can not obey it. I want my people to stay with me here. All the dead men will come to life again. Their spirits will come back to their bodies again. We must wait here in the homes of our fathers and be ready to meet them in the bosom of our mother." {FN}

{FN} MacMurray's Notes.

Chief Charles Journey Cake, the aged Baptist minister and head of the Delawares, of Indian Territory, was credited with the following account of the origin of the three races of people known to the Indians, the Chinese, or yellow race, being unknown at the time this was spoken.

Said Journey Cake, "In the beginning the Great Spirit created three men and placed them on the earth. As they

were all made, in the image of God, they were all white.

"Wishing to test their endurance, courage and intelligence, he sent them on a long journey of many sleeps. In the course of their travels they came to a wide, muddy stream. Here two of the men hesitated, but the third plunged bravely in and made for the opposite bank. Seeing that the stream was sufficiently shallow to wade, the others followed their leader, one behind the other. When the first man reached the further shore he was still white, being only slightly discolored by the muddy water. The second man came out red or copper-colored, while the last, crossing behind the others after the stream was thoroughly stirred up, came out black. The trio found three packages awaiting them on the further shore. The white man was disposed to be generous, and gave the others their choice. {FN} The red man gave the same privilege to the black, who promptly selected the largest package, and found it contained a shovel, spade and hoe; the red man chose the next largest, which contained a tomahawk, bow and quiver of arrows; this left the smallest for the white man, and behold it contained a book, pen, ink-horn and paper; and as the pen is mightier than the tomahawk or spade, it indicated that he should rule over both the red and black man."

{FN} He afterward departed from this precedent in his dealings with both his red and black brothers.

THIS INDIAN MADE A DECIDED "HIT."

During a football game at Cambridge between the Harvard eleven and the Carlise Indian School team Malcomn Donald was playing opposite a splendidly built Indian. The play was exceedingly rough, and Donald had

in the course of the play landed some pretty hard elbow blows on the slower moving Indian.

Presently the Indian began to take notice of the punishment he was receiving and during a pause between plays walked slowly over to Donald and said with a certain note of remonstrance in his voice:

"You hit me three times. I think I shall have to hit you."

Donald thanked him for his courteous warning and resolved to be on his guard, but during the heat of the play he wholly forgot the little matter. Presently, at the end of a scrimmage, while Donald was standing watching the crowd. The Indian strode up to him and deliberately dealt him a blow over the head which stretched him out.

With difficulty Donald picked himself up and resumed the play. At the end of the game the Indian came up to him again and said rather apologetically. "I hit you."

"So I noticed." said Donald, rubbing his head ruefully.

"Well, I guess we are square now. Shake!"

And the Indian stretched out a brawny fist.

THEY WERE WINED AND DINED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

They were two big burly Indians. The long eagle feather in the hat of one who is known as "chief" and the bright red ostrich tip in the sombrero of the other would have told that if the unmistakable features had not

evidenced it. A government employee, it matters not who, but one who may possibly in certain events happening make a "stake" out of the tribe to which these Indians belong, was doing the honors of the capitol and showing the braves about the corridors. They left the Indian committee-room and came to the door of the house restaurant.

"Let's have a bite to eat," suggested the man with the graft.

"All right," was the quick reply of the aborigines.

At the luncheon counter the one who could master the most English asked, "Guv'munt pay?"

"Oh, yes," responded the host thinking that the quickest way to inform them that they would not have to stand good for the bill.

"Ugh!" grunted the brave, "we eat lot, Guv'munt pay." And they did—four cups of coffee each, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, three ham sandwiches, one dozen doughnuts, a whole baked chicken, ice cream, a whole pie each and besides that a thirst for fire-water that was absolutely appalling. The luncheon counter looked as though a cyclone might have paid it a visit by the time the Indians got through, and the bill that the "Guv'munt" clerk had to foot made his week's salary look like 30 cents.

"Guv'munt heap good," grunted the brave as he picked his teeth in true "white brother" fashion in the corridor. "We eat here again." But it will not be in company with that particular clerk.

AN INDIAN'S GLASS WAGON.

The Osages as a people are the richest on earth. From the interest on the money which the United States Government borrowed from them as a nation and from the rental of their grasslands the Osages, men, women and children, collect about $80 each every three months. In addition to this they have extensive oil wells. The Osages, therefore, are very fond of large families, and it is to the material interest of every Indian to have as many children as possible. In this case the new child does not represent another mouth to feed, but another source of income. The father on payday collects from the Government paymaster the money coming to his family, and this often amounts to a considerable sum. The Indian has never fully realized the value of money—it comes too easily. When he gets his funds he goes around and pays his debts, for he is always given credit by the traders, and he settles his accounts because he will shortly need credit again until payday comes around once more. With the money he has leftover he buys anything that takes his fancy, and sometimes he makes remarkable and ludicrous purchases.

An Osage who had missed payday until he had accumulated riches beyond his most avaricious dreams went to Coffeyville, in southern Kansas, one day with his pockets bulging with money. He shopped around in the stores, buying everything he fancied, until he had accumulated a larger load than his pony could carry. He was wandering along the street wondering how he would transport it to his home, when he saw a large black wagon with glass sides standing in front of a store. He looked at it wistfully for some time, examined the horses and harness, and wagged his head in an appreciative way. The undertaker, who had observed him, came out.

"How much?" asked the Indian. The undertaker, for a joke, named a price. The Indian went into his pocket, counted out the money, mounted the box of the hearse and

drove away before the undertaker could remonstrate. And now Mr. Indian comes to town in style, with his squaw beside him on the seat and the inside of the hearse full of very lively pappooses, who lookout through the glass sides of their strange carriage. The hearse also does service when the Indian comes to town with a load of wheat, which looks very nice through the glass sides.

By nature the Indian is a perfect child; when he wants anything he wants it with all his heart and mind and soul, immediately. Like the child who would gladly exchange the $5 bill given him as a Christmas present for a doll or toy, the Indian will give anything he possesses for the merest bauble to which he takes a fancy. A novelty has the greatest charm, and he will pay a hundred times its value for an article new to him.

Colonel Dodge states that while he was in command of Fort Sedgwick "a Sioux Indian came in having in his possession a very fine and elaborately painted buffalo robe. Many efforts were made by the officers to purchase it; money, sugar, coffee, flour, etc., to the amount of $20 were offered and refused.

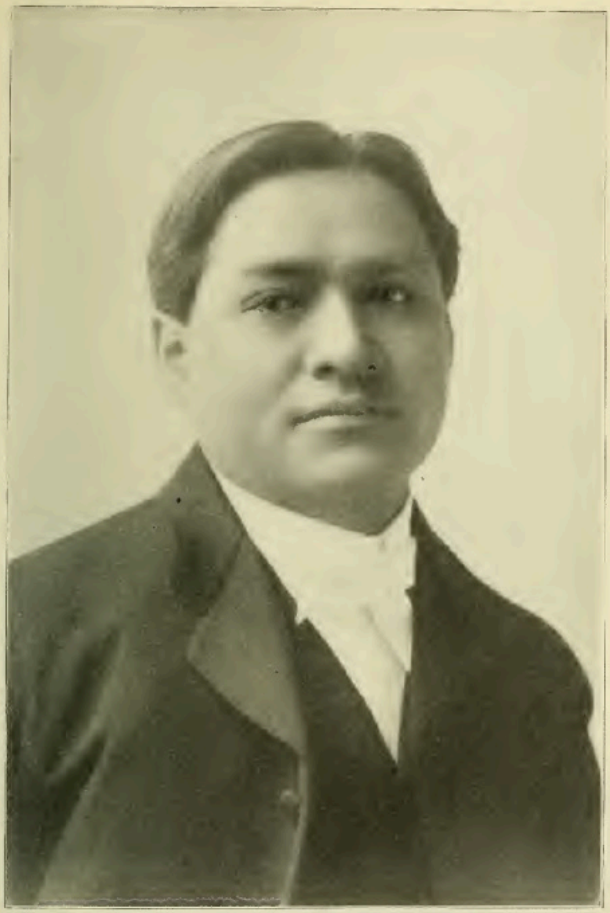
"Some time after a sergeant passed who had in his hand a paper containing two or three pounds of loaf sugar, cut into cubic blocks (cut-loaf, then new to frontier people and to Indians).

"He gave the Indian a few lumps and passed on. In a few moments the Indian came running after him, took the robe from his shoulders and offered it for the paper of sugar. The exchange being made, he sat down on the ground and deliberately ate up every lump."

"Years ago, when matches were not so universally known and used as now, a Lapwai Indian was visiting Fort Martin Scott, in Texas. One day an officer to whom he was talking took from his pocket a box of what, to the Indian, were merely little sticks, and scratching one on a stone, lit his pipe. The Indian eagerly inquired into this mystery, and looked on with astonishment while several matches were lighted for his gratification. Going to his camp near by, he soon came back, bringing half a dozen beautifully dressed wildcat skins, which he offered for the wonderful box. The exchange was accepted, and he went off greatly pleased. Some time after the Indian was found sitting by a large stone, on which he was gravely striking match after match, holding each in his fingers until forced to drop it, and then, carefully inspecting the scorched finger, as if to assure himself that it was real fire. This he continued until every match was burned."

The Indian has a keen appreciation of humor, and is like a child in his mirthfulness. No orator can see the weak points in his adversary's armor, or silence a foolish speaker, more quickly.

According to Bishop Whipple, "Old Shah-Bah-Skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior and the Governor and Legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the Government and never be removed."



DR. CARLOS MONTEZUMA,

FULL-BLOOD APACHE INDIAN, WRITER, AND A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Photo by J. Ellsworth Gross.

See page 669.

"A few years later, in spite of these solemn promises, a special agent was sent from Washington to ask these Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent asked my help. I said, 'I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most utterly worthless land in Minnesota. Don't attempt that folly; you will surely fail.'

"The agent determined, however, to make the effort to induce the Indians to give up their good land and accept the other tract, which nobody wanted. Accordingly he called a council of the chiefs and principal men and thus addressed them: 'My red brothers, your Great Father at Washington said he was determined to send an honest man to treat with his red children. He looked toward the North, the East, the South and West to find this honest man. When he saw me he said, "this is the honest man whom I will send to treat with my red children." Brothers, look at me; the winds of more than fifty-five winters have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, but during all these years, I have never wronged any man. Brothers, as your friend and as an honest man, I ask you to sign this treaty.' After the usual meditative pause. Old Shah-Bah-Skong arose and answered as follows: 'The winds of more than fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered my hair, but they have not *blown away my brains.*' This ended the council."

An agent who had won the distinction of a militia general desired to impress the Indians. Dressed in uniform with chapeau, epaulets and dangling sword, he said: "Your Great Father thinks that one reason why he has had so much trouble with the Indians is that he has always sent to them civilians. This time he said, 'These red men are warriors; I will send to them a warrior,' and he sent me."

An old chief arose, drew a long breath, and said: "I have heard ever since I was a boy that white men had their great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked at him, and *I am now ready to die.*"

Bishop Whipple, while on a visit to a Dacotah mission, was horrified at a scalp dance which was held near the mission-house. Said he: "I was indignant. I went to Wabasha, the head chief, and said 'Wabasha, you asked me for a missionary and teacher. I gave them to you. I visited you, and the first sight is this brutal scalp-dance. I knew the Chippewa whom your young men have murdered; he had a wife and children; his wife is crying for her husband; his children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit hears his children cry. He is angry. Some day he will ask Wabasha, 'Where is your red brother?' The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth, blew a cloud of smoke upward and said: 'White man go to war with his own brother in the same country [this was during the Rebellion]; kill more men than Wabasha can count in all his life. Great Spirit smiles; says, "Good, white man; he has my book; I love him very much; I have a good place for him by and by." The Indian is a wild man; he has no Great Spirit book; he kills one man; has a scalp-dance; Great Spirit is mad, and says, "Bad Indian; I will put him in a bad place by and by;" Wabasha don't believe it.'"

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs says that from March 4, 1780, to June 30, 1900, this Government has spent $368,360,000 for the benefit of the Indians. The expenditures for 1899 were $10,175,000, of which one-third was for education. There are nearly sixty thousand

Indians who are now receiving rations or help to some extent. The report urges that hereafter rations should be given only to the aged or otherwise helpless, as the system of promiscuous relief breeds idleness and unthrift. The Indians now have in the Treasury to their credit $33,300,000 of trust funds, on which the Government pays them four and five per cent interest.

There are two hundred and fifty Government Indian schools, and the enrollment and attendance in them is increasing, though eight thousand of the thirty-four thousand Indian children are still unprovided for. The report combats the popular idea that the Indian population necessarily decreases when in contact with the whites. It asserts that the Indian population has decreased very little since the days of Columbus and other early explorers.

Major Pratt, the United States army officer who founded the Carlisle Indian School, admits that many of his graduates who return to tribal life fall into Indian ways again. Therefore he believed in doing all he could to prevent the educated Indians from going back to the reservations.

He tells of an incident he saw at a western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed to a straw hat and asked: "How muchee?"

"Fifty cents," said the merchant.

"How muchee?" she asked again, pointing to another article. The price was quoted and was followed by another query of "How muchee?"

Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and

asked, mildly:

"Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such palpably and unmistakably inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your pecuniary profits, as well as be ethically proper? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.

A teacher in an Indian school in Michigan writes as follows: "It is especially interesting to study these children, especially as we have them from four different tribes, and I should very much like to write up my impressions, only that I can scarcely keep up with my work as it is. These boys have a sense of humor. In my flag drill last Friday the partners were a boy and girl, and where the lines intersect to form the cross I taught the boys to let their partners go first, and hard trouble I had to do it, too. After the exercises Isaac Crane came up to me, and, in his solemn way, said: 'Miss B. . . . in letting the girls pass in front of the boys, you have struck at the root of an Indian national custom.' I said: 'How so, Isaac?' and he answered: 'It is the custom for the man to go first, carrying his dignity, and for the woman to follow, carrying everything else.'"

"HEAP SMELL."
THE INDIAN KNEW WHAT HE WANTED AND WHERE TO GET IT.

Some Indians from "Buffalo Bill's Wild West," arrayed in bright colored blankets and an exceptional

amount of face paint, were taking in the sights of Kansas City one afternoon. They strolled down Walnut street, single file, and headed by a brave who now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when something that pleased him caught his eye, they halted in front of a drug store and gazed at the window display for a moment. Then the band filed into the establishment and began to look around.

The clerk thought the place was going to be besieged and that he was likely to lose his scalp, but when the "big chief," who acted as spokesman, addressed him with the customary Indian greeting of "How!" the clerk regained his composure enough to ask the Indian what he wanted.

"Heap smell," was the reply.

Directed by the Indian's finger to a showcase, the clerk produced a bar of soap. The brave took it gingerly, removed the wrapper, smelled it and bit into the toothsome-looking article. With a deep grunt of displeasure he handed it back to the drug clerk. With a disgusted look he remarked, "Heap smell!"

The clerk began to tremble, and the Indian pointed to a perfume bottle in the showcase. The bottle of perfume was handed to him. The Indian held it in both hands for a moment, closely scrutinizing it. He slowly removed the stopper, closely watching it as if he expected it to explode, and took a big sniff at the bottle, gave a grunt of satisfaction, handed the clerk some money and led his band of braves out of the store, to the delight of the frightened clerk, who had not been in the practice of waiting on real Indians.

TRUTH OF THE CHOCTAWS.

WHEN THEY GIVE THEIR WORD THEY KEEP IT.

Probably there is no other class of people in the world so faithful as the Choctaws. They believe in each other as a child believes in its mother. When one Choctaw Indian tells another that a certain thing will be done, it can be depended upon that it will be done. The custom of turning a prisoner loose without bail commenced among the Choctaws half a century ago. An Indian murdered his sister. There was no jail, and the Choctaws had no money to hire a guard. After the Indian judge had sentenced him to be shot, the former said: "Now you can go free until your execution day. Then I want you to come without being told. If you fail to obey it will disgrace your family." The Indian gave his promise and appeared at the appointed time. Ever since then it has been the custom to allow condemned Indians to run loose. Never but once has a prisoner failed to come freely and alone to his execution. The number of Indians thus shot within the last half century is over one hundred.

A NULL AND VOID DRINK.

In the *Sunset Magazine* for a recent month a writer gives some interesting reminiscences of the late Johnson Sides, Indian. He was born in the sagebrush, and throughout his long life he was a friend of the paleface and a peacemaker. It is recalled to his credit that many a band of immigrants passing over the plains in the early rush for California owed it to Johnson that they were not waylaid and murdered.

He became quite influential with the national authorities as well as with his tribe, and to his sagacity considerable legislation beneficial to the aborigines in the

last quarter of a century is attributed. He was one of those Indians who saw that much of the trouble which befell the red man was due to fire-water, and, a temperance man himself, he seldom missed an opportunity of preaching temperance to his tribesmen. "My friends," he would say, "I think whisky no good, but very bad. Mebbe you take a drink it not much bad, but you take two drinks you kill somebody. Mebbe you want more, you hurt your brother or you lickem squaw, or you burn down a wickiup. Mebbe sheriff catch you and workem on the streets in the chain-gang, with big iron ball hitched on your leg, in the hot sun. Not much good any of this. Indian who drink whisky, no good."

Sad to relate, Johnson Sides was once caught in the act of Swallowing a glass of whisky, a serious offense, made so by reason of the danger which was likely to ensue when an Indian lost control of himself in a white settlement. He pleaded guilty, but contended that he drank because he was very sick. Being a popular Indian he was subjected to a fine of only $1, but the sagebrush papers made fun of him and called him a fallen reformer, which wounded his feelings greatly. In his distress he asked a friend in the Nevada Legislature, Senator Doolin, to set him right by passing some sort of a bill and Senator Doolin introduced and carried through "Senate Joint Concurrent Resolution No. 11," which was as follows:

> *Resolved,* By the Senate, the people of the State of Nevada concurring. That the drink of whisky taken by Johnson Sides on the 17th day of September, in the city of Virginia, county of Story, be and is hereby declared null and void.

This was entirely satisfactory to Johnson Sides. His wounded pride was healed; he held his head up again, and resumed his temperance lectures as though nothing had happened. Moreover, the act of the Legislature restored his standing among all classes, white and red, in Nevada, and

he was everywhere respected and looked up to as a vindicated reformer, for these were simple days, when the West was young and trustful and charitable and kind.

It would have been a blessed thing indeed if all the whisky sold to Indians in violation of law, had been "null and void and without effect," but unfortunately it had the same debasing effect with the Indian as upon the white man, as the following eloquent appeal from an Indian would seem to indicate:

Simon Pokagon, mentioned in the previous chapter, of Hartford, Michigan, was chief of the Pottawatomie band of Indians of his State. In an address to the white people, he employed this very remarkable language in denunciation of the evil of drunkenness:

"While I appreciate and laud those noble Christian missionaries, I can not do otherwise than openly condemn those white traders who, dog-like, tagged them into the wilderness and beside the Christian altars they had built, stuck out their signs, and dealt out to our young men and old men that liquid hell which lures but to destroy. Could you see what I have seen and feel what I have felt, as this snake, born of the white man, has coiled itself closer and tighter like a vise around the heartstrings of your own family, you would cry out: 'Pokagon, we do not blame, but pity you!' And well you may, for the blood of my people, as the blood of Abel, is crying from the ground against the Cains of humanity who, for paltry gold in times past and even now, are dealing out to our race that cursed abomination of misery and death. You send missionaries across the great deep to save Hindoo children from being drowned in the Ganges, or crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, and yet in your own Christian land thousands

are yearly being drowned in the American Ganges of fire-water, while the great Juggernaut of King Alcohol is ever rolling on night and day, crushing its victims without mercy. Hark! Do you hear that agonizing wail on every side? Fathers and sons are falling into drunkards' graves; mothers and daughters are weeping over them; wives are lamenting as they bend over the bruised heads of their husbands as they return from the midnight brawl; and briars of bitter disappointment encumber the bridal garden; brave men and women who have fought long and well to redeem and save the fallen are beginning to fear the power of the saloon and its votaries, while the pious who in faith have prayed long and well are beginning to doubt the favor of God.

"Soon I will stand in the presence of the Great Spirit and shall there plead with him in heaven, as I have plead with him on earth, that he will take those by the hand who have so bravely fought against the old dragon, Drink, the destroyer of your children and ours, and lead them on to glorious victory."

Said a missionary to a chief of the Little Ottawas, "I am glad that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the chief, and he fixed an arch and impressive eye upon the missionary which communicated the reproof before he uttered it "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

While going through the Indian village of the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1903, the author of this book made the acquaintance of Deerfoot, the famous runner, the Indian

who defeated all human racers and outstripped horses. Concerning this remarkable man, the Buffalo *News* had this to say:

"The death of Louis Bennett, known all over the world as Deerfoot, removes the most picturesque character from the native tribes of this State.

"In 1850, having outdone all the runners of his tribe, he thought he would try conclusions with white athletes. The conclusions were invariably in favor of the native and his fame as a long-distance runner became in a short time the talk of the land. Backed by a well known 'sport' of those days, he made a tour of American cities, easily outdoing all the local champions. Then his fame spread to England, whose athletics were then much more firmly established than those of this country. He visited the brawny islands in 1861.

"Despite the boastful predictions the remarkable Indian, with his peculiar stride, met and defeated the English champions, although he was given a couple of hard brushes. His endurance was nothing less than wonderful and he always ended a race fresh, and while his antagonist was running on sheer pluck Deerfoot was still running on wind. He remained in England almost two years and came back loaded with medals.

"On his return to America, not finding any men for a contest, he turned his attention to horses, and at Chicago he actually beat a number of horses in races. Since that time he receded from the public view, living quietly at his farm. Up to his death, however, he retained his remarkable powers and he was accustomed to take, as an old man, walks that would tax the endurance of an average youth.

"His fastest recorded time was when in 1862, in

England, he ran ten miles in fifty-two minutes. This time, he claimed, was never beaten, though it is said an Englishman named Cummings, in 1885, did the distance a trifle under this figure. But he was certainly never beaten in a race."



THE LAST SHOT,

A TYPICAL SCENE FROM THE INDIAN WARS ON THE PLAINS.

TIGER TAIL, THE SEMINOLE CHIEF, AND THE PLATE-GLASS WINDOW.

Mr. C. 0. Livingston had an ambition to have the first plate-glass front in the Everglades. So when his brick block in West Palm Beach was nearing completion he made a special trip down from Jacksonville and personally superintended the placing of the polished plates in the frames. They were of large size and reached nearly to the level of the sidewalk. He was standing outside with his chest in the air, swelled with gratified ambition, admiring the crystal sheets, when along came Tiger-Tail, big chief of the once powerful but now fast disappearing Seminoles.

When his foot treads his native heath Tiger-Tail scorns to hide his noble form with any of the habiliments affected by his civilized brethren, but he has a white shirt hung up in his wigwam, which was given him by a commercial drummer in the early 70s and which he was wont to don when he made his monthly pilgrimages to Palm Beach for "fire-water," "fire-powder" and lead. He was thus attired when he walked up to Mr. Livingston and exchanged "Hows."

This was a good opportunity for the proud builder to impress the savage red man with the march of civilization, so he pointed out the building to Tiger-Tail, calling his particular attention to the plate-glass front.

Tiger-Tail looked at the polished surfaces, but his unpracticed eye could see nothing except openings in the front windows.

He walked up close, and thinking to get a better view, he tried to step through the window inside. His Roman nose came in contact with the glass, which surprised him very much. He rubbed his nose, gave a grunt and looked

hard at the window, and still, not seeing any reason why he could not step inside, made a second essay. He bumped his nose harder this time, which caused Mr. Livingston to laugh long and loud.

Now the Indian is essentially a man of action and without emotions. Without the least sign of anger visible in his face, Tiger-Tail backed away to the edge of the sidewalk, picked up a scantling and went for that plate-glass front—the first in the Everglades—and before the owner could protest there wasn't a piece left big enough for a paper-weight.

Mr. Livingston stormed and cursed, but the big chief, adjusting his shirt, and explaining the whole matter by uttering the single word "Huh!" continued his search for more mysteries to unravel.

In telling this experience while on a visit to Boston, one of Mr. Livingston's friends asked him why he did not sue the Indian.

"What," he exclaimed, "sue Tiger-Tail? Sue a man who ain't got nothing but a shirt? What would I get? The shirt?"

INDIAN ETIQUETTE.

The *Red Man and Helper,* published by the students at the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian School, has this to say on Indian etiquette: "It was an actual desire for information and no attempt to be funny that a boy in looking up from reading about 'squaw men' asked if the white women who marry Indian men were called 'buck women.' We could not answer why they were not. Such a name would be no more

insulting to a woman than the first appellation is to a man. All Indian women are no more squaws than white women are wenches. The name squaw emanated from 'squa,' an Indian word of a Massachusetts tribe meaning woman, but it has since come to be used commonly by illiterate people for Indian women of any tribe. No educated or refined people use the words 'squaw' or 'buck,' and we advise our students when they hear them not to pay any attention to the speaker, but to mark him or her down in their minds as a person of low breeding."

DOLL AVERTED WAR.
KINDNESS TO APACHE CHILD PREVENTED TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS.

A doll once averted a war with redskins. An American general was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their own territory, from which they had persisted in breaking out, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

His men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down, just as any white child would have done. The men tried in vain to comfort her, but finally the agent borrowed a beautiful doll from an officer's wife, which had belonged to her little daughter, and promised the Apache girl that she could have it if her sobs ceased. She then fell asleep.

When morning came the doll was clasped in her arms. Eventually the little Apache girl, with her doll, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the

child to the post. She was hospitably received, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to its own territory.

MOVING PICTURES AMAZE THE INDIANS.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, visited the home of the Moki Indians in Arizona to witness the weird snake-dance, which those Indians have practiced at intervals for centuries. While near the home of the Mokis he set up his moving picture machine and made a film showing Apache Indians and cowboys in horse races and in feats of daring while on horseback. The film was developed and proved to be excellent. A year later Mr. Holmes visited the same region again and one night gave an exhibition for the benefit of the natives. The Indians observed the pictures which Mr. Holmes threw on the screen, which was stretched on the side of a store building, with stolidity, and made no comment until the moving picture machine was started and the film made in the neighborhood a year before was thrown on the screen.

"Then there was almost a riot," said Mr. Holmes in telling of the affair. "Several of the Indians who had taken part in the races the year before had died, and when they were shown on the screen, riding for dear life, their friends were amazed. The dead had been brought to life. It was astounding. The Indians gazed at the picture, then looked at each other as if uncertain that they saw what they saw. Then they began to talk excitedly, pointing at the moving images of those who were dead. It did not strike the savage mind as unusual that live men should appear on the screen and be moving, but with dead men it was different.

"When the film had all gone through the machine the

Indians hastened forward to examine the white cloth on which the pictures had been shown. They raised it to look behind it, in a vain endeavor to find the solution to what was to them a mystery. They paid no attention at all to the machine that had projected the picture."

A WITTY RED MAN WHO WAS GRATEFUL FOR KINDNESS.

In "Travels in New England and New York," President Dwight, of Yale College, tells a good story of Indian wit and friendship.

In the early days of Litchfield, Connecticut, an Indian called at the tavern and asked the landlady for food, frankly stating that he had no money with which to pay for it. She refused him harshly, but a white man who sat by noted the red man's half-famished state, and offered to pay for his supper.

The meal was furnished, and the Indian, his hunger satisfied, returned to the fire and told his benefactor a story.

"You know Bible?" said the Indian.

The man assented.

"Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made world, and then He took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' He made light, and he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then he made dry land and water and sun and moon and grass and trees, band took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then he made beast and birds and fishes, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.'

"Then he made man, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very, very good.' Then he make woman, and took him and look at him, and he no dare say one such word!"

This last conclusion was uttered with a meaning glance at the landlady.

Some years after this occurrence, the man who had paid for the Indian's supper was captured by redskins and carried to Canada, where he was made to work like a slave. One day an Indian came to him, recalled to his mind the occurrence at the Litchfield tavern, and ended by saying:

"I that Indian. Now my turn pay. I see you home. Come with me."

And the Indian guided the white man back to Litchfield.

Medicine Hat, an enterprising little city in the heart of the wheat belt of the Northwest Territory of Canada, took its name from the following legend:

It seems that many years ago the young and beautiful daughter of a great chief, while strolling along the banks of the Saskatchewan one day, accidentally lost her footing and fell into the raging torrent. She was a good swimmer and managed to keep herself afloat for a long time as the stream swept her along, but finally her strength began to fail her, and she would have been drowned if a young Indian brave had not happened to catch sight of her in the stream. He immediately leaped from the high bank into the stream, and after a hard struggle managed to bear the maiden to the bank and to safety.

GAVE THE BRAVE HIS HAT.

The grateful father, as a mark of his appreciation of this heroic deed, took off his own hat and placed it upon the head of the young brave. Possibly the latter would have been better satisfied if the father had given him the maiden, but of this history does not tell, and therefore the romantic side of the story will have to remain incomplete. The hat, though, was the distinctive mark of a chief among the Indians, and therefore its bestowal upon the young brave at once raised him to the highest dignity known to his people. The rescue of the girl took place at the point where the railroad bridge crosses the river, and when the white people founded the town here they commemorated this legend by the name they gave the town.

"THE BLACK WHITE MAN."

The following story was told by Black Horse, second chief of the Comanches, to Special Indian Agent White:

"A long time ago—maybe so thirty snows, maybe so forty, I dunno—I went with a large war party on a raid into Mexico. We went far enough south to see hundreds of monkeys and parrots. We thought the monkeys were a kind of people and captured two of them one day. That night we whipped them nearly to death trying to make them talk, but they would not say a word, just cry, and finally we turned them loose, more puzzled than ever to know what they were.

"On the return trip we came back through Texas. One day I was scouting off to one side alone, and met a man

riding through the mesquite timber. He started to run and my first thought was to kill him, but just as I was about to send an arrow he looked back over his shoulder and I saw that his skin was as black as a crow and that he had great big white eyes. I had never seen or heard of that kind of a man, and seeing that he was unarmed, I determined to catch him and take him to camp alive, so that all the other Indians could see him. I galloped around in front of him with my bow and arrow drawn, and he was heap scared. He fell off his mule pony and sit down on his knees and hold his hands up high and heap cry and say: '*Please,* massa Injun, don't kill poor nigger! *Please,* massa Injun, don't kill poor nigger! Bi-yi-yi! *Please,* massa Injun, don't kill poor nigger! Bi-yi-yi.'"

Although at that time Black Horse did not know a word of English, the Negro's crying and begging made such an impression on him that, with his common Indian gift of mimicry, he could imitate it in a wonderfully natural manner. Continuing, he said: "The 'black white man' was heap poor. His pony was an old mule that could not run fast at all. His saddle was 'broke' all over and his bridle was made of ropes. His clothes were dirty and all 'broke' full of holes, and his shoes were all gone—got none at all.

"I started back with him and on the way we came to a deep water-hole. I was nearly dead for a drink, and motioned to the 'black white man' to get down and drink, too. He got down but shook his head to say that he did not want to drink. He was heap scared—just all time shake and teeth rattle, and all time cry, and maybe so pray to Great Spirit to make Indian turn him loose, and he be a good man and never make it (the Great Spirit) mad any more, and heap o' things like that. I lay down to drink. The bank was sloping and my feet were considerably higher than my head. Suddenly, the 'black white man' caught my back hair with one hand and my belt with the other and raised me

way up over his head with my face upward. Before I could do a thing he pitched me head foremost away out in the middle of the water hole. {FN} I went clear to the bottom, and when I came to the top and rubbed the water out of my eyes, I saw the 'black white man' running off on my pony, kicking with both feet and whipping with his hat. I rode his old 'mule pony' back to camp and all the Indians heap laugh at Black Horse."

{FN} Black Horse, though a great fighter, is a comparatively small Indian.

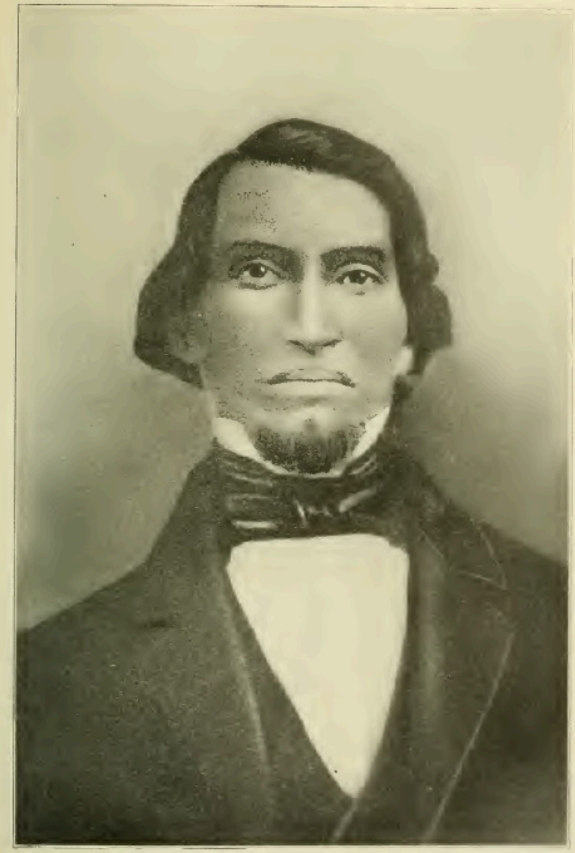
INDIAN MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.

An aged Indian, who had spent many years in a white settlement, remarked one day that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a good one; "for," said he, in his broken English, "white man court—court—maybe so one whole year! Maybe so two, before he marry! Well! Maybe so then get *very good* wife—but, maybe so not—maybe so *very cross!* Well, now, suppose cross! Scold so soon as get wake in the morning! Scold all day! Scold until sleep! All one; he must keep *him!* White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be he ever so cross! Must keep *him* always! {FN} Well, how does Indian do? Indian when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to *him,* place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* say, yes! so he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross! No! no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* be cross! Throw *him* away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat. No husband, no meat. Squaw do everything to please husband; he do the same to please squaw! Live happy!"

{FN} This was in 1770. Laws concerning divorce have changed materially since.

John Elliot, the great apostle to the Indians, had been preaching on the Trinity, when one of his auditors, after a long and thoughtful pause, thus addressed him: "I believe, Mr. Minister, I understand you. The trinity is just like water and ice and snow. The water is one, the ice another, and the snow is another; and yet they are all one water."

This illustration of the Trinity is fully equal to St. Patrick's use of the Shamrock.



CHIEF CHARLES JOURNEY CAKE.

LATE DELAWARE LEADER, AND BAPTIST PREACHER.

Courtesy of Am. Bapt. Pub. Society.

See page 676.

Indians are usually truthful, but some of them learned the art of prevarication from their intercourse with the whites.

A few years before the Revolution, one Tom Hyde, an Indian famous for his cunning, went into a tavern in Brookfield, Massachusetts, and after a little chat told the landlord he had been hunting and had killed a fine fat deer, and if he would give him a quart of rum he would tell him where it was. Mine host, unwilling to let slip so good an opportunity of obtaining venison, immediately struck the bargain and poured the Indian his quart of rum, at the same time asking where the deer was to be found. "Well," says Tom, "do you know where the great meadow is?" "Yes." "Well, do you know the great marked maple tree that stands in it?" "Yes." "Well, there lies the deer." Away posted the landlord with his team in quest of his purchase. He found the meadow and the tree, it is true; but all his searching after the deer was fruitless, and he returned home no heavier than he went, except in mortification and disappointment. Some days after mine host met the Indian, and feeling indignant at the deception practised on him, accused him in no gentle terms of the trick. Tom heard him out—and, with the coolness of a stoic, replied—"Did you not find the meadow I said?" "Yes." "And the tree?" "Yes." "And the deer?" "No." "Very good," continued he, "you found *two truths for one lie, which is very well for an Indian.*"

MOVE FARTHER.

When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log; he was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move still farther; the request was repeated till the General got to the end of the log. The Indian said, "Move farther." To which the General replied, "I can move no farther." "Just so it is with us," said the chief; "you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move farther."

Indians are close observers, and reach unerring conclusions with marvelous rapidity. A noise inappreciable to an ordinary ear, a broken twig or leaf or the faintest impression on the grass, the hooting of an owl or the gobbling of a turkey, was sufficient to attract their attention. From these faint indications they are quick to discern the presence of a wild beast or of an enemy.

An Indian, on returning to his wigwam one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After hastily looking around for "signs," he started in pursuit of the thief. He soon met a party of traders, of whom he inquired whether they had seen a *little old white man with a short gun, and followed by a small dog with a bob-tail.* They replied in the affirmative, and asked the Indian how he could give such a perfect description of the thief. He answered, "I know he is a little man by his having made a pile of stones in order to reach the venison, from the height I hung it, standing on the ground. I know he is an old man by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods. I know he is a white man by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. I know his gun was short by the mark which the muzzle made upon the bark of a tree against which it leaned. I know the dog is small by his tracks, and that he had a bob-tail I discovered by the

marks of it in the dust, where he was sitting at the time his master took down the meat."

The shrewd Indian now continued the pursuit, and with the help of a white man who loved fair play, actually regained his stolen venison.

THE GUNPOWDER HARVEST.

A trader went to a certain Indian nation to dispose of a stock of goods. Among other things he had a quantity of gunpowder. The Indians traded for his clothes, hats, axes, beads and other things, but would not take the powder, saying: "We do not wish for the powder; we have plenty."

The trader did not like to carry all the powder back to his camp, so he thought he would play a trick on the Indians, and induce them to buy it. Going to an open piece of ground near the Indian camp he dug up the soft, rich soil; then mixing a quantity of onion seed with his powder he began to plant it.

The Indians were curious to know what he was doing, and stood by greatly interested.

"What are you doing?" said one.

"Planting gunpowder," replied the trader.

"Why do you plant it?" inquired another.

"To raise a crop of powder. How could I raise it without planting?" said the trader. "Do you not plant corn in the ground?"

"And will gunpowder grow like corn?" exclaimed

half a dozen at once.

"Certainly it will," said the trader. "Did you not know it? As you do not want my powder, I thought I would plant it and raise a crop which I could gather and sell to the Crows."

Now the Crows were another tribe of Indians which was always at war with this tribe (the Blackfeet). The idea of their enemies having a large supply of powder increased the excitement, and one of the Indians said: "Well, well, if we can raise powder like corn, we will buy your stock and plant it."

But some of the Indians thought best to wait, and see if the seed would grow. So the trader agreed to wait a few days.

In about a week the tiny sprouts of the onion seed began to appear above the ground.

The trader, calling the Indians to the spot, said: "You see now for yourselves. The powder already begins to grow, just as I told you it would."

The fact that some small plants appeared where the trader had put the gunpowder was enough to convince the Indians. Every one of them became anxious to raise a crop of gunpowder.

The trader sold them his stock, in which there was a large mixture of onion seeds (which it closely resembles) at a very high price, and then left.

From this time the Indians gave no attention to their corn crop. If they could raise gunpowder they would be happy. They took great care of the little plants as they came up out of the ground, and watched every day for the

appearance of the gunpowder blossoms. They planned a buffalo hunt which was to take place after the powder harvest.

After a while the onions bore a plentiful crop of seeds, and the Indians began to gather and thresh it. They believed that threshing the onion seeds would produce the powder. But threshing failed to bring it. Then they discovered that they had been cheated.

Of course the swindling trader avoided these Indians, and did not make them a second visit.

After some time, however, he sent his partner to them for the purpose of trading goods for furs and skins. By chance they found out that this man was the partner of the one who had cheated them. They said nothing to him about the matter; but when he had opened his goods and was ready to trade, they coolly helped themselves to all he had and walked off.

The trader did not understand this. He became furiously angry, and went to make his complaint to the chief of the tribe.

"I am an honest man." said he to the chief. "I came here to trade honestly: but your people are thieves; they have stolen all my goods."

The old chief looked at him some time in silence, smoking a meditative pipe, at last he blew a puff of smoke into the air, removed the pipe from his lips, and then said: "My children are all honest. They have not stolen your goods. They will pay you *as soon as they gather their gun powder harvest.*"

TARHE, OR THE CRANE, THE PATRIOTIC WYANDOT CHIEF.

At the commencement of the War of 1812 a council was called by the British officer commanding at Malden, in upper Canada. It was held at Brownstown in the State of Michigan, and its object was to induce the Wyandots to take sides with the British in the war which was inevitable.

Several speeches were first delivered, and great promises made by the British agent about what their Great Father, King George, would do for them if the nation would fight the Americans; and he closed by presenting Tarhe with a likeness of King George.

Holding it in his hand, the head chief arose and said: "We have no confidence in King George. He is always quarreling with his white children in this country. He sends his armies over the great water, in their big canoes, and then he gets his Indian friends here to join with him to conquer his children, and promises if they will fight for him, he will do great things for them. So he promised if we would fight Wayne and if he whipped us, he would open his gates of his fort on the Maumee and let us in, and open his big guns on our enemies; but when we were whipped, and the flower of our nation were killed, we fled to this place, but instead of opening his gates, and letting us in, you shut yourselves up in your ground-hog hole, and kept out of sight, while my warriors were killed at your gates. {FN} We have no confidence in any promise you make. When the Americans scratch your backs with their war-clubs, you jump into your big canoes and run home, and leave the poor Indians to fight it out, or make peace with them, the best they may."

{FN} See Battle of Fallen Timbers; in sketch of Little Turtle.

He then took the likeness of General Washington from his bosom and said: "This is our Great Father, and for him we will fight." Then taking the likeness of King George in his left hand he drew his tomahawk and with the edge struck the likeness, and added, "And so we will serve your Great Father."

This so excited the British officer that it is said he turned black in the face. He replied that he would make the chief repent that act. "This is my land and country," said Tarhe; "go home to your own land, and tell your country men that Tarhe and his warriors are ready and that they are the friends of the Americans."

Thus broke up the council. Tarhe returned to his home at Upper Sandusky, and with his warriors aided the Americans, with all their force, till the battle of the Thames; numbers of his Wyandots were in the army of General Harrison at the time he fought the last battle with the British and Indians.

NOBLE DEED OF A YOUNG PAWNEE WARRIOR.

At one time the Pawnees, who lived at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, engaged in the horrible practice of burning at the stake prisoners taken in war.

About the year 1824 an unfortunate female, taken in a war with the Paducah tribe, was destined to this horrible death.

The fatal hour had arrived, the trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake; the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to

witness the awful scene. Just when the fire was about to be kindled, and the spectators on the tiptoe of expectation, a young warrior, only twenty-one years of age, who sat composedly among the chiefs, having prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosed the intended victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed toward the nation and friends of the captive. The crowd around were so completely unnerved and amazed at the daring deed, that they made no effort to recapture their victim from her deliverer. They regarded it as an act of the Great Spirit, and submitted to it without a murmur. The released captive was accompanied by her deliverer through the wilderness toward her home, till all danger was past. The young warrior then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him, that no inquiry was made into his conduct; no censure was passed on it, and, since the transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any other band of the Pawnee tribe. Of what influence is one brave and noble act in a good cause!

On the publication of this incident at Washington the young ladies of Miss White's Seminary, in that city, presented that brave and humane young warrior with a handsome silver medal, on which was engraven an appropriate inscription, accompanied by an address, of which the following is the close: "Brother, accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sake; and when you have again the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this, and of us, and fly to her rescue."

INDIAN GIRL'S ROMANCE.
ENTERS HARVARD BECAUSE HER ANCESTOR SPARED A WHITE MAN.

Wah-ta-waso, a full-blooded Penobscot Indian girl, will soon enter Harvard University. The girl's Indian name means Bright Eyes, and she is said to be pretty enough and intelligent enough to be worthy of the name. There is a romantic story connected with the girl's proposed entrance into Harvard. Montague Chamberlain, recorder of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, has taken the Indian girl under his protection because one of her ancestors spared the life of one of his forefathers. About the time of the French and Indian War, some of the Penobscots who had wandered from Maine to the St. Lawrence joined the Indians under the French and made a raid into English territory, including an attack on Ticonderoga. With the English force was a trader from Boston named Chamberlain, who got into a hand-to-hand conflict with a powerful Penobscot Indian. In the struggle they clinched, but the redskin was the better wrestler and threw the white. Chamberlain managed to regain his feet and start on a run, but the Indian overtook him, and, having picked up a club, knocked Chamberlain down before he could use his knife. The strength and courage of the white evidently won the admiration of the Indian, for as he stood over Chamberlain with club in hand the Penobscot said in English:

"I like you. Make you my son. You good fighter."

Chamberlain was accordingly treated as a prisoner and was taken to the Indian village of St. Francis, on the St. Lawrence River. While he was permitted to roam freely about the village, the Indians kept a watchful eye on him, and he knew he was a captive. He learned, however, to like the Indian life and remained three years. Then in a fit of

homesickness he decided to go home, but the captor refused to let him depart. Chamberlain had won the hearts of many of the squaws by lending them a helping hand in their drudgery, and some of the maidens of the tribe aided him in escaping under cover of darkness, he afterward became a man of consequence in Boston, and the university professor of to-day is one of his descendants.

The Penobscot Indians in time returned to Maine and settled on the island in the Penobscot River, which is still their home. Montague Chamberlain in the course of his investigations discovered that Wah-ta-waso was descended from the Indian who had taken his ancestor captive at Ticonderoga, and took it upon himself to give her an opportunity to gain an excellent education. She has had the advantage of common and high schools, and is now preparing to enter the Harvard annex next spring. Mr. Chamberlain has helped a number of the Penobscots to go to Carlisle, and he has built them a library on their island.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S TASTE OF CIVILIZATION.

On his way back from the recent snake dance at Oribi, Dr. Beecher, of Yale University, felt a sense of thirst. Turning in his saddle he looked back. A cloud of white rising above the point of red sandstone mesa told him that the "chuck wagon" and the main outfit with water were fully two miles behind.

Glancing about over the sage-covered sand dunes and across the sun-curled crust of an adobe flat to his right, his eye fell upon a little Moqui dwelling hugged up in a niche of the cliff at the edge of the mesa. A wolfish dog, barking angrily, flew out at him as he galloped up. A young Moqui woman in moccasins, leggings and blankets, came to the

door. When she saw the visitor she called to the dog and nodded "How."

"Qui bamus ahwah?" asked Dr. Beecher after the dog ceased barking. The young woman smiled, and then replied pleasantly:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but if it is water you wish it may be found just a little way down the draw."

The doctor grabbed the pommel of his saddle in his surprise. He managed to say "Thank you," and then turned his horse toward the spring, as he was directed. For some time after he had satisfied his thirst he sat in the shade of a bowlder and watched his horse carefully and cautiously nibble off little bunches of gramma grass that grew closeup under the big thorny melon-cacti, and all the while he was wondering how it was that the Indian woman spoke such perfect English.

Suddenly his horse threw up its head, jumped a few feet to one side, then dropped quietly back to browsing. Looking over his shoulder, the doctor saw the Moqui woman coming down the trail with a huge water jar hung on her back in a large fold of her blanket. She smiled when she came up and made a remark about the sandstorm of the day before. The doctor gallantly caught up the gourd dipper and insisted on filling the jar for her. All the while he kept up a running conversation, and when he poured the last dipper full of water into the jar he had reached the point where he could ask her with propriety to tell him all about herself, and he did.

She was reluctant at first, but finally she began her story by saying she had been left an orphan at four years of age. Then she continued her story:

"You see there was no one to take care of me but my grandfather. One day a missionary prevailed upon him to send me to the Indian school at Ream's cañon. I stayed there until I was sixteen years old. I became much interested in my work, and at the end of my last year at Ream's cañon I was told that I was to be sent east to the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania. I look back upon that day as the happiest of my life—no, I won't say that, either, for the day I left Carlisle was a great day to me. It had been told me every day that I should go back to my people and show them the error of their ways. It was with a happy feeling of duty and responsibility that I started west.

"But what a fool I was! I hate to think about it. When I arrived in Oribi in my Eastern clothes I immediately became the laughing-stock of the village. Every time I spoke I was either jeered at by my companions or rebuked by my elders. The young men of the village made unpleasant remarks about me as I passed, and the old men and women upbraided me for having no respect for my ancestors' customs and traditions. I endured their reproaches and sneers for a long while, but at last I gave up in despair, threw away my Eastern clothes and my Eastern manners with them. Then I left Oribi and came here to live with a distant relative and to forget the past.

"I thought of going back to Pennsylvania, of clerking in a store, of doing housework and all that sort of thing; but after a time I gave it all up and resigned myself to my fate."

"And what did fate have in store for you?" asked the doctor.

She answered, smiling, "A husband."

"Now you are wrapped up in your children and are

happy?"

"No, I have no children. My only child died when it was but six months old. It took a fever, and when I saw that it was in danger I tried to get my husband to go to Winslow for a physician, but it was all in vain. He would not listen. He feared the wrath of the chief and of the native priests. I saw it was no use, so I simply nursed my child until one night it died in my lap. The next day we took the little thing back to the graveyard up on the mesa and buried it with the regular Moqui ceremony."

"Well," said the doctor, after a pause, "what can be done for the Moquis?"

"Nothing. Let them alone. They are happy now, and, you know, 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'"

In the meantime the "chuck wagon" had gone by, and the doctor rose to leave. He offered to send her some books and magazines, but she begged him not to do so, saying that she wanted to forget such things.



A UKIAH (ALASKA) INDIAN MAIDEN IN JAPANESE COSTUME.

Courtesy of *Cosmopolitan*.

See page 770.

LEAVING THE LATCH-STRING OUT.

During the French and Indian War many towns and settlements in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, as in other sections of the country, suffered severely from Indian raids.

A family of Friends, who lived in a lonely house not far from the Delaware River, and seemed to feel no fear, took no precautions against the savages. Their simple dwelling had never known a lock or bolt, and the only concession they had ever made to the custom of "the world's people" was to pull in at night the string that lifted the wooden latch of their door. Even this precaution seemed to them needless, and was as often forgotten as remembered.

Prowling parties of Indians had begun frightful ravages in the vicinity of the settlement, and evidences of their cruel work could be seen every day nearer and nearer. Warnings came to the Quaker and his wife, and one night the effect of the fears of others more than their own kept them awake.

The argument of the old Friend with himself, as he lay thinking was after this fashion: he had always trusted in God; yet to-night he had pulled in the latch-string. A measure to prevent intrusion meant suspicion. Suspicion under the circumstances, meant fear.

He talked the matter over with his wife. It would be safer now to test their faith than to throw it away, he said. She agreed with him, and he got up and hung out the latch-string again.

Less than half an hour afterward the Indians came. The defenseless inmates of the house were wholly at their

mercy. They heard the savage band creep by their bedroom window and pause as if surprised to find the latch-string out. Then they heard them open the door. A muttered talk in the native tongue kept the listeners in suspense for a minute or two; then the door was shut softly and the raiders went away.

The next day the smoke of ruined dwellings in sight of their cabin, and the lamentation of neighbors over their killed or captured kindred, told the Friends what they had escaped.

It was not until years afterward, during a conference between the colonists and the Indians, that the story was told of what had passed that fatal night at the Quaker's door. A chief, who had himself been a leader of the gang in the attack on the white settlement, declared that when he saw the latch-string out, the sign of fearless confidence made him change his mind. He held a short parley with his followers, and the substance of it was:

"These people are no enemies. See, they are not afraid of us. They are protected by the Great Spirit."

"A WOMAN CAN'T HOLD HER TONGUE."

Saratoga Lake, in New York, is such a calm and beautiful sheet of water that Indians had a legend that it was the special resort of Manitou, or the Great Spirit, and they professed to believe that all who shouted or made a noise while crossing would offend the Great Spirit, and he, in punishment for the indignity, would cause the offender to sink to the bottom like a stone.

Now, it happened that an Indian boatman was

conveying a lady across the lake, who, knowing the Indian's superstition and the reason for it, determined to teach him a lesson and disprove the legend. Accordingly, when half way across, she shouted aloud several times. But the Indian boatman, Charon-like, pulled grimly and silently at the oars, until the keel touched the further shore.

"There!" exclaimed the lady, "did I not tell you the Great Spirit had no more to do with this lake than any other. You see I did not sink to the bottom when I shouted." Fixing his eyes sternly on the offender, the Indian replied: "The Great Spirit is very patient and all wise. He knows white squaws can't keep their mouths shut."

ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT ON INDIANS.

In the Indian census report an interesting attempt is made for the first time to cast up in figures an aggregate of the Government expenditures on account of the red men residing within the United States since the Union was established in 1789. The result of this attempt indicates in the statistics presented that the gigantic sum of $1,105,219,372 was spent by the Government up to the year 1890 either upon the Indians directly or indirectly because of Indians. Counting in, however, the civil and military expenses for Indians since then, together with incidental expenses not recognized in the official figures given, it is safe to say that up to June 30, 1895, a further sum of $144,780,628 may be added to the aggregate figures, making a grand aggregate of $1,250,000,000 chargeable to Indians to date.

The Indian wars under the Government of the United

States are stated to have numbered more than forty and to have cost the lives of about nineteen thousand white men, women and children, including about five thousand killed in individual encounters of which history takes no note and of thirty thousand Indians, including eighty-five hundred killed in personal encounters.

THE SURPRISED INDIANS.

On one occasion a company of soldiers was attacked by Indians while ascending a steep mountain pass. It happened that the soldiers had several small cannon packed on the backs of burros. Wishing to frighten the Indians, who were in close pursuit, and not having time to unpack the cannon, it was decided to load and fire them from the backs of the sturdy little beasts of burden. This was accordingly done. But one of the gunners in his haste and excitement put in an extra large charge of powder. When, therefore, the burro was backed to the edge of the precipice, and the cannon aimed downward at the Indians and touched off, the concussion was so great as to hurl both cannon and burro over the precipice and down the mountain side, pell mell, loosening stones as they tumbled right in the midst of the astonished Indians, some of whom were knocked over and in turn hurled on down the mountain side. The war-whoop was changed to a yell of terror as the surviving Indians fled down the mountain pass. The next day one of this band of Indians was captured, and on being asked, through the interpreter, what caused the Indians to retreat so fast at the commencement of the fight, he answered "Injuns no fraid of guns, pistols, swords or cannons, but when white soldier shoot whole donkey at Injun, Injun run 'cause he cannot fly."

Charles F. Lummis, in "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," says of the Navajo magicians:

"But the crowning achievement of the Navajo—and, in my knowledge, of any Indian—magicians, is the growing of the sacred corn. At sunrise the shaman plants the enchanted kernel before him, in full view of his audience, and sits solemnly in his place, singing a weird song. Presently the earth cracks, and the tender green shoot pushes forth. As the magician sings on the young plant grows visibly, reaching upward several inches an hour, waxing thick and putting out its drooping blades. If the juggler stops his song the growth of the corn stops, and is resumed only when he recommences his chant. By noon the corn is tall and vigorous and already tasseled out; and by sunset it is a mature and perfect plant, with tall stalk, sedgy leaves and silk-topped ears of corn! How the trick is performed I have never been able to form so much as a satisfactory guess; but done it is, as plainly as eyes ever saw anything done, and apparently with as little chance for deception."

A PROFESSOR IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, a friend and correspondent of the author, is a high authority on anthropology and ethnography, and for some years has been closely studying the native tribes of this continent. His investigations have taken him to many reservations, and hosts of Indians are his friends.

Whenever he revisits the Iroquois people he will receive a cordial welcome. Not long ago he was made a member of that federation—a Seneca, and therefore a brother of all the Iroquois—and has as much right to sit in

a council of the Senecas as any Indian whose ancestry antedates the landing of Columbus. That he is capable of occupying this place with honor the Indians did not doubt, for, when they adopted him formally, he was not named Pale Moon, Lively Beetle, or any such appellation, but Haysetha, the wisest speaker in the council.

When the anthropologist first met his future brethren they did not take to him very kindly. Their suspicious natures do not allow them to make friends easily with the white men, or permit one to make a careful study of tribal customs.

One of the large reservations of the Iroquois is near Chautauqua, where the professor was delivering a series of lectures on the American Indian. He happened to mention that the Iroquois near by were different from other Indian peoples thrown in contact with civilization, in that they still used rites and ceremonies which were in vogue centuries ago. The pupils wished to witness these and an expedition was organized.

The rig broke down midway. The distance back to town or to the reservation was a little over twelve miles. No one was in the humor for such a long walk, and it devolved upon the professor to scurry about to find a wagon large enough to hold twenty-five people.

Near by was an old Iroquois who had a hay wagon which would fill the bill, but the Indian refused point blank to aid them. Neither pleadings nor money could swerve him from his purpose not to let the white men have his wagon. The case seemed hopeless, and Professor Starr had about made up his mind to take the long trudge back without paying the visit when a happy thought struck him.

He remembered that many of the Iroquois belong to

the Wolf family—that is, have the wolf as their "totem"—and are always loyal to each other. Consequently he determined to pass himself off as a "Wolf," since there are many white men with Indian blood in their veins who are members of the family.

"Now, you must not refuse me," said the professor. "I'm no ordinary white man. I'm a 'Wolf.'" The effect was magical. The Indian hitched up his horses and did not even want to take pay for his trouble.

When the reservation was reached Professor Starr saw an old man making a rattle, he wanted it.

"How much?" he inquired.

"One dollar, white man," was the reply.

Professor Starr, however, had no intention of paying this exorbitant price. He determined to play the "Wolf" again.

"I'm no ordinary white man," he said. "I'm a 'Wolf,' a brother. You won't charge me more than 50 cents." The Indian took the half-dollar.

Farther on the professor found a corn mask used in a sacred dance. He wanted this to take back to Chicago with him.

"One dollar, white man," said the squaw who owned it. The "Wolf" had served him twice and the professor resolved to try it thrice.

"I'm no common white man," he declared. "I'm a 'Wolf.' You shouldn't charge me more than 50 cents."

"No difference, white man," she replied. "I'm 'Bear'

(another totem who are rivals of the 'Wolves'). Pay one dollar."

And the professor paid the price demanded.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHENCE CAME THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA?

Many and varied are the answers to this interrogation, like Gaul, they are divided into three parts, or classes, the impossible and absurd, the possible, and the probable.

Most of the writers on this subject seem to have evolved out of their inner consciences or imaginations a fine-spun theory, and then to have marshaled all the evidence possible in support of it.

Should there be other facts which do not support their theory, so much the worse for those facts. Wherever it is possible they are tortured and perverted into supporting what it is predetermined to prove. But if this can not be done by any sophistry or jugglery of words, then the facts in question are coolly ignored.

Now we do not expect to settle this long-mooted question, but we have honestly and carefully investigated the subject in all its bearings, and without any

preconceived theory to support.

Instead of trying to begin with the American Indian and trace the line of descent back to its source, we have reversed this order, and, beginning with the source and starting point of all the nations and tribes of the earth, which is the dispersion of mankind at the Tower of Babel, we have endeavored to trace that branch or branches of the Shemites which peopled this hemisphere.

But it might be asked, is such a thing possible after the lapse of ages? The reader shall be the judge *after,* not *before,* he knows the position we take, and our reasons for it.

However, before beginning our task proper, we want to consider other theories which have been advanced and stoutly defended, to account for the inhabitants and civilization found in America.

One of these theories is (or was) that the original civilizers of Mexico and Central America were the "lost ten tribes of Israel." It was first promulgated by the Spanish monks, who established missions in Mexico and Central America, a class of men to whom the world is indebted for a great variety of amazing contributions to the literature of hagiology. According to this theory the "lost ten tribes" left Syria, or Assyria, or whatever country they dwelt in at the time, traversed the whole extent of Asia, crossed over into America at Behring's Strait, went down the Pacific coast almost the full length of North America and established that wonderful civilization of Central America.

If it required forty years for the ancestors of those same ten tribes to journey from Egypt to Canaan, a distance of a few hundred miles at most, we are curious to

know how much time, in the estimation of those who advocate this theory, would be necessary for this interminable journey?

The kingdom of the ten tribes was destroyed not long previous to the year 700 B. C., at which period the Jews of the Northern Kingdom were not noted for their architecture or other evidences of civilization. They were incapable of building their own Temple without aid from the Tyrians. Moreover, there is nowhere a fact, a suggestion, or a circumstance of any kind to show that the "lost ten tribes" *ever left* the countries of Southwestern Asia, where they dwelt after the destruction of their kingdom. They were "lost" to the Jewish nation because they rebelled against God and worshiped idols. After their subjugation by the Assyrians in 721 B. C. they were to a great extent absorbed by the surrounding nations.

To assume that a population came over and passed down to Mexico, Yucatan and even to South America, carrying with them their arts, but not exercising them on this interminable journey, is ridiculous. No pottery has yet been found between the Yukon and the Humbolt, or even further south.

It was also assumed that either the ten tribes, or a Jewish colony, were the ancestors of the American Indians.

But, as J. H. Beadle well says: "It would certainly be an amazing thing if such a people as the Jews could, in a few centuries, lose all trace of their language, religion, laws, form of government, art, science and general knowledge, and sink into a tribe of barbarians. But when we add that their bodily shape must have completely changed, their skulls lengthened, the beard dropped from their faces, and their language undergone a reversion from a derivative to a primitive type—a thing unknown in any

human tongue—the supposition becomes too monstrous even to be discussed."

There are three other characteristics in which the Jew and the Indian are diametrically opposite. From the time of David and his harp, the Jewish people have been among the great musicians of the world, while the Indian, like the Chinese, can make a diabolical din sufficient to drive Orpheus crazy, but has no idea of harmony. The Jews have been the financiers of the world throughout the ages, but the Indians have no conception of the value of a dollar.

From the very beginning of Jewish history certain animals, such as cattle, sheep and fallow deer were considered "clean" and allowed by their law for food. Other animals, such as swine, dogs and hares, were considered "unclean," and forbidden as food. The same rule obtains among orthodox Jews to this day. But among the North American Indians there is no such thing as "clean" or "unclean" animals. "All is grist that comes to their mill." An Indian will positively eat anything, from the paunch and intestines of a buffalo or beef and their *contents,* to a dog, skunk, snake or horned toad. Most of the so-called "Blanket" Indians have no conception of cleanliness in their food or cooking, but to a civilized man it is indescribably filthy.

We might add that the theory that America was peopled by a colony of Jews is substantially that of the Mormons, who, to bolster it up, ask us to believe that an angel appeared to one Joseph Smith and told him to dig in a certain hill in Ontario County, New York. This he did September 22, 1823, and found certain gold plates engraved with Egyptian characters. Having translated it through the aid of a scribe (Smith being a poor writer), and by means of a "curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two

transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow, and used by seers to receive revelation of things distant, or of things past or future," {FN} he found it a Divine revelation, which proved conclusively that the Indians were descendants from a Jewish colony which came in ships to this continent.

{FN} Parley P. Pratt.

Is it not remarkable that those plates, though giving an account of *Jews,* were engraved in *Egyptian* characters? And that Smith, though confessedly an ignorant man and a poor writer, could translate Egyptian, one of the most difficult languages in the world? We are skeptical and can only say, show us the golden plates and the Urim and Thummim, and it sufficeth us. We are persuaded that Joseph Smith did not find any such plates, but that he preceded Barnum in discovering that "the American people delight to be humbugged."

We desire now to consider what is designated as the *Phoenician theory.*

Intelligent investigators who use reason in their inquiries sufficiently to be incapable of accepting the absurdities of monkish fancy, maintained that this civilization came originally from the Phoenicians. To those who believe that this civilization was imported, this seems more reasonable than any other theory, for more can be said to give it the appearance of probability.



JAPANESE GIRL IN UKIAH (ALASKA) INDIAN COSTUME.

Courtesy of *Cosmopolitan*.

See page 770.

It is well known that the Phoenicians were preeminent as the colonizing navigators of antiquity. They were an enlightened and enterprising maritime people, whose commerce traversed every known sea, and extended its operations beyond the "Pillars of Hercules" into the "Great Exterior Ocean." The early Greeks said of these people that they "went everywhere from the extreme East to the extreme West, multiplying settlements on all seas." But the great ages of this race are in the distant past, far beyond the beginning of recorded history. Indeed, history has knowledge of only a few of their later communities—the Sabeans of Southern Arabia, the people of Tyre and Sidon, the Carthaginians, and the settlements on the coast of Spain and Britain. In fact, the Phoenicians gave the name to Great Britain which it still retains, that of Brittan-nock, the *land of tin.* It is not difficult to believe that communities of Phoenicians were established all around the Mediterranean, and even beyond the Strait of Gibraltar, in ages quite as old as Egypt or Chaldea, and that they had communication with this hemisphere. Why did the ancients say so much about a "great Saturnian Continent" beyond the Atlantic if nobody in prehistoric ages had ever seen that continent? They said it was there and we know they were right; but whence came their knowledge of it, and such knowledge as led them to describe it as "larger than Asia (meaning Asia Minor), Europe and Libya together?" This ancient belief must have been due to the fact that their greatest navigators, the Phoenicians, had communication with America in early prehistoric times.

The Phoenicians undoubtedly had more communication with this continent than they had with surrounding nations with reference to it. They of all the ancient peoples knew how to keep state secrets. They would rather *supply* other nations with gold, silver, precious stones, tin, peacocks, ivory, almug wood, and

other commodities, than to tell whence they obtained them. The voyages to this continent must have taken place at a very remote period, which was imperfectly recollected and never fully revealed to other nations.

But they must have had some vague knowledge of ancient America, as is shown by Plutarch's mention of a "Great Saturnian Continent beyond the Cronian Sea," meaning the Atlantic Ocean, and the fact that Solon brought from Egypt to Athens the story of the Atlantic Island, which was not entirely new in Greece. Humbolt tells us that Procles, an ancient Carthaginian historian, says:

"The historians who speak of the islands of the exterior sea (the Atlantic Ocean) tell us that in their time there were seven islands consecrated to Proserpine, and three others, of immense extent, of which the first was consecrated to Plato, {*sic* Pluto?} the second to Ammon, and the third to Neptune. The inhabitants of the latter had preserved a recollection (transmitted to them by their ancestors) of the island Atlantis, which was extremely large, and for a longtime held sway over all the Islands of the Atlantic Ocean."

Diodorus Siculus, another great historian, who lived about forty years before the Christian era, gives this account of a country which was evidently Mexico, or Central America:

"Over against Africa lies a great island in the vast ocean, *many days sail from Libya westward.* The soil is very fruitful. It is diversified with mountains and pleasant vales, and the towns are adorned with stately buildings." After describing the gardens, orchards, and fountains, he tells how this pleasant country was discovered. He says, the Phoenicians, having built Gades (Cadiz) in Spain,

sailed along the western coast of Africa. A Phoenician ship, voyaging down south, was "on a sudden driven by a furious storm far into the main ocean, and, *after they had lain under this tempest many days,* they at last arrived at this island." There is a similar statement in a work attributed to Aristotle, in which the discovery is ascribed to Carthaginians, who were Phoenicians.

According to Strabo, the art of night sailing was taught in Ancient Tyre; and the Arabians and Chinese certainly used the mariner's compass before it was brought from China to Venice by Marco Polo in 1260.

After doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and while continuing his voyage to India, Vasco de Gama found the Arabians on the coast of the Indian Ocean using the mariner's compass, and vessels equal in quality to his own.

The world has always been prone to underrate the achievements of the ancients, especially with reference to their maritime skill, but many concede that the Phoenicians were exceptional. Their known enterprise, and this ancient knowledge of America, so variously expressed, strongly encourage the hypothesis that the people called Phoenicians came to this continent, established colonies in the region where ruined cities are found, and filled it with civilization.

It is also claimed that symbolic devices similar to those of the Phoenicians are found in the ruins of Mexico and Central America, and that old traditions of the natives described the first civilizers as "bearded white men who came from the East in ships." It will be remembered that this same tradition was communicated to Cortez by Montezuma. Therefore it is urged that the people described in the native books and traditions as "Colhuas" must have been Phoenicians.

If correct, this theory would be certain of demonstration for they were preeminently a people of letters and monuments. The Phoenician alphabet is said to be the parent of all the alphabets of Europe except the Turkish. If they were responsible for this civilization they must have left some trace of their language. But none has been found. Nor can any similarity be traced in the ruins of Copan and Palanque with other ruins known to have been erected by the Phoenicians. Therefore we can not reasonably suppose this American civilization originated by people of the Phoenician race, whatever may be thought of the evidence of their acquaintance with this continent.

The most strenuous advocate of the theory that America, was first peopled from the sunken continent of Atlantis, was Brasseur de Bourbourg. He studied the monuments, writings and traditions left by this civilization more than any other man; and actually learned to decipher some of the Central American writings.

His Atlantic theory of the old American civilization is that it was originated on a portion of this continent which is now under waters of the Atlantic Ocean. It supposes the continent extended, anciently, from New Granada, Central America and Mexico, in a long, irregular peninsula, so far across the Atlantic that the Canary, Madeira, and Azores, or Western Islands, may be remains of this portion of it. In other words, it was not a large island or continent, as the ancients claimed, but a large peninsula joined on to the main land at Central America.

High mountains stood where we now find the West India Islands. Beyond these, toward Africa and Europe, was a great extent of fertile and beautiful land, and here arose the first civilization of mankind, which flourished many ages, until at length this extended portion of the continent was engulfed by a tremendous convulsion of

nature, or by a succession of such convulsions, which made the ruin complete. After the cataclysm, a part of the Atlantic people who escaped destruction settled in Central America, where, perhaps, their civilization had been previously introduced. The reasons urged in support of this hypothesis make it seem possible, if not probable, to imaginative minds. Even men like Humboldt have recognized in the original legend the possible vestige of a widely spread tradition of earliest times. From this standpoint only can it be seriously considered.

Plutarch, in his life of Solon, mentions the fact that while that sage was in Egypt "he conferred with the priests of Psenophis, Sonchis, Heliopolis and Sais, and learned from them the story of Atlantis." Brasseur de Bourbourg cites Cousin's translation of Plato's record of this story, to strengthen his position, as follows:

"Among the great deeds of Athens, of which recollection is preserved in our books, there is one which should be placed above all others. Our books tell that the Athenians destroyed an army which came across the Atlantic Sea, and insolently invaded Europe and Asia; for this sea was then navigable, and beyond the strait where you place the Pillars of Hercules there was an island larger than Asia (Minor) and Libya combined. From this island one could pass easily to the other islands, and from these to the continent which lies around the interior sea. The sea on this side of the strait (the Mediterranean), of which we speak, resembles a harbor with its narrow entrance; but there is a genuine sea, and the land which surrounds it is a veritable continent. In the Island of Atlantis reigned three kings with great and marvelous power. They had under their dominion the whole Atlantis, several other islands, and some parts of the continent. At one time their power extended into Libya, and into Europe as far as Tyrrhenia: and uniting their whole force, they sought to destroy our

countries at a blow; but their defeat stopped the invasion and gave entire independence to all the countries on this side the Pillars of Hercules. Afterward in one day and one fatal night, there came mighty earthquakes and inundations, which engulfed that warlike people. Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea and then that sea became inaccessible, so that navigation on it ceased on account of the quantity of mud which the engulfed island left in its place."

This invasion took place many ages before Athens was known as a Greek city. It is referred to an extremely remote antiquity. The festival known as the "Lesser Panathenaea," which, as symbolic devices used in it show, commemorated this triumph over the Atlantes, is said to have been instituted by the mythical Erichthonius in the earliest times remembered by Athenian tradition.

Brasseur de Bourbourg also claims that there is in the old Central American books a constant tradition of an immense catastrophe of the character supposed; that this tradition existed everywhere among the people when they first became known to Europeans; and that recollections of the catastrophe were preserved in some of their festivals, especially in one celebrated in the month of Izcalli, which was instituted to commemorate this frightful destruction of land and people, and in which "princes and people humbled themselves before the divinity, and besought him to withhold a return of such terrible calamities." This tradition affirms that a part of the continent extending into the Atlantic was destroyed in the manner supposed, and appears to indicate that the destruction was accomplished by a succession of frightful convulsions. Three are constantly mentioned, and sometimes there is mention of one or two others. "The land was shaken by frightful earthquakes, and the waves of the sea combined with volcanic fires to overwhelm and engulf it." Each

convulsion swept away portions of the land, until the whole disappeared, leaving the line of the coast as it is now. Most of the inhabitants, overtaken amid their regular employments, were destroyed; but some escaped in ships, and some fled for safety to the summits of high mountains, or to portions of the land which, for a time, escaped immediate destruction. Quotations are made from the old books in which this tradition is said to be recorded, verifying Abbe Brasseur's position. But, as J. D. Baldwin says, "To criticise intelligently his interpretation of their significance, one needs to have a knowledge of those books and traditions equal at least to his own."

In addition to this so-called proof by the traditions of both the old and new world, he adds this philological argument:

"The words *Atlas* and *Atlantic* have no satisfactory etymology in any language known to Europe. They are not Greek, and can not be referred to any known language of the Old World. But in the Nahnatl language we find immediately the radical *a. atl,* which signifies water.

"From this comes a series of words, such as *atlan,* on the border of or amid the water, from which we have the adjective Atlantic. A city named *Atlan* existed when the continent was discovered by Columbus, at the entrance of the Gulf of Uraba, in Darien, with a good harbor; it is now reduced to an unimportant pueblo named Aela."

We think the foregoing is a fair statement of the argument advanced by the Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg, in support of his theory. We might add that the late Ignatius Donnelly, in his popular work, "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World," takes much the same position, and, like the venerable Abbe, gives free rein to his vivid imagination, and is restrained by no doubts suggested by scientific

indications.

So far from geology lending the slightest confirmation to the idea of an engulfed Atlantis, Prof. Wyville Thompson has shown, in his "Depths of the Sea," that while oscillations of the land have considerably modified the boundaries of the Atlantic Ocean, the geological age of its basin dates as far back, at least, as the later secondary period. The study of its animal life, as revealed in dredging, strongly confirms this, disclosing an unbroken continuity of life on the Atlantic sea-bed from the Cretaceous to the present time; and, as Sir Charles Lyell has pointed out, in his "Principles of Geology," the entire evidence is adverse to the idea that the Canaries, the Madeiras, and the Azores are surviving fragments of a vast submerged island, or continuous area of the adjacent continent. There are, indeed, undoubted indications of volcanic action; but they furnish evidence of local upheaval, not of the submergence of extensive continental areas.

The leading geologists all agree that "our continents have long remained in nearly the same relative position," and the highest authorities in science concur in the belief that "the main features of the Atlantic basin have undergone no change within any recent geological period."

While, therefore, this theory appeals with subtle power to the imagination, by reason of its seductive plausibility; yet to those who attach any value to scientific evidence, such speculations present no serious claims on their study. On the other hand, it will be rejected without much regard to what can be said in its favor, for it interferes with current beliefs concerning antiquity and ancient history, and must encounter vehement contradiction from habits of thought fixed by these beliefs.

Baldwin well says, that "Some of the uses made of this theory can not endure criticism. For instance, when he makes it the basis of an assumption that all the civilization of the Old World went originally from America, and claims particularly that the supposed 'Atlantic race' created Egypt, he goes quite beyond reach of the considerations used to give his hypothesis a certain air of probability. It may be, as he says, that for every pyramid in Egypt there are a thousand in Mexico and Central America, but the ruins in Egypt and those in Central America have nothing in common. The two countries were entirely different in their language, in their styles of architecture, in their written characters, and in the physical characteristics of their earliest people, as they are seen sculptured or painted on the monuments. An Egyptian pyramid is no more the same thing as a Mexican pyramid than a Chinese pagoda is the same thing as an English light-house. It was not made in the same way, nor for the same uses. The ruined monuments show, in general and in particular, that the original civilizers in America were profoundly different from the ancient Egyptians. The two peoples can not possibly explain each other."

With reference to this theory, from the foregoing reasons, we are compelled to bring in the Scotch verdict, "*Not proven.*"

One other theory we must notice briefly before giving what we believe to be the true theory, which will meet the requirements.

It is claimed by certain intelligent men, of sufficient learning to know better, that the North American Indian is indigenous to this continent, his ancestors, or first parents, having been created here just as were Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. In other words, the Western Hemisphere was peopled from one pair and one center just as was the

Eastern Hemisphere.

J. Lee Humfreville, in his "Twenty Years Among Our Savage Indians," takes this position.

Even the distinguished naturalist, Professor Agassiz, is quoted as saying that "The anatomical differences between the different races, and especially those which distinguish the black and white, indicate a diversity of origin."

It is contended by others that, "The separation of the races from each other for unknown ages by great oceans and by formidable and almost impassable continental barriers, opposes the probability that they are descended from one parentage, and migrated from one spot."

If there be any logic in this theory, it is essential not only to have an Adam and Eve in America for the Red Race, but another pair in Africa for the Black Race, another in China for the Yellow Race, and still another in Polynesia for the Brown. Perhaps the learned comparative anatomists (all of whom belong to the White Race) will be gracious enough to concede that Adam and Eve were *their first parents?*

Dr. J. L. Cabell, in his work on "The Common Parentage of the Human Race," gives the following very good reason why it is more rational to suppose that the world was peopled by the progeny of a single pair radiating from one spot, than by many miraculous creations of the ancestors of the races placed originally in their present habitats: "Inasmuch as it has been shown that man has the power of undergoing acclimation in every habitable quarter of the globe, and had the means of facilitating his migration from his original birthplace, while moreover, he is susceptible of undergoing variations

in bodily stricture, and in intellectual and moral tendencies, which variations, once acquired, are subsequently perpetuated by descent, *it is contrary to the observed ways of Providence to multiply miracles, and especially the highest miracles, in order to achieve a result which was clearly practicable by natural processes.*"

Baron Humboldt, the great German scholar, has advanced an unanswerable argument to prove the unity of the human race and their descent from one pair. In his "Cosmos" he says: "The different races of men are forms of one sole species. They are not different species of a genus, since in that case their hybrid descendants would be unfruitful. But it is known that people of every race and color, from the highest to the lowest, intermingle and propagate descendants different from either parent."

However, it is unnecessary to go outside of the Scripture to prove the unity of the human race. In Genesis iii:20, we read, "Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living." The same thought is brought out in I. Cor. xv:22, by the declaration, "For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." In Gen. ix:1, we read, "And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." In verse 19 of the same chapter we read, "These are the three sons of Noah: and of them was the *whole earth overspread.*" In this chapter we find a command of God touching this question, and proof that it was literally obeyed.

In Gen. x:32, we find this statement: "These are the families of the sons of Noah, after their generations, in their nations; and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood."

The argument in the New Testament is just as strong

in support of the unity of the race.

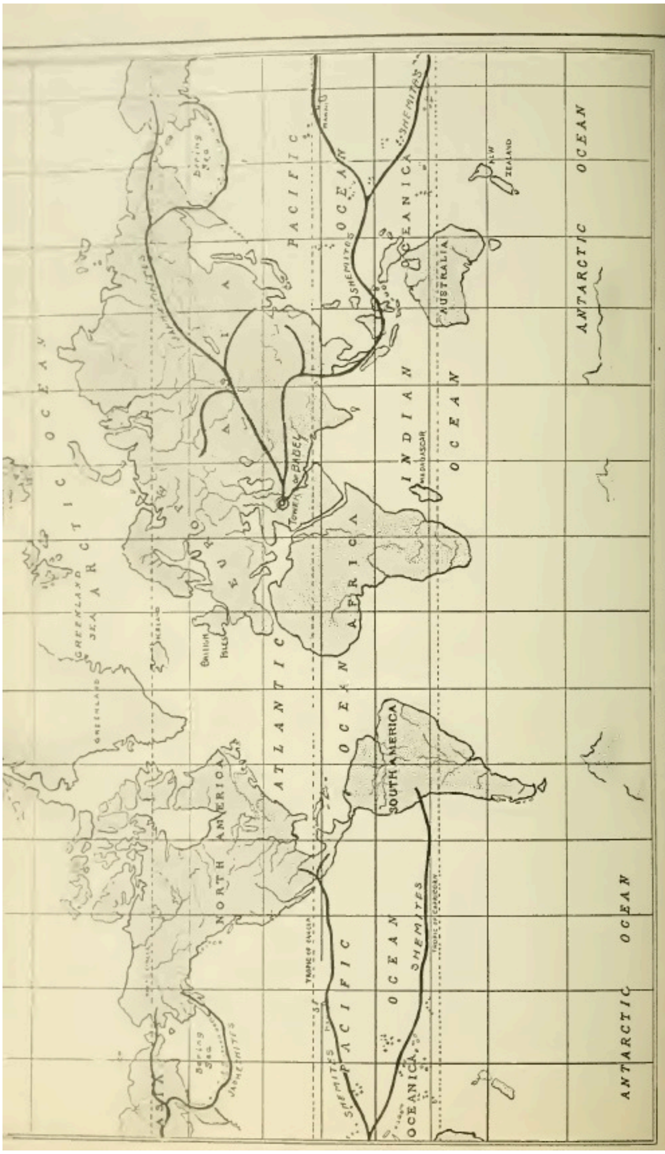
In giving the great commission Christ said "Go ye into *all the world,* and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi:15). In the seventeenth chapter of Acts we find that Paul said on Mars' hill, "God, that made the world and all things therein . . . *hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,* and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." In Gal. iii:28 Paul also assures us, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free; for ye are all *one* in Christ Jesus."

In John xvii:20-21, Christ uttered both a prayer and a prophecy sure of fulfilment when he said: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be *one;* as thou Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be *one in us.*"

Since, then, the theories of a diversity of origin of the races, and that the American Indian is indigenous to this continent, are both opposed by the teaching of God's Word, it follows that both are wrong, and can not be sustained.

We stand squarely by the Bible. *Men* may come and men may go, but *God's Word* will endure *forever.*

Having disposed of these "*theories,*" and proven that all of them are more or less fallacious, and the last rather more than less, we are ready to "Take up the White Man's burden," and show how the ancestors of the Red Man got to this hemisphere, as also to account for the civilization found here.



ORIGINAL MAP SHOWING THE AUTHOR'S THEORY THAT SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA WERE PEOPLED BY

Let us go back to the Tower of Babel, or Confusion, so called because God there confounded the language of the people, and "scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth."

Concerning Ham, Japheth and Shem, it is written: "These are the three sons of Noah; and of them was the whole earth overspread" (Gen. ix:19).

Broadly speaking, we find that Ham and his descendants received Africa, Arabia, Canaan and Persia. Japheth and his descendants received Central, Northern and Western Asia and all of Europe.

We will not follow the history of these two sons of Noah further at this time except to say that the descendants of Ham were the first, and those of Japheth the last to establish civilization.

As to Shem and his descendants, broadly speaking, their possessions began with Canaan, which was taken from the Hamites and extended east and southeast through Southern Asia, including what is now known as India, Burmah, China, Japan, and the great ancient Malay or Polynesian Empire.

As proof that they migrated eastward, we read of the sons of Joktan, a near descendant from Shem, "And their dwelling was from Mesha, as thou goest unto Sephar, *a mount of the East.*"

We thus find that the general direction of the Shemites was east. As proof that the adjacent islands were

peopled at this early age, Josephus says, in his "Antiquities of the Jews," chap. v., "After this they were dispersed abroad on account of the difference of their languages, and went out by colonies everywhere, and each colony took possession of that land unto which God led them, so that the whole continent was filled with them, both the inland and maritime countries. There were some also who passed over the sea in *ships,* and inhabited *the islands;* and some of those nations still retain the denominations which were given them by their first founders, but some have lost them, and some have only admitted certain changes in them, that they might be more intelligible to the inhabitants."

There can be but one meaning to this language. It is that the Hamites extended their settlements to the islands adjacent to Africa, such as Madagascar and the Cape Verde Islands. The Japhethites extended their settlements to those adjacent to Europe, such as the British Islands, and the Shemites extended their settlements to those islands they found east and southeast from Asia, which were beyond a doubt what afterward became the Malay or Polynesian Empire.

This empire was described by El-Masudi, who wrote in the tenth century. He represented it as lying between the dominions of India and China, and as an empire whose splendor and high civilization were greatly celebrated; and he says: "The population, and the number of the troops of this kingdom, can not be counted, and the islands under the sceptre of its monarch (the Mahrajh, the Lord of the Sixth Sea) are so numerous that the fastest sailing-vessel is not able to go round them in two years."

We find this empire was referred to by Ptolemy and Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, who visited it. They called it Ja-ba-din. It included the peninsula of

Malacca, Aracan, Chittagong, the country of the Lower Ganges, the coast of Coromandel, the Island of Borneo, one of the largest in the world, Celebes, Java and Sumatra, and all others between Australia and Eastern Asia. Traces of the colonies and ancient commercial power of the Malays are found in the Indian Ocean, the Isles of Bourbon and Mauritius in the Southern Hemisphere, whose aborigines are of Malayan descent. Moreover, the descendants of the Malays, with much of their language, and traces of their ancient civilization, are found on all the larger islands between Asia and this hemisphere, as also the western part of South America.

Pickering, the learned ethnologist of the United States Exploring Expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Wilkes, during a three-years' voyage, who had an excellent opportunity for comparing the different races of the Pacific Ocean and the opposite shores of the continents separated by it, thinks that all the copper-colored aborigines of North and South America are of Mongolian descent except the Esquimaux (who seem to be of the same race with the Northern Asiatics), and the aboriginal Peruvians and Chilians, whom he supposes to be of Malayan extraction; and he has made that distribution of them upon the ethnographical chart published with the maps of the report of the expedition. His opinion is entitled to great respect, and is substantially the same as that of the celebrated missionary, Williams, who, after spending thirty years among the tropical islands of the Pacific Ocean, was massacred by the savages of one lately discovered.

He was a devoted Christian hero, a splendid scholar, and was deeply interested in natural science. He published an account of his researches and life in the Pacific in a work known as "The Missionary Enterprise," in which he proved conclusively that all the copper-colored occupants of the Sandwich, Society and Friendly Isles, and, indeed,

all the other groups of that ocean, and also the Quichuas, or Incas Indians of Peru, are of Malayan origin. Their complexion and anatomical traits are the same; and their languages are all dialects of those of Malacca, as he has proved by placing a sufficient number of common words from each of their tongues in parallel columns. The Malays, and their kindred in these clusters of isles, are, as their ancestors were in past ages, as nautical in their habits as the ancient Phoenicians or the Northmen.

As Prof. Edward Fontaine well says in his great work, "How the World Was Peopled," "The settlement of the islands of the Pacific, and even of the western shores of South America, was not only an easy task to the nautical Malays of the empire of 'the islands of the sixth sea,' but, in some cases, an unavoidable consequence of their adventurous life upon the ocean. The strong and regular winds which blow across the Pacific facilitate the voyages of all who attempt its passage. The inhabitants of it use now, as they have done from time immemorial, vessels admirably adapted to its navigation. They still send 'ambassadors in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters.' {FN} Their double canoes, made of the hollowed trunks of trees strongly lashed together, and furnished with what are termed 'outriggers,' formed of light and buoyant logs of bamboo attached to their gunwales, and projected a considerable distance beyond their sides, can not be capsized. The *bamboo* is the *Arundo giganteus* (the gigantic bulrush); and, when the boat is rolled by the waves from side to side, these outriggers rest upon them and prevent it from turning over. They are dexterous anglers and expert swimmers. The feat of Leander, in swimming across the Hellespont, is often outdone by the almost amphibious natives of the Polynesian isles. Embarked with their families in their double canoes, and supplied with their calabashes (large, strong gourds of

water), and angling and fowling implements, they live upon the ocean's breast, which affords ample nourishment for all their simple wants. The copious showers, which fall during the prevalence of the monsoons (winds which blow six months in one direction, and the other six in the opposite), furnish them with an abundant supply of water. So free is that ocean from storms that it has acquired the name it bears, the Pacific. Far out of sight of land, they are in no great danger of any accident, except that of losing their reckoning. They are very liable to this misfortune from the want of a compass, a knowledge which their ancestors probably possessed, but which they have lost. If they miss their course, which often happens, their lives are not much imperiled, but it is then almost impossible for them to regain their native isles. They can live upon the fish, aquatic fowl, eggs, coconuts and other food afforded by the surface of the deep, and drift before the gale until it wafts them to America, or to some island west of its shores."

{FN} Isaiah xviii,2.

In this manner South America undoubtedly received her largest, earliest and most civilized population. They were of the *Shemitic* branch of the human family, *Malay Polynesian division,* and reached the shores of Chile and Peru, by way of *the islands of the Pacific.* We have shown by quotations from the Bible and Josephus that one branch of the descendants of Shem journeyed east, took to ships and settled the adjacent islands of the sea.

Now these people must have had some knowledge of ship-building and navigation. Had not their ancestors been saved in the ark? {FN} And were not the Hamites, or Phoenicians, becoming a great maritime people possibly at this very period, on the shores of the Mediterranean and

Atlantic Ocean?

{FN} A ship recently constructed on the plan of the ark has proven a perfect success as a vessel for heavy freight.

So we have proven that they actually started across the Pacific Ocean not many centuries after the dispersion at Babel. Is it not the most reasonable and probable conclusion that since the western shore of the Pacific was their place of embarkation, and eastward their direction (and we have certainly proven these two points), that America would eventually be their *goal* or *destination?*

God had told the descendants of Noah to "Multiply and replenish the earth"; they at first refused to obey his command, whereupon He determined to make them obey, and, as we have seen, confounded their language and dispersed them. Now is it reasonable that He would have been satisfied with a partial obedience, resulting only in the peopling of a few islands of the Pacific, when the boundless continent of America lay upon its other shore? Can any reasonable man believe that those ancient mariners, propelled by the power of Omnipotence in fulfilment of His command, and with the known spirit of restlessness and discontent which has characterized the progressive men of all ages, could discover a few islands lying in the direction they were sailing, but fail to eventually find a *vast hemisphere* lying in the same course and extending through four of the zones of the earth?

We submit that in drifting before the wind, or even in a voyage of discovery, many islands lying almost in the wake of the ship might be passed at night without discovery, but it is absolutely impossible to pass a continent without seeing it and touching it at some point.

Men find islands peopled and evidence of a former

civilization which the inhabitants can give no account of, and it excites little or no interest, but if a continent is discovered with civilized people, and evidence of a greater civilization in its past history, they at once get excited and begin to evolve a fine-spun theory out of the thin air, and charge it all up to the Phoenicians, lost ten tribes of Israel, the inhabitants of the sunken continent of Atlantis, or that God created another Adam and Eve, from whom the people of this continent had their origin. In the classic language of Puck, "What fools these mortals be." They can people the islands of the Pacific without another Adam and Eve, or the aid of the Phoenicians, but if it is a continent under consideration, it is impossible. Why not, in the study of ethnology and history, follow the leading of facts, rather than force the facts to prove a pet theory?

Besides the ancient evidence given, there is much modern proof that South America, at least, was first settled by the Malays from Polynesia.

Captain Cook found at Watteoo three natives of Otaheite, who had lost their ocean-path and had been blown away 550 miles from the land of their birth.

Kotzebue found on one of the Caroline isles a native of Ulea, who had been driven by the wind, after a voyage of eight months, to this spot, which is fifteen hundred miles from his native isle. He and his companions had performed this remarkable voyage in an open single canoe with outriggers. Numerous similar involuntary exploits of this maritime race are related. A singular case is mentioned in the official narrative of the Japan Expedition, conducted by Commodore Perry. On his return voyage, in the open west Pacific Ocean, he took on board a boat-load of twelve savages, who called themselves Sillibaboos. They could give no intelligible idea of the island from whence they came, and which has not been discovered. They were lost

and were drifting before the wind, they knew not where, and had been wandering upon the unknown waters many days; but they were in good condition, and supporting themselves well upon the produce of the prolific ocean which swelled around them. Amid the numerous clusters of islands which gem its bosom, they would probably have soon found a new home.

One of the most remarkable voyages recorded of modern times was that of Captain Bligh and his companions. It seems that the worthy captain of the good ship-of-war Bounty was sent by the British Government in 1787, to transplant the bread-fruit and other esculents, indigenous to the tropical islands of the Pacific, to Jamaica, and other islands of the West Indies belonging to Great Britain. He remained more than a year in Otaheite, completed his cargo of seeds and plants and set sail for Jamaica. But while they were yet in sight of the island, a majority of the crew, headed by Lieutenant Christian, mutinied and seized the ship. Captain Bligh and twenty men who were faithful to him were put in an open boat only twenty-five feet long. Only five days' rations of wine, water, bread and pork were thrown into it with them. They had a compass, but no weapons, mast or sail and the gunwales rose only a few inches above the surface of the water. In this frail craft they were turned adrift to perish upon the ocean. The mutineers doubtless thought that they would be sunk by the first storm that might arise or be massacred by the first savages they might meet. These desperate mutineers were incited to commit this crime by an aversion to leave the lazy life they had led the past year with the amiable and profligate natives of Otaheite, among whom they had formed attachments, and an unwillingness to resume the hardships of sailors under the strict discipline of Captain Bligh. This officer proved himself a hero, able to meet successfully the dangers of his desperate

situation, and to triumph over them by his skill and courage, and lived to be promoted to the rank of admiral, under Lord Nelson, for services at the battle of Copenhagen. With a pair of apothecary's scales he divided the scant provisions of five days to make them last for *fifty* in which he hoped to reach the Philippine Islands, or Java, nearly four thousand miles distant. Favored by the monsoon, which blew steadily from the east (six months later it would have blown in the opposite course), in the direction of those islands, by stormless showers, by alternate rowing, bailing and resting the crew, by his persevering watchfulness, and their implicit obedience to his judicious orders, he accomplished in that time this almost miraculous voyage, with the loss of only one man, who was killed by the savages of an unknown island lying in his course, with whom he attempted to barter for supplies.

Remember this successful voyage of nearly four thousand miles (farther than across the Atlantic Ocean) from the Society Islands to Timour, was made in fifty days. Moreover, it was made in an open boat, inferior to those mentioned by Homer and Virgil, or to any sculptured upon the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, and with only the tenth part of the provisions necessary for such an enterprise. This voyage shows that the Malays or the Arabians could have accomplished a similar feat of nautical skill in past ages.

Again we are indebted to Prof. Edward Fontaine for this remarkable story. Should the reader care to follow the fortunes of Christian and his fellow mutineers he will find the entire account in the sixth chapter of "How the World Was Peopled."

The Malay empire began to decline about the tenth century, when their continental possessions were taken

from them by the Tartar Khans, Mohammedan sultans and rajahs, who founded new dynasties in China, Farther India and Hindostan. They also lost their distant island colonies, and their civilization waned in Asia. Myriads of them, dwelling upon the islands near that continent, degenerated into the fierce and daring pirates who were so long the terror of the Eastern seas. Others, more remote, lost even the use of the compass, and sank into the condition of the Sandwich and Society Islanders; while those in Peru, separated long from their Asiatic mother-country, and thrown on their own resources, established and maintained an *original* civilization which amazed their Spanish conquerors.

There is evidence of ancient civilization in the ruins found on many of the larger islands of the Pacific Ocean, especially the Society, Friendly, Easter and Sandwich groups, but these ruins are essentially different from anything found in America.

It has been proven conclusively that the ancient Malayan empire was maritime and commercial; it had fleets of great ships, and there is evidence that its influence reached most of the Pacific islands. This is shown by the fact that dialects of the Malay language have been found in most of these islands as far in this direction as Easter Island. The language of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islanders, for instance, is Malayan, and has a close relationship to that now spoken in the Malay islands.

The Malays still read and write, have some literature and retain many of the arts and usages of civilization, but they are now very far below the condition indicated by their ancient ruins, and described by El Masudi, who traveled among them a thousand years ago.

It is practically certain that their ships visited the

western coast of America, and traded with the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians in the days of their greatest power and activity. This theory amounts almost to a certainty when it is remembered that the Malays made such a permanent settlement of the Easter Islands as to leave their language there. According to old traditions of both Mexico and Peru, the Pacific coast in both countries was anciently visited by a foreign people, who came in ships. The unmistakable traces of Malay influence everywhere in the islands of the Pacific can have but one meaning. The Malays formerly sailed the ocean, occupied its islands and doubtless visited America.

The Abbé de Bourbourg is responsible for the statement that "It has been known to scholars nearly a century, that the Chinese and Japanese were acquainted with the American continent in the fifth century of our era. Their ships visited it. They called it Fu-Sang, and said it was situated at the distance of twenty thousand *li* from Ta-Han. M. Leon de Rosny has ascertained that Fu-Sang is the topic of a curious notice in the 'Wa-Kan-San-tai-dzon-ye,' which is the name of the great Japanese Encyclopedia. In that work Fu-Sang is said to be situated east of Japan, beyond the ocean, at a distance of about twenty thousand *li* (between seven and eight thousand miles) from Ta-nan-Kouek. Readers who may desire to make comparisons between the Japanese descriptions of Fu-Sang and some country in America, will find astonishing analogies in the countries described by Castaneda, Fra-Marcos de Niza, in the province of Cibola." In Peru, in the time of Pizarro, the oldest and most enduring stone structures were said to have been built by "bearded white men," who came from the *west* and were called "sons of the sea." They were probably Malays or Arabians.

This is the only evidence we have found of an imported civilization in Peru, and this is more legend and

tradition than positive history.

We are firmly convinced that civilization or self-improvement began among the savages of America, probably Peru, as it did three thousand years or more ago among the savages of Egypt and Babylon. We believe that the civilization found in America originated *here* and nowhere else. It is neither an importation nor imitation of anything else on earth. As a recent explorer of the ruins of Peru, Central America and Mexico well says, "The American monuments are different from those of any other known people, of a new order, and entirely and absolutely anomalous; they stand alone."

It is quite probable that, having been established in Peru, civilization gradually drifted north to Central America and Mexico. Certain it is the Spaniards first heard of the wealth of the Incas from the people inhabiting the isthmus and the region north of it.

We purpose, however, only to show *how* the aborigines and civilization got to America, not how they spread over the land, and our conclusions are that the first inhabitants came through the Pacific Islands from southeastern Asia and landed in South America at least three thousand years ago, and there established an original civilization, perhaps only a few centuries later than Egypt or Babylonia. Many other peoples, including the Phoenicians, must have visited the eastern shore of America since, but they found a high degree of civilization *already established.* All these seafaring people could possibly do was to augment, or suggest improvements to the civilization they found here, or else do as the foolish and wicked Spaniards, destroy it.



JAPANESE MAN IN THE GARB OF A UKIAH (ALASKA) INDIAN.

Courtesy of *Cosmopolitan*.

See page 770.

So much for the primeval settlement and civilization of South and Central America, but what about the aborigines of the Northern Continent?

Again we will go back to the dispersion of mankind at Babel. We have seen that of the three sons of Noah, the descendants of Japheth peopled the greater portion of Asia, including the northern and northeastern sections. And the Japhethites were the last to establish a civilization, though they are to-day the most civilized people on earth. From this branch of the family of Noah came the Mongolians, Tartars and Scythians, those rude barbarians who spread over the steppes of northern Asia. These nomadic people were constantly waging war with each other, and weak tribes often fled before the devastating approach of a stronger to escape destruction. In this manner the vast continent of Asia was gradually traversed until pursued and pursuers reached the extreme limits of the peninsula of Kamtchatka.

Occasionally a multitude of their tribes, dwelling as cultivators of the earth, or migrating in hordes over the grassy steppes of Asia, have been united under the sway of such conquerors as Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. At one time 1,400,000 horsemen marched under the banner of the latter, who boasted that the grass would never grow again in the tracks made by the withering march of his squadrons.

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," informs us that the hosts of warlike nomads from western Asia, who overran the Roman Empire, were generally Tartar tribes with different names, flying from

the invasions of great conquerors who were devastating the central regions of that vast continent, and whose revolutions were only made known to Europe by the swarms of barbarians poured upon her borders, who were escaping from their enemies.

Their weaker enemies had to save themselves by a prompt and abject submission, or by a precipitate flight to regions far beyond their reach. To escape such dangers many of them at different times doubtless crossed the Aleutian Archipelago and Behring's Strait, as the modern Asiatics in Kamtchatka yet do, to North America.

Having reached their destination on the further shore, they would naturally tend toward the South and Southeast, attracted by a climate continually improving in mildness, and a country more fertile and abounding in wild fruit and game, the farther south they proceeded. They seem to have followed one another in different centuries; and those who first found their way to the valleys of the Ohio and lower Mississippi, and to Mexico, came in contact with other races from southeastern Asia, who had preceded them long enough to establish a civilization.

In this manner was the continent of North America peopled, because the Esquimaux or "eaters of raw flesh," for this is the meaning of the word, came also from the extreme northern portion of Asia, having been expelled by their more warlike neighbors, who seemed to have literally wanted them to "get off the earth," for they were dwelling then, as they do now, on the extreme northern edge of it.

Either through choice, or from fear of the red Indians, the Esquimaux spread out along the coast of the Arctic Ocean until their habitat extended from the shores of eastern Greenland to Asia, a length of more than three thousand miles though only a few leagues in breadth. The

Esquimaux are a curious and interesting people. They are, moreover, very ingenious and courageous, or they could not subsist in that inhospitable and treeless region of "icy mountains." {FN} They have a swarthy appearance because of their habit of greasing, and never washing their faces; but when once this filth is scrubbed off it is found that they are white, rather than copper-colored, and entirely unlike the North American Indians, being also very short and stout, but fully equal to them in strength and superior in some respects, for while the North American Indians had no domestic animals or beasts of burden when discovered, the Esquimaux had domesticated the reindeer and arctic dog, and yoked them to his sled.

{FN} The author once heard Miss Olof Krarer, "The Little Esquimaux Lady," living then at Ottawa, Illinois, whose age at the time was thirty-eight years; height, 40 inches; weight, 120 pounds. She had been well educated, and her lecture about the manners and customs of her people was intensely interesting. She was born in Greenland, but crossed with her family to Iceland in sledges.

We will now give other evidence in support of our theory. It should be of some significance that the traditions of many of the North American savages point to the Northwest as the direction whence their ancestors migrated originally.

Cuvier, the great naturalist, and the greatest of all comparative anatomists, classifies the whole human race into only three varieties, the white, black and yellow. This is certainly the most simple and correct. He includes the whole of the aboriginal races of the American Continent in the same class to which he assigns the Chinese, Japanese, Mongols and Malays. He could find nothing to distinguish our American aborigines from these Asiatics, except a greater average projection of the nose, and somewhat larger eyes. He is evidently correct in placing them all in

one class—*the yellow race.* He asserts that if a congregation of twelve representatives from Malacca, China, Japan, Mongolia and the unmixed natives of the Sandwich Islands, the pure-blooded Chilian, Peruvian and Brazilian Indians, and others selected from the unmixed Chickasaws, Comanches, or any other North American tribes, were all assembled, and dressed in the same costume, or exhibited undressed and unshaven, that the most skilful painter or the most practised anatomist, judging from their appearance only, could not separate them into their different nationalities. He would decide that they were all the same people, and men of one type.

Another evidence of the Tartar origin of the North American Indian is the universal practice of scalping their enemies, which bloody custom was observed by their ancestors, the Scythians, whose ancient dominion embraced all Russia in Asia, and even extended into Europe. Their complexion, straight black hair, scant beards, black eyes and general appearance, identify them with the Asiatic yellow race of Cuvier.

The great majority of the aboriginal tribes of North America prove their descent from the Scythians of northeastern Mongolia, by their anatomical marks, as we have seen, their manners, customs and superstitions, as strongly as their relations, the modern Japanese, Chinese and Tartars. They show substantially the same color, and high cheek-bones. They exhibit the same fondness for narcotics and stimulants, substituting indigenous plants, like the tobacco, and coca, for the betel-nut, hemp and poppy. Their wandering habits, the use of the bow, the wearing of the scalp-lock, represented by the long, plaited cue of the Chinese, and cultivated by all the warriors of the most savage and warlike of the North American tribes, and observed by no nation of antiquity except the Scythians; the common belief among them all, that all material things,

whether men, animals, or weapons, have souls or spiritual counterparts, in the invisible and eternal world; the worship of the spirits of their ancestors, and many other strongly marked peculiarities, identify all the branches of this yellow race as blood relations and the descendants of the Scythians.

The great German scholar, Oscar Peschel, in his work called "The Races of Man," says: "It is not impossible that the first migrations took place at a time when what is now the channel of Behring's Strait was occupied by an isthmus. The climate of those northern shores must then have been much milder than at the present day, for no currents from the Frozen Ocean could have penetrated into the Pacific. That the severance of Asia from America was, geologically speaking, very recent, is shown by the fact that not only the strait, but the sea which bears the name of Behring is *extraordinarily shallow,* so much so indeed that whalers lie at anchor in the middle of it."

Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E., president of the University of Toronto, says, in "The Lost Atlantis," "The present soundings of Behring's Strait, and the bed of the sea extending southward to the Aleutian Islands, entirely accord with the assumption of a former continuity of land between Asia and America." But it is always dangerous to rely on geological events, which themselves require more accurate proof. We therefore prefer to assume that at the time at which the Asiatics passed over into America, Behring's Strait already possessed its present character. In this connection it is worth remembering that the first question asked by Gauss, the great German mathematician, of Adalbert von Chamisso, the circumnavigator, at Berlin, in 1828, was whether the coast of America was visible from any point in Asia; in such a way that the two continents might be connected by a triangle? Chamisso was able to answer this query in the affirmative, so that no

accidental discovery need be supposed, for the Asiatics of Behring's Strait, when they crossed over to America, saw their goal before their eyes.

Lest it should be thought strange that people who were still without adequate means of protection could have continued to exist in a climate so severe, we will quote from George Steller, who states that children of the North are more comfortable in severe weather than in a milder temperature. "When, in winter mornings," he wrote, "I was freezing under my feather-bed and fur coverlets, I saw the Itelmes, and even their little children, lying in their *kuklanka* naked and bare halfway down the chest, without coverlets or feather-beds, and yet were warmer to the touch than I was." In another place he adds that the Kamtskadals always place a large vessel filled with water, which they cool with pieces of ice, by their side at night, and drain this to the last drop before the break of day.

This shows that the rigid climate would not impede a migration from Asia to America. In fact, as Peschel assures us, "Trade has always been carried on between the Behring's Strait nations of Asia and America. The Tshuktshi pass over to Diomede's Island, and the Malemutes cross from the extreme northwesterly point of America to exchange reindeer hides for furs. The trade is so brisk that the clothing of the natives several hundred miles up the Yukon River consists of Asiatic skins obtained from the Tshuktshi."

George Steller states that, "the inhabitants of Choumagin Islands, on the coast of Alaska, are as like the Itelmes of Kamtchatka as one egg is to another."

When the exploring expedition sent out by the Empress of Russia (Catherine) made their report it was stated that the narrow sea which divides Kamtchatka from

Alaska is full of islands, and that the distance from a promontory at the eastern extremity of Asia, and the coast of America, is not more than two degrees and a half of a great circle. The report further stated that there is the greatest reason to suppose that Asia and America once joined at this place, as the coasts of both continents appear to have been broken into capes and bays, which answer each other. Moreover, the inhabitants of both sides resemble each other in their persons, habits, customs, food and language. It is also added that the boats of the natives on the American side pointed across to the opposite shore as the inhabitants of each coast are very similar. And when they found that the source whence their ancestors came, they considered that it amounted to little less than a demonstration that North America was peopled from this part of Asia.

After we had reached our conclusions, we were gratified to find that Ridpath, the greatest historian of recent years, takes substantially the same position. In his great work on "The Races of Mankind," he says:

"There is hardly any longer doubt as to the ethnic relationship of these races and their connection with the peoples of Asia and Polynesia. The testimony of many sciences—linguistics, archeology, traditions, and especially ethnology proper—points uniformly to the Asiatic and Pacific derivation of the ancestors of those widely distributed races extending northward and southward from the Arctic archipelago to the Strait of Magellan, and westward and eastward from the Alaskan peninsula to Pernambuco.

"By common consent the ethnic history of our American continents should begin from the *West.* It is evident that the American Mongoloids—for so we may designate the aboriginal nations of the New World—are

connected by race affinity and descent with the Asiatic and Polynesian Mongoloids.

"The routes by which they came were two or, at the most, four: The one by way of Polynesia; the other, Siberia. The first, or Polynesian line, seems to have divided, sending one branch through lower Polynesia against the central western coast of South America, while the upper or western branch was directed by way of the Sandwich Islands to Mexico and Central America. The second, or Siberian route (many centuries later), one branch appears to have gone by way of Behring's Strait, and the other through the Aleutian Islands." In this manner, we believe South America was peopled in remote antiquity by the Malays of Polynesia, and North America by rude barbarians from northeastern Asia. We do not assume that all the aborigines of the two continents came in this way. But for the many unanswerable reasons given, we do believe that the earliest, most numerous and probably most disposed to civilization, came in this manner to South and Central America, where they established an original civilization; and that the most numerous, but also the latest and most barbarous aborigines of North America came from northeastern Asia.

Having become established in America, they gradually spread from west to east until they reached the Atlantic coast. Here in time they came in contact with a few representatives of other races from Europe, Western Asia and Africa, who, at various times and at different points, reached the eastern shore. But the few were absorbed by the larger population, with little visible result save to augment their numbers, give variety to the physiognomy of certain tribes, and perhaps modify the civilization where it existed.

We know of at least two modern instances of voyages

having been made from Europe to America, and there were doubtless others of prehistoric times. We refer now to the discovery of America by Herjulfson in A. D. 986, who was driven in sight of Newfoundland or Labrador while sailing from Iceland to Greenland. Fourteen years later, the actual discovery of America was made by Lief Erickson, who sailed from Greenland and reached Labrador in the spring of the year 1001. After landing and making explorations, he and his companions continued along the coast southward until they reached Massachusetts, Rhode Island and possibly New York harbor. Other Norsemen afterward reached America, but they made no permanent settlements, planted no colonies, and kept their knowledge of the new continent a state secret.

The other instance of a pre-Columbian voyage to America is that of the Welsh prince, Modoc or Madog, which is told in the old Welsh books as follows:

About the year 1168 or 1169 A. D., Owen Gwyneeld, ruling prince of North Wales, died, and among his sons there was a contest for the succession, which produced a civil war. His son Madog, who had "command of the fleet," took no part in this strife. Greatly disturbed by the public trouble, and unable to reconcile his two brothers, he resolved to leave Wales and go across the ocean to the new land at the west, of which he had probably heard through the Irish or Norse navigators. Accordingly, in the year 1170 A. D., he left with a few ships, going south of Ireland, and sailing westward. The object of this voyage was to explore the western land and select a place for settlement. He found a pleasant and fertile region, where his settlement was established. Leaving one hundred and twenty persons, he returned to Wales, prepared ten ships, induced a large company, some of whom were Irish, to join him, and sailed again to America. Nothing more was ever heard in Wales of Prince Madog or his settlement.

It is supposed that Madog settled somewhere in the Carolinas, and that his colony, unsupported by new arrivals from Europe, and cut off from communication with that side of the ocean, became weak, and, after being much reduced, was destroyed or absorbed by some powerful Indian tribe. In our colonial times, and after, there was no lack of reports that relics of Madog's Welshmen, and even their language, had been discovered among the Indians; but generally they were entitled to no credit. The report of Rev. Morgan Jones, made in 1686, and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1740, is quoted by Baldwin in his "Ancient America," as follows:

"These presents certify all persons whatever, that in the year 1660, being an inhabitant of Virginia, and chaplain to Major-General Bennet, of Mansoman County, the said Major-General Bennet and Sir William Berkley sent two ships to Port Royal, now called South Carolina, which is sixty leagues southward of Cape Fear, and I was sent therewith to be their minister. Upon the 8th of April we set out from Virginia and arrived at the harbor's mouth of Port Royal the 19th of the same month, where we waited for the rest of the fleet that was to sail from Barbadoes with one Mr. West, who was to be deputy governor of said place. As soon as the fleet came in, the smallest vessels that were with us sailed up the river to a place called Oyster Point; there I continued about eight months. At last, being almost starved for want of provisions, I and five others traveled through the wilderness till we came to the Tuscarora country.

"There the Tuscarora Indians took us prisoners, because we told them we were bound to Roanock. That night they carried us to their town and shut us up close, to our no small dread. The next day they entered into a consultation about us, and, after it was over, their interpreter told us that we must prepare ourselves to die

next morning, whereupon, being very much dejected, I spoke to this effect in the Welsh tongue: 'Have I escaped so many dangers, and must I now be knocked on the head like a dog!' Then presently came an Indian to me, which afterward appeared to be a war captain belonging to the sachem of the Doegs (whose original, I find, must needs be from the Old Britons), and took me up by the middle, and told me in the British (Welsh) tongue I should not die, and thereupon went to the Emperor of Tuscarora, and agreed for my ransom and the men that were with me.

"They (the Doegs) then welcomed us to their town, and entertained us very civilly and cordially four months, during which time I had the opportunity of conversing with them familiarly in the British (Welsh) language, and did preach to them in the same language three times a week, and they would confer with me about anything that was difficult therein, and at our departure they abundantly supplied us with whatever was necessary to our support and well doing. They are settled upon Pontigo River, not far from Cape Atros. This is a brief recital of my travels among the Doeg Indians.

"Morgan Jones,
The son of John Jones, of Basateg, near Newport, in the County of
Monmouth. I am ready to conduct any Welshmen or others to the country.
New York. March 10th, 1686."

Baldwin says, "other accounts of his 'travels' among the 'Doegs' of the Tuscarora nation were published much earlier, but no other has been preserved. His veracity was never questioned. What shall be said of his statement? Were the remains of Prince Madog's company represented in these 'Doeg' Tuscaroras? He is very explicit in regard to the matter of language, and it is not easy to see how he

could be mistaken. They understood his Welsh, not without needing explanation of some things, 'difficult therein.' He was able to converse with them and preach to them in Welsh; and yet, if he got an explanation of the existence of the Welsh language among these 'Doegs,' or sought to know anything in regard to their traditional history, he omits entirely to say so. Without meaning to doubt his veracity, one can only regret that he did not give a more intelligent and complete account of these 'travels.'"



UKIAH (ALASKA) INDIAN IN THE GARB OF A JAPANESE.

Courtesy of *Cosmopolitan*.

See page 770.

It may be remembered that in the early colonial times, the Tuscaroras were sometimes called "White Indians." Fontaine adds the following facts, which may be regarded as an imperfect continuation of the history of this Welsh colony, whose lost annals can never be completely restored:

"The tribe of Mandan Indians was discovered by Lewis and Clarke on the Upper Missouri, during their expedition to discover the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, sent to perform that perilous duty under the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, and which embraced the years 1805-1807. They spent the winter of 1805-6 among these Indians, but did not learn their traditions. To the astonishment of Lewis and Clarke many of these savages had blue eyes, and their hair was generally silky and very abundant, and, except red and auburn, of all the colors which distinguish the tresses of the various inhabitants of England and Wales. The ethnological problem presented by their peculiarities was, I think, solved satisfactorily by George Catlin, the painter, who visited them and spent some months with them in 1832. He understood Welsh, and found in their language *fifty pure Welsh* words, one hundred and thirty nearly so, and many others of Welsh derivation. They used a circle of stones in the construction of the hearths of their huts; they preserved the art of making *the Welsh blue beads;* and they navigated the Missouri River in a canoe, like the Welsh *coracle,* made of willow limbs and rawhide of a peculiar construction, and used nowhere in the world except in Wales. It was *a tub pulled,* instead of being *propelled,* by a paddle. Their tradition was, that their ancestors came across the 'great water' from the East; while other tribes of the United States point to the Northwest as the direction from which they migrated. Catlin verified the correctness of their tradition as having come from the East, down the Ohio, and up the

Missouri, by tracing the ruins of their huts, easily recognized by the Welsh hearthstones, up the Ohio River, as far as he examined it. This interesting tribe, he tells us, was nearly exterminated by the smallpox in 1837; and their destruction, as a separate clan, was completed soon afterward, when they were vanquished by their inveterate enemies, the Rickarees, and their remnant became incorporated with that tribe.

"The Tuscaroras inhabited the banks of the Yadkin, and other rivers of the northwestern parts of North Carolina, whose waters interlock with those of Green River, and other tributaries of New River, the principal branch of the Great Kanawha, which empties into the Ohio. The great forests of these regions abounded in game, and many of their valleys, and the mountain-plateaus separating them, still afford excellent hunting-grounds. The migration of these Welsh Indians up the Yadkin, and down the Ararat, Green, New and Kanawha rivers to the Ohio, was easily accomplished; and this, I think, was their route to the Missouri. Connecting these facts and examining them properly led to the conclusion of Catlin, that *the Mandans are the descendants of Madog and his followers,* mixed with various Indian tribes."

During the reign of Charles II., a book known as "The Turkish Spy," was written by an Italian, John Paul Marana, who was at one time in the service of the Sultan of Turkey. This book was published in London, in 1734, and gives an interesting account of the condition of affairs of the kingdoms of western Europe. Speaking of the British possessions in North America, he says: "There is a region of that continent inhabited by a people whom they call Tuscoards and Doegs. Their language is the same spoken by the British or Welsh; and these Tuscoards and Doegs are thought to be descended from them."

But it might be asked how is it these Indians are called Tuscaroras or Tuscoards, and Doegs in North Carolina, and Mandans on the upper Missouri? Catlin has given an ingenious and plausible explanation of this change of name. He says Mandan is the name of the *Woodroof,* or Welsh madder, used for dying red, and he thinks the Welsh gave the name Mandan to these Indians on account of the beautiful red they used in dying the porcupine-quills. It is claimed by some writers that the Cherokees, who were neighbors to the Tuscaroras, and the most intelligent and predisposed to civilization of all the North American tribes, had also a fusion of Welsh blood, but the evidence is not so complete as that of the Tuscaroras and Mandans.

With reference to the mounds and mound builders there have been many learned but unreasonable theories advanced which have resulted only in "confusion worst confounded." We have reached a conclusion, and have since been gratified to find that two among the clearest and most reasonable writers on this subject, practically indorse our position in almost every detail. We refer now to J. H. Beadle, in his great work, "The Undeveloped West"; and J. D. Baldwin, in "Ancient America." The general term "Mound Builders" is applied to a people who have left evidence of extensive works in various parts of the United States, especially in the vicinity of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and their tributaries. These are of three kinds: mounds, square and circular enclosures, and raised embankments of various forms. Unlike all the mounds in Mexico, Central and South America, those in our country have no trace of buildings on them. Why? We will let J. W. Beadle answer this question. Said he, "Until I visited Arizona I had no answer. There the solution was easy. In those regions stone was abundant and timber was scarce here the reverse was the case. Our predecessors built of

wood, the others of stone; the works of the latter remain to this day, while wooden buildings would leave no trace after one or two centuries, if indeed they were not burned by the savages as soon as abandoned."

From what is seen in the Southern and Western States antiquarians have reached the following conclusions: 1. The so-called Mound Builders were no wandering and feeble tribes, but constituted a large population under one central government; this is shown by the extent of the works, as well as their completeness and scientific exactness. 2. A large area around their settlements was cleared of timber and cultivated, showing that they were an agricultural people. 3. As nature does not give a forest growth to abandoned fields, without a preparatory growth of shrubs and softer timber, and as forest trees have been found on their mounds showing at least six hundred years of growth, it follows that they left our country nearly a thousand years ago. 4. From the increase of fortifications north-ward, and the broad flat mounds, suitable only for buildings southward, it is proven that at the South they were at peace; but as they advanced northward they came more and more into contact with the wild tribes, before whom they finally retired toward the south.

The excavations of the mounds show clearly that their builders had commercial intercourse with Mexico and Central America, and it seems probable that they had otherwise a very close relation to the people of those countries.

Antiquarians have therefore searched diligently in the few remaining books and traditions of the Mexicans, and Central Americans, for mention of the origin and history of the Mound Builders. Nor have they searched in vain. "It is believed," says Baldwin, "that distinct reference to their country has been found in the books still in existence, and

there appears to be reason for this belief."

Brasseur de Bourbourg, one of the few investigators who have explored them, says: "Previous to the history of the Toltec domination in Mexico, we notice in the annals of the country two facts of great importance, but equally obscure in their details: First, the tradition concerning the landing of a foreign race, conducted by an illustrious personage, who came from an Eastern country; and, second, the existence of an ancient empire known as Huehue-Tlapalan, from which the Toltecs or Nahuas came to Mexico, in consequence of a *Revolution* or *Invasion,* and from which they had a long and toilsome migration to the Aztec plateau."

He believes that Huehue-Tlapalan was the country of the Mound Builders in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. According to the native books he has examined, it was somewhere at a distance in the northeast; and it is constantly said that some of the Toltecs came by land and some by sea. Sahagun learned from the old books and traditions that the Toltecs came from that distant northeastern country; and he mentions a company that came by sea, settled near the Tampico River, and built a town called Panuco. Brasseur de Bourbourg finds that an account of this or another company was preserved at Xilanco, an ancient city situated on the point of an island between Lake Terminos and the sea, and famous for its commerce, wealth and intelligence. The company described in this account came from the northeast in the same way, it is said, to Tampico River, and landed at Panuco. It consisted of twenty chiefs and a numerous company of people. Torquemada found a record which describes them as people of fine appearance. They went forward into the country and were well received. He says they were industrious, orderly and intelligent, and that they worked metals and were skilful artists and lapidaries. All

the accounts say the Toltecs came at different times, by land and sea, mostly in small companies, and always from the northeast. This can be explained only by supposing they came by sea from the mouth of the Mississippi River, and by land through Texas. But the country from which they came was invariably Huehue-Tlapalan.

Cabrera says Huehue-Tlapalan was the ancient country of the Toltecs. Its simple name was Tlapalan, but they called it Huehue, old, to distinguish it from three other Tlapalans which they founded in the districts of their new kingdom. Torquemada says the same. We are compelled to accept a fact so distinctly stated and so constantly reported in the old books, especially as the following statement is also made in connection with it, to account for the Toltec migration, that Huehue-Tlapalan was successfully invaded by Chichinecs, meaning *Barbarous Aboriginal Tribes,* who were united under one great leader. Here is the statement (a little condensed) touching this point:

"There was a terrible struggle, but, after about thirteen years, the Toltecs, no longer able to resist successfully, were obliged to abandon their country to escape complete subjugation. Two chiefs guided the march of the emigrating nation. At length they reached a region near the sea named 'Tlapalan-Conco,' where they remained several years. But they finally undertook another migration, and reached Mexico, where they built a town called 'Tollanzinco,' and later the city of Tullan, which became the seat of their government."

Brasseur de Bourbourg says: "In the histories written in the Nahuatl language, the oldest certain date is nine hundred and fifty-five years before Christ." If this date is authentic it would follow that the Nahuas, or Toltecs, left Huehue-Tlapalan more than a thousand years previous to the Christian era, for they dwelt a long time in the country

of Xibalba as peaceable settlers before they organized the civil war which raised them to power. The Toltecs were in turn overthrown by the Aztecs, who held sway at the time of the Spanish conquest.

The Toltecs came originally from Mexico or Central America, and when they were expelled from the Ohio and Mississippi valleys by hordes of wild Indians from the north, they simply returned to their "Father Land"; but they had been absent so long they appeared as a different people. Baldwin well says "The fact that the settlements and works of the Mound Builders extended through Texas and across the Rio Grande indicates very plainly their connection with the people of Mexico, and goes far toward explaining their origin. In fact, the connection of settlements by way of Texas appears to have been unbroken from Ohio to Mexico. These people could not have come from any other part of North America, for nowhere else north of the isthmus was there any other people capable of producing such works as they left in the places where they dwelt. We have other evidence of intercourse between the two peoples; for the *obsidian* dug from the mounds, and perhaps the *porphyry* also, can be explained only by supposing commercial relations between them."

The Aztecs, whom the Spaniards found, were the last of at least three civilized races, and much inferior to the Toltecs immediately preceding them. Their history indicates that they were merely one of the original races, who overthrew and mingled with the Toltecs, adopting part of their religion and civilization. The Peruvian Incas, found by Pizarro, seem to have been the second of the series of races or dynasties. But civilization is of slow growth; it must have required at least a thousand years for the first of the three dynasties to have developed art and learning enough to erect the buildings we find. De Bourbourg and

other antiquarians have given to that race before the Incas, the authors of the original civilization, the name of Colhuas.

This much is, to say the least, reasonable conjecture. It is probably a thousand years since the Mound Builders left our country; a previous thousand years of settlement and occupation; and a thousand years for the precedent civilization to develop. Or, beginning in Mexico, we have a thousand years of Spaniard and Aztec; a previous thousand years for Toltec immigration and settlement, and a thousand years before that for the Colhuas to develop, flourish and decline. This carries us back near to the time when the same course of events was inaugurated in the Eastern Hemisphere. We *know* that it has required so long to produce the civilization of Europe and Asia; all reasoning by analogy goes to show that at least as long a time has been required to produce equally as great civilization in America.

Indeed it is not a stretch of the imagination to conclude that within a few centuries of the same period when the Northern Barbarians were sweeping down on Southern Europe and smiting its civilization with the besom of destruction, that history was repeating itself on this continent in the expulsion of our civilized Mound Builders, and the destruction of everything perishable by *our* Northern Barbarians, the wild Indian tribes, the American Tartars, who also came from northern Asia, and who were, broadly speaking, the same race.

These are my views on this much mooted question. I do not pretend to have settled the matter, and still look for more light. But, "what I have written, I have written," after much investigation and careful thought. I send this book forth on its mission, and through its printed pages have endeavored to "speak as to wise men;" and to *that class*

will only add, "judge ye what I say."

Just as we were about to publish this work, our attention was called to an illustrated article in the *Cosmopolitan* giving an account of the expedition sent out by Morris K. Jesup, president of the American Museum of Natural History, of New York.

Mr. Jesup has spent a large sum of money, and eight years' time, in a minute study of the aboriginal tribes of northwest America and Siberia, the results of which will soon be published in twelve volumes.

The principal object of this expedition was to find an answer to the question, How was this continent peopled? It was believed by Mr. Jesup and his advisers that by studying tribal customs, characteristics, traditions and languages of the oldest remaining tribes of northeastern Asia and northwestern America, the mooted question could be settled.

This was accordingly done, but, strange to say, their conclusions are, that instead of America being peopled by tribes from northeastern Asia, "it seems most probable that the emigration has been from the interior of America westward to the Pacific coast, and thence on to Asia."

There is not a hint in the article under consideration of anything like proof (whatever there may be in the twelve volumes), and even if it were established, which is not claimed, it would still fail of an answer to the question as to how America was peopled.

The world cares but little for a fine-spun theory as to how Asia was peopled, and if this is the principal result of the millions of money, eight years of time and twelve quarto volumes, then it would almost seem that "the

mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse."

But we believe the twelve volumes will throw very much more light on the subject, and concede that it would be an injustice to judge of the results of the expedition by a brief magazine article, and await the complete report with intense interest.

The illustrations of this article, four of which we are able to reproduce by courtesy of the *Cosmopolitan,* are very fine and very suggestive.

The reader will remember that our position is that the tribes of eastern Asia and western America, more especially those of Siberia and Alaska, were originally one race and sprang from the same source.

Moreover, we agree with Cuvier that the Chinese, Japanese, Mongols and American Indians all belong to the same yellow race. These four pictures, representing a Japanese man and maiden in the dress of Ukiah (Alaska) Indians; and a Ukiah man and maiden in the Japanese costume, prove our position beyond cavil.

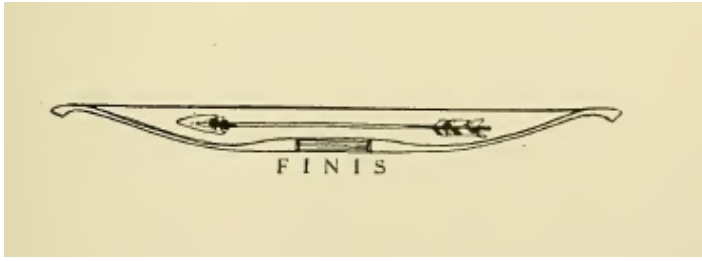
A study of the pictures will convince the most skeptical, that, dressed the same, they would look like brothers and sisters of one family. They show further what an important part dress and visual impression play in the formation of popular ideas of racial characteristics.

An Indian costume effectually changes a Japanese into a very life-like American aborigine. In the same way Japanese dress works the most puzzling transformation in the Indians.

We were looking for pictures to illustrate this last chapter in general, and the unity of the yellow and red race

in particular, when we received the article and four pictures. They have interested the author, and he trusts they will the reader, as they are rare and out of the usual order.

Our task is done. It is for the reader to say whether or not it is well done.


FINIS

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LIVES OF FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS ***

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