INDIAN GALLERY

120 ILLUSTRATIONS

PONDEREN LIBRARY
Southern Methodist University
DALLAS TEXAS

940.3
M 155
v.1

S. M. M.
from

Peter J. Hamilton
Mobile
1926

FONDREN LIBRARY
Southern Methodist University
DALLAS, TEXAS

WAR DANCE OF THE CAMES AND FOXES.

HISTORY

OF

THE INDIAN TRIBES

OF

NORTH AMERICA,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL CHIEFS.

EMBELLISHED WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PORTRAITS,

FROM THE

INDIAN GALLERY

IN THE

DEPARTMENT OF WAR, AT WASHINGTON.

BY THOMAS L. M'KENNEY,
LATE OF THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
AND JAMES HALL, ESQ.
OF CINCINNATI.

VOLUME I.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY DANIEL RICE AND JAMES G. CLARK,
126 ARCH STREET.
1842.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by JAMES G. CLARK, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	Page
War Dance,	iii
Red Jacket,	1
Koshkalwa,	15
Mohegan, an Oneida Woman,	21
Sheegaba W'Osin, or *Image Stone*,	25
Pushmataha,	31
Tenskwautawaw, or *The Prophet*,	37
Ebetahumleah, or *Sleepy Eyes*,	51
Waapashaw,	53
Meetagoosega, or *Pure Tobacco*,	57
Weshcush, or *The Sweet*,	59
Little Crow,	61
Sequoiah, or George Guess,	63
Nawkaw, or *The Wood*,	71
Shaumonekusse, or L'Iutan,	75
Hayne Hubbihesi, or *The Eagle of Delight*,	79
Quatawapea, or Colonel Lewis,	81
Payta Kooyka, or *Flying Clouds*,	83
Kiontwogky, or Corn Plant,	85
Pashepahaw, or *The Stabber*,	95
Caatousee,	97
Chippeway Squaw and Child,	99
Petelasharoo,	101
Chongatz, or *Big Kansas*,	107
Wanata, or *The Charger*,	109

	Page
Peamuska,	113
Catahecassa, or *Black Hoof*,	115
An Ojibway Mother and her Child,	123
Okeemakeequid,	125
Waumbeshkaa,	127
McIntosh,	129
Osupatooga, or *The Big Elk*,	135
Mahaskah, or *White Cloud*,	141
Rantchewaime, or *Female Flying Pigeon*,	147
Young Mahaskah,	151
Nesoucaquet, or *The Bear in the Forks of a Tree*,	155
Moanahoonga, or *Great Walker*,	157
Shaumaunaponinia, or *The Man who killed three Sioux*,	161
Tabeshe, or *Dutch*,	163
Anacamegisheca, or *Foot Prints*,	169
Waboshkeenenas, or *The White Pigeon*,	171
Tshusick,	173
Major Ridge,	181
Lappawinsoe,	197
Tishcohan, or *He who never blackens himself*,	199
Shahaka, or *The Big White*,	201
Tokacon, or *He that inflicts the first wound*,	203
Mookaushka, or *The Trembling Earth*,	205

WAR DANCE.

DANCING is among the most prominent of the aboriginal ceremonies. There is no tribe in which it is not practised. The Indians have their war dance and their peace dance, their dance of mourning for the dead, their begging dance, their pipe dance, their green corn dance, and their wabana. Each of these is distinguished by some peculiarity appropriate to the occasion, though to a stranger they appear much alike, except the last. In the war dance the actors are distinguished by a more free use of red and black paint, except in mimic representations in time of peace, when the colours are not so closely adhered to: in the peace dance by a display of white and green: in that for the dead by black: and generally in the other dances, except the wabana, black prevails, mingled with other colours.

The paint, in all the dances, is put on according to the fancy of each individual. A line is sometimes drawn dividing the body, from the forehead, and from the back of the head downwards, on either side of which different figures are drawn, representing beasts, birds, fish, snakes, &c. Frequently the hand is smeared with paint and pressed on either cheek, the breast, and the sides. It rarely happens that two of a group are painted alike.

The music consists of a monotonous thumping with sticks upon a rude drum, accompanied by the voices of the dancers, and mingled with the rattling of gourds containing pebbles, and the jingling of small bells and pieces of tin, worn as ornaments.

The Wabana is an offering to the devil, and, like some others, the green corn dance for example, winds up with a feast.

The picture which we have selected as a frontispiece for the first number of our series, is an accurate representation of one of the war dances of the Winnebagoes,* drawn by Rhinodesbacher, a young Swiss artist, who resided for some years on the frontier, and attained a happy facility in sketching both the Indians and the wild animals of that region. This drawing is considered as one of his best efforts, and is valuable not so much as a specimen of art, in which respect it is in some particulars defective, as on account of the correct impression which it conveys of the scene intended to be represented. It was drawn on the spot as the scene was actually exhibited. The actors are persons of some note, and the faces are faithful likenesses.

The war dances are pantomimic representations of the incidents of border warfare,

and, although by no means attractive in themselves, become highly picturesque when contemplated in connection with their significant meaning. The persons engaged are warriors, the leaders of the tribe, and the great men of the day; and the allusions are to the heroic deeds or subtle stratagems of themselves, or their ancestors, or to some danger that threatens, or some act of violence about to be perpetrated.

The dances of the Indians are not designed to be graceful amusements, nor healthful exercises, and bear no resemblance to the elegant and joyous scenes of the ball room. The music, the lights, the women, and above all the charms thrown about the hilarious exhibition by the courtesy and gallantry of the parties—all these are wanting in the war dance, in which the warriors only engage. It is a ceremony, not a recreation, and is conducted with the seriousness belonging to an important public duty. The music is a monotonous beating upon a rude drum, without melody or tune; the movements exhibit neither grace nor agility, and the dancers pass round in a circle with their bodies uncouthly bent forward, as they appear in the print, uttering low, dismal, syllabic sounds, which they repeat with but little perceptible variation throughout the exhibition. The songs are, in fact, short, disjointed sentences, which allude to some victory, or appeal to the passion of revenge, and the object of which is to keep alive the recollection of injury, and excite the hatred of the tribe against their enemies. From the monotony of most of these dances there are, of course, exceptions. Sometimes the excitement of a recent event gives unwonted life and spirit to the ceremony; and occasionally an individual, throwing talent and originality into the representation, dramatises a scene with wonderful force and truth. Keeokuk, the chief of the Saukies, is considered a great dancer, because he brings his fine oratorical talents to bear on such occasions, and counterfeits, with singular energy and fidelity, the different passions to which he refers in his recitative, while Shaumonekussee, the celebrated Oto chief, threw a rich fund of humour into these displays, and enacted many practical jokes, to the infinite delight of the spectators. Sometimes the dance is suspended, as it were, for a few moments, and a prominent actor in it addresses his companions in a short speech, when the dance is renewed with increased activity. But it seems to be chiefly by their expressive countenances, and significant gestures, that they convey ideas on these occasions, and produce an interest in the savage assemblage of spectators, who, like most other human beings, are ready to applaud whatever is done by their chiefs and leading men.

RED JACKET.

SENECA WAR CHIEF.

BIOGRAPHY.

RED JACKET.

THE Seneca tribe was the most important of the celebrated confederacy, known in the early history of the American colonies, as the Iroquois, or Five Nations. They were a powerful and warlike people, and acquired a great ascendency over the surrounding tribes, as well by their prowess as by the systematic skill with which their affairs seem to have been conducted. Their hunting grounds, and principal residence, were in the fertile lands now embraced in the western limits of the state of New York; a country whose prolific soil, and majestic forests, whose limpid streams, and chains of picturesque lakes, and whose vicinity to the shores of Erie and Ontario, must have rendered it, in its savage state, the paradise of the native hunter. Surrounded by all that could render the wilderness attractive, by the greatest luxuriance of nature, and by the most pleasing, as well as the most sublime scenery, and inheriting proud recollections of power and conquest, these tribes were among the foremost in resisting the intrusion of the whites, and the most tardy to surrender their independence. Instead of receding before the European race, as its rapidly accumulating population pressed upon their borders, they tenaciously maintained their ground, and, when forced to make cessions of territory to the whites, reserved large tracts for their own use, which they continued to occupy. The swelling tide has passed over and settled around them; and a little remnant of that once proud and fierce people remains, broken and dispirited, in the heart of a civilised country, mourning over the ruins of savage grandeur, yet spurning the richer blessings enjoyed by the civilised man and the Christian. A few have embraced our religion, and learned our arts; but the greater part have dwindled away under the blasting effects of idleness, intemperance, and superstition.

Red Jacket was the *last of the Senecas:* there are many left who may boast the aboriginal name and lineage, but with him expired all that had remained of the spirit of the tribe. In the following notice of that eminent man we pursue, chiefly, the narrative furnished us by a distinguished gentleman, whose information on this subject is as authentic as his ability to do it justice is unquestionable.

That is a truly affecting and highly poetical conception of an American poetess, which traces the memorials of the aborigines of America, in the beautiful nomenclature, which they have indelibly impressed on the scenery of our country. Our mountains have

become their enduring monuments; and their epitaph is inscribed, in the lucid language of nature, on our majestic rivers.

"Ye say that all have passed away,
The 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 disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your every rolling stream speak,
Their dialect of yore."

These associations are well fitted to excite sentiments of deeper emotion than poetic tenderness, and of more painful and practical effect. They stand, the landmarks of our broken vows and unatoned oppression; and they not only stare us in the face from every hill and every stream that bears those expressive names, but they hold up before all nations, and before God, the memorials of our injustice.

There is, or was, an Indian artist, self taught, who, in a rude but most graphic drawing, exhibited upon canvass the events of a treaty between the white men and an Indian tribe. The scene was laid at the moment of settling the terms of a compact, after the proposals of our government had been weighed, and well nigh rejected by the Indians. The two prominent figures in the front ground, were an Indian chief, attired in his peculiar costume, standing in a hesitating posture, with a hand half extended towards a scroll hanging partly unrolled from the hand of the other figure. The latter was an American officer in full dress, offering with one hand the unsigned treaty to the reluctant savage, while with the other he presents a musket and bayonet to his breast. This picture was exhibited some years ago near Lewistown, New York, as the production of a man of the Tuscarora tribe, named *Cusick*. It was an affecting appeal from the Indian to the white man; for although, in point of fact, the Indians have never been compelled, by direct force, to part with their lands, yet we have triumphed over them by our superior power and intelligence, and there is a moral truth in the picture, which represents the savage as yielding from fear, that which his judgment and his attachments would have withheld.

We do not design to intimate that our colonial and national transactions with the Indians have been uniformly, or even habitually unjust. On the contrary, the treaties of Penn, and of Washington, and some of those of the Puritans, to name no others, are honourable to those who presided at their structure and execution; and teach us how

important it is to be just and magnanimous in public, as well as in personal acts. Nor do we at all believe that migrating tribes, small in number, and of very unsettled habits of life, have any right to appropriate to themselves, as hunting grounds, and battle fields, those large domains which God designed to be reclaimed from the wilderness, and which, under the culture of civilised man, are adapted to sustain millions of human beings, and to be made subservient to the noblest purposes of human thought and industry. Nor can we in justice charge, exclusively, upon the white population, the corrupting influence of their intercourse with the Indian tribes. There is to be presupposed no little vice and bad propensity on the part of the savages, evinced in the facility with which they became the willing captives, and ultimate victims of that "knowledge of evil," which our people have imparted to them. The treachery also of the Indian tribes, on our defenceless frontiers, their untameable ferocity, their brutal mode of warfare, and their systematic indulgence of the principle of revenge, have too often assumed the most terrific forms of wickedness and destruction towards our confiding emigrants. It is difficult to decide between parties thus placed in positions of antagonism, involving a long series of mutual aggressions, inexcusable on either side, upon any exact principle of rectitude, yet palliated on both by counterbalancing provocation. So far as our government has been concerned, the system of intercourse with the Indians has been founded in benevolence, and marked by a forbearing temper; but that policy has been thwarted by individual avarice, and perverted by unfaithful or injudicious administration. After all, however, the burthen of guilt must be conceded to lie upon the party having all the advantages of power, civilisation, and Christianity, whose position placed them in the paternal relation towards these scattered children of the forest. All the controlling interests of the tribes tended to instil in them sentiments of fear, of dependence, of peace, and even of friendship, towards their more powerful neighbours; and it has chiefly been when we have chafed them to madness by incessant and unnecessary encroachment, and by unjust treaties, or when they have been seduced from their fidelity by the enemies of our country, that they have been so unwise as to provoke our resentment by open hostility. These wars have uniformly terminated in new demands on our part, in ever growing accessions from their continually diminishing soil, until the small *reservations*, which they have been permitted to retain in the bosom of our territory, are scarcely large enough to support the living or hide the dead of these miserable remnants of once powerful tribes.

It is not our purpose, however, to argue the grave questions growing out of our relations with this interesting race, but only to make that brief reference to them which seems unavoidably connected with the biographical sketch we are about to give, of a chief who was uniformly, through life, the able advocate of the rights of his tribe, and the fearless opposer of all encroachment—one who was not awed by the white man's power, nor seduced by his professions of friendship.

From the best information we can obtain, it appears probable that this celebrated chief was born about A. D. 1756, at the place formerly called "Old Castle," now embraced in the town of Seneca, Ontario county, in the state of New York, and three miles west of

the present beautiful village of Geneva. His Indian name was *Sa-go-yoo-wat-ha*, or *Keeper awake;* which, with the usual appropriateness of the native nomenclature, indicates the vigilance of his character. He acquired the more familiar name, which he bore through life among white men, in the following manner. During the war of the revolution, the Seneca tribe fought under the British standard. Though he had scarcely reached the years of manhood, he engaged in the war, was much distinguished by his activity and intelligence, and attracted the attention of the British officers. One of them presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. As lately as the treaty of 1794, Captain Parish, to whose kindness we are indebted for some of these details, presented him with another red jacket, to perpetuate a name to which he was so much attached.

When but seventeen years old, the abilities of Red Jacket, especially his activity in the chase, and his remarkably tenacious memory, attracted the esteem and admiration of his tribe; and he was frequently employed during the war of the revolution, as a *runner*, to carry despatches. In that contest he took little or no part as a warrior; and it would appear, that like his celebrated predecessors in rhetorical fame, Demosthenes and Cicero, he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war, than to lead them to victory. The warlike chief, Corn Plant, boldly charged him with want of courage, and his conduct on one occasion at least seems to have fully justified the charge. During the expedition of the American General Sullivan, against the Indians, in 1779, a stand was attempted to be made against him by Corn Plant, on the beach of the Canandaigua lake. On the approach of the American army, a small number of the Indians, among whom was Red Jacket, began to retreat. Corn Plant exerted himself to rally them. He threw himself before Red Jacket, and endeavoured to prevail on him to fight, in vain; when the indignant chief, turning to the young wife of the recreant warrior, exclaimed, "Leave that man he is a coward."

There is no small evidence of the transcendent abilities of this distinguished individual, to be found in the fact of his rising into the highest rank among his people, though believed by them to be destitute of the virtue which they hold in the greatest estimation. The savage admires those qualities which are peculiar to his mode of life, and are most practically useful in the vicissitudes to which it is incident. Courage, strength, swiftness, and cunning are indispensably necessary in the constantly recurring scenes of the battle and the chase; while the most patient fortitude is required in the endurance of the pain, hunger, and exposure to all extremes of climate, to which the Indian is continually subjected. Ignorant and uncultivated, they have few intellectual wants or endowments, and place but little value upon any display of genius, which is not combined with the art of the warrior. To this rule, eloquence forms an exception. Where there is any government, however rude, there must be occasional assemblies of the people; where war and peace are made, the chiefs of the contending parties will meet in council; and

such occasions the sagacious counsellor, and able orator, will rise above him whose powers are merely physical. But under any circumstances, courage is so essential, in a barbarous community, where battle and violence are continually occurring, where the right of the strongest is the paramount law, and where life itself must be supported by its exposure in procuring the means of subsistence, that we can scarcely imagine how a coward can be respected among savages, or how an individual without courage can rise to superior sway among such fierce spirits.

But though not distinguished as a warrior, it seems that Red Jacket was not destitute of bravery; for on a subsequent occasion, the stain affixed upon his character, on the occasion alluded to, was wiped away, by his good conduct in the field. The true causes, however, of his great influence in his tribe, were his transcendent talents, and the circumstances under which he lived. In times of public calamity the abilities of great men are appreciated, and called into action. Red Jacket came upon the theatre of active life, when the power of his tribe had declined, and its extinction was threatened. The white man was advancing upon them with gigantic strides. The red warrior had appealed, ineffectually, to arms; his cunning had been foiled and his strength overpowered; his foes superior in prowess, were countless in number; and he had thrown down the tomahawk in despair. It was then that Red Jacket stood forward as a patriot, defending his nation with fearless eloquence, and denouncing its enemies in strains of fierce invective or bitter sarcasm. He became their counsellor, their negotiator, and their orator. Whatever may have been his conduct in the field, he now evinced a moral courage, as cool and sagacious as it was undaunted, and which showed a mind of too high an order to be influenced by the base sentiment of fear. The relations of the Senecas with the American people, introduced questions of a new and highly interesting character, having reference to the purchase of their lands, and the introduction of Christianity and the arts. The Indians were asked not only to sell their country, but to embrace a new religion, to change their occupations and domestic habits, and to adopt a novel system of thought and action. Strange as these propositions must have seemed in themselves, they were rendered the more unpalatable when dictated by the stronger party, and accompanied by occasional acts of oppression.

It was at this crisis that Red Jacket stood forward, the intrepid defender of his country, its customs, and its religion, and the unwavering opponent of all innovation. He yielded nothing to persuasion, to bribery, or to menace, and never, to his last hour, remitted his exertions, in what he considered the noblest purpose of his life.

An intelligent gentleman, who knew this chief intimately, in peace and war, for more than thirty years, speaks of him in the following terms: "Red Jacket was a *perfect Indian* in every respect—in costume,* in his contempt of the dress of the white men, in his hatred and opposition to the missionaries, and in his attachment to, and veneration for, the ancient customs and traditions of his tribe. He had a contempt

* The portrait represents him in a blue coat. He wore this coat when he sat to King, of Washington. He rarely dressed himself otherwise than in the costume of his tribe. He made an exception on this occasion.

for the English language, and disdained to use any other than his own. He was the finest specimen of the Indian character I ever knew, and sustained it with more dignity than any other chief. He was the second in authority in his tribe. As an orator he was unequalled by any Indian I ever saw. His language was beautiful and figurative, as the Indian language always is, and delivered with the greatest ease and fluency. His gesticulation was easy, graceful, and natural. His voice was distinct and clear, and he always spoke with great animation. His memory was very strong. I have acted as interpreter to most of his speeches, to which no translation could do adequate justice."

Another gentleman, who had much official and personal intercourse with the Seneca orator, writes thus: "You have no doubt been well informed as to the strenuous opposition of Red Jacket, to all improvement in the arts of civilised life, and more especially to all innovations upon the religion of the Indians; or, as they generally term it, the religion of their fathers. His speeches upon this and other points, which have been published, were obtained through the medium of illiterate interpreters, and present us with nothing more than ragged and disjointed sketches of the originals. In a private conversation between Red Jacket, Colonel Chapin, and myself, in 1824, I asked him why he was so much opposed to the establishment of missionaries among his people. The question seemed to awaken in the sage old chief feelings of surprise, and after a moment's reflection he replied, with a sarcastic smile, and an emphasis peculiar to himself, 'Because they do us no good. If they are not useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians? If they are useful to the white people, and do them good, why do they not keep them at home? They are surely bad enough to need the labour of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their religion. We cannot read their book—they tell us different stories about what it contains, and we believe they make the book talk to suit themselves. If we had no money, no land, and no country to be cheated out of, these black coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. The Great Spirit will not punish us for what we do not know. He will do justice to his red children. These black coats talk to the Great Spirit, and ask for light, that we may see as they do, when they are blind themselves, and quarrel about the light which guides them. These things we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path trod by our fathers dark and dreary. The black coats tell us to work and raise corn: they do nothing themselves, and would starve to death if somebody did not feed them. All they do is to pray to the Great Spirit; but that will not make corn or potatoes grow; if it will why do they beg from us and from the white people? The red men knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white man; as soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to learn us how to quarrel about their religion. Red Jacket can never be the friend of such men. The Indians can never be civilised; they are not like white men. If they were raised among the white people, and learned to work, and to read, as they do, it would only make their situation worse. They would be treated no

better than negroes. We are few and weak, but may for a long time be happy, if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers.'"

It is much to be regretted that a more detailed account of this great man cannot be given. The nature of his life and attachments threw his history out of the view, and beyond the reach of white men. It was part of his national policy to have as little intercourse as possible with civilised persons, and he met our countrymen only amid the intrigues and excitement of treaties, or in the degradation of that vice of civilised society, which makes white men savages, and savages brutes. Enough, however, has been preserved to show that he was an extraordinary man.

Perhaps the most remarkable attribute of his character was commanding eloquence. A notable illustration of the power of his eloquence was given at a council, held at Buffalo Creek, in New York. Corn Plant, who was at that period chief of the Senecas, was mainly instrumental in making the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784. His agency in this affair, operated unfavourably upon his character, and weakened his influence with his tribe. Perceiving that Red Jacket was availing himself of his loss of popularity, he resolved on counteracting him. To do this effectually, he ordained one of his brothers a prophet, and set him to work to *pow-wow* against his rival and his followers. The plan consummated, Red Jacket was assailed in the midst of the tribe, by all those arts that are known to be so powerful over the superstition of the Indian. The council was full—and was, no doubt, convened mainly for this object. Of this occurrence De Witt Clinton says: "At this crisis, Red Jacket well knew that the future colour of his life depended upon the powers of his mind. He spoke in his defence for near three hours—the iron brow of superstition relented under the magic of his eloquence. He declared the Prophet an impostor and a cheat—he prevailed—the Indians divided, and a small majority appeared in his favour. Perhaps the annals of history cannot furnish a more conspicuous instance of the power and triumph of oratory in a barbarous nation, devoted to superstition, and looking up to the accuser as a delegated minister of the Almighty." Of the power which he exerted over the minds of those who heard him, it has been justly remarked, that no one ignorant of the dialect in which he spoke can adequately judge. He wisely, as well as proudly, chose to speak through an interpreter, who was often an illiterate person, or sometimes an Indian, who could hardly be expected to do that justice to the orator of the forest, which the learned are scarcely able to render to each other. Especially would such reporters fail to catch even the spirit of an animated harangue, as it fell rich and fervid from the lips of an injured patriot, standing amid the ruins of his little state, rebuking on the one hand his degenerate tribe, and on the other repelling the encroachments of an absorbing power. The speeches which have been reported as his are, for the most part, miserable failures, either made up for the occasion in the prosecution of some mercenary, or sinister purpose, or unfaithfully rendered into puerile periods by an ignorant native.

There are several interesting anecdotes of Red Jacket, which should be preserved as illustrations of the peculiar points of his character and opinions, as well as of his ready eloquence. We shall relate a few which are undoubtedly authentic.

In a council which was held with the Senecas by Governor Tompkins of New York, a contest arose between that gentleman and Red Jacket, as to a fact connected with a treaty of many years standing. The American agent stated one thing, the Indian chief corrected him, and insisted that the reverse of his assertion was true. But it was rejoined, "You have forgotten—we have it written down on paper." "The paper then tells a lie," was the confident answer; "I have it written here," continued the chief, placing his hand with great dignity 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 gave us—it does not lie!" A reference was immediately made to the treaty in question, when to the astonishment of all present, and to the triumph of the tawny statesman, the document confirmed every word he had uttered.

About the year 1820, Count D., a young French nobleman, who was making a tour in America, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, and that he hoped the chief would visit him at Buffalo, the next day. Red Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied, "Tell the *young* man that if he wishes to see the *old chief*, he may 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 his messenger, to say that he was fatigued by his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see Red Jacket, and after having put himself to so much trouble to see so great a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. "Tell him," said the sarcastic chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my residence." The retort was richly merited. The Count visited him at his wigwam, and *then* Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with the foreign traveller at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman declared that he considered Red Jacket a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara. This remark was the more striking, as it was made within view of the great cataract. But it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation.

It happened during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which Lafayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America he should consider the sun of his country had set for ever. In his travels through the Indian country, when last in America, it happened at a large assembly of chiefs, that Lafayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "Pray tell me, if you can, what has become of that daring youth who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live; and what is his condition?" "I, myself, am the man," replied Red Jacket; "the decided enemy of the Americans, so long as the hope of opposing them successfully remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

During the war between Great Britain and the United States, which commenced in 1812, Red Jacket was disposed to remain neutral, but was overruled by his tribe, and at last engaged heartily on our side, in consequence of an argument which occurred to his own mind. The lands of his tribe border upon the frontier between the United States and Canada. "If the British succeed," he said, "they will take our country from us. If the Americans drive them back, *they* will claim our land by right of conquest." He fought through the whole war, displayed the most undaunted intrepidity, and completely redeemed his character from the suspicion of that unmanly weakness, with which he had been charged in early life; while in no instance did he exhibit the ferocity of the savage, or disgrace himself by any act of outrage towards a prisoner or a fallen enemy. His, therefore, was that true moral courage which results from self respect and the sense of duty, and which is a more noble and more active principle than that mere animal instinct which renders many men insensible to danger. Opposed to war, not ambitious of martial fame, and unskilled in military affairs, he went to battle from principle, and met its perils with the spirit of a veteran warrior, while he shrunk from its cruelties with the sensibility of a man and a philosopher.

Red Jacket was the foe of the white man. His nation was his God; her honour, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the cross, because he feared some secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that among white and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized domains; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw, too, that the same influence which tended to reduce his wandering tribe to civilised habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism it dissolved the nationality of the tribe. In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people. But the district of land reserved for the Senecas, was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever growing population impatient to possess their lands, and restricting their hunting grounds, by bringing the arts of husbandry up to the line of demarcation. The deer, the buffalo, and the elk were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction.

It must also be stated in fairness, that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigoted and over zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely

upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they doubtless often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended. "What have you said to them?" inquired a missionary once, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. "I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit," was the reply. "I said no such thing," cried the missionary. "Tell them I am come to speak of God, the only living and true God, and of the life that is to be hereafter—well, what have you said?" "That you will tell them about Manito and the land of spirits." "Worse and worse," exclaimed the embarrassed preacher; and such is doubtless the history of many sermons which have been delivered to the bewildered heathen.

There is another cause which has seldom failed to operate in opposition to any fair experiment in reference to the civilisation of the Indians. The frontiers are always infested by a class of adventurers, whose plans of speculation are best promoted by the ignorance of the Indian; who, therefore, steadily thwart every benevolent attempt to enlighten the savage; and who are as ingenious as they are busy, in framing insinuations to the discredit of those engaged in benevolent designs towards this unhappy race.

Whatever was the policy of Red Jacket, or the reasons on which it was founded, he was the steady, skilful, and potent foe of missions in his tribe, which became divided into two factions, one of which was called the *Christian*, and the other the *Pagan*, party. The Christian party, in 1827, outnumbered the Pagan; and Red Jacket was formally, and by a vote of the council, displaced from the office of Chief of the Senecas, which he had held ever since his triumph over Corn Plant. He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington, to lay his griefs before his Great Father. His first call on arriving at Washington was on Colonel M'Kenney, who was in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of it, displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, "I have a talk for my Father." "Tell him," answered Colonel M'Kenney, "I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him." Colonel M'Kenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, "Our Father has got a long eye!" He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians to adopt the ceremonies of that religion, whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith

of his fathers. Whereupon, as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously placed him in the office of chief, which he held till his death, which happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, which has retarded the progress of Christianity in all lands lying adjacent to Christian nations, naturally influenced his mind. He saw many individuals in Christendom who were worse than Pagans. He did not know that few of these professed to be Christians, and that a still smaller number practised the precepts of our religion; but judging them in the mass, he saw little that was desirable in the moral character of the whites, and nothing inviting in their faith. It was with these views that Red Jacket, in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said, with inimitable severity and shrewdness, "Your talk is fair and good. But I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo for one year. They need missionaries, if you can do what you say. If in that time you shall have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people."

A gentleman who saw Red Jacket in 1820, describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large; and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt, with blue leggings, very neat moccasins, a *red jacket*, and a girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified. Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favourable auspices, he inquired, "What are you, a gambler, (meaning a land speculator,) a sheriff, or a black coat?" Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object, other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe, and disturbed himself for many years. He said, "that he had no doubt that Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them, and therefore the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers."

The whole life of the Seneca chief was spent in vain endeavours to preserve the independence of his tribe, and in active opposition as well to the plans of civilisation proposed by the benevolent, as to the attempts at encroachment on the part of the mercenary. His views remained unchanged and his mental powers unimpaired, to the last. The only weakness, incident to the degenerate condition of his tribe, into which he permitted himself to fall, was that of intoxication. Like all Indians, he loved ardent spirits, and although his ordinary habits were temperate, he occasionally gave

himself up to the dreadful temptation, and spent several days in succession in continual drinking.

The circumstances attending his decease were striking, and we shall relate them in the language of one who witnessed the facts which he states. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. "I am about to leave you," said he, "and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer 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 leave 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 cannot come; but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten." These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs, and his funeral.

There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced "the man in dark dress," and deprecated the feud by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment. "Bury me," said he, "by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there." He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighbouring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed, which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that if they had any thing to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made, except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked, "This house was built for the white man, the friends of Red

Jacket cannot be heard in it." Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse, but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief, in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration.

The medal which Red Jacket wore, and which is faithfully copied in the portrait before the reader, he prized above all price. It was a personal present, made in 1792, from General Washington. He was never known to be without it. He had studied and comprehended the character of Washington, and placed upon this gift a value corresponding with his exalted opinion of the donor.

KISH-KAL-WA

A SEMINOLE CHIEF.

PUBLISHED BY F.W. GREENOUGH, BOSTON.

KISHKALWA.

KISHKALWA is nominally and legally the head chief of the Shawanoe nation, but is too far advanced in life to take any active part in its affairs. He is believed to be between eighty-six and ninety years of age, and is living with a daughter upon the Kansas river, although his band have settled in the neighbourhood of the Sabine. The family of this chief is numerous and very distinguished; he is one of seven brothers, all renowned warriors, one of whom was the celebrated Black Hoof, who died in 1831, at the advanced age of from ninety-five to one hundred years.

This chief was about seventeen years of age when he engaged, for the first time, in a war party; and on that occasion he made himself conspicuous for his bravery. The expedition was of a character which strikingly illustrates the history of savage life. The Shawanoes were a warlike tribe, that roved through the whole of the territory northwest of the Ohio, and were continually engaged in hostilities, at first with the English, and subsequently with their descendants, while they maintained friendly relations with the French. The latter occupied Fort Massac, a military station, on the northern shore of the Ohio, not far above its junction with the Mississippi; and were at variance with the Chickasaws, who lost no opportunity to do them an injury. Among other stratagems which were practised by these Indians, was one that was frequently adopted by all the tribes, and in which the savages were very successful. A party of warriors, disguised in the skins of deer, or of bears, would appear creeping upon the shore of the river, opposite the fort. The width of the stream was so great as to render it quite possible to practise the deception with good effect, even if the imitation of the animals had been less perfect than it really was. But the Indians, accustomed to notice the habits of the brute creation, and versed in all the strategy of sylvan sport, and border war, played their parts with admirable fidelity to nature. Sometimes the French saw a number of bears issuing from the forest which clothed the bank, and walking sluggishly over the narrow margin of sand that fringed the river; and sometimes a herd of deer was seen, half disclosed among the bushes, as if reclining in the shade, and gazing upon the placid stream. The ardent Frenchmen, unsuspicious of danger, would cross the river hastily in pursuit of the supposed game, and fall into an ambuscade prepared by the Chickasaws. The Shawanese heard of several massacres which occurred in this manner, and determined to avenge their

friends. A war party proceeded secretly to the neighbourhood of the fort, and waited for the appearance of the counterfeit game, which they knew could not impose upon them, however it had deceived the Europeans. It was not long before the trick which had often proved successful was again attempted; the mimic animals appeared upon the shore; the French soldiers, apprised of the plan of their allies, busied themselves in preparing a boat as if to cross the river, while the Shawanese having made a circuit through the woods, and passed the river at a distant point, threw themselves into the rear of the enemy. The Chickasaws were surprised and defeated with great loss. On such expeditions the *medicine bag*, supposed to possess supernatural virtues, is carried, during the march from home, by the leader of the enterprise, whose station is in the van of the party; but on the return, this mysterious bag is borne by the warrior who has acquired the greatest distinction during that expedition, or, in some cases, by him who killed the first enemy, and the person thus honoured marches foremost. The young Kishkalwa on this occasion returned in the proud station of bearer of the medicine bag.

Another adventure occurred a year or two afterwards, the recital of which will serve to throw some light, as well on the character of Kishkalwa as on the peculiarities of the Indian. The beautiful and fertile country, which now forms the state of Kentucky, was not, previous to its occupation by the whites, inhabited by any tribe of Indians, but was a common hunting ground and battle field, for the various surrounding tribes, whose fierce conflicts gave to this lovely region the name of "the dark and bloody ground." The Indian who ventured among those forests, was prepared alike for the chase and for war. The daring spirit of the young Kishkalwa led him into Kentucky, to hunt the buffalo, then abundant on the southern shore of the Ohio; but before he had succeeded in getting any game, he was discovered and pursued by a party of hostile Indians. Being alone, resistance would have been unavailing, and his only hope of escape was in flight. While running with great speed through the woods, a vestment which constituted his only article of clothing, became entangled in the bushes, and was torn off; but, as the pursuit was very hot, he had not time to recover it. Having reached the river opposite Fort Massac, he tied his gun to his head, with his long hair, and swam across. Among the Shawanese it is highly disreputable in a warrior to throw away his arms or clothing, when in flight from an enemy, as the act indicates cowardice, and supplies a trophy to the pursuer. "None," they say, "but an Osage will thus disencumber himself, that he may run the faster from his foes." When Kishkalwa, therefore, arrived in safety among his friends, who had seen his pursuers follow him to the water's edge, they no sooner noticed the absence of the garment, than a number of jokes was passed at his expense. He explained the manner of the loss, and the urgency of the case, but his companions, perceiving that he was annoyed, affected not to be satisfied, and deplored with mock gravity, that so fine a young man should be so destitute of activity as to be obliged to throw away his clothes in order to outrun his enemies.

As the accusation implied a want of courage, Kishkalwa said that he would show

that he was nb coward. Accordingly he set off, a few days afterwards, *alone*, in search of some enemy on whom he could prove his prowess. In the forest of Kentucky, late in the night, he discovered a fire, by which slept two Indians, who were easily distinguished as belonging to a hostile tribe. He approached near to them with a stealthy tread, then crouching like the panther, waited, according to the custom of the Indian, until the first indications of the approaching dawn of day; when, taking a deliberate aim, he shot one of his foemẽn, and rushing upon the other, despatched him instantly with the tomahawk. This exploit gained him great credit; although it would seem characterised only by the lowest species of cunning, and to be destitute of all the higher attributes of warfare, it was, according to the notions of the savage, not only in exceedingly good taste, but a fine specimen of courage and military talent; for the Indian awards the highest honour to the success which is gained at the least expense, and considers every stratagem meritorious which leads to the desired result. Still his companions continued to jeer him upon the loss of a garment in the former adventure. Nettled by these jokes, and determined to retrieve his reputation, he secretly raised a party of four or five young men, whom he led on another expedition. They were successful, and returned with seventeen scalps.

Those who imagine that the apparent apathy of the Indian character indicates the entire absence of a propensity for mirth, will be surprised to learn that the remarkable success which attended the arms of Kishkalwa, failed to blunt the point of that unhappy jest, which had become a source of serious inconvenience to this great warrior. The pertinacity with which his companions continued to allude to this subject, evinces on their part a strong perception of the ludicrous, and a relish for coarse raillery, which balanced even their decided admiration of warlike qualities, while the extreme sensitiveness of Kishkalwa, shows how highly the Indian prizes his honour. Successful as he had been, he conceived it necessary that the blood of his enemies should continue to flow, to blot out a stain affixed upon him in the mere wantonness of boisterous humour. He now took the field in a more imposing manner; and having raised a party of twenty-five warriors, went forth in pursuit of the enemies of his tribe, travelling only in the night, and lying in ambush during the day. They proceeded down the southern shore of the Ohio and Mississippi, until they reached the Iron Banks, near which they came upon an encampment of hostile Indians, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Kishkalwa halted his party, and having reconnoitered the enemy, directed the mode of attack. His men were so stationed as to surround the camp, and remained concealed until the dawn of day, when, at a signal given, the dreadful war whoop was uttered by the whole in concert, and the assailants rushed in. The astonished enemy, believing themselves hemmed in by superior numbers, fled in every direction; thirty-three men were killed, and seventeen women and children taken prisoners. Kishkalwa returned in triumph with his captives and the scalps of the slain. On his arrival, many of the tribe who had lost their relatives in battle, clamorously demanded vengeance upon the prisoners; but Kishkalwa declared that not a drop of their blood should be spilt. He consented to the adoption of the captives into the families of those who

had been killed in battle, and successfully protected these unfortunates from injury. Among them was a beautiful young woman, whom Kishkalwa presented to the chief, to be his wife, on condition that orders should be given prohibiting the repetition of the jest which had so long galled his pride. This proclamation was accordingly made, in the manner in which all public acts are announced in the Indian villages, by a crier who passed about, declaring in a loud voice, that Kishkalwa having proved that he could not have thrown away his clothes out of fear, no one was permitted thereafter to repeat or allude to that event. The reader will decide whether this warrior's success, or his judicious present to the chief, contributed most to relieve him from so annoying a dilemma.

Whatever might have been the effect upon his private character or social intercourse, these successful expeditions, in which not a single life had been lost, established the reputation of Kishkalwa as a brave, skilful, and fortunate warrior, and he was soon after raised to the dignity of principal Brave, or war chief. It may be proper to remark here, that, to this day, nothing so vexes the old chief as an allusion to the story which distressed him so much in his youth, and that, although more than half a century has passed since the occurrence, it would not be safe in any but an intimate friend to mention it in his presence.

This chief took part in the great battle at Point Pleasant, between the Virginians under General Lewis, and a large Indian force, consisting of Shawanese, Delawares, Mingoes, and other tribes; but unwilling to be again embroiled with the Americans, towards whom he was well disposed, or to take any part in the contest which was about to be commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he removed with a part of the tribe called the Sawekela band, to the south, in 1774, and settled among the Creeks. This band returned again to the shores of the Ohio, in 1790, but took no part in the war of 1794, nor in that of 1812, nor has this portion of the tribe ever been engaged against the Americans since the decisive battle of Point Pleasant.

During the last war, a part of the Sauk and Fox nations, who had been in the habit of trading with the British, were removed from Illinois to the interior of Missouri, at their own request, that they might not be within the reach of British influence. But restless by nature, unable to remain neutral in time of war, and receiving no encouragement to join the Americans, who from principle declined employing the savages, they took up the hatchet against us, and after committing some depredations, fled to Canada. The alarm created by these hostilities, in which the Weas and Piankeshaws were believed to participate, induced the Governor of the Missouri Territory to call out the militia, and to request the assistance of the Shawanoe and Delaware Indians. A party of sixty-six warriors was accordingly raised by Kishkalwa, and the other chiefs, and placed under the command of General Dodge.

The Sauks and Foxes having fled before the arrival of the militia, a small fort was surrounded in which it was supposed that the Weas and Piankeshaws were concealed: but in the morning it was found that they too had retreated. They were pursued, overtaken, and made prisoners. The object of General Dodge, in their capture, was to

protect and not to injure them. The inhabitants of the frontier are at all times quick to take umbrage at any supposed hostility on the part of the Indians, against whom they have long been accustomed to entertain a mingled feeling of fear and hatred; and believing that the party now in their power had been equally as guilty as the Sauks and Foxes, the militia were excited to such a state of indignation, that they could with difficulty be restrained from the perpetration of what they supposed to be a just revenge. General Dodge, with a decision that did him honour, as a man and a soldier, immediately placed the captives under the protection of a disciplined volunteer company from St. Louis, and of the Indians under Kishkalwa. This resolute conduct had the desired effect; and no further molestation was offered to the unfortunate prisoners, who were trembling with dread. We have the testimony of a gentleman who was himself a volunteer in this expedition, that a finer set of men was seldom seen than the band of Shawanese and Delawares, to which this anecdote has reference, and that their whole conduct during this campaign was most orderly, decorous, and proper.

Disappointed in the desired object of their vengeance, the militia set fire to the fort which had been abandoned by the Weas and Piankeshaws, and gave vent to the wantonness of their excited feelings by shooting a few dogs of the Indians that lingered about the premises. One of these faithful creatures was caught by a soldier, who so far forgot himself in the fury of the moment, as to throw the animal into the fire, from which it escaped, howling with pain. Some of the bystanders laughed; but Kishkalwa, perceiving that an Indian boy joined in the merriment, instantly checked him, and explained in a few words the impropriety of making sport of the miseries of a helpless brute.

The last military adventure in which Kishkalwa engaged, was in a war undertaken by the Cherokees, Delawares, and Shawanese, against the Osages, in 1818. In a battle which was fought, and which resulted in the defeat of the Osages, this chief is represented as having displayed his usual bravery and prudence, although he must then have been burthened by the weight of upwards of eighty years. In attacking their enemies, it is customary with the Osages to rush to the onset with great impetuosity, uttering the savage yell with deafening concert, and endeavouring to win the battle by the terrors attending the first blow; but failing in this object they usually abandon the contest. All the Indian tribes, indeed, act upon this system, to a greater or less extent, seeking victory by cunning rather than force, and avoiding the hazard of a battle which must be contested upon equal terms. Kishkalwa, aware of this trait in the character of his race, and knowing that the Osages pursued this mode of warfare more invariably than his own followers, exhorted them to stand firmly, and resist the first attack. "Do not heed their shouts," said he, "they are but the yells of cowardly wolves, who, as soon as they come near enough to look you in the eye, will flee; while if you turn your backs on them they will devour you." This counsel evinced the sagacity of one who had observed human nature, and could adapt his own measures to the circumstances in which he was placed. The result verified his prediction. The Osages, twice as numerous as the party of Kishkalwa, rushed to the attack with their usual impetuosity,

and with loud shouts; but failing in making an impression in the first onset, recoiled before the steady firmness of their opponents, and fled in confusion, suffering great loss in killed and prisoners.

Kishkalwa visited Washington in 1825, as one of a delegation of chiefs, accompanied by Colonel Menard, a highly respectable agent of the Indian department, to whom we are indebted for the details included in the foregoing biographical sketch.

We have said that this chief was the brother of Black Hoof: but we are not certain that they might not have been cousins-german, as the term *brother* is applied among the Indians to this degree of relationship.

MO-HON-GO.

MOHONGO.

OF the early life of this female we know nothing; and, perhaps, little could be gathered that would be worthy of record. She is interesting on account of the dignity and beauty of her countenance, and the singular nature of her adventures since her marriage. She was one of a party of seven of her tribe, who were decoyed from the borders of Missouri, by an adventurer, whose intention was to exhibit them in Europe for the purpose of gain. He was a Frenchman, and was assisted in his design by a half breed Indian, who acted as interpreter between him and the deluded victims of his mercenary deception. The Indians were allured from home by the assurance that curiosity and respect for the Indian character, would make them so welcome in Europe, that they would be received with distinguished marks of respect, and loaded with valuable presents. It is not propable that they understood that they were to be shown for money, or that they had any knowledge of the nature of such exhibitions; but it is obvious that their own views were mercenary, and that they were incited to travel by the alleged value of the presents which would probably be made them.

Whether any other arguments were used to induce these untutored savages to embark in an enterprise so foreign from their timid and reserved habits, we have been unable to discover. It is only known that the individual who seduced them from their native plains, assumed the character and dress of an American officer, and by this deception gained their confidence; and it is more than probable, that as they only knew him under this disguise, they were deceived into the belief that he was acting under the sanction of the government. Whatever may have been the pretence, it was a cruel deception; and it would be curious to know what were the feelings and the reflections of those wild savages, accustomed to roam uncontrolled through the deep forests, and over the boundless plains, when they found themselves among the habitations of an enlightened people, the objects of intense curiosity, and the prisoners of a mercenary keeper. The delusion under which they commenced their journey was probably not dispelled previous to their arrival at New York; those with whom they met on the way, supposed them to be proceeding to Washington, on a visit to the President: and as the Indians were ignorant of our language, it is not surprising that this singular device escaped detection.

At New York the party embarked for Europe. They visited Holland, Germany, and some other parts of the continent, and at last came to the French metropolis. Here

the imposture was detected. The pretended American officer had been at Paris before; he was recognised by his creditors, stripped of his borrowed character, and thrown into prison: while the wandering savages were so fortunate as to find a protector in Lafayette, whose affection for America was so great, that the native of our land, even though an illiterate Indian, was ever sure of a welcome under his hospitable roof. He supplied them with money, and caused arrangements to be made for their passage to the United States. During the voyage they were attacked by the small pox, and three of them died. Among the victims was the husband of Mohongo, who was now left to carry back to her people, with the varied tale of her adventures, the bitter story of her bereavement.

The party landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, whence they were sent to Washington city. They were kindly received at the seat of government, where directions were given for their hospitable entertainment during their stay, and for their safe conveyance to the Osage villages. They reached their forest home in safety, and have done us the justice to acknowledge that, although they suffered much from the treachery of one of our race, who allured them from the wigwams of their tribe, they were indebted to the white man for many acts of kindness and sympathy during their novel and adventurous journey. They profess to have been on the whole gratified with the expedition.

The likeness which we have copied was taken at Washington, by order of the War Department, while Mohongo remained in that city. It is a faithful and striking representation of the original; and the contemplation of it, to one acquainted with the Indian character, gives rise to a train of thought which it may be well to notice. The ordinary expression of the countenance of the Indian woman is subdued and unmeaning; that of Mohongo is lighted up with intelligence. It is joyous as well as reflective. It is possible that this difference may be accidental; and that Mohongo adventured upon her perilous journey *in consequence* of possessing a mind of more than common vigour, or a buoyancy of spirit, not usual among her tribe. But we incline to a different theory. The Indian woman is rather the servant than the companion of man. She is a favourite and confidential servant, who is treated with kindness, but who is still an inferior. The life of the untamed savage affords little range for the powers of reflection; his train of thought is neither varied nor extensive; and as the females are confined to domestic duties, neither meddling in public affairs, nor mingling in that which we should call society, the exercise of their mental powers must be extremely limited. The Indian village affords but few diversions, and still fewer of the operations of industry, of business, or of ingenuity. The mind of the warrior is bent on war, or on the chase, while the almost undivided attention of the female is devoted to the procuring and preparation of food. In the moments of leisure, when the eye would roam abroad, and the mind unbend itself in the play of its powers of observation, a monotonous scenery is ever present. They have their mountains and plains, their woods and rivers, unchanged from year to year; and the blue sky above them subjected only to the varieties of storm and sunshine. Is it strange that the countenance of the Indian woman should be vacant, and her demeanour subdued?

Mohongo travelled in company with her husband. Constantly in his society, sharing with him the perils, the vicissitudes, and the emotions, incident to the novel scenes into which they were thrown, and released from the drudgery of menial occupation, she must have risen to something like the station of an equal. Perhaps when circumstances of embarrassment, or perplexing objects of curiosity were presented, the superior tact and flexibility of the female mind became apparent, and her companions learned to place a higher estimation upon her character than is usually awarded by the Indian to the weaker sex. Escaped from servile labour, she had leisure to think. New objects were continually placed before her eye; admiration and curiosity were often awakened in her mind; its latent faculties were excited, and that beautiful system of association which forms the train of rational thought, became connected and developed. Mohongo was no longer the drudge of a savage hunter, but his friend. Such are the inferences which seem to be fairly deducible, when contrasting the agreeable expression of this countenance, with the stolid lineaments of other females of the same race. If our theory be correct, the example before us affords a significant and beautiful illustration of the beneficent effects of civilisation upon the human mind.

KEE-BA-BA-W'DOSH

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.

PUBLISHED BY F. W. GREGG N° 68 THIRD ST. PHILAD.ª

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1836 by C. Bird in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.ª

SHINGABA W'OSSIN.

SHINGABA W'OSSIN, or *Image Stone*, was a Chippewa, and first chief of his band. In summer he lived on the banks of the St. Mary's, at the outlet of Lake Superior; in winter he retired with his band to his hunting grounds. Fish was his food in summer; in winter he subsisted on the carcasses of animals, whose fur was the great object of his winter's toils, it being the medium of exchange with the traders for blankets, strouds, calico, ammunition, vermilion, &c., and such articles of necessity or of ornament as he and his people required.

Shingaba W'Ossin was one of the most influential men in the Chippewa nation. He was deservedly esteemed, not only by the Indians, but by the whites also, for his good sense, and respectful and conciliating deportment. In his person he was tall, well proportioned, and of a commanding and dignified aspect. In council he was remarkable for a deliberate and thoughtful manner; in social intercourse no less so for his cheerfulness. He was disposed to be familiar, yet never descended to frivolity. He was of the totem of the Crane, the ancient badge of the chiefs of this once powerful band.

War is the chief glory of the Indian. He who dissuades from war is usually regarded as a coward; but Shingaba W'Ossin was the uniform advocate of peace, yet his bravery was never questioned. Perhaps his exemption from the imputation of cowardice was owing to his having, when but a youth, joined several war parties against the Sioux, those natural and implacable enemies of his people, to reach whom he had to travel at least five hundred miles. He is said to have distinguished himself at the great battle on the St. Croix, which terminated the feud between the Chippewas and the Foxes. In that battle he fought under the northern Alaric, *Waub-Ojeeg*.

We hope to be excused for introducing, in this place, some remarks upon this extraordinary chieftian, especially as the few incidents we shall use are from our own work, published in 1827.

We made our voyage up Lake Superior in 1826. So late as that, the name of Waub-Ojeeg was never spoken but in connection with some tradition exemplifying his great powers as a chief and warrior. He was a man of discretion, and far in advance of his people in those energies of the mind which command respect wherever and in whomsoever they are found. He was, like Pontiac and Tecumthe, exceedingly jealous of the white man. This jealousy was manifested when the hand of his daughter,

O-shaw-ous-go-day-way-gwa, was solicited by Mr. Johnson, the accomplished Irish gentleman, who resided so many years after at the Sault de St. Mary, and who was not better known for his intelligence and polished manners, than for his hospitality. He lived long enough to merit and receive the appellation of *Patriarch of the Sault*. This gentleman was a native of Dublin or Belfast, in Ireland. In the course of his travels he arrived at Montreal, when he determined to ascend the great chain of lakes to the head waters of Lake Superior. On arriving at Michael's Island he heard of Waab-Ojeeg, whose village lay across the strait which divides the island from the main. He made him a visit. Being well received he remained some time, formed an attachment to his daughter, and solicited permission to marry her. Waab-Ojeeg replied to his request thus:—"White man, I have noticed your behaviour—it has been correct. But, white man, *your colour is deceitful*. Of you, may I expect better things. You say you are going to return to Montreal—go: and if you return I shall be satisfied of your sincerity, and will give you my daughter." Mr. Johnson, being honest in his professions, went to Montreal and returned, when the chief fulfilled his promise. The amiable, excellent, and accomplished Mrs. Schoolcraft, wife of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., so favourably known as a tourist and mineralogist, and a family of as interesting children as we met with in our travels, are the fruits of this marriage.

Waab-Ojeeg used to stimulate his warriors to battle by singing a favourite war song. Doubtless Shingaba W'Ossin, on the memorable occasion referred to, felt the stirring influence of this song. We received the following translation of it from Mr. Johnson, to whom the Chippewa language was quite familiar.

On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low;
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died,
Just vengeance to take of the foe, the foe,
Just vengeance to take of the foe.

On that day when our chieftains lay dead, lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead;
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled,
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more, no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more;
And their brothers in war, who can't show scar for scar,
Like women their fates shall deplore, deplore,
Like women their fates shall deplore.

Fine winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend,
Fine winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our youth grows to men, to the war lead again,
And our days like our fathers we'll end, we'll end,
And our days like our fathers we'll end.

It is not surprising that, under such a leader, Shingaba W'Ossin should acquire fame sufficient to make good his claims to bravery in after life. Thus fortified at the point

where the Indian, no less than the white man, is peculiarly sensitive, he could counsel his band to cultivate peace, and attend to the more important concerns of hunting, without the danger of losing his influence over them. "If my hunters," he would say, "will not take the game, but will leave the chase and join the war parties, our women and children must suffer. If the game is not trapped, where will be our packs of furs? And if we have no furs, how shall we get blankets? Then when winter comes again we shall perish! It is time enough to fight when the war drum sounds near you; when your enemies approach; then it is I shall expect to see you painted for war, and to hear your whoops resound in the mountains; and then you will see me at your head, with my arm bared—

'Just vengeance to take on the foe.'"

Besides thus wisely counselling his people to live in peace, and follow the chase, he gave much of his time to attending the public councils, convened under the authority of our government. These councils, in those regions especially, had for their principal object the adjustment of boundaries between the tribes—encroachments upon each others' territory being a principal cause of war. Councils of pacification were held in 1825, at Prairie du Chien, on the Upper Mississippi; at the Fond du Lac Superior, in 1826; and at the Butte des Mortes, on the Fox river of Lake Michigan, in 1827. Shingaba W'Ossin attended each of these councils, and signed the treaties. We were present at the last two, and witnessed the good conduct and extraordinary influence of the subject of this brief memoir. At the council of Fond du Lac, Shingaba W'Ossin was the first to respond to the commissioners. He spoke as follows:

"*My relations*—Our fathers have spoken to us about the line made at the Prairie. With this I and my band are satisfied. You who live on the line are most interested. To you I leave the subject. The line was left unfinished last summer, but will be finished this.

"*My relations*—The land to be provided for my half breeds I will select. I leave it to you to provide your reserves for your own.

"*My friends*—Our fathers have come here to establish a school at the *Sault*. Our Great Father over the hills (meaning the President of the United States,) has said this would be well. I am willing. It may be a good thing for those who wish to send their children.

"*My brothers*—Our fathers have not come here to speak hard words to us. Do not think so. They have brought us bread to eat, clothing to wear, and tobacco to smoke.

"*My brothers*—Take notice. Our Great Father has been at much trouble to make us live as one family, and to make our path clear. The morning was cloudy. The Great Spirit has scattered those clouds. So have our difficulties passed away.

"*My friends*—Our fathers have come here to embrace their children. Listen to what they say, it will be good for you. If you have any copper on your lands, I advise you to sell it. It is of no use to us. They can make articles out of it for our use. If any one has any knowledge on this subject, I ask him to bring it to light.

"*My brothers*—Let us determine soon. We, as well as our fathers, are anxious to go home."

This talk was taken down as it was interpreted, and in the words of the interpreter. A good deal of the speaker's style is no doubt lost. Critics tell us that Pope, in his admirable translation of Homer, has failed to show the father of poetry to his readers in his original costume. It is not surprising, therefore, that an Indian interpreter should make the Indian talk like a white man. There is enough in this address of the old chief, however, to show that he was a man of sense and discretion. A few explanatory remarks may make this more apparent. The "line," to which he referred, was the proposed boundary between the Sioux and Chippewas. He and his band, living five hundred miles from it, were not so immediately interested as were those bands who bordered it. Hence, although he and his band were satisfied with it, he referred it to his "relations," who were more immediately concerned, and whose peace and lives depended upon its suitable and harmonious adjustment, to decide for themselves.

The next subject was one of great importance to the whole Chippewa nation. It had for some time engaged the attention of Shingaba W'Ossin: and the proposition originated with him. It was, that reservations of land should be laid off in the most genial and productive situations, and assigned to the half breeds, to be cultivated by them. The wisdom and humanity of the measure will appear, when the reader is informed that almost the whole country of the Chippewas is sterile, and that scarcely any vegetables do or can grow in it. The soil is cold and barren: and the winter pervades so much of the year, that if seed of any kind be sown, except in the most favourable situations, the frosts overtake and destroy the hoped for increase before it arrives at maturity. The Chippewas suffer greatly by reason of their climate, and when, from any cause, they fail in their hunts, many of them perish with cold and of starvation. The frequent recurrence of this calamity led Shingaba W'Ossin to consider how it might be provided against. He saw the military gardens at the Sault, and those of Mr. Johnson, producing, by the culture that was bestowed upon them, large crops of potatoes and other roots. It occurred to him, that if the half breeds of his nation could be induced to profit by such examples, they might husband away these products of the earth, and when the dreaded famine should threaten them, they could retire to the neighbourhood of those provisions and be preserved. In pursuance of his earnest entreaties, and seeing in the plan every thing to recommend it, and nothing to oppose it, the commissioners inserted an article in the treaty making the provision, and accompanied it with a schedule of the names of those half breeds that were given in by the chiefs of the various bands, and who it was intended should engage in this new employment. The persons to whom it was proposed to make these grants, were prohibited the privilege of conveying the same, without the permission of the President of the United States.

This article in the treaty was not ratified by the Senate. So the old chief was saved the trouble of selecting situations for the half breeds of his band, as were his "relations," to whom he left it to "provide reserves" for theirs.

Shingaba W'Ossin was the patron of the school that has since been established at

the Sault for the education of Indian children, and advised that the thousand dollar annuity, the only annuity the tribe receives, should be appropriated for its support. It was accordingly done. He was not an advocate for school knowledge in his own family, but remarked, that some of the Chippewas might profit by it. In this he gave proof of his disinterestedness.

The largest mass of virgin copper, of which we have any knowledge, is in the Chippewa country. It is supposed to weigh from twenty-five hundred to three thousand pounds. The existence of this mass, and the fact that pieces of copper were brought in by the Indians who assembled from many parts of their country to attend the council, induced the belief that the country abounded in this metal. The commissioners endeavoured to obtain all the knowledge they could on this subject, and their inquiries were responded to by Shingaba W'Ossin, in the manner as indicated in his talk.

It may not be out of place to remark, that this huge specimen of virgin copper lies about thirty-five miles above the mouth of the Ontanagon of Lake Superior; and on the west bank of that river, a few paces only above low water mark. An intelligent gentleman, who accompanied a party sent by the commissioners from the Fond du Lac, for the purpose of disengaging this specimen of copper from its bed, and transporting it down the lakes to the Erie Canal, and thence to New York and Washington, says:—"It consists of pure copper, ramified in every direction through a mass of stone, (mostly serpentine, intermixed with calcareous spar) in veins of one to three inches in diameter; and in some parts exhibiting masses of pure metal of one hundred pounds weight."

It was found impossible, owing to "the channel of the river being intercepted by ridges of sandstone, forming three cataracts, with a descent in all, of about seventy feet," to remove this great natural curiosity. Specimens were broken from it, some of which we ascertained were nearly as pure as a silver dollar, losing in fusion, a residuum of only one part in twenty-seven. Evidences were disclosed, in prying this rock of copper from its position, confirming the history of the past, which records the efforts of companies to extract wealth from the mines that were supposed to abound there. These evidences consisted in chisels, axes, and various implements which are used in mining. It is highly probable that this copper rock may have once been of larger dimensions—since those who worked at it, no doubt, took away specimens, as have all persons who have since visited it.

It was in reference to the wish of the commissioners to obtain every possible information respecting the existence of copper in the Chippewa country, that Shingaba W'Ossin was induced to say—"If any one has any knowledge on this subject, I ask him to bring it to light." In doing this, as will be seen in the sequel, he placed himself above the *superstitions* of his people, who regarded this mass of copper as a *manitou*.

Being weatherbound at the portage of Point Kewewena, we had an opportunity of observing the habits of Shingaba W'Ossin; and occasionally to hear him talk. During this time the old chief made frequent visits to our tent, always in company with a young Indian who attended him. At this time he was a good deal concerned about a blindness which threatened him. He spoke principally of this, but never without saying something in favour of his attendant. Among other things, he said—"Father, I have not the eyes

I once had. I am now old. I think soon this great world will be hid from me. But the Great Spirit is good. I want you, father, to hear me. This young man is eyes to me, and hands too. Will you not be good to him?" At each visit, however, inflamed as were the old chief's eyes he would, like other Indians, be most grateful for a little whiskey; and like them too, when he tasted a little, he wanted more. It is impossible to conceive the ratio with which their wants increase, after a first taste. The effects are maddening. Often, to enjoy a repetition of the beverage, have instances occurred in which life itself has been taken, when it stood between the Indian and this cherished object of his delight. Shingaba W'Ossin would indulge in the use of this destructive beverage occasionally; but even when most under its influence, he was harmless—so generally had the kindly feelings taken possession of him. On the occasion referred to, we found him to be gentle, obliging, and free from all asperities of manner or temper. He was then in his sixty-third year, and used to assist in the management of his canoe, and in all the business connected with the prosecution of his voyage. He kept company with us to the Fond du Lac; not always, however, encamping where we did. The old man and his party partook of our refreshments; and when he would meet with any of his people who had been taking fish, he never failed to procure some, and always divided his good luck with us—appearing happy to have something to offer in return for our attentions to him.

Shingaba W'Ossin's father was named *Maid-O-Saliger*. He was the chief and chronicler of his tribe. With him died much of their traditionary information. He was also noted for the tales which he related for the amusement of the young. But he was a voluptuary. He married four wives, three of whom were sisters. By these wives he had twenty children. Each of the male children, in time, deemed himself a legitimate chief, and attached to himself some followers. Political divisions were the consequence. The harmony of the band was thus destroyed, and the posterity of the ancient chief scattered along the waters of the St. Mary's.

The superior intellect of Shingaba W'Ossin, in these times of contention for the supremacy, became manifest. He secured the respect and confidence of his band, and was at last acknowledged as the *Nittum*, or first man. His band became more and more attached to him, until on all hands the choice was admitted to be well ordered, and that he upon whom it had fallen, merited the distinction. Having secured the general confidence, he counselled his charge in all their trials, and enabled them to overcome many difficulties, whilst, by his kindness and general benevolence of character, he made himself beloved. He was on all occasions the organ for expressing the wants and wishes of his people, and through him also, they received both presents and advice from the officers and agents of our government.

During the late war, in 1813, Shingaba W'Ossin went to York, in Canada, and had an interview with Proctor and Tecumthe. Nothing is known of the object or result of this interview, except that one of his brothers joined the British, and fought and fell in the battle of the Thames, in Upper Canada. His death was deeply lamented by Shingaba W'Ossin—so much so as to induce the belief that he counselled, or at least acquiesced in, his joining the British standard.

PUM-MA-WA-MA.

PUSHMATAHA.

THIS individual was a distinguished warrior of the Choctaw nation, and a fair specimen of the talents and propensities of the modern Indian. It will have been noticed, by those who have paid attention to Indian history, that the savage character is always seen in a modified aspect, among those of the tribes who reside in juxta-position with the whites. We are not prepared to say that it is either elevated, or softened, by this relation; but it is certainly changed. The strong hereditary bias of the wild and untamed rover of the forest, remains in proper development, while some of the arts, and many of the vices of the civilised man, are engrafted upon them. The Choctaws have had their principal residence in that part of the country east of the Mississippi river, which now forms the State of Mississippi, and have had intercourse with the European race, from the time of the discovery of that region by the French, nearly two centuries ago. In 1820, that tribe was supposed to consist of a population of twenty-five thousand souls. They have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and have permitted our missionaries to reside among them; some of them have addicted themselves to agriculture, and a few of their females have intermarried with the white traders.

Pushmataha was born about the year 1764, and at the age of twenty was a captain, or a war chief, and a great hunter. In the latter occupation he often passed to the western side of the Mississippi, to hunt the buffalo, upon the wide plains lying towards our southern frontier. On one occasion, while hunting on the Red river, with a party of Choctaws, he was attacked by a number of Indians of a tribe called the Callagehcahs, near the Spanish line, and totally defeated. He made his own escape, alone, to a Spanish settlement, where he arrived nearly starved; having, while on the way, given a little horse, that he found grazing on the plains, for a single fish. He remained with the Spaniards five years, employing himself as a hunter, brooding over the plans of vengeance which he afterwards executed, and probably collecting the information necessary to the success of his scheme. Wandering back to the Choctaw country, alone, he came by stealth, in the night, to a little village of the enemies by whom he had been defeated, suddenly rushed in upon them, killed seven of the inhabitants, and set fire to the lodges, which were entirely consumed before the surviving occupants recovered from their alarm.

After this feat he remained in his own nation about six years, increasing his reputation as a hunter, and engaging occasionally in the affairs of the tribe. He then raised a party of his own friends, and led them to seek a further revenge for the defeat which still rankled in his bosom. Again he surprised one of their towns upon Red river, and killed two or three of their warriors without any loss on his own side. But engaging in an extensive hunt, his absence from home was protracted to the term of eight months. Resting from this expedition but ten days, he prevailed on another party of Choctaw warriors to follow his adventurous steps in a new enterprise against the same enemy, and was again victorious, bringing home six of the scalps of his foes, without losing a man. On this occasion he was absent seven or eight months. In one year afterwards he raised a new party, led them against the foe whom he had so often stricken, and was once more successful.

Some time before the war of 1812, a party of Creek Indians, who had been engaged in a hunting expedition, came to the Choctaw country, and burned the house of Pushmataha, who was in the neighbourhood intently occupied in playing ball, a game at which he was very expert. He was too great a man to submit to such an injury, and, as usual, immediate retaliation ensued. He led a party of Choctaws into the Creek country, killed several of that nation, and committed as great destruction of their property as was practicable in his rapid march; and he continued from time to time, until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain, to prosecute the hostilities growing out of this feud with relentless vigour; assailing the Creeks frequently with small parties, by surprise, and committing indiscriminate devastation upon the property or people of that tribe. Such are the quarrels of great men; and such have been the border wars of rude nations from the earliest times.

In the war that succeeded, he was always the first to lead a party against the British or their Indian allies; and he did much injury to the Creeks and Seminoles, during that contest. His military prowess and success gained for him the honorary title which he seems to have well deserved; and he was usually called *General* Pushmataha.

This chief was not descended from any distinguished family, but was raised to command when a young man, in consequence of his talents and prowess. He was always poor, and when not engaged in war, followed the chase with ardour and success. He was brave and generous; kind to those who were necessitous, and hospitable to the stranger. The eagerness with which he sought to revenge himself upon his enemies, affords no evidence of ferocity of character; but is in strict conformity with the Indian code of honour, which sanctions such deeds as nobly meritorious.

It is curious to observe the singular mixture of great and mean qualities in the character of a barbarous people. The same man who is distinguished in war, and in the council, is often the subject of anecdotes which reflect little credit on his character in private life. We shall repeat the few incidents which have reached us, in the public and private history of Pushmataha.

He attended a council held in 1823, near the residence of Major Pitchlynn, a worthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation.

The business was closed on the third of July, and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn, to Colonel Ward, the agent of the government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the government agent suggested to Mr. Pitchlynn, the propriety of presenting him a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whiskey; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the Agency, on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball-play. "But did you not promise Mr. Pitchlynn," said the agent, "that you would not sell his horse?" "I did so, in the presence of yourself and many others," replied the chief; "but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse at a game of ball."

It is said, that during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword. When asked by the commander, why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given him a blow or two with the side of the sword, to teach him better manners; "but if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier," continued he, "I should have used the sharp edge of my sword, in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself."

At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the Agency, one of the soldiers having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and as there was no guard house, the temporary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha, seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause, and on being informed, exclaimed, "Is that all?" and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, remarking coolly, "many good warriors get drunk."

At a meeting of business at the Agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended always to have the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied—"No: is it not right that every woman should be married—and how can that be, when there are more women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our Great Father, the President, caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous, and if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husband."

In 1824, this chief was at the city of Washington, as one of a deputation sent to visit the President, for the purpose of brightening the chain of friendship between the American people and the Choctaws. The venerable Lafayette, then upon his memorable and triumphal tour through the United States, was at the same metropolis, and the Choctaw chiefs came to pay him their respects. Several of them made speeches, and

among the rest, Pushmataha addressed him in these words: "Nearly fifty snows have melted since you drew the sword as a companion of Washington. With him you fought the enemies of America. You mingled your blood with that of the enemy, and proved yourself a warrior. After you finished that war, you returned to your own country: and now you are come back to revisit a land, where you are honoured by a numerous and powerful people. You see every where the children of those by whose side you went to battle, crowding around you, and shaking your hand, as the hand of a father. We have heard these things told in our distant villages, and our hearts longed to see you. We have come, we have taken you by the hand, and are satisfied. This is the first time we have seen you; it will probably be the last. We have no more to say. The earth will part us for ever."

The old warrior pronounced these words with an affecting solemnity of voice and manner. He seemed to feel a presentiment of the brevity of his own life. The concluding remark of his speech was prophetic. In a few days he was no more. He was taken sick at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honours, and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends, shortly before his death, he said, "I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, *where is Pushmataha?* and you will say to them, *he is no more.* They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods."

The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the Secretary of War.

"*Father*—I have been here some time. I have not talked—I have been sick. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have no doubt heard of me—*I am Pushmataha.*

"*Father*—When in my own country, I often looked towards this Council House, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, Father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak.

"*Father*—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers, or grandfathers,

nor any Choctaw ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like bird's claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

"*Father*—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here when a young man to see my Father Jefferson. He told me if ever we got in trouble we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another and says, how do you do? Another will talk further."

The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the Senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain, whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch: "Sir, in a late visit to the public grave yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw Chief, Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: '*Pushmataha, a Choctaw Chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year* 1824, *to the government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the* 24*th of December,* 1824, *of the croup, in the sixtieth year of his age.*'" Among his last words were the following: "When I am gone let the big guns be fired over me."

This chief had five children. His oldest son died at the age of twenty-one, after having completed an excellent English education. The others were young at the time of the decease of their father. A medal has been sent by the President to the oldest surviving son, as a testimony of respect for the memory of a warrior, whose attachment to our government was steady and unshaken throughout his life.

The day after the funeral of Pushmataha, the deputation visited the officer in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The countenances of the chiefs wore a gloom which such a loss was well calculated to create. Over the face of one of the deputation, however, was a cloud darker than the rest, and the expression of his face told a tale of deeper sorrow. Ask that young man, said the officer in charge of the Bureau, what is the matter with him? The answer was, "*I am sorry.*" Ask him what makes him sorry. The loss, the answer was expected to be, of our beloved chief. But no—it was, "*I am sorry it was not me.*" Ask him to explain what he means by being sorry that it was not him. The ceremonies of the funeral, the reader will bear in mind, were very imposing. The old chief had said, "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me;" and they were fired. Besides the discharge of minute guns on the Capitol Hill, and from the ground contiguous to the place of interment, there was an immense

concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages, cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extending at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the ways, and filling the doors and windows, and then the military honours at the grave, combined to produce in this young chief's mind a feeling of regret that he had not been, himself, the subject of these honours—hence his reply: "*I am sorry it was not me;*" and so he explained himself.

TEN-SKWAU-TA-WAW

THE PROPHET.

TENSKWAUTAWAW.

THIS individual is a person of slender abilities, who acquired great celebrity from the circumstances in which he happened to be placed, and from his connection with the distinguished Tecumthe, his brother. Of the latter, unfortunately, no portrait was ever taken; and, as the two brothers acted in concert in the most important events of their lives, we shall embrace what we have to say of both in the present article.

We have received, through the politeness of a friend, a narrative of the history of these celebrated Indians, dictated by the Prophet himself, and accurately written down at the moment. It is valuable as a curious piece of autobiography, coming from an unlettered savage, of a race remarkable for tenacity of memory, and for the fidelity with which they preserve and transmit their traditions, among themselves: while it is to be received with great allowance, in consequence of the habit of exaggeration which marks the communications of that people to strangers. In their intercourse with each other, truth is esteemed and practised; but, with the exception of a few high minded men, little reliance is to be placed upon any statement made by an Indian to a white man. The same code which inculcates an inviolable faith among themselves, justifies any deception towards an enemy, or one of an alien race, for which a sufficient motive may be held out. We know, too, that barbarous nations, in all ages, have evinced a decided propensity for the marvellous, which has been especially indulged in tracing the pedigree of a family, or the origin of a nation. With this prefatory caution, we proceed to give the story of Tenskwautawaw, as related by himself—compiled, however, in our own language, from the loose memoranda of the original transcriber.

His paternal grandfather was a Creek, who, at a period which is not defined in the manuscript before us, went to one of the southern cities, either Savannah or Charleston, to hold a council with the English governor, whose daughter was present at some of the interviews. This young lady had conceived a violent admiration for the Indian character; and, having determined to bestow herself upon some "warlike lord" of the forest, she took this occasion to communicate her partiality to her father. The next morning, in the council, the governor inquired of the Indians which of them was the most expert hunter; and the grandfather of Tecumthe, then a young and handsome man, who sate modestly in a retired part of the room, was pointed out to him. When the council broke up for the day, the governor asked his daughter if she was really so

partial to the Indians as to prefer selecting a husband from among them, and finding that she persisted in this singular predilection, he directed her attention to the young Creek warrior, for whom, at first sight, she avowed a decided attachment. On the following morning the governor announced to the Creeks that his daughter was disposed to marry one of their number; and, having pointed out the individual, added, that his consent would be given. The chiefs, at first, very naturally, doubted whether the governor was in earnest; but, upon his assuring them that he was sincere, they advised the young man to embrace the lady and her offer. He was not so ungallant as to refuse; and, having consented to the fortune that was thus buckled on him, was immediately taken to another apartment, where he was disrobed of his Indian costume by a train of black servants, washed, and clad in a new suit, and the marriage ceremony was immediately performed.

At the close of the council the Creeks returned home, but the young hunter remained with his wife. He amused himself in hunting, in which he was very successful, and was accustomed to take a couple of black servants with him, who seldom failed to bring in large quantities of game. He lived among the whites, until his wife had borne him two daughters and a son. Upon the birth of the latter, the governor went to see his grandson, and was so well pleased that he called his friends together, and caused thirty guns to be fired. When the boy was seven or eight years old the father died, and the governor took charge of the child, who was often visited by the Creeks. At the age of ten or twelve he was permitted to accompany the Indians to their nation, where he spent some time; and, two years after, he again made a long visit to the Creeks, who then, with a few Shawanoes, lived on a river called Pauseekoalaakee, and began to adopt their dress and customs. They gave him an Indian name, Pukeshinwau, which means, *something that drops down;* and, after learning their language, he became so much attached to the Indian mode of life, that, when the governor sent for him, he refused to return. He married a Creek woman, but afterwards discarded her, and united himself with Methoataaskee, a Shawanoe, who was the mother of Tecumthe, and our narrator, the Prophet. The oldest son by this marriage was Cheesekau; and, six years afterwards, a daughter was born, who was called Menewaulaakoosee; then a son, called Sauawaseekau, soon after whose birth the Shawanoes determined to remove to other hunting grounds. His wife, being unwilling to separate from her tribe, Pukeshinwau accompanied them, after first paying a visit to his grandfather. At parting, the governor gave him a written paper, and told him, that upon showing it at any time to the Americans, they would grant any request which he might make—but that he need not show it to French traders, as it would only vex them, and make them exclaim, *sacre Dieu.* His family, with about half the Shawanoes, then removed to old Chilicothe; the other half divided again, a part remaining with the Creeks, and the remainder going beyond the Mississippi. Tecumthe was born on the journey. Pukeshinwau was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, in the autumn of 1774, and the Prophet was born the following winter.

The fourth child of this family was Tecumthe—the fifth, Nehaasemoo, a boy—and

the sixth, the Prophet, whose name was, originally, Laulewaasikaw, but was changed when he assumed his character of Prophet, to Tenskwautawaw, or the *Open door*. Tecumthe was ten years older than the Prophet; the latter was one of three brothers, born at a birth, one of whom died immediately after birth, while the other, whose name was Kumskaukau, lived until a few years ago. The eldest brother had a daughter, who, as well as a daughter of Tecumthe, is living beyond the Mississippi. No other descendant of the family remains, except a son of Tecumthe, who now lives with the Prophet.

Fabulous as the account of the origin of this family undoubtedly is, the Prophet's information as to the names and ages of his brothers and sisters may be relied upon as accurate, and as affording a complete refutation of the common report, which represents Tenskwautawaw and Tecumthe as the offspring of the same birth.

The early life of the Prophet was not distinguished by any important event, nor would his name ever have been known to fame, but for his connection with his distinguished brother. Tecumthe was a person of commanding talents, who gave early indications of a genius of a superior order.* While a boy he was a leader among his playmates, and was in the habit of arranging them in parties for the purpose of fighting sham battles. At this early age his vigilance, as well as his courage, is said to have been remarkably developed in his whole department. One only exception is reported to have occurred in which this leader, like the no less illustrious Red Jacket, stained his youthful character by an act of pusillanimity. At the age of fifteen he went, for the first time, into battle, under the charge of his elder brother, and at the commencement of the engagement ran off, completely panic stricken. This event, which may be considered as remarkable, in the life of an individual so conspicuous through his whole after career for daring intrepidity, occurred on the banks of Mad River, near the present site of Dayton. But Tecumthe possessed too much pride, and too strong a mind, to remain long under the disgrace incurred by a momentary weakness, and he shortly afterwards distinguished himself in an attack on some boats descending the Ohio. A prisoner, taken on this occasion, was burnt, with all the horrid ceremonies attendant upon this dreadful exhibition of savage ferocity; and Tecumthe, shocked at a scene so unbecoming the character of the warrior, expressed his abhorrence in terms so strong and eloquent, that the whole party came to the resolution that they would discontinue the practice of torturing prisoners at the stake. A more striking proof of the genius of Tecumthe could not be given; it must have required no small degree of independence and strength of mind, to enable an Indian to arrive at a conclusion so entirely at variance with all the established usages of his people; nor could he have impressed others with his own novel opinions without the exertion of great powers of argument. He remained firm in the benevolent resolution thus early formed; but we are unable to say how far his

* For most of our facts, in relation to Tecumthe, we are indebted to Benjamin Drake, Esq., of Cincinnati, who is preparing an extended memoir of that chief. Should he complete the work, it will, doubtless, be compiled with accuracy and written with elegance.

example conduced to the extirpation of the horrid rite to which we have alluded, and which is now seldom, if at all, practised. Colonel Crawford, who was burned in 1782, is the last victim to the savage propensity for revenge, who is known to have suffered this cruel death.

Tecumthe seems to have been connected with his own tribe by slender ties, or to have had a mind so constituted as to raise him above the partialities and prejudices of clanship, which are usually so deeply rooted in the Indian breast. Throughout his life he was always acting in concert with tribes other than his own. In 1789, he removed, with a party of Kickapoos, to the Cherokee country; and, shortly after, joined the Creeks, who were then engaged in hostilities with the whites. In these wars Tecumthe became distinguished, often leading war parties—sometimes attacked in his camp, but always acquitting himself with ability. On one occasion, when surrounded in a swamp, by superior numbers, he relieved himself by a masterly charge on the whites, through whose ranks he cut his way with desperate courage. He returned to Ohio immediately after Harmar's defeat, in 1791; he headed a party sent out to watch the movements of St. Clair, while organising his army, and is supposed to have participated in the active and bloody scenes which eventuated in the destruction of that ill starred expedition.

In 1792, Tecumthe, with ten men, was attacked by twenty-eight whites, under the command of the celebrated Simon Kenton, and, after a spirited engagement, the latter were defeated; and, in 1793, he was again successful in repelling an attack by a party of whites, whose numbers were superior to his own.

The celebrated victory of General Wayne, in which a large body of Indians, well organised and skilfully led, was most signally defeated, took place in 1794, and produced an entire change in the relations then existing between the American people and the aborigines, by crushing the power of the latter at a single blow, and dispersing the elements of a powerful coalition of the tribes. In that battle Tecumthe led a party, and was with the advance which met the attack of the infantry, and bore the brunt of the severest fighting. When the Indians, completely overpowered, were compelled to retreat, Tecumthe, with two or three others, rushed on a small party of their enemies, who had a fieldpiece in charge, drove them from the gun, and cutting loose the horses, mounted them, and fled to the main body of the Indians.

In 1795, Tecumthe again raised a war party, and, for the first time, styled himself a chief, although he was never regularly raised to that dignity; and, in the following year, he resided in Ohio, near Piqua. Two years afterwards he joined the Delawares, in Indiana, on White river, and continued to reside with them for seven years.

About the year 1806, this highly gifted warrior began to exhibit the initial movements of his great plan for expelling the whites from the valley of the Mississippi. The Indians had, for a long series of years, witnessed with anxiety the encroachments of a population superior to themselves in address, in war, and in all the arts of civil life, until, having been driven beyond the Alleghany ridge, they fancied that nature had interposed an impassable barrier between them and their oppressors. They were not, however, suffered to repose long in this imaginary security. A race of hardy men, led on step by

step in the pursuit of game, and in the search of fertile lands, pursued the footsteps of the savage through the fastnesses of the mountains, and explored those broad and prolific plains, which had been spoken of before, in reports supposed to be partly fabulous, but which were now found to surpass in extent, and in the magnificence of their scenery and vegetation, all that travellers had written, or the most credulous had imagined. Individuals and colonies began to emigrate, and the Indians saw that again they were to be dispossessed of their choicest hunting grounds. Wars followed, the history of which we have not room to relate—wars of the most unsparing character, fought with scenes of hardy and romantic valour, and with the most heartrending incidents of domestic distress. The vicissitudes of these hostilities were such as alternately to flatter and alarm each party; but as year after year rolled away, the truth became rapidly developed, that the red men were dwindling and receding, while the descendants of the Europeans were increasing in numbers, and pressing forward with gigantic footsteps. Coalitions of the tribes began to be formed, but they were feebly organised, and briefly united. A common cause roused all the tribes to hostility, and the whole frontier presented scenes of violence. Harmer, St. Clair, and other gallant leaders, sent to defend the settlements, were driven back by the irritated savages, who refused to treat on any other condition than that which should establish a boundary to any farther advance of the whites. Their first hope was to exclude the latter from the valley of the Mississippi; but driven from this position by the rapid settlement of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, they assumed the Ohio river as their boundary, and proposed to make peace with General Wayne, on his agreeing to that stream as a permanent line between the red and white men. After their defeat by that veteran leader, all negotiation for a permanent boundary ceased, the tribes dispersed, each to fight its own wars, and to strike for plunder or revenge, as opportunity might offer.

Tecumthe seems to have been, at this time, the only Indian who had the genius to conceive, and the perseverance to attempt, an extended scheme of warfare against the encroachment of the whites. His plan embraced a general union of all the Indians against all white men, and proposed the entire expulsion of the latter from the valley of the Mississippi. He passed from tribe to tribe, urging the necessity of a combination, which should make a common cause; and burying for a time all feuds among themselves, wage a general war against the invader who was expelling them, all alike, from their hunting grounds, and who would not cease to drive them towards the setting sun, until the last remnant of their race should be hurled into the great ocean of the West. This great warrior had the sagacity to perceive, that the traffic with the whites, by creating new and artificial wants among the Indians, exerted a powerful influence in rendering the latter dependent on the former; and he pointed out to them in forcible language, the impossibility of carrying on a successful war while they depended on their enemies for the supply of articles which habit was rendering necessary to their existence. He showed the pernicious influence of ardent spirits, the great instrument of savage degradation and destruction; but he also explained, that in using the guns, ammunition, knives, blankets, cloths, and other articles manufactured by the whites, they had raised up

enemies in their own wants and appetites, more efficient than the troops of their oppressors. He urged them to return to the simple habits of their fathers—to reject all superfluous ornaments, to dress in skins, and to use such weapons as they could fabricate, or wrest by force from the enemy; and, setting the example, he lived an abstemious life, and sternly rejected the use of articles purchased from the traders.

Tecumthe was not only bold and eloquent, but sagacious and subtle; and he determined to appeal to the prejudices as well as the reason of his race. The Indians are very superstitious: vague as their notions are, respecting the Deity, they believe in the existence of a *Great Spirit*, to whom they look up with great fear and reverence; and artful men have, from time to time, appeared among them, who have swayed their credulous minds, by means of pretended revelations from Heaven. Seizing upon this trait of the Indian character, the crafty projector of this great revolution, prepared his brother Tenskwautawaw, or Ellsquatawa, (for the name is pronounced both ways,) to assume the character of a Prophet: and, about the year 1806, the latter began to have dreams, and to deliver predictions. His name, which, previous to this time, was Olliwachica, was changed to that by which he was afterwards generally known, and which signifies "*the open door*"—by which it was intended to represent him as *the way*, or door, which had been opened for the deliverance of the red people.

Instead of confining these intrigues to their own tribe, a village was established on the Wabash, which soon became known as the *Prophet's town*, and was for many years the chief scene of the plots formed against the peace of the frontier. Here the Prophet denounced the white man, and invoked the malediction of the Great Spirit upon the recreant Indian who should live in friendly intercourse with the hated race. Individuals from different tribes in that region, Miamis, Weas, Piankashaws, Kickapoos, Delawares, and Shawanoes, collected around him, and were prepared to execute his commands. The Indians thus assembled were by no means the most reputable or efficient of their respective tribes, but were the young, the loose, the idle—and here, as is the case in civilised societies, those who had least to lose were foremost in jeoparding the blood and property of the whole people. The chiefs held back, and either opposed the Prophet or stood uncommitted. They had, doubtless, intelligence enough to know that he was an impostor; nor were they disposed to encourage the brothers in assuming to be leaders, and in the acquisition of authority which threatened to rival their own. Indeed, all that portion of the surrounding tribes which might be termed the *aristocratic*, the chiefs and their relatives, the aged men and distinguished warriors, stood aloof from a conspiracy which seemed desperate and hopeless, while the younger warriors listened with credulity to the Prophet, and were kindled into ardour by the eloquence of Tecumthe. The latter continued to travel from tribe to tribe, pursuing the darling object of his life, with incessant labour, commanding respect by the dignity and manliness of his character, and winning adherents by the boldness of his public addresses, as well as by the subtlety with which, in secret, he appealed to individual interest or passion.

This state of things continued for several years. Most of the Indian tribes were ostensibly at peace with the United States; but the tribes, though unanimous in their

hatred against the white people, were divided in opinion as to the proper policy to be pursued, and distracted by intestine conflicts. The more prudent, deprecated an open rupture with our government, which would deprive them of their annuities, their traffic, and the presents which flowed in upon them periodically, while the great mass thirsted for revenge and plunder. The British authorities in Canada, alarmed at the rapid spread of our settlements, dispersed their agents along the frontier, and industriously fomented these jealousies. Small parties of Indians scoured the country, committing thefts and murders—unacknowledged by their tribes, but undoubtedly approved, if not expressly sanctioned, at their council fires.

The Indiana territory, having been recently organised, and Governor Harrison being invested with the office of superintendent of Indian affairs, it became his duty to hold frequent treaties with the Indians; and, on these occasions, Tecumthe and the Prophet, were prominent men. The latter is described as the most graceful and agreeable of Indian orators; he was easy, subtle and insinuating—not powerful, but persuasive in argument; and, it was remarked, that he never spoke when Tecumthe was present. He was the instrument, and Tecumthe the master-spirit, the bold warrior, the able, eloquent, fearless speaker, who in any assembly of his own race, awed all around him by the energy of his character, and stood forward as the leading individual.

The ground assumed by these brothers was, that all previous treaties between the Indians and the American government were invalid, having been made without authority. They asserted that the lands inhabited by the Indians, belonged to all the tribes indiscriminately—that the Great Spirit had given them to *the Indians* for hunting grounds—that each tribe had a right to certain tracts of country so long as they occupied them, but no longer—that if one tribe moved away another might take possession; and they contended for a kind of entail, which prevented any tribe from alienating that to which he had only a present possessory right. They insisted, therefore, that no tribe had authority to transfer any soil to the whites, without the assent of all; and that, consequently, all the treaties that had been made were void. It was in support of these plausible propositions that Tecumthe made his best speeches, and showed especially his knowledge of human nature, by his artful appeals to the prejudices of the Indians. He was, when he pleased to be so, a great demagogue; and when he condescended to court the people, was eminently successful. In his public harangues he acted on this principle; and while he was ostensible in addressing the governor of Indiana, or the chiefs who set in council, his speeches, highly inflammatory, yet well digested, were all, in fact, directed to the multitude. It was on such an occasion that, in ridiculing the idea of selling a country, he broke out in the exclamation—"Sell a country! why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children?"

We select the following passages from the "Memoirs of General Harrison."

"In 1809, Governor Harrison purchased from the Delawares, Miamis, and Potawatimies, a large tract of country on both sides of the Wabash extending up that river about sixty miles above Vincennes. Tecumthe was absent, and his brother, not feeling

himself interested, made no opposition to the treaty; but the former, on his return, expressed great dissatisfaction, and threatened some of the chiefs with death, who had made the treaty. Governor Harrison, hearing of his displeasure, despatched a messenger to invite him to come to Vincennes, and to assure him, 'that any claims he might have to the lands which had been ceded, were not affected by the treaty, that he might come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions, and if they were found to be valid, the land would be either given up, or an ample compensation made for it.'

"Having no confidence in the faith of Tecumthe, the governor directed that he should not bring with him more than thirty warriors; but he came with four hundred, completely armed. The people of Vincennes were in great alarm, nor was the governor without apprehension that treachery was intended. This suspicion was not diminished by the conduct of the chief, who, on the morning after his arrival, refused to hold the council at the place appointed, under an affected belief that treachery was intended on our side.

"A large portico in front of the governor's house had been prepared for the purpose with seats, as well for the Indians as for the citizens who were expected to attend. When Tecumthe came from his camp, with about forty of his warriors, he stood off, and on being invited by the governor, through an interpreter, to take his seat, refused, observing that he wished the council to be held under the shade of some trees in front of the house. When it was objected that it would be troublesome to remove the seats, he replied, 'that it would only be necessary to remove those intended for the whites—that the red men were accustomed to sit upon the earth, which was their mother, and that they were always happy to recline upon her bosom.'

"At this council, held on the 12th of August, 1810, Tecumthe delivered a speech, of which we find the following report, containing the sentiments uttered, but in a language very different from that of the Indian orator:—

"'I have made myself what I am; and I would that I could make the red people as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Great Spirit that rules over all. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty; but I would say to him, Brother, you have liberty to return to your own country. Once there was no white man in all this country; then it belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and fill it with the same race—once a happy race, but now made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. They have driven us from the great salt water, forced us over the mountains, and would shortly push us into the lakes—but we are determined to go no farther. The only way to stop this evil, is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be now—for it never was divided, but belongs to all. No tribe has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all, and will take no less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians who had it first—it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all, is not good. The late sale is bad—it was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all.'

"Governor Harrison, in his reply, said, 'that the white people, when they arrived upon this continent, had found the Miamis in the occupation of all the country of the Wabash; and at that time the Shawanese were residents of Georgia, from which they were driven by the Creeks. That the lands had been purchased from the Miamis, who were the true and original owners of it. That it was ridiculous to assert that all the Indians were one nation; for if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put six different tongues into their heads, but would have taught them all to speak one language. That the Miamis had found it for their interest to sell a part of their lands, and receive for them a further annuity, in addition to what they had long enjoyed, and the benefit of which they had experienced, from the punctuality with which the *seventeen fires* complied with their engagements; and that the Shawanese had no right to come from a distant country to control the Miamis in the disposal of their own property.'

"The interpreter had scarcely finished the explanation of these remarks, when Tecumthe fiercely exclaimed, 'It is false!' and giving a signal to his warriors, they sprang upon their feet, from the green grass on which they were sitting, and seized their war-clubs. The governor, and the small train that surrounded him, were now in imminent danger. He was attended by a few citizens, who were unarmed. A military guard of twelve men, who had been stationed near him, and whose presence was considered rather as an honorary than a defensive measure—being exposed, as it was thought unnecessarily, to the heat of the sun in a sultry August day, had been humanely directed by the governor to remove to a shaded spot at some distance. But the governor, retaining his presence of mind, rose and placed his hand upon his sword, at the same time directing those of his friends and suite who were about him, to stand upon their guard. Tecumthe addressed the Indians in a passionate tone, and with violent gesticulations. Major G. R. C. Floyd, of the U. S. army, who stood near the governor, drew his dirk; Winnemak, a friendly chief, cocked his pistol, and Mr. Winans, a methodist preacher, ran to the governor's house, seized a gun, and placed himself in the door to defend the family. For a few moments all expected a bloody rencounter. The guard was ordered up, and would instantly have fired upon the Indians, had it not been for the coolness of Governor Harrison, who restrained them. He then calmly, but authoritatively, told Tecumthe, that 'he was a bad man—that he would have no further talk with him—that he must now return to his camp, and take his departure from the settlements immediately.'

"The next morning Tecumthe, having reflected on the impropriety of his conduct, and finding that he had to deal with a man as bold and vigilant as himself, who was not to be daunted by his audacious turbulence, nor circumvented by his specious manœuvres, apologised for the affront he had offered, and begged that the council might be renewed. To this the governor consented, suppressing any feeling of resentment which he might naturally have felt, and determined to leave no exertion untried, to carry into effect the pacific views of the government. It was agreed that each party should have the same attendance as on the previous day; but the governor took the precaution to place

himself in an attitude to command respect, and to protect the inhabitants of Vincennes from violence, by ordering two companies of militia to be placed on duty within the village.

"Tecumthe presented himself with the same undaunted bearing which always marked him as a superior man; but he was now dignified and collected, and showed no disposition to resume his former insolent deportment. He disclaimed having entertained any intention of attacking the governor, but said he had been advised by white men to do as he had done. Two white men—British emissaries undoubtedly—had visited him at his place of residence, had told him that half the white people were opposed to the governor, and willing to relinquish the land, and urged him to advise the tribes not to receive pay for it, alleging that the governor would soon be recalled, and a good man put in his place, who would give up the land to the Indians. The governor inquired whether he would forcibly oppose the survey of the purchase. He replied, that he was determined to adhere to the *old boundary*. Then arose a Wyandot, a Kickapoo, a Potawatimie, an Ottawa, and a Winnebago chief, each declaring his determination to stand by Tecumthe. The governor then said, that the words of Tecumthe should be reported to the President, who would take measures to enforce the treaty; and the council ended.

"The governor, still anxious to conciliate the haughty savage, paid him a visit next day at his own camp. He was received with kindness and attention—his uniform courtesy, and inflexible firmness, having won the respect of the rude warriors of the forest. They conversed for some time, but Tecumthe obstinately adhered to all his former positions; and when Governor Harrison told him, that he was sure the President would not yield to his pretensions, the chief replied, 'Well, as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to direct you to give up this 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.'"

The two brothers, who thus acted in concert, though, perhaps, well fitted to act together, in the prosecution of a great plan, were widely different in character. Tecumthe was bold and sagacious—a successful warrior, a fluent orator, a shrewd, cool headed, able man, in every situation in which he was placed. His mind was expansive and generous. He detested the white man, but it was with a kind of benevolent hatred, based on an ardent love for his own race, and which rather aimed at the elevation of the one than the destruction of the other. He had sworn eternal vengeance against the enemies of his race, and he held himself bound to observe towards them no courtesy, to consent to no measure of conciliation, until the purposes to which he had devoted himself should be accomplished. He was full of enthusiasm and fertile of expedient. Though his whole career was one struggle against adverse circumstances, he was never discouraged, but sustained himself with a presence of mind, and an equability of temper which showed the real greatness of his character.

The following remarkable circumstance may serve to illustrate the penetration, decision, and boldness of this warrior chief: He had been down south, to Florida, and succeeded

in instigating the Seminoles in particular, and portions of other tribes, to unite in the war on the side of the British. He gave out that a vessel, on a certain day, commanded by red coats, would be off Florida, filled with guns and ammunition, and supplies for the use of the Indians. That no mistake might happen in regard to the day on which the Indians were to strike, he prepared bundles of sticks—each bundle containing the number of sticks corresponding to the number of days that were to intervene between the day on which they were received, and the day of the general onset. The Indian practice is, to throw away a stick every morning—they make, therefore, no mistake in the time. These sticks Tecumthe caused to be painted red. It was from this circumstance that, in the former Seminole war, these Indians were called "Red Sticks." In all this business of mustering the tribes, Tecumthe used great caution. He supposed inquiry would be made as to the object of his visit. That his plans might not be suspected, he directed the Indians to reply to any questions that might be asked about him, by saying, that he had counselled them to cultivate the ground, abstain from ardent spirits, and live in peace with the white people. On his return from Florida, he went among the Creeks, in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa river, he made his way to the lodge of the chief called the *Big Warrior*. He explained his object; delivered his war talk—presented a bundle of sticks—gave a piece of wampum and a war hatchet; all which the Big Warrior took. When Tecumthe, reading the spirit and intentions of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger towards his face, 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 Tuckhabatchee 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 Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned, and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement, at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befal them. They met often, and talked over this matter—and counted the days carefully, to know the day when Tecumthe would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the day of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when, at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumthe has got to Detroit." The effect was electric. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

The reader will not be surprised to learn, that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumthe arrived at Detroit, and in exact fulfilment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi. We received the foregoing from the lips of the Indians, when we were at Tuckhabatchee, in 1827, and near the residence of the Big

Warrior. The anecdote may, therefore, be relied on. Tecumthe's object, doubtless, was, on seeing that he had failed, by the usual appeal to the passions, and hopes, and war spirit of the Indians, to alarm their fears, little dreaming, himself, that on the day named, his threat would be executed with such punctuality and terrible fidelity.

Tecumthe was temperate in his diet, used no ardent spirits, and did not indulge in any kind of excess. Although several times married, he had but one wife at a time, and treated her with uniform kindness and fidelity; and he never evinced any desire to accumulate property, or to gratify any sordid passion. Colonel John Johnston of Piqua, who knew him well, says, "He was sober and abstemious; never indulging in the use of liquors, nor catering to excess; fluent in conversation, and a great public speaker. He despised dress, and all effeminacy of manners; he was disinterested, hospitable, generous, and humane—the resolute and indefatigable advocate of the rights and independence of the Indians." Stephen Ruddle, a Kentuckian, who was captured by the Indians in childhood, and lived in the family of Tecumthe, says of him, "His talents, rectitude of deportment, and friendly disposition, commanded the respect and regard of all about him;" and Governor Cass, in speaking of his oratory, says, "It was the utterance of a great mind, roused by the strongest motives of which human nature is susceptible, and developing a power and a labour of reason which commanded the admiration of the civilised, as justly as the confidence and pride of the savage."

The Prophet possessed neither the talents nor the frankness of his brother. As a speaker he was fluent, smooth, and plausible, and was pronounced by Governor Harrison the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen among the Indians; but he was sensual, cruel, weak, and timid. Availing himself of the superstitious awe inspired by supposed intercourse with the Great Spirit, he lived in idleness, supported by the presents brought him by his deluded followers. The Indians allow polygamy, but deem it highly discreditable in any one to marry more wives than he can support; and a prudent warrior always regulates the number of his family by his capacity to provide food. Neglecting this rule of propriety, the Prophet had an unusual number of wives, while he made no effort to procure a support for his household, and meanly exacted a subsistence from those who dreaded his displeasure. An impostor in every thing, he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life.

We have not room to detail all the political and military events in which these brothers were engaged, and which have been related in the histories of the times. An account of the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place in 1811, and of the intrigues which led to an engagement so honourable to our arms, would alone fill more space than is allotted to this article. On the part of the Indians it was a fierce and desperate assault, and the defence of the American General was one of the most brilliant and successful in the annals of Indian warfare; but Tecumthe was not engaged in it, and the Prophet, who issued orders from a safe position, beyond the reach of any chance of personal exposure, performed no part honourable to himself, or important to the result. He added cowardice to the degrading traits which had already distinguished his character, and from that time his influence decreased. At the close of the war, in 1814, he had ceased to have any reputation among the Indians.

The latter part of the career of Tecumthe was as brilliant as it was unfortunate. He sustained his high reputation for talent, courage, and good faith, without achieving any advantage for the unhappy race, to whose advancement he had devoted his whole life. In the war between the United States and Great Britain, which commenced in 1812, he was an active ally of the latter, and accompanied their armies at the head of large bodies of Indians. He fought gallantly in several engagements, and fell gloriously in the battle of the Thames, where he is supposed, with reason, to have fallen in a personal conflict with Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

One other trait in the character of this great man deserves to be especially noticed. Though nurtured in the forest, and accustomed through life to scenes of bloodshed, he was humane. While a mere boy, he courageously rescued a woman from the cruelty of her husband, who was beating her, and declared that no man was worthy of the name of a warrior, who could raise his hand in anger against a woman. He treated his prisoners with uniform kindness; and, on several occasions, rescued our countrymen from the hands of his enraged followers.

The Prophet is living west of the Mississippi, in obscurity.

KEE-TA-HUM-LEAH

A SIOUX CHIEF.

ESHTAHUMLEAH.

WE have but little to say of this individual, whose name, when translated, signifies *Sleepy eyes*, and is expressive of the character of his countenance. He is one of the hereditary chiefs of the Teton tribe, of the Dacotah nation. In person, he is large, and well proportioned, and has rather a dignified appearance. He is a good natured, plausible person, but has never been distinguished, either in war or as a hunter.

The word Teton means *boaster*, and has been given to this tribe in consequence of the habit of bragging, which is said to prevail among them. They dwell in skin lodges, which are easily removed, and are constantly roving over the vast plains between the St. Peter and the Missouri. They trade on both rivers, and are very hostile to white men, whom they insult and rob, when they find them on the prairies, where such acts may be safely perpetrated. But all the tribes who live in contact with our frontier, have become so conscious of the power of the American government, as to be cautious in their depredations upon our citizens; and acts of violence are growing every day less numerous upon our borders. The Tetons are fierce, rapacious, and untameable; but are not considered braver than the other Sioux tribes.

WAA-PA-SHAW

A SIOUX CHIEF.

PUBLISHED BY E. C. BIDDLE, PHILADELPHIA.

Stone Printed & Coloured at M'Kenney Lithographic Establishment 97 & 99 Walnut St.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1837 by E.C. Biddle, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.

WAAPASHAW.

THIS distinguished man is head chief of the Keoxa tribe, of the Dacotah nation. His father was a great warrior; the present chief is a wise and prudent man, who holds his station by hereditary tenure, while he sustains himself in the estimation of his people by his talents. He devotes a portion of his time to agriculture. The name by which this tribe is distinguished, signifies, "relationship overlooked;" because, in their marriages they unite between nearer relations than the other Sioux; first cousins, uncles and nieces, and even brothers and sisters intermarry.

We extract from the account of Long's Second Expedition, an anecdote in reference to a curious and much vexed question, in which the name of this chief is honourably mentioned. It is a matter of some doubt, to what extent the practice of cannibalism has prevailed among the North American Indians. It is certain that some of the tribes have been guilty of this outrage upon decency; it is probable that most of them have participated in it; but we are inclined to believe, that there is no evidence of the eating of human flesh by our Indians, from choice, as an article of food; but that they have devoured the flesh of victims sacrificed in their war feasts, in obedience to some principle of revenge, or of superstition. The Dacotahs repel the imputation of cannibalism with great horror. They assert, that they have never been guilty of it, but charge their neighbours with the crime. The following incident is, in the work to which we have referred, stated on the authority of Renville, an interpreter, to have taken place at Fort Meigs, in 1813.

"The fort was besieged by General Proctor, at the head of the British army, attended by a corps of about three thousand Indians, consisting of Dacotahs, Potawatimies, Miamis, Ottowas, Wolves, Hurons, Winnebagoes, Shawanoes, Sauks, Foxes, Menominies, &c. They had all shared in the battle, except the Dacotahs, who had not yet engaged against the Americans, and who were then on their way to Quebec. While Renville was seated, one afternoon, with Waapashaw and Chetauwakoamane, a deputation came to invite them to meet the other Indians, the object of the meeting not being stated; the two chiefs complied with the request. Shortly after, Frazier, an interpreter, came and informed Renville that the Indians were engaged in eating an American, and invited him to walk over to the place. He went thither, and found the human flesh cut up, and portioned out into dishes, one for each nation of Indians. In every dish, in addition to

the flesh, there was corn. At that moment they called upon the bravest man in each nation to come and take a portion of the heart and head; one warrior from each nation was allowed a fragment of this choice morsel. In the group of Indians present, there was a brave Dacotah, the nephew of Chetaunwakoamane, known by the name of the 'Grand Chasseur.' They invited him to step forward and take his share; and, among others, a Winnebago addressed him, and told him that they had collected their friends to partake of a meal prepared with the flesh of one of that nation that had done them so much injury. Before the Sioux warrior had time to reply, his uncle arose, and bade his nephew to depart thence; he then addressed himself to the Indians. 'My friends,' said he, 'we came here, not to eat the Americans, but to wage war against them; that will suffice for us; and could we even do that if left to our own forces? We are poor and destitute, while they possess the means of supplying themselves with all they require; we ought not, therefore, to do such things.' Waapashaw added, 'We thought that you who live near to white men, were wiser than we who live at a distance; but it must, indeed, be otherwise, if you do such deeds.' They then rose and departed."

It appears that, on this occasion, human flesh was not resorted to for want of provisions, as the camp was plentifully supplied; nor did fondness for this species of food lead to the dreadful repast, which seems to have been regarded with a natural aversion. The Dacotahs speak of that case in terms of the most decided reprobation. But one instance of cannibalism is known to have occurred among them; when, during a famine, three women, urged by a necessity which few could have controlled, partook of the flesh of a man who had died of hunger; but two of them dying shortly after, the Indians attributed their decease to this fatal meal. The third lived in degradation, induced by this single act; the nation regard her with horror, and suppose that a state of corpulence into which she has grown, has been induced by that food, which they predict will eventually prove fatal to her.

During the war between the United States and Great Britain, which commenced in 1812, the British took possession of the outpost which had been established at Prairie du Chien, for the convenience of our intercourse with the Indians, but afterwards abandoned it. The little village, consisting of a few houses, occupied by French Canadians, was left defenceless, and the Winnebago Indians, a fierce and restless tribe, who occupied the surrounding country, seemed disposed to create a quarrel, which might afford them an opportunity for plunder. Although the whites had long been established there, and had lived in amity with them, they came to the village, took some articles of private property by force, and threatened to massacre the inhabitants, and plunder the town. The alarmed villagers, intimately acquainted with the reckless and desperate character of their neighbours, and aware of their own danger, immediately despatched a messenger to Wnapashaw, at his residence on the opposite shore of the Mississippi, not far above Prairie du Chien. His interposition was claimed on account of his great influence, as well in his own tribe as among his neighbours; he was at peace with the surrounding Indians, and with the whites; and there was, between his own band and the Winnebagoes, a long standing friendship. These tribes had intermarried, and there

were then at Prairie du Chien many individuals, the offspring of these marriages, who stood in an equal degree of relationship to both, and some of whom were nearly allied to Waapashaw. Obeying the request, he went down to the village immediately, attended by but one person. The inhabitants, seeing him thus, without the imposing train of warriors by which they had expected to have seen him followed, gave themselves up as lost; justly apprehending that the Winnebagoes, ascertaining that no force would be opposed to them, would now put their sanguinary threats into execution. To an intimation of their fears, and an earnest appeal which they made to him, the chief, with the characteristic taciturnity of his race, gave no reply, but sent his attendant to the Winnebagoes, with a message, requiring them to meet him in council, during that day, at an hour and place which he appointed. In the meanwhile he remained silent and reserved, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

The Indian chief is careful of his reputation, and never appears in public without the preparation which is necessary to the dignity of his personal appearance, and the success of any intellectual effort he may be called upon to make. His face is skilfully painted, and his person studiously decorated; his passions are subdued, his plans matured, and his thoughts carefully arranged, so that when he speaks he neither hazards his own fame nor jeopards the interest of the tribe. At the appointed hour the Winnebago chiefs assembled, and Waapashaw seated himself among them; the warriors formed a circle around their leaders, and the individuals of less consequence occupied the still more distant places. A few minutes were passed in silence; then Waapashaw arose, and placing himself in an attitude of studied though apparently careless, dignity, looked round upon the chiefs with a menacing look. His countenance was fierce and terrible; and cold and stern were the faces upon which his piercing eye was bent. He plucked a single hair from his head—held it up before them—and then spoke in a grave and resolute tone: "Winnebagoes! do you see this hair? Look at it. You threaten to massacre the white people at the Prairie. They are your friends and mine. You wish to drink their blood. Is that your purpose? Dare to lay a finger upon one of them, and I will blow you from the face of the earth, as I now"—suiting the action to the word—"blow this hair with my breath, where none can find it." Not a head was turned at the close of this startling and unexpected annunciation; not a muscle was seen to move—the keen, black, and snake-like eyes of that circle of dusky warriors remained fixed upon the speaker, who, after casting around a look of cool defiance, turned upon his heel and left the council, without waiting for a reply. The insolent savages, who had been vapouring about the village in the most arrogant and insulting manner, hastily broke up the council, and retired quietly to their camp. Not a single Winnebago was to be seen next morning in the vicinity of the village. They knew that the Sioux chief had the power to exterminate them, and that his threats of vengeance were no idle words, uttered by a forked tongue; and, taking counsel from wisdom, they prudently avoided the conduct which would have provoked his resentment.

The Keoxa tribe have two villages on the Mississippi, one near Lake Pepin, and the other at the Iowa river; and they hunt on both banks of the Great river.

META-KODEEA
A CHIPPEWAY WARRIOR.

METAKOOSEGA.

METAKOOSEGA, or *Pure tobacco*, is one of the *Lac de Flambeau* band, of the Chippeway, or, more properly, Ojibway, nation, and resides on the borders of Trout Lake. This man was one of a war party, raised in 1824, to go against the Sioux. They descended the Chippeway river to the Mississippi, and unfortunately fell in with a trader named Finley, from Prairie du Chien, whom, together with the crew of his boat, they murdered.

It is provided, by our treaties with the Indian tribes, that, upon the commission of such outrages, the offenders shall be given up by their tribes, to be tried and punished under our laws; and the practice of our government has been, to insist upon a rigid observance of this regulation. When the usual demand was made, for the murderers of Finley, twenty-nine of the party voluntarily surrendered themselves to the agent at the Sault de St. Marie. They were examined, seven of them committed for trial, and confined at Mackinaw, and the remainder discharged. At the ensuing term of the court, the judge of the district declined trying the prisoners, in consequence of some objection which had been raised against his jurisdiction; and, during the following winter, they cut their way out of the log jail, and escaped.

In the mission of Governor Cass and Colonel M'Kenney, to the Upper Lakes, in 1826, it was made part of their duty to ascertain and demand the real perpetrators of the aggression on the party of Mr. Finley. This has always been a difficult and delicate subject, in the relations of our government with the Indians, in consequence of the very wide difference between their moral code and our own. They admit the obligation of the *lex talionis* to its fullest extent, but they cannot understand that any other than the injured party has a right to claim the penalty. Had any of the near relatives of Mr. Finley, for instance, gone to the Lac du Flambeau, to revenge themselves upon his murderers, they would have been considered as in the praiseworthy performance of an act of duty, and would have been permitted to put the guilty parties to death, *if they could*—and none would have interfered, either to aid or prevent them. But they view the interference of the government with jealousy; and while, on the one hand, they often refuse obstinately to betray the offender, or shield him by evasion and delay, they as often, on the other, when their fears of the resentment of our government become awakened, deliver up some innocent party who volunteers his life as a peace offering.

to satisfy what they deem a kind of national thirst for the blood of one of the tribe which has insulted us.

The following extract from Colonel M'Kenney's account of this transaction will be interesting:—"The council met; when, according to arrangement, I made the demand for the surrender of the murderers. This being done, and there being one Indian present belonging to the Lac de Flambeau band, and who was of the party that committed the murder, he was called up, and formally examined. He is clearly innocent. Indeed his presence here demonstrates that fact. It was in proof that he dissuaded the murderers from committing the act. We told him, if he had been guilty, we would have taken him with us, and tried him by our laws; and if, on proof, he had turned out to have had a hand in the bloody act, he should have been hanged. During the examination, his brother came up to the table, greatly agitated. He showed great anxiety, and said he knew the murderers had *upbraided* his brother because he would not join them. Another Indian declared *he knew* he was innocent. The governor said, 'Will you put your hand on your breast, and say that in the presence of the Great Spirit?' The moment the interpreter put this question, the Indian looked him full in the face, and answered, '*Am I a dog that I should lie?*' This reply is somewhat remarkable, not only on account of its resemblance to the scriptural expression—'Is thy servant a dog?' &c.—but because there is hardly any thing on which an Indian sets so high a value as his dog. This is proverbial; yet he is constantly referred to as an object of contempt! Indians never swear—I mean until they learn it of their white brothers—and their most degrading epithet is to call their opponents *dogs*. Here is a strange union of respect and contempt."

Metakoosega was implicated in the murder, but did not surrender himself. He is a tall, well made man, with a stern countenance; and is a jossekeed, or medicine worker, much respected by his band for his supposed skill in necromancy.

WE-SH-CUBB

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.

WESHCUBB.

WESHCUBB, *the Sweet*, is a chief of Red Lake, north of the sources of the Mississippi. He is the son of *Le Sueur*, a chief who is mentioned by General Pike, in his narrative of his voyage up the Mississippi, in 1806. The similarity of the names of the father and son, would seem to indicate the existence of some family trait of character, which was designed to be described by their respective names, which have reached us in English and French translations. The father died on Lake Superior, while on his return home from a visit to Michilimackinac. The son is represented as worthy of the place he holds in the estimation of his tribe. He is considered a just and good man, but has never evinced much capacity, nor shown a disposition to lead war parties. The family is noted for a singular freak of the son of Weshcubb, who feigned, or fancied himself, a woman, and assumed the female dress and employments. The cause of this transformation, so especially remarkable in a savage, who considers the woman an inferior being, and in the son of a chief, who can aspire to the office of his father, if worthy, but not otherwise, is not known. It might have been suggested by a dream, or induced by monomania, or by some bodily infirmity. He, however, joined war parties, and after serving in seven expeditions was at last killed by the enemy.

LITTLE CROW
A SIOUX CHIEF

LITTLE CROW.

THE name of this individual is, in his own language, Chatoswahtoonamany, or the "*Sparrowhawk that comes to you walking.*" The French gave him the name of ***Petit Corbeau***, and the English appellation, placed at the head of this sketch, is a translation from the latter.

He visited Washington city in 1824, and was, at that time, head chief of the ***Kahpozhay*** band, of the ***Mandaywahkanton***, and a person of some consideration. He claims to be, and perhaps is, by hereditary right, the head chief of the whole Sioux nation; but he has fallen into disrepute, and is at this time without any influence, even in his own band. He resides at a distance from his band, on or near the western shore of Lake Superior; is cunning, artful, and treacherous; is not much distinguished as a warrior, but is very successful as a hunter, especially of beaver. The name, Kahpozhay, or Kapoja, as others understand it, signifies *light*, and is applied to this band, to indicate that they are more active than the other branches of the Sioux, or Dacotah, family.

Soon after peace was declared between the United States and Great Britain, in 1815, the Sioux were invited by the commanding officer at Drummond's island, to visit that post. On their arrival, the Indians were informed by the officer, that he had sent for them to thank them in the name of his majesty, for the aid they had rendered the British during the late war, and for the bravery they had displayed on several occasions, as well as to communicate the intelligence of the peace which had been declared between the great belligerent parties. He concluded by pointing to a large pile of goods, that lay heaped upon the floor, which, he told them, were intended as presents for themselves. The Little Crow replied, that his people had been prevailed upon by the British to make war upon a people whom they scarcely knew, and who had never done them any harm. "Now," continued he, "after we have fought for you, endured many hardships, lost some of our people, and awakened the vengeance of a powerful nation, our neighbours, you make a peace for yourselves, and leave us to get such terms as we can. You no longer need our services, and offer us these goods as a compensation for having deserted us. But, no—we will not take them; we hold them and yourselves in equal contempt." So saying, he spurned the articles of merchandise with his foot, and walked away. This conduct was the more remarkable, from its inconsistency with the gravity and decorum with which the chiefs usually deport themselves on public occasions. The Indians,

however, who were not so sensitive in regard to the injury supposed to have been done them, received the goods.

The Little Crow has a son named Big Thunder, who is a fierce and terrible fellow. A few years ago the father and son took a long journey to the northwest, in search, as they pretended, of knowledge. They visited the British settlement at Pembina, and attended a great meeting at Lake Travers, at which fifteen hundred warriors are said to have been present, from the Assiniboin, Mandan, Minnetaree, Ioway, and other tribes, as well as from each of the tribes of the Dacotah nation. On this solemn occasion the various speakers all addressed the Little Crow by the title of "Father;" thus, according to their rules of etiquette, in the observance of which they are exceedingly tenacious, acknowledging him to be superior by hereditary right, to all other Dacotah chiefs, and the Dacotah nation as superior to their own. The festivities, which lasted almost a fortnight, consisted of dances, songs, and repasts, the principal feast was celebrated on the 25th of June; and, as the buffalo were abundant at that season, a great number were killed.

The Kahpozhay band have but one village, which is on the Mississippi river, below the mouth of the St. Peter's.

SE-QUO-YAH

SEQUOYAH,

THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

THE portrait of this remarkable individual is one of great interest. It presents a mild, engaging countenance, entirely destitute of that wild and fierce expression which almost invariably marks the features, or characterises the expression, of the American Indians and their descendants. It exhibits no trace of the ferocity of the savage; it wants alike the vigilant eye of the warrior and the stupid apathy of the less intellectual of that race. The contour of the face, and the whole style of the expression, as well as the dress, are decidedly Asiatic, and might be triumphantly cited in evidence of the oriental origin of our tribes, by those who maintain that plausible theory. It is not merely intelligent and thoughtful, but there is an almost feminine refinement and a luxurious softness about it, which might characterise the features of an Eastern sage, accustomed to ease and indolence, but are little indicative of an American origin, or of a mind formed among the wilds of our western frontier.

At an early period in the settlement of our colonies, the Cherokees received with hospitality the white men who went among them as traders; and having learned the value of articles of European fabric, became, in some measure, dependent upon this traffic. Like other Indians they engaged in hostilities against us, when it suited their convenience, or when stimulated by caprice or the love of plunder. But as our settlements approached, and finally surrounded them, they were alike induced by policy, and compelled by their situation, to desist from their predatory mode of life, and became comparatively inoffensive neighbours to the whites. The larger number continued to subsist by hunting, while a few engaged in agriculture. Inhabiting a fertile country, in a southern climate, within the limits of Georgia, their local position held out strong temptations to white men to settle among them as traders, and many availed themselves of these advantages. With the present object of carrying on a profitable traffic, and the ulterior view of acquiring titles to large bodies of land, they took up their residence among the Indians, and intermarried with the females of that race. Some of these were prudent, energetic men, who made themselves respected, and acquired influence which enabled them to rank as head men, and to transmit the authority of chiefs to their descendants. Many of them became planters, and grew wealthy in horses and cattle,

and in negro slaves, which they purchased in the southern states. The only art, however, which they introduced, was that of agriculture; and this but few of the Indians had the industry to learn and practice, farther than in the rude cultivation of small fields of corn by the squaws.

In this condition they were found by the missionaries who were sent to establish schools, and to introduce the gospel. The half-breeds had now become numerous; many of them were persons of influence, using with equal facility the respective tongues of their civilised and savage ancestors, and desirous of procuring for their children the advantages they had but partially enjoyed themselves. By them the missionaries were favourably received, their exertions encouraged, and their schools sustained; but the great mass of the Cherokees were as little improved by these as other portions of the race have been by similar attempts.

Sequoyah, or, as he is commonly called, George Guess, is the son of a white man, named Gist, and of a female who was of the mixed blood. The latter was perfectly untaught and illiterate, having been reared in the wigwam in the laborious and servile habits of the Indian women. She soon became either a widow or a neglected wife, for, in the infancy of George, we hear nothing of the father, while the mother is known to have lived alone, managing her little property, and maintaining herself by her own exertions. That she was a woman of some capacity, is evident from the undeviating affection for herself with which she inspired her son, and the influence she exercised over him, for the Indians have naturally but little respect for their female relations, and are early taught to despise the character and the occupations of women. Sequoyah seems to have had no relish for the rude sports of the Indian boys, for when quite young he would often stroll off alone into the woods, and employ himself in building little houses with sticks, evincing thus early an ingenuity which directed itself towards mechanical labours. At length, while yet a small boy, he went to work of his own accord, and built a milk-house for his mother. Her property consisted chiefly in horses and cattle, that roamed in the woods, and of which she owned a considerable number. To these he next turned his attention, and became expert in milking the cows, straining the milk, and putting it away with all the care and neatness of an experienced dairyman. He took care of the cattle and horses, and when he grew to a sufficient size, would break the colts to the saddle and harness. Their farm comprised only about eight acres of cleared ground, which he planted in corn, and cultivated with the hoe. His mother was much pleased with the skill and industry of her son, while her neighbours regarded him as a youth of uncommon capacity and steadiness. In addition to her rustic employments, the active mother opened a small traffic with the hunters, and Sequoyah, now a hardy stripling, would accompany these rough men to the woods, to make selections of skins, and bring them home. While thus engaged he became himself an expert hunter; and thus added, by his own exertions, to the slender income of his mother. When we recollect that men who live on a thinly populated frontier, and especially savages, incline to athletic exercises, to loose habits, and to predatory lives, we recognise in these pursuits of the young Sequoyah, the indications of a pacific disposition,

and of a mind elevated above the sphere in which he was placed. Under more favourable circumstances he would have risen to a high rank among intellectual men.

The tribe to which he belonged, being in the habit of wearing silver ornaments, such as bracelets, arm-bands, and broaches, it occurred to the inventive mind of Sequoyah, to endeavour to manufacture them; and without any instruction he commenced the labours of a silversmith, and soon became an expert artisan. In his intercourse with white men he had become aware that they possessed an art, by means of which a name could be impressed upon a hard substance, so as to be comprehended at a glance, by any who were acquainted with this singular invention; and being desirous of identifying his own work, he requested Charles Hicks, afterwards a chief of the Cherokees, to write his name. Hicks, who was a half-blood, and had been taught to write, complied with his desire, but spelled the name George Guess, in conformity with its usual pronunciation, and this has continued to be the mode of writing it. Guess now made a *die*, containing a *fac simile* of his name, as written by Hicks, with which he stamped his name upon the articles which he fabricated.

He continued to employ himself in this business for some years, and in the meanwhile turned his attention to the art of drawing. He made sketches of horses, cattle, deer, houses, and other familiar objects, which at first were as rude as those which the Indians draw upon their dressed skins, but which improved so rapidly as to present at length, very tolerable resemblances of the figures intended to be copied. He had, probably, at this time never seen a picture or an engraving, but was led to these exercises by the stirrings of an innate propensity for the imitative arts. He became extremely popular. Amiable, accommodating, and unassuming, he displayed an industry uncommon among his people, and a genius which elevated him in their eyes into a prodigy. They flocked to him from the neighbourhood, and from distant settlements, to witness his skill and to give him employment; and the untaught Indian gazed with astonishment at one of his own race who had spontaneously caught the spirit, and was rivalling the ingenuity of the civilised man. The females, especially, were attracted by his manners and his skill, and lavished upon him an admiration which distinguished him as the chief favourite of those who are ever quicksighted in discovering the excellent qualities of the other sex.

These attentions were succeeded by their usual consequences. Genius is generally united with ambition, which loves applause, and is open to flattery. Guess was still young, and easily seduced by adulation. His circle of acquaintance became enlarged, the young men courted his friendship, and much of his time was occupied in receiving visits, and discharging the duties of hospitality. On the frontier there is but one mode of evincing friendship or repaying civility—drinking is the universal pledge of cordiality, and Guess considered it necessary to regale his visiters with ardent spirits. At first his practice was to place the bottle before his friends, and leave them to enjoy it, under some plea of business or disinclination. An innate dread of intemperance, or a love of industry, preserved him for some time from the seductive example of his revelling companions. But his caution subsided by degrees, and he was at last prevailed upon to join in the bacchanalian orgies provided by the fruits of his own industry. His laborious habits

thus broken in upon, soon became undermined, his liberality increased, and the number of his friends was rapidly enlarged. He would now purchase a keg of whiskey at a time, and, retiring with his companions to a secluded place in the woods, become a willing party to those boisterous scenes of mad intoxication which form the sole object and the entire sum of an Indian revel. The common effect of drinking, upon the savage, is to increase his ferocity, and sharpen his brutal appetite for blood; the social and enlivening influence ascribed to the cup by the Anacreontic song, forms no part of his experience. Drunkenness, and not companionship is the purpose in view, and his deep potations, imbibed in gloomy silence, stir up the latent passions that he is trained to conceal, but not to subdue. In this respect, as in most others, Sequoyah differed from his race. The inebriating draught, while it stupefied his intellect, warmed and expanded his benevolence, and made him the best natured of sots. Under its influence he gave advice to his comrades, urging them to forgive injuries, to live in peace, and to abstain from giving offence to the whites or to each other. When his companions grew quarrelsome, he would sing songs to amuse them, and while thus musically employed would often fall asleep.

Guess was in a fair way of becoming an idle, a harmless, and an useless vagabond; but there was a redeeming virtue in his mind, which enabled it to react against temptation. His vigorous intellect foresaw the evil tendencies of idleness and dissipation, and, becoming weary of a life so uncongenial with his natural disposition, he all at once gave up drinking, and took up the trade of a blacksmith. Here, as in other cases, he was his own instructor, and his first task was to make for himself a pair of bellows; having effected which, he proceeded to make hoes, axes, and other of the most simple implements of agriculture. Before he went to work, in the year 1820, he paid a visit to some friends residing at a Cherokee village on the Tennessee river, during which a conversation occurred on the subject of the art of writing. The Indians, keen and quick sighted with regard to all the prominent points of difference between themselves and the whites, had not failed to remark with great curiosity and surprise, the fact that what was written by one person was understood by another, to whom it was delivered, at any distance of time or place. This mode of communicating thoughts, or of recording facts, has always been the subject of much inquiry among them; the more intelligent have sometimes attempted to detect the imposition, if any existed, by showing the same writing to different persons; but finding the result to be uniform, have become satisfied that the white men possess a faculty unknown to the Indians, and which they suppose to be the effect of sorcery, or some other supernatural cause. In the conversation alluded to, great stress was laid on this power of the white man—on his ability to put his thoughts on paper, and send them afar off to speak for him, as if he who wrote them was present. There was a general expression of astonishment at the ingenuity of the whites, or rather at their possession of what most of those engaged in the conversation considered as a distinct faculty, or sense, and the drift of the discussion turned upon the inquiry whether it was a faculty of the mind, a gift of the Great Spirit, or a mere imposture. Guess, who had listened in silence, at length remarked, that he did not regard it as being so

very extraordinary. He considered it an art, and not a gift of the Great Spirit, and he believed he could invent a plan by which the red men could do the same thing. He had heard of a man who had made marks on a rock which other white men interpreted, and he thought he could also make marks which would be intelligible. He then took up a whetstone, and began to scratch figures on it with a pin, remarking, that he could teach the Cherokees to talk on paper like white men. The company laughed heartily, and Guess remained silent during the remainder of the evening. The subject that had been discussed was one upon which he had long and seriously reflected, and he listened with interest to every conversation which elicited new facts, or drew out the opinions of other men. The next morning he again employed himself in making marks upon the whetstone, and repeated that he was satisfied he could invent characters, by the use of which the Cherokees could learn to read.

Full of this idea, he returned to his own home, at Will's town, in Will's valley, on the southern waters of the Coosa river, procured paper, which he made into a book, and commenced making characters. His reflections on the subject had led him to the conclusion, that the letters used in writing represented certain words or ideas, and being uniform, would always convey to the reader the same idea intended by the writer—provided the system of characters which had been taught to each was the same. His project, therefore, was to invent characters which should represent words; but after proceeding laboriously for a considerable time in prosecution of this plan, he found that it would require too many characters, and that it would be difficult to give the requisite variety to so great a number, or to commit them to memory after they should be invented. But his time was not wasted; the dawn of a great discovery was breaking upon his vision; and although he now saw the light but dimly, he was satisfied that it was rapidly increasing. He had imagined the idea of an alphabet, and convinced himself of the practicability of framing one to suit his own language. If it be asked why he did not apply to a white man to be taught the use of the alphabet already in existence, rather than resort to the hopeless task of inventing another, we reply, that he probably acted upon the same principle which had induced him to construct, instead of buying a pair of bellows, and had led him to teach himself the art of the blacksmith, in preference to applying to others for instruction. Had he sought information, it is not certain he could have obtained it, for he was surrounded by Indians as illiterate as himself, and by whites who were but little better informed; and he was possessed, besides, of that self-reliance which renders genius available, and which enabled him to appeal with confidence to the resources of his own mind. He now conceived the plan of making characters to represent sounds, out of which words might be compounded—a system in which single letters should stand for syllables. Acting upon this idea, with his usual perseverance, he worked diligently until he had invented eighty-six characters, and then considered that he had completely attained his object.

While thus engaged he was visited by one of his intimate friends, who told him he came to beg him to quit his design, which had made him a laughing-stock to his people, who began to consider him a fool. Sequoyah replied, that he was acting upon his own

responsibility, and as that which he had undertaken was a personal matter, which would make fools of none besides himself, he should persevere.

Being confirmed in the belief that his eighty-six characters, with their combinations, embraced the whole Cherokee language, he taught them to his little daughter, *Ahyokah*, then about six years of age. After this he made a visit to Colonel Lowry, to whom, although his residence was but three miles distant, he had never mentioned the design which had engaged his constant attention for about three years. But this gentleman had learned, from the tell-tale voice of rumour, the manner in which his ingenious neighbour was employed, had regretted the supposed misapplication of his time, and participated in the general sentiment of derision with which the whole community regarded the labours of the once popular artisan, but now despised alphabet maker. "Well," said Colonel Lowry, "I suppose you have been engaged in making marks." "Yes," replied Guess; "when a talk is made, and put down, it is good to look at it afterwards." Colonel Lowry suggested that Guess might have deceived himself, and that, having a good memory, he might recollect what he had intended to write, and suppose he was reading it from the paper. "Not so," rejoined Guess; "I read it."

The next day, Colonel Lowry rode over to the house of Guess, when the latter requested his little daughter to repeat the alphabet. The child, without hesitation, recited the characters, giving to each the sound which the inventor had assigned to it, and performing the task with such ease and rapidity that the astonished visiter, at its conclusion, uttered the common expression—"Yoh!" with which the Cherokees express surprise. Unwilling, however, to yield too ready an assent to that which he had ridiculed, he added, "It sounds like Muscogee, or the Creek language;" meaning to convey the idea that the sounds did not resemble the Cherokee. Still there was something strange in it. He could not permit himself to believe that an illiterate Indian had invented an alphabet, and perhaps was not sufficiently skilled in philology to bestow a very careful investigation upon the subject. But his attention was arrested; he made some further inquiry, and began to doubt whether Sequoyah was the deluded schemer which others thought him.

The truth was, that the most complete success had attended this extraordinary attempt, and George Guess was the Cadmus of his race. Without advice, assistance, or encouragement—ignorant alike of books and of the various arts by which knowledge is disseminated—with no prompter but his own genius, and no guide but the light of reason, he had formed an alphabet for a rude dialect, which, until then, had been an unwritten tongue! It is only necessary to state, in general, that, subsequently, the invention of Guess was adopted by intelligent individuals engaged in the benevolent attempt to civilise the Cherokees, and it was determined to prepare types for the purpose of printing books in that tongue. Experience demonstrated that Guess had proved himself successful, and he is now justly esteemed the Cadmus of his race. The conception and execution are wholly his own. Some of the characters are in form like ours of the English alphabet; they were copied from an old spelling book that fell in his way, but

have none of the powers or sounds of the letters thus copied. The following are the characters systematically arranged with the sounds.

Ꭰ a	Ꭱ e	Ꭲ i	Ꭳ o	Ꭴ u	Ꭵ v
Ꭶ ga Ꭷ ka	Ꭸ ge	Ꭹ gi	Ꭺ go	Ꭻ gu	Ꭼ gv
Ꭽ ha	Ꭾ he	Ꭿ hi	Ꮀ ho	Ꮁ hu	Ꮂ hv
Ꮃ la	Ꮄ le	Ꮅ li	Ꮆ lo	Ꮇ lu	Ꮈ lv
Ꮉ ma	Ꮊ me	Ꮋ mi	Ꮌ mo	Ꮍ mu	
Ꮎ na Ꮏ hna Ꮐ nah	Ꮑ ne	Ꮒ ni	Ꮓ no	Ꮔ nu	Ꮕ nv
Ꮖ qua	Ꮗ que	Ꮘ qui	Ꮙ quo	Ꮚ quu	Ꮛ quv
Ꮜ s Ꮝ se	Ꮞ si	Ꮟ so	Ꮠ su	Ꮡ sv	
Ꮢ da Ꮣ ta	Ꮤ de Ꮥ te	Ꮦ di Ꮧ ti	Ꮨ do	Ꮩ du	Ꮪ dv
Ꮫ dla Ꮬ tla	Ꮭ tle	Ꮮ tli	Ꮯ tlo	Ꮰ tlu	Ꮱ tlv
Ꮲ tsa	Ꮳ tse	Ꮴ tsi	Ꮵ tso	Ꮶ tsu	Ꮷ tsv
Ꮸ wa	Ꮹ we	Ꮺ wi	Ꮻ wo	Ꮼ wu	Ꮽ wv
Ꮾ ya	Ꮿ ye	Ᏸ yi	Ᏹ yo	Ᏺ yu	Ᏻ yv

SOUNDS REPRESENTED BY VOWELS.

a as *a* *in father*, or short as *u* in *rival*,
e as *a* in *hate*, or short as *e* in *met*,
i as *i* in *pique*, or short as *i* in *pit*,
o as *aw* in *law*, or short as *o* in *not*,
u as *oo* in *fool*, or short as *u* in *pull*,
v as *u* in *but*, nasalized.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

g nearly as in English, but approaching to *k*. *d* nearly as in English, but approaching to *t*. *h*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *q*, *s*, *t*, *w*, *y*, as in English.

Syllables beginning with *g*, except *ge*, have sometimes the power of *k*: *s*, *se*, *si*, are sometimes sounded *to*, *te*, *ti*; and syllables written with *d*, except *de*, sometimes vary to *tl*.

Guess completed his work in 1821. Several of his maternal uncles were at that time distinguished men among the Cherokees. Among them was ***Keakatahee***, who presided over the beloved town *Echota*, the town of refuge, and who was one of two chiefs who were killed by a party of fourteen people, while under the protection of a white flag, at that celebrated place. One of these persons observed to him, soon after he had made his discovery, that he had been taught by the Great Spirit. Guess replied, that he had taught himself. He had the good sense not to arrogate to himself any extraordinary merit, in a discovery which he considered as the result of an application of plain principles. Having accomplished the great design, he began to instruct others, and after teaching many to read and write, and establishing his reputation, he left the Cherokee nation in 1822, and went on a visit to Arkansas, where he taught those of his tribe who had emigrated to that country. Shortly after, and before his return home, a correspondence was opened between the Cherokees of the west and those of the east of the Mississippi, in the Cherokee language. In 1823, he determined to emigrate to the west of the Mississippi. In the autumn of the same year, the general council of the Cherokee nation passed a resolution, awarding to Guess a silver medal, in token of their regard for his genius, and of their gratitude for the eminent service he rendered to his

people. The medal, which was made at Washington city, bore on one side two pipes, on the other a head, with this inscription—"Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee Alphabet." The inscription was the same on both sides, except that on one it was in English, and on the other in Cherokee, and in the characters invented by Guess. It was intended that this medal should be presented at a council, but two of the chiefs dying, John Ross, who was now the principal chief, being desirous of the honour and gratification of making the presentation, and not knowing when Guess might return to the nation, sent it to him with a written address.

Guess has never since revisited that portion of his nation which remains upon their ancient hunting grounds, east of the Mississippi. In 1828, he was deputed as one of a delegation from the western Cherokees, to visit the President of the United States, at Washington, when the likeness which we have copied was taken.

The name which this individual derived from his father was, as we have seen, George Gist; his Indian name, given him by his mother, or her tribe, is Sequoyah; but we have chosen to use chiefly in this article that by which he is popularly known—George Guess.

KAW-KAW

A WINNEBAGO CHIEF.

NAWKAW.

THE countenance of this chief is prepossessing, and indicative of his true character. He was a firm, sagacious man, of upright deportment, and pacific disposition, who filled his station with dignity, and commanded respect by his fidelity to his engagements. His name is less expressive than most of those which are borne by Indians of reputation—the word Nawkaw signifying *wood*. He was of the Winnebago tribe, and of the *Caromanic* or Walking Turtle family, which is of the highest distinction. The name Caromanic, among the Winnebagoes, implies rank and dignity, conveys the idea of sovereignty, and is, therefore, highly respected; for this people, like all other savages, have an inherent veneration for hereditary greatness.

This chief was the head of his tribe, who inhabited a broad and beautiful country, lying between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, and spread out in plains of great extent, fertility, and magnificence. His residence was at the Big Green Lake, which is situated between Green Bay and Fort Winnebago, and is about thirty miles from the latter. Although a warrior by profession, the successful leader in many a fight, he was a person of excellent disposition, who preferred and courted peace; and his upright conduct, in connection with his military talents, caused him to be respected and beloved. His conduct was patriarchal, and his sway that of the parent rather than the master.

In the recent war between the United States and the Sauks and Foxes, it was feared that the Winnebagoes, inhabiting the country immediately north of the hostile Indians, would unite with them, and, forming a powerful combination, would devastate the defenceless frontier, before our government could adopt measures for its relief. The opportunity was a tempting one to a savage tribe, naturally disposed to war, and always prepared for its most sudden exigencies; and many of the Winnebagoes were eager to rush into the contest. But the policy of Nawkaw was decidedly pacific, and his conduct was consistent with his judgment and his professions. To keep his followers from temptation, as well as to place them under the eye of an agent of our government, he encamped with them near the agency, under the charge of Mr. Kinzie, expressing on all occasions his disapprobation of the war, and his determination to avoid all connection with those engaged in it. The Indian tribes are often divided into parties, having their respective leaders, who alone can control their partisans in times of excitement. On this occasion, the more respectable and by far the most numerous part of the Sauk and

Fox nation, headed by Keokuk, the proper chief, remained at peace, but a faction, called *the British band*, was led headlong into a disastrous war by Black Hawk, a warrior having no lawful rank, and his coadjutor, the Prophet; and among the Winnebagoes a similar division occurred, a few restless and unprincipled individuals giving loose to their propensity for blood and plunder by joining the war parties, while the great body of the tribe remained at peace, under the influence of their venerable chief.

Having narrated, in the historical part of this work, the interesting story of the surrender of Red Bird, we shall only advert to that circumstance here for the purpose of remarking, that Nawkaw took an active and a judicious part in that melancholy and singular affair. He exerted his influence to have the murderers arrested and delivered up to the officers of our government; but, having thus discharged his duty, he was equally diligent in his endeavours to obtain for them the pardon of the President. For this purpose he visited Washington in 1829, accompanied by fifteen of his chief men; and it was at that time that the portrait which we have copied was taken. He is represented in the attitude of addressing the President, and in the act of extending towards him his calumet at the conclusion of his speech.

The intercession of Nawkaw was successful; the clemency of the President was extended to the wretched men then lying captive in the prison at Prairie du Chien—but unfortunately too late. The Indian, accustomed to unlimited freedom, languishes in confinement. The Red Bird was a high spirited warrior, unused to restraint, and habituated to roam over boundless plains, with a step as unfettered as that of the wild horse of the prairie. The want of exercise, and the privations of imprisonment destroyed his health, broke his spirit, and hurried him to a premature grave. He died before the news of his pardon reached him.

We shall conclude this article with a few anecdotes of Nawkaw and his companions. In conducting these persons to Washington, it was deemed proper to lead them through some of the principal cities, where they might witness the highest evidences of our wealth, power, and civilisation. Their conductors were Major Forsythe and Mr. Kinzie, the latter of whom speaks the languages of the northwestern tribes with fluency, and to him are we indebted for these facts.

While at New York, the Winnebago deputies attended, by invitation, a balloon ascension at the Battery. At this beautiful spot, where the magnificence of a city on the one hand, and a splendid view of one of the noblest harbours in the world on the other, combine to form a landscape of unrivalled grandeur, thousands of spectators were assembled to witness the exploit of the aeronaut, and to behold the impression which would be made upon the savage mind by so novel an exhibition. The chiefs and warriors were provided with suitable places, and many an eye was turned in anxious scrutiny upon their imperturbable countenances, as they gazed in silence upon the balloon ascending into the upper atmosphere. At length Nawkaw was asked what he thought of the aeronauts. He replied coolly—"I think they are fools to trifle in that way with

their lives—what good does it do?" Being asked if he had ever before seen so many people assembled at one time, he answered, "We have more in our smallest villages."

While at Washington they were lodged at a public hotel, and regaled in the most plentiful and sumptuous manner; notwithstanding which, when about to leave the city, Nawkaw complained of the quality of the food placed upon his table. Such a remark from an Indian, whose cookery is the most unartificial imaginable, and whose notions of neatness are far from being refined, was considered singular; and on inquiry being made, it turned out that a piece of roast beef which had been taken from the table untouched, was placed a second time before these fastidious gentlemen, who, on their native prairies, would have devoured it raw, but who now considered their dignity infringed by such a procedure. Being asked if the beef was not good enough, he replied, that there were plenty of turkeys and chickens to be had, and he chose them in preference.

On their way home, at the first place at which they stopped to dine, after leaving Baltimore, they sat down at a well furnished table. A fine roasted turkey at the head of the board attracted their attention, but keeping that in reserve, they commenced upon a chicken pie. While thus engaged, a stranger entered, and taking his seat at the head of the table, called for a plate. The Indians became alarmed for the turkey, cast significant glances at each other, and eyed the object of their desire with renewed eagerness. They inquired of each other, in subdued accents, what was to be done—their plates being well supplied they could not ask to be helped again, yet the turkey was in imminent jeopardy. The stranger was evidently hungry, and he looked like a man who would not trifle with his knife and fork. Luckily, however, he was not yet supplied with these necessary implements; there was a moment still left to be improved, and the red gentlemen, having cleared their plates, occupied it by dividing among them an apple pie, which quickly vanished. A clean plate, knife and fork, were now placed before the stranger, who was about to help himself, when, to his astonishment and utter discomfiture, one of the Indians rose, stepped to the head of the table, and adroitly fixing his fork in the turkey, bore it off to his companions, who very gravely, and without appearing to take the least notice of the details of the exploit, commenced dividing the spoil, while the stranger, recovering from his surprise, broke out into a loud laugh, in which the Indians joined.

As the party receded from the capital, the fare became more coarse, and the red men began to sigh for the fat poultry and rich joints that were left behind them. And now another idea occurred to their minds. Having noticed that payment was made regularly for every meal, they inquired if *all* the meals they ate were paid for, and being answered in the affirmative, each Indian on rising from the table loaded himself with the fragments of the feast, until nothing remained. When they observed that this conduct was noticed, they defended it by remarking, that the provisions were all paid for.

It has been well said that there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and this aphorism is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of savages or uneducated men. The Indian has some heroic traits of character—he is brave, patient under fatigue or

privation, often generous, and sometimes tenacious of the point of honour, to an extreme which has scarcely a parallel, except in the records of chivalry. In all that relates to war or the council, they are systematic, and the leading men exhibit much dignity and consistency of character. As hunters they are keen, skilful and diligent; as warriors, bold, sagacious, and persevering. But when the Indian is taken from this limited circle of duties, and thrown into contact with the white man, in social intercourse, his want of versatility, and deficiency of intellectual resources, often degrade him at once into meanness and puerility. For a time he may disguise himself in his habitual gravity, and his native shrewdness and presence of mind may enable him to parry any attempts to pry into his thoughts, or throw him off his guard, but the sequel inevitably betrays the paucity of the savage mind. Thus the chiefs and warriors of whom we have spoken were, some of them, distinguished warriors, and others eminent in council; but when thrown out of their proper sphere, and brought into familiar contact with strangers, they become the subjects of anecdotes such as we have related, and which, except the first one, would be too trifling for repetition, were they not illustrative of the peculiarities to which we have adverted.

When at Washington, in 1829, Nawkaw, in speaking of his own age, called himself *ninety-four* winters old. He died in 1833, at the advanced age of ninety-eight, and was succeeded in his rank and honours by his nephew, who was worthy to inherit them. The latter is a person of temperate habits, who abstains entirely from the use of ardent spirits. He also is *Caromanie*, and has assumed the name of his uncle.

Nawkaw was a man of large stature and fine presence. He was six feet tall, and well made. His person was erect, his muscles finely developed, and his appearance such as indicated activity and great strength. Like many of his race, he was remarkably fond of dress; and even in the last days of his protracted life, devoted the most sedulous care to the decoration of his person. His portrait affords ample evidence of his taste; the head-dress, the ear-rings, and the painted face, show that the labours of the toilet had not been performed without a full share of the time and study due to a matter of so much importance; while the three medals, presented to him at different times, as the head of his tribe, and as tokens of respect for himself, are indicative of his rank, and are worn with as much pride, and as much propriety, as the orders of nobility which decorate the nobles of Europe.

The memory of this distinguished chief, and respectable man, is cherished by his people, and his deeds are recounted in their songs. He was one of those rulers whose wisdom, courage, and parental sway, endear them to their people while living, and whose precepts retain the force of laws after their decease.

CHUN-NUN-I-CAKE
AN OTTO HALF CHIEF

SHAUMONEKUSSE, OR L'IETAN.

IN the progress of our work we have found no small difficulty in settling the orthography of proper names. Not only are the Indian languages unwritten, but the interpreters, through whom most of our information is necessarily communicated, are illiterate persons, who arbitrarily affix to words the pronunciation which suits their own fancy, or which accords best with their own national or local idiom. Thus the Indians, who call themselves Saukies, are denominated Sacs by the French, and Sauks by the Americans; and the names of many of the chiefs are given with such variations by different travellers that it is sometimes difficult to recognise them. The names which are attached to the portraits in this work are, with a few exceptions, those which we found written upon them in the gallery at the War Office, and which were dictated by the persons who attended the chiefs as interpreters, in their visit to Washington. Whether they have been changed in copying we cannot say; but some of them are evidently incorrect. We have, however, in most cases, left them unaltered preferring to make our corrections in the biographical notices, rather than alter that which may have been written on authority better than our own. Whether the individual now before us should be called *Chaumonicase*, or *Shaumonekusse*, is a question which we suppose will never excite as much curiosity as has been awakened by the rival claims for the birth place of Homer; we have, however, taken some pains to arrive at the proper reading, and have adopted the latter, on the authority of the writers of Long's First Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in which we place implicit confidence.

Shaumonekusse was distinguished early in life as a daring, active, and successful warrior. We are not aware of his having any hereditary claims to the chieftainship of his tribe, to which he has risen gradually by his own merits. He is a person of deep penetration, and is capable of acting with much duplicity on any occasion when he may consider it politic to conceal his real views. Having had intercourse with the traders, from his infancy, he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the character of the white men, and has studied to turn this acquisition to advantage. The Ottoes have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and it was, therefore, not difficult for this chief to cultivate the good opinion of such of our countrymen as visited the distant shores of the upper Missouri.

The Ottoes and the Missouries are remnants of numerous and warlike nations which

once roamed over these boundless plains, the monarchs of all they surveyed, but which are now so greatly reduced, that the whole number of the warriors in both tribes together is not more than two hundred. Being united by the closest friendship, they have cast their lots in union, and act together as one people; and small as is their aggregated force, they have sustained themselves with such uniform bravery and good conduct as to command the respect of the tribes around them. They are more indebted to Shaumonekusse than to any other individual for the high reputation they have maintained, as he is not only one of the boldest of their warriors, but is very expert and politic in the management of their affairs.

He is more commonly known to the whites by the name of *Ietan*, or, as the French traders denominate him, *L'Ietan*, a title which was given him in consequence of some exploit against the tribe of that name; probably on account of his having slain an Ietan warrior of distinction.

The countenance of this Indian expresses the qualities which he is known to have possessed in an eminent degree, but which are not common among his race: he was, when a young man, social, witty, animated, and mercurial in his temperament. Although he never obtained any reputation as an orator, he conversed well, and was an agreeable companion.

When Colonel Long's party were encamped on the Upper Missouri, in 1819, they were visited by a party of Ottoes, among whom was Ietan, then a young but a distinguished warrior. A grand dance was performed in honour of the American officers; in the course of which, the leaders of the greatest repute among the Indians, narrated their exploits. Among others Ietan stepped forward and struck the flagstaff which had been erected, and around which the dancers moved. This ceremony is called *striking the post*; and such is the respect paid to it, that whatever is spoken by the person who strikes, may be relied upon as strictly true; and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for the speaker is surrounded by rival warriors, who would not fail to detect, and instantly expose, any exaggeration by which he should endeavour to swell his own comparative merits. In recounting his martial deeds, Ietan said, he had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Konsas; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation, slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and had struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omahas, and once from the Puncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps; the Spaniards, excepting a man and a boy, fled, himself being at a distance before his party, he was shot at and missed, by the man whom he immediately shot down and struck. "This," said he, "is the only martial act of my life than I am ashamed of."

This would be considered by an Indian audience a highly meritorious catalogue of martial deeds; nor would the stealing of horses be thought the least honourable of these daring exploits. Although the word stealing is used, and the proceeding itself is attended

with the secresy of actual theft, yet the act does not involve any idea of meanness or criminality, but is considered as a lawful capture of the property of an enemy. They deem it dishonest to steal from their friends or allies, but their code of morality justifies any deception or injury towards an enemy, and affords but slight protection to the person or property of any who are not bound to them by some strong bond of interest or friendship. Many of the wars of the Indians grow out of these predatory habits, and the capture of a few horses is repaid by the blood of warriors, and the sacrifice of life.

On the same occasion alluded to above, we are told, "In this dance Ietan represented one who was in the act of stealing horses. He carried a whip in his hand, as did a considerable number of the Indians, and around his neck were thrown several leathern thongs, for bridles and halters, the ends of which trailed on the ground behind him; after many preparatory manœuvres he stooped down, and with his knife represented the act of cutting the *hopples* of horses; he then rode his tomahawk as children ride their broomsticks, making such use of his whip as to indicate the necessity of rapid movement, lest his foes should overtake him."

The authority already quoted, after remarking that the Indians sometimes indulge in pleasantry in their conversation, adds, that "Shaumonekusse seemed to be eminently witty, a quality strongly indicated by his well marked features."

The union between the Missouries and Ottoes took place about twenty years ago, when the former were conquered and dispersed by the Sauks and Foxes, and their allies, when a few families joined the Osages; a few took refuge among the Konsas, while the chief part of the tribe became amalgamated with the Ottoes. Having been previously very nearly assimilated in habits, manners, and language, the union has been cordial, and they may now be considered as one people.

These tribes boast of having faithfully adhered to their professions of friendship towards the American people; not one of whom, they assert, was ever killed by their warriors. Only two white men have been slain by them within the recollection of any living witnesses; one of these was a Frenchman, and the other a Spaniard, who was killed by Shaumonekusse, in the manner already alluded to; and although this act was attended by a remarkable display of bravery, which no doubt gained him great credit, he declared publicly that it was the only martial act of his life that he was ashamed of.

This individual is distinguished not only as a warrior, but as a great hunter; and it is evident that he takes no small degree of pride in his exploits in the chase, from the manner in which his head was decorated with the spoils of the field, when he sat for his portrait. The horns of the buffalo are worn with a triumph which renders it probable that a legend of more than ordinary daring is connected with the identical pair thus ostentatiously displayed, while the claws of the grisly bear, the fiercest and most powerful quadruped of our continent, are suspended round his neck.

When this portrait was taken, Shaumonekusse was a young and gallant warrior; he has since become the head man of his tribe, and risen to great influence among his neighbours. The immediate cause of his rise from a half to a full chieftain, was the result of a quarrel that happened between one of his brothers and himself. In the fight

produced by the quarrel, it was the lot of Shaumonekusse to have his nose bit off, whereupon he shot his brother. He immediately repaired to the council, and made known what had happened, when it was decreed, that any man who would bite off his brother's nose deserves to be shot; and in testimony of the respect entertained by the chiefs for the promptness of Shaumonekusse in punishing such an outrage, they elected him chief.

HAYNE-HUDJIHINI

THE EAGLE OF DELIGHT.

PUBLISHED BY E. C. BIDDLE, PHILADELPHIA.

Printed & Coloured at M. Dorrance's Lithographic Establishment N.^o 94 Walnut St.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1837 by E. C. Biddle, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.^a

HAYNE HUDJIHINI,

THE EAGLE OF DELIGHT.

WE regret that we have but little to say of the original of this pretty picture. Like many handsome women, her face was probably her principal treasure. The countenance does not indicate much character; without the intelligence of the civilised female, it has a softness rarely exhibited by the Indian squaw. There is a Chinese air of childishness and simplicity about it, which is rather striking, and which is as foreign to the features of the laborious, weather-beaten female of the prairies, as it would be to the countenance of a practised belle in one of our cities.

She was the favourite wife of Shaumonekusse; whether the only one, we are unable to say, for the red men are in the habit of multiplying the chances of connubial felicity by marrying as many red ladies as they can support. A great hunter has usually several, while the sluggard, who has gained no reputation by his successes in the chase, is considered as very amply provided with a single helpmeet. We infer from the character of Ietan, as well as from the paraphernalia which decorates his person, that he was entitled by the etiquette and the economy of Indian life, to a plurality of wives, and that he was a personage who would probably live up to his privileges.

When he visited the city of Washington, in 1821, Hayne Hudjihini, the Eagle of Delight, was the companion of his journey. Young, and remarkably handsome, with an interesting appearance of innocence and artlessness, she attracted the attention of the citizens of our metropolis, who loaded her with presents and kindnesses. Among other things she received many trinkets; and it is said that her lord and master, who probably paid her the flattering compliment of thinking her, when unadorned, adorned the most, very deliberately appropriated them to his own use, and suspended them from his own nose, ears, and neck. If she was as good natured as her portrait bespeaks her, she was no doubt better pleased in administering to her husband's vanity than she would have been in gratifying her own.

Shortly after her return home she died, and the bereaved husband was so sensibly

affected by her decease, that he resolved to end his own life by starvation. With this view he threw himself on her grave, and for several days remained there in an agony of grief, refusing food, and repelling consolation. His friends, respecting his feelings, suffered him for a time to indulge his sorrow, but at last forced him away, and his immoderate grief became gradually assuaged.

QUA-TA-WA-PEA

COL. LEWIS.

A Shawanee Chief

QUATAWAPEA, OR COLONEL LEWIS.

QUATAWAPEA, or "*The man on the water who sinks and rises again,*" was born at the Pickaway Plains, in Ohio, almost sixty years ago, and was a boy at the great battle of the Keshawa, in which his tribe acted a conspicuous part. His father and all his ancestors were distinguished for their feats in arms. He was for many years the chief of that band of the Shawanoe tribe which resided at Lewistown, on the sources of the Great Miami of the Ohio. With strangers he passed for a person of much consideration, in consequence of his fine address and appearance. He was a well formed, handsome man, dressed with much taste and elegance, and was graceful in his deportment. His horse and equipments, rifle, and side-arms, were all of the most costly kind, and few of his race ever appeared so well on public occasions. As a hunter he had no superior; but he was not distinguished in council or in war.

During the late war between the United States and Great Britain, this chief joined the American army with a small band of his braves, and rendered himself extremely useful, on account of his intimate knowledge of the whole country which formed the seat of war on our northwestern frontier. Only one martial exploit, however, is recorded to his honour. At a place called Savoirin's Mills, he attacked a small fortification at the head of his warriors, with such fury, that the British garrison was compelled to evacuate it hastily, and seek safety in flight. They were overtaken, and many of them captured; the pursuit was continued for some hours; yet it is a fact, highly honourable to this chief, and the Shawanoe warriors under his command, that not a scalp was taken, nor a prisoner put to death. The British soldiers who were captured were treated with the greatest humanity.

The reader will have observed, that it is not uncommon for the Indian warriors and chiefs to have several names, and that many of them are named after eminent persons among their civilised neighbours. Thus the individual before us is better known by those who speak our language only, as *Colonel Lewis*, than by his original Indian designation.

He lived for many years near Waupaghcoaneta, in Ohio, where he cultivated a large farm, to which he devoted much attention. Unlike most of his race he had learned the value of property, and exerted himself to increase his possessions. This conduct rendered him unpopular with his tribe, by whom he had never been greatly esteemed; and he

was at length deposed by them, under a charge of peculation, in having applied to his own private purposes the money received from the United States for the use of his people.

It is said that his appointment to the station of chief was entirely accidental. Being one of a delegation which visited the seat of government while General Dearborn was Secretary of War, the superiority of Colonel Lewis, in dress and manners, probably induced the secretary to regard him as the most conspicuous person of the party, and he presented him with a medal. On his return the Indians regarding this decoration as an indication of the wishes of the American government, and desirous to testify their obedience to the hint which they supposed to have been thus given, yielded to him tacitly, a precedence which soon grew into a confirmed authority; and such is their rigid notion of discipline, and their habitual respect for their chiefs, that they submitted to him cheerfully while he remained in office. They even retained him for some time after they were satisfied of his unworthiness, at the instance of the agents of our government, who supported his cause, because they found him inclined to peace, and friendly to the whites.

After his deposition from the chieftainship he emigrated with his family, and a few followers, to the country west of the Mississippi, allotted by the American government to the Shawanoes, where he died, in 1826.

PAYTA KØD'THA

A Shawanese Warrior

Philadelphia Published by E.C. Biddle.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1836 by E.C. Biddle in the Clerks office of the District Court of the Eastern District of P.

PAYTA KOOTHA.

THE interpretation of the name of this Indian is "*Flying clouds;*" but he is better known among the Americans as "Captain Reed." He is a Shawanoe of the Chilicothe tribe, but was born in the country of the Creeks. His age, at the time his portrait was taken, is supposed to have been about fifty-five years. Although considered a brave man he has never gained any distinction as a warrior, but is a very good hunter. He had little popularity or influence in his tribe. In 1833, he was living west of the Mississippi.

Colonel John Johnston, of Ohio, a venerable and highly intelligent gentleman, who was intimately acquainted with the northwestern Indians, represents this individual as a wandering, unsettled man, often engaged in embassies between the tribes, and frequently journeying to distant villages. He was considered a peaceable, inoffensive person, without talents, but always disposed to exert himself in reconciling differences between tribes or individuals, and was esteemed by the red people as a benevolent man. However that reputation may have conciliated for him the good will of those around him, it gave him not the kind of standing which a daring warrior or a bold intriguing leader would have possessed among the fierce warriors of the forest, and Captain Reed had the common fate of enjoying the respect of his associates, while men of less moral worth directed their councils.

KI-AN-TUCK-KI, OCHEE PLANT
A SEMINOLE CHIEF.

CORN PLANT.

THE Senecas, as we have already stated in another place, were a tribe of the Iroquois, or Five Nations; and, more recently, the Six Nations, when the Tuscaroras were added to the confederacy, which then consisted of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagoes, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. These Indians were among the earliest who were known to the English, who recognised them as a warlike and powerful people, and took no small pains to conciliate their friendship. In the year 1710, five chiefs of the Iroquois were induced by the British officers to visit England, under the expectation that their savage natures might be softened by kindness, or their fears alarmed by an exhibition of the power and magnificence of the British sovereign. This event excited much attention in London. Steele mentioned it in his Tattler of May 13, 1710, while Addison devoted a number of the Spectator to the same subject. Swift, who was ambitious to be a politician, and who suffered no occurrence of a public nature to escape his attention, remarks, in one of his letters to Mrs. Johnson, "I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he (Addison,) has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too." Their portraits were taken, and are still preserved in the British Museum; and Steele says, of these illustrious strangers, "they were placed in a handsome apartment, at an upholsterer's in King street, Covent Garden."

In Oldmixon's History we find the following notice: "For the successes in Spain, and for the taking of Doway, Bethune, and Aire, by the Duke of Marlborough, in Flanders, there was a thanksgiving day appointed, which the Queen solemnised at St. James' chapel. To have gone, as usual, to St. Paul's, and there to have had *Te Deum* sung, on that occasion, would have shown too much countenance to those brave and victorious English generals who were fighting her battles abroad, while High Church was plotting, and railing, and addressing against them at home. The carrying of five Indian casaques about in the Queen's coaches, was all the triumph of the Harleian administration; they were called Kings, and clothed by the playhouse tailor, like other kings of the theatre; they were conducted to audience by Sir Charles Cotterel; there was a speech made for them, and nothing omitted to do honour to these five monarchs, whose presence did so much honour the new ministry."

In a work entitled "The Annals of Queen Anne's Reign, Year the IX, for 1710," written by Mr. Boyer, we find the following remarks: "On the 19th April, Te-ye-neen-

ho-ga-prow, and Sa-ga-yean-qua-pra-ton, of the Maquas, Elow-oh-kaom, and Oh-neah-yeath-ton-no-prow, of the river Sachem, and the Genajoh-hore sachem, four kings, or chiefs, of the Six Nations, in the West Indies, which lie between New England and New France, or Canada, who lately came over with the West India fleet, and were clothed and entertained at the queen's expense, had a public audience of her majesty, at the palace of St. James, being conducted in two of her majesty's coaches, by Sir James Cottered, master of ceremonies, and introduced by the Duke of Somerset, lord chamberlain." The historian then proceeds to recite a long speech which these sachems *from the West Indies, between New England and Canada*, are supposed to have made to the British monarch, but which is so evidently of English manufacture, that we refrain from giving it a place. We are further informed, that our chiefs remained in London, after their audience with her majesty, about a fortnight, and were entertained by several persons of distinction, particularly the Duke of Ormond, who regaled them likewise with a review of the four troops of life guards. In Smith's History of New York, we are told, "The arrival of these five sachems in England, made a great bruit throughout the whole kingdom. The mob followed wherever they went, and small cuts of them were sold among the people."

The visits of Indian chiefs to the more refined and civilised parts of the world are, unhappily, to be regarded only as matter for curiosity, for we do not find that they have produced any beneficial results. The savage gazed with astonishment at the wonders of art and luxury which met his eye at every step, and returned to repeat the marvellous narrative of his travels to hearers who listened without understanding the recital, or being convinced of their own inferior condition. The distance between themselves and the white men was too great to be measured by their reasoning powers. There was no standard of comparison by which they could try the respective merits of beings so different, and modes of life so opposite, and they satisfied themselves with supposing that the two races were created with distinct faculties, and destined for separate spheres of existence. They took little pains to investigate any thing which was new or wonderful, but briefly resolved all difficulties by referring them to fatality or to magic. A few of the more acute obtained distant and misty glimpses of the truth, and were willing to spare the weaker intellects of their people, from a knowledge which filled themselves with dread and sorrow; for, in the little which they comprehended of European power, they saw the varied and overwhelming elements of a superiority which threatened their destruction. Hence their wisest and most patriotic chiefs have been prudently jealous of civilisation, while the Indians in general have feared and distrusted that which they could not comprehend. A striking instance, in illustration of these remarks, may be found in the story of an individual belonging to the Iroquois confederacy, upon whom the experiment of a civilised education was fairly tried.

Peter Otsaquette—we give his name as we find it—disguised by an English prefix, and a French termination, was an Oneida Indian, of a distinguished family. At the close of the American revolution, he attracted the attention of Lafayette, whose benevolent feelings, strongly enlisted by the intelligence and amiable qualities of the savage boy,

induced him to send the young Oneida to France. At the age of twelve, he was placed in the best schools of Paris, and not only became a good scholar, but attained a high degree of proficiency in music, drawing, fencing, and all the accomplishments of a gentleman. His was one of the few native stalks upon which the blossoms of education have been successfully engrafted. Delighted with the French metropolis, and deeply imbued with the spirit of its polite inhabitants, he seems to have forgotten his native propensities, and to have been thoroughly reclaimed from barbarism. He returned to America an altered person, with a commanding figure, an intelligent countenance, the dress of the European, and the grace of a polished man. Proud of his acquirements, and buoyed up with the patriotic hope of becoming the benefactor of his tribe, and the instrument of their moral elevation, he hastened to his native forests. He was welcomed with hospitality; but on his first appearance in public, the Oneidas disrobed him of his foreign apparel, tearing it from his person with indignant violence, and reproaching him with apostacy in throwing off the garb of his ancestors. They forced him to resume the blanket, to grease his limbs with the fat of the bear, and to smear his body with paint. Nor was this enough; he was married to a squaw, and indoctrinated in the connubial felicities of the wigwam. The sequel of his story will be readily anticipated. With no relish for savage life, and without the prospect of happiness or distinction, he sank into intemperance, and so rapid was his degradation, that within three months after his return from Europe, he exchanged the portrait of Lafayette, the gift of his illustrious benefactor, for the means of gratifying the brutal propensity which was now his sole remaining passion.

As our object is to illustrate the Indian character, we may be permitted to extend this digression by relating, before we proceed to the proper subject of the article, another anecdote, which, while it exemplifies the self-possession of the Indian, and the readiness with which he adapts himself to circumstances, shows also how slight are the impressions made upon his mind by the finest incidents, or the most agreeable objects in civilised life. In 1819, an Indian warrior, named Makawitta, happened to be a passenger upon Lake Erie, in the steamboat Walk-in-the-water. On board the same vessel was a sprightly young lady, who, pleased with the fine appearance and manly deportment of the savage, played off upon him some of those fascinating coquetries, in which fair ladies are so expert, and which the wisest men are unable to resist, and unwilling to avoid. Makawitta was a youth of little over twenty years, neat in his dress, and graceful as well as dignified in his movements; we presume the lady was both witty and handsome, and we are assured that the passengers were highly amused at this encounter between a belle and a beau of such opposite nurture. For some time he sustained his part with admirable tact, but when his fair opponent drew a ring from her finger, and placed it on his, he stood for a moment in respectful silence, at a loss to understand the meaning of the ceremony. A gentleman, who spoke his language, apprised him that the ring was a token of affection, upon which, placing himself in a graceful attitude, he addressed her in an oratorical style, which showed that he entered fully into the spirit of the scene, in the following words:

"You have conferred the best gift—this ring, emblem of love—of love that lives while the Great Spirit endures. My heart is touched—it is yours for ever.

"I will preserve this ring while I live. I will bear it with me over the mighty waters, to the land of good spirits.

"I am happy to be with you in this wonderful canoe, moved by the Great Spirit, and conducted by the Big Fist of the great deep.

"I wish to be with you until I go to the land where my fathers have gone. Take back the ring, and give me that which I value more—*yourself.*"

On the next day the ring was bartered for a drink of whiskey!

Such is the singular race whose history we are endeavouring to exemplify—patient under hardship, subtle in war, inflexible in the stern purpose of revenge, but fickle in every good resolution, and irreclaimable in barbarism. In the multitude, bravery is a common virtue, a prominent and almost a single merit; while here and there a noble character shines like a bright peculiar star among the host of mere warriors, adorned with the highest qualities that dignify and soften the harsher features of manhood.

The name of *Corn Plant* is very familiar to most of our countrymen, yet we have been unable to obtain the materials for a connected account of his whole career. He was a chief of the Senecas, and the rival of Red Jacket, from whom he differed in character, while he equalled him in influence. Without the commanding genius of Red Jacket, he possessed a large share of the common sense, which is more efficient in all the ordinary affairs of life. They were both able men; both acquired the confidence of their people; but the patriotism of Red Jacket was exhibited in an unyielding hatred of the whites, between whom and the red men he would have cut off all intercourse, while Corn Plant adopted the opposite policy of conciliation, towards his more powerful neighbours. The one was a warrior of unblemished reputation, the other an orator of unrivalled eloquence; both were shrewd, artful, and expert negotiators, and they prevailed alternately over each other, as opportunities were offered to either for the exertion of his peculiar abilities. The one rose into power when the Senecas were embittered against the whites, and the other acquired consequence when it became desirable to cultivate friendly relations upon the frontier.

The father of Corn Plant was a white man, and is said to have been an Irishman, but nothing is now known of him, except what may be gathered from a letter of Corn Plant to the Governor of Pennsylvania. This singular production was, of course, dictated to an interpreter, who acted as amanuensis, but the sentiments are undoubtedly his own. It was dated in 1822, when the lands reserved for the Indians in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania became surrounded by the farms of the whites, and some attempt was made to tax the property of the Seneca chief, in consequence of which he wrote this epistle to the governor.

"I feel it my duty to send a speech to the Governor of Pennsylvania, at this time, and inform him of the place where I was from—which was at Connewangus, on the Genessee river.

"When I was a child I played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs; and

as I grew up I began to pay some attention, and play with the Indian boys in the neighbourhood, and they took notice of my skin being of a different colour from theirs, and spoke about it. I inquired of my mother the cause, and she told me that my father was a residenter in Albany. I still eat my victuals out of a bark dish. I grew up to be a young man, and married me a wife, and I had no kettle nor gun. I then knew where my father lived, and went to see him, and found he was a white man, and spoke the English language. He gave me victuals while I was at his house, but when I started home, he gave me no provision to eat on the way. He gave me neither kettle nor gun; neither did he tell me that the United States were about to rebel against the government of England.

"I will now tell you, brothers, who are in session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that the Great Spirit has made known to me that I have been wicked; and the cause thereof has been the revolutionary war in America. The cause of Indians being led into sin at that time, was that many of them were in the practice of drinking and getting intoxicated. Great Britain requested us to join with them in the conflict against the Americans, and promised the Indians land and liquor. I myself was opposed to joining in the conflict, as I had nothing to do with the difficulty that existed between the two parties. I have now informed you how it happened that the Indians took a part in the revolution, and will relate to you some circumstances that occurred after the close of the war. General Putnam, who was then at Philadelphia, told me there was to be a council at Fort Stanwix; and the Indians requested me to attend on behalf of the Six Nations, which I did, and there met with three commissioners who had been appointed to hold the council. They told me that they would inform me of the cause of the revolution, which I requested them to do minutely. They then said that it originated on account of the heavy taxes that had been imposed upon them by the British government, which had been for fifty years increasing upon them; that the Americans had grown weary thereof, and refused to pay, which affronted the king. There had likewise a difficulty taken place about some tea, which they wished me not to use, as it had been one of the causes that many people had lost their lives. And the British government now being affronted, the war commenced, and the cannons began to roar in our country.

"General Putnam then told me, at the council at Fort Stanwix, that by the late war the Americans had gained two objects: they had established themselves an independent nation, and had obtained some land to live upon, the division line of which from Great Britain runs through the Lakes. I then spoke, and said I wanted some land for the Indians to live on, and General Putnam said that it should be granted, and I should have land in the state of New York for the Indians. He then encouraged me to use my endeavours to pacify the Indians generally; and, as he considered it an arduous task, wished to know what pay I would require. I replied that I would use my endeavours to do as he requested with the Indians, and for pay therefor I would take land. I told him not to pay me money or dry goods, but land. And for having attended thereto I

received the tract of land on which I now live, which was presented to me by Governor Mifflin. I told General Putnam that I wished the Indians to have the exclusive privilege of the deer and wild game, to which he assented; I also wished the Indians to have the privilege of hunting in the woods and making fires, which he likewise assented to.

"The treaty that was made at the aforementioned council has been broken by some of the white people, which I now intend acquainting the governor with. Some white people are not willing that Indians should hunt any more, whilst others are satisfied therewith; and those white people who reside near our reservation, tell us that the woods are theirs and they have obtained them from the governor. The treaty has also been broken by the white people using their endeavours to destroy all the wolves, which was not spoken about in the council at Fort Stanwix by General Putnam, but has originated lately.

"It has been broken again, which is of recent origin. White people get credit from Indians, and do not pay them honestly according to agreement. In another respect also, it has been broken by white people residing near my dwelling; for when I plant melons and vines in my field, they take them as their own. It has been broken again, by white people using their endeavours to obtain our pine trees from us. We have very few pine trees on our land in the state of New York; and whites and Indians often get into dispute respecting them. There is also a great quantity of whiskey brought near our reservation, and the Indians obtain it and become drunken.

"Another circumstance has taken place which is very trying to me, and I wish for the interference of the governor. The white people who live at Warren called upon me some time ago to pay taxes for my land, which I objected to, as I never had been called upon for that purpose before; and having refused to pay, they became irritated, called upon me frequently, and at length brought four guns with them and seized our cattle. I still refused to pay and was not willing to let the cattle go. After a time of dispute they returned home, and I understood the militia was ordered out to enforce the collection of the tax. I went to Warren, and, to avert the impending difficulty, was obliged to give my note for the tax, the amount of which was forty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents. It is my desire that the governor will exempt me from paying taxes for my land to white people; and also to cause that the money I am now obliged to pay be refunded to me, as I am very poor. The governor is the person who attends to the situation of the people, and I wish him to send a person to Alleghany that I may inform him of the particulars of our situation, and he be authorised to instruct the white people in what manner to conduct themselves towards the Indians.

"The government has told us that, when difficulties arose between the Indians and the white people, they would attend to having them removed. We are now in a trying situation, and I wish the governor to send a person authorised to attend thereto the fore part of next summer, about the time that the grass has grown big enough for pasture.

"The governor formerly requested me to pay attention to the Indians, and take care

of them. We are now arrived at a situation in which I believe the Indians cannot exist, unless the governor should comply with my request, and send a person authorised to treat between us and the white people, the approaching summer. I have now no more to speak."

It is unfortunate that most of the interpreters through whom the productions of the aboriginal intellect have reached us, have been so entirely illiterate as to be equally incapable of appreciating the finer touches of sentiment and eloquence, and of expressing them appropriately in our language. The letter of Corn Plant is distinguished by its simplicity and good sense, and was no doubt dictated in the concise, nervous, and elevated style of the Indian orator, while we have received it in a garbled version of very shabby English. His account of his parentage is simple and touching; his unprotected yet happy infancy, when he *played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frog*, is sketched with a scriptural felicity of style. There is something very striking in the description of his poverty, when he *grew up to be a young man, and married a wife, and had no kettle nor gun*; while the brief account of his visit to his father is marked by the pathos of genuine feeling. It is to be regretted that he did not pursue the narrative and inform us by what steps he rose from his low estate to become the head of a tribe. We learn from other sources that he was a successful warrior; and it is probable that the traders and the missionaries, whose interest he espoused, in opposition to Red Jacket, aided in his elevation. In the latter part of the letter he has given a synopsis of the evils which his nation endured in consequence of their alliance with the whites, and which invariably attended the unnatural contact of civilised and savage men.

Corn Plant was one of the parties to the treaty at Fort Stanwix, in 1784, when a large cession of territory was made by the Indians. At the treaty of Fort Harmer, five years afterwards, he took the lead in conveying an immense tract of country to the American government, and became so unpopular that his life was threatened by his incensed tribe. But this chief, and those who acted with him, were induced to make these liberal concessions by motives of sound policy; for the Six Nations having fought on the royal side during the war of the revolution, and the British government having recognised our independence, and signed a peace without stipulating for the protection of her misguided allies, they were wholly at our mercy. In an address sent to the President of the United States, in 1790, by *Corn Plant, Half Town*, and *Big Tree*, we find the following remarks in allusion to these treaties:

"*Father*:—We will not conceal from you that the Great Spirit, and not men, has preserved Corn Plant from the hands of his own nation, for they ask continually, 'Where is the land upon which our children, and their children after them, are to lie down? You told us that the line drawn from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario would mark it for ever on the east, and the line running from Beaver Creek to Pennsylvania would mark it on the west, and we see it is not so; for, first one comes, and then another, and takes it away, by order of that people which you tell us promised to secure it to us.'

He is silent, for he has nothing to answer. When the sun goes down he opens his heart before the Great Spirit, and earlier than the sun appears again upon the hills, he gives thanks for his protection during the night; for he feels that among men become desperate by the injuries they have sustained, it is God only that can protect him."

In his reply to this address, President Washington remarked: "The merits of Corn Plant, and his friendship for the United States are well known to me, and shall not be forgotten; and as a mark of the esteem of the United States, I have directed the Secretary of War to make him a present of two hundred and fifty dollars, either in money or goods, as the Corn Plant shall like best."

It would be tedious to pursue the history of this chief through the various vicissitudes of his life. His reputation as a warrior was gained previous to the American revolution, and during that war. Shortly after that struggle, the lands reserved for the Senecas became surrounded by the settlements of the American people, so as to leave them no occasion nor opportunity for hostilities with other tribes. In his efforts to preserve peace with his powerful neighbours, Corn Plant incurred, alternately, the suspicion of both parties—the whites imputing to him a secret agency in the depredations of lawless individuals of his nation, while the Senecas have sometimes become jealous of his apparent fame with the whites, and regarded him as a pensionary of their oppressors. His course, however, has been prudent and consistent, and his influence very great.

He resided on the banks of the Alleghany river, a few miles below its junction with the Connewango, upon a tract of fine land, within the limits of Pennsylvania, and not far from the line between that state and New York. He owned thirteen hundred acres of land, of which six hundred were comprehended within the village occupied by his people. A considerable portion of the remainder he cultivated as a farm, which was tolerably well stocked with horses, cattle, and hogs. Many of his people cultivated the soil, and evinced signs of industry. The chief favoured the Christian religion, and welcomed those who came to teach it. He lived in simple style, surrounded with plenty, and practising a rude hospitality, while his sway was kind and patriarchal.

In 1815, a missionary society had, at his earnest solicitation, established a school at his village, which at that time promised success. We are not aware that any permanent results were attained by the effort.

Corn Plant imbibed, in the feebleness of age, the superstition of the less intellectual of his race. His conscience reproached him for his friendship towards the whites, and, in a moment of alarm, fancying that the Great Spirit had commanded him to destroy all evidence of his connection with the enemies of his race, he burned an elegant sword and other articles which he had received as presents. A favourite son, who had been carefully educated at one of our schools, became a drunkard, adding another to the many discouraging instances in which a similar result has attended the attempt to educate the Indian youth. When, therefore, the aged chief was urged to send his younger sons to school he declined, remarking, in his broken English, "It entirely spoil Indian."

Corn Plant died on his reservation on the Alleghany river, sometime in the winter of 1836—supposed to have been over ninety years old. His Indian name was Ki-on-twog-ky. The likeness we have given of him was taken in New York, about the year 1788, and when the original is supposed to have been in his forty-eighth year. It was intended for some friend of the Indians, in London, but Captain M'Dougall, who, at that time, commanded a merchant ship between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and who was to have conveyed it to Liverpool, sailing without it, the portrait fell into the hands of Timothy Matlock, Esq., who cherished it, not only because of its admirable and close resemblance to the original, but because he was indebted to Corn Plant for his life. At his death the portrait was still cherished by his daughter. It was from that original the copy before the reader was taken.

Painted by C. B. King

PAH-SHE-PAH-HOW.

Philadelphia Published by H. C. Pabdle

PASHEPAHAW, THE STABBER.

LITTLE is known of this chief, except that he was of sufficient note among his people to be chosen one of a delegation to visit Washington on business relating to his tribe. He is represented to be vindictive and implacable in his resentments. The Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, having offended him, Pashepahaw resolved on revenge, and actually undertook a long journey with the view of killing him. *Tai-mah*, whose portrait will appear in the course of this work, hearing of the Stabber's purpose, outsped him, and made known to the agent his bloody design. This timely information, doubtless, saved the agent's life. The untrimmed locks that hang down on the Stabber's shoulders indicate unsatisfied revenge.

It is not probable, if more was known of this ferocious Indian, that his biography would afford any incident of sufficient interest to deserve a large space in our work. There can be no question that the agreeable epithet, by which he has chosen to be distinguished, is indicative of his character.

The Sauks, as a nation, afford favourable specimens of the Indian race. Among a large number that we have seen, the majority were tall, well formed, active men, who bestowed much care on the decoration of their persons, and were dignified in their manners. They are a warlike, active, and sprightly people, friendly to the whites, and hospitable to strangers. Their principal residence, until recently, was on the shores of Rock river, in Illinois, where their hunting grounds comprised the most fertile and beautiful region of the west. They have been removed from those lovely plains to other lands beyond the Mississippi, and their recent haunts are now covered with the farms of an industrious population.

CAA-TUU-JEE

CAATOUSEE.

IT is, perhaps, not to be regretted, that some of the portraits contained in our gallery, are those of persons of little repute; for, although many of the biographies may, on this account, be less interesting in themselves, a greater variety of the aspects of the Indian character will, on the whole, be presented to our readers.

The wandering savages who inhabit the sterile and inhospitable shores of the northern lakes, are the most miserable and degraded of the native tribes. Exposed to the greatest extremities of climate, and forced by their situation to spend the greater portion of their lives in obtaining a wretched subsistence, they have little ambition and few ideas which extend to the supply of their most immediate and pressing wants. The region which they inhabit affords but little game; and when the lakes are frozen, and the land covered with deep snow, there are seasons in which scarcely any living animal can be found, but the wretched tenant of the wigwam, whose habitual improvidence has prevented him from laying up any store for the winter. Lingering at the spot of his temporary residence until the horrors of starvation press him to instant exertion, he must then fly to some distant region, to which the wild animals of the plain, with a truer instinct, have already retreated, or seek a sheltered haunt where he may subsist by fishing. Many perish during these long journeys, or are doomed to disappointment on reaching the place of their destination, and thus they drag out, month after month, their weary existence, in the eager search for food.

We know not how the individual before us came to be designated by the name attached to the portrait. The true name is A-qua-o-da, which signifies *Creeping out of the water*. His usual residence is La Pointe, or Shagoimekoong, upon Lake Superior. He is a person of little repute, either with white or red men. He is too idle to hunt, and has no name as a warrior; nor is his character good in other respects. He is, however, an expert fisherman and canoeman, in which capacity he is occasionally employed by the traders. He has never advanced any pretensions to chieftainship, except to be a chief among the dancers, and in his profuse use of paints and ornaments.

CHIPPEWAY SQUAW & CHILD.

CHIPPEWAY SQUAW AND CHILD.

THE life of the Indian woman, under the most favourable circumstances, is one of continual labour and unmitigated hardship. Trained to servitude from infancy, and condemned to the performance of the most menial offices, they are the servants rather than the companions of man. Upon them, therefore, fall, with peculiar severity, all those vicissitudes and accidents of savage life which impose hardships and privations beyond those that ordinarily attend the state of barbarism. Such is the case with the tribes who inhabit a sterile region, or an inhospitable climate, where the scarcity of food and the rigour of the seasons enhance the difficulty of supporting life, and impose the most distressing burthens on the weaker sex. The Chippeway, or, as they pronounce their own name, the *Ojibway* nation, is scattered along the bleak shores of our northwestern lakes, over a region of barren plains, or dreary swamps, which, during the greater part of the year, are covered with snow and ice, and are at all times desolate and uninviting. Here the wretched Indian gleans a precarious subsistence: at one season by gathering the wild rice in the rivers and swamps, at another by fishing, and a third by hunting. Long intervals, however, occur when these resources fail; and, when exposed to absolute and hopeless want, the courage of the warrior and the ingenuity of the hunter sink into despair. The woman who, during the season of plenty, was worn down with the labour of following the hunter to the chase, carrying the game and dressing the food, now becomes the purveyor of the family, roaming the forest in search of berries, burrowing in the earth for roots, or ensnaring the lesser animals. While engaged in these various duties, she discharges also those of the mother, and travels over the icy plains with her infant at her back.

PET-A-LE-SHAR-RO

A PAWNEE BRAVE.

PETALESHARRO.

WE have been accustomed from childhood to hear but little of the Indians, except in connection with scenes of blood. The border wars, with their tales of horror, are among the nursery stories that have left the deepest impressions on our memories. This strife between the red and the white man is coeval with the first settlement of the country, and it continues even to this day. The prominent feature, in this long period of excitement and of war, and that on which all eyes are more intensely fixed, is the blood-thirsty cruelty of the Indian. This has been so often dwelt upon, and presented to our view under so many shocking forms, as to keep almost constantly before our eyes the war club, the scalping knife, and the tomahawk, together with the ferocious red man clad in the skins of beasts, the glare of whose eyes, with his attitude, and his blood-stained limbs, have all combined to fill our minds with terror, and our hearts with revenge. Indeed we have been taught to consider the Indian as necessarily blood-thirsty, ferocious, and vindictive, until we have viewed him as a being deprived, at the creation of his species, of those faculties whence come the nobler and more generous traits which are the boast and glory of his civilised brother. It is certainly true of the Indian, that his mode of warfare is barbarous. He spares neither age nor sex; and his victim is often subjected to the severest tortures. But it is no less true that he has never been taught those lessons of humanity which have, under the guidance of civilisation and Christianity, stript war of its more appalling horrors, and without which we should be no less savage than the Indians. Indeed it would be easy to demonstrate, that even when aided by the light of civilisation and professing to be Christians, the white man is no less cruel than the red man; and often, in our conflicts with each other, we come fully up to the savage man in all that is barbarous and revolting.

In our wars with the Indians we have been our own chroniclers. And how rarely has it happened that justice has been done the Indians, not only as to the causes of these wars, but to the conduct of the parties to them! Every thing of a palliative nature has been minutely registered, to justify or excuse the white man, whilst the red man has been held up to the view of the world, and consigned over to the judgment of posterity, not only as *the* cause of sanguinary and vindictive conflicts, but as the Moloch of the human race. The Indian has never been able to leave a record of his wrongs; to illustrate his own position, or to justify the desperate means he has resorted to in defence of his inheritance and his life.

However true it is that the Indian mode of warfare is exclusively savage, yet there are exceptions to its barbarities; and we have well authenticated instances of the most refined humanity, confirming our decided belief, that the Indian is not, by any law of his nature, bereft of the more noble qualities which are the pride and boast of civilised man, or that he is *necessarily* savage. We might enumerate many cases in which the untutored Indian has melted into pity at sight of the perilous condition of the white man, and at the very moment when he was looked upon as an invader and enemy. The most beautiful illustration of the existence of this feeling in the Indian, is in the intervention of Pocahontas, to save the life of Captain Smith. History has recorded that deed, and the civilised world has united in awarding its plaudits to that noble princess. Her memory has been embalmed by a grateful posterity. At the siege of Detroit, the garrison owed its safety to the agency of an Indian woman, who made known to the commanding officer the plans of Pontiac for its destruction and massacre. Indeed the Indian women are remarkable for the exercise of this generous feeling—even among the Indians it is a common occurrence for them, in times of excitement, to secrete knives and guns, and all kinds of instruments of death; and, by so doing, often prevent the shedding of blood.

But this feeling of compassion, this boast of the civilised man and Christian, is not confined to the Indian women. We are not without examples of the same sort among the men. The famous Logan, notwithstanding the wrongs he was made to endure, in his own person, and in the persons of his family and kindred, until he exclaimed, in all the bitterness of bereavement, "*There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature,*" has left behind him, in honour of his memory, a noble specimen of this humane feeling, in counselling one of his own captives, who was condemned by the council to undergo the severe tortures of the gauntlet, how to escape it; and when, afterwards, this same captive was condemned to be burned, and Logan, finding that his efforts and his eloquence in his behalf all failed, nobly and bravely advanced, and, with his own hands, released the prisoner from the stake to which he was bound.

But we hasten to sketch the character of *Petalesharro*, whose portrait is before the reader.

Petalesharro was a brave of the Pawnee tribe. His father, *Letalashaw*, was chief of his band, and a man of renown. Petalesharro early imbibed his father's spirit. Often, no doubt, charmed with the songs of the chief, in which he recounted the battles he had fought, and told of the scalps he had taken, his youthful bosom heaved, and his heart resolved to imitate these deeds: and, in his turn, to recount his warlike exploits, tell of his victories, and count the scalps he had taken. Thus impressed, he went early into battle, and soon won the renown and the title of a "*brave.*"

We saw him in Washington in 1821, whither he was sent as one of a deputation from his tribe, to transact business with the government. He was dressed, so far as his half-length discloses it, precisely as he is seen in the portrait. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war eagle, which extended, in a double series, down his back to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown carelessly but gracefully over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm, bare. The usual garments decorated

his hips and lower limbs—these were the *aurenus*, the leggins, and the moccasins, all ornamented. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, yet he was then believed to be twenty-five.

A fine incident is connected with the history of this Indian. The Pawnee Loups had long practised the savage rite, known to no other of the American tribes, of sacrificing human victims to the *Great Star*, or the planet Venus. This dreadful ceremony annually preceded the preparations for planting corn, and was supposed to be necessary to secure a fruitful season. To prevent a failure of the crop, and a consequent famine, some individual was expected to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, who had been captured in war, and some one was always found who coveted the honour of dedicating the spoil of his prowess to the national benefit. The intended victim, carefully kept in ignorance of the fate that impended, was dressed in gay apparel, supplied with the choicest food, and treated with every tenderness, with the view of promoting obesity, and preparing an offering the more acceptable to the deities who were to be propitiated. When, by the successful employment of these means, the unhappy victim was sufficiently fatted, a day was appointed for the sacrifice, and the whole nation assembled to witness the solemn scene.

Some short time before Petalesharro was deputed to visit Washington, it chanced that an Iteau maid, who had been taken prisoner, was doomed by her captor to be offered up to the Great Star, and was prepared with the usual secrecy and care for the grand occasion. The grief and alarm, incident to a state of captivity, had been allayed by deceptive kindness, and the grateful prisoner became happy in the society of strangers, who bestowed upon her a degree of adulation to which she had probably not been accustomed. Exempt from labour, and exalted into an unwonted ease of life, she soon acquired that serenity of mind and comeliness of person which rendered her worthy of being offered to the Great Star, as a full equivalent for an abundant harvest.

The reader will now fancy himself in view of the great gathering of the Pawnees, and that he is in sight of the multitude assembled in honour of the sacrifice. In his near approach he will hear their orgies. In the midst of the circle a stake is brought; its end is sharpened, when it is driven deep into the ground. Yells and shouts announce that all is ready. In the distance is seen a company of Pawnees; by the side of the leader is a delicate girl. They approach nearer. He who made her captive enters the circle—shouts welcome him. He takes the girl by the hand, and leads her to the fatal spot. Her back is placed against the stake; cords are brought, and she is bound to it. The fagots are now collected, and placed around the victim. A hopeless expression is seen in her eye—perhaps a tear! Her bosom heaves, and her thoughts are of home, when a torch is seen coming from the woods, hard by. At that moment a young brave leaps into the midst of the circle, rushes to the stake, tears the victim from it, and, springing on a horse, and throwing her upon another, and putting both to the top of their speed, is soon lost in the distance. Silence prevails—then murmurs are heard—then the loud threats of vengeance, when all retire. The stake and the fagot are all that remain to mark the spot on which, but for this noble deed, ashes

and bones would have distinguished. Who was it that intrepidly released the captive maid? It was the young, the brave, the generous *Petalesharro!* Whether it was panic, or the dread of Letalashaw's vengeance that operated, and kept the warriors from using their bows and arrows, and rifles, is not known, but certain it is they did not use them.

Our readers will, perhaps, expect to hear that Petalesharro conducted the maiden to her own people, and received the reward which valour deserves from beauty. But mere gallantry formed no part of this adventure. It was not induced, nor rewarded, by love. The Indian is very scriptural in his belief, that man is the head of the woman; but he is equally strong in the faith, that the female, if she has fair play, is quite as able to take care of herself as a man. Having escorted her into the broad plains, beyond the precincts of the Pawnee village, and supplied her with provisions, he admonished her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was distant about four hundred miles, and left her to her fate and her reflections. She lost no time in obeying such salutary counsel, and had the good fortune, the next day, to fall in with a war party of her own people, by whom she was safely carried home.

Can the records of chivalry furnish a parallel to this generous act? Can the civilised world bring forward a case demonstrating a higher order of humanity united with greater bravery? Whence did the youthful Petalesharro learn this lesson of refined pity? Not of civilised man. Great as have been the efforts of the good and the merciful, from the days of Elliot and Brainard to our own times, to enlighten the Indians, none had ever yet reached the *Pawnees* to instruct them, or to enrapture their thoughts by such beautiful illustrations of the merciful. It was the impulse of nature—nature cast in a more refined mould; and, probably, as the sequel will show, nurtured by the blood and spirit of a noble though untaught father.

The tidings of this deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. He and his deed soon became the theme of the city. The ladies, especially, as is their nature, hastened to do him honour. A medal was prepared. A time was appointed for conferring upon him this merited gift. An assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given him in token of the high opinion which was entertained of his act in the rescue of the Iteau maid. He was asked, by the ladies who presented it, to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from torture, and from the stake, to look upon the medal, think of those who gave it, and save her, as he had saved the Iteau girl. The reply of Petalesharro was prompt and excellent, but the interpretation of it was shocking! He was made to say, "I did it (rescued the girl,) in *ignorance*. I did *not know that I did good!* I now know that I did good by your giving me this medal." We understood him to mean this; and so, we have no doubt, he spoke, in substance, though not in our words:—"He did not know, till now, that the act he had performed was meritorious; but, as his white brothers and sisters considered it a good act, and put upon it so high a value, he was *glad they had heard of it.*" We would almost venture to represent the words of the brave in reply to the compliment. We saw the medal put on his neck, and saw him take it in his hand, and look at it. Holding it before him, he said—"This

brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf after a storm, and when the wind is still. I listen to you. I am glad. I love the pale faces more than I ever did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know this by giving me this medal."

The rescue of the Iteau girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and not as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone as the only incident of the sort in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother warriors had brought in a captive boy. He was a Spaniard. The captor resolved to offer him in sacrifice to the Great Star. The chief, Letalashaw, had been for some time opposed to these barbarous rites. He sent for the warrior, and told him he did not wish him to make the sacrifice. The warrior claimed his right under the immemorial usages of the tribe. They parted. Letalashaw sent for his son, and asked what was to be done to divert the captor from his purpose. Petalesharro promptly replied, "I will take the boy, like a brave, by force." The father thought, no doubt, that danger would attend upon the act, and resolved on a more pacific mode. It was to buy the boy. He accordingly gave out his intention, and those who had goods of any kind brought them to his lodge, and laid them down as an offering on the pile which the chief had supplied from his own stores. The collection having been made, the captor was again sent for, and, in the authoritative tone of a chief, thus addressed: "Take these goods, and give me the boy." He refused, when the chief seized his war club and flourished it over the head of the captor. At the moment, Petalesharro sprang forward, and said—"Strike! and let the wrath of his friends fall on me." The captor, making a merit of necessity, agreed, if a few more articles were added, to give up the boy to the chief. They were added, and thus the captive was saved. The merchandise was sacrificed instead of the boy. The cloth was cut into shreds, and suspended upon poles, at the spot upon which the blood of the victim had been proposed to be shed, and the remainder of the articles burned. No subsequent attempt to immolate a victim was made.

Petalesharro succeeded his father in the chieftainship of his tribe, and became highly distinguished in that station.

We conclude this sketch with the following stanzas, published some years ago in the New York Commercial Advertiser, on the rescue of the Iteau maid.

THE PAWNEE BRAVE.

The summer had fled, but there linger'd still,
A warmth in the clear blue skies;
The flowers were gone, and the night wind's chill
Had robed the forest and the woody hill
In richest of Autumn dyes.

The battle was fought, and the deadly strife
Had ceased on the Prairie plains;
Each tomahawk—spear—and keen-edged knife
Was red with the current of many a life,
It bore from the severed veins.

The Pawnee followed his victor band
That sped to their home afar—
The river* is passed, and again they stand,
A trophied throng, on their own broad land,
Recounting the deeds of war.

A beautiful captive maid was there,
Bedeck'd as a warrior's bride—
The glossy braids of her ebon hair,
Interwoven with grass, and adorned with care,
With the jet of the raven vied.

Her beaded robes were skillfully wrought,
With shells from the river isles,
The fairest that wash from the ocean, brought
From the straits by a brave young Chief, who sought
The meed of her sweetest smiles.

Beneath the bows of an ancient oak—
They came to the council ground;
No eloquent tongue for the maiden spoke,
She was quickly doomed, and their shouts awoke
The woods to the piercing sound.

And when on her olive cheek, a tear
Stole out from her lustrous eye,
A youth from th' exulting crowd drew near,
And whispered words in her startled ear,
That told she was not to die.

They hurried away to the fatal spot,
Deep hid in the forest shade;
And bound her fast, but she murmured not—
They bared her breast for the rifle shot,
And drew for the scalping blade.

Then forth to the work of death they came,
While the loud death song was heard—
A hunter skilled in the chase, whose aim
Ne'er missed the heart of his mountain game—
He waited the signal word!

One instant more, ere the maid should bleed,
A moment and all were done—
The Pawnee sprang from his noble steed,
Unloosed her bonds, and the captive freed—
A moment—and they were gone!

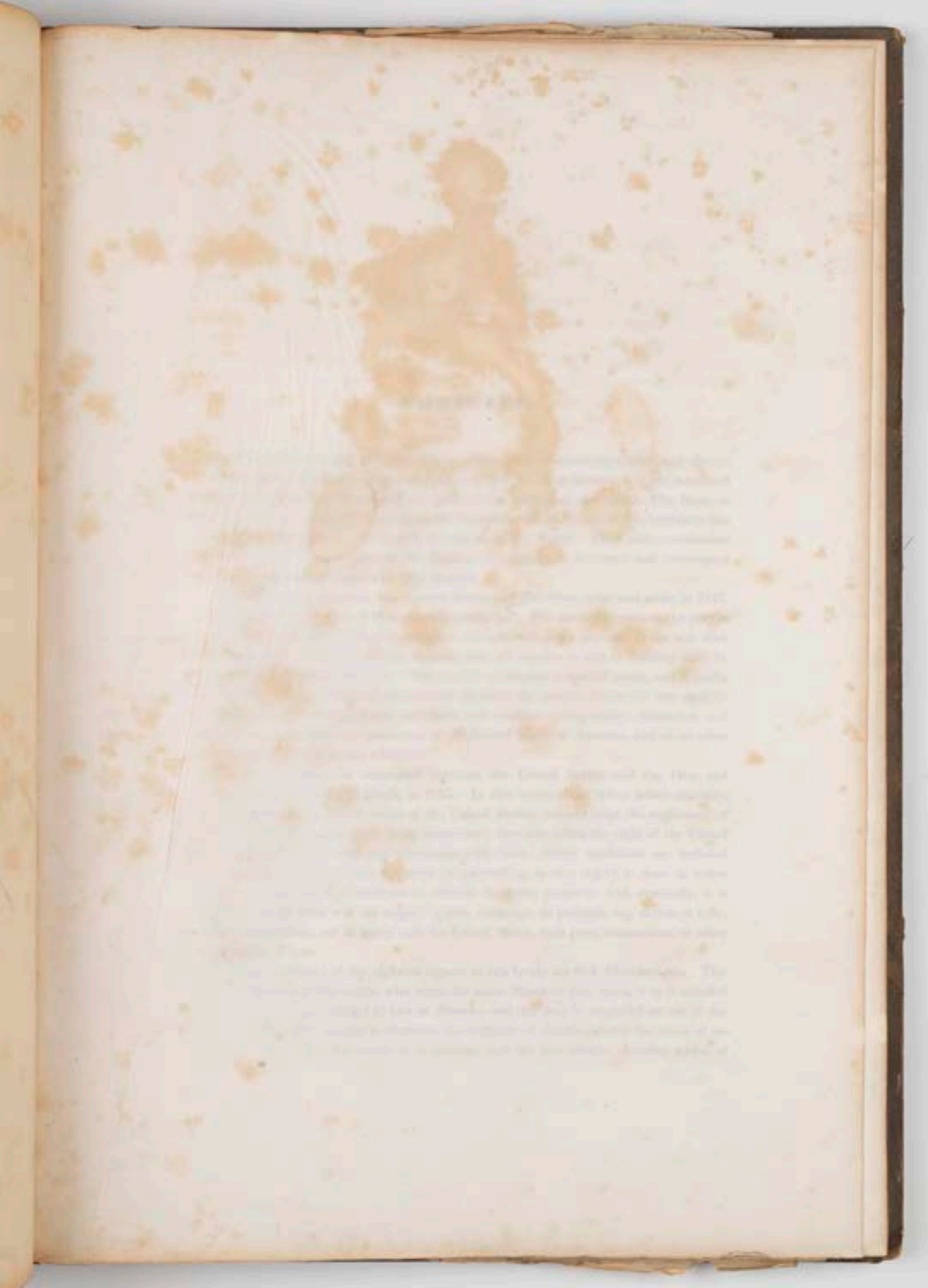
Then swift as the speed of wind, away
To her distant home they hied—
And just at the sunset hour of day,
Ere the evening dew on the meadow lay,
She stood at her father's side.

* The battle alluded to was fought with a tribe Mississippi tribe.

O'HON-GA-PE

Philadelphia Published by E. Biddle

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1837 by E. Biddle, in the Clerks office of the District Court of the United States for the



CHONCAPE.

CHONCAPE, although of the Otos tribe, (Ottoe, as it is commonly spelled, and always pronounced,) of which he is second chief, is called the *Big Kansas*, a name borrowed from another tribe. We know but little of the history of this chief. The Otos, or Ottoes, own and occupy a country on the Missouri, east and south of the boundary line dividing the Sauks and Foxes, and Ioways, from the Sioux. They were troublesome during the war of 1812 with Great Britain, and frequently harassed and interrupted the trade between Missouri and New Mexico.

The first treaty between the United States and the Otos tribe was made in 1817. It is entitled, "A Treaty of Peace and Friendship." The preamble restores the parties to the same relations which they occupied towards each other previous to the war with Great Britain. The first article declares that all injuries or acts of hostility shall be mutually forgiven and forgotten. The second establishes perpetual peace, and provides that all the friendly relations that existed between the parties before the war shall be restored. In the third and last, the chiefs and warriors acknowledge themselves and their tribe to be under the protection of the United States of America, and of no other nation, power, or sovereign whatever.

A second treaty was concluded between the United States and the Otos and Missouries, at the Council Bluffs, in 1825. In this treaty those tribes admit that they reside within the territorial limits of the United States; acknowledge the supremacy of the United States, and claim their protection; they also admit the right of the United States to regulate all trade and intercourse with them. Other conditions are included in this treaty; among these the mode of proceeding, in case injury is done to either party, is settled, as is a condition in relation to stolen property; and, especially, it is agreed that the Otos will not supply by sale, exchange, or presents, any nation or tribe, or band of Indians, not in amity with the United States, with guns, ammunition, or other implements of war.

Among the names of the eighteen signers to this treaty we find *Shunk-co-pee*. This is our Choncape. The scribe who wrote his name Shunk-co-pee, wrote it as it sounded to his ears. *Chon* sounded to him as *Shunk*—and this may be regarded as one of the thousand instances serving to illustrate the difficulty of handing down the name of an Indian. The ear of the writer of it governs, and the pen obeys. Another scribe, of

some other country, would, probably, in following the sound of this Indian's name, have written it *Tshon-ko-pee;* and thus we might have had three Indians manufactured out of one.

The rapidly increasing trade between Missouri and the Mexican dominions, and the frequent interruptions which it had experienced from the Otos and other Indian tribes, the grounds of whose more distant excursions lay in the route of its prosecution, suggested the importance of this treaty. But the conditions of a treaty with distant and roving bands of Indians, who are as wild and untamed as their buffalo, were not relied upon as of sufficient strength out of which to erect barriers for the protection of the trade which the treaty of 1825 was mainly intended to secure. There was one other resort on which greater reliance was placed; and that was, to select and bring to Washington, and through our populous cities, some of the leading chiefs of those bands whose pacific dispositions it had become of such moment to secure. Among those who were selected for this object was Chouteape. We are to infer from this that he was a man of influence at home, and that he had the confidence of his tribe. It is to the reports of such a one, only, that the Indians will listen; and it was the design that he and his comrades should not only witness our numbers and our power, but that the reports that should be made of both, on their return, should operate upon the fears of their tribes, and thus render more secure our trade with the Mexican frontier.

That Chouteape had won trophies in war is no more to be doubted than that he had been in contact with the grizzly bear, whose claws he wears as an ornament around his neck, in token of his victory over that animal. But, while he was at Washington, he was peaceful in his looks, and orderly in his conduct. Nothing occurred while on his visit to that city to mark him as a chief of any extraordinary talents. The impression he left on our mind was, that he was entitled to the distinction which his tribe had conferred upon him in making him a chief, and to be chosen as one of a party to come among us, behold our strength, and report upon it to his people. He said nothing, which we heard, that is worth recording, and did nothing of which he or his tribe should be ashamed.

WA-PA-SA

GRAND CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

WANATA.

THIS is a fine picture, and represents a very distinguished personage. Although the Sioux are divided into several tribes, governed by different leaders, this individual, in consideration of his paramount influence, is called the grand chief. His dress exhibits an air of state and dignity which is often assumed by the aboriginal chiefs, but is seldom so successfully displayed. It consists of a long robe of the skin of the buffalo, skilfully prepared by the Indian women, by a laborious process, which renders it at once soft and white. Figures are traced upon this material with paint, or worked into it with splinters of the quills of the porcupine, dyed with the most gaudy colours. The plumage of the bird is tastefully interwoven; and the whole is so disposed as to form a rude but appropriate dress for the powerful ruler of a savage people.

Mr. Keating, in his narrative of the Expedition to the Source of the St. Peter's, describes an interview with this chief, and gives an account of his person and apparel, which nearly conforms with the portrait in this number. "He was dressed in the full habit of an Indian chief; we have never seen a more dignified person, or a more becoming dress. The most prominent part of his apparel was a splendid cloak, or mantle of buffalo skin, dressed so as to be of a fine white colour; it was decorated with small tufts of owl's feathers, and others of various hues, probably a remnant of a fabric, once in general use among the aborigines of our territory, and still worn in the northeast and northwest parts of this continent, as well as in the South Sea Islands. It is what was called by the first European visiters of North America, the feather mantle and feather blanket, which were by them much admired. A splendid necklace, formed of about sixty claws of the grizzly bear, imparted a manly character to his whole appearance. His leggins, jacket, and moccasins, were in the real Dacota fashion, being made of white skins, profusely decorated with human hair; his moccasins were variegated with the plumage of several birds. In his hair he wore nine sticks, neatly cut and smoothed, and painted with vermilion; these designated the number of gunshot wounds which he had received; they were secured by a strip of red cloth; two plaited tresses of his hair were allowed to hang forward; his face was tastefully painted with vermilion; in his hand he bore a large fan of the feathers of the turkey; this he frequently used.

"We have never seen a nobler face, or a more impressive character, than that of the Dacota chief, as he stood that afternoon, in his manly and characteristic dress,

contemplating a dance performed by the men of his own nation. It would require the utmost talent of the artist to convey a fair idea of this chief; to display his manly and regular features, strongly stamped, it is true, with the Indian character, but admirably blended with an expression of mildness and modesty; and it would require no less talent to represent the graceful and unstudied folds of his mantle."

Another interview with this chief is thus described: "As we appeared upon the brow of the hill, which commands the company's fort, a salute was fired from a number of Indian tents, which were pitched in the vicinity, from the largest of which the American colours were flying; and as soon as we dismounted from our horses, we received an invitation to a feast, which Wanata had prepared for us. The gentlemen of the company informed us, that as soon as the Indians had heard of our contemplated visit, they had commenced their preparations for a festival, and that they had killed three of their dogs. We repaired to a sort of pavilion which they had erected, by the union of several large skin lodges. Fine buffalo robes were spread all around, and the air was perfumed by the odour of sweet-scented grass which had been burned in it. On entering the lodge we saw the chief seated near the further end of it, and one of his principal men pointed out to us the place which was destined for our accommodation. It was at the upper end of the lodge; the Indians who were in it taking no further notice of us. These consisted of the chief, his son, a lad about eight years old, and eight or ten of the principal warriors. The chief's dress presented a mixture of the European and aboriginal costume: he wore moccasins and leggins of splendid scarlet cloth, a fine shirt of printed muslin, over this a frock coat of fine blue cloth, with scarlet facings, somewhat similar to the undress uniform coat of a Prussian officer; this was buttoned and secured round the waist by a belt. Upon his head he wore a blue cloth cap, made like a German fatigue cap. A very handsome Mackinaw blanket, slightly ornamented with paint, was thrown over his person."

The writer describes the countenance of Wanata as prepossessing. The portrait before us indicates a thoughtful and resolute, if not a generous, disposition. He is, however, a very magnificent savage, and has an air of command which is sufficiently regal.

The Dacotas are the Arabs of western America. Inhabiting the vast prairies which lie between the Mississippi and the Missouri, they wander extensively over those beautiful plains in search of game, or in pursuit of their enemies, roaming often beyond their proper limits, to the shores of the northern lakes, and to the banks of the Arkansas and Red rivers. The topography of their country makes them horsemen, the vast extent and even surface of the prairies rendering the service of the horse particularly desirable. Upon this noble animal they perform their long journeys, charge their enemies in battle, or chase the buffalo. They are expert and fearless riders, managing their horses with a surprising degree of dexterity, and using them with equal success in the chase or in war.

Wanata is chief of the Yanktonas, a tribe of the Sioux, or Dacota Indians, whose proper residence is on the waters of the river St. Peter, which empties into the Mississippi, a short distance below the Falls of St. Anthony. They are divided into six bands, and have altogether about four hundred and fifty lodges, which contain a

population of between five and six thousand, of whom thirteen hundred are warriors. Few chiefs can lead so many followers to battle. The whole Dacota nation is estimated to comprise sixty thousand souls. The Yanktona, or, as it is otherwise written, Yanktonnan, is one of the most important of the tribes, and may now be ranked as the first, in consequence of the influence of Wanata. The word Yanktona signifies *fern leaf*. They do not dwell in permanent houses, but in fine skin lodges, made of the hide of the buffalo, neatly dressed and decorated, and which they move with facility from place to place.

At the early age of eighteen Wanata was distinguished as a warrior, and fought against the Americans under the command of his father, who was then chief of the tribe, and who cherished a mortal hatred against the American people. During the last war between Great Britain and the United States, he joined the former, and was one of a murderous band of savages collected by Colonel Dixon, under whom he fought at Sandusky, where he was wounded. He has since professed friendship towards the United States, but he is well known to be a crafty leader, who would favour or plunder any party, as his interest might dictate. His position, however, is now such as to place him in our power, and offers him little inducement to incur the displeasure of our government. On the other hand, he continues to cultivate a good understanding with his former friends. Ranging through all the country, from the tributary streams of the St. Peter's to Lake Winnepeg, he often comes in contact with the inhabitants of the British colony in that isolated region, who have endeavoured to conciliate this powerful and wily savage by valuable presents, which he receives as the tribute due to his high reputation. He has had the sagacity to render this intercourse a source of regular profit, by practising successfully on the fears of these colonists.

There is an incident in the life of this chief which is highly illustrative of the superstition as well as the fortitude of the Indian character. On the eve of a journey which he made in 1822, in which he was likely to be exposed to great danger from the Chippewas, he made a vow to the sun, that if he should return safe, he would abstain from food and drink for four days and nights, and would distribute among his people all his property of every description. Returning, without accident, his first care was to celebrate the dance of the sun—a ceremony so shockingly painful and revolting, that we can scarcely imagine a sufficiently strong inducement for its voluntary performance. Deep incisions were made in the breast and arms, so as to separate the skin from the flesh, in the form of loops, through which a rope was passed, and the ends fastened to a tall vertical pole, erected for the purpose in front of his lodge. He began the horrid exercise at the commencement of his fast, and continued it throughout the four days, sometimes dancing, and frequently throwing his whole weight upon the cord which was passed through his skin, and swinging to and fro in this painful position. At the conclusion he sunk exhausted, and was relieved by his friends. After the ceremony was over, he distributed among his people all his property, consisting of his lodges, dogs, guns, trinkets, robes, and several fine horses; and he and his two wives, abandoning their tent, with its furniture, took up their lodging in the open air.

When the Rickara villages, on the Missouri, were burned in 1823, by the troops under Colonel Leavenworth, in retaliation for some acts of depredation committed by them, that tribe retired from the place, but returned in 1824. Wanata seized this occasion to strengthen his power; and, encouraged by traders who had been ill treated by the Rickaras, he made war upon that tribe, which, weakened and dispirited by the chastisement recently inflicted on them, made but a feeble resistance. He burned their villages again, and drove them from the country. Here he established himself, between the Rickaras and Mandans; and he has ever since retained his conquest.

Wanata was only twenty-eight years old when visited by the party under Colonel Long, whose description of him we have copied. Our portrait was taken some years later. He is a tall and finely formed man, more than six feet in height. His manners are dignified and reserved, and his attitudes, though studied, are graceful. He is now about forty-five years of age, and commands more influence than any other Indian chief on the continent. His rule over his own tribe is absolute. He has no rival or compeer. He resorts neither to presents nor to persuasion to secure obedience, but issues his peremptory mandates which are never disputed.

The traders speak of him as one who may be trusted, because it is policy to be at peace with the whites; but they place no confidence in his friendship, and have little faith in his integrity. Brave, skilful, and sagacious, he is grasping, artful, and overbearing; it is safer to secure his interest than to trust to his generosity or mercy.

PEAH-MUS-KA

A MUSQUAKEE CHIEF.

PEAHMUSKA.

THIS person was the principal chief of the Fox, or Musquakee tribe, and was considered a peaceable, well disposed man. An Indian of such a character has little history. If not signalised by exploits of war, revenge, or depredation, his slothful life is expended in pursuits which afford no incident worthy of record. His summers are spent in the chase, and his winters in sleep.

The Musquakees, as is remarked in another place, are the remnant of a tribe once powerful, but now incorporated with the Sauks, and the chief has but a narrow sphere of duty or influence.

Although Peahmuska lived an inoffensive, reputable life, we are sorry to record that he died by violence. He was proceeding, a few years ago, to Prairie du Chien, with a small party, consisting of eight or ten warriors of his tribe, and had encamped for the night within a day's journey of that place, when a party of Menomenies, who had secretly pursued them, surprised the sleeping band and murdered them all, except one, who had the good fortune to escape. In revenge for this massacre, a war party of Sauks and Foxes afterwards stole upon a number of Menomenies, at Prairie du Chien, and slew them all, within sight of the American fort. The commanding officer, considering his authority insulted, and desiring to put a stop to these retaliatory measures, demanded of the Sauks the delivery of the murderers, but Keokuk, the head chief, replied, that they were so numerous that it was impossible for him to take them. The offenders, in the meanwhile, expecting that some attempt would be made by the agents of the American government to punish their audacity, had banded themselves under Black Hawk, and were preparing for war. It was during the existence of this state of excitement that some other collisions took place, which led to the war in which Black Hawk figured as the principal leader.

The Sauks and Foxes are considered to be a hospitable people, and friendly to the whites; but, in the prosecution of their wars, or schemes of revenge, are regarded, even by the Indians, as remarkably cunning and treacherous. They relate of themselves, with great exultation, an exploit which they deem highly creditable to their character as warriors. A party of them, while on a hunting expedition, fell in with an equal number of Ioways, with whom they were then at peace, but against whom they cherished a secret hatred, arising out of some ancient feud. Professing to be delighted at the

meeting, they invited the Ioways to a feast; and when their unsuspecting guests were seated round the banquet, consisting of a roasted dog, each warrior of the Sauk and Fox party selecting his victim, the whole of the Ioways were shot at the same instant; after which the murderers devoured the feast in triumph. Such is the daring and the chivalry of the red man; such the deeds of gratuitous extermination which often characterise them, and which, in connection with other destroying influences, are operating in passing these people away from among the nations of the earth.

CA-TA-HE-CAS-SA

BLACK HOOF

Principal Chief of the Shawaunees

Philadelphia Published by E.C. Biddle

Entered according to act of Congress on the year 1837 by E.C. Biddle in the Clerks office of the District Court of Eastern Pennsylvania

CATAHECASSA.

THE Shawanoe nation was one of the most warlike of the North American tribes. Little is known of their history previous to the middle of the last century, about which time they emigrated from Florida, under circumstances which lead to the belief, that their numbers had recently been much reduced by war. They seem to have been always a restless and enterprising people; for, although their former residence was unquestionably upon the sea coast, they had often penetrated to Tennessee and Kentucky, in their wars or hunting expeditions. On their removal to the west a portion of them settled in Ohio, and the remainder ascended to Western Virginia and Pennsylvania. Immediately after the peace of 1763, the whole nation, consisting of four tribes, and numbering several thousand warriors, collected upon the Miami, at Piqua, where they remained until they were driven away by the Kentuckians, at the close of the revolutionary war. Their next residence was on the waters of the Maumee of Lake Erie, whence they removed, after the treaty of Greenville, to Wapakonetta, in Ohio; and, finally, a remnant of about eighty souls, to which this once fierce and powerful nation had dwindled, removed in 1833 to the western shore of the Mississippi.

These extensive wanderings are to be attributed, in part, to the erratic propensities of the Indians; but in many cases they are the result of force, either of tribe against tribe, or of the more operative power of the white man. The Indian nations, when first visited by Europeans, appeared, in many instances, not to have resided long upon the spots where they were found. Since we have had the opportunity of observing their habits, we have seen them continually changing place; but in many cases it has been in pursuit of the game which had receded into the interior; in others, these migrations were caused by conflicts among themselves, but of later years especially, by the wrongs, the injustice, and the power of the white man.

We are not informed as to the cause which drove the Shawanese from Florida; or why, passing over the prolific borders of the Ohio, which are known to have abounded in game at that time, a portion of them should wander to a more northern and less fertile region. Judging, however, from their subsequent history, we may suppose that they were induced by the rumour of wars between the English and French, to approach the scene of action, in search of plunder. We hear of them first, at the memorable defeat of Braddock, in 1755. That battle holds a melancholy pre-eminence in the annals of

border warfare. It was one of the earliest occasions on which the savages dared to attack a regular force; and the entire annihilation of a numerous and well appointed army of European troops, gave them a confidence which led to a long series of disasters. In the hostilities which succeeded, and continued with little intermission for forty years, the Shawanese were among the most daring, audacious, and persevering of our foes. They were conspicuous actors in the sanguinary battle at Point Pleasant, where General Lewis, at the head of a gallant band of Virginians, defended his position successfully against a vigourous and obstinate attack made by a numerous band of savages. In the campaigns of Harmer, St. Clair, and Wayne, they were foremost in every battle; while the early settlers of Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, found them ever the inveterate and uncompromising foes of the white man. They were considered as not only warlike, but treacherous and intriguing; and some of the other tribes accused them of being the instigators of those destructive wars which for many years disturbed our borders, and were not less disastrous to the Indians than to the civilised settlers of the wilderness. They asserted, that after peace had been made, and when the other tribes were disposed to observe their treaties in good faith, the Shawanese would secretly provoke the whites by committing a murder, or by some other act of hostility, in such a manner as to leave it doubtful who was the real offender. The whites, in retaliation, would attack the nearest village, or the first party of Indians who might fall in their way, and all the tribes in the vicinity would become entangled in the war. There might be some exaggeration and some truth in these statements, but there is little question that this nation was daring, restless, and treacherous. They retained this character to the last. During a period of several years preceding 1811, the famous Tecumthe, and his brother the Prophet, kept the frontier in a state of continual alarm by their intrigues and depredations. In the last mentioned year they made an audacious and well concerted attack on the American army, commanded by General Harrison, and were severely chastised by that intrepid officer; and during the war between Great Britain and the United States, which immediately succeeded, this tribe engaged with alacrity in the British cause, and were continually in the field, until, by the death of Tecumthe, and the loss of many of their warriors, the spirit of the nation was broken down.

Engaged continually in war, the leading men of the Shawanoe nation, ever since that people has been known by the whites, were persons of ability and courage. The most conspicuous of those who lived in our own times were Catahecassa, or Black Hoof—Shemenetoo, or the Snake, and Tecumthe.

Black Hoof was one of the greatest warriors of his race, and it is supposed that few individuals have ever been engaged in so many battles. He was present at the defeat of Braddock in 1755, and fought through all the subsequent wars until the treaty of Greenville in 1795. Among the Indians none are compelled to go to battle; public opinion is the only law by which any individual is bound to perform military service; and the war chiefs have no authority but such as is derived from the voluntary obedience of their followers. When a warrior conceives himself capable of leading an enterprise he forms his plans, announces his intention, and publicly appoints a time and place at

which he may be met by those who may be disposed to join him. When the party is assembled, properly equipped, painted, and prepared in all respects, the leader explains his whole plan, which is usually assented to. If any warrior, however, chooses to make a suggestion, it is listened to with respect, and duly weighed; but, after the whole plan has been concerted, the leader assumes the responsibility of its execution, and his followers render him the most implicit obedience throughout the enterprise. The number, therefore, and the character of the party, are determined by the reputation of him who proposes to take the direction. If the invitation is given by a person of little repute, few accept it, and those few are warriors of inferior note, or youths who are willing to embrace any occasion to go to war; while, on the other hand, the bravest warriors will enlist eagerly under one who has already gained distinction. In other cases, where the leader is respectable, but not eminent, he is followed by his personal friends, or by a small band who may be gained by solicitations, or induced by the prospect of plunder. An ambitious young warrior, who is desirous to become a war chief, but has not yet established any claims to popular favour, will sometimes induce two or three of his friends to accompany him on a hostile expedition; and, if successful, will, on the next occasion, be able to enlist a larger train. The practical effect of this system is obvious. The warrior who, in leading a small party at the commencement of his career, discovers sagacity, coolness, cunning, and patience, gains the confidence of his tribe, and, if fortune continues to smile, rises gradually into a partisan of established reputation; while another, equally brave, who betrays a want of talent, sinks into the ranks, and ceases to be regarded as a suitable person to command in war.

The success of Black Hoof, both in planning and in execution, was so great that he gained the entire confidence of his nation, and could always command the services of any number of volunteers. He was known far and wide as the great Shawanoe warrior, whose cunning, sagacity, and experience, were only equalled by the fierce and desperate bravery with which he carried into operation his military plans. Like the other Shawanoe chiefs, he was the inveterate foe of the white man, and held, that no peace should be made, nor any negotiation attempted, except on the condition that the whites should repass the mountains, and leave the great plains of the west to the sole occupancy of the native tribes.

He was the orator of his tribe during the greater part of his long life, and was an excellent speaker. The venerable Colonel Johnston, of Piqua, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information, describes him as the most graceful Indian he had ever seen, and as possessing the most natural and happy faculty of expressing his ideas. He was well versed in the traditions of his people; no one understood better their peculiar relations to the whites, whose settlements were gradually encroaching on them, or could detail with more minuteness the wrongs with which his nation was afflicted. But although a stern and uncompromising opposition to the whites had formed his policy through a series of forty years, and nerved his arm in a hundred battles, he became at length convinced of the madness of an ineffectual struggle against a vastly superior and hourly increasing foe. No sooner had he satisfied himself of this truth, than he acted

upon it with the decision which formed a prominent trait in his character. The temporary success of the Indians in several engagements previous to the campaign of General Wayne, had kept alive their expiring hopes; but their signal defeat by that gallant officer, convinced the more reflecting of their leaders of the desperate character of the conflict. Black Hoof was among those who decided upon making terms with the victorious American commander; and having signed the treaty of 1795, at Greenville, he remained faithful to his stipulations during the remainder of his life. From that day he ceased to be the enemy of the white man; and, as he was not one who could act a negative part, he became the firm ally and friend of those against whom his tomahawk had been so long raised in vindictive animosity. He was their friend, not from sympathy, or conviction, but in obedience to a necessity which left no middle course, and under a belief that submission alone could save his tribe from destruction, and having adopted this policy, his sagacity and sense of honour, alike forbade a recurrence either to open war or secret hostility.

Catahecassa was the principal chief of the Shawanoe nation, and possessed all the influence and authority which are usually attached to that office, at the period when Tecumthe, and his brother the Prophet, commenced their hostile operations against the United States. Tecumthe had never been reconciled to the whites. As sagacious and as brave as Black Hoof, and resembling him in the possession of all the better traits of the savage character, he differed widely from that respectable chief in his political opinions. They were both patriotic, in the proper sense of the word, and earnestly desired to preserve the remnant of their tribe from the destruction that threatened the whole Indian race. Black Hoof, whose long and victorious career as a warrior placed his courage far above suspicion, submitted to what he believed inevitable, and endeavoured to evade the effects of the storm by bending beneath its fury; while Tecumthe, a younger man, an influential warrior, but not a chief, with motives equally public spirited, was, no doubt, biassed unconsciously to himself, by personal ambition, and suffered his hatred to the white man to overmaster every other feeling and consideration. The one was a leader of ripe fame, who had reached the highest place in his nation, and could afford to retire from the active scenes of warfare; the other was a candidate for higher honours than he had yet achieved; and both might have been actuated by a common impulse of rivalry, which induced them to espouse different opinions, in opposition to each other.

During several years immediately preceding 1811, the British cabinet prosecuted with renewed vigour their favourite policy of exciting the western savages into active hostilities against the United States. The agents of that government traversed the frontier, holding councils with the Indians, and seeking to inflame them by artful harangues, or to bribe them by liberal presents. The success of these intrigues is too well known. The tomahawk and fire brand were again busied in the fearful work of desolation, and a merciless war waged, not against the forts and armies of the American government, but upon the property and lives of individuals, upon the fields and firesides of a scattered population of enterprising farmers.

Tecumthe engaged eagerly in these scenes, and devoted all the energies of his bold genius to his darling scheme of fomenting the discord, which should bring about a general war between the Americans on one side, and the united Indian tribes on the other. Aided by his brother the Prophet—a deceitful, treacherous, but cunning man, he endeavoured to enlist his own nation in the great conspiracy, but found an insurmountable obstacle in the determined opposition of Black Hoof, who, having made a treaty of peace with the United States, resolved to maintain his plighted faith. In vain did Tecumthe intrigue, harangue, and threaten: in vain did the pretended Prophet practise his incantations—equally in vain did the British agent spread out his alluring cargo of trinkets and munitions. Black Hoof preserved his integrity; the older and more reputable part of the tribe adhered to him; while the young and thoughtless, the worthless and dissolute, joined by a similar class from other tribes, followed the Prophet to his new town, and commenced a system of robbery and murder which, doubtless, formed the extreme point to which either he or they had extended their views—while the more politic Tecumthe regarded them as a mere banditti, pushed forward to embroil the English with the Americans, and to force the savage tribes into a general war. The firmness with which Black Hoof stood aloof on this occasion, and his success in restraining the majority of his nation, showed alike his prudence, his foresight, and his popularity. His course was honourable to his judgment and his integrity.

Another trait in the character of this Indian is highly creditable, and indicates a perception of the social virtues not usually found in savage life. He lived forty years in harmony with one wife, and reared a numerous family, whom he treated with kindness, and by whom he was greatly beloved. The policy of the Indians, in this respect, is not fully understood. They permit, but do not in general encourage, polygamy. There is no law nor custom among them which forbids a plurality of wives; but they do not consider it creditable for any man to marry more women than he can support; and it is even considered a proof of weakness for a warrior to encumber himself with too large a family. The capacity to support a family differs among them, as with us, though not to the same extent. Their chief dependence for food being on the chase, the most expert hunter is best able to provide a subsistence; and the evils of poverty are most severely felt by those who are lazy, physically weak, or destitute of sagacity in finding game. Those who have established a reputation in war or in hunting, have each a small train of friends and defenders, composed of their sons and nephews—of youth who attach themselves to an experienced man for the benefit of his counsel or protection, or of the improvident who need a leader. When a distinguished warrior, therefore, speaks of *his young men*, he alludes to this train of relatives or pupils who support him in his quarrels, and follow him to the chase; while a chief employs the same form of expression in a more enlarged sense, as applicable to the young warriors of his nation. This explanation affords a key to one of the sources of the slight distinction in rank which exists among the Indians. Distinction in war or hunting draws around its possessor a band of two or three, or sometimes more, devoted followers, who, in a society where force is often the only law, increase the power of their leader, while they add to his

wealth by attending him in the chase, and thus increasing his means of procuring food. A warrior of this rank may, with propriety, grace his wigwam with several wives, and may even require the services of more than one to carry home his game, and perform the drudgery of his numerous family; while the improvident or unsuccessful hunter, or a youth who must rely entirely upon himself, may not venture to indulge himself with the same liberality. These distinctions are closely observed by the Indians in every tribe with which we are acquainted, and nothing more certainly provokes their contempt than the marrying an unreasonable number of wives. Black Hoof, as we have seen, was satisfied with one. Tecumthe had but one at a time, while the hypocritical Prophet, who, from laziness or incapacity, was not an active hunter, maintained a number of wives, who were supported by the contributions which he artfully levied upon his credulous followers. The two former were respected as men, even by their enemies, while the latter, as soon as he ceased to be sustained in his imposture by his politic and manly brother, sunk into disrepute. He died recently in Missouri.

An intelligent gentleman who spent many years among the Shawanese, in the discharge of public duties, and was often accompanied in long journeys through the wilderness by Black Hoof, describes him as a lively, agreeable, and instructive companion. On one of these occasions he shot a deer when he was more than ninety years of age. He preserved his eyesight to the last, and never used or needed glasses, nor was known to be sick. He was a small man, about five feet eight inches in height, well proportioned and active, and had a remarkably intelligent countenance. He died at Wapakonnetta in 1831, at the age of from one hundred and five to one hundred and twelve years.

There was a peculiarity in the eloquence of this chief, which distinguished him from the speakers of his race, who are usually grave and monotonous. He generally commenced his public harangues with some pleasant, facetious, or striking remark, thrown out to please his audience, and gain their attention. He would play awhile round his subject, until he saw the rigid features of the stern warriors around him beginning to relax, and then dive into it, becoming more earnest as he proceeded, until at last the whole energy of his vigorous mind was concentrated into a powerful and well digested effort.

It would be unjust to omit a feature in the character of Catahecassa, which reflects upon him the highest credit. The practice of burning prisoners at the stake was not only prevalent among the western tribes, but was, we think, resorted to with the greatest frequency, and attended with the most brutal circumstances, during the wars in which the Shawanese bore a conspicuous part, and in which Black Hoof was a prominent leader. They did not sacrifice them to the Great Star, or any other favourite deity, as among the Pawnees, but generally in revenge for their losses or their wrongs. Notwithstanding the determined hostility of this chief against the whites, he invariably opposed that atrocious custom, and has often declared that he never witnessed such occurrences but twice, on both which occasions he was present accidentally. We are happy to record, that the more intelligent of the principal men of the Shawanese, coincided in condemning these shocking cruelties. Tecumthe was never known to insult a prisoner; and on several occasions during the last war, he upbraided the British

officers for their cruel treatment of captive Americans. Another Shawanoe chief, the aged Biaseka, or the Wolf, once returned home after an absence of several months, and finding the village nearly deserted, was informed that the people were engaged in burning a prisoner beyond the precincts of the town. Without communicating his intentions, he loaded a pistol and proceeded to the spot. The wretched captive was bound to the stake, the torch ready to be applied, and a ferocious multitude eagerly waiting to glut their savage appetite with the miseries of the victim. The chief passed through the crowd without speaking to any one, and, approaching the prisoner, placed the pistol to his head, and blew out his brains—coolly remarking, that he disapproved of the torture of a defenceless person, and had prevented it by despatching the captive.

CHIPPEWAY SQUAW & CHILD

Published agreeable to Act of Congress by E. C. Biddle

AN OJIBWA MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

IN a preceding number we have exhibited a sketch of an Indian mother on a journey, with her child on her back. We present now a mother in the act of suckling her infant. The reader will suppose the cradle before him to have been only a moment before leaning against a tree, or a part of the wigwam. The mother, having seated herself on the ground, and disengaged her breast from its covering, has taken the cradle at the top, and is drawing it towards her; while the child, anxious for its nourishment, sends its eyes and lips in the direction of the breast. This is one mode of suckling infants among the Indians. When the child has attained sufficient strength to sit alone, or to walk about, the cradle is dispensed with. Then it is taken by the mother and placed on her lap, she being in a sitting posture; or, if she have occasion to make a journey on foot, a blanket, or part of a blanket, is provided—two corners of which she passes round her middle. Holding these with one hand, she takes the child by the arm and shoulder with the other, and slings it upon her back. The child clasps with its arms its mother's neck, presses its feet and toes inward, against, and (as far as the length of its legs will permit) around her waist. The blanket is then drawn over the child by the remaining two corners, which are now brought over the mother's shoulder, who, grasping all four of these in her hand, before her, pursues her way. If the child require nourishment, and the mother have time, the blanket is thrown off, and the child is taken by the arm and shoulder, most adroitly replaced upon the ground, received upon the lap of the mother, and nourished. Otherwise, the breast is pressed upward, in the direction of the child's mouth, till it is able to reach the source of its nourishment, while the mother pursues her journey. This is the cause of the elongation of the breasts of Indian mothers. They lose almost entirely their natural form.

The cradle, in which the reader will see the little prisoner, is a simple contrivance. A board, shaven thin, is its basis. On this the infant is placed, with its back to the board. At a proper distance, near the lower end, is a projecting piece of wood. This is covered with the softest moss, and, when the cradle is perpendicular, the heels of the infant rest upon it. Before the head of the child there is a hoop, projecting four or five inches from its face. The holes are bored on either side of the upper end of the board, for the passage of a deer skin or other cord. This is intended to extend round the forehead of the mother, as is seen in a previous number, to support the cradle when on her back. Around the board and the child bandages are wrapped, beginning at the feet and winding around till they reach the breast and shoulders, binding the arms and hands to the child's sides. There is great security in this contrivance. The Indian woman, a slave to the duties

of the lodge, with all the fondness of a mother, cannot devote that constant attention to her child which her heart constantly prompts her to bestow. She must often leave it to chop wood, build fires, cook, erect the wigwam, or take it down, make a canoe, or bring home the game which her lord has killed, but which he disdains to shoulder. While thus employed her infant charge is safe in its rude cradle. If she place it against a tree, or a corner of her lodge, it may be knocked down in her absence. If it fall backwards then all is safe. If it fall sideways, the arms and hands being confined, no injury is sustained; if on the front, the projecting hoop guards the face and head. The Indian mother would find it difficult to contrive any thing better calculated for her purpose. To this early discipline in the cradle the Indian owes his erect form; and to the practice, when old enough to be released from the bandages, of bracing himself against his mother's waist with his toes inward, may be traced the origin of his straightforward gait, and the position of his foot in walking; which latter is confirmed afterwards by treading in the trails scarcely wider than his foot, cut many inches deep by the travel of centuries.

It is but justice, in this place, to bear our testimony to the maternal affection of the Indian women, in which they fall nothing behind their more civilised and polished sisters. We have often marked the anxiety of an Indian mother, bending over her sick child; her prompt obedience to its calls, her untiring watchfulness, her tender, and so far as a mother's love could make it so, refined attentions to its claims upon her tenderness. In times of danger we have witnessed its anxiety for her security, and her fearless exposure of her own person for its protection. We have looked upon the rough-clad warrior in the solitude of his native forests, attired in the skins of beasts, or wrapped round with his blanket, and realised all our preconceived impressions of his ferocity and savage-like appearance—but when we have entered the lodge and beheld, in the untutored mother, and amid the rude circumstances of her condition, the same parental love and tender devotion to her children, we had known in other lands and in earlier years, we have almost forgotten that we stood beside the threshold of the ruthless savage, whose pursuits and feelings we had supposed to have nothing in common with ours, and have felt, that as the children of one Father, we were brothers of the same blood—heirs of the same infirmities—victims of the same passions; and, though in different degrees, bound down in obedience to the same common feelings of our nature. Persecuted and wronged as he has been, the Indian has experienced the same feelings; and, on more than one occasion, in the rude eloquence of his native tongue, has given them vent in words not far different from those of Cowper, with which we will conclude this sketch:—

"I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh, and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
——————— Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,
Search it, and prove now, if it be not blood,
Congenial with thine own; and if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind."

OKEE-MAKEE-QUID
A SHAWANEE CHIEF.

OKEEMAKEEQUID.

OUR acquaintance with Okeemakeequid began and ended in 1826, at La Fond du Lac Superior. On arriving there, among the multitude of Indians collected for the purpose of attending a treaty, our interest was at once excited in relation to Okeemakeequid. His countenance was intellectual, and wore an unusually civilised expression. After having been at La Fond du Lac for some days, we determined to have built a first rate canoe of bark, which is the only kind of canoe used in these lake regions. On inquiring for an experienced hand among the Indians for that purpose, we were referred to Okeemakeequid. He appeared directly, and the bargain was soon made. On expressing our apprehensions that the structure of the canoe might consume more time than we could spare, we were told to name our own time. We did so, and the answer was, *it shall be done.* In a moment afterwards we saw Okeemakeequid and his assistant striding in the direction of a piece of level ground, bordering the water, and about two hundred yards from our encampment, followed by a train of women and children. Then the squaws reappeared, bearing on their backs rolls of birch bark, followed by the little children with rolls of wattap, (the root of the red cedar, or fir,) which is used to confine the bark of a canoe to its frame. Mr. Schoolcraft, in an admirably drawn poetic description of the birch canoe, says—

> The bright leafy bark of the betula tree,
> A flexible sheathing provides;
> And the fir's thready roots draw the parts to agree,
> And bound down its high swelling sides.

All the materials being ready, the work was commenced with great spirit. As it has not fallen to the lot of many persons, into whose hands this work may fall, to witness the building of a birchen canoe, we will avail ourselves of an extract from our work—"Tour to the Lakes," to describe the process. The ground being laid off, in length and breadth, answering to the size of the canoe, (this was thirty-six feet long, and five feet wide in its widest part,) stakes are driven at the two extremes, and thence on either side, answering, in their position, to the form of the canoe. Pieces of bark are then sewn together with wattap, and placed between those stakes, from one end to the other, and made fast to them. The bark thus arranged hangs loose, and in folds, resembling in general appearance, though without their regularity, the covers of a book, with its back downwards, the edges being up, and the leaves out. Cross pieces are then put in. These press out the rim, and give the upper edges the form of the canoe. Next, the

ribs are forced in—thin sheathing being laid between these and the bark. The ribs press out the bark, giving form and figure to the bottom and sides of the canoe. Upon these ribs, and along their whole extent, large stones are placed. The ribs having been previously well soaked, they bear the pressure of these stones, till they become dry. Passing round the bottom, and up the sides of the canoe to the rim, they resemble hoops cut in two, or half circles. The upper parts furnish mortising places for the rim; around, and over which, and through the bark, the wattap is wrapped. The stakes are then removed, the seams gummed, and the fabric is lifted into the water, where it floats like a feather.

We soon learned that Okeemakeequid was one of ten children of the most remarkable old squaw in those parts. Her name was Oshegwun. From childhood this woman had been the subject of affliction. When about fourteen years old she accompanied her father, with five lodges of his band, amounting to forty persons, on a hunting expedition. They had killed a deer, and were in the act of cooking it, when they were attacked by about one hundred Sioux. Fifteen of the Chippewas were killed, three only surviving the first assault. Oshegwun ran off—was overtaken and tied. A contention arose between two Sioux for the captive. One of them struck his war club into her back, and otherwise wounded her. She fell, crying, "They are killing me." At this moment she heard the crack of a rifle, when she became unconscious. Towards evening she was aroused by the pressure of a hand upon her arm. It was her father's. He saw the struggle between the two Sioux for his child, when, levelling his rifle, he killed them both. He was too much engaged in the fight to go to the spot, but sought it afterwards. On arriving at it he found his daughter gone, she having crawled a quarter of a mile. He tracked her by her blood on the snow. She was scalped in two places, on the right and left of her crown—the knife passing round her throat, cut a deep gash, driving in pieces of wampum, which remained there. She survived, however, and lived to marry three husbands, all of whom treated her unkindly, and to be the mother of nine sons and one daughter. She was subsequently cured of a disease in the forefinger, by Okeemakeequid, after the Indian fashion, by placing it on a block, laying a knife across it, and with a single blow upon the knife with the eye of a hatchet, cutting it off.

We were shown all these wounds; and also witnessed a scalping scene, by her two sons, Okeemakeequid and his brother, who went through the blank motions over the head of the mother, to show how the Sioux performed that ceremony. At this time, 1826, Oshegwun was about sixty years of age.

The dress in which Okeemakeequid appears is not a Chippewa, but a Sioux dress. The Indians would often jibe him about the circumstances under which he got it. At the treaty of Prairie du Chien, in 1825, peace was concluded, which terminated a war of nearly two hundred years' duration, between the Sioux and Chippewas. In memorial of this occurrence a Sioux warrior proposed to exchange dresses with Okeemakeequid. The latter acceded to the proposition. After the exchange had been made, the Sioux, looking Okeemakeequid archly in the face, and pointing to the head-dress, said, "*Brother*, when you put that dress on, feel up there—there are five feathers; I have put one in for each scalp I took from your people—remember that!"

WA-KUS-SOOSH-KAA

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.

WAEMBOESHKAA.

AMONG the most remarkable chiefs we met with at the treaty of La Fond du Lac Superior, in 1826, was Waemboeshkaa, a Chippewa chief. Our attention was attracted more by his style of dress than by any particular part that he bore in the ceremonies of that occasion. He was the only Indian present who seemed to have a right conception of the kingly crown, and to have succeeded in constructing a very successful imitation of that appendage of royalty. It is true, the materials were far from costly; they were a mixture of feathers, glossy, and very beautiful, from the drake's breast, and of the bills and feathers from the head of the woodpecker. In place of bracelets of metal, his wrists were similarly ornamented, whilst his neck was encircled with horsehair, coloured with vermilion. His pipe was made gay with the same materials, and his pouch had been the object of his special attentions. His blanket was sound and large, and clean. He was one of the representatives of the Sandy Lake band. He arrived late at the treaty ground; and, on joining the assemblage, appeared conscious that whatever he might lack in other accomplishments, he was the superior of all present in the ornaments of his person. There did not, however, appear to be any thing deficient in him in other respects; he was thoughtful, respectful, and conducted himself throughout with great propriety.

We might not, perhaps, have singled him out on account of his dress, if the seven hundred Indians of both sexes, and of all ages, by whom he was surrounded, had not formed so disadvantageous a contrast. They were among the worst clad, and most wretched body of Indians we ever met with. Our remarks, made at the time, are now before us; we give the following extract: "Never before had we witnessed such a display, nor such an exhibition of nakedness and wretchedness, nor such varieties of both. From the infant, tied to its cradle, and to the back of its mother, to the Big Buffalo; from the little fellow with a dress made of raccoon skins, himself not much above the size of that animal, and looking, except his face, for all the world like one of them on its hinder feet, to Waemboeshkaa, one of the Sandy Lake chiefs, dressed like king Saul." So we denominated this chief at the time; and he bore a very remarkable likeness to that personage, crown and all, as we have seen him sketched by those who have indulged their fancy in presenting to the world their imaginings of this renowned personage.

Whatever of humiliation might have been produced by those who were lowest in the

scale of want, was relieved by suitable presents, before we left the treaty ground. Waenibaeskaa, it is true, received his due proportion, and maintained, therefore, his superiority in personal wealth and endowments.

We parted from this chief at the conclusion of the treaty, and have heard nothing of him since; nor did we learn at the time that he had ever particularly distinguished himself, (not even by much smoking, for all Indians are inveterate smokers,) but inferred that either by descent, or exploits in war, he was high in the confidence of his band, otherwise he would not have been deputed to attend the treaty in the capacity of chief.

M'INTOSH

A CREEK CHIEF.

M'INTOSH.

M'INTOSH, whose admirable likeness is before the reader, was a half-breed, of the Muscogee, or Creek nation. His father was a Scotsman; his mother a native of unmixed blood. M'Intosh was intelligent and brave. In person he was tall, finely formed, and of graceful and commanding manners. To these qualities he probably owed his elevation to the chieftainship of the Coweta tribe.

We know little of the early history of this chief. The first notice we have of him is after his junction with the American forces in 1812. General Floyd mentions him in his report of the battle, or, as it may with more propriety be termed, the *massacre* of Autossee; on which occasion two hundred Creeks were slain. The Indians were surprised in their lodges, and killed, before they could rally in their defence. M'Intosh and his Indian forces are reported by General Floyd to have "fought with an intrepidity worthy of any troops."

Autossee was a favourite spot, and had been selected by the chiefs of eight of the Creek towns, for a last and desperate stand against the invading army; but the sudden and unexpected attack of General Floyd terminated the contest. The kings of Autossee and Tallassee were among the slain.

M'Intosh is again spoken of by the commanding general, Jackson, as Major M'Intosh, and is said by that officer, in his report of the famous battle of the Horseshoe, to have "greatly distinguished himself." He also signalised himself in the Florida campaign, by various acts of gallantry."

We shall leave our warrior chief for a while, and glance at a subject of great public interest, in relation to which, he was destined to act a conspicuous part, and which finally brought about his death.

In 1802, a compact was entered into between the United States and the State of Georgia; the fourth article of which stipulates, "that the United States shall, at their own expense, extinguish, for the use of Georgia, as early as the same can be *peaceably* effected, on *reasonable* terms, the Indian title to the lands within the forks of the Oconnee and Oakmulgee rivers, &c., &c.; and that the United States shall, in the same manner also, extinguish the Indian title to *all* the other lands within the State of Georgia."

The United States, in pursuance of this compact, proceeded, from time to time, by

treaties, to extinguish the Indian title to lands within the limits of Georgia. The first treaty of cession, after the formation of the compact, was concluded on the Oconnee river, near Fort Wilkinson, in the month of June following; a second was negotiated in the city of Washington, in June, 1806; a third was the treaty of conquest, of August, 1814; a fourth treaty was negotiated in January, 1818; a fifth in January, 1821. Under these several treaties, the Indian title to about fifteen millions of acres of land was extinguished; and the United States paid Georgia, in money, one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in lieu of lands which had been ceded to the Indians.

These various and successful efforts to fulfil the intention of the compact of 1802, so early as 1811, alarmed the Creeks. In order to arrest this inroad upon their domain, they enacted a law in that year, at Broken Arrow, forbidding, under the penalty of death, the sale of any more lands, except by the chiefs of the nation, ratified in general council. This law was formally re-enacted in 1824, at the Polecat Springs. M'Intosh is said to have proposed this law.

After the treaty of 1821, various unsuccessful efforts were made to consummate the stipulations of the compact of 1802; but the Creeks refused to listen to any overtures. Meanwhile, the executive of Georgia became impatient of the delay, and opened a highly excited and painful correspondence with the government at Washington, in which the President was charged with bad faith; and, among other things, with attempting to defeat the objects of the treaty, by the introduction of schools, and other plans of civilisation and improvement among the Indians. If you enlighten the Indians, as to the value of their possessions, it was argued, you increase the difficulty of obtaining their consent to part with them. It was answered by the Federal Executive, that every thing on the part of the United States had been done in good faith; and the improvement of the Indians, which was complained of, was only a continuation of the policy adopted by Washington, and continued throughout the successive administrations to the present time. This policy, which one would think needed no defence before a civilised and Christian people, was maintained by unanswerable arguments. No efforts, consistent with principles, were spared by the executive at Washington to gratify the desires of Georgia, nor did congress ever refuse the means to effect a purchase of all the lands held by the Creeks within her limits.

During the latter part of the administration of President Monroe, Messrs. Campbell and Merriwether were appointed commissioners to make another attempt to treat with the Creek Indians. Letters were received at Washington from the commissioners, inquiring, whether the Executive would recognise a treaty entered into with M'Intosh? They were answered by the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, that no treaty would be respected unless made with the chiefs of the nation. Meanwhile, the commissioners called a meeting of the Indians at the Indian Springs, a reservation occupied by M'Intosh. Among those who attended was the chief of Tuckhabatchee. When the proposition was made by the commissioners, to purchase their country, that chief rose and said: "You asked us to sell more lands at Broken Arrow; we told you we had none to spare. I told M'Intosh then, that *he knew* no land could be sold except in full council, and by consent of the nation." The chief then added; "we have met here at a very short

notice—only a few chiefs are present from the upper towns; and many are absent from the lower towns." He concluded by saying: "that's all the talk I have to make, and I shall go home." Whereupon he left the ground, and returned to Tuckhabatchee. Though M'Intosh had attended the meeting to sell the country, he is said, at this point, to have wavered. He looked round among the Indians, but saw no chief of influence, except Etomie Tustennuggee, whose consent he had procured to his scheme. The commissioners, however, intent upon the treaty, calmed the fears of M'Intosh by a promise of protection from the United States. The treaty which had been prepared was read, and signed by the commissioners, by "*William M'Intosh, head chief of the Coweta*"—next by *Etomie Tustennuggee*, by his X, and by thirteen others, who, though chiefs, were of inferior rank; and, lastly, by about fifty men of no rank or power whatever, many of them being of the lowest and most degraded of their countrymen.

This treaty was executed at the Indian Springs, on the 12th of February, 1825, and on the 2d of March following, reached Washington. The very speed by which it had been transmitted indicated the fears entertained by the commissioners, and by Georgia, that the nation would protest against it, and cause its rejection. The Creek agent, Colonel Crowell, sent with it to Washington a protest against its validity. This confirmed the apprehensions of the Secretary of War, who, as it was generally understood, preferred delaying its submission to the Senate until further information could be received from the Indians, or to reopen the negotiation with a view to obtain the ratification of the treaty by the acknowledged chiefs of the nation. It was feared, that, if the treaty should prove, so far as the Creek nation was concerned, invalid, its ratification by the Senate would create intense excitement, and be the signal for bloodshed among the Indians. President Monroe, however, thought proper to lay the treaty before the Senate, together with the agent's protest, and leave it to that body to decide, as in its wisdom it might think best. He was led to this course by the consideration that the term of his office was about to close. The treaty was accordingly sent to the Senate, and was ratified on the 7th of March, 1825. Meanwhile Mr. Adams had succeeded to the presidency—the treaty was returned to him from the Senate, and *approved*.

The Creek nation had now become greatly excited; and M'Intosh, fearing the result, claimed protection from Georgia. We believe it was promised. The Creeks, however, had resolved on revenge. Menawa, whose likeness will appear in this work, and who is called the "Great Warrior," was commissioned by the chiefs to raise a party, to march to the Indian Springs, and execute the judgment of their law upon M'Intosh, on his own hearth-stone. They were also directed to slay Etomie Tustennuggee, and any other chiefs who had acceded to the treaty. With the usual promptitude of the Indians, in the prosecution of bloody business, Menawa was soon at the head of one hundred of his Oakfuskee braves, and after a rapid march arrived before the house of the fated M'Intosh, before day, on the morning of the first of May, just seventy-seven days after the signing of the treaty. The house having been surrounded, Menawa spoke—"Let the white people who are in this house come out, and so will the women and children. We come not to injure them. M'Intosh has broken the law made by himself,

and we have come to kill him for it." This summons was obeyed by all to whom it was addressed. M'Intosh's son, Chilly, who having signed the treaty, was in the list of meditated victims, was enabled, by his light complexion, to pass out with the whites, and escaped. Only two remained, and these were M'Intosh and Etomie Tustennuggee. The house was fired; the two victims, forced by the flames, appeared at the door, where they were received by a shower of bullets, and instantly killed. A half-breed, named Sam Hawkins, was taken the same day, and hanged: and Ben, his brother, also a half-breed, was fired upon, and severely wounded, but escaped. Menawa was careful to give out that the white people should not be molested; that the Creek nation meant only to punish those who had violated their law.

This bloody tragedy greatly excited the people of Georgia. Governor Troup threatened vengeance. It was feared that the State of Georgia might make it necessary for the general government to interfere, and that these two powers might come in collision. President Adams, however, met the crisis with coolness and resolution, and at length the fever abated, and Georgia, though still demanding the possession of *all* the Indian lands within her limits, subsided into comparative quiet. Upon minute inquiry into the circumstances of the treaty of the Indian Springs, it was abandoned, and a new treaty was made at Washington on the 4th of January, 1826. The first article of the treaty of Washington declared the treaty of the Indian Springs "to be null and void, to every intent and purpose whatever; and any right or claim, arising from the same, is declared to be cancelled and surrendered."

It is not difficult to imagine the inducements which led M'Intosh to enter upon this treaty in defiance of the law of his nation, and its bloody penalty. He probably foresaw that his people would have no rest within the limits of Georgia, and perhaps acted with an honest view to their interests. The intercourse he had enjoyed with the army of the United States, and the triumph of their arms over the desperate valour of the Indians, which he had witnessed at Autossee, the Horseshoe, and in Florida, induced him to believe he would be safe under the shadow of their protection, even from the vengeance of his tribe. But there were, besides, strong appeals to his cupidity, in the provisions of the treaty of the Indian Springs, and in its supplements. By one of these, the Indian Spring reservation was secured to him; and by another it was agreed to pay him for it twenty-five thousand dollars. Moreover, the second article of the treaty provided for the payment to the Creek nation, of four hundred thousand dollars. Of this sum he would of course have received his share. Such inducements might have been sufficiently powerful to shake a virtue based upon a surer foundation than the education of a heathen Indian could afford. Besides this, he was flattered and caressed by the commissioners, who were extremely eager to complete the treaty, and taught to believe that he was consulting the ultimate advantage of the nation. These considerations, in some measure, remove the odium from his memory. But it must still bear the stain which Indian justice affixes to the reputation of the chief who sells, under such circumstances, the graves of his fathers.

Out of this occurrence arose two parties among the Creek Indians. One was

composed of the bulk of the nation, the other of the followers of M'Intosh, headed by his son, Chilly. The latter were intent on immediate removal. To aid them in this, the treaty of Washington, of January, 1826, provided for an examination of the country west of the Mississippi, and for the distribution of one hundred thousand dollars among the friends and followers of the late General M'Intosh, if their party should number three thousand persons; fifteen thousand to be paid immediately after the ratification of the treaty, and the residue on their arrival west of the Mississippi. Provision was also made to ascertain the damages sustained by the friends and followers of General M'Intosh, in consequence of the treaty of the Indian Springs, and contrary to the laws of the Creek nation.

Every disposition was manifested by the general government to heal those breaches, and quiet those animosities which had been produced by that unfortunate treaty. No subsequent collisions happened between the parties.

The Creek nation were not long permitted to retain an inch of ground in Georgia. The treaty of Washington provided for a cession of the whole of it, except a small strip on the Chatahoochee. This Georgia insisted on having. In 1827, a special commission was made out, directing Colonel M'Kenney, after he should have executed certain trusts confided to him, as joint commissioner with Governor Cass, in the Lake Country, to pass over to the Mississippi, descend the river, and thence proceed into the country occupied by the four southern tribes, to negotiate with the Creeks for the remnant of their inheritance in Georgia. This duty was performed. A treaty was concluded on the 15th of November, 1827, and ratified on the 4th of March following, which quieted for ever the controversy between Georgia and the United States, so far as it related to the Creek Indians.

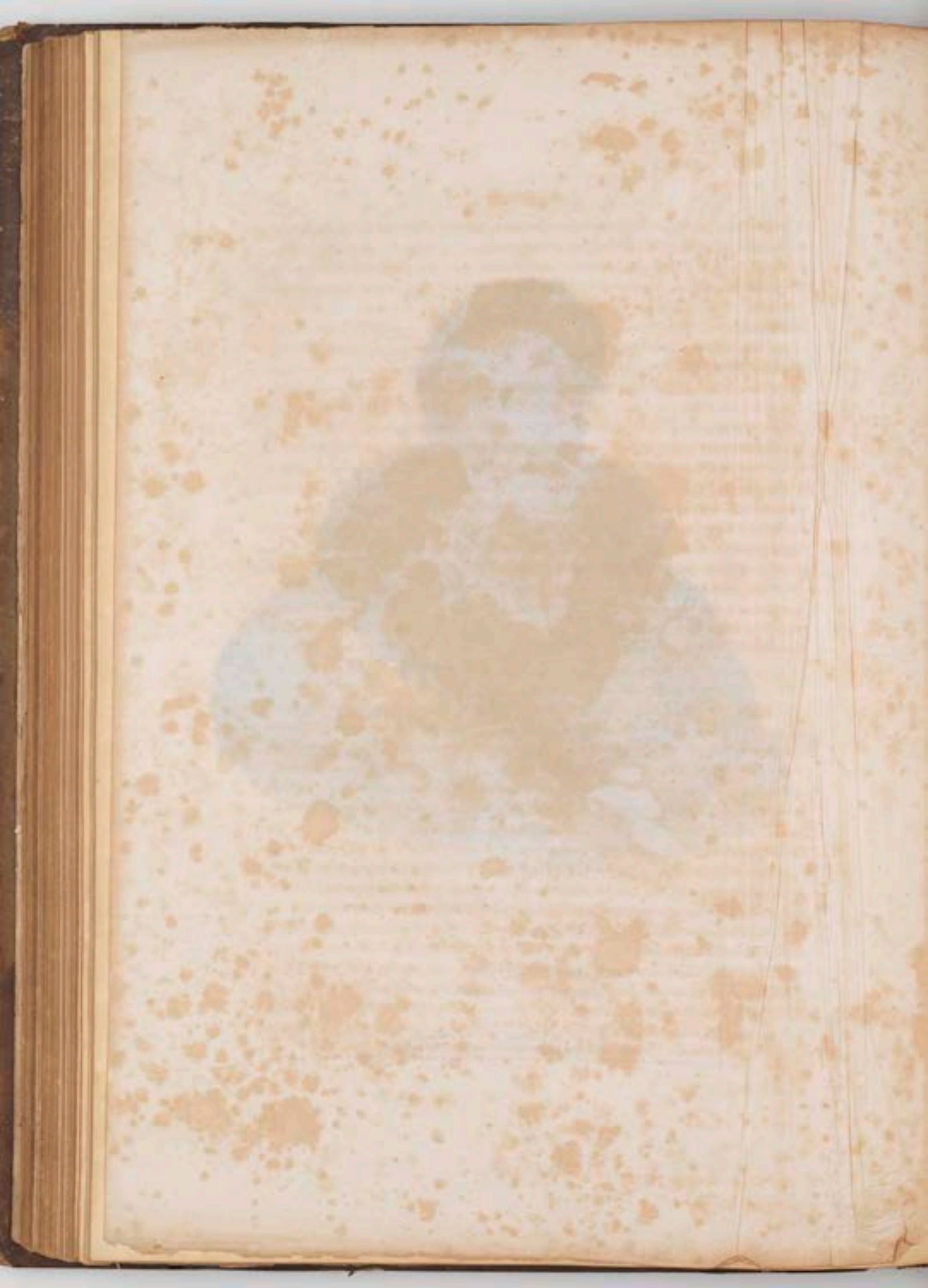
The Creeks retired to their possessions in Alabama. But they were not long left in peace even there. That state demanded their removal from her limits, and was soon gratified by the general government. A final treaty was made with this wretched people. Subdued in spirit, and impoverished, they at length yielded to the power more than the persuasion of the whites, and crossed the Mississippi. Their present condition is said to be deplorable.

M'Intosh died as he had lived, bravely. He knew the fate that awaited him, and met it like an Indian warrior. Having been thrown into the society of the more polished of our people, and having been the associate of our officers in the wars on our southern borders, he had acquired all the manners and much of the polish of a gentleman. He lived in great comfort; possessed slaves, whom he treated kindly, and at his death was about forty years old.

We do not know enough of his family to furnish a sketch of its members. Chilly M'Intosh is an intelligent young man of good manners, and has considerable influence with his people, who emigrated with him to the west. One of the daughters, we believe, married a Mr. Hawkins, a sub-agent of the government.

LAS PE TUN GA
CHIEF OF THE OMAHAS

PUBLISHED BY P. W. GRISCOM & CO. PHILADA.



ONGPATONGA.

THERE are few aboriginal chiefs whose character may be contemplated with so much complacency as that of the individual before us, who is not only an able but a highly estimable man. He is the principal chief of his nation, and the most considerable man among them in point of talent and influence. He uses his power with moderation, and the white men who have visited his country all bear testimony to his uniform fair dealing, hospitality, and friendship. He is a good warrior, and has never failed to effect the objects which he has attempted; being distinguished rather by the common sense and sagacity which secure success, than by the brilliancy of his achievements.

While quite a young man he performed an exploit which gained him great credit. The Omahas had sent a messenger of some distinction upon an embassy to the Pawnee Loups, who, instead of receiving him with the respect due to his character, as the representative of his nation, treated him with contempt. Ongpatonga, though young, was a chief of some distinction, and immediately took upon himself to revenge the insult. He determined to do this promptly, before the aggressors could be aware of his intention, and while the sense of injury was glowing in the bosoms of his people. Placing himself at the head of the whole population of his village, men, women, and children, he proceeded to the Pawnee town, and attacked it so suddenly, and with such a show of numbers, that the inhabitants deserted it without attempting a defence. He then destroyed the village and retired, taking with him a valuable booty, consisting chiefly of horses.

The Omahas inhabit the shores of the Missouri river, about eight hundred miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. They of course hunt over those beautiful and boundless prairies which afford pasturage to the buffalo, and are expert in the capture of that animal, and the management of the horse. They have but one permanent village, which consists of huts formed of poles, and plastered with mud. A fertile plain, which spreads out in front of their town, affords ground for their rude horticulture, which extends to the planting of corn, beans, pumpkins, and watermelons. This occupation, with the dressing of the buffalo skins, procured in the previous winter's hunt, employs the spring months of the year; and, in June, they make their arrangements for a grand hunting expedition. A solemn council is held in advance of this important undertaking, at which the chiefs, the great warriors, and the most experienced hunters, deliberately express their opinions in relation to the route proposed to be pursued; the necessary

preparations, and all other matters connected with the subject. A feast is then given by an individual selected for the purpose, to which all the chief men are invited, and several of the fattest dogs are roasted for their entertainment. Here the principal chief introduces again the great subject of debate, in a set speech, in which he thanks each person present for the honour of his company, on an occasion so important to the nation, and calls upon them to determine whether the state of their stock of provisions will justify their remaining longer, to allow the squaws time to weed their corn, or whether they shall proceed at once to the pastures of the game. If the latter be the decision of the company, he invites them to determine whether it would be advisable to ascend the running water or seek the shores of the Platte, or extend their journey to the black hills of the southwest, in pursuit of wild horses. He is usually followed by some old chief, who compliments the head man for his knowledge and bravery, and congratulates the tribe on their good fortune in having so wise a leader. Thus an Omaha feast very much resembles a political dinner among ourselves, and is improved as a fit occasion for great men to display their eloquence to the public, and their talent in paying compliments to each other. These consultations are conducted with great decorum, yet are characterised by the utmost freedom of debate; every individual, whose age and standing is such as to allow him, with propriety, to speak in public, giving his opinion. A sagacious head man, however, is careful to preserve his popularity by respecting the opinion of the tribe at large, or, as we should term it, *the people;* and, for that purpose, ascertains beforehand the wishes of the mass of his followers. Ongpatonga was a model chief in this respect; he always carefully ascertained the public sentiment before he went into council, and knew the wishes of the majority in advance of a decision; and this is, probably, the most valuable talent for a public speaker, who may not only lead, by echoing the sentiments of those he addresses, but, on important points, insinuate with effect, the dictates of his own more mature judgment.

After such a feast as we have described, others succeed, and the days of preparation for the grand hunt are filled with games and rejoicings; the squaws employing themselves in packing up their movables, and taking great care to make themselves important by retarding or accelerating the moment of departure. At length the whole tribe moves off in grand cavalcade, with their skin lodges, dogs, and horses, leaving not a living thing in their deserted village, and proceed to the far distant plains, where the herds of buffalo "most do congregate." About five months in the year are spent by this nation at their village, during which they are occupied in eating, sleeping, smoking, making speeches, waging war, or stealing horses; the other seven are actively employed in chasing the buffalo or the wild horse.

The Omahas have one peculiarity in their customs, which we have never noticed in the history of any other people. Neither the father-in-law nor mother-in-law are permitted to hold any direct conversation with their son-in-law. It is esteemed indelicate in these parties to look in each other's faces, or to mention the names of each other, or to have any intercourse, except through the medium of a third person. If an Omaha enters a tent in which the husband of his daughter is seated, the latter conceals his

head with his robe, and takes the earliest opportunity to withdraw, while the ordinary offices of kindness and hospitality are performed through the female, who passes the pipe or the message between her father and husband.

Ongpatonga married the daughter of Mechapa, or the Horsehead. On a visit to his wife one day, he entered the tent of her father, unobserved by the latter, who was engaged in playing with a favourite dog, named Arrecattawaho, which, in the Pawnee language, signifies Big Elk—being synonymous with Ongpatonga in the Omaha. This name the father-in-law was unluckily repeating, without being aware of the breach of good manners he was committing, until his wife, after many ineffectual winks and signs, struck him on the back with her fist, and, in that tone of conjugal remonstrance which ladies can use when necessary, exclaimed, "You old fool! have you no eyes to see who is present? You had better jump on his back, and ride him about like a dog!" The old man, in surprise, ejaculated "Wah!" and ran out of the tent in confusion. We know scarcely any thing so odd as this singular custom, which seems to be as inconvenient as it is unmeaning.

The Big Elk has been a very distinguished orator; few uneducated men have ever cultivated this art with more success. We have before us a specimen of his oratory, which is very creditable to his abilities. In 1811, a council was held at the Portage des Sioux, between Governor Edwards and Colonel Miller, on the part of the American government, and a number of Indian chiefs of different nations. One of the latter, the Black Buffalo, a highly respected Sioux chief, of the Ietan tribe, died suddenly during the conference, and was buried with the honours of war. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Ongpatonga made the following unpremeditated address to those assembled: "Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged nor displeased, that in visiting your father here you have lost your chief. A misfortune of this kind, under such afflicting circumstances, may never again befall you; but this loss would have occurred to you perhaps at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in one path; they grow every where. How unhappy am I that I could not have died this day, instead of the chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly repaid by the honours of such a burial. They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of a noble grave, and a grand procession, the rolling music, and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving over my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, and hoisted on a slender scaffold, exposed to the whistling winds, soon to be blown down to the earth—my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones trodden on the plain by wild beasts. Chief of the soldiers! (addressing Colonel Miller,) your care has not been bestowed in vain. Your attentions

shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that our white friends pay to the dead. When I return I will echo the sound of your guns." Had this speech been uttered by a Grecian or Roman orator, it would have been often quoted as a choice effusion of classic eloquence. It is not often that we meet with a funeral eulogium so unstudied, yet so pointed and ingenious.

This chief delivered a speech to the military and scientific gentlemen who accompanied Colonel Long in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in 1819–20, in which he asserted, that not one of his nation had ever stained his hands with the blood of a white man.

The character of Ongpatonga is strongly contrasted with that of Washinggusaba, or the Black Bird, one of his predecessors. The latter was also an able man, and a great warrior, but was a monster in cruelty and despotism. Having learned the deadly quality of arsenic from the traders, he procured a quantity of that drug, which he secretly used to effect his dreadful purposes. He caused it to be believed among his people, that if he prophesied the death of an individual, the person so doomed would immediately die; and he artfully removed by poison every one who offended him, or thwarted his measures. The Omahas were entirely ignorant of the means by which this horrible result was produced, but they saw the effect, and knew, from mournful experience, that the displeasure of the chief was the certain forerunner of death; and their superstitious minds easily adopted the belief that he possessed a power which enabled him to will the destruction of his enemies. He acquired a despotic sway over the minds of his people, which he exercised in the most tyrannical manner; and so great was their fear of him, that even when he became superannuated, and so corpulent as to be unable to walk, they carried him about, watched over him when he slept, and awoke him, when necessary, by tickling his nose with a straw, for fear of disturbing him too abruptly. One chief, the Little Bow, whom he attempted ineffectually to poison, had the sagacity to discover the deception, and the independence to resist the influence of the impostor; but being unable to cope with so powerful an oppressor, he withdrew with a small band of warriors, and remained separated from the nation until the decease of the Black Bird, which occurred in the year 1800. It is creditable to Ongpatonga, who shortly after succeeded to the post of principal chief, that he made no attempt to perpetuate the absolute authority to which the Omahas had been accustomed, but ruled over them with a mild and patriarchal sway.

In a conversation which this chief held, in 1821, with some gentlemen at Washington, he is represented as saying—"The same Being who made the white people made the red people; but the white are better than the red people:" and this remark has been called a degrading one, and not in accordance with the independent spirit of a native chief. We think the comment is unjust. Having travelled through the whole breadth of the United States, and witnessed the effects of civilisation, in the industry of a great people, he might readily infer the superiority of the whites, and make the observation with the candour which always formed a part of his character. But, it is equally probable, that the expression was merely complimentary, and was uttered in the same

spirit of courtesy with the wish, which he announced at the grave of the Ietan, that he had fallen instead of the deceased.

This chief is a person of highly respectable character. His policy has always been pacific: he has endeavoured to live at peace with his neighbours, and used his influence to keep them upon good terms with each other. He has always been friendly to the whites, and kindly disposed towards the American government and people; has listened to their counsels, and taken pains to disseminate the admonitions which have been given for the preservation and happiness of the Indian race. He is a man of good sense and sound judgment, and is said to be unsurpassed as a public speaker. He bears an excellent reputation for probity; and is spoken of by those who know him well, as one of the best men of the native tribes. He is one of the few Indians who can tell his own age with accuracy. He is sixty-six years old.

NA HAO KAH

CHIEF OF THE IOWAYS.

MAHASKAH.

MAHASKAH, or White Cloud, the elder, was the son of Mauhawgaw, or the Wounding Arrow, who was principal chief of the Pauhoochee, or pierced-nose nation of Indians. Mauhawgaw emigrated, some hundred and fifty years ago, from Michillimacinac to the west bank of the Ioway river, and selected a position near its mouth, where his band kindled their fires and smoked their pipes to the Great Spirit. The name given to this river, by Mauhawgaw, was Neobooey, or the Master of Rivers. Having built his village, he was greeted with a salutation from the Sioux. A pipe was sent to him by that tribe, with an invitation to a dog feast, made in honour of the Great Spirit. He accepted the invitation, and joined in the ceremony. Whilst at the feast, and, no doubt, reposing in the most perfect security, he was suddenly attacked; but, though surprised, he succeeded in killing one man and three women, before he was slain. This outrage upon the national honour has never been forgiven.

The portrait before the reader is that of the son of Mauhawgaw, who was thus treacherously slain. The Ioways, indignant at the conduct of the Sioux, resolved immediately on revenge. They raised a war party. Of this party, the son, Mahaskah, was the legitimate chief; but being young, and having never distinguished himself in battle, he declined taking the command, but by virtue of his right, he conferred upon a distinguished and tried warrior the authority to lead his warriors against the Sioux—stating, at the time, that he would accompany the expedition as a common soldier, and fight till he should acquire experience, and gain trophies enough to secure to him the confidence of his people. Arrangements being made, the party marched into the Sioux country, and gained a great victory, taking ten of the enemy's scalps. The young Mahaskah brought home, in his own hand, the scalp of the Sioux chief, in whose lodge the life of his father had been so treacherously taken.

Having thus shown himself a brave, he assumed the command of his warriors and of his tribe. His war adventures were numerous and daring. He was in eighteen battles against various bands, and was never defeated. In one of his expeditions against the Osages, with whom his conflicts were many, he arrived on the north bank of the Missouri, and while there, and engaged in trying to stop an effusion of blood from his nose, he espied a canoe descending the river, in which were three Frenchmen. Wishing to cross over with his party, he called upon the Frenchmen to land and assist him. The Frenchmen not only refused, but fired upon the Indians, wounding one of White Cloud's

braves. The fire was instantly returned, which killed one of the Frenchmen. White Cloud had, so far, taken no part in this little affair, but, on seeing one of his braves wounded, he called for his gun, saying—"You have killed one of the rascals, I'll try if I cannot send another along with him to keep him company to the *Chee*."—Chee means the house of the Black Spirit.

As usual, the whites raised a great clamour against the Ioways, giving out, all along the borders, that they were killing the settlers. A party was raised and armed, and marched forthwith against Mahaskah and his warriors. They were overtaken. White Cloud, not suspecting their designs, and being conscious of having committed no violence, was captured, and thrust into prison, where he remained many months. He finally made his escape, and succeeded in reaching his own country in safety. He then married four wives. It is the custom of the tribe, when husbands or brothers fall in battle, for a brave to adopt their wives or sisters. White Cloud found, on his return, four sisters who had been thus deprived of their protector, all of whom he married. Of these, Rantchewaime, or the Female Flying Pigeon, was one, and the youngest. Her fine likeness, with a sketch of her character, will succeed this narrative.

Often, after White Cloud had thus settled himself, was he known to express his regret at having permitted his warriors to fire upon the Frenchmen. On these occasions he has been seen to look upon his hand, and heard to mutter to himself—"There is blood on it." He rejoiced, however, in the reflection, that he had never shed the blood of an American. And yet his father's death, and the manner of it, made him restless, and rendered him implacable against the perpetrators of that outrage and their allies. Not long after his escape from prison, and return to his home, and soon after his marriage, he planned an expedition against the Osages. He resolved to march with a select party of ten braves to the Little Osage plains, which lie south of the Missouri river, and about two hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis. Arriving at the plains, a favourable opportunity soon offered, which was seized by Mahaskah, and the battle commenced. It was his misfortune, early in the conflict, to receive a rifle ball in his leg, just above the ankle. He had succeeded, however, before he was wounded, in taking three of the enemy's scalps, when he sought a retreat, and found one under a large log that lay across a water course. The Osages followed close upon him—being guided by the blood that flowed from his wound; but they lost the trail on arriving at the water course, for Mahaskah had taken the precaution to step into the water some distance below the log, by which stratagem he misled his pursuers, for they supposed he had crossed over at the place where they last saw blood. He remained under the log, which lay on the water, with just so much of his nose out as to enable him to breathe.

In the night, when all was silence, save the tinkling of the bells of the Indian horses in the plains below, Mahaskah left his place of concealment, and coming up with one of the horses, mounted him and made off in the direction of his home, which was on the river Des Moines. Arriving at the Missouri, he resorted to the Indian mode of crossing, which is, to tie one end of the halter around the head or neck of the horse, and, taking the other end between his teeth, he drives the animal into the water, and unites his own exertions, as a swimmer, to those of the horse, and is by this means carried over in

safety. In all these difficulties he took care not to part with either his gun or his scalps. On arriving at home he paraded his trophies, and ordered the scalp dance to be danced. Not being able, on account of his wound, to lead the dance himself, he placed the scalps in the hand of Inthehone, or the Big Axe, who, being the first brave of his band, was entitled to the distinction. Mahaskah accompanied the presentation of the scalps to Big Axe with these words:—"I have now revenged the death of my father. My heart is at rest. I will go to war no more. I told Maushuchees, or Red Head, (meaning General Clark,) when I was last at St. Louis, that I would take his peace talk. My word is out. I will fight no more."

In the year 1824, Mahaskah left home, being one of a party on an embassy to Washington, leaving his wives behind him, their number having increased to seven. When about one hundred miles from home, and near the mouth of the river Des Moines, having killed a deer, he stopped to cook a piece of it. He was seated, and had just commenced his meal, when he felt himself suddenly struck on the back. Turning round, he was astonished to see Rantchewaime standing before him, with an uplifted tomahawk in her hand! She thus accosted him—"Am I your wife? Are you my husband? If so, I will go with you to the Mawhehunneche, (or the American big house,) and see and shake the hand of Incohonee," which means Great Father. Mahaskah answered—"Yes, you are my wife; I am your husband. I have been a long time from you; I am glad to see you. You are my pretty wife, and a brave man always loves to see a pretty woman."

The party arrived at Washington. "A talk" was held with President Monroe; the present of a medal was made to Mahaskah, and a treaty was concluded between the United States and the Ioways. It is a treaty of cession, of limits, &c., and of considerations therefor. These considerations include a payment, in that year, of five hundred dollars, and the same sum annually, for ten years thereafter. Provision is made for blankets, farming utensils, and cattle; and assistance is promised them in their agricultural pursuits, under such forms as the President might deem expedient.

The following occurrence happened at Washington during that visit. Mahaskah would occasionally indulge in a too free use of ardent spirits. On one of these occasions he was exercising one of an Indian husband's privileges on the Flying Pigeon. The agent, hearing the scuffle, hastened to their room. Mahaskah, hearing him coming, lifted up the window sash and stepped out, forgetting that he was two stories from the ground. In the fall he broke his arm; yet, so accustomed had he been to fractures and wounds, that he insisted on riding the next day over rough roads and pavements, a distance of at least two miles, to see a cannon cast. A few days after, he sat to King, of Washington, for his portrait. The reader will remark a compression of his eyebrows. This was caused by the pain he was enduring whilst the artist was sketching his likeness.

On his return to his country and home, Mahaskah began in earnest to cultivate his land—he built for himself a double log house, and lived in great comfort. This, he said, was in obedience to the advice of his Great Father.

Soon after his return to his home, it was his misfortune to lose his favourite wife, and

under very painful circumstances. They were crossing a tract of country. Mahaskah, having reason to apprehend that hostile bands might be met with, kept in advance. Each was on horseback; the Flying Pigeon carrying her child, Mahaskah the younger, then about four years old. Turning, at a certain point, to look back to see what distance his wife was from him, he was surprised, his position being a high one, enabling him to overlook a considerable extent of country, not to see her. He rode back, and, sad to relate, after retracing his steps some five or six miles, he saw her horse grazing near the trail, and presently the body of his wife near the edge of a small precipice, with her child resting its head upon her body. The horror-stricken chief, alighting near to the spot, was soon assured of her death! Standing over her corpse, he exclaimed, in his mother tongue:—"Wan-cunda-menis-bratuskunnee, shungan-menis-nauga-nappo!"—which, being interpreted, means—"God Almighty! I am a bad man. You are angry with me. The horse has killed my squaw!" At the moment, the child lifted its head from the dead body of its mother, and said—"Father, my mother is asleep!"

The inference was, that the horse had stumbled and thrown her. The occurrence took place about four days' journey from his home. Mahaskah, within that time, was seen returning to his lodge, bearing the dead body of Rantchewainne, with his child in his arms. He proceeded at once to dispose of the corpse. His first business was to gather together all the presents that had been made to her at Washington; also whatever else belonged to her, and to place them, with the body, in a rude box; and then, according to the custom of the Indians of that region, the box was placed upon a high scaffold. This mode of disposing of the dead has a twofold object—one is, to elevate the body as high as possible in the direction of the home of the Great Spirit; that home being, according to their belief, in the sky; the other is to protect the corpse from the wolves, whose ravages would disfigure it, and render it unsightly in the eyes of the Great Spirit. This much of the ceremony over, the chief killed a dog, made a feast, and called his braves together. A second dog, and then a horse, were killed. The dog was fastened, with his head upwards, to the scaffold, while the tail of the horse had a position assigned to it on that part of the scaffold nearest the head of the deceased. On the head of the dog was placed a twist of tobacco.

These ceremonies have their origin in a superstition of the nation, which attributes every death to the anger of the Great Spirit, who is supposed to be always in motion, searching for the spirits of those who have recently died, with the calumet, or pipe of peace in his mouth. As the scaffold is approached by this mysterious being, the watchful dog is expected to see and address him—inform him of the locality of the body, and invite him to take the tobacco and smoke. This offer the Indian believes is always accepted. The Great Spirit then proceeds to reanimate and remodel the dead body; to restore the trinkets and property of the deceased; impart vitality to the dog and the horse, and commission them, forthwith, the one to bear the deceased to the land of game and of plenty—the other to hunt the deer in the regions of the blessed.

In 1833, the son of an Ioway chief of distinction, named Crane, was killed by the Omahas. A party of Ioways applied to Mahaskah to head them in the pursuit of the

enemy. He replied, "I have buried the tomahawk: I am now a man of peace." He added; "The treaty made with our Great Father provides for the punishment of such outrages." The party, however, resolved that they would punish the aggressors. They made an incursion into the enemy's country, and returned, bringing with them six scalps. The customary feast was prepared, and all was made ready for the scalp dance: but Mahaskah refused to partake of the one, or participate in the other.

The murders, on both sides, having been reported to the government, General Clark was directed to cause the Ioways to be arrested. This duty was assigned to their agent, General Hughes, who called on the chief, Mahaskah, to whom he made known the order. Mahaskah answered, "It is right; I will go with you." The offenders were arrested and conveyed to Fort Leavenworth. While confined there, one of the prisoners called Mahaskah to the window of his dungeon, and looking him full in the face, said, "Inca, (father,) if ever I get out of this place alive I will kill you. A brave man should never be deprived of his liberty, and confined as I am. You should have shot me at the village."

Unfortunately for Mahaskah, that Indian succeeded in making his escape from prison. He forthwith went in pursuit of the object of his revenge. Mahaskah was found encamped on the Nandaway, about sixty miles from his village. His pursuer and party attacked him with guns, tomahawks, and clubs, and slew him. After he was dead, one of the party remarked, that "he was the hardest man to kill he ever knew." This was in 1834, Mahaskah being then about fifty years old.

The tidings of Mahaskah's death soon reached his village. One of the murderers escaped and sought refuge among the Ottoes; but, on learning the cause of his visit to them, they shot him in their camp. The other, with the utmost indifference, returned to the village of the murdered chief. Young Mahaskah, now the successor of his father, and principal chief of the nation, on hearing the news of his father's death, and that one of the murderers had returned to the village, went immediately to his lodge, killed his dogs and horses, and with his knife cut and ripped his lodge in every possible direction. This last act, especially, is an insult to which no brave man will submit. Having hurled this defiance at one of the murderers of his father, and expressed his contempt for him under every possible form, he turned to the assassin, who had observed in silence the destruction of his property, and, looking him sternly in the face, said—"You have killed the greatest man who ever made a moccasin track on the Nandaway; you must, therefore, be yourself a great man, since the Great Spirit has given you the victory. To call you a dog would make my father less than a dog." The squaw of the murderer exclaimed to her husband, "Why don't you kill the boy?" He replied, "He is going to be a great brave, I cannot kill him." So saying, he handed the young chief a pipe, which he refused, saying, "I will leave you in the hands of the braves of my nation." To which the inflexible murderer replied, "I am not going to run away; I'll meet your braves to-morrow." The Indian knew full well the fate that awaited him. He felt that his life was forfeited, and meant to assure the young chief that he was ready to pay the penalty.

The next day a general council was convened. The case was submitted to it. The unanimous voice was, "He shall die." It was further decreed, that young Mahaskah should kill him; but he declined, saying, "I cannot kill so brave a man;" whereupon he was shot by one of the principal braves. His body was left on the ground, to be devoured by wolves, as a mark of the disgust of the tribe, and of their abhorrence of the assassin of their chief.

It is customary among the Ioways, and the neighbouring tribes, for the wives and children of the deceased to give away every thing which had belonged to him and his family. This custom was rigidly adhered to on the occasion of Mahaskah's death. His surviving squaws went into mourning and poverty. The mourning is kept up for six moons, and consists, in addition to the blacking of the face, in much wailing, and in the utterance of long and melancholy howls. At its expiration, the tribe present the mourners with food and clothing, and other necessaries of savage life. One of Mahaskah's widows, however, named Missorahtarrahaw, which means, the Female Deer that bounds over the plains, refuses to this day to be comforted, saying her husband "was a great brave and was killed by dogs,"—meaning, low, vulgar fellows.

The subject of this memoir was six feet two inches in height, possessed great bodily strength and activity, and was a man of perfect symmetry of person, and of uncommon beauty.

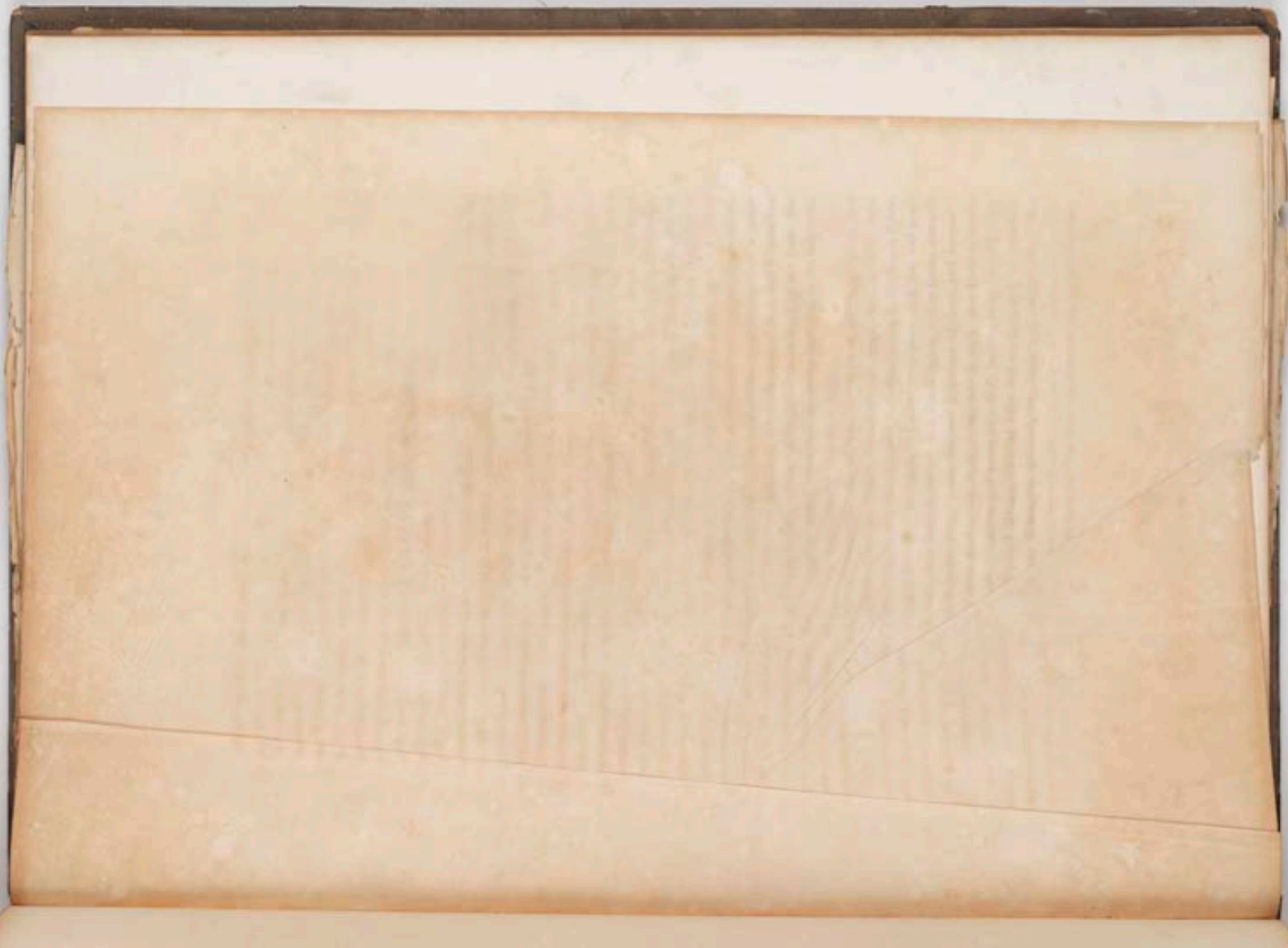
The Ioways were once the most numerous and powerful, next to the Sioux, of all the tribes that hunt between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. They have been reduced by wars, the small pox, and by whiskey, to about thirteen hundred souls.

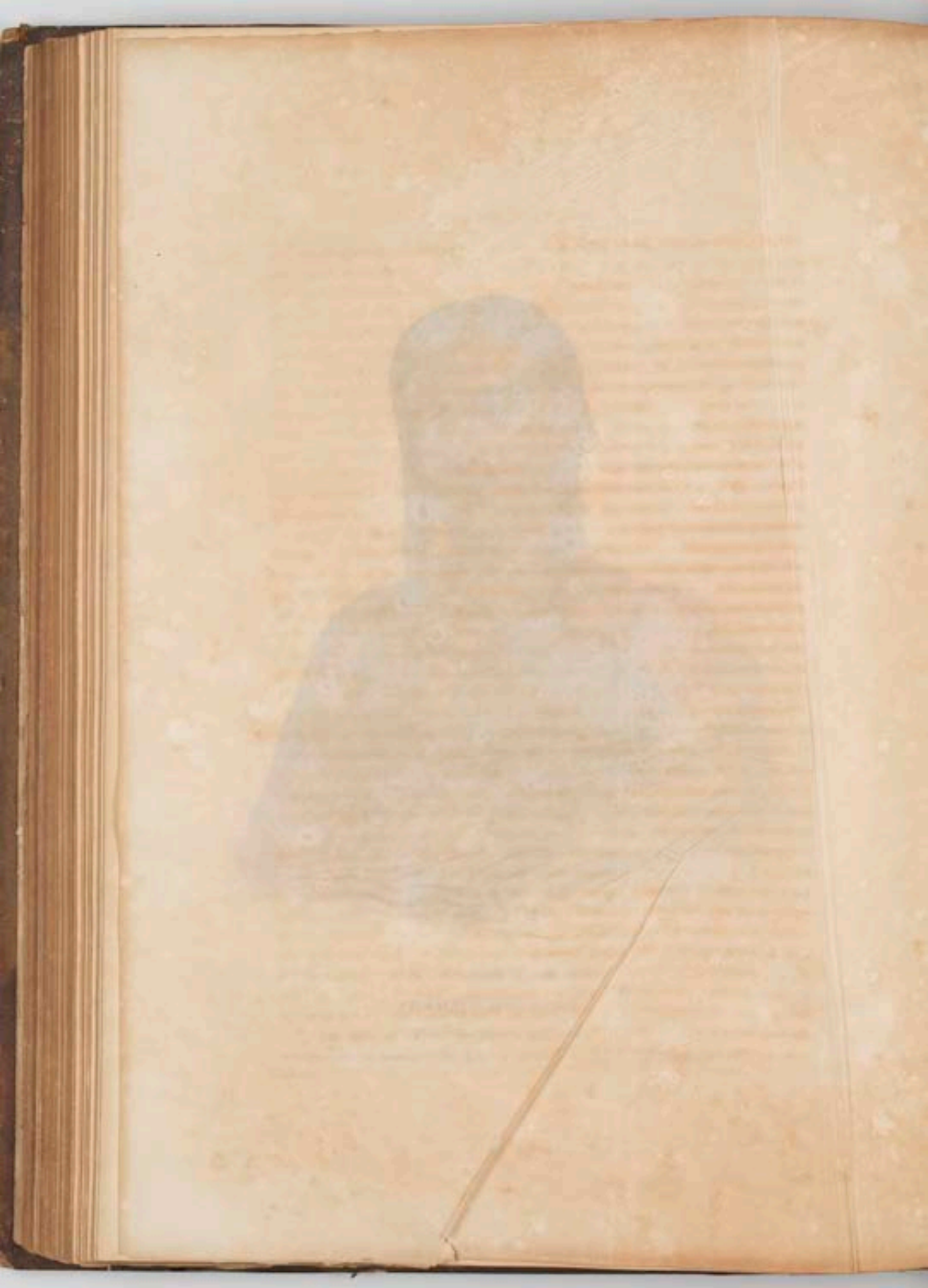
WAN'T-THE-WAI-ME

FEMALE FLYING PIGEON

Painted from nature. *Published by E.C. Biddle.*

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1837 by E.C. Biddle in the clerk's office of the District Court of [illegible]





RANTCHEWAIME.

THIS portrait is a perfect likeness of the wife of Mahaskah, a sketch of whose life precedes this. Rantchewaime means, Female Flying Pigeon. She has been also called the beautiful Female Eagle that flies in the air. This name was given to her by the chiefs and braves of the nation, on account of her great personal beauty.

We have already, in the sketch of her husband's life, made the reader acquainted with the tragic end of this interesting woman. It remains for us to speak of her character. General Hughes, the agent of the tribe, who was well acquainted with her, speaks of her in terms of unmixed approbation. She was chaste, mild, gentle in her disposition, kind, generous, and devoted to her husband. A harsh word was never known to proceed from her mouth; nor was she ever known to be in a passion. Mahaskah used to say of her, after her death, that her hand was shut when those who did not want came into her presence; but, when the poor came, it was like a strainer, full of holes, letting all she held in it pass through. In the exercise of this generous feeling she was uniform. It was not indebted for its exercise to whim, or caprice, or partiality. No matter of what nation the applicant for her bounty was, or whether at war or peace with her tribe, if he were hungry, she fed him; if naked, she clothed him; and if houseless, she gave him shelter. The continual exercise of this generous feeling kept her poor. She has been known to give away her last blanket—all the honey that was in the lodge, the last bladder of bear's oil,* and the last piece of dried meat.

Rantchewaime was scrupulously exact in the observance of all the religious rites which her faith imposed upon her. Her conscience is represented to have been extremely tender. She often feared that her acts were displeasing to the Great Spirit, when she would blacken her face, and retire to some lone place, and fast and pray.

The Ioways, like all other Indians, believe in a Great Spirit, and in future rewards and punishments; and their priests make frequent sacrifices of dogs and horses, to appease the anger of their God. For their virtue, which, with these Indians, means courage, kindness, honesty, chastity, and generosity, they believe most sincerely they will be rewarded; and, for bad actions, they as fully believe they will be punished. Among these they enumerate dishonesty, laziness, the sacrifice of chastity, &c. But

* Bear's oil is kept in bladders, and used by the Indians in cooking, for the same purposes for which we use lard or butter.

they do not view the stealing of a horse in the light of a dishonest act—they class this among their virtues.

Rantchewaime has been known, after her return from Washington, to assemble hundreds of the females of her tribe, and discourse to them on the subject of those vicious courses which she witnessed during that journey among the whites, and to warn them against like practices. The good effect of such a nice sense of propriety has been singularly illustrated among the Ioways. It is reported, on unquestionable authority, that an illegitimate child has never been known to be born among them. It is true, uncles (parents do not interfere, the right being in the uncle, or the nearest relative) sometimes sell their nieces for money or merchandise to traders and engagees. Marriages thus contracted frequently produce a state of great connubial happiness; but, if the purchaser abandon his purchase, she is discarded, and is never taken for a wife by a brave, but is left to perform all the drudgery of the lodge and the field, and is treated as an outcast.

An affecting incident occurred in 1828, on the Missouri. A connection, by purchase, had been formed between a trader and an Ioway maid. They lived together for some time, and had issue, one child. The trader, as is often the case, abandoned his wife and child. The wife, agitated with contending emotions of love and bereavement, and knowing how hard would be her fate, strapped her child to the cradle, and throwing it on her back, pursued her faithless husband. She came within sight of him, but he eluded her. Arriving at the top of a high bluff that overlooked the country, and after straining her eyes by looking in every direction to catch a glimpse of him, or to see the way he was travelling, in vain, she stepped hastily to a part of the bluff that overhung the Missouri, and exclaiming, "O God! all that I loved in this world has passed from my sight; my hopes are all at an end; I give myself and child to thee!" sprang into the river, and with her child was drowned.

We have spoken of the firm belief of the Ioways in a future state. What that state is, in their view of it, we will now briefly state. They believe, that after death, and after they are found by the Great Spirit—who, as we have said in a preceding sketch, is constantly going about with a pipe of peace in his mouth, seeking the bodies of the dead—they are guided by him to a rapid stream, over which always lies a log that is exceedingly slippery. Those who are destined to be happy are sustained by the Good Spirit in crossing upon this slippery log. The moment they reach the opposite shore, they are transported to a land filled with buffalo and elk, the antelope and beaver; with otters and raccoons, and muskrats. Over this beautiful land the sun always shines; the streams that irrigate it never dry up, whilst the air is filled with fragrance, and is of the most delightful temperature. The kettles are always slung, and the choicest cuts from the buffalo, the elk, &c., are always in a state of readiness to be eaten, whilst the smoke of these viands ascends for ever and ever. In this beautiful and happy country the departed good meet, and mingle with their ancestors of all previous time, and all the friends that preceded them, all recognising and saluting each other.

But when the wicked die they are guided to this slippery log, and then abandoned, when they fall into the stream, and, after being whirled about in many directions, they awake and find themselves upon firm ground, but in the midst of sterility, of poverty, and of desolation. All around them are snakes, lizards, frogs, and grasshoppers; and there is no fuel to kindle a fire. This barren land is in full view of the beautiful country and of all its delights, whilst over it constantly pass the odours of the viands; but from a participation in any thing there, they are for ever debarred.

In this belief Rantchewaime grew up. It was to gain admission into this heaven, and to avoid this place of punishment, she so often went into retirement to pray; and all her virtues and good works, she believed, were put down as so many titles to this beautiful heaven. There can be little doubt that a mind thus formed, and a conscience thus tender, would, under the guidance of the Christian faith, and the enlightening influence of our most holy religion, have carried their possessor to the highest attainments, and made her a bright and a shining light. It is impossible to contemplate a child of nature so gifted in all that is excellent, without feeling a regret that the principles of a more rational religion had not reached Rantchewaime, and that she had not participated in its enjoyments. But He to whom she has gone will know how to judge her. Certain it is, of those to whom little has been given but little will be required; and although Rantchewaime may not have found the heaven she aspired to reach, she has found one far more delightful, and as eternal.

YOUNG MA-HAS-KAH

CHIEF OF THE IOWAYS

Philadelphia Published by E.C. Biddle

entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1837 by E.C. Biddle in the office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

YOUNG MAHASKAH.

THIS is the son of Mahaskah the elder, and Rantchewaime. On the death of his father, young Mahaskah took charge of his family. Inheriting by birth the title and prerogatives of chief, it was supposed he would assume the authority of one; but this he refused to do, saying he would not occupy the place of his father unless called to that station by a majority of his people. This decision being made known to the nation, a general council was called, by which he was elected chief without a dissenting voice. He was then in the twenty-fourth year of his age. The decision of the council being announced to him, he thus addressed it:—"One of my sisters, and other young squaws, have been taught to spin and weave. My father approved this and encouraged it. He also taught the lessons of peace, and counselled me not to go to war, except in my own defence. I have made up my mind to listen always to that talk. I have never shed blood; have never taken a scalp, and never will, unless compelled by bad men in my own defence, and for the protection of my people. I believe the Great Spirit is always angry with men who shed innocent blood. I will live in peace."

This talk clearly indicated the policy he had resolved to pursue; and, that the force of example might be added to his precept, he immediately engaged in agricultural pursuits. He has now under cultivation about sixteen acres of land, on which he raises corn, pumpkins, beans, squashes, potatoes, &c., all which are well attended, and cultivated with great neatness—the plough being the principal instrument; and this he holds in his own hand. The surplus produce he distributes with great liberality among his people. This, and his father's example, have had a most beneficial effect upon his tribe. Mahaskah not only follows, thus practically, the example set by his father, but he also counsels his people, on all suitable occasions, to abandon war and the chase, and look to the ground for their support. He is, literally, the monarch of his tribe. Nauchesinga, or No Heart, his father's brother, acts in concert with, and sustains him nobly, in these lessons of industry and peace.

Young Mahaskah considered that great injustice had been done by the United States government to his people, in failing, by a total disregard of the stipulations of the treaty of 1825, to keep off intruders from his lands, and in overlooking the obligations of that treaty in regard to the conduct of the Sauks and Foxes of the Mississippi, who had not only made large sales of the mineral regions about what are called De Buque's

mines, without consulting the Ioways, who, by the treaty, are entitled to an equal portion of that country, but who also threatened in their talks to advance within the limits of the Grand and Des Moines rivers, and take possession of the country. In view of these things, young Mahaskah called on the United States agent, and made known his grievances. The agent replied that his will was good to see justice done to the Ioways, but that he had no power to enforce it. Mahaskah resolved to proceed immediately to Washington, and appeal, in person, to his Great Father, and ask for redress. This intention of the chief was made known to the government. The answer was, in substance, "There is no appropriation to pay his expenses." He then determined to make the visit at his own cost, which he did in the winter of 1836–7, selecting for his companion a notable brave, called the Sioux Killer, whose portrait will follow this, and of whose life and actions we have something to say. The Ioways engaged the services of Major Joseph V. Hamilton and Major Morgan, and invested them with full power to adjust their difficulties with the government. Major Morgan declined, Major Hamilton consented; when, in company with their long tried and faithful agent, General Andrew H. Hughes, the party started for Washington.

Mahaskah had indulged the hope that these difficulties might be adjusted at St. Louis, and thereby save the trouble and expense of pursuing their journey to Washington. With this view he visited the old and constant friend of his people, General William Clark, who received the chief and his party with all the kindness which has so long characterised his intercourse with the Indians of the far West. But he was unable to redress the grievances complained of, and, therefore, declined to interfere in the adjustment of their claims. He, however, gave Mahaskah a letter, which was addressed to Major Hamilton, to be laid before the President, together with a very able petition which had been prepared. The petition was addressed to Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, or his successor; and also to the congress of the United States; the object being that, if the President had no authority to interfere, congress might confer it.

The young chief and his party were received with great kindness by the authorities at Washington. He told, in his own simple but eloquent style, the story of his wrongs, and claimed the interposition of the government. He was promised, in reply, that his business should be attended to, and his grievances redressed. Reposing entire confidence in these promises, he was satisfied. A medal was presented to him, and other testimonials of respect shown him. After remaining about ten days, he returned in February, 1837, to his own country. The portrait before the reader was taken during that visit, by that celebrated artist, King, the same who had taken, previously, a large portion of those which embellish this work.

In person, young Mahaskah is about five feet ten inches high, and so finely proportioned as to be a model, in all respects, of a perfect man. The reader will see, on turning to his portrait, how striking is its resemblance to his father's, and how clearly it indicates the character of the man. Around his neck are seen the same bear's claws which his father had long worn before him.

It happened when Mahaskah was at Washington, that the agent for this work was there also. He waited on the party, and exhibited the specimen number. As he turned over the leaves bearing the likenesses of many of those Indians of the far West, who were known to the party, Mahaskah would pronounce their names with the same promptness as if the originals had been alive and before him. Among these was the likeness of his father. He looked at it with a composure bordering on indifference. On being asked if he did not know his father, he answered, pointing to the portrait, "That is my father." He was asked if he was not glad to see him. He replied, "It is enough for me to know that my father was a brave man, and had a big heart, and died an honourable death in doing the will of my Great Father,"—referring to the duty he was engaged in, as stated in his father's life, which resulted in his death.

Another leaf being turned over, he said, "That is Shaumonekusse, the Ottoe chief, and added, "he is a brave and sensible man, and I am glad to see him." They had long been friends; in fact, ever since Mahaskah was a boy they had smoked the calumet together. The portrait of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse, was then shown to him. "That," said he, "is my mother." The agent assured him he was mistaken. He became indignant, and seemed mortified that his mother, as he believed her to be, should be arranged in the work as the wife of another, and especially of a chief over whom his father had held and exercised authority. The colloquy became interesting, until at last some excitement, on the part of Mahaskah, grew out of it. On hearing it repeated by the agent, that he must be mistaken, Mahaskah turned and looked him in the face, saying, "Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped, and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast that had given him life!" So firmly convinced was he that this was the picture of his mother, and so resolved that she should not remain by the side of Shaumonekusse, that he said, "I will not leave this room until my mother's name, Rantchewaime, is marked over the name of Eagle of Delight." The agent for the work complied with his demand, when his agitation, which had become great, subsided, and he appeared contented. Looking once more at the painting, he turned from it, saying, "If it had not been for Waucondamony," the name he gave the agent for the work, which means Walking God, so called, because he attributed the taking of these likenesses to him, "I would have kissed her, but Waucondamony made me ashamed."

Soon after this interview the party went to King's gallery, where are copies of many of these likenesses, and among them are both the Eagle of Delight and the Female Flying Pigeon. The moment Mahaskah's eye caught the portrait of the Female Flying Pigeon, he exclaimed, "*That* is my mother—that is her fan; I know her now. I am ashamed again." He immediately asked to have a copy of it, as also of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse, saying, of this last, "the Ottoe chief will be so glad to see his squaw, that he will give me one hundred horses for it."

It was most natural that Mahaskah should have mistaken the Eagle of Delight for his mother, and no less so, when they were seen together, that he should become convinced

of his error. His mother, it will be recollected, was killed when he was only four years old. She and the Eagle of Delight were neighbours and friends, and much together; and were particular in braiding their hair alike, and dressing always after the same fashion, and, generally, in the same kind of material. He knew, moreover, that the Eagle of Delight was of royal birth, and, though a child, he recollected she had a blue spot on her forehead, which is the ensign of royalty. In the portrait before him, the colourer had omitted the spot; not seeing this, and seeing the braided hair and the dress, and the strong resemblance to the features of his mother as they remained impressed upon his memory, he was easily deceived. The moment, however, he came into the presence of his mother's likeness, and had both before him, he knew her on whose back he had been carried, the knee on which he had been nursed, and the breast that had given him life; and even the fan in her hand seemed to recall the mother he had loved, and painfully to remind him of her melancholy death—for he said that she had that same fan in her hand when the horse fell with her. In the other painting before him he saw the blue spot. He was no longer mistaken, and rejoiced in once more beholding so good a mother. It is scarcely necessary to add, that copies of both were sent to him, and that both he and Shaumonekusse, the husband of the Eagle of Delight, were made happy, the one in receiving back, as from the dead, a mother so beloved; the other, a wife whose loss he deeply deplores.

NE SOU A QUOIT
A FOX CHIEF.

NESOUAQUOIT.

NESOUAQUOIT, being interpreted, means, *The Bear in the forks of a tree.* The portrait before the reader was taken at the city of Washington, in the winter of 1837, Nesouaquoit being, at that time, about forty years of age. He is full six feet high, and in his proportions is a model of manly symmetry. He is a Fox Indian, and the son of the famous chief Chemakasee, or the Lance. This chief is yet living, but being old and superannuated, has retired from the chieftainship of his band, having conferred upon his son, Nesouaquoit, all his authority and dignity.

In 1812, soon after the United States had declared war against Great Britain, the agents of that kingdom, then among us, sought to draw the band, of which Chemakasee was chief, into an alliance with them. A council was held, at which a proposal to this effect was formally made. Chemakasee answered, by saying, "We will not fight *for* the red coats, but we will fight *against* them." This laconic response being final, a strong excitement was produced, which threatened not only the peace, but the lives of Chemakasee's band. To relieve them from this perilous situation the United States government directed that they should be removed to a place of security, and protected against both the British and their Indian allies. General Clark, being charged with this order, caused them to be removed to Fort Edwards, where they were kept, and fed, and clothed at the expense of the United States, till the termination of the war. The band numbered then about four hundred souls.

After the war, Chemakasee, instead of returning to his former position, and renewing his relations with the Sauks and Foxes of the Mississippi, determined to avoid the one and decline the other—so he sought a country by ascending the Missouri, until arriving at La Platte, he settled on that river, near the Black Snake hills, where he continues to reside.

In 1815, a treaty was concluded between this band and the United States; the third article of which stipulates, that a just proportion of the annuities, which a previous treaty had provided to be paid to the Sauk and Fox Indians, should be paid to the Foxes of La Platte. By some strange oversight, this provision of the treaty had been overlooked—unintentionally, no doubt, by the government, whilst the age and infirmities of Chemakasee, it is presumed, caused him to forget it. An arrearage of twenty years had accumulated, when Nesouaquoit, having succeeded to the chieftainship of his band,

resolved to ascertain why the government had so long delayed to fulfil this stipulation. He first held a conference with the agent; but this officer had no power over the case. He then resolved to visit Washington, and plead the cause of his people before his Great Father; and, if he should fail there, to present it to congress. But he had one great difficulty to overcome, and that was to raise the money to pay his expenses to Washington. To accomplish this he opened a negotiation with a Mr. Risque, of St. Louis, who agreed to pay his expenses to Washington and home again, for *"three boxes and a half of silver,"* equivalent to three thousand five hundred dollars. That he might be punctual in paying the loan, he ordered his hunters to collect furs and peltries of sufficient value, and have them ready for the St. Louis market, in time to redeem his pledge for the return of the money. This being done, he started upon his mission. Arriving at Washington, he explained the object of his visit. This he did in a firm and decided manner. The authorities recognised his claim, and he was assured that the provisions of the treaty in favour of his people, though so long overlooked, should be scrupulously fulfilled, and respected in future. Having attained the object of his mission he returned home, highly pleased with its result.

This chief is, perhaps, the only Indian of whom it can be said—*he never tasted a drop of spirituous liquor or smoked a pipe!* Of many thousands, and, perhaps, hundreds of thousands, it might be truly affirmed, that they never tasted a drop of spirituous liquor, but that was before this bane of the Indians had found its way into their country; but, with this single exception, we believe it can be said of no Indian—*he never smoked a pipe!* It is certainly remarkable that, in the present abundance of these aboriginal luxuries, Nesouaquoit should have the firmness to abstain from both.

His antipathy to whiskey extends to those who sell it. He will not permit a whiskey dealer to enter his country. Indeed, whenever a trader, not informed of the determined purpose of this chief to keep his people free from the ruinous effects of whiskey, has strolled within his borders, he has been known to knock in the heads of his casks, and with the staves beat him out of his country. Though thus temperate, and free from the exciting influence of whiskey and tobacco, Nesouaquoit is known to be as brave an Indian as ever made a moccasin track between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

This chief has seven wives, who live as Indian wives generally do, in the most perfect harmony with each other. He is remarkable for his generosity, giving freely of what he has to all who need assistance. To those who visit his lodge he is represented as being most courteous; and this exterior polish he carefully preserves in his intercourse with his people. But his aversion to traders is perfect. He has long since formally interdicted marriage between them and the women of his band. So stern is his resolution on this point, that no union of the kind has been known since he succeeded to the rank of chief. In his deportment towards the whites he is most friendly, but he maintains his own rights with firmness and dignity.

MOA-NA-HON-GA.

Great Walker.

AN IOWAY CHIEF.

MOANAHONGA.

MOANAHONGA, which signifies *Great Walker*, was an Ioway brave. This name was conferred upon him, not for his having performed any great feat as a walker against time, as in the case of the Sioux Killer, but on account of his great muscular strength, which enabled him to endure the toils of the chase, and to lead war parties over a vast extent of country, without appearing to be fatigued. This brave, like the Sioux Killer, was called by another name, by which he was more generally known, viz: *Big Neck;* and he was also known by the name of Winaugusconey, or *The man who is not afraid to travel;* the meaning of which is, that he would traverse large tracts of country alone, utterly reckless of danger, relying for protection and defence upon his courage and great physical strength, both of which he possessed in an extraordinary degree.

Moanahonga was of a morose and sour disposition; the result, doubtless, of his having been the descendant of obscure parents, which circumstance much impeded his advancement to the higher honours to which his bravery, skill, and talents entitled him. He was emulous of glory, but found himself always held in check by the lowness of his origin. There was nothing which he valued so highly as the honours and dignity of a chieftain, and to this elevation he constantly aspired; seeking ardently, by daring exploits, to challenge the admiration of his nation, and in the midst of some blaze of glory to extinguish all recollection of the meanness of his descent. As was natural, under such circumstances, he was envious of distinction in others, and the more exalted the incumbent the more he disliked him. He even avoided those who were in command, because of his aversion to being the subordinate of any; and, acting under the influence of this feeling, he would separate himself from his band and people, build a lodge of his own, and, taking with him as many as had been won over to him by his bravery, exercise the authority of their chief.

This brave was one of a party led by General Clark to Washington, in 1824, at which time he united with Mahaskah in concluding a treaty by which they ceded all their lands lying within the state of Missouri, amounting to some millions of acres, for the remuneration of five hundred dollars per annum for ten years, in connection with some other paltry considerations. It appears he did not comprehend the import of the treaty; and, on his return to his country, finding it overrun with the whites, who had taken possession of the ground that covered the bones of his ancestors, he is said to have

become greatly affected. He sought relief, but was told the treaty was made, and that he and Mahaskah had sold the country. He continued to endure this state of things until 1829, when, unable to sustain it any longer, he determined to go to St. Louis and state his grievances to General Clark. On his way thither he encamped on the borders of the river Chariton, his party consisting of about sixty persons. While there, resting his comrades from the fatigues of their march, a party of whites came up, having with them some kegs of whiskey. It was not long before the Indians were completely besotted, when the whites plundered them of their blankets and horses, and whatever else was of value, and retired. Recovering from their debauch, the Indians felt how dearly they had paid for the whiskey with which the whites had regaled them; and being hungry one of the young men shot a hog. Big Neck rebuked him, saying, "That is wrong. It is true we are poor, and have been robbed, but the hog was not ours, and you ought not to have shot it."

It was soon rumoured along the borders that the Indians were destroying the property of the settlers, and the dead hog was brought in evidence to prove the charge; whereupon a company of about sixty white men was raised, and marched to the Indian camp. They ordered Big Neck to leave the country instantly, adding, if he delayed they would drive him out of it with their guns. Big Neck thought it prudent to retire, and leaving his encampment he went fifteen miles higher up into the country, to a point which he believed was beyond the boundary of the state. While there this same party, having pursued them, arrived. Seeing them coming, and not suspecting that there was now any cause of quarrel, Big Neck stepped from his lodge unarmed, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hand extended towards the leader of the party in token of friendship. The pipe is a sacred thing, and is, among most of the Indian tribes, the emblem of peace; nor have they ever been known to permit any outrage to be committed upon a man who advances towards another with this symbol of peace in his mouth. While in the act of reaching his hand to the leader of the party, and as the Indians came out of their lodges to see the cavalcade of white men, they were fired upon. One child was killed, as was also the brother of Big Neck, who fell at his side. Enraged by this assault, the Indians flew to their arms, their number of fighting men being about thirty; and against such fearful odds Big Neck, supported by Maushemone, or *The Big Flying Cloud*, resolved to contend. The white man who had shot the child was killed on the spot. Big Neck shot James Myers, the leader of the party, in the thigh. At about the same moment a white man, named Win, shot a squaw, sister of Big Neck. As she fell she exclaimed, "Brother, I am going to die innocent—avenge my blood!" She had scarcely spoken when an Indian, sometimes called Ioway Jim, and at others Major Ketcher, levelled his rifle and discharged its contents into Win's thigh, fracturing the bone. A furious fight ensued, in which the whites were defeated and driven from the ground.

Win, being unable to escape, was found on the battle ground by his exasperated enemies, who immediately prepared to burn their victim. A pile was raised around him and fired. As the flames began to encircle him, Big Neck, pointing to the dead and wounded, thus addressed the murderer of his people:

"See there! look! You have killed all that was dear to me—my brother, my brother's wife and her child. See the blood—it flows before you. Look at that woman; her arm was never raised against an American; the child never wronged you—it was innocent; they have gone to the Great Spirit. I came to meet you with the pipe of peace in my mouth. I did you no wrong. You fired upon me, and see what you have done—see my own squaw with her head bleeding; though not dead she is wounded. Now listen—you are not a *brave*, you are a *dog*. If you were a *brave* I would treat you as a *brave*, but as you are a *dog* I will treat you as a *dog*."

Here Big Neck paused, listened to the crackling of the fagots, and, with his knife drawn, eyed his victim for a moment, when, as the flames burst forth, and were approaching the body, he sprang over them, scalped the fated Win, and, while yet alive, cut open his breast, tore out his heart, bit off a piece of it, then throwing it back into the flames it was consumed with the body.

The tidings of this affair soon reached the settlements. Every where it was proclaimed, "The Indians are killing the whites." Most of the border settlers abandoned their homes. An order was issued from Jefferson Barracks, to the officer in command at Fort Leavenworth, to march forthwith against the Indians. A large detachment of United States infantry was sent from Missouri in a steamboat, whilst the governor ordered out the militia. The agent of the Ioways, General Hughes, was required to co-operate. The militia were marched direct to the battle ground, and thence back again, having accomplished nothing. The first step taken by the agent was to deliver eleven of the principal men of the Ioway nation as hostages for the good conduct of that people. With these General Leavenworth returned with his command to St. Louis. The agent then proceeded with four men to the battle ground. Taking the trail from thence he pursued Big Neck and his party to the upper Mississippi, and to the waters of the lower Ioway river, a distance but little, if any, short of four hundred miles. Here he fell in with Taimah, or *The Bear whose screams make the rocks tremble*, and his son, Apamuse, who were on the Polecat river, near Fort Madison. From Taimah and his son he learned where Big Neck was encamped, and was accompanied to the spot by a party of Sauks and Foxes. Caution became necessary; and, as they approached Big Neck's party, they lay concealed in the day, and advanced upon it only in the night. Just before day, having had the camp in view the previous evening, when all was still, the agent approached and stepped quickly into Big Neck's lodge. Here he was safe; for, in accordance with the Indian practice, no outrage is ever permitted upon any person, though an enemy, who takes refuge within a lodge—no blood is allowed to stain the ground within its precincts. Big Neck was just in the act of raising himself from his buffalo skin, as the agent entered his lodge. The object of the visit was explained. But few words were spoken, when Big Neck said, "I'll go with you; a brave man dies but once—cowards are always dying." Whereupon he surrendered himself and his party. They were marched to the Rapide des Moines. On arriving there, Big Neck ordered his squaws to return. The agent at once interpreted the object, and turning to his four men, said, "Get your guns ready, for Big Neck means to kill us." The squaws ascended the hill that rises from the margin of the river at that place, and

were clustering about its summit; and just as they were turning to witness the murder of the agent and his four men, a point which makes out into the river was suddenly turned by the advance of a little fleet of five boats, filled with United States troops, under the command of Lieutenant Morris. The squaws, seeing this, rushed suddenly down the hill, with howls and cries, and throwing themselves at the agent's feet, begged for their lives. The inference was, that they supposed the plot for the destruction of the agent and his companions had been discovered, and that the Indians would be made to atone for it with their lives. A moment longer and the agent and his men would have been slain. This was one of those rare and timely interpositions that can be resolved into nothing short of the agency of Providence.

Eleven of the principal Indians, including Big Neck, were transferred to these boats and conveyed to St. Louis, whilst the residue, in charge of one of General Hughes's men, were sent across the country in the direction of their homes. Arriving at St. Louis, arrangements were made for the trial of the prisoners, on a charge of murder, which, it was alleged, had been committed in Randolph county. The trial was then ordered to take place in that county, whither the prisoners were conveyed. The jury, without leaving their box, brought in a verdict of *not guilty*.

Big Neck, being now on friendly terms with the agent, agreed to accompany him to his village. He was in deep distress, and went into mourning by blacking his face, nor did he ever remove this symbol of grief to the day of his death. He was asked his reason for this. He answered, "I am ashamed to look upon the sun. I have insulted the Great Spirit by selling the bones of my fathers—it is right that I should mourn."

About five years after his trial Big Neck led a war party of about fifty men in pursuit of a party of Sioux, who had penetrated the country to his village and stole nine of his horses. He took with him in this expedition a famous brave, called Pekeinga, or *The Little Star*. The party soon came within sight of the Sioux, who fled, throwing behind them their leggins and moccasins, and dried buffalo meat, which indicated their defeat. Big Neck, however, was resolved on punishing them, and ordered his men to charge. The Sioux had taken refuge in a large hazel thicket, above which towered trees, thick set with foliage, into two of which, two Sioux, one a chief, had climbed. Each of these Sioux selected his man, one of them Big Neck, the other the Little Star, and as the party rushed into the thicket they both fired. Big Neck was shot through the breast; the Little Star fell dead from his horse. Seeing them fall the two Sioux sprang from the trees to take their scalps. The Sioux chief, who had shot Big Neck, hastened to his body, and while in the act of taking his scalp, the dying savage drew his knife with one hand, and with the other grasped the Sioux, brought him in contact with him, threw him, and then, with his remaining strength, fell upon the body of the Sioux, and stabbed and scalped him. When they were found that was their position—the Sioux on the ground, and Big Neck lying across his dead body, with his scalp dripping with blood in one hand, and his knife firmly grasped in the other.

On witnessing this spectacle both parties retired from the fight, each deeply deploring the death of their favourite chief, and interpreting so great a calamity unto the anger of the Great Spirit, they made peace, and remain friends to this day.

OHAW-HAW-NAPO-TINIA.
AN IOWAY CHIEF.

Published by M. F. Sinnickson, Philadelphia.

SHAUHAUNAPOTINIA.

THE import of this name is, *The man who killed three Sioux.* Why he is so called will appear in the sequel. He is also called Moanahonga, which means Great Walker. Shauhaunapotinia is an Ioway, and was, when his likeness was taken, in 1837, twenty-one years old.

It is customary among the Ioways for boys, when they arrive at the age of eight or ten years, to select companions of about the same age. A companionship thus formed ripens into a union which nothing but death is ever permitted to dissolve. The parties become inseparable—are seen together in their sports, and in riper years in the chase; and, when in battle, they are side by side. Their most confidential secrets are told without reserve to each other, and are afterwards treated as if confined but to one breast. Shauhaunapotinia had formed a fellowship of this abiding sort with an Ioway boy, which lasted till his companion had reached his nineteenth, and himself his eighteenth year, when the Sioux destroyed this endearing relationship by killing Shauhaunapotinia's companion. This occurrence took place about one hundred miles from the nearest Sioux village. The moment the tidings of his friend's death reached Shauhaunapotinia, he resolved on revenge. He went into mourning by blacking his face, and secretly left his village and sought the enemy. Coming upon the Sioux in their encampment, of about four hundred lodges, he rushed in among them like a maniac, and with his knife stabbed a brave, whom he instantly scalped; then rushing from the encampment in the direction of his village, he fell in with, and killed and scalped two squaws, bringing to his home three scalps; and all this was the work of twenty-four hours, the distance travelled in that time being one hundred miles! Hence his name, the Sioux Killer, because of his success in killing and scalping three Sioux—and the Great Walker, because of his having travelled over such an extent of country in so short a time.

On reaching his village he made known where he had been, and what was his object, and showed the scalps in testimony of his triumph. On hearing the statement, and seeing his trophies, the chiefs and braves of his nation immediately bound round his legs, just below his knees, skins of the polecat, these being the insignia of bravery. Young Mahaskah immediately adopted him as his friend, companion, and counsellor; hence his presence with him recently at Washington city. To his bravery, Shauhaunapotinia added the qualities of a wit, and is represented as having no equal in the nation. His

waggeries are so numerous, and so diversified, as to leave him master of all the circles of fun and frolic in which he mingles.

Shauhaumapotinia, when he joined Mahaskah, was destined, for the first time in his life, to see and be among white people. On arriving at Liberty, Clay county, Missouri, he gave signs of great uneasiness. On one occasion he came running to the agent in great trepidation, without his blanket, saying, "Father, these white people are fools." "Why do you call them fools?" asked the agent. "Why," replied the Sioux Killer, "they make their fires in the wrong part of their wigwams. Why don't they make them as we do, in the middle? I am almost frozen. And that," he continued, "is not all. The white people look at me; may be they want to kill me. I want to go home." The agent explained to him that the fire was built where all white people build it, at one end of their wigwam; and assuring him that the whites were only curious, and had no unkind intentions towards him, he became reconciled, and agreed to proceed. He gave signs, however, of affliction, by blacking his face, and sitting quietly by himself in some lone place for two days.

We have in this anecdote an illustration of the truth, that before the mind can bring itself to stand unappalled before danger, it must become accustomed to it; and, not only to danger in the abstract, but to its variety, and under all its forms. Now, here was an Indian, who, to revenge the death of his friend, could travel alone and undismayed, a hundred miles into the enemy's country, rush into an encampment of four hundred lodges, strike down a brave and scalp him, and return, killing two other Indians by the way; and yet, when placed in a new country, amidst other than his forest scenes, and among a people of another colour, of whom he knew nothing, he was made to tremble and be afraid at a look! The same knowledge of the white man, the same acquaintance with his habits and mode of warfare, and especially the opportunity of measuring arms with him in a fight or two, would have elevated this Indian's courage to an equal height to which it proved itself capable of rising when he made that desperate attack upon the Sioux in their own encampment. Some writer, we remember, in speaking of the fearless character of the British seamen, says, "Brave, because bred amidst dangers—great, because accustomed to the dimensions of the world." It is highly probable, that were a seaman taken from the bravest of the brave, and conveyed away from the ship, with whose strength and power he had become familiar, and placed in a wilderness among savages, he would shrink from their scrutiny, and realise a depression in the scale of his courage as did the Sioux Killer when removed from the theatre of his victories, and conveyed among a people who were new to him, and of whom he knew nothing.

TAH-CHEE.

A CHEROKEE CHIEF

Philadelphia Published by E.C. Biddle

Entered according to Act of Congress the year 1837 by E.C. Biddle, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pa.

TAHCHEE.

TAHCHEE is the Cherokee word for Dutch. How the individual before us acquired this name we are not informed, except that he obtained it in his infancy from his own people. In process of time, as its import became known, it was translated into the word Dutch, by which he is most usually called. He was born about the year 1790, at Turkey Town, on the Coosa river, in a district of country then composed of the wild lands of the United States, but now included in the state of Alabama, and was forty-seven years of age when his portrait was taken. The picture is an admirable likeness. Tahchee is five feet eleven inches high, of admirable proportions, flexible and graceful in his movements, and possesses great muscular power and activity; while his countenance expresses a coolness, courage, and decision, which accord well with his distinguished reputation as a warrior.

He is the third of the four sons of Skyuga, a famous Cherokee chief, and had thus, by inheritance, a claim to rank, which is always respected among the Indians, when supported by merit. At an early age, in company with his mother, and an uncle who was called Thomas Taylor, he emigrated to the St. Francis river in Arkansas; but as his family was among the first of those who were induced, by the encroachment of the whites, to remove to the west of the Mississippi, and his own age not more than five years, he retains but a faint recollection of the exodus. The country in which they sought a refuge was a wilderness into which the white man had not intruded—a broad and fertile land, where extensive prairies, alternating with luxuriant forests, afforded shelter and pasturage to vast numbers of the animals most eagerly sought by the hunter. The young Tahchee was early initiated in the arts and perils of the chase. He remembers when he first went forth, a slender but ardent boy, in search of game, that his uncle prepared a gun, by cutting off part of the barrel, so as to render it portable and easily managed in the hands of the young hunter. Thus early is the native of the forest trained to these arts of woodcraft, and taught to face the dangers of the wild, and the extremities of the weather; and it is through the means of such culture that he becomes so expert in all that relates to hunting and border warfare, and so indifferent to every other occupation or amusement.

For the first three years his exertions were confined to the immediate neighbourhood of his residence; but at the end of that period he was permitted to accompany a

regular hunting party upon one of those long expeditions so common among the American tribes, and which indeed occupy the greater portion of the lives of those among them who are active and ambitious. He was absent a year, following the game from place to place, roaming over an immense region of wilderness, and enduring all the vicissitudes attendant upon long journeys, the succession of the seasons, and the ever varying incidents of the chase. Those who have hunted only for sport, can form but a faint conception of the almost incredible dangers and fatigues endured by the Indians in these protracted wanderings, during which they travel to distant regions, often meet, and more often cunningly elude, their enemies, and suffer the most wonderful privations. Their lives are a continuous succession of feasting and starvation, of exertion and sleep, of excitement, intense anxiety, and despondency, through all which they pass without becoming weary of the savage life, or learning in the hard school of experience the wisdom which would teach them to imitate the examples of the ant and the bee, by making provision for the winter during the season of harvest.

On the return of Tahchee, after this long absence, he reached home late at night, and knocked at the door of his mother's cabin, who, supposing it to be some drunken Indian, called out to him angrily to go away, as she had no whiskey to give him. Dutch, who, like a true Indian, would rather effect his object by indirection than by any open procedure, went round the maternal mansion, which was but a flimsy fabric of logs, whose weak points were well known to him, and attempted to enter at a window, but was met by his amiable parent, who stood prepared to defend her castle against the unknown intruder, armed with a tough and well-seasoned stick, with which she was wont to stir her hominy. He was, of course, compelled to retreat, but soon after succeeded in effecting, at some other point, a practicable breach, by which he entered, and was immediately recognised and cordially welcomed by his mother.

After remaining at home but three months, he accompanied another party composed of about fifteen hunters, to the Red river, who, being unsuccessful, soon returned. During their absence another party of Cherokees were attacked upon White river by the Osages, who killed several and took one prisoner—a cousin of Tahchee being among the slain. The tidings of this insult incited the Cherokees to immediate measures of retaliation, and a war party was raised, consisting of thirty-two individuals, headed by Cahtateeskee, or *The Dirt Seller*. Though but a mere boy, Dutch was permitted to join the expedition, probably in virtue of his consanguinity to one of the slain; but, as is customary on such occasions, the burthen of carrying the kettles, and other baggage, fell to his lot, for the Indian warrior never condescends to perform any labour that can be shifted off upon the less dignified shoulders of a youthful or feminine companion. At their first encampment, the Dirt Seller, who was his uncle, raised him to the station of a warrior, by a ceremony, which, however simple, was doubtless as highly prized by the young Cherokee, as was the honour of knighthood by our scarcely less barbarous ancestors. The leader of the hostile band, having cut a stick, and fashioned it with his knife into the form of a war club, presented it to his promising relative with these words: "I present this to you; if you are *a brave*, and can use it in

battle, keep it; if you fail in making it, as a warrior should, effective upon the living, then, as a boy, strike with it the bodies of the dead!" Tahchee received this interesting token of his uncle's regard with becoming reverence, and used it on subsequent occasions in a manner which reflected no disgrace upon his worthy family. They shortly after came upon an encampment of the enemy, in the night, which they surprised, and attacked just before daybreak. Tahchee, fired with zeal, and incited by the recent admonition of his uncle to prove his manhood, slew two of the enemy with his war club, and secured the customary evidence of savage prowess by taking their scalps. The Osages were defeated, with the loss of sixteen of their warriors, who were killed and scalped, while not a man was killed on the side of the Cherokees. The only blood drawn from our young hero was by a wound from his own knife, while in the act of performing, for the first time, the operation of scalping a fallen enemy. His daring and successful conduct gained him great renown, and when, on the return of the party, the scalp dance was celebrated, with the usual ceremonies, the honour of being recognised as a warrior was unanimously conceded to the youthful Tahchee. His subsequent career has amply fulfilled the promise thus early indicated, and a long series of warlike exploits has conclusively proved that both his skill and courage are of the highest order.

An active war, between the Osages and Cherokees, succeeded the events which we have noticed. Excursions and inroads were made on both sides during two or three years, and many hard battles were fought, in which both were alternately victorious; but although Tahchee served actively throughout the whole war, no party to which he was attached was ever defeated or lost a man, nor was he wounded.

After a vindictive and harassing war, a peace was at length concluded, which was happily so well cemented, that Tahchee and a friend, being on a hunting expedition, wandered into the Osage country, and were so well received that they remained among their former enemies for fourteen months, during which time Tahchee learned to speak the Osage language, and, by conforming with the habits of that tribe, gained their esteem, and became identified with them in manners and feeling. He joined one of their war parties in an expedition against the Pawnees, but returned without having met with an enemy.

During his residence among the Osages, he, of course, engaged with them in hunting as well as in war. On one occasion, being on a hunt with a large party, their provisions became scarce, and a few of the most active young men were selected to go out and kill buffaloes. He was asked if he could shoot the buffalo with an arrow; for, as the Cherokees inhabit a wooded country, where these animals are not so abundant as upon the prairies over which the Osages roam, and where the practice of chasing them on horseback is not common, he was not supposed to be expert in this species of hunting. He, however, replied confidently that he thought he could do any thing that could be done by their own young men, and was accordingly joined to the number. Each of the hunters was furnished, at his departure, with a certain number of arrows, and was expected, on his return, to account for the whole, and especially to

assign a sufficient excuse for the loss of any that might be missing. They set out on horseback, completely equipped for the hardy and exciting sport, and succeeded in finding a herd grazing upon the plain. Having cautiously approached, without alarming the game, until they were sufficiently near for the onset, the finest animals were selected, and the hunters dashed in among them. The affrighted herd fled, and the hunters, each marking out his victim and pursuing at full speed, pressed forward until the superior fleetness of the horse brought him abreast of the buffalo, when the hunter, who had previously dropped the reins, and guided his steed by a well-understood pressure of the heel in either flank, discharged his arrow with an aim which seldom erred, and with a force so great as to bury the missile in the body of the huge creature. Several of the herd were killed, but our friend Dutch was unsuccessful, in consequence of the provoking interference of a large bull, which several times, as he was on the point of discharging an arrow, prevented him from doing so, by crossing his path, or interposing his unwieldy body between the hunter and his prey. Incensed at having his object thus frustrated, he discharged an arrow at the bull, which penetrated the shoulder of the animal, but without inflicting a wound severe enough to prevent the latter from escaping with the shaft. On the return of the party, Tahchee was reprimanded for having lost an arrow, and threatened with corporal punishment, it being customary in that nation to whip the young men when they lose or throw away their arrows. He excused himself by saying that he was ignorant of their customs, and unaware of the impropriety of throwing an arrow at random. Upon this, Claynsore, a distinguished chief, interfered, and, by his own authority, forbade the punishment.

He returned again to his people, and, in the succeeding autumn, set out upon a long hunt, with no other companion than three dogs. He ascended the Arkansas river in a canoe to the mouth of the Neosho, and then pushed his little bark up the latter as far as there was sufficient water for this kind of navigation, and, being unable to proceed further by water, he abandoned his canoe, and travelled on foot across a region of prairies, several hundred miles, to the Missouri river. Here he employed himself in hunting and trapping until he secured ninety beaver skins, with which he returned to the spot at which he had left his canoe. On his return home he stopped at an Osage village on the margin of the Neosho, where he learned that a celebrated Cherokee chief and warrior named Chata, who had made the former peace with the Osages, had been killed by them, while hunting in company with Bowles, who afterwards led a party of Cherokees into Texas and formed a settlement. Three other Cherokees of another party had been killed, and as retaliation was expected to ensue, as a matter of course, a war between the tribes was inevitable. Dutch was, therefore, admonished that his life was in danger, and, having been kindly supplied with moccasins and parched corn, was requested to depart. In this little history we see a curious, though a common picture, of savage life. An individual betakes himself alone to the forest to spend months in wandering and hunting. Day after day he pushes his little canoe against the current of a long river, until he has traced its meanders nearly to the

fountain head, leaving the ordinary hunting grounds of his people hundreds of miles in the rear, touching warily at the villages of tribes known to be friendly, and passing by stealth those at which he might encounter an enemy. When the stream affords him no longer a practicable highway, he hides his canoe in the grass or bushes, and bends his solitary way, across immense plains, in search of some secluded spot, where, undisturbed by any intruder, he may pursue the occupation of the hunter. Returning, loaded with the spoils of the chase, he must again trace his long, and weary, and solitary route, through the haunts of open foes and faithless friends, uncertain who to trust, or what changes the revolution of several months may have effected in the relations of his tribe. And he reaches his home at last, after a series of almost incredible dangers and hardships, with the acquisition of a few skins, which are exchanged for a bottle of whiskey and a supply of gunpowder, and, having enjoyed a brief revel, and a long rest, is driven forth again by necessity, or the love of a vagrant life, to encounter a repetition of the same savage vicissitudes.

Soon after the return of Tahchee, a Cherokee woman was killed by the Osages, and being the daughter of an aged female, who had no male relatives to revenge the murder, the bereaved mother came to him in deep distress, and, with tears in her eyes, besought him to become the avenger of the injury. He complied with the request, and, having raised a war party, led them against the enemy, nor did he return without bringing with him a sufficient number of bloody trophies to satisfy the mourning relatives of the deceased.

After a brief but active war, peace was again established between the belligerent parties—if that can be called a peace, which may be interrupted by the bad passions of any individual who may choose to gratify his propensity for stealing horses, or shedding human blood, regardless of the vengeance which is sure to follow, and of the war into which his misconduct is certain to plunge his tribe.

The treaty made by the United States with the Cherokees, in the year 1828, gave great dissatisfaction to many of that tribe, and was so offensive to Tahchee, that he determined to abandon the country.

On this occasion our friend Dutch removed to Red river, where he resided three years, when he emigrated to Bowles's settlement in Texas. A year afterwards he went with a war party against the Tawakanaks, of whom fifty-five were killed and their village destroyed, while but five of Tahchee's party were slain. He next returned to Red river, on whose banks, near the junction of the Kiamiska, he lived three years, continuing to make war upon the Osages. The government of the United States having, in various treaties with the Indian tribes, stipulated that they should live in peace, and having undertaken to interpose their authority, if necessary, for the preservation of harmony, had forbidden this war between the Cherokees and Osages, and as Tahchee was now an active partizan leader, he was admonished to discontinue his predatory career. Persevering in a course of inveterate hostility, when most of the leaders of his tribe had consented to a peace, the commanding officer of the American army, for that district, offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture.

Intelligence of this offer was conveyed to Tahchee by some of his friends, who sought to prevail on him to fly; but it served only to make him more desperate. To show his utter contempt of this mode of securing his capture, he started in the direction of the fort, and, approaching a trading house near the mouth of the Neosho at which were some Osages, he sprang in among them, and, within hearing of the drums of the fort, killed and scalped one. With his rifle in one hand, and the bleeding trophy in the other, he made for a precipice near by, and, as he sprang from it, a rifle ball grazed his cheek—but he made his escape in safety to Red river, where he received a message from the Indian agent of the United States, and Colonel Arbuckle, the commanding officer, inviting him to return. He at first declined, but on being informed that it was the wish of his Great Father, and assured that the offer of a reward was recalled, he buried the tomahawk, and came back. In one of the late expeditions of a portion of our army, Dutch was chosen, by the commanding officer, to accompany it. To his accurate knowledge of the country to be traversed, he added the skill of the hunter. He went, therefore, in the twofold capacity of guide and hunter. His services on this occasion were of incalculable value. He literally fed the troops. No man knew better than he where to find the buffalo, how to capture him, and from what part of his body to cut the choicest pieces. To the question we put to him—How many buffaloes have you killed?—he answered, "So many I cannot number them." And to another—What parts of the animal are considered the best?—he replied, "The shoulder, including the hump and the tongue."

The cheerfulness with which he bore his toils and his exposures, in the twofold capacity referred to, in connection with the great fidelity with which he executed the trust, gained him great applause, and made him a general favourite. He demonstrated his character to be sound, and that he was a man to be relied on.

He had now abandoned his warlike life, and, having built a house on the Canadian river, turned his attention to peaceable pursuits. He has persisted ever since in this mode of life, cultivated the soil, and lives in comfort. His stock of cattle and poneys is the largest in that region, and he has evidently discovered that it is to his interest to live at peace with his neighbours. His deportment is mild and inoffensive, and he enjoys the respect of those around him. The family of Tahchee consists of his second wife, a son, and a niece whom he adopted in her infancy, and has reared with the tenderness of a parent.

This distinguished warrior has been engaged in more than thirty battles with the Osages and other tribes, and has killed, with his own hand, twenty-six of the enemy; but, with the exception of a slight scratch on the cheek, has never been wounded.

A-NA-TAM-E-QUSH-CA

A Chippeway Chief

Philadelphia. Published by Key & Biddle.

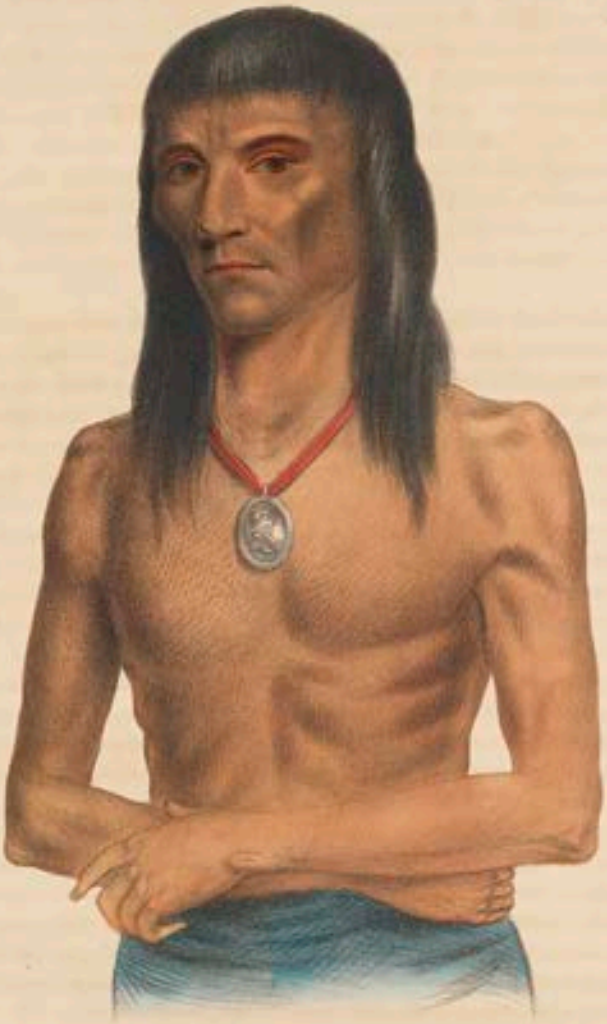
ANACAMEGISHCA.

HERE is a forest chieftain with a name sufficiently long to gratify the most aristocratic veneration for high-sounding titles, but which, we regret to inform such of our readers as may not happen to be versed in the Ojibway tongue, dwindles, when interpreted, into the humble appellation of *Foot Prints*. How he acquired it we are unable to say, but that it is an honourable designation we are prepared to believe from the character of the wearer, who is a person of no small note. He is descended from a line of hyperborean chiefs, who, like himself, have held undisputed sway over a clan of the Chippeways inhabiting the borders of Rainy lake. His great grandfather Nittum, was an Ottawa, who emigrated from Lake Michigan to the Grand Portage and Rainy lake, at the time when the Great Northwest Company, whose doings have been so admirably described by our countryman Irving, began to prosecute their traffic in parts northwestward from the Grand Portage.

Nittum was an uncommon man. So great was his sagacity and conduct, that, although not a native of the region or tribe into which he had boldly cast his lot, he soon came to be regarded as the head chief of the Kenistcno nation. He attained a reputation for bravery, activity, and prudence in council, as well as for the decision of character evinced in all the vicissitudes of a busy and perilous career, which extended beyond the region of Rainy lake, and elevated him above the surrounding warriors and politicians. So great was the veneration in which he was held by the Indians, that the agent of the Northwest Company took especial pains to conciliate his favour while living, and to honour his remains after death. The scaffold upon which, according to the custom of the Chippeways, his body was deposited, was conspicuously elevated, near the trading house at the Grand Portage, and the savages saw, with admiration, a British flag floating in the breeze over the respected relics of their deceased chief. When these politic traffickers in peltry removed their establishment from Kamenistaquoia to Fort William, they carried with them the bones of Nittum, which were again honoured with distinguished marks of respect; and the living continued to be cajoled by a pretended reverence for the memory of the dead. This is the same "*Vitum*" mentioned in the History of the Fur Trade prefixed to McKenzie's Voyages.

Nittum was succeeded in the chieftainship by his son Kagakummig, the *Everlasting*, who was also much respected in the high latitude of Rainy lake and the Lake of the

Woods. After his death, his son Kabeendushquamch, a person of feeble mind, and little repute, swayed the destinies of this remote tribe, until, in the fulness of time, he also was gathered to his fathers. He left several sons, of whom the subject of this notice is within one of the youngest, but is nevertheless the successor to the hereditary authority of chief. He is a good hunter, and well qualified to sustain the reputation of his family. Of a disposition naturally inclining to be stern and ferocious, but with sufficient capacity to appreciate his own situation and that of his people, as well as the conduct of those who visit his country for the purpose of traffic, he conducts himself with propriety, and is considered a man of good sense and prudence. He is the first of his family who has acknowledged fealty to the American government. This chief takes a lively interest in the condition and prospects of his band, and, in the year 1826, evinced a desire to cultivate amicable relations with the American people, by performing a long and painful journey to attend the council held at Fond du Lac by Governor Cass and Colonel M'Kenney. He is six feet three inches in stature, and well made. Of his feats in war or hunting no particular accounts have reached us. There are no newspapers at Rainy lake, and it is altogether possible for a person to attain an eminent station without having his frailties or his good deeds heralded by the trump of fame.



WA-BISH-KEE-YE NAS.

The White Pigeon.

A SHIPPEWA.

PUBLISHED BY F. W. GREENOUGH, PHILADA.

Drawn from life & lithographed at J.T. Bowen's Lithographic Establishment 4th St. Philada.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1837 by F. Greenough in the Clerks office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.

WABISHKEEPENAS.

THIS portrait is not embraced in the gallery at Washington, but, being authentic, is added to our collection in consideration of the interesting illustration which it affords, of a remarkable, though not unusual feature, in the Indian character.

During the visit of Governor Cass and Colonel M'Kenney, at Fond du Lac Superior, in 1826, they met with this individual, who was pining in wretchedness and despondency under the influence of a superstition, which had rendered him an object of contempt in the eyes of his tribe. "An Indian opened the door of my room to-day," says Colonel M'Kenney, in his journal, "and came in, under circumstances so peculiar, with a countenance so pensive, and a manner so flurried, as to lead me to call the interpreter. Before the interpreter came in, he went out with a quick but feeble step, looking as if he had been deserted by every friend he ever had. I directed the interpreter to follow him, and ascertain what he wanted, and the cause of his distressed appearance. I could not get the countenance of this Indian out of my mind, nor his impoverished and forlorn looks."

It seems that in 1820, when Governor Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft made a tour of the upper lakes, they were desirous of visiting the celebrated copper rock, a mass of pure copper of several tons weight, which was said to exist in that region, but found some difficulty in procuring a guide, in consequence of the unwillingness of the Indians to conduct strangers to a spot which they considered sacred. The copper rock was one of their *manitos*—it was a spirit, a holy thing, or a something which, in some way, controlled their destiny—for their superstitions are so indistinct, that it is, in most cases, impossible to understand or describe them. The White Pigeon was prevailed upon to become their guide, but lost his way, to the great disappointment of the travellers, who were anxious to inspect a natural curiosity, the character of which was supposed to have been mistaken, if, indeed, its existence was not wholly fabulous. How it happened that an Indian of that region failed to find a spot so well known to his tribe, is not explained. The way might have been difficult, or the guide confused by the consciousness that he had undertaken an office that his people disapproved. The band, however, attributed his failure to the agency of the manito, who, according to their belief, guards the rock, and who, to protect it from the profanation of the white man's presence, had interposed and shut the path. Under the impression that

he had offended the Great Spirit, he was cast off by the tribe, but would probably have soon been restored to favour, had not further indications of the displeasure of the Deity rendered it too certain that the crime of this unhappy man was one of the deepest dye. A series of bad luck attended his labours in the chase. The game of the forest avoided him; his weapons failed to perform their fatal office; and the conviction became settled that he was a doomed man. Deserted by his tribe, and satisfied in his own mind that his good spirit had forsaken him, he wandered about the forest a disconsolate wretch, deriving a miserable subsistence from the roots and wild fruit of that sterile region. Bereft of his usual activity and courage, destitute of confidence and self respect, he seemed to have scarcely retained the desire or ability to provide himself with food from day to day.

The American Commissioners, on hearing the story of the White Pigeon's fault and misfortunes, became interested in his fate. They determined to restore him to the standing from which he had fallen, and, having loaded him with presents, convinced both himself and his tribe that his offence was forgiven, and his luck changed. Governor Cass, afterwards, procured a better guide, and succeeded in finding the copper rock, which is really a curiosity, as will be seen on reference to our life of Shingaba W'Ossin.

Another incident, which occurred at Fond du Lac, may be mentioned as exemplifying the superstitions of this race. An Indian having killed a moose deer, brought it to the trading post for sale. It was remarkably large, and Mr. Morrison, one of the agents, was desirous to preserve the skin as a specimen. For this purpose a frame was prepared, and the skin, properly stuffed, was stretched and supported so as to represent the living deer in a standing posture. About this time the Indians were unsuccessful in taking moose, but were wholly ignorant of the cause of their ill fortune, until one of them, happening to visit the post, espied the stuffed deer, and reported what he had seen to his companions. The band agreed at once that their want of success was attributable to the indignity which had been offered to the deceased deer, whose spirit had evinced its displeasure by prevailing on its living kindred not to be taken by men who would impiously stuff their hides. Their first business was to appease the anger of this sensitive spirit. They assembled at the post, and with respectful gravity marched into the presence of the stuffed moose. They seated themselves around it, lighted their pipes, and began to smoke. The spirit of the deer was addressed by an orator, who assured it that the tribe was innocent of the liberty which had been taken with its carcass, and begged forgiveness. In token of their sincerity, the pipes were placed in the deer's mouth, that it might smoke too; and they separated at last, satisfied that they had done all that a reasonable spirit of a moose deer could ask, and fully assured that its anger was appeased. But they were not willing that the exhibition should be continued. Mr. Morrison, to pacify them, took down the effigy, and when they saw the horns unshipped, the straw withdrawn, the frame broken, and the hide hung on a peg, as hides are wont to be hung, they were satisfied that all was right.

A.M.C.

TOMOCHICHI.

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

PUBLISHED BY E.L. CAREY, PHILADELPHIA.

TSHUSICK.

A PORTION only of the history of this extraordinary woman has reached us. Of her early life we know nothing; but the fragment which we are enabled to present, is sufficiently indicative of her strongly marked character, while it illustrates with singular felicity the energy of the race to which she belongs. In tracing the peculiar traits of the Indian character, as developed in many of the wild adventures related of them, we are most forcibly struck with the boldness, the subtlety, the singleness of purpose with which individuals of that race plan and execute any design in which they may be deeply interested.

The youth of ancient Persia were taught to speak the truth. The lesson of infancy, inculcated with equal care upon the American savage, is, to keep his own counsel; and he learns with the earliest dawnings of reason the caution which teaches him alike to deceive his foe, and to guard against the imprudence of his friend. The story of Tshusick shows that she possessed those savage qualities, quickened and adorned by a refinement seldom found in any of her race; and we give it as it was communicated to the writer by the gentleman who was best acquainted with all the facts.

In the winter of 1826–7, on a cold night, when the snow was lying on the ground, a wretched, ill clad, wayworn female knocked at the door of our colleague, Colonel M'Kenney, then Commissioner of Indian affairs, at the city of Washington. She was attended by a boy, who explained the manner in which she had been directed to the residence of Colonel M'Kenney. It seems that, while wandering through the streets of Georgetown in search of a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, she was allured by the blaze of a furnace in the shop of Mr. Haller, a tin worker. She entered, and eagerly approached the fire. On being asked who she was, she replied that she was an Indian, that she was cold and starving, and knew not where to go. Mr. Haller, supposing that Colonel M'Kenney, as commissioner for Indian affairs, was bound to provide for all of that race who came to the seat of government, directed her to him, and sent his boy to conduct her. On this representation the Colonel invited her into his house, led her to a fire, and saw before him a young woman, with a ragged blanket around her shoulders, a pair of man's boots on her feet, a pack on her back, and the whole of her meagre and filthy attire, announcing the extreme of want. She described herself to be, what her complexion and features

sufficiently indicated, an Indian, and stated that she had travelled alone, and on foot, from Detroit. In reply to questions which were put to her, for the purpose of testing the truth of her story, she named several gentlemen who resided at that place, described their houses, and mentioned circumstances in reference to their families which were known to be correct. She then proceeded, with a self possession of manner, and an ease and fluency of language that surprised those who heard her, to narrate the cause of her solitary journey. She said she had recently lost her husband, to whom she was much attached, and that she attributed his death to the anger of the Great Spirit, whom she had always venerated, but who was no doubt offended with her for having neglected to worship Him in the manner which she knew to be right. She knew that the red people did not worship the Great Spirit in an acceptable mode, and that the only true religion was that of the white men. Upon the decease of her husband, therefore, she had knelt down, and vowed that she would immediately proceed to Washington, to the sister of Mrs. Boyd, who, being the wife of the great father of the white people, would, she hoped, protect her until she should be properly instructed and baptised.

In conformity with this pious resolution, she had immediately set out, and had travelled after the Indian fashion, not by any road, but directly across the country, pursuing the course which she supposed would lead her to the capital. She had begged her food at the farm houses she chanced to pass, and had slept in the woods. On being asked if she had not been afraid when passing the night alone in the forest, she replied, that she had never been alarmed, for that she knew the Great Spirit would protect her.

This simple, though remarkable recital, confirmed as it was by its apparent consistency, and the correctness of the references to well known individuals, both at Detroit and Mackinaw, carried conviction to the minds of all who heard it. The Mrs. Boyd alluded to was the wife of a highly respectable gentleman, the agent of the United States for Indian affairs, residing at Mackinaw, and she was the sister of the lady of Mr. Adams, then President of the United States. It seemed natural that a native female, capable of acting as this courageous individual had acted, should seek the protection of a lady who held the highest rank in her nation, and whose near relative she knew and respected. There was something of dignity, and much of romance, in the idea of a savage convert seeking at the mansion of the chief magistrate, the pure fountain of the religion which she proposed to espouse, as if unwilling to receive it from any source meaner than the most elevated.

Colonel M'Kenney recognised in the stranger a person entitled alike to the sympathies of the liberal, and the protection of the government; and, in the exercise of his official duty towards one of a race over whom he had been constituted a sort of guardian, immediately received his visitor under his protection, conducted her to a neighbouring hotel, secured her a comfortable apartment, and placed her under the especial care of the hostess, a kind and excellent woman, who promised to pay her every requisite attention.

On the following morning, the first care of the commissioner was to provide suitable attire for the stranger, and, having purchased a quantity of blue and scarlet clothes, feathers, beads and other finery, he presented them to her; and Tshusick, declining all assistance, set to work with alacrity, and continued to labour without ceasing, until she had completed the entire costume in which she appears arrayed in the portrait accompanying this notice—except the moccasins and hat, which were purchased. There she sits, an Indian belle, decorated by her own hands, according to her own taste, and smiling in the consciousness that a person to which nature had not been niggard, had received the most splendid embellishments of which art was capable.

Tshusick was now introduced in due form at the presidental mansion, where she was received with great kindness; the families of the secretary of war, and of other gentlemen, invited and caressed her as an interesting and deserving stranger. No other Indian female, except the Eagle of Delight, was ever so great a favourite at Washington, nor has any lady of that race ever presented higher claims to admiration. She was, as the faithful pencil of King has portrayed her, a beautiful woman. Her manners had the unstudied grace, and her conversation the easy fluency, of high refinement. There was nothing about her that was coarse or common place. Sprightly, intelligent, and quick, there was also a womanly decorum in all her actions, a purity and delicacy in her whole air and conduct, that pleased and attracted all who saw her. So agreeable a savage has seldom, if ever, adorned the fashionable circles of civilised life.

The success of this lady at her first appearance on a scene entirely new to her, is not surprising. Youth and beauty are in themselves always attractive, and she was just then in the full bloom of womanhood. Her age might have been twenty-eight, but she seemed much younger. Her dress, though somewhat gaudy, was picturesque, and well calculated to excite attention by its singularity, while its adaptation to her own style of beauty, and to the aboriginal character, rendered it appropriate. Neat in her person, she arranged her costume with taste, and, accustomed from infancy to active exercise, her limbs had a freedom and grace of action, too seldom seen among ladies who are differently educated. Like all handsome women, be their colour or nation what it may, she knew her power, and used it to the greatest advantage.

But that part of Tshusick's story which is yet to be related is, to our mind, the most remarkable. Having attended to her personal comforts, and introduced her to those, whose patronage might be most serviceable, Colonel M'Kenney's next care was to secure for her the means of gratifying her wish to embrace the Christian religion. She professed her readiness to act immediately on the subject, and proposed that the Colonel should administer the rite of baptism—he being a great chief, the father of the Indians, and the most proper person to perform this parental and sacerdotal office. He of course declined, and addressed a note to the Reverend Mr. Gray, Rector of Christ Church, in Georgetown, who immediately called to see Tshusick. On being introduced to him, she inquired whether he spoke French, and desired that their conversation might be held in that language, in order that the other persons who were

present might not understand it, alleging as her reason for the request, the sacredness of the subject, and the delicacy she felt in speaking of her religious sentiments. A long and interesting conversation ensued, at the conclusion of which Mr. Gray expressed his astonishment at the extent of her knowledge, and the clearness of her views, in relation to the whole Christian scheme. He was surprised to hear a savage, reared among her own wild race, in the distant regions of the northern lakes, who could neither read nor write, speak with fluency and precision in a foreign tongue, on the great doctrines of sin, repentance, and the atonement. He pronounced her a fit subject for baptism, and accordingly that rite was administered, a few days afterwards, agreeably to the form of the Episcopalian church, in the presence of a large company. When the name to be given to the new convert was asked by Mr. Gray, it appeared that none had been agreed on. Those of the wife and daughter of the then secretary of war were suggested on the emergency, and were used. Throughout this trying ceremony, she conducted herself with great propriety. Her deportment was calm and self possessed, yet characterised by a sensibility which seemed to be the result of genuine feeling.

Another anecdote shows the remarkable tact and talent of this singular woman. On an occasion when Colonel M'Kenney introduced her to a large party of his friends, there was present a son of the celebrated Theobald Wolf Tone, a young Frenchman of uncommon genius and attainment. This gentleman no sooner heard Tshusick converse in his native tongue than he laughed heartily, insisted that the whole affair was a deception, that Colonel M'Kenney had dressed up a smart youth of the Engineer Corps, and had gotten up an ingenious scenic representation for the amusement of his guests—because he considered it utterly impossible that an Indian could speak the French language with such purity and elegance. He declared that her dialect was that of a well educated Parisian. We do not think it surprising that a purer French should be spoken on our frontier, than in the province of France. The language was introduced among the Indians by the priests and military officers, who were educated at Paris, and were persons of refinement, and it has remained there without change. The same state of facts may exist there which we know to be true with regard to the United States. The first emigrants to our country were educated persons, who introduced a purer tongue; and the English language is spoken by Americans with greater correctness, than in any of the provincial parts of Great Britain.

We shall only add to this part of our strange eventful history, that all who saw Tshusick at Washington, were alike impressed with the invariable propriety of her deportment; her hostess especially, who had the opportunity of noticing her behaviour more closely than others, expressed the most unqualified approbation of her conduct. She was neat, methodical, and pure in all her habits and conversation. She spoke with fluency on a variety of subjects, and was, in short, a most graceful and interesting woman. Yet she was a savage, who had strolled on foot from the borders of Lake Superior to the American capital.

When the time arrived for Tshusick to take her departure, she was not allowed to go empty handed. Her kind friends at Washington loaded her with presents. Mrs. Adams, the lady of the President, besides the valuable gifts which she gave her, entrusted to her care a variety of articles for her young relatives, the children of Mr. Boyd, of Mackinaw. It being arranged that she should travel by the stage coaches as far as practicable, her baggage was carefully packed in a large trunk; but as part of her journey would be through the wilderness, where she must ride on horseback, she was supplied with the means of buying a horse; and a large sack, contrived by herself, and to be hung like panniers across the horse, was made, into which all her property was to be stowed. Her money was placed in a belt to be worn round her waist; and a distinguished officer of the army, of high rank, with the gallantry which forms so conspicuous a part of his character, fastened with his own hand this rich cestus upon the person of the lovely tourist.

Thus pleasantly did the days of Tshusick pass at the capital of the United States, and she departed burthened with the favours and good wishes of those who were highest in station and most worthy in character. On her arrival at Barnum's hotel in Baltimore, a favourable reception was secured for her by a letter of introduction. Mrs. Barnum took her into her private apartments, detained her several days as her guest, and showed her the curiosities of that beautiful city. She then departed in the western stage for Frederick; the proprietors of the stages declined receiving any pay from her, either for her journey to Baltimore, or thence west, so far as she was heard of.

Having thus, with the fidelity of an impartial historian, described the halcyon days of Tshusick, as the story was told us by those who saw her dandled on the knee of hospitality, or fluttering with childlike joy upon the wing of pleasure, it is with pain that we are obliged to reverse the picture. But beauties, like other conquerors, have their hours of glory and of gloom. The brilliant career of Tshusick was destined to close as suddenly as that of the conqueror of Europe at the field of Waterloo.

On the arrival of the fair Ojibway at Washington, Colonel M'Kenney had written to Governor Cass, at Detroit, describing in glowing language, the bright stranger who was the delight of the higher circles at the metropolis, and desiring to know of the governor of Michigan her character and history. The reply to this prudent inquiry was received a few days after the departure of the subject of it. The governor, highly amused at the success of the lady's adventure, congratulated his numerous friends at Washington on the acquisition which had been gained to their social circle, and in compliance with the request of his friend, stated what he knew of her. She was the wife of a short squat Frenchman, who officiated as a scullion in the household of Mr. Boyd, the Indian agent at Mackinaw, and who, so far from having been spirited away from his afflicted wife, was supporting her absence without leave with the utmost resignation. It was not the first liberty of this kind which she had taken. Her love of adventure had more than once induced her to separate for a season the conjugal tie, and to throw herself upon the cold charity of a world that has been called heartless, but which had not proved so to her. She was a sort of female swindler, who practised

upon the unsophisticated natures of her fellow men, by an aboriginal method of her own invention. Whenever stern necessity, or her own pleasure, rendered it expedient to replenish her exhausted coffers, her custom had been to wander off into the settlements of the whites, and, under a disguise of extreme wretchedness, to recite some tale of distress—that she had been crossed in love; or was the sole survivor of a dreadful massacre; or was disposed to embrace the Christian religion; and such was the effect of her beauty and address, that she seldom failed to return with a rich booty. She had wandered through the whole length of the Canadas to Montreal and Quebec, had traced the dreary solitudes of the northern lakes, to the most remote trading stations; had ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony, and had followed the meanders of that river down to St. Louis, comprising within the range of her travels the whole vast extent of the northern and northwestern frontier, and many places in the interior. Her last and boldest attempt was a masterpiece of daring and successful enterprise, and will compare well with the most finished efforts of the ablest impostors of modern times.

It will be seen that Tshusick had ample opportunities for obtaining the information which she used so dexterously, and for beholding the manners of refined life, which she imitated with such success. She had been a servant in the families of gentlemen holding official rank on the frontier, and in her wanderings been entertained at the dwellings of English, French and Americans, of every grade. Her religious knowledge was picked up at the missionary stations at Mackinaw, and from the priests at Montreal; and her excellent French resulted partly from hearing that language well spoken by genteel persons, and partly from an admirable perception and fluency of speech, that is natural to a gifted few, and more frequently found in women than in men. Although an impostor and vagrant she was a remarkable person, possessing beauty, tact, spirit, and address, which the highest born and loveliest might envy, and the perversion of which to purposes of deception and vice affords the most melancholy evidences of the depravity of our nature.

Tshusick left Washington in February, 1837, and in the month of June following, Colonel M'Kenney's official duties required him to visit the northwestern frontier. On his arrival at Detroit, he naturally felt some curiosity to see the singular being who had practised so adroitly on the credulity of himself and his friends, and the more especially, as he learned that the presents with which she had been charged by the latter had not been delivered. On inquiry he was told she had just gone to Mackinaw. Proceeding on his tour, he learned at Mackinaw that she had left for Green Bay; from the latter place she preceded him to Prairie du Chien; and when he arrived at Prairie du Chien she had just departed for St. Peters. It was evident that she had heard of his coming, and was unwilling to meet him. She had fled before him, from place to place, probably alone, and certainly with but slender means of subsistence, for more than a thousand miles, giving thus a new proof of the vigilance and fearlessness that marked her character.

In reciting this singular adventure, we have not been able to avoid entirely the mention of names connected with it, but we have confined ourselves to those of persons

in public life, whose stations subject them, without impropriety, to this kind of notice. The whole affair affords a remarkable instance of the benignant character of our government, and of the facility with which the highest functionaries may be approached by any who have even a shadow of claim on their protection. Power does not assume, with us, the repulsive shape which keeps the humble at a distance, nor are the doors of our rulers guarded by tedious official forms, that delay the petitions of those who claim either mercy or justice.

The beautiful story of Elizabeth, by Madame Cottin, and of Jeannie Deans, by Scott, are both founded on real events, which are considered as affording delightful illustrations of the heroic self-devotion of the female heart; of the courage and enthusiasm with which a woman will encounter dangers for a beloved object. Had the journey of Tshusick been undertaken, like those alluded to, to save a parent or a sister, or even been induced by the circumstances which she alleged, it would have formed a touching incident in the history of woman, little inferior to any which have ever been related. She came far, and endured much; emerging from the lowest rank in society, she found favour in the highest, and achieved, for the base purpose of plunder, the success which would have immortalised her name, had it been obtained in a virtuous cause.

This remarkable woman is still living, and, though broken by years, exhibits the same active and intriguing spirit which distinguished her youth. She is well known on the frontier; but, when we last heard of her, passed under a different name from that which we have recorded.

MAJOR RIDGE.

A CHEROKEE CHIEF.

LITHOGRAPHED BY B.F. BUTLER, PHILADELPHIA.

MAJOR RIDGE.

THE subject of this biography received from his parents, in infancy, the name of Nung-noh-lut-tar-hee, or *He who slays the enemy in the path.* After arriving at the age of a hunter, on being asked "which way did you come into camp?" he would reply, "I came along the top of the mountain." This answer being frequently repeated, it was seized upon as indicating a characteristic habit in the young hunter, who was thenceforward called Kah-nung-da-tla-geh, or *The man who walks on the mountain's top.* The name by which he has been subsequently known, may have been derived from the Cherokee words which signify the summit or ridge of a mountain.

The date of the birth of this individual is not known, as the Cherokees, previous to the recent invention of an alphabet of their tongue, possessed no means by which they could record the ages of their children. It is believed that he is about sixty-six years old, which would fix the date of his nativity at about the year 1771. He was born at a Cherokee town called Highwassie, situated upon the river of the same name, and on the edge of a beautiful prairie, encircled by forest. It is just at this point that the Highwassie breaks through a range of lofty mountains, with great velocity and power. The scenery affords a fine combination of the grand and beautiful; and those who imagine that the germs of poetry and eloquence may be planted in the young mind by the habitual contemplation of bold and attractive landscape, would readily select this as a spot calculated to be richly fraught with such benign influences. The father of Ridge was a full blooded Cherokee, who, though not distinguished in the council of the nation, was a famous hunter, and had once taken the scalp of an Indian warrior on the Kaskaskia river. The subject of this notice was the fourth son of his parents, but the first who reached the years of maturity; and of two brothers and a sister younger than himself, but one survives, who is the father of Elias Boudinot. His mother was a respectable Cherokee woman of the half blood, her father being a white man, of whose origin or history we have not been able to collect any information.

The most prominent feature in the early reminiscences of Ridge, refers to the distressed situation to which the Cherokees were reduced by the invasions of the white people, who burned their villages and killed their people. When his father, wearied of these hostile incursions, resolved on flight, he took his family in canoes down the Highwassie to the Tennessee river, and ascended the smaller branches of that stream

to the Sequochee mountains, in whose deep glens, and rock-bound fastnesses, they were secure from pursuit. Here the game abounded, and the young hunter received his first lessons. His father taught him to steal with noiseless tread upon the grazing animal—to deceive the timid doe by mimicking the cry of the fawn—or to entice the wary buck within the reach of his missile, by decorating his own head with antlers. He was inured to patience, fatigue, self denial, and exposure, and acquired the sagacity which enabled him to chase with success the wild cat, the bear, and the panther. He watched the haunts, and studied the habits of wild animals, and became expert in the arts which enable the Indian hunter at all seasons to procure food, from the stream or the forest.

Having continued in this primary and parental school until he reached the age of twelve, the young Indian was considered as having made a proficiency which entitled him to be advanced to a higher grade of studies; and a superstitious rite was required to be performed to give due solemnity to the occasion. The usages of the nation made it requisite that his martial training should be preceded by a formal dedication to the life and business of a warrior, and an invocation to the Great Spirit to endue him with courage and good fortune. For this purpose his parents solicited the assistance of an aged warrior, whose numerous achievements in battle had established for him a high reputation; and whose sagacity and valour gave him, in the estimation of his tribe, the envied rank of an Ulysses. The assent of the war chief was conveyed in the brief avowal that *he would make him dreadful.* The ceremony took place immediately. The hoary brave, standing upon the brink of a mountain stream, called upon the Great Spirit to fill the mind of the young warrior with warlike inclinations, and his heart with courage. He then, with the bone of a wolf, the end of which terminated in several sharp points, scratched the naked boy, from the palm of one hand along the front of the arm, across the breast, and along the other arm to the hand, and in like manner lines were drawn from the heels upwards to the shoulders, and from the shoulders over the breast downward to the feet—and from the back of one hand along the arm, across the back, and to the back of the other hand. The lines thus made each covered a space of two inches in width, and consisted of parallel incisions which penetrated through the skin, and caused an effusion of blood along their entire extent. He was then required to plunge into the stream and bathe, after which the war chief washed his whole body with a decoction of medicinal herbs; and, in conclusion, he was commanded not to associate with the female children, nor to sit near a woman, nor, in short, to suffer the touch of one of that sex during the space of seven days. At the end of this term the war chief came to him, and after delivering an address to the Great Spirit, placed before the young candidate food, consisting of partridges and *musk.* The partridge was used on this occasion because, in its flight, this bird makes a noise with its wings resembling thunder, while in sitting or walking it is remarkably silent, and difficult to discover—and thus were indicated the clamour of the onset, and the cautious stealth which should govern the movements of the warrior at all other times. It is thus that the Indian is made in early life the subject

of superstition, is taught to believe himself supernaturally endued with courage, and is artificially supplied with qualities which might otherwise never have been developed in his mind.

When Ridge was fourteen years old, a war party was made up at Cheestooyee, where his parents then resided; the warriors danced the war dance, and sung war songs to induce the young men to join in the expedition. These martial exercises had such an effect upon young Ridge, that he volunteered against his father's wishes, and in despite of the tears of his mother; and went, with two hundred of the tribe, against a fort of the Americans in Tennessee, which was assaulted without success. In this expedition he endured, without a murmur, great hardship and dangers.

In the same year the whites made an irruption at a place called the Cherokee Orchard, and retired after killing one Indian. The Cherokees, expecting that their enemies would return, arranged a force of about two hundred men in an ambuscade, near the Orchard, and had spies posted to watch the fords of the river Tennessee, where it was expected the white people would cross. It was soon reported that thirty horsemen, and six men on foot, were approaching. The Cherokees were divided into two parties, one of which was to attack the whites in front, while the other was to throw itself across their rear, to intercept their retreat. The whites being taken by surprise, were beaten, and sought safety in flight. Those on foot were taken and killed, while the horsemen plunged into the river, where they continued to maintain the unequal conflict with great obstinacy. A few who rode strong and fleet horses, escaped by clambering up a steep bank, and the rest were slain. One of the Cherokees having overtaken a white man who was ascending the bank, after recrossing the river, grappled with him in deadly fight. The white man being the strongest, threw the Indian, when a second came to the assistance of the latter, and while the gallant Tennessean was combatting with two foes, Ridge, who was armed with only a spear, came up and despatched the unfortunate white man, by plunging his weapon into him. This affair was considered highly creditable to Ridge, the Indians regarding not courage only, but success, as indicative of merit, and appreciating highly the good fortune which enables one of their number to shed the blood of an enemy, in however accidental or stealthy a manner.

Soon after this affair, he conducted his father, who was sick, to a place more distant from the probable scene of war, and then joined a large army composed of the combined forces of the Creeks and Cherokees; the latter, led by the chiefs Little Turkey and White Dog, and the former by Chinnubbee. The object of this enterprise was to take Knoxville, then the chief place in Tennessee; but it was not successful. In consequence of a disagreement among the chiefs, they returned without attacking the head quarters of the white settlements, after capturing a small garrison near Marysville.

In another affair Ridge was scarcely more fortunate. He joined a company of hunters, and passed the Cumberland mountain into Kentucky, to chase the buffalo and the bear. While thus engaged their leader, who was called Tah-cung-stee-skee, or

The Remover, proposed to kill some white men, for the purpose of supplying the party with tobacco, their whole store of which had been consumed. Ridge was left, with an old man, to guard the camp; the remainder of the party set out upon this righteous war, and after a brief absence, returned with several scalps, and some tobacco which had been taken out of the pockets of the slain. This incident affords an example of the slight cause which is considered among savages a sufficient inducement for the shedding of blood. We know not who were the unhappy victims. They might have been hunters, but were as probably the members of some emigrant family which had settled in the wilderness, whose slumbers were broken at midnight by the war whoop, and who saw each other butchered in cold blood by a party of marauders, who sought to renew their exhausted store of tobacco! We are told that Ridge was so greatly mortified at having been obliged to remain inactive, far from the scene of danger, that he actually wept over the loss of honour he had sustained, and that his grief was with difficulty appeased.

He returned home after an absence of seven months, and found that both his parents had died during that period, leaving him, still a youth, with two younger brothers and a sister, to provide for themselves, or to depend upon the cold charity of relatives, whose scanty subsistence was derived from the chase. Under these depressing circumstances he spent several years in obscurity, but always actively engaged either upon the war path, in predatory excursions against the whites, or in hunting expeditions to remote places where the game abounded. On one occasion, when he was about seventeen years of age, he, with four others, killed some white men upon the waters of Holston, during one of those brief seasons of peace which sometimes beamed on the frontier, like sunny days in the depth of winter—a peace having been declared during the absence of this party. That unfortunate act was the cause of a new war. The enraged whites collected a force, invaded the Cherokees, who were holding a council at Tellico, and killed a large number of their warriors. This event affords another illustration of the brittle nature of compacts between the inhabitants of the frontier, accustomed to mutual aggression, and ever on the watch to revenge an insult, or to injure a hated foe; while it shows also that the beginnings of these wars are often the result of the most fortuitous causes—growing more frequently out of the mistakes, or lawless acts of individuals, than from any deliberate national decision.

Ridge and his companions, having been detained by the sickness of one of their number, did not arrive at the encampment of the tribe, at the Pine Log, until after the consequences of their rash act had been realised in the slaughter of some of the principal men of the nation, by the white people. They were coldly received. The relatives of the slain were incensed, and disposed to take revenge for their loss, upon the young men who had occasioned the misfortune; nor were there wanting accusers to upbraid them openly as the authors of a great public calamity. Having no excuse to offer, Ridge, with a becoming spirit, proposed to repair his error as far as possible, by warding off its effects from his countrymen. He raised the war whoop, entered the village as is customary with those who return victorious, and called for volunteers to

march against the enemy—but there was no response; the village was still, no veteran warrior greeted the party as victors, and those who mourned over deceased relatives, scowled at them as they passed. The usual triumph was not allowed, and the young aggressors, so far from being joined by others, in a new expedition, fell back abashed by the chilling and contemptuous reception which they met. One old man alone, a conjurer, who had prophesied that when these young men should return, the war pole would be ornamented with the scalps of their enemies, felt disposed to verify his own prediction by having those bloody trophies paraded upon the war post, and he exerted himself to effect a change in the public mind. At length the voice of one chief declared, that fallen relatives would be poorly revenged by shedding the blood of friends, and that if satisfaction was required it should be taken from the pale faces. He then commenced the war song, at the sound of which the habitual thirst of the Indian for vengeance began to be excited; the young men responded, and volunteers offered themselves to go against the common enemy, among whom Ridge was the first. The party proceeded immediately against a small fort on the frontier, which they took, and murdered all the inmates—men, women, and children. Ridge has since frequently related the fact, that the women and children were at first made prisoners, but were hewn down by the ferocious leader Doublehead, who afterwards became a conspicuous man, and a tyrant in the nation. He spoke of this foul deed with abhorrence, and declared that he turned aside, and looked another way, unwilling to witness that which he could not prevent.

We pass over the events of the border wars which succeeded, and continued for two years to harass this unhappy region, embracing a vast number of skirmishes and petty massacres, which gave scope to individual address and boldness, but produced no military movements upon any extended scale, nor any general battle. The last invasion by the whites was conducted by General Sevier, who penetrated to the head of Coosa, and then returned to Tennessee. Two years afterwards a general peace was concluded with President Washington by a Cherokee delegation, sent to the American capital, at the head of which was the celebrated Doublehead. They returned, bringing a treaty of peace, and accompanied by an agent of the American government, Colonel Silas Dinsmore, who took up his residence in the Cherokee country, and commenced instructing the Indians in the use of the plough, the spinning wheel, and the loom.

The government of the Cherokee nation was, at that time, vested in a council, composed of the principal chief, the second principal chief, and the leading men of the several villages, who made treaties and laws, filled the vacancies in their own body, increased its number at will, and, in short, exercised all the functions of sovereignty. The executive and more active duties were performed chiefly by the junior members, a requisite number of whom were admitted for that purpose. At the age of twenty-one Ridge was selected, we are not told at whose instance, as a member of this body, from the town of which Pine Log was the head man. He had no property but the clothes he wore, a few silver ornaments, and a white poney, stinted, old, and ugly, which he

rode to the council. The Indians are fond of show, and pay great respect to personal appearance, and exterior decoration. On public occasions they appear well mounted, and are ostentatious in the display of their wealth, which consists in horses, weapons, trinkets, and the trophies of war and hunting; and this pride is the more natural as the property thus exhibited consists of the spoils won by the wearer. A mean appearance is, therefore, in some degree, an evidence of demerit; and when Ridge presented himself before the assembled nation, wretchedly mounted and in meagre attire, he was held in such contempt, that it was proposed to exclude him from the council. But the old men invited him to a seat near them, and shook him by the hand, and the younger members one by one reluctantly extended to him the same sign of fellowship. During the first council he did no more than listen to the speeches of the orators, seldom indicating any opinion of his own. The powers of the mind are but little exercised in an Indian council, especially in a season of peace, when there is nothing to provoke discussion, and these assemblages are convened rather in obedience to custom than for the actual discharge of business. But the time was approaching when the public concerns of the Cherokees were to become more complicated and important, and its councils to assume a higher dignity and interest.

It would be difficult to point out with accuracy the primary causes, or to detect the first germs, of the partial civilisation which has been introduced among the Cherokees. In the memoir of Sequoyah we briefly suggested several incidents which, as we suppose, exerted a combined influence in the production of this benign effect. Referring the reader to that paragraph, we shall only remark here, that Ridge entered upon public life just at the period when a portion of his nation began to turn their attention to agriculture, and of course to acquire property, and to need the protection of law. New regulations and restraints were requisite to suit the novel exigencies of a forming state of society; while the less intelligent part of the people withheld from war, and not yet initiated in the arts of peace, remained in a state of restless and discontented idleness, but little in unison with the enterprising spirit of their leaders, and as little congenial with the growth of civilisation. It was necessary, therefore, that those who executed the laws should be firm and vigorous men; and among this class Ridge was soon distinguished as one possessing the energy of character so important in a ruler. At the second council in which he sat, one of the ancient laws of the Cherokees was abrogated at his suggestion. According to immemorial usage, the life of a murderer was at the disposal of the relatives of the deceased, who might put him to death, or accept a price for the injury. Blood for blood was the rule, and if the guilty party fled, his nearest relative might be sacrificed in his place. The nation was divided into seven tribes, each preserving a distinct genealogy, traced through the female line of descent; and these tribes were held sacredly bound to administer this law, each within its own jurisdiction, and to afford facilities for its execution when the aggressor fled from one tribe to another. And we may remark here, as a curious illustration of the principle of Indian justice, that the object of this law was not to punish guilt, to preserve life, or to prevent crime; neither the protection of the weaker,

nor the conservation of the peace of society was its object; it was the *lex talionis* administered simply to appease individual passion—its sole purpose was revenge. For if any one killed another by accident, his life was as much forfeited as if he committed a wilful homicide, and, if he could not be readily found, the blood of his innocent relative might be shed; the most inoffensive and respectable person might be sacrificed to atone for the crime or the carelessness of a vagabond kinsman. Ridge, in an able speech, exposed the injustice of that part of this law which substituted a relative for a fugitive murderer, and successfully advocated its repeal. The more difficult task remained of enforcing obedience to the repealing statute—a task which involved the breaking up of an ancient usage, and the curbing into subjection one of the wildest impulses of the human bosom, the master passion of the savage—revenge; and this was to be effected in a community newly reorganised, still barbarous and unused to the metes and bounds of a settled government. But Ridge, having proposed the measure, was required to carry it into effect, and readily assumed upon himself that responsibility; taking the precaution, however, to exact from every chief a promise, that he would advocate the principle of the new law, and stand prepared to punish its infringement. It was not long before an opportunity occurred to test the sincerity of these pledges. A man who had killed another, fled. The relations of the deceased were numerous, fearless, and vindictive, prompt to take offence, and eager to imbue their hands in blood upon the slightest provocation. They determined to resent the injury by killing the brother of the offender. The friends of the latter despatched a messenger to Ridge, to advise him of the intended violation of the new law, and implore his protection; and he, with a creditable promptitude, sent word to the persons who proposed to revenge themselves, that he would take upon himself the office of killing the individual who should put such a purpose into execution. This threat had the desired effect, not only in that instance, but in causing the practice of substituting a relative in the place of an escaped homicide, to be abandoned.

About this time the subject of this memoir was married to a Cherokee girl, who is represented as having been handsome and sensible—who possessed a fine person, and an engaging countenance, and sustained through life an excellent character.

The Cherokees lived at that time in villages, having corn fields, cultivated by the squaws, and enclosed in a common fence, which, by excluding the idea of separate property, cut off the strongest inducement to industry. Their dwellings were rude cabins, with earthen floors, and without chimneys. Ridge determined, after his marriage, to build a house, and cultivate a farm; and accordingly he removed into the wilderness, and reared a mansion of logs, which had the luxury of a door, and the extravagant addition of a chimney. Nor was this all; a roof was added, of long boards, split from logs, and confined in their places by *weight poles*—and thus was completed the usual log cabin of the frontier settler, an edifice which ranks in architecture next above the lodge or wigwam. And here did the Indian warrior and his bride, forsaking the habits of their race, betake themselves to ploughing and chopping, knitting and weaving, and other Christian employments, while insensibly

they dropped also the unpronounceable heathen names in which they had hitherto rejoiced, and became known as Major Ridge and Susannah. It is hardly necessary to remark, that one of the first things which the Indian learns from his civilised neighbour, is his love of titles, and finding that every gentleman of standing on the frontier had one, and that neither a commission nor a military employment are necessarily inferred from the assumption of a martial designation, he usually, on taking an English name, prefixes to it the title of Captain or Major.

The residence of Major Ridge was in the Ookellogee valley, where he lived more than eighteen years, employed in rural pursuits, and gathering about him herds and other property. He seems to have entirely abandoned the savage life, and settled quietly down in the enjoyment of the comforts of civilisation. His family consisted of five children, one of whom died in infancy, another was deficient in mind, and the other three were well educated. His son John, after attending the mission school at Brainerd, was sent to Cornwall in Connecticut, where he spent four years under the instruction of the Reverend Herman Dagget. He here fell in love with a beautiful and excellent young lady, Miss Northrop, who reciprocated his affection, and after an engagement of two years they were married—she leaving for him, her parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and identifying herself with the Cherokees, among whom she has ever since resided. This couple have six children. The influence of this lady has already been most benignantly exerted over the rude people with whom her lot has been cast; but the extent of her usefulness will not be fully known nor appreciated until it shall be seen in the exertions of her children, whom she is carefully training up in the precepts of the Bible. The daughters of Major Ridge were also educated. One of them married and died early; the other is an accomplished young lady, of superior mind, who has travelled through most of the states of the Union, and who devotes herself with a Christian and patriotic ardour, to the improvement of her countrywomen. The whole family are professors of religion, and are exemplary in their lives.

The interesting domestic avocations, in which Major Ridge was now busily engaged, did not withdraw him from his public duties. He continued to be an active member of the council, in which he gradually rose to be an influential leader, and he was the orator usually chosen to announce and explain to the people the decrees of that body. He was also engaged in riding what was termed the judicial circuit. To enforce the laws among a barbarous people required a vigorous administration, and this office was assigned to twelve horsemen, persons of courage and intelligence, who were the judges, jurors, and executors of justice. Major Ridge was placed at the head of this corps, whose duty it was to ride through the nation, to take cognizance of all crimes and breaches of law, and to decide all controversies between individuals. In the unsettled state of the community, the want of forms, and the absence of precedent, much was left to their discretion; and, after all, these decisions were enforced rather by the number, energy, and physical power of the judges, than through any respect paid to the law itself.

In addition to these arduous duties as a magistrate, Ridge was active and useful in his example as a private man. He encouraged the opening of roads, and caused some to be made at his own expense. He advocated all public improvements, and endeavoured to inculcate a taste for the refinements of civilisation. He built a house, planted an orchard, and went forward in the march of improvement, until his farm was in a higher state of cultivation, and his buildings better, than those of any other person in that region, the whites not excepted.

About the close of the administration of President Jefferson, the question as to emigrating to the west of the Mississippi, began to be agitated among the Cherokees. Enolee, or *Black Fox*, the successor of Little Turkey, was head chief of the nation. He, with Tah-lon-tus-kee, Too-chay-lor, the Glass, the Turtle at home, and others, began to advocate the removal; the public mind became greatly excited, and those who possessed oratorical talents, employed them in popular harangues. While the people were discussing the subject, the chiefs had matured their plan, and were proceeding to carry it into effect without the public consent, which the usages of the nation required, but for which they intended to substitute a hasty vote of the council. Accordingly, at a council held at a post within the limits of Tennessee, Black Fox, and a few other leaders, acting in concert with Colonel R. J. Meigs, the agent of the United States, brought forward a project for sending a delegation to Washington, to exchange their country for lands further west. The deputies were already nominated by the head chief; his *talk* to the President of the United States was delivered to Tah-lon-tus-kee, the leader of the deputation; and a vote of the council was only wanting to sanction what had been done, and to authorise the making of a treaty under which the nation should be removed to a far distant wilderness. That *talk* was in substance as follows: "Tell our Great Father, the President, that our game has disappeared, and we wish to follow it to the west. We are his friends, and we hope he will grant our petition, which is to remove our people towards the setting sun. But we shall give up a fine country, fertile in soil, abounding in water courses, and well adapted for the residence of white people. For all this we must have a good price." This bold and artful movement had the desired effect. The people, who had discussed the subject, without reference to a decision so sudden and conclusive, were not ready for the question. They were taken by surprise, and as it was not expected that any one would have the moral courage to rise in opposition under such circumstances, it only remained to take a vote, which would so far commit the nation as to preclude any future debate. A dead silence ensued—the assembly was apparently awed, or cajoled into compliance, when Ridge, who had a spirit equal to the occasion, and who saw with indignation that the old men kept their seats, rose from the midst of the younger chiefs, and with a manner and tone evincing great excitement, addressed the people. "My friends," said he, "you have heard the talk of the principal chief. He points to the region of the setting sun as the future habitation of this people. As a man he has a right to give his opinion; but the opinion he has given as the chief of this nation is not binding; it was not formed in council, in the light of day, but was

made up in a corner—to drag this people, without their consent, from their own country, to the dark land of the setting sun. I resist it here, in my place, as a man, as a chief, as a Cherokee, having the right to be consulted in a matter of such importance. What are your heads placed on your bodies for, but to think, and if to think, why should you not be consulted? I scorn this movement of a few men to unsettle the nation, and trifle with our attachment to the land of our forefathers! Look abroad over the face of this country—along the rivers, the creeks, and their branches, and you behold the dwellings of the people who repose in content and security. Why is this grand scheme projected, to lead away to another country, the people who are happy here? I, for one, abandon my respect for the will of a chief, and regard only the will of thousands of our people. Do I speak without the response of any heart in this assembly, or do I speak as a free man, to men who are free and know their rights? I pause to hear." He sat down in the midst of acclamations. The people declared that his talk was good, that the talk of the head chief was bad; the latter was deposed upon the spot, and another appointed in his place. The delegation was changed, so that a majority of it were opposed to emigration, and Ridge was added to the number.

The advantage of travelling through the United States was not thrown away upon this intelligent and liberal minded Indian. He visited the capital of a great nation, passing through many populous towns, and a great extent of cultivated country—was introduced to President Jefferson, and became acquainted with many refined persons. He returned with a mind enlarged by travel, and with a renewed ardour in the cause of civilisation.

The authority which we follow, having supplied us with few dates, we are not able to state at what time the ferocious Doublehead rose into power among the Cherokees, nor is it very important. He was bold, ambitious, and possessed of uncommon sagacity and talent. He had strong friends, and, by prudently amassing such property as the condition of the country rendered attainable, was considered wealthy. With these advantages he became a prominent man; and when the Cherokees began to establish something like a civil government, and to create offices, he succeeded in placing himself in the most lucrative posts. But as he sought office with selfish views, he very naturally abused it, and made himself odious by his arbitrary conduct. He not only executed the laws according to his own pleasure, but caused innocent men to be put to death, who thwarted his views. The chiefs and the people began alike to fear him, and a decree was privately made that he should be put to death. Ridge was chosen to perform the office of executioner, which he boldly discharged, by going with a few followers to Doublehead's house, and killing him in the midst of his family; after which he addressed the crowd who were drawn together by this act of violence, and explained his authority and his reasons. It is impossible for us to decide how far such an act may have been justified by the demerits of the victim, and the patriotic motives of him who assumed the office of avenger. To settle the relative merits of the Brutus and the Cæsar, is seldom an easy task; and it is rendered the more difficult

in this instance, in consequence of the absence of all evidence but that of the friends of the parties. There seems, however, to be sufficient reason to believe, that Ridge sincerely desired to promote the civilisation of his race, that Doublehead, his equal in talent and influence, but a savage at heart, entertained less liberal views, and that the removal of the latter was necessary to the fair operation of the great experiment to which Ridge was now devoting all his energies.

Shortly after the return of Ridge from Washington, a great excitement occurred among the Cherokees, on the subject of civilisation. Heretofore the improvement of this nation had been gradual and almost imperceptible. A variety of causes acting together, led to a chain of natural consequences, which, by easy degrees, had produced important changes in the habits of the people. The insulated position of the nation, the intermixture of a half breed race, the vicinity of the white settlements, the visits of the missionaries, and the almost miraculous invention of Sequoyah, had all contributed to infuse the spirit of civilisation. But, though many were converted, the great majority remained wrapped in the impenetrable mantle of barbarism, unaffected by these beneficent efforts, or regarding them with sullen apathy, or stupid suspicion. A mass of ignorance, prejudice, and vice, excluded the rays of civilisation, as the clouds of unwholesome vapour exhaled from the earth, shade her bosom from the genial warmth of the sun. But what, previous to the period at which we have arrived, had been merely doubt or disinclination, now began to assume the form of opposition. Some of the Cherokees dreamed dreams, and others received, in various ways, communications from the Great Spirit, all tending to discredit the scheme of civilisation. A large collection of these deluded creatures met at Oostanalee town, where they held a grand savage feast, and celebrated a great medicine dance, which was performed exclusively by women, wearing terrapin shells, filled with pebbles, on their limbs, to rattle in concert with their wild uncouth songs. An old man chanted a song of ancient times. No conversation was allowed during the ceremony: the fierce visage of the Indian was bent in mute attention upon the exciting scene, and the congregated mass of mind was doubtless pervaded by the solemnising conviction that the Great Spirit was among them. At this opportune crisis, a deputation from Coosa Wathla, introduced a half breed Cherokee, from the mountains, who professed to be the bearer of a message from heaven. His name was Charles. He was received with marked respect, and seated close to Ridge, the principal person present, and who, though he deplored the superstition that induced the meeting, had thought proper to attend, and ostensibly to join in the ceremonies. The savage missionary did not keep them long in suspense. He rose and announced that the Great Spirit had sent him to deliver a message to his people: he said he had already delivered it to some of the Cherokees in the mountains, but they disbelieved, and had beaten him. But he would not desist: he would declare the will of the Great Spirit at all hazards. The Great Spirit said, that the Cherokees were adopting the customs of the white people. They had mills, clothes, feather beds, and tables—worse still, they had books, and domestic cats! This was not good—therefore the buffalo and other game were

disappearing. The Great Spirit was angry, and had withdrawn his protection. The nation must return to the custom of their fathers. They must kill their cats, cut short their frocks, and dress as became Indians and warriors. They must discard all the fashions of the whites, abandon the use of any communication with each other except by word of mouth, and give up their mills, their houses, and all the arts learned from the white people. He promised, that if they believed and obeyed, then would game again abound, the white man would disappear, and God would love his people. He urged them to paint themselves, to hold feasts, and to dance—to listen to his words, and to the words the Great Spirit would whisper in their dreams. He concluded by saying, if any one says that he does not believe, the Great Spirit will cut him off from the living.

This speech, artfully framed to suit the prejudices of the Indians, and to inflame the latent discontent of such as were not fully enlisted in the work of reform, caused a great excitement among them. They cried out that the talk was good. Major Ridge perceived at once the evil effect that would be produced by such harangues, and, with his usual decision, determined not to tamper with the popular feeling, but to oppose and correct it. He rose in his place, and addressing the tumultuous assemblage with his wonted energy, said, "My friends, the talk you have heard is not good. It would lead us to war with the United States, and we should suffer. It is false; it is not a talk from the Great Spirit. I stand here and defy the threat that he who disbelieves shall die. Let the death come upon me. I offer to test this scheme of impostors!" The people, mad with superstition, rushed upon the orator who dared thus to brave their fury, and rebuke their folly, and would probably have put him to death, had he not defended himself. Being an athletic man, he struck down several of the assailants, but was at last thrown to the ground, and his friend, John Harris, stabbed at his side. Jesse Vann and others rallied around him, and beating back the crowd, enabled him to rise; and at length an old chief had sufficient influence over the infuriated savages to quell the tumult. As the tempest of passion subsided, the fanaticism which had caused it died away. The threat of the pretended messenger of heaven had proved false. His challenge had been accepted, and the daring individual who had defied him, lived, an evidence of his imposition.

The storm of fanaticism passed on to the Creek nation, among whom dreams were dreamed, and prophets arose who professed to have talked with the Great Spirit. The daring and restless Tecumthe, who had traversed the wilderness, for several hundred miles, for the purpose of stirring the savages to war against the Americans, appeared among the Creeks at this juncture, and artfully availed himself of a state of things so well suited to his purpose. Besides bringing tidings from the Great Spirit, he brought assurances from the British king, and greetings from the Shawanoe nation. The Creeks rose against their chiefs, broke out into war against the United States, and having surprised the frontier post of Fort Mimms, massacred the whole garrison, without distinction of age or sex.

These events occurred at a period the most gloomy in the history of our frontier

settlements, the most hapless in the melancholy record of the destiny of the red man. The jealousies between Great Britain and America were rapidly approaching to a crisis, and the prospect of a war between these nations, opened a wide field for the turbulence of savage passion, and the craft of savage intrigue. The extensive frontier of the United States, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, became agitated. Emissaries, prophets, and mercenary traders were at work in every direction, having various interests and purposes, but alike bent upon setting all the elements of discord in motion.

General William McIntosh, a half-breed Creek, and one of their head men, from Coweta, was on a visit to the Cherokee nation, when the faithless and tragic outrage was perpetrated at Fort Mimms; and, by order of the chiefs, he was escorted back to his own country, by a chosen band of Cherokees, at the head of whom was Ridge. On their arrival at Coweta, they found the council of the Creek nation assembled. The head chief, Big Warrior, of Tuckabachee, was there, endeavouring to devise measures to secure his people from the impending danger of a civil war, and a war with the United States. The chiefs were in favour of a pacific policy, but they were overruled by a large majority, who, under the malign influence of the prophets, breathed only vengeance against the whites, and uncompromising hostility against every measure and every advocate of Christianity or civilisation. The Big Warrior, having drawn a band of faithful friends about him, for his present protection, applied to the United States authorities for assistance to put down this rebellion; and sent to the Cherokee nation a talk, together with a piece of tobacco, tied with a string of various coloured beads, to be smoked in their council. Ridge was the bearer of the tobacco and the talk of the Creek chief, and in his name demanded aid to put down the *Red Sticks*, as the insurgent party were called; and, in an animated speech, he urged the object of his mission before the council at Oostanalee. He maintained that the hostile portion of the Creeks, in making war against the whites, had placed the Cherokees in a condition which obliged them to take one side or the other. That in the unsettled state of the country, no distinction would be known but that of Indians and white men, and a hostile movement by any tribe, would involve the whole in war. He insisted further, that if the Creeks were permitted to put down their chiefs, and be ruled by the prophets, the work of civilisation would be subverted, and the Red Sticks, in their efforts to re-establish a state of barbarism would destroy all the southern tribes. The council listened with attention, and having considered the arguments of Ridge, declared that they would not interfere in the affairs of their neighbours, but would look on, and be at peace. "Then," said Ridge, "I will act with volunteers. I call upon my friends to join me." A number of brave men, the most conspicuous persons in the nation, came forward; the people imbibed the spirit, until at last the chiefs were constrained to reverse their recent decision in council, and declare war.

The government of the United States had, by this time, taken steps to punish the massacre at Fort Mimms, and to protect the border settlements. General White, of

Tennessee, with a body of the militia of that state, accompanied by Major Ridge, and a number of Cherokee warriors, marched into the Creek nation, and returned with many prisoners.

On his arrival at home, Major Ridge sent runners through the nation to collect volunteers for another expedition, and, with the assistance of the other chiefs, raised eight hundred warriors, whom he led to the head quarters of General Jackson, at the Ten Islands, in Alabama. Under this commander, destined to become eminently successful in his military exploits, the army moved towards the position of the Creeks, who occupied a fortified camp, in a bend of the Talapoosa river, which, from its shape, was called the Horseshoe. This little peninsula was connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus, across which the Creeks had thrown a strong breastwork of logs, pierced with loopholes, while the remainder of the circumference was surrounded and protected by the deep river. Within the area was a town and camp, in the midst of which was a high post painted red, and at the top of this were suspended the scalps of the white people who had been slain in the war. The Creek warriors, naked, and painted red, danced round this pole, and assembled about it, to narrate their exploits in battle, for the purpose of exciting in each other the principle of emulation, and the desire of vengeance. General Jackson, with his usual energy of purpose, resolved to attack the enemy without delay. The main body of his army advanced upon the breastwork, while General Coffee, with a detachment of the militia, and the Cherokee allies, forded the Talapoosa below, and surrounded the bend of the river. It was not intended that this division should cross into the camp, nor were they provided with boats; but the Cherokees becoming anxious to join in the assault, two of them swam over the river, and returned with two canoes. A third canoe was secured by the activity of a Cherokee, who brought it from the middle of the river, after the Creeks who occupied it had been shot by the Tennessee riflemen. Major Ridge was the first to embark; and in these three boats the Cherokees crossed, a few at a time, until the whole body had penetrated to the enemy's camp. A spirited attack was made upon the rear of the enemy, by which their attention was diverted from the breastwork, and material aid given to a daring charge then making upon it, by the regulars and militia. The breastwork was carried; the troops poured into the camp, the Indians pressed upon its rear, and the Creeks sought shelter behind numerous logs and limbs of forest trees, which had been strewed about to impede the advance of the assailants, and afford protection to themselves in the last resort. Here they fought with desperation. Thinned by the sharp shooters, and hemmed in on all sides, they scorned to ask for quarter—or, perhaps, unaccustomed to that courtesy of civilised warfare which allows the vanquished to claim his life, they knew not how to make the demand. They continued to fight, and to shout the war whoop, selling their blood dearly to the last drop. Driven at last from their lurking places, they plunged into the thicket of reeds that margined the river, but the sword and the tomahawk found them here, and their last dismal refuge was in the deep current of the Talapoosa. Here too

the rifle ball overtook them, and the vindictive Cherokees rushed into the water in the fury of the pursuit. Few escaped to report the tragic story of that eventful day.

Ridge was a distinguished actor in this bloody drama; and we are told that he was the first to leap into the river in pursuit of the fugitives. Six Creek warriors, some of whom had been previously wounded, fell by his hand. As he attempted to plunge his sword in one of these, the Creek closed with him, and a severe contest ensued. Two of the most athletic of their race were struggling in the water for life or death, each endeavouring to drown the other. Ridge, forgetting his own knife, seized one which his antagonist wore, and stabbed him; but the wound was not fatal, and the Creek still fought with an equal chance of success, when he was stabbed with a spear by one of Ridge's friends, and thus fell a hero who deserved a nobler fate.

Thus ended the massacre of the Horseshoe, the recital of which we have made as brief as was consistent with fidelity to our task. We take no pleasure in recording these deeds of extermination; but they form a portion of history, and, unhappily, the story of border warfare is always the same; for it is always war embittered by party feud, personal injury, and individual hatred—a national quarrel aggravated by private griefs, and inflamed by bad passions.

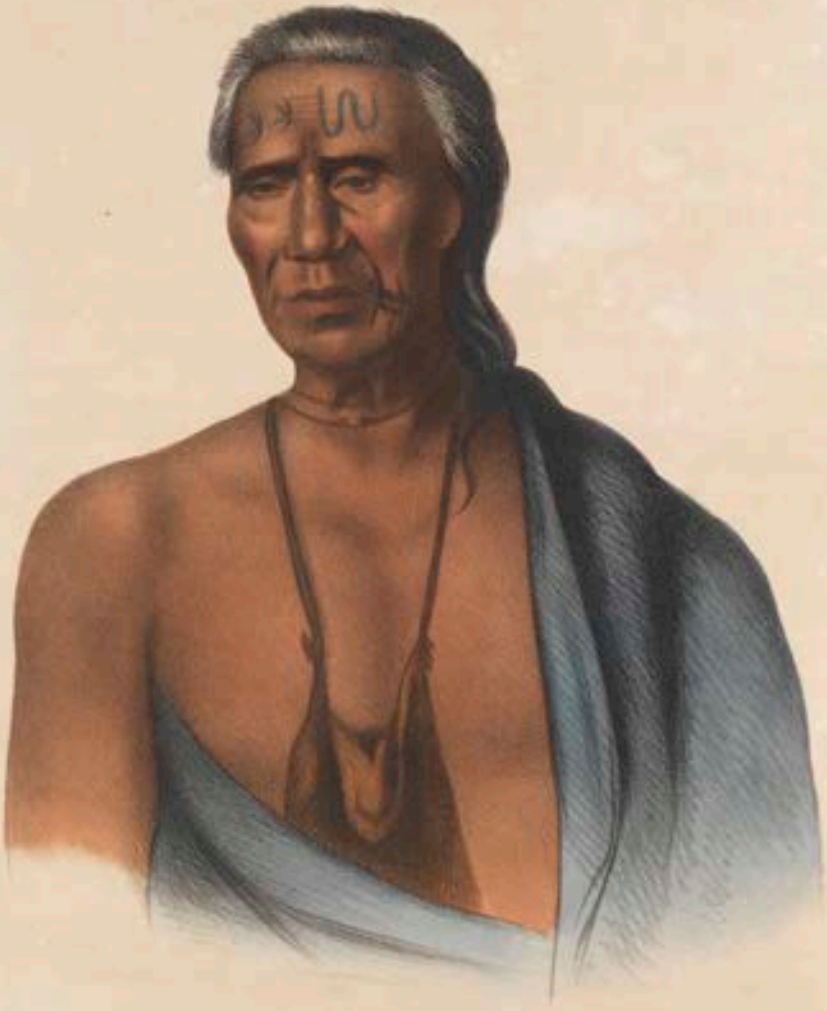
After the Creek war, Major Ridge visited Washington as a delegate from his nation, to President Madison, to adjust the northern boundary of their country; and he again represented his people on a similar mission during the administration of Mr. Monroe. He had now become a prominent man, and when Alexander Saunders, an influential Cherokee, and the personal friend of Ridge, proposed to divide the nation, and organise a new council, it was chiefly through his exertions that the scheme was defeated.

After the death of Charles R. Hicks, the Cherokees were governed by John Ross, who, being a person of some education, led them to adopt a constitution and laws, in imitation of those of the United States. We pass over the controversy that ensued between the Cherokees and the state of Georgia, and between the latter and the United States, with the single remark, that Georgia objected to the organisation of a government, by Indians, within her limits; and insisted that the American government should extinguish the title of the Cherokees, and remove them to other lands. Major Ridge had been among those who were opposed to the emigration of his people; he had favoured the plan of establishing a regular government, and the introduction of education and Christianity, and had believed that these improvements could be more successfully cultivated by remaining in their own country, than in a region of wilderness where all the temptations to a relapse into savage habits would be presented. But when, after a bitter and fruitless contest, it was found that Georgia adhered inflexibly to her determination, and the government of the United States would not interfere, he saw that sooner or later the weaker party must submit to be crushed, and he now used his influence to induce the Indians to remove to the new home pointed out to them. His views were supported by the members of a delegation

that visited Washington in 1832, and who, after appealing to the government, and conversing with many eminent public men, and intelligent citizens, whose sympathies were strongly enlisted in the cause, came to the conclusion that it would be best to do at once that to which they would be finally compelled. John Ross, with a majority of the Cherokees, maintained a different policy, and an unhappy spirit of party was engendered by this diversity of opinion. Major Ridge was accused of entertaining opinions hostile to the interest and happiness of the people—was regularly impeached, and cited to appear before a council to be held in the autumn of 1833, to answer a charge of treason. But when the time arrived his accusers endeavoured to put off the trial; betraying evidently their own convictions of his innocence, and their willingness to hold over him an accusation, which, while neither established nor refuted, might neutralise his influence. This attempt, however, failed, and the charge was dismissed.

Major Ridge is one of the very few individuals who, after being reared in the habits of the savage, have embraced the employments and comforts of civilised life. In youth we have seen him pursuing the chase for a livelihood, and seeking the war path with all the Indian avidity for bloodshed and plunder. Gradually withdrawing from these occupations, he became a cultivator of the soil, a legislator, and a civil magistrate; exhibiting in each capacity a discretion and dignity of character, worthy of a better education. His house resembled in no respect the wigwam of the Indian—it was the home of the patriarch, the scene of plenty and hospitality.

He showed the sincerity of his own conversion from barbarism, by giving to his children the advantages of education, and rearing them in habits of morality and temperance. All of them have professed the Christian religion, and sustained fair reputations; while Major Ridge, surrounded by his descendants, enjoys in his old age, the respect and confidence earned by a long life of active industry, and energetic public service.



LAP-PA-WIN-SOE.

A DELAWARE CHIEF.

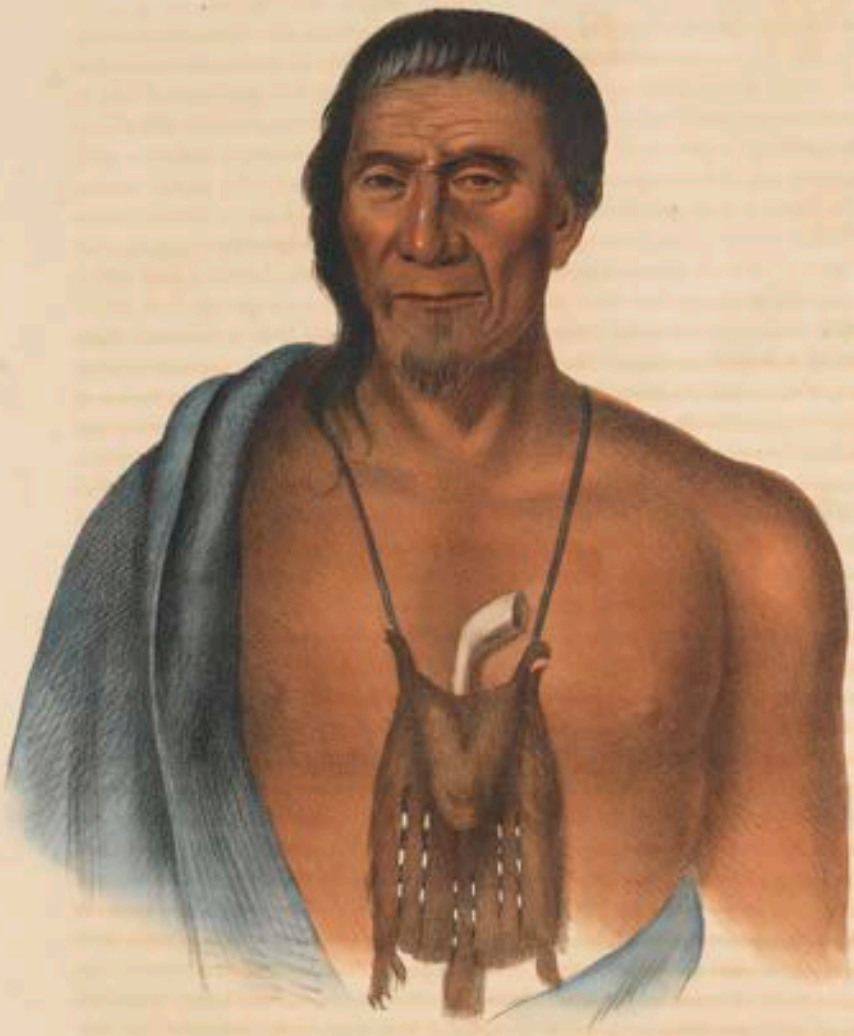
LAPPAWINSOE.

THE preceding engraving, and the one which follows it, are taken from the original portraits, in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. They were presented to that body by Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, England, a worthy descendant of the illustrious founder of the state which bears his name. These portraits are highly interesting to the antiquarian, because they preserve to him the only likenesses which exist of the famed Lenni Lennapi tribe of Indians.

All that is known respecting their originals, is contained in a Report made by Mr. J. Francis Fisher and Mr. Job R. Tyson, in the course of the last year, to the Historical Society, and published in the last volume of the Society's Transactions.

The portraits were painted just a century ago, (1737,) and even the name of the limner would now be a subject of curious but uncertain speculation. If a native, his work would show the skill employed and attention bestowed at that time, in British America, upon this department of the arts. Mr. Tyson and Mr. Fisher suggest that the portraits were probably painted either by one Swede, named Cecilius, who executed a likeness of James Logan, or a later artist, named R. Feke, whose name appears on a picture of the year 1746.

The fame of Lappawinsoe, whatever it was, has not been transmitted to us. James Logan speaks of him as an honest old Indian; and his name, "*He is gone away gathering corn, nuts, or any thing eatable,*" according to Heckewelder's translation, implies the character of an honest old hunter. He was a chief, and is ranked by the last named writer, among those of the Forks of the Delaware. The act by which Lappawinsoe is chiefly known, is signing, at Philadelphia, the celebrated Treaty of 1737, commonly called *The Walking Purchase.* The character and effect of this negotiation are adverted to in the succeeding article.



TISH-CO-HAN.

A DELAWARE CHIEF.

PUBLISHED BY E. C. BIDDLE, PHILADELPHIA.
Printed & Coloured at C.B. Bowen's Lithographic Establishment N°94 Walnut St.
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1836 by E.C. Biddle, in the Clerks office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.ª

TISHCOHAN.

OF Tishcohan, Tasucamin, Teshakomen, *alias* Tishekunk, little is known, except what is contained in Mr. Fisher and Mr. Tyson's Report. His name occurs in Heckewelder's Catalogue, and means, in the Delaware language, "*He who never blackens himself.*" We may note, on referring to the likeness, the correctness of the description, in the absence of those daubs of paint with which the Indian is so fond of deforming himself.

Tasucamin and Lappawinsoe were both signers of the celebrated *Walking Purchase* of 1737. By this treaty was ceded to the proprietaries of Pennsylvania, an extensive tract of country, stretching along the Delaware, from the Neshamany, to far above the *Forks* at Easton, and westward "as far as *a man could walk in a day and a half.*" This transaction has been stigmatised by Charles Thomson as one of the most nefarious schemes recorded in the Colonial annals of Pennsylvania. It appears that the white men employed to walk with the Indians, performed the task with a celerity of which the Indians loudly complained. They protested against its manner of performance as opposed to the spirit of their contract, and an encroachment on their ancient usages. They alleged that it had been usual, on other occasions, to walk with deliberation, and to rest and smoke by the way, but that the walkers, so called, actually *ran*, and performed, within the period, a journey of most unreasonable extent.

This purchase has been differently viewed by different writers. Logan claims the land for the proprietaries, on a two-fold title, independent of the treaty. He claims it under a Deed made, in 1686, with the predecessors of the Indians, who asserted a right to it in 1737. He claims it under a release from the Five Nations, in the year 1736, who, at that time, exercised over the Delawares that insolence of superiority which the code of all nations has accorded to conquest. This duple right, the same excellent writer seeks further to confirm and establish, by denying to the Indians, with whom the Walking Treaty was concluded, any original title to the territory ceded, on the ground, that they were new settlers from Jersey.

On the other hand, Charles Thomson disputes the antecedent right of the proprietaries, under the Deed of 1686, and the Release of 1736, and places the whole question upon the honesty with which the stipulations of the contracting parties were performed in the *Walking Purchase*. And does it not at last repose here? The

terms of the original Deed are not known. Its authenticity rests only on tradition, and several authoritative legal writers speak dubiously of its ever having existed. One thing is certain, even if it did exist—*it had never been walked out.*

The Release from the Five Nations can scarcely be thought to impart validity to a title, which is defective without it. The peculiar subjugation to which the vanquished tribe submitted, could only give to their conquerors *the right of personal guardianship*, not the power of *expatriation*. Besides, it is justly contended, that any territorial rights acquired by the Five Nations, were confined to the land on the tributaries of the Susquehanna, and never extended to the waters of the Delaware.

We may, therefore, return to the Treaty of 1737, and examine into the manner in which it was executed. If the Indians contracted with had no rights, why was a treaty entertained with them at all? When the proprietaries entered into a compact with the Indians, they gave to them a right to inquire into the fidelity with which it was performed, and pledged their own honours for its faithful observance. Was the speed of *running* a literal or honourable execution of a treaty *to walk?*

It was this departure from the terms and spirit of the contract which filled the Indians with so much dissatisfaction and heart-burning. The execution of the treaty was viewed by them as a piece of knavery and cunning, and concurred with other potent causes of estrangement in bringing about the most unhappy results. The minds of the Indians became alienated, embittered, inflamed; and a perverse and heartless policy, on the part of their white neighbours, made the breach irreconcilable.

But this people, even when goaded to desperation by acts of high handed oppression and cruel selfishness, did not forget the days of William Penn, and were sometimes induced by the recollection, to abstain from visiting upon his successors that degree of retaliation which would have been just, according to their ideas of retributive justice. It was this same people, in the days of their valour and martial glory, that lived on terms of cordiality and friendship, with that great man and his followers, in conferring and receiving benefits, for a period of forty years! It was this people so actively kind, so unaffectedly grateful towards the unarmed strangers who sought refuge from persecution in their silent forests, that suffered from the descendants of these strangers, those keen griefs arising from a deep sense of unmerited injury, joined to a perception of meditated and the certainty of ultimate annihilation. Contemporaneously with the date of the portraits from which the two foregoing engravings are reduced, the amity and good neighbourhood which had subsisted between the colonists of Pennsylvania and the Delaware Indians, gave way to a state of feeling which ended in the departure of these sons of the soil from their long-enjoyed inheritance, to seek an abode in some distant wild, some unappropriated solitude of the western country. After the indignity they received from Canassatego, in 1742, they retired to Wyoming and Shamokin, and finally penetrated beyond the Ohio, where the survivors live but to brood over their wrongs, and transmit them to their descendants. Pursued from river to river, they at last grew tired of retreat; and, turning back upon their pursuers, inflicted upon them all those cruelties which are prompted by resentment and despair.

SHA-KA-KA

A MANDAN CHIEF.

SHAHAKA.

THIS portrait is not included in the Indian gallery at Washington city, but is of an older date, and equally authentic with those contained in the national collection. It was kindly pointed out to us in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, by the venerable and accomplished librarian of that institution, John Vaughan, Esq., who permitted us to take this copy. Our information concerning the original is chiefly gleaned from the travels of Lewis and Clark, a work compiled with singular fidelity, and replete with valuable information.

In the ascent of the Missouri, in the year 1804, the enterprising travellers above mentioned, halted at the Mandan villages, situated far beyond the frontier settlements, and at a point to which but few white men had penetrated. They were kindly received by the Mandans, who, having had no direct intercourse with the white people, had not experienced the oppression which has ever fallen upon the weaker party, in the contact of the two races. The leaders of the exploring expedition were so well pleased with their reception, that, finding they could not proceed much further before their progress would be arrested by the excessive cold of this high latitude, they determined to spend the winter among the hospitable Mandans. Huts were accordingly erected, and they remained here, during the inclement season, enjoying an uninterrupted interchange of friendly offices with the natives.

On their first arrival a council was held, at which, after smoking the pipe of peace, a speech was delivered, explaining the objects of the exploring party, and giving assurances of friendship and trade. "This being over," says the narrative, "we proceeded to distribute the presents with great ceremony. One chief of each town was acknowledged by a gift of a flag, a medal with a likeness of the President of the United States, a uniform coat, hat and feather: to the second chiefs we gave a medal representing some domestic animals, and a loom for weaving: to the third chiefs, medals with the impression of a farmer sowing grain." The account proceeds: "The chiefs who were made to day are, Shahaka, or *Big White*, a first chief, and Kagohami, or *Little Raven*, a second chief of the lower village of the Mandans, called Matootonha, &c." The making a chief, alluded to in this sentence, consisted simply in recognising that rank in those who previously held it, by treating with them in that capacity, and giving them presents appropriate to their station. On a subsequent

occasion, we find this individual noticed in the following manner: "The Big White came down to us, having packed on the back of his squaw about one hundred pounds of very fine meat, for which we gave him, as well as the squaw, some presents, particularly an axe to the woman, with which she was very much pleased." If the measure of this lady's affection for her lord be estimated by the burthen which she carried on her back, we should say it was very strong.

On the return of Lewis and Clark to the Mandan villages, after an interval of nearly eighteen months, during which they had crossed the Rocky Mountains, and penetrated to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, these enterprising travellers were cordially received by the friendly Indians with whom they had formerly spent a winter so harmoniously. Anxious to cement the friendly disposition which existed into a lasting peace, they proposed to take some of the chiefs with them to Washington city, to visit the President. This invitation would have been readily accepted, had it not been for the danger to which the Indians imagined such a journey to be exposed. Between them and the United States frontier were the Arickaras, their enemies, whose towns must of necessity be passed by the descending boats: the roving bands of the Sioux also frequently committed depredations along the left shore of the Missouri, while the right bank was accessible to the Osages: and although the American officers promised to protect those who should accompany them, and to bring them back to their homes, they could not overcome the jealous and timid reluctance of any of the chiefs, except *Le Grand Blanche*, or the Big White, who agreed to become their companion. Our gallant explorers have unfortunately given a very brief account of their journey after leaving the Mandan villages, on their return voyage, and we find no record of the conduct of the Big White, under such novel circumstances. It would have been very interesting to have heard from those gentlemen, who had just visited the Indians in their own abodes, an account of the remarks and behaviour of an Indian chief, under similar circumstances. We, however, only know that he visited our seat of government, and returned in safety to his friends.

TU-KA-CON

A SIOUX CHIEF.

TOKACON.

THE character of this brave is indicated by his name, which means, *He that inflicts the first wound*, and expresses the idea that he is foremost in battle. He is of the Yankton tribe, of the Sioux nation, and is one of two persons who officiate as a kind of conservators of order within the village or encampment of the band. This office is never executed except by warriors of high repute, who can command respect and obedience in consequence of their personal influence. Among savages mere rank gives little authority unless it be sustained by weight of character. In each band of the Sioux several distinguished warriors are appointed, whose duty is to maintain order, and to notice every departure from the established discipline. These duties are not sufficiently well defined to enable us to describe them with any particularity; they are of a discretionary nature, and depend much upon the temper and character of the individuals who discharge them, and who, to some extent, make the rules which they enforce. As those over whom it is necessary to exert their authority are chiefly the unruly and the young, the ill trained, rapacious, and idle, who hang loosely upon the community, the women, the children, and the stranger, they usually execute summary justice upon the spot, according to their own notions of propriety, and inflict blows without scruple when they deem it necessary. In case of resistance or refusal to obey, they do not hesitate to put the offender to death.

Tokacon and his colleague have long maintained the reputation of strict disciplinarians, and their authority is greatly respected by their people. This is especially observable on the arrival of a white man, or a party of whites, at their village. If these persons take the strangers under their protection no one presumes to molest them: if the sword or the war club of one of them is seen at the door of the white man's lodge, the sign is well understood, and no Indian ventures to intrude.

MON-KA-USH-KA

A SIOUX CHIEF.

PUBLISHED BY F. W. GREENOUGH, PHILAD.A

MONKAUSHKA.

THIS portrait represents a young man of the Yankton tribe, of the Sioux nation, who, but a few years ago, occupied an obscure and menial rank. The distinction of grade seems to be a law of human nature, and occurs to some extent even in the least artificial state of society. It is observable among all the Indian tribes. The sons of chiefs and distinguished warriors stand aloof from menial employments, and are early trained to the exercises of war and hunting, while the offspring of indolent or inefficient men receive less consideration, and are apt to be thrown into degrading offices. But, in either case, the individual, on arriving at maturity, becomes the artificer of his own fortune, because, in a state of existence, surrounded by danger and vicissitude, where boldness, cunning, and physical qualities are continually called into action, he must rise or sink, in the proportion that he displays the possession or want of those qualities.

Monkaushka, or *The Trembling Earth*, while a boy, was employed as a cook, horse guard, &c., and had not met with any opportunity to distinguish himself, until near about the time when he arrived at manhood, when he forced himself into notice by a single act. A small party of young men, of the Yankton tribe, fell in with an equal number of *voyageurs*, who were travelling through the prairies, from Saint Louis to some trading establishment in the interior of the Indian country. One of the Yanktons requested permission to ride on the same horse with one of the whites, which the latter declined as his horse was much fatigued, and the journey was still far from being finished. The Indian, being offended, resolved, with the capricious resentment of a savage, to take revenge upon the first opportunity, and shortly after shot an arrow through the unfortunate white man. The remainder of the party fled in alarm, and reached the Yankton camp on the next day.

When the news of this outrage reached the Yankton village, Monkaushka, though a mere youth declared himself the avenger of the white man. The Indian rule is, that the nearest relative of the deceased may put the murderer to death, but he must do it at his peril. If there be no relative who will take up the quarrel, a friend may do it; and in this instance, whatever may have been the motive of the young Indian, the act was, according to their notions, highly generous, as he took up the cause of a deceased stranger, without the prospect of reward, and at the risk of his own life. He was, however, laughed at by his companions, who did not give him credit for the courage

necessary to carry out such a design, and supposed that he was only indulging in an idle boast. But he was in earnest; and, having loaded his gun, he deliberately walked up to the offender, when he entered the village, and shot him dead.

The impunity with which such an act might be done, would depend much on the manner of its execution. Had not the most determined intrepidity been displayed throughout the whole proceeding, it is probable that the deed would have been prevented, or avenged. Although done under the colour of an acknowledged usage, it was not required by the Indian rule, and might have been considered an exception from it. The injured party was a stranger, and there was no tie of consanguinity or friendship which authorised Monkaushka to claim the office of his avenger. It might even have been an odious act to volunteer on such an occasion. It is most likely that a latent spirit, that had been suppressed by the circumstances under which he had grown up, was glowing within him, and that he grasped at an opportunity, thus fortuitously presented, to emancipate himself from his humble condition. The occasion would recommend itself to a mind thus situated, by its novelty, and would make a greater impression than a common place achievement, which required only an ordinary effort of courage. If such was the reasoning of Monkaushka, it showed a sagacity equal to his spirit; and that it was, is rendered probable by the successful event of the affair. He rose immediately to distinction, and, having since shown himself a good warrior, is now, although a very young man, one of the chief persons in his tribe, and was sent to Washington, in 1837, as one of their delegates. During their stay in Washington, Monhaushka became sick. He was suffering under the influence of fever when he sat for his portrait—but, recovering a little, he was supposed able to proceed with the delegation on their tour to the East. On arriving at Baltimore, however, it was found impracticable for him to proceed further. He was left in charge of a faithful interpreter, and, although surrounded by all that was required for his comfort, he gradually sank under his disease, and, after a few days of suffering, died.

E
970.1
H11h
v.1

41415

Holloway, J.N.
History of the Indian tribes of
North America