MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

(THE OTHER WIFE, THE WHITE ONE)

This is a little essay about racial attitudes. The gist of it is that it really isn't necessary to hate anyone to be a racist (being racist isn't so much a directed mode of feeling as it is a directed mode of thinking).

"NARRATIVE HISTORY" AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1818

Mary Henderson was born in Warrenton, Virginia, into, as she would be pleased to point out, "one of the F.F.V.'s," by which she meant Founding Families of Virginia.[1] Her mother Anna Maria Truxtun Henderson was a daughter of Commodore Thomas Truxtun of the US Navy, who had as commander of the frigate USS *Constellation* during our 1799 naval quasi-war with France (yes we have fought wars you've never hear tell of) had captured the French 36-gun frigate *Insurgente* off Nevis Island, and had therefore made himself one

gen-u-ine white war hero in spite of the fact that he looked suspiciously like Elmer Fudd (his image, on a following screen):

1. Virginia is a most interesting place, most interestingly different from anyplace else in the US of A. In Virginia it has always been very OK for your white family to be descended from an Indian Princess — as long as (shudder) there wasn't any Negro Princess in your woodpile. True fact.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

Did I mention that this happens to have been the very 1st ship-to-ship triumph of the United States Navy? It was a very very big deal.

(Mary's father –that is to say, politely, the husband of her mother– was Dr. Thomas Henderson, a surgeon general of the US Army. Have I mentioned that these people were very much white people, and very much proud of it? You'll learn more, later, perhaps even more than you will enjoy to learn, about how very pleased this family was, about their immense good fortune in being white people!)[2]

2. I will refrain from accusing these folks of "racism" since their attitudes toward unfortunates of other races was benign and benevolent and mistrusting but in no way malevolent — and since, as we all know, we cannot be accused of being racists when actually we are such very nice people that we couldn't hate unfortunates merely for having been born the way they are.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

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1835

Mary Henderson had moved with her family from Virginia to West Point, New York when her father had been assigned as a surgeon at the West Point Military Academy. There she and the drawing instructor Seth Eastman met and got married. Did she know that her bridegroom was already married? The white couple would produce five white children.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

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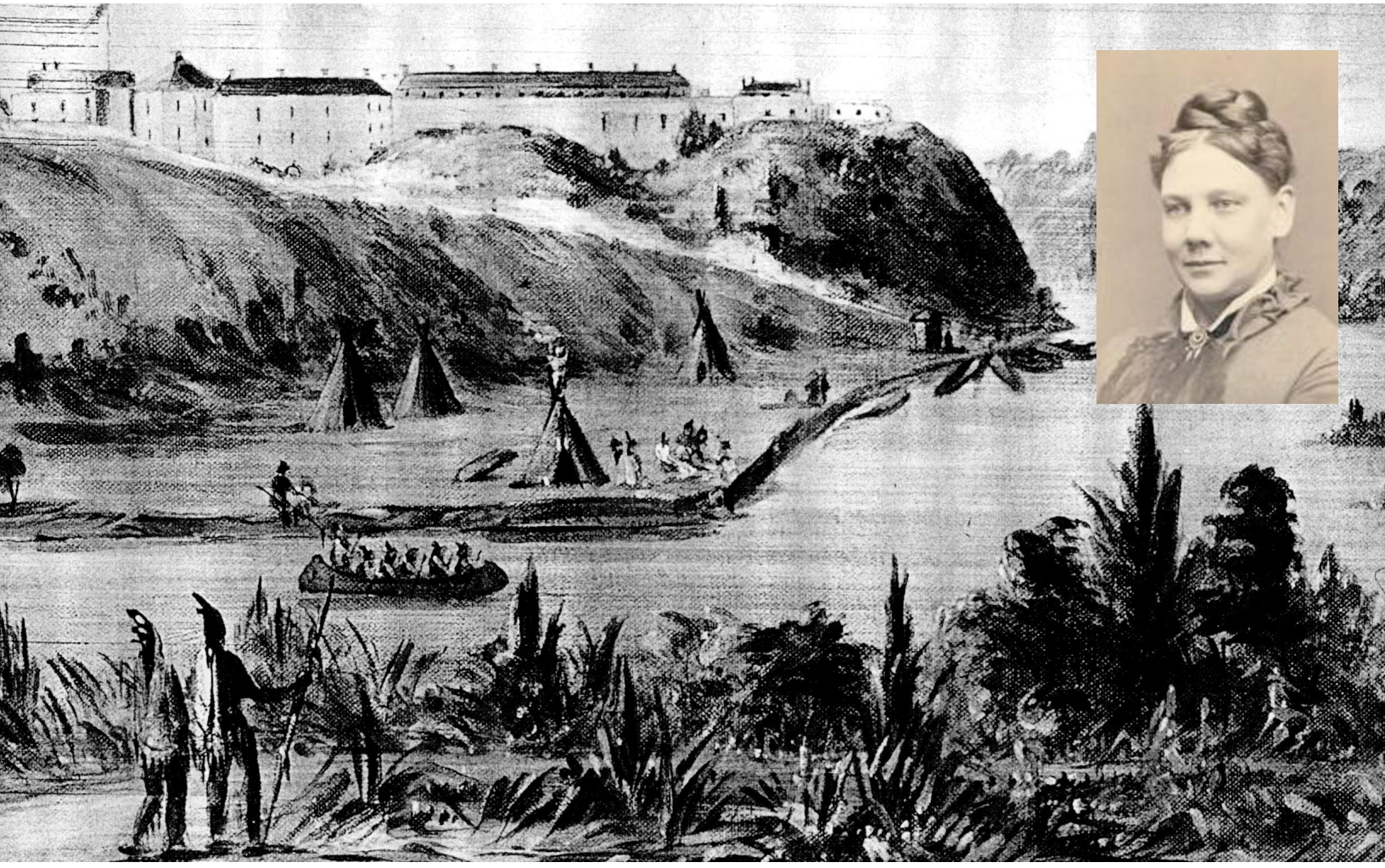
1841

The West Pointer Seth Eastman –who had been the topographical engineer at Fort Snelling and had "married" a local woman and had a half-breed child in the Minnesota territory, but who had then been assigned to do a railroad survey in Louisiana, and had then been assigned to teach drawing at the West Point Military Academy– was reassigned by the US Army to return in triumph to his former duty station at Fort Snelling, as a Brigadier General (well but this was only a temporary rank, and afterward he would resume being a Captain) and as the fort's commandant. He would be in residence there in the company of his new wife, a real wife, that is a white wife, a belle from Virginia, Mrs. Mary Henderson Eastman, and the couple's three white children (a 4th white child, Frank Smith Eastman, would be born after her arrival).



LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

September 30, Thursday: Mrs. Mary Henderson Eastman, 23 years of age and the mother of three (Robert Langdon Eastman, Thomas Henderson Eastman, and Virginia Henderson Eastman; she and Captain Seth Eastman had married in 1835), arrived at Fort Snelling. She would find the red people there quite different from the "eastern" variety she had known as a daughter of Virginia, although she would soon develop what she termed an "abiding and sympathetic interest" in the Indians, and would proceed to learn their language and songs. Captain Seth Eastman of Company D, First United States Infantry, a graduate of West Point, had just assumed command of this fortress at which he had once been the topographical engineer.

He had "married" a local woman and had a half-breed child in the Minnesota territory before being reassigned to do a railroad survey in Louisiana but this time his wife was a real wife, that is, a white wife, a Southern belle. This new white wife would take an interest in the local Indians, study Indians, and eventually write appealingly about them.[3] There seems not to have been any embarrassment, whatever.

Diligent search for a record of the manner in which Eastman greeted his Native American wife and his halfbreed daughter from his previous adventure at Fort Snelling have failed to produced any such record.

3. Mrs. Eastman would also author an indignant response to UNCLE TOM'S CABIN entitled AUNT PHYLLIS'S CABIN, OR SOUTHERN LIFE AS IT IS, before in Minnesota she would author her several volumes on Native American legends and folklore. The kindest thing that can be said about such a phenomenon is that like most authors she would write from her own point of view. It would be unkind to characterize her as a racist, and a peculiarly unreflective one, and in particular as peculiarly unaware of her own mindset, for to characterize her in that manner would be to make her out as being somewhat exceptional when such a convenient mindset is, unfortunately, not at all the exception. If you can read her books about the Dakotah culture and marvel how benevolent she was toward the Indian savages, how interested she was in them and their lives and their welfare, you should read also her book about Negro culture and marvel how kind she was to the American Negro, how interested she was in them and how concerned for their lives and their welfare.

1848

Seth Eastman, who had risen to be the commander of Fort Snelling in the Minnesota Territory, finally returned to the East. Here is a drawing he had made of the Lake Itasca source of the Mississippi River, that would be published as a lithograph by John T. Bowen in 1851:

According to Mary Helen Dunlop's SIXTY MILES FROM CONTENTMENT: TRAVELING THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN INTERIOR (NY: HarperCollins BasicBooks, 1995, pages 110-1), Fredrika Bremer was being escorted at this point in her global peregrinations by no less personages than Governor and Mrs.

Alexander H. Ramsey:

> ...on meeting the official couple, Bremer had judged Mrs. Ramsey to be "very pretty" but had not remarked on the governor's looks. When the Ramseys took Bremer to visit and Indian village near St. Paul, Bremer was introduced to a young Indian woman named Feather-cloud who was attired for the occasion in "her wedding dress of embroidered scarlet woolen stuff." Bremer judged Feather-cloud to be beautiful, "remarkably light-complexioned," and the owner of a perfect profile. Bremer asked to sketch her, and did so; but later, while Bremer was occupied with a second sketch of a man denominated "the old chief," both Feather-cloud and Mrs. Ramsey slipped out of the wigwam without Bremer's noticing. When the two women returned, Ramsey was wearing Feather-cloud's scarlet wedding dress; there had been, however, no exchange, for Feather-cloud was wearing not Ramsey's dress but a plain garment of her own. To Bremer, Mrs. Ramsey was no longer pretty but somehow all wrong: the dress, Bremer complained, was "too showy" for Mrs. Ramsey, who lacked the "mystic beauty" needed to carry it off. Moreover it was vaguely offensive to Bremers that Feather-cloud was so openly amused by the effect of the dress on Mrs. Ramsey; the possibility that Feather-cloud might have been judging Mrs. Ramsey's looks was intolerable. Feather-cloud's identity, which was attached to the dress, seemed unsuitable to Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. Ramsey's identity was not available for Feather-cloud to try on, and Bremer did not wish to sketch Mrs. Ramsey. The cultural division that had encouraged Bremer to view Feather-cloud as an exotic objet d'art had been encroached upon, and Feather-cloud found the switch funny while Bremer did not. Feather-cloud's culturally desirable looks qualified her as an appropriate subject for an European sketch artist but for nothing beyond. The incident had other uncomfortable implications for Bremer: she had chosen to view Feather-cloud as a European in Indian dress, but Mrs. Ramsey actually was a European in Indian dress, and as such she posed a challenge to Bremer's fantasy, which promptly collapsed. Bremer seemed also to have felt excluded from something going on between Mrs. Ramsey and Feather-cloud. Bremer's sketching was a version of shopping: she might not have been buying but she did want to appropriate a keepsake; Mrs. Ramsey, however, had bested Bremer by entering that stage of shopping known as "trying on," while Bremer remained in the stage called "just looking" and in the sketch-taker's position of quintessential outsiderism. It rarely occurred to travelers that their looks or indeed the looks of any white person could be submitted to judgment by any Indian; they assumed that Indians must wish to look like white Europeans just as they assumed that Indians must want the goods of white Europeans.

Also, on pages 113-7:

> In a search for pleasant and understandable Indian material to distract them from contemporary conditions too painful to dwell on, numerous travelers turned to retailing legends — not tribal legends but white-concocted legends about Indians, sentimental European-style legends about thwarted romance and star-crossed lovers and death leaps. Because so much of the fakelore is about death, it can be read as a series of approaches to a culture under siege; furthermore, the legends are most unstable whenever they concern those matters of Indian life that travelers least comprehended — family structure, authority, and the position of women. The travel writer's favorite among made-up legends was the story of Winona, which had a conveniently visible geographic location –a high bluff on the upper Mississippi– that travelers could easily view from a comfortable position aboard a steamboat or train.

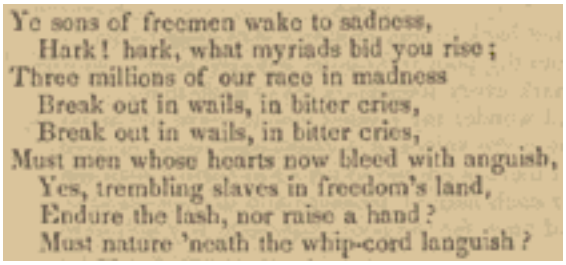
She has captured and described a series of nine such mythifications, of which this is the 2nd:[4]

> When Fredrika Bremer, aboard a steamboat up the Mississippi in 1848, retold the Winona story, the arranged marriage with the old chief vanished and Winona, no longer in love with anyone, was made to choose between death and "marriage with a young man whom she did not love." In Bremer's version, Winona makes no athletic dash to the cliff but instead warbles a "death-song" to unknown auditors. The bloody death on the rocks is also gone; Winona merely throws herself into the water below. Since Bremer's Winona has no rival preference to the man chosen for her, the focus of the tale shifts over to parental authority, self-extermination, and death as preferable to marriage without romantic love.

4. The other versions awarded this deep reading by Mary Helen Dunlop in her 1995 monograph are:

the Schoolcraft 1821 construction of this Winona fakelore, contained in NARRATIVE JOURNAL OF TRAVELS FROM DETROIT NORTHWEST THROUGH THE GREAT CHAIN OF AMERICAN LAKES TO THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN THE YEAR 1820,
the Fredrika Bremer 1848 construction of this Winona fakelore,
contained in volume 2 of 1853's THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD,
the Mary Eastman 1853 construction of this Winona fakelore,
contained in 1849's DAKOTAH: OR, LIFE AND LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX,
the Ida Pfeiffer mid-1850s construction of this Winona fakelore,
contained in 1855's A LADY'S SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD,
the Laurence Oliphant 1855 construction of this Winona fakelore,
contained in MINNESOTA AND THE FAR WEST,
the Harriet Bishop 1857 construction of this Winona fakelore,
contained in FLORAL HOME: OR, FIRST YEARS OF MINNESOTA,
the Aleksandr Lakier 1859 construction of this Winona fakelore, and, finally,
the Mark Twain 1883 demolition of this Winona fakelore,
as contained in his LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

In Harwick MA, William Wells Brown was shoved off a platform while attempting to speak against human slavery. In this year he compiled THE ANTI-SLAVERY HARP: A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS, which was printed in Boston by Bela Marsh. In the illustration, his songster is open to the pages containing lyrics to the tune of the "Marseillaise" — which to 19th-Century Americans indicated a willingness to create freedom through the application of violence.



Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness,
Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Three millions of our race in madness
Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
Must men whose hearts now bleed with anguish,
Yes, trembling slaves in freedom's land,
Endure the lash, nor raise a hand?
Must nature 'neath the whip-cord languish?

In upstate New York, the utopian Oneida Community was being formed.

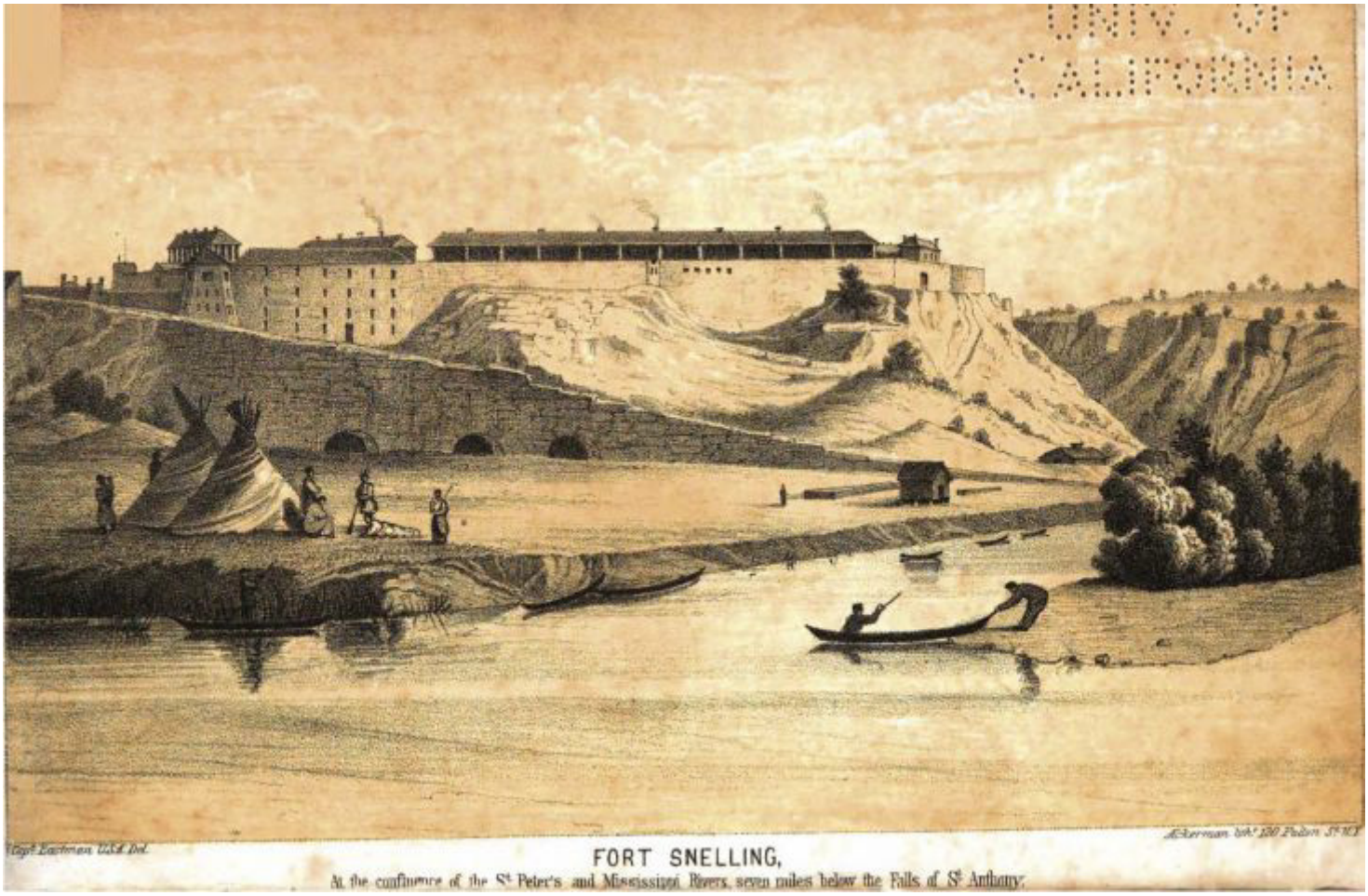
THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

Fall: The US Army decided that it needed Captain Seth Eastman to be in Texas. Mary Henderson Eastman and the children proceeded from Fort Snelling to New England, with Mary stopping off in Cincinnati to negotiate as her husband's business agent. She would actively campaign to get her husband transferred to Washington DC, where he could at the Office of Indian Affairs continue his work as a painter of American Indians.

1849

March: Publication of Mary Henderson Eastman's *DAHCOTAH*; OR, LIFE AND LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX AROUND FORT SNELLING, by J. Wiley of New-York, with four lithographs after her husband's paintings and some interpretations of native sign systems. Henry Thoreau would make extracts from this book into his Indian Notebook #8 in about 1854 — and in 1861 would pay a visit to this Fort Snelling near Minnehaha Falls and "the confluence of the S$^{t.}$ Peter's and Mississippi Rivers, some miles below the Falls of S$^{t.}$ Anthony" in the Minnesota Territory.

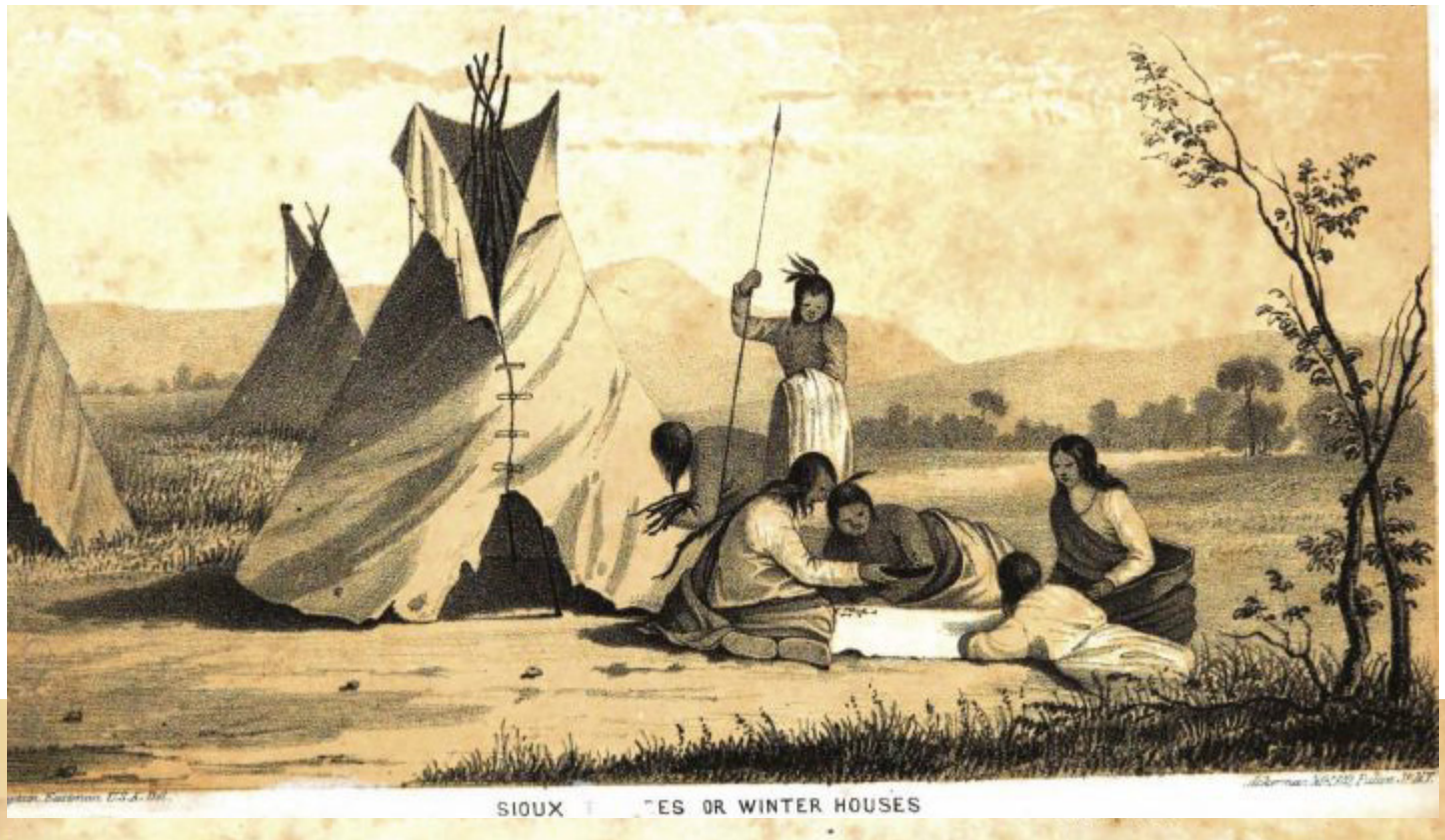
DAHCOTAH



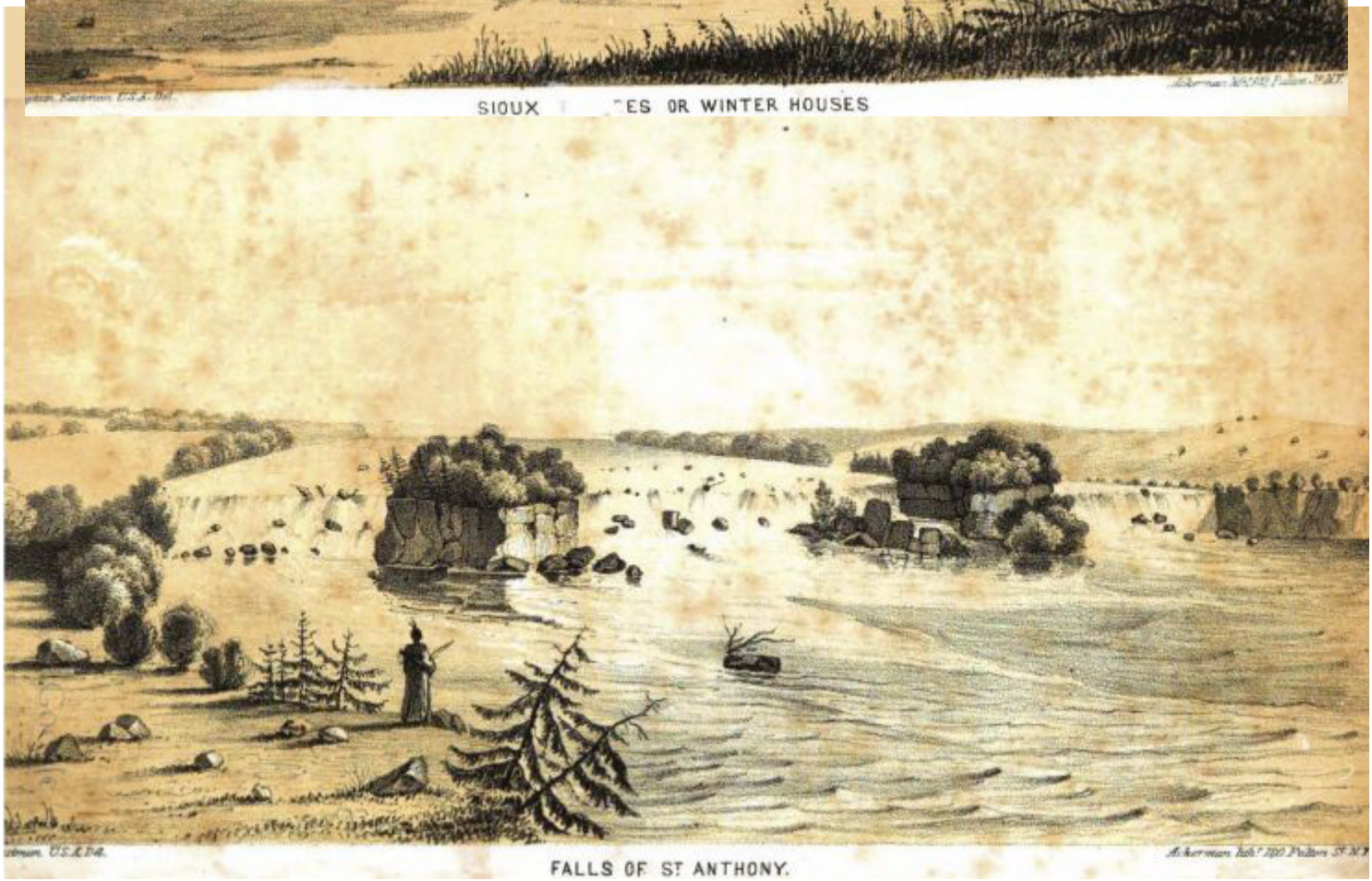
(This is the nativist treatise in which she invented the compound term *Minnehaha*, basing it on *minne* for water and *ha-ha* for falls in the Dakota language, and used this invented word as she appropriated *Dakotah* legends for the idle appreciation of her type of white people.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN



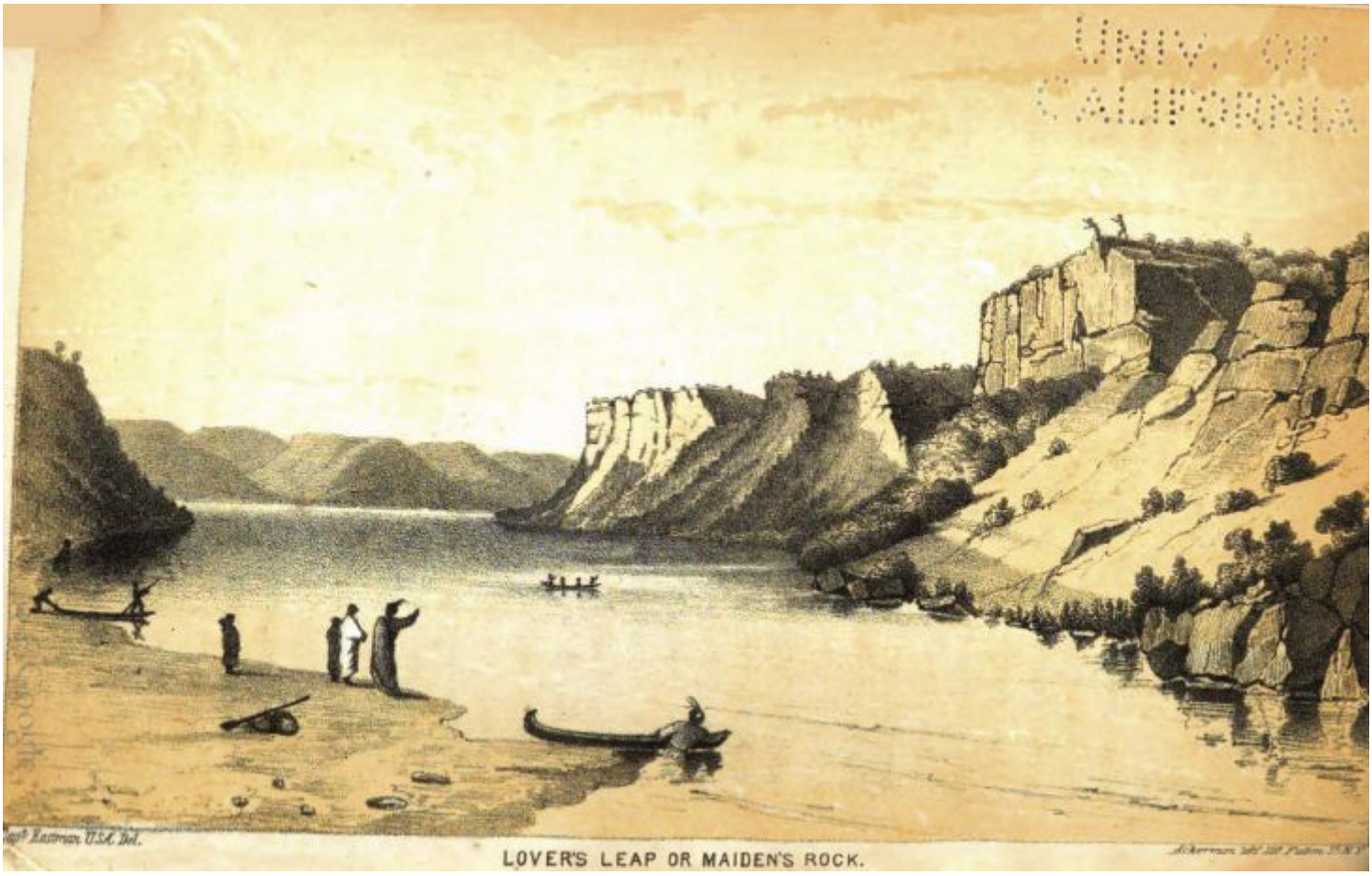
SIOUX [illegible]ES OR WINTER HOUSES



FALLS OF ST ANTHONY.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

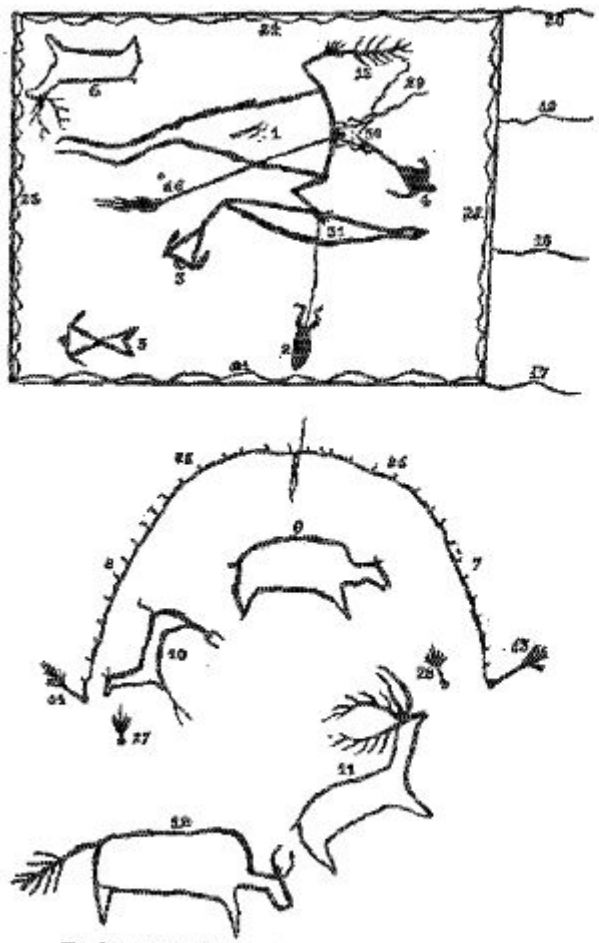
MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN



LOVER'S LEAP OR MAIDEN'S ROCK.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN



HAOKAH, THE ANTI-NATURAL GOD;
ONE OF THE GIANTS OF THE DAKOTAHS.
Drawn by White Bear, a Sioux Warrior who lives near Fort Snelling.

EXPLANATION OF THE DRAWING.

1. The giant.
2. A frog that the giant uses for an arrow-point.
3. A large bird that that the giant keeps in his court.
4. Another bird.
5. An ornament over the door leading into the court.
6. An ornament over a door.
7. Part of court ornamented with down.
8. Part of do. do. with red down.
9. A bear; 10, a deer; 11, an elk; 12, a buffalo.
13, 14. Incense-offering.
15. A rattle of deer's claws, used when singing.
16. A long flute or whistle.

17, 18, 19, 20. Are meteors that the giant sends out for his defence, or to protect him from invasion.

21, 22, 23, 24. The giant surrounded with lightnings, with which he kills all kinds of animals that molest him.

25. Red down in small bunches fastened to the railing of the court.

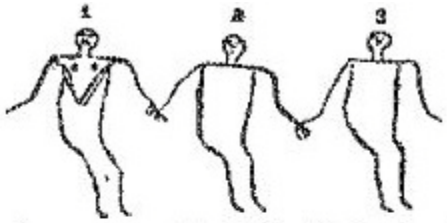
26. The same. One of these bunches of red down disappears every time an animal is found dead inside the court.

27, 28. Touchwood, and a large fungus that grows on trees.—These are eaten by any animal that enters the court, and this food causes their death.

29. A streak of lightning going from the giant's hat.

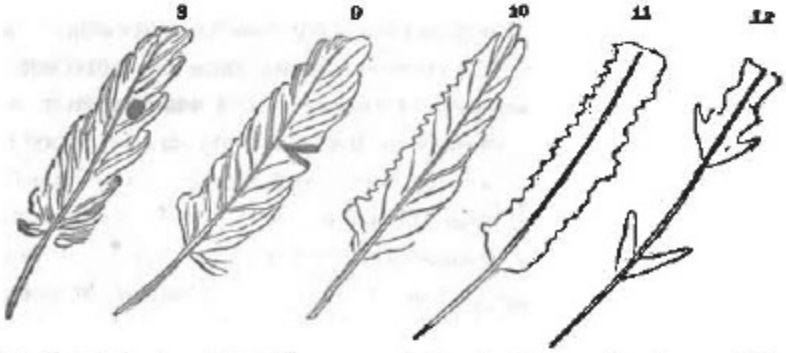
30. Giant's head and hat. 31. His bow and arrow.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

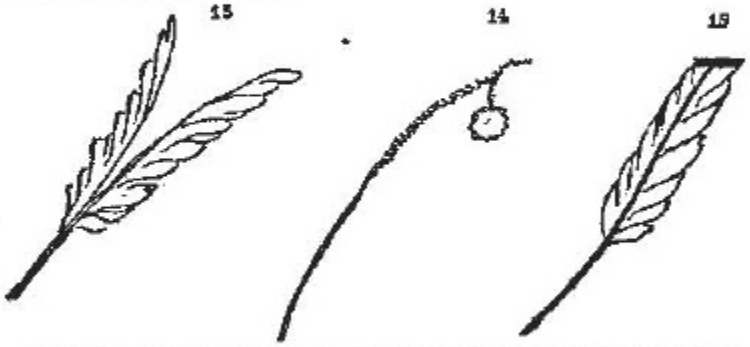


No. 1 and 3, prisoners captured by No. 2. (No hands on the prisoners.)
No. 1. female prisoner. No. 3, male.

Nos. 4 and 5, female and male killed; 6 and 7, boy and girl killed.



No. 8, that he has killed his enemy; 9, that he has cut the throat of his enemy, and taken the scalp; 10, that he was the third that touched the body of his enemy after he was killed; 11, the fourth that touched it; 12, the fifth that touched it.



No. 13, been wounded in many places by this enemy; 15, that he has cut the throat of the enemy.

The above represents the feathers from the war eagle. They are worn in the hair of the warriors, as honors.

The above represents the only way that the Sioux have of writing an account of an engagement that has taken place.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

This is the book from which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow would learn, which would be featured in THE SONG OF "HIAWATHA".

Incidentally, the "falls" in question, the Minnehaha Falls as opposed to the great first cataract of the Mississippi River at St. Anthony, Minnesota, was originally one with that great first cataract. Both the falls of the creek and the falls of the river are formed by the same rock formation, to wit, the nine meters of Plattesville limestone laid down during the Silurian epoch which underlie the campus of the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis in which is located a network of communication tunnels upon which the students rely to get between classrooms in the dead of winter, but the Mississippi portion, since it has of course been subjected to much more pounding, has separated itself because it moved upstream so much more rapidly. You will see many home foundations and retaining walls in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area that have been made of this gray sedimentary rock.

The author dedicated this volume to Henry Sibley, Esq. in the US House of Representatives, who had, she had noticed while in residence at Fort Snelling, been "ever prompt to assist and protect the Indian." Colonel Henry Hastings Sibley, a few years later, would be leading the white troops as they put down Minnesota's race war, and would be marching the surviving women and children of the Dakota nation, primarily from the farmlands of the Hazelwood Republic of Christian Indians at the reservation on the south bank of the Minnesota River – who had sheltered white neighbors and had welcomed the arrival of Sibley's army of white men because this meant that their friends were safe– off to the Pike Island Aggregation Facility so they could be held, under the maiming grapeshot-loaded cannon of Fort Snelling, as hostages against the good behavior of any hostiles not yet in captivity.)

 MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

Fort Snelling is situated seven miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, at the confluence of the Mississippi — and St. Peter's rivers — built in 1819, and named after the gallant Colonel Snelling, of the army, by whom the work was erected. It is constructed of stone; is one of the strongest Indian forts in the United States; and being placed on a commanding bluff, has somewhat the appearance of an old German castle, or one of the strongholds on the Rhine.

The then recent removal of the Winnebagoes was rendered troublesome by the interference of Wabashaw, the Sioux chief, whose village is on the Mississippi, 1800 miles from its mouth. The father of Wabashaw was a noted Indian; and during the past summer, the son has given some indications that he inherits the father's talents and courage. When the Winnebagoes arrived at Wabashaw's prairie, the chief induced them not to continue their journey of removal; offered them land to settle upon near him, and told them it was not really the wish of their Great Father, that they should remove. His bribes and eloquence induced the Winnebagoes to refuse to proceed; although there was a company of volunteer dragoons and infantry with them. This delay occasioning much expense and trouble, the government agents applied for assistance to the command at Fort Snelling. There was but one company there; and the commanding officer, with twenty men and some friendly Sioux, went down to assist the agent.

There was an Indian council held on the occasion. The Sioux who went from Fort Snelling promised to speak in favor of the removal. During the council, however, not one of them said a word — for which they afterwards gave a satisfactory reason. Wabashaw; though a young man, had such influence over his band, that his orders invariably received implicit obedience. When the council commenced, Wabashaw had placed a young warrior behind each of the friendly Sioux who he knew would speak in favor of the removal, with orders to shoot down the first one who rose for that purpose. This stratagem may be considered a characteristic specimen of the temper and habits of the Sioux chiefs, whose tribe we bring before the reader in their most conspicuous ceremonies and habits. The Winnebagoes were finally removed, but not until Wabashaw was taken prisoner and carried to Fort Snelling. Wabashaw's pike-bearer was a fine looking warrior, named "Many Lightnings."

The village of "Little Crow," another able and influential Sioux chief, is situated twenty miles below the Falls of St. Anthony. He has four wives, all sisters, and the youngest of them almost a child. There are other villages of the tribe, below and above Fort Snelling.

The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the "Little Falls," forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them Mine-hah-hah, or "laughing waters." In sight of Fort Snelling is a beautiful hill called Morgan's Bluff; the Indians call it "God's House." They have a tradition that it is the residence of their god of the waters, whom they call Unk-ta-he. Nothing can be more lovely than the

situation and appearance of this hill; it commands on every side a magnificent view, and during the summer it is carpeted with long grass and prairie flowers. But, to those who have lived the last few years at Fort Snelling, this hill presents another source of interest. On its top are buried three young children, who were models of health and beauty until the scarlet fever found its way into regions hitherto shielded from its approach. They lived but long enough on earth to secure them an entrance into heaven. Life, which ought to be a blessing to all, was to them one of untold value; for it was a short journey to a better land — a translation from the yet unfelt cares of earth to the bright and endless joys of heaven.

Opposite the Fort is Pilot Knob, a high peak, used as a burial-place by the Indians; just below it is the village of Mendota, or the "Meeting of the Waters."

But to me, the greatest objects of interest and curiosity were the original owners of the country, whose teepees could be seen in every direction. One could soon know all that was to be known about Pilot Knob or St. Anthony's falls; but one is puzzled completely to comprehend the character of an Indian man, woman, or child. At one moment, you see an Indian chief raise himself to his full height, and say that the ground on which he stands is his own; at the next, beg bread and pork from an enemy. An Indian woman will scornfully refuse to wash an article that might be needed by a white family — and the next moment, declare that she had not washed her face in fifteen years! An Indian child of three years old, will cling to its mother under the walls of the Fort, and then plunge into the Mississippi, and swim half way across, in hopes of finding an apple that has been thrown in. We may well feel much curiosity to look into the habits, manners, and motives of a race exhibiting such contradictions.

There is a great deal said of Indian warriors — and justly too of the Sioux. They are, as a race, tall fine-looking men; and many of those who have not been degraded by association with the frontier class of white people, nor had their intellects destroyed by the white man's fire-water, have minds of high order, and reason with a correctness that would put to the blush the powers of many an educated logician. Yet are these men called savages, and morally associated with the tomahawk and scalping knife. Few regard them as reasonable creatures, or as beings endowed by their creator with souls, that are here to be fitted for the responsibilities of the Indians hereafter.

Good men are sending the Bible to all parts of the world. Sermons are preached in behalf of fellow-creatures who are perishing in regions known only to us in name. And here, within reach of comparatively the slightest exertion; here, not many miles from churches and schools, and all the moral influences abounding in Christian society; here, in a country endowed with every advantage that God can bestow, are perishing, body and soul, our own countrymen: perishing too from disease, starvation and intemperance, and all the evils incident to their unhappy condition. White men, Christian men, are driving them back; rooting out their very names from the face of the earth. Ah! these men can seek the country of the Sioux when money is to be

gained: but how few care for the sufferings of the Dahcotahs! how few would give a piece of money, a prayer, or even a thought, towards their present and eternal good.

Yet are they not altogether neglected. Doctor Williamson, one of the missionaries among the Sioux, lives near Fort Snelling. He is exerting himself to the utmost to promote the moral welfare of the unhappy people among whom he expects to pass his life. He has a school for the Indian children, and many of them read well. On the Sabbath, divine service is regularly held, and he has labored to promote the cause of temperance among the Sioux. Christian exertion is unhappily too much influenced by the apprehension that little can be done for the savage. How is it with the man on his fire-water mission to the Indian? Does he doubt? Does he fail?

As a great motive to improve the moral character of the Indians, I present the condition of the women in their tribes. A degraded state of woman is universally characteristic of savage life, as her elevated influence in civilized society is the conspicuous standard of moral and social virtue. The peculiar sorrows of the Sioux woman commence at her birth. Even as a child she is despised, in comparison with the brother beside her, who is one day to be a great warrior. As a maiden, she is valued while the young man, who wants her for a wife, may have a doubt of his success. But when she is a wife, there is little sympathy for her condition. How soon do the oppressive storms and contentions of life root out all that is kind or gentle in her heart. She must bear the burdens of the family. Should her husband wish it, she must travel all day with a heavy weight on her back; and at night when they stop, her hands must prepare the food for her family before she retires to rest.

Her work is never done. She makes the summer and the winter house. For the former she peels the bark from the trees in the spring; for the latter she sews the deer-skin together. She tans the skins of which coats, mocassins, and leggins are to be made for the family; she has to scrape it and prepare it while other cares are pressing upon her. When her child is born, she has no opportunities for rest or quiet. She must paddle the canoe for her husband — pain and feebleness must be forgotten. She is always hospitable. Visit her in her teepee, and she willingly gives you what you need, if in her power; and with alacrity does what she can to promote your comfort. In her looks there is little that is attractive. Time has not caused the wrinkles in her forehead, nor the furrows in her cheek. They are the traces of want, passion, sorrows and tears. Her bent form was once light and graceful. Labor and privations are not preservative of beauty.

Let it not be deemed impertinent if I venture to urge upon those who care for the wretched wherever their lot may be cast, the immense good that might be accomplished among these tribes by schools, which should open the minds of the young to the light of reason and Christianity. Even if the elder members are given up as hopeless, with the young there is always encouragement. Many a bright little creature among the Dahcotahs is as capable of receiving instruction as are the children of civilization. Why should they be neglected when the waters of benevolence are

moving all around them?
...
The day of the Dahcotah is far spent; to quote the language of a Chippeway chief, "The Indian's glory is passing away." They seem to be almost a God-forgotten race. Some few have given the missionary reason to hope that they have been made subjects of Christian faith — and the light, that has as yet broken in faint rays upon their darkness, may increase. He who takes account of the falling of a sparrow, will not altogether cast away so large a portion of his creatures. All Christian minds will wish success to the Indian missionary; and assuredly God will be true to his mercy, where man is found true to his duty.
The first impression created by the Sioux was the common one — fear. In their looks they were so different from the Indians I had occasionally seen. There was nothing in their aspect to indicate the success of efforts made to civilize them. Their tall, unbending forms, their savage hauteur, the piercing black eye, the quiet indifference of manner, the slow, stealthy step — how different were they from the eastern Indians, whose associations with the white people seem to have deprived them of all native dignity of bearing and of character. The yells heard outside the high wall of the fort at first filled me with alarm; but I soon became accustomed to them, and to all other occasional Indian excitements, that served to vary the monotony of garrison life. Before I felt much interest in the Sioux, they seemed to have great regard for me. My husband, before his marriage, had been stationed at Fort Snelling and at Prairie du Chien. He was fond of hunting and roaming about the prairies; and left many friends among the Indians when he obeyed the order to return to an eastern station. On going back to the Indian country, he met with a warm welcome from his old acquaintances, who were eager to shake hands with "Eastman's squaw."
The old men laid their bony hands upon the heads of my little boys, admired their light hair, said their skins were very white; and, although I could not then understand their language, they told me many things, accompanied with earnest gesticulation. They brought their wives and young children to see me. I had been told that Indian women gossiped and stole; that they were filthy and troublesome. Yet I could not despise them: they were wives and mothers — God had implanted the same feelings in their hearts as in mine.
Some Indians visited us every day, and we frequently saw them at their villages. Captain E. spoke their language well; and without taking any pains to acquire it, I soon understood it so as to talk with them.
...
How shall we reconcile this with the fact that Harper, or Harpstinah, was one of the Sioux women, who wore, as long as she could endure it, a necklace made of the hands and feet of Chippeway children?
...
I noticed that Indians, like white people, instead of confessing and forsaking their sins, were apt to excuse themselves by telling how much worse their neighbors were. When told how wicked it was to have more than one wife, they defended themselves by declaring that the Winnebagoes had twice or thrice

as many as the Sioux. The attempt to make one right of two wrongs seems to be instinctive.

...

The Chippeways, with their chief, "Hole in the Day," were down on a visit, and the prairie outside the fort was covered with Indians of both tribes. The Chippeways sat on the grass at a little distance, watching the Sioux as they danced, "to show how brave they were, and how they could eat the hearts of their enemies." Most of the officers and ladies of the garrison were assembled on the hospital gallery to witness the dance.

...

Our intercourse with the Sioux was greatly facilitated, and our influence over them much increased, by the success attending my husband's efforts to paint their portraits. They thought it supernatural (wahkun) to be represented on canvas. Some were prejudiced against sitting, others' esteemed it a great compliment to be asked, but all expected to be paid for it. And if anything were wanting to complete our opportunities for gaining all information that was of interest, we found it in the daguerreotype. Captain E., knowing they were about to celebrate a feast he wished to paint in group, took his apparatus out, and, when they least expected it, transferred the group to his plate. The awe, consternation, astonishment and admiration, surpassed description. "Ho! Eastman is all wahkun!"

...

With the Rev. Mr. Pond and Dr. Williamson, both missionaries among the Sioux, I had many a pleasant interview and talk about the tribe. They kindly afforded me every assistance — and as they are perfectly acquainted with the language of the Sioux, and have studied their religion with the view to introduce the only true one, I could not have applied to more enlightened sources, or better authority.

The day we left Fort Snelling, I received from Mr. Pond the particulars of the fate of the Sioux woman who was taken prisoner by the Chippeways, and who is represented in the legend called The Wife. Soon after her return to her husband, he was killed by the Chippeways; and the difficulty was settled by the Chippeways paying to the Sioux what was considered the value of the murdered man, in goods, such as calico, tobacco, &c.! After his death, the widow married a Sioux, named "Scarlet Face." They lived harmoniously for a while — but soon difficulties arose, and Scarlet Face, in a fit of savage rage, beat her to death. A most unromantic conclusion to her eventful life.

...

They are receding rapidly, and with feeble resistance, before the giant strides of civilization. The hunting grounds of a few savages will soon become the haunts of densely peopled, civilized settlements. We should be better reconciled to this manifest destiny of the aborigines, if the inroads of civilization were worthy of it; if the last years of these, in some respects, noble people, were lit up with the hope-inspiring rays of Christianity. We are not to judge the Heathen; yet universal evidence gives the melancholy fact, that the light of nature does not lead the soul to God: and without judging of their destiny, we are bound to enlighten their minds. We know the great Being of whom they are ignorant; and well will it be

for them and for us, in a day that awaits us all, if yet, though late, sadly late — yet not too late, we so give countenance and aid to the missionary, that the light of revealed truth may cheer the remaining period of their national and individual, existence.

Will it be said that I am regarding, with partial eye and sentimental romance, but one side of the Sioux character? Have they no faults, as a people and individually? They are savages — and that goes far to answer the question. Perhaps the best answer is, the women have faults enough, and the men twice as many as the women. But if to be a savage is to be cruel, vindictive, ferocious — dare we say that to be a civilized man necessarily implies freedom from these traits?

Want of truth, and habitual dishonesty in little things, are prevalent traits among the Sioux. Most of them will take a kitchen spoon or fork, if they have a chance — and they think it fair thus to return the peculations of the whites. They probably have an idea of making up for the low price at which their lands have been valued, by maintaining a constant system of petty thefts — or perhaps they consider kitchen utensils as curiosities, just as the whites do their mocassins and necklaces of bear's claws. Yes — it must be confessed, however unsentimental, they almost all steal.

The men think it undignified for them to steal, so they send their wives thus unlawfully to procure what they want — and wo be to them if they are found out. The husband would shame and beat his wife for doing what he certainly would have beaten her for refusing to do. As regards the honesty of the men, I give you the opinion of the husband of Checkered Cloud, who was an excellent Indian. "Every Sioux;" said he, "will steal if he need, and there be a chance. The best Indian that ever lived, has stolen. I myself once stole some powder."

...

The names of the Sioux bands or villages, are as fanciful as those given to individuals. Near Fort Snelling, are the "Men-da-wahcan-tons," or people of the spirit lakes; the "Wahk-patons," or people of the leaves; the "Wahk-pa-coo-tahs," or people that shoot at leaves, and other bands who have names of this kind. Among those chiefs who have been well-known around Fort Snelling, are, Wah-ba-shaw, The Leaf. Wah-ke-on-tun-kah, Big Thunder. Wah-coo-ta, Red Wing. Muzza Hotah, Gray Iron. Ma-pe-ah-we-chas-tah, The man in the Cloud. Tah-chun-coo-wash-ta, Good Road. Sha-ce-pee, The Sixth. Wah-soo-we-chasta-ne, Bad Hail. Ish-ta-hum-bah, Sleepy Eyes.

...

The Sioux have ten names for their children, given according to the order of their birth. The oldest son is called Chaskè.... The oldest daughter is called Wenonah.... These names they retain until another is given by their relations or friends.

...

The children among the Sioux are early accustomed to look with indifference upon the sufferings or death of a person they hate. A few years ago a battle was fought quite near Fort Snelling. The next day the Sioux children were playing foot-ball merrily with the head of a Chippeway. One boy, and a small boy too, had ornamented his head and ears with curls. He had taken the skin peeled off a Chippeway who was killed in the battle, wound it

around a stick until it assumed the appearance of a curl, and tied them over his ears. Another child had a string around his neck with a finger hanging to it as an ornament. The infants, instead of being amused with toys or trinkets, are held up to see the scalp of an enemy, and they learn to hate a Chippeway as soon as to ask for food.

...

"Good Road" is one of the Dahcotah chiefs — he is fifty years old and has two wives, but these two have given a deal of trouble; although the chief probably thinks it of no importance whether his two wives fight all the time or not, so that they obey his orders. For what would be a calamity in domestic life to us, is an every day affair among the Dahcotahs.

Good Road's village is situated on the banks of the St. Peter's about seven miles from Fort Snelling. And like other Indian villages it abounds in variety more than anything else. In the teepee the farthest from us, right on the edge of the shore, there are three young men carousing. One is inclined to go to sleep, but the other two will not let him; their spirits are raised and excited by what has made him stupid. Who would suppose they were human beings? See their bloodshot eyes; hear their fiendish laugh and horrid yells; probably before the revel is closed, one of the friends will have buried his knife in the other's heart.

...

Good Road hates the Chippeways, but he fell in love with one of their descendants, and married her. She is a good wife, and the white people have given her the name of "Old Bets."

Last summer "Old Bets" narrowly escaped with her life. The Dahcotahs having nothing else to do, were amusing themselves by recalling all the Chippeways had ever done to injure them; and those who were too lazy to go out on a war party, happily recollected that there was Chippeway blood near them — no farther off than their chief's wigwam; and eight or ten braves vowed they would make an end of "Old Bets." But she heard of their threats, left the village for a time, and after the Dahcotahs had gotten over their mania for shedding blood, she returned, and right glad was Good Road to see her. For she has an open, good humored countenance; the very reverse of that of the first wife, whose vinegar aspect would frighten away an army of small children.

After "Old Bets" returned, Good Road could not conceal his satisfaction. His wife's trip had evidently improved her good looks, for the chief thought she was the handsomest squaw in the village. Her children were always taunting the sons of the first wife, and so it went on, until at last Good Road said he would stand it no longer; he told his oldest wife to go — that he would support her no longer. And for her children, he told them the prairies were large; there were deer and other game — in short, he disinherited them — cut them off with their last meal.

For the discarded wife, life had now but one hope. The only star that shone in the blackness of her heaven, was the undefined prospect of seeing her rival's blood flow. She would greatly have preferred taking her life herself; and as she left the wigwam of the chief, she grasped the handle of her knife — how quick her heart beat! it might be now or never.

But there were too many around to protect Old Bets. The time would come — she would watch for her — she would tear her heart from her yet.

The sons of the old hag did not leave the village; they would keep a watch on their father and his Chippeway wife. They would not easily yield their right to the chieftainship. While they hunted, and smoked, and played at cards, they were ever on the look-out for revenge.

...

Wabashaw, (or The Leaf,) is the name of one of the Dahcotah Chiefs. His village is on the Mississippi river, 1,800 miles from its mouth.

The teepees are pitched quite near the shore, and the many bluffs that rise behind them seem to be their perpetual guards.

The present chief is about thirty-five years old — as yet he has done not much to give him a reputation above the Dahcotahs about him. But his father was a man whose life and character were such as to influence his people to a great degree.

Wabashaw the elder, (for the son inherits his father's name,) is said by the Dahcotahs to have been the first chief in their tribe.

Many years ago the English claimed authority over the Dahcotahs, and an English traveller having been murdered by some Dahcotahs of the band of which Wabashaw was a warrior, the English claimed hostages to be given up until the murderer could be found.

The affairs of the nation were settled then by men who, having more mind than the others, naturally influenced their inferiors. Their bravest men, their war chief too, no doubt exercised a control over the rest.

Wabashaw was one of the hostages given up in consequence of the murder, and the Governor of Canada required that these Dahcotahs should leave the forests of the west, and remain for a time as prisoners in Canada. Little as is the regard for the feelings of the savage now, there was still less then.

Wabashaw often spoke of the ill treatment he received on his journey. It was bad enough to be a prisoner, and to be leaving home; it was far worse to be struck, for the amusement of idle men and children — to have the war eagle's feather rudely torn from his head to be trampled upon — to have the ornaments, even the pipes of the nation, taken away, and destroyed before his eyes.

But such insults often occurred during their journey, and the prisoners were even fettered when at last they reached Quebec. Here for a long time they sighed to breathe the invigorating air of the prairies; to chase the buffalo; to celebrate the war dance. But when should they join again in the ceremonies of their tribe? When? Alas! they could not even ask their jailer when; or if they had, he would only have laughed at the strange dialect that he could not comprehend. But the Dahcotahs bore with patience their unmerited confinement, and Wabashaw excelled them all. His eye was not as bright as when he left home, and there was an unusual weakness in his limbs — but never should his enemies know that he suffered. And when those high in authority visited the prisoners, the haughty dignity of Wabashaw made them feel that the Dahcotah warrior was a man to be respected.

But freedom came at last. The murderers were given up; and an

interpreter in the prison told Wabashaw that he was no longer a prisoner; that he would soon again see the Father of many waters; and that more, he had been made by the English a chief, the first chief of the Dahcotahs.

It was well nigh too late for Wabashaw. His limbs were thin, and his strength had failed for want of the fresh air of his native hills.

Little did the prisoners care to look around as they retraced their steps. They knew they were going home. But when the waters of the Mississippi again shone before them, when the well-known bluffs met their eager gaze; when the bending river gave to view their native village, then, indeed, did the new-made chief cast around him the "quiet of a loving eye." Then, too, did he realize what he had suffered.

He strained his sight — for perhaps his wife might have wearied of waiting for him — perhaps she had gone to the Land of spirits, hoping to meet him there.

His children too — the young warriors, who were wont to follow him and listen to his voice, would they welcome him home?

As he approached the village a cloud had come between him and the sun. He could see many upon the shore, but who were they? The canoe swept over the waters, keeping time to the thoughts of those who were wanderers no longer.

As they neared the shore, the cloud passed away and the brightness of the setting sun revealed the faces of their friends; their cries of joy rent the air — to the husband, the son, the brother, they spoke a welcome home!

Wabashaw, by the command of the English Governor, was acknowledged by the Dahcotahs their first chief; and his influence was unbounded. Every band has a chief, and the honor descends from father to son; but there has never been one more honored and respected than Wabashaw.

...

The valley of the Upper Mississippi presents many attractions to the reflecting mind, apart from the admiration excited by its natural beauty. It is at once an old country and a new — the home of a people who are rapidly passing away — and of a nation whose strength is ever advancing. The white man treads upon the footsteps of the Dahcotah — the war dance of the warrior gives place to the march of civilization — and the saw-mill is heard where but a few years ago were sung the deeds of the Dahcotah braves.

Years ago, the Dahcotah hunted where the Mississippi takes its rise — the tribe claiming the country as far south as St. Louis. But difficulties with the neighboring tribes have diminished their numbers and driven them farther north and west; the white people have needed their lands, and their course is onward. How will it end? Will this powerful tribe cease to be a nation on the earth? Will their mysterious origin never be ascertained? And must their religion and superstitions, their customs and feasts pass away from memory as if they had never been?

Who can look upon them without interest? hardly the philosopher — surely not the Christian. The image of God is defaced in the hearts of the savage. Cain-like does the child of the forest put forth his hand and stain it with a brother's blood. But are there

no deeds of darkness done in our own favored land?
But the country of the Dahcotah, — let it be new to those who fly at the beckon of gain — who would speculate in the blood of their fellow-creatures, who for gold would, aye do, sell their own souls, — it is an old country to me. What say the boundless prairies? how many generations have roamed over them? when did the buffalo first yield to the arrow of the hunter? And look at the worn bases of the rocks that are washed by the Father of waters. Hear the Dahcotah maiden as she tells of the lover's leap — and the warrior as he boasts of the victories of his forefathers over his enemies, long, long before the hated white man had intruded upon their lands, or taught them the fatal secret of intoxicating drink.
The Dahcotahs feel their own weakness — they know they cannot contend with the power of the white man. Yet there are times when the passion and vehemence of the warriors in the neighborhood of Fort Snelling can hardly be brought to yield to the necessity of control; and were there a possibility of success, how soon would the pipe of peace be thrown aside, and the yell and whoop of war be heard instead! And who would blame them? Has not the blood of our bravest and best been poured out like water for a small portion of a country — when the whole could never make up for the loss sustained by one desolate widow or fatherless child?
The sky was without a cloud when the sun rose on the Mississippi. The morning mists passed slowly away as if they loved to linger round the hills. Pilot Knob rose above them, proud to be the burial place of her warrior children, while on the opposite side of the Mine Soto[5] the frowning walls of Fort Snelling; told of the power of their enemies. Not a breath disturbed the repose of nature, till the voice of the song birds rose in harmony singing the praise of the Creator.
But a few hours have passed away, and how changed the scene. Numbers of canoes are seen rapidly passing over the waters, and the angry savages that spring from them as hastily ascending the hill. From the gates of the fort, hundreds of Indians are seen collecting from every direction, and all approaching the house of the interpreter. We will follow them.
Few have witnessed so wild a scene. The house of the interpreter employed by government is near the fort, and all around it were assembled the excited Indians. In front of the house is a piazza, and on it lay the body of a young Dahcotah; his black hair plaited, and falling over his swarthy face. The closed eye and compressed lips proclaimed the presence of death. Life had but recently yielded to the sway of the stern conqueror. A few hours ago Beloved Hail had eaten and drank on the very spot where his body now reposed.
Bending over his head is his wife; tears fall like rain from her eyes; and as grief has again overcome her efforts at composure, see how she plunges her knife into her arm: and as the warm blood flows from the wound calls upon the husband of her youth!
"My son! my son!" bursts from the lips of his aged mother, who weeps at his feet; while her bleeding limbs bear witness to the wounds which she had inflicted upon herself in the agony of her

5. Mine Soto, or Whitish Water, the name that the Sioux give to the St. Peter's River. The mud or clay in the water has a whitish look.

soul. Nor are these the only mourners. A crowd of friends are weeping round his body. But the mother has turned to the warriors as they press through the crowd; tears enough have been shed, it is time to think of revenge. "Look at your friend," she says, "look how heavily lies the strong arm, and see, he is still, though his wife and aged mother call upon him. Who has done this? who has killed the brave warrior? bring me the murderer, that I may cut him on pieces."

It needed not to call upon the warriors who stood around. They were excited enough. Bad Hail stood near, his eyes bloodshot with rage, his lip quivering, and every trembling limb telling of the tempest within. Shah-co-pee, the orator of the Dahcotahs, and "The Nest," their most famous hunter; the tall form of the aged chief "Man in the cloud" leaned against the railing, his sober countenance strangely contrasting with the fiend-like look of his wife; Grey Iron and Little Hill, with brave after brave, all crying vengeance to the foe, death to the Chippeway!

...

But yesterday the Dahcotahs and Chippeways, foes from time immemorial, feasted and danced together, for there was peace between them. They had promised to bury the hatchet; the Chippeways danced near the fort, and the Dahcotahs presented them with blankets and pipes, guns and powder, and all that the savage deems valuable. Afterwards, the Dahcotahs danced, and the generous Chippeways exceeded them in the number and value of their gifts. As evening approached, the bands mingled their amusements — together they contended in the foot-race, or, stretching themselves upon the grass, played at checkers.

The Chippeways had paid their annual visit of friendship at Fort Snelling, and, having spent their time happily, they were about to return to their homes. Their wise men said they rejoiced that nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of the two tribes. But their vicinity to the Fort prevented any outbreak; had there been no such restraint upon their actions, each would have sought the life of his deadly foe.

"Hole in the Day" was the chief of the Chippeways. He owed his station to his own merit; his bravery and firmness had won the respect and admiration of the tribe when he was but a warrior, and they exalted him to the honor of being their chief. Deeds of blood marked his course, yet were his manners gentle and his voice low. There was a dignity and a courtesy about his every action that would have well befitted a courtier.

He watched with interest the trials of strength between the young men of his own tribe and the Dahcotahs. When the latter celebrated one of their national feasts, when they ate the heart of the dog while it was warm with life, just torn from the animal, with what contempt did he gaze upon them!

The amusements of the dog feast, or dance, have closed, and the Chippeway chief has signified to his warriors that they were to return home on the following day. He expressed a wish to see several of the chiefs of the Dahcotahs, and a meeting having been obtained, he thus addressed them —

"Warriors! it has been the wish of our great father that we should be friends; blood enough has been shed on both sides. But even if we preferred to continue at war, we must do as our great father says. The Indian's glory is passing away; they are as the

setting sun; while the white man is as the sun rising in all his power. We are the falling leaves; the whites are the powerful horses that trample them under foot. We are about to return home, and it is well that nothing has happened to occasion strife between us. But I wish you to know that there are two young men among us who do not belong to my band. They are pillagers, belonging to another band, and they may be troublesome. I wish you to tell your young men of this, that they may be on their guard."

After smoking together, the chiefs separated. "Hole in the Day" having thus done all that he deemed proper, returned with his warriors to his teepee.

Early in the morning the Chippeways encamped near St. Anthony's falls; the women took upon themselves all the fatigue and labor of the journey, the men carrying only the implements of war and hunting. The Chippeway chief was the husband of three wives, who were sisters; and, strange to say, when an Indian fancies more than one wife, he is fortunate if he can obtain sisters, for they generally live in harmony, while wives who are not related are constantly quarreling; and the husband does not often interfere, even if words are changed to blows.

In the mean time, the two pillagers were lurking about; now remaining a short time with the camp of the Chippeways, now absenting themselves for a day or two. But while the Chippeways were preparing to leave the Falls, the pillagers were in the neighborhood of Fort Snelling. They had accompanied Hole in the Day's band, with the determination of killing an enemy. The ancient feud still rankled in their hearts; as yet they had had no opportunity of satisfying their thirst for blood; but on this morning they were concealed in the bushes, when Red Boy and Beloved Hail, two Dahcotahs, were passing on horseback. It was but a moment — and the deed was done. Both the Chippeways fired, and Beloved Hail fell.

Red Boy was wounded, but not badly; he hurried in to tell the sad news, and the two Chippeways were soon out of the power of their enemies. They fled, it is supposed, to Missouri.

The friends of the dead warrior immediately sought his body, and brought it to the house of the interpreter. There his friends came together; and as they entered one by one, on every side pressing, forward to see the still, calm, features of the young man; they threw on the body their blankets, and other presents, according to their custom of honoring the dead.

Troops are kept at Fort Snelling, not only as a protection to the whites in the neighborhood, but to prevent, if possible, difficulties between the different bands of Indians; and as every year brings the Chippeways to Fort Snelling, either to transact business with the government or on a visit of pleasure, the Chippeways and Dahcotahs must be frequently thrown together. The commanding officer of the garrison notifies the two bands, on such occasions, that no hostilities will be permitted; so there is rarely an occurrence to disturb their peace.

But now it is impossible to restrain the excited passions of the Dahcotahs. Capt. B——; who was then in command at Fort Snelling, sent word to the Chippeway chief of the murder that had been committed, and requested him to bring all his men in, as the

murderer must be given up.
But this did not satisfy the Dahcotahs; they longed to raise the tomahawk which they held in their hands. They refused to wait, but insisted upon following the Chippeways and revenging themselves; the arguments of the agent and other friends of the Dahcotahs were unavailing; nothing would satisfy them but blood, The eyes, even of the women, sparkled with delight, at the prospect of the scalps they would dance round; while the mother of Beloved Hail was heard to call for the scalp of the murderer of her son!
Seeing the chiefs determined on war, Capt. B—— told them he would cease to endeavor to change their intentions; "but as soon" said he, "as you attack the Chippeways, will I send the soldiers to your villages; and who will protect your wives and children?" This had the desired effect, and the warriors, seeing the necessity of waiting for the arrival of the Chippeways, became more calm.
Hole in the Day with his men came immediately to the Fort, where a conference was held at the gate. There were assembled about three hundred Dahcotahs and seventy Chippeways, with the officers of the garrison and the Indian agent.
It was ascertained that the murder had been committed by the two pillagers, for none of the other Chippeway warriors had been absent from the camp. Hole in the Day, however, gave up two of his men, as hostages to be kept at Fort Snelling until the murderers should be given up.
The Dahcotahs, being obliged for the time to defer the hope of revenge, returned to their village to bury their dead.
...
Shah-co-pee (or Six) is one of the chiefs of the Dahcotahs; his village is about twenty-five miles from Fort Snelling. He belongs to the bands that are called Men-da-wa-can-ton, or People of the Spirit Lakes.
No one who has lived at Fort Snelling can ever forget him, for at what house has he not called to shake hands and smoke; to say that he is a great chief, and that he is hungry and must eat before he starts for home? If the hint is not immediately acted upon, he adds that the sun is dying fast, and it is time for him to set out.
Shah-co-pee is not so tall or fine looking as Bad Hail, nor has he the fine Roman features of old Man in the Cloud. His face is decidedly ugly; but there is an expression of intelligence about his quick black eye and fine forehead, that makes him friends, notwithstanding his many troublesome qualities.
At present he is in mourning; his face is painted black. He never combs his hair, but wears a black silk handkerchief tied across his forehead.
When he speaks he uses a great deal of gesture, suiting the action to the word. His hands, which are small and well formed, are black with dirt; he does not descend to the duties of the toilet.
He is the orator of the Dahcotahs. No matter how trifling the occasion, he talks well; and assumes an air of importance that would become him if he were discoursing on matters of life and death.
Some years ago, our government wished the Chippeways and

Dahcotahs to conclude a treaty of peace among themselves. Frequently have these two bands made peace, but rarely kept it any length of time. On this occasion many promises were made on both sides; promises which would be broken by some inconsiderate young warrior before long, and then retaliation must follow.
Shah-co-pee has great influence among the Dahcotahs, and he was to come to Fort Snelling to be present at the council of peace. Early in the morning he and about twenty warriors left their village on the banks of the St. Peters, for the Fort.
When they were very near, so that their actions could be distinguished, they assembled in their canoes, drawing them close together, that they might hear the speech which their chief was about to make them.
They raised the stars and stripes, and their own flag, which is a staff adorned with feathers from the war eagle; and the noon-day sun gave brilliancy to their gay dresses, and the feathers and ornaments that they wore.
Shah-co-pee stood straight and firm in his canoe — and not the less proudly that the walls of the Fort towered above him.
"My boys," he said (for thus he always addressed his men), "the Dahcotahs are all braves; never has a coward been known among the People of the Spirit Lakes. Let the women and children fear their enemies, but we will face our foes, and always conquer.
"We are going to talk with the white men; our great Father wishes us to be at peace with our enemies. We have long enough shed the blood of the Chippeways; we have danced round their scalps, and our children have kicked their heads about in the dust. What more do we want? When we are in council, listen to the words of the Interpreter as he tells us what our great Father says, and I will answer him for you; and when we have eaten and smoked the pipe of peace, we will return to our village."
The chief took his seat with all the importance of a public benefactor. He intended to have all the talking to himself, to arrange matters according to his own ideas; but he did it with the utmost condescension, and his warriors were satisfied.
Besides being an orator, Shah-co-pee is a beggar, and one of a high order too, for he will neither take offence nor a refusal. Tell him one day that you will not give him pork and flour, and on the next he returns, nothing daunted, shaking hands, and asking for pork and flour. He always gains his point, for you are obliged to give in order to get rid of him. He will take up his quarters at the Interpreter's, and come down upon you every day for a week just at meal time — and as he is always blessed with a ferocious appetite, it is much better to capitulate, come to terms by giving him what he wants, and let him go. And after he has once started, ten to one if he does not come back to say he wants to shoot and bring you some ducks; you must give him powder and shot to enable him to do so. That will probably be the last of it.
...
It was a beautiful morning in June when we left Fort Snelling to go on a pleasure party up the St. Peters, in a steamboat, the first that had ever ascended that river. There were many drawbacks in the commencement, as there always are on such occasions. The morning was rather cool, thought some, and as they hesitated about going, of course their toilets were delayed

to the last moment. And when all were fairly in the boat, wood was yet to be found. Then something was the matter with one of the wheels — and the mothers were almost sorry they had consented to come; while the children, frantic with joy, were in danger of being drowned every moment, by the energetic movements they made near the sides of the boat, by way of indicating their satisfaction at the state of things.

In the cabin, extensive preparations were making in case the excursion brought on a good appetite. Everybody contributed loaf upon loaf of bread and cake; pies, coffee and sugar; cold meats of every description; with milk and cream in bottles. Now and then, one of these was broken or upset, by way of adding to the confusion, which was already intolerable.

Champaigne and old Cogniac were brought by the young gentlemen, only for fear the ladies should be sea-sick; or, perhaps, in case the gentlemen should think it positively necessary to drink the ladies' health.

When we thought all was ready, there was still another delay. Shah-co-pee and two of his warriors were seen coming down the hill, the chief making an animated appeal to some one on board the boat; and as he reached the shore he gave us to understand that his business was concluded, and that he would like to go with us. But it was very evident that he considered his company a favor.

The bright sun brought warmth, and we sat on the upper deck admiring the beautiful shores of the St. Peter's. Not a creature was to be seen for some distance on the banks, and the birds as they flew over our heads seemed to be the fit and only inhabitants of such a region.

When tired of admiring the scenery, there was enough to employ us. The table was to be set for dinner; the children had already found out which basket contained the cake, and they were casting admiring looks towards it.

When we were all assembled to partake of some refreshments, it was delightful to find that there were not enough chairs for half the party. We borrowed each other's knives and forks too, and etiquette, that petty tyrant of society, retired from the scene.

Shah-co-pee found his way to the cabin, where he manifested strong symptoms of shaking hands over again; in order to keep him quiet, we gave him plenty to eat. How he seemed to enjoy a piece of cake that had accidentally dropped into the oyster-soup! and with equal gravity would he eat apple-pie and ham together. And then his cry of "wakun"[6] when the cork flew from the champaigne bottle across the table!

How happily the day passed — how few such days occur in the longest life!

As Shah-co-pee's village appeared in sight, the chief addressed Col. D——, who was at that time in command of Fort Snelling, asking him why we had come on such an excursion.

"To escort you home" was the ready reply; "you are a great chief, and worthy of being honored, and we have chosen this as the best way of showing our respect and admiration of you."

The Dahcotah chief believed all; he never for a moment thought there was anything like jesting on the subject of his own high

6. Mysterious.

merits; his face beamed with delight on receiving such a compliment.

The men and women of the village crowded on the shore as the boat landed, as well they might, for a steamboat was a new sight to them.

The chief sprang from the boat, and swelling with pride and self admiration he took the most conspicuous station on a rock near the shore, among his people, and made them a speech.

We could but admire his native eloquence. Here, with all that is wild in nature surrounding him, did the untaught orator address his people. His lips gave rapid utterance to thoughts which did honor to his feelings, when we consider who and what he was.

He told them that the white people were their friends; that they wished them to give up murder and intemperance, and to live quietly and happily. They taught them to plant corn, and they were anxious to instruct their children. "When we are suffering," said he, "during the cold weather, from sickness or want of food, they give us medicine and bread."

And finally he told them of the honor that had been paid him. "I went, as you know, to talk with the big Captain of the Fort, and he, knowing the bravery of the Dahcotahs, and that I was a great chief, has brought me home, as you see. Never has a Dahcotah warrior been thus honored!"

Never indeed! But we took care not to undeceive him. It was a harmless error, and as no efforts on our part could have diminished his self importance, we listened with apparent, indeed with real admiration of his eloquent speech. The women brought ducks on board, and in exchange we gave them bread; and it was evening as we watched the last teepee of Shah-co-pee's village fade away in the distance.

But sorrow mingles with the remembrance of that bright day. One of those who contributed most to its pleasures is gone from us — one whom all esteemed and many loved, and justly, for never beat a kinder or a nobler heart.

Shah-co-pee has looked rather grave lately. There is trouble in the wigwam.

The old chief is the husband of three wives, and they and their children are always fighting. The first wife is old as the hills, wrinkled and haggard; the chief cares no more for her than he does for the stick of wood she is chopping. She quarrels with everybody but him, and this prevents her from being quite forgotten.

The day of the second wife is past too, it is of no use for I her to plait her hair and put on her ornaments; for the old chief's heart is wrapped up in his third wife.

The girl did not love him, how could she? and he did not succeed in talking her into the match; but he induced the parents to sell her to him, and the young wife went weeping to the teepee of the chief.

Hers was a sad fate. She hated her husband as much as he loved her. No presents could reconcile her to her situation. The two forsaken wives never ceased annoying her, and their children assisted them. The young wife had not the courage to resent their ill treatment, for the loss of her lover had broken her heart. But that lover did not seem to be in such despair as she was —

he did not quit the village, or drown himself, or commit any act of desperation. He lounged and smoked as much as ever. On one occasion when Shah-co-pee was absent from the village the lovers met.

They had to look well around them, for the two old wives were always on the look out for something to tell of the young one; but there was no one near. The wind whistled keenly round the bend of the river as the Dahcotah told the weeping girl to listen to him.

When had she refused? How had she longed to hear the sound of his voice when wearied to death with the long boastings of the old chief.

But how did her heart beat when Red Stone told her that he loved her still — that he had only been waiting an opportunity to induce her to leave her old husband, and go with him far away. She hesitated a little, but not long; and when Shah-co-pee returned to his teepee his young wife was gone — no one had seen her depart — no one knew where to seek for her. When the old man heard that Red Stone was gone too, his rage knew no bounds. He beat his two wives almost to death, and would have given his handsomest pipe-stem to have seen the faithless one again.

His passion did not last long; it would have killed him if it had. His wives moaned all through the night, bruised and bleeding, for the fault of their rival; while the chief had recourse to the pipe, the never-failing refuge of the Dahcotah.

"I thought," said the chief, "that some calamity was going to happen to me" (for, being more composed, he began to talk to the other Indians who sat with him in his teepee, somewhat after the manner and in the spirit of Job's friends). "I saw Unk-a-tahe, the great fish of the water, and it showed its horns; and we know that that is always a sign of trouble."

"Ho!" replied an old medicine man, "I remember when Unk-a-tahe got in under the falls" (of St. Anthony) "and broke up the ice. The large pieces of ice went swiftly down, and the water forced its way until it was frightful to see it. The trees near the shore were thrown down, and the small islands were left bare. Near Fort Snelling there was a house where a white man and his wife lived. The woman heard the noise, and, waking her husband, ran out; but as he did not follow her quick enough, the house was soon afloat and he was drowned."

There was an Indian camp near this house, for the body of Wenona, the sick girl who was carried over the Falls, was found here. It was placed on a scaffold on the shore, near where the Indians found her, and Checkered Cloud moved her teepee, to be near her daughter. Several other Dahcotah families were also near her. But what was their fright when they heard the ice breaking, and the waters roaring as they carried everything before them? The father of Wenona clung to his daughter's scaffold, and no entreaties of his wife or others could induce him to leave.

"Unk-a-tahe has done this," cried the old man, "and I care not. He carried my sick daughter under the waters, and he may bury me there too." And while the others fled from the power of Unk-a-tahe, the father and mother clung to the scaffold of their daughter.

They were saved, and they lived by the body of Wenona until they buried her. "The power of Unk-a-tahe is great!" so spoke the

medicine man, and Shah-co-pee almost forgot his loss in the fear and admiration of this monster of the deep, this terror of the Dahcotahs.

He will do well to forget the young wife altogether; for she is far away, making mocassins for the man she loves. She rejoices at her escape from the old man, and his two wives; while he is always making speeches to his men, commencing by saying he is a great chief, and ending with the assertion that Red Stone should have respected his old age, and not have stolen from him the only wife he loved.

Shah-co-pee came, a few days ago, with twenty other warriors, some of them chiefs, on a visit to the commanding officer of Fort Snelling.

The Dahcotahs had heard that the Winnebagoes were about to be removed, and that they were to pass through their hunting grounds on their way to their future homes. They did not approve of this arrangement. Last summer the Dahcotahs took some scalps of the Winnebagoes, and it was decided at Washington that the Dahcotahs should pay four thousand dollars of their annuities as an atonement for the act. This caused much suffering among the Dahcotahs; fever was making great havoc among them, and to deprive them of their flour and other articles of food was only enfeebling their constitutions, and rendering them an easy prey for disease. The Dahcotahs thought this very hard at the time; they have not forgotten the circumstance, and they think that they ought to be consulted before their lands are made a thoroughfare by their enemies.

They accordingly assembled, and, accompanied by the Indian agent and the interpreter, came to Fort Snelling to make their complaint. When they were all seated, (all on the floor but one, who looked most uncomfortable, mounted on a high chair), the agent introduced the subject, and it was discussed for a while; the Dahcotahs paying the most profound attention, although they could not understand a word of what was passing; and when there was a few moments' silence, the chiefs rose each in his turn to protest against the Winnebagoes passing through their country. They all spoke sensibly and well; and when one finished, the others all intimated their approval by crying "Ho!" as a kind of chorus. After a while Shah-co-pee rose; his manner said "I am Sir Oracle." He shook hands with the commanding officer, with the agent and interpreter, and then with some strangers who were visiting the fort.

His attitude was perfectly erect as he addressed the officer.

"We are the children of our great Father, the President of the United States; look upon us, for we are your children too. You are placed here to see that the Dahcotahs are protected, that their rights are not infringed upon."

While the Indians cried Ho! ho! with great emphasis, Shah-co-pee shook hands all round again, and then resumed his place and speech.

"Once this country all belonged to the Dahcotahs. Where had the white man a place to call his own on our prairies? He could not even pass through our country without our permission!

"Our great Father has signified to us that he wants our lands. We have sold some of them to him, and we are content to do so, but he has promised to protect us, to be a friend to us, to take

care of us as a father does of his children.
"When the white man wishes to visit us, we open the door of our country to him; we treat him with hospitality. He looks at our rocks, our river, our trees, and we do not disturb him. The Dahcotah and the white man are friends.
"But the Winnebagoes are not our friends, we suffered for them not long ago; our children wanted food; our wives were sick; they could not plant corn or gather the Indian potato. Many of our nation died; their bodies are now resting on their scaffolds. The night birds clap their wings as the winds howl over them!
"And we are told that our great Father will let the Winnebagoes make a path through our hunting grounds: they will subsist upon our game; every bird or animal they kill will be a loss to us.
"The Dahcotah's lands are not free to others. If our great Father wishes to make any use of our lands, he should pay us. We object to the Winnebagoes passing through our country; but if it is too late to prevent this, then we demand a thousand dollars for every village they shall pass."
Ho! cried the Indians again; and Shah-co-pee, after shaking hands once more, took his seat.
I doubt if you will ever get the thousand dollars a village, Shah-co-pee; but I like the spirit that induces you to demand it. May you live long to make speeches and beg bread — the unrivalled orator and most notorious beggar of the Dahcotahs!
...
It was in the summer of 183-, that a large party of Chippeways visited Fort Snelling. There was peace between them and the Sioux. Their time was passed in feasting and carousing; their canoes together flew over the waters of the Mississippi. The young Sioux warriors found strange beauty in the oval faces of the Chippeway girls; and the Chippeways discovered (what was actually the case) that the women of the Dahcotahs were far more graceful than those of their own nation.
But as the time of the departure of the Chippeways approached, many a Chippeway maiden wept when she remembered how soon she would bid adieu to all her hopes of happiness. And Flying Shadow was saddest of them all. She would gladly have given up everything for her lover. What were home and friends to her who loved with all the devotion of a heart untrammeled by forms, fresh from the hand of nature? She listened to his flute in the still evening, as if her spirit would forsake her when she heard it no more. She would sit with him on the bluff which hung over the Mississippi, and envy the very waters which would remain near him, when she was far away. But her lover loved his nation even more than he did her; and though he would have died to have saved her from sorrow, yet he knew she could never be his wife. Even were he to marry her, her life would ever be in danger. A Chippeway could not long find a home among the Dahcotahs.
The Track-maker bitterly regretted that they had ever met, when he saw her grief at the prospect of parting. "Let us go," he said, "to the Falls, where I will tell you the story you asked me."
The Track-maker entered the canoe first, and the girl followed; and so pleasant was the task of paddling her lover over the quiet

waters, that it seemed but a moment before they were in sight of the torrent.

"It was there," said the Sioux, "that Wenona and her child found their graves. Her husband, accompanied by some other Dahcotahs, had gone some distance above the falls to hunt. While there, he fell in love with a young girl whom he thought more beautiful than his wife. Wenona knew that she must no longer hope to be loved as she had been.

"The Dahcotahs killed much game, and then broke up their camp and started for their homes. When they reached the falls, the women got ready to carry their canoes and baggage round.

"But Wenona was going on a longer journey. She would not live when her husband loved her no more, and, putting her son in her canoe, she soon reached the island that divides the falls.

"Then she put on all her ornaments, as if she were a bride; she dressed her boy too, as a Dahcotah warrior; she turned to look once more at her husband, who was helping his second wife to put the things she was to carry, on her back.

"Soon her husband called to her; she did not answer him, but placed her child high up in the canoe, so that his father could see him, and getting in herself she paddled towards the rapids.

"Her husband saw that Unk-tahe would destroy her, and he called to her to come ashore. But he might have called to the roaring waters as well, and they would have heeded him as soon as she.

"Still he ran along the shore with his arms uplifted, entreating her to come ashore.

"Wenona continued her course towards the rapids — her voice was heard above the waters as she sang her death song. Soon the mother and child were seen no more — the waters covered them.

"But her spirit wanders near this place. An elk and fawn are often seen, and we know they are Wenona and her child."

"Do you love me as Wenona loved?" continued the Sioux, as he met the looks of the young girl bent upon him.

"I will not live when I see you no more," she replied. "As the flowers die when the winter's cold falls upon them, so will my spirit depart when I no longer listen to your voice. But when I go to the land of spirits I shall be happy. My spirit will return to earth; but it will be always near you."

Little didst thou dream that the fate of Wenona would be less sad than thine. She found the death she sought, in the waters whose bosom opened to receive her. But thou wilt bid adieu to earth in the midst of the battle — in the very presence of him, for whose love thou wouldst venture all. Thy spirit will flee trembling from the shrieks of the dying mother, the suffering child. Death will come to thee as a terror, not as a refuge.

When the Chippeways broke up their camp near Fort Snelling, they divided into two parties, one party returning home by the Mississippi, the other by way of the St. Croix.

They parted on the most friendly terms with the Sioux, giving presents, and receiving them in return.

Some pillagers, who acknowledge no control, had accompanied the Chippeways. These pillagers are in fact highwaymen or privateers — having no laws, and acting from the impulses of their own fierce hearts.

After the Chippeways had left, the pillagers concealed

themselves in a path near Lake Calhoun. This lake is about seven miles from Fort Snelling.

Before they had been concealed one hour, two Dahcotahs passed, father and son. The pillagers fired, and the father was killed instantly; but the son escaped, and made his way home in safety. The boy entered the village calling for his mother, to tell her the sad news; her cries of grief gave the alarm, and soon the death of the Sioux was known throughout the village. The news flew from village to village on the wings of the wind; Indian runners were seen in every direction, and in twenty-four hours there were three hundred warriors on foot in pursuit of the Chippeways.

Every preparation was made for the death-strife. Not a Sioux warrior but vowed he would with his own arm avenge the death of his friend. The very tears of the wife were dried when the hope of vengeance cheered her heart.

The Track-maker was famous as a warrior. Already did the aged Dahcotahs listen to his words; for he was both wise and brave. He was among the foremost to lead the Dahcotahs against the Chippeways; and though he longed to raise his tomahawk against his foes, his spirit sunk within him when he remembered the girl he loved. What will be her fate! Oh! that he had never seen her. But it was no time to think of her. Duty called upon him to avenge the death of his friend.

Woe to the unsuspecting Chippeways! ignorant of the murder that had been committed, they were leisurely turning their steps homeward, while the pillagers made their escape with the scalp of the Dahcotah.

The Sioux travelled one day and night before they came up with the Chippeways. Nothing could quench their thirst but blood. And the women and children must suffer first. The savage suffers a twofold death; before his own turn comes, his young children lie breathless around him, their mother all unconscious by their side.

The Chippeways continued their journey, fearing nothing. They had camped between the falls of St. Anthony and Rum river; they were refreshed, and the men proceeded first, leaving their women and children to follow. They were all looking forward with pleasure to seeing their homes again. The women went leisurely along; the infant slept quietly — what should it fear close to its mother's heart! The young children laughed as they hid themselves behind the forest trees, and then emerged suddenly to frighten the others. The Chippeway maidens rejoiced when they remembered that their rivals, the Dahcotah girls, would no longer seduce their lovers from their allegiance.

Flying Shadow wept, there was nothing to make her happy, she would see the Track-maker no more, and she looked forward to death as the end of her cares. She concealed in her bosom the trinkets he had given her; every feature of his face was written on her heart — that heart that beat only for him, that so soon would cease to beat at all!

But there was a fearful cry, that banished even him from her thoughts. The war-whoop burst suddenly upon the defenceless women.

Hundreds of Dahcotah warriors rose up to blind the eyes of the

terror-stricken mothers. Their children are scalped before their eyes; their infants are dashed against the rocks, which are not more insensible to their cries than their murderers.

It is a battle of strength against weakness. Stern warrior, it needs not to strike the mother that blow! she dies in the death of her children.[7]

The maidens clasp their small hands — a vain appeal to the merciless wretches, who see neither beauty nor grace, when rage and revenge are in their hearts. It is blood they thirst for, and the young and innocent fall like grass before the mower.

Flying Shadow sees her lover! he is advancing towards her! What does his countenance say? There is sadness in his face, and she hopes — aye, more than hopes — she knows he will save her. With all a woman's trust she throws herself in his arms. "Save me! save me!" she cries; "do not let them slay me before your eyes; make me your prisoner![8] you said that you loved me, spare my life!"

Who shall tell his agony? For a moment he thought he would make her his prisoner. Another moment's reflection convinced him that that would be of no avail. He knew that she must die, but he could not take her life.

Her eyes were trustingly turned upon him; her soft hand grasped his arm. But the Sioux warriors were pressing upon them, he gave her one more look, he touched her with his spear,[9] and he was gone.

And Flying Shadow was dead. She felt not the blow that sent her reeling to the earth. Her lover had forsaken her in the hour of danger, and what could she feel after that?

The scalp was torn from her head by one of those who had most admired her beauty; and her body was trampled upon by the very warriors who had so envied her lover.

The shrieks of the dying women reached the ears of their husbands and brothers. Quickly did they retrace their steps, and when they reached the spot, they bravely stood their ground; but the Dahcotahs were too powerful for them, — terrible was the struggle!

The Dahcotahs continued the slaughter, and the Chippeways were obliged at last to give way. One of the Chippeways seized his frightened child and placed him upon his back. His wife lay dead at his feet; with his child clinging to him, he fought his way through.

Two of the Dahcotahs followed him, for he was flying fast; and they feared he would soon be out of their power. They thought, as they nearly came up to him, that he would loose his hold on his child; but the father's heart was strong within him. He flies, and the Sioux are close upon his heels! He fires and kills one of them. The other Sioux follows: he has nothing to encumber him — he must be victor in such an unequal contest. But the love that was stronger than death nerved the father's arm. He kept

7. The Dahcotahs believe, or many of them believe, that each body has four souls. One wanders about the earth and requires food; a second watches over the body; the third hovers round its native village, while the fourth goes to the land of spirits.
8. When the Sioux are tired of killing, they sometimes take their victims prisoners, and, generally speaking, treat them with great kindness.
9. When a Dahcotah touches an enemy with his spear, he is privileged to wear a feather of honor, as if he had taken a scalp.

firing, and the Sioux retreated. The Chippeway and his young son reached their home in safety, there to mourn the loss of others whom they loved.

The sun set upon a bloody field; the young and old lay piled together; the hearts that had welcomed the breaking of the day were all unconscious of its close.

The Sioux were avenged; and the scalps that they brought home (nearly one hundred when the party joined them from the massacre at Saint Croix) bore witness to their triumph.

The other party of Sioux followed the Chippeways who had gone by way of the St. Croix. While the Chippeways slept, the war-cry of the Sioux aroused them. And though they fought bravely, they suffered as did their friends, and the darkness of night added terror to the scene.

The Dahcotahs returned with the scalps to their villages, and as they entered triumphantly, they were greeted with shouts of applause. The scalps were divided among the villages, and joyful preparations were made to celebrate the scalp-dance.

The scalps were stretched upon hoops, and covered with vermilion, ornamented with feathers, ribbons and trinkets. On the women's scalps were hung a comb, or a pair of scissors, and for months did the Dahcotah women dance around them. The men wore mourning for their enemies, as is the custom among the Dahcotahs.

When the dancing was done, the scalps were buried with the deceased relatives of the Sioux who took them.

And this is Indian, but what is Christian warfare? The wife of the hero lives to realize her wretchedness; the honors paid by his countrymen are a poor recompense for the loss of his love and protection. The life of the child too, is safe, but who will lead him in the paths of virtue, when his mother has gone down to the grave.

Let us not hear of civilized warfare! It is all the work of the spirits of evil. God did not make man to slay his brother, and the savage alone can present an excuse. The Dahcotah dreams not that it is wrong to resent an injury to the death; but the Christian knows that God has said, Vengeance is mine!

...

In the summer of 1844 a large party of half-breeds and Indians from Red river, — English subjects, — trespassed upon the hunting grounds of the Sioux. There were several hundred hunters, and many carts drawn by oxen for the purpose of carrying away the buffalo they had killed. One of this party had left his companions, and was riding alone at some distance from them. A Dahcotah knew that his nation would suffer from the destruction of their game — fresh in his memory, too, were the sufferings of the past winter. What wonder then that the arrow which was intended for the buffalo, should find its way to the heart of the trespasser!

This act enraged the half-breeds; they could not find the Sioux who committed it — but a few days after they fell in with a party of others, who were also hunting, and killed seven of them. The rest escaped, and carried the news of the death of their braves to their village. One of the killed was a relative of Sullen

Face. The sad news spread rapidly through the village, and nothing was heard but lamentation. The women cut long gashes on their arms, and as the blood flowed from the wound they would cry, Where is my husband? my son? my brother?

Soon the cry of revenge is heard above that of lamentation. "It is not possible," said Sullen Face, "that we can allow these English to starve us, and take the lives of our warriors. They have taken from us the food that would nourish our wives and children; and more, they have killed seven of our bravest men! we will have revenge — we will watch for them, and bring home their scalps, that our women may dance round them!"

A war party was soon formed, and Sullen Face, at the head of more than fifty warriors, stationed himself in the vicinity of the road by which the half-breeds from Red river drive their cattle to Fort Snelling.

Some days after, there was an unusual excitement in the Sioux village on Swan lake, about twenty miles northwest of Traverse des Sioux. A number of Indians were gazing at an object not very distant, and in order to discover what it was, the chief of the village, Sleepy Eyes, had sent one of his young men out, while the rest continued to regard it with looks of curiosity and awe. They observed that as the Sioux approached it, he slackened his pace, when suddenly he gave a loud cry and ran towards the village.

He soon reached them, and pale with terror, exclaimed, "It is a spirit, it is white as the snow that covers our prairies in the winter. It looked at me and spoke not." For a short time, his fears infected the others, but after a while several determined to go and bring a more satisfactory report to their chief. They returned with the body, as it seemed only, of a white man; worn to a skeleton, with his feet cut and bleeding, unable to speak from exhaustion; nothing but the beating of his heart told that he lived.

The Indian women dressed his feet, and gave him food, wiped the blood from his limbs, and, after a consultation, they agreed to send word to the missionaries at Traverse des Sioux, that there was a white man sick and suffering with them.

The missionaries came immediately; took the man to their home, and with kind nursing he was soon able to account for the miserable situation in which he had been found.

"We left the state of Missouri," said the man, whose name was Bennett, "for the purpose of carrying cattle to Fort Snelling. My companions' names were Watson and Turner. We did not know the road, but supposed a map would guide us, with what information we could get on the way. We lost our way, however, and were eagerly looking for some person who could set us right. Early one morning some Sioux came up with us, and seemed inclined to join our party. One of them left hastily as if sent on a message; after a while a number of warriors, accompanied by the Indian who had left the first party, came towards us. Their leader had a dark countenance, and seemed to have great influence over them. We tried to make them understand that we had lost our way; we showed them the map, but they did not comprehend us.

"After angrily addressing his men for a few moments, the leader shot Watson through the shoulder, and another sent an arrow through his body and killed him. They then struck Watson's

brother and wounded him.
"In the mean time the other Indians had been killing our cattle; and some of the animals having run away, they made Watson, who was sadly bruised with the blows he had received from them, mount a horse and go with them to hunt the rest of the cattle. We never heard of him again. The Indians say he disappeared from among the bushes, and they could not find him; but the probability is that they killed him. Some seemed to wish to kill Turner and myself — but after a while they told us to go, giving us our horses and a little food. We determined to retrace our steps. It was the best thing we could do; but our horses gave out, and we were obliged to leave them and proceed on foot.
"We were soon out of provisions, and having no means of killing game, our hearts began to fail us. Turner was unwell, and on arriving at a branch of Crow river, about one hundred miles northwest of Fort Snelling, he found himself unable to swim. I tried to carry him across on my back, but could not do it; he was drowned, and I barely succeeded in reaching the shore. After resting, I proceeded on my journey. When I came in sight of the Indian village, much as I needed food and rest, I dreaded to show myself, for fear of meeting Watson's fate. I was spared the necessity of deciding. I fainted and fell to the ground. They found me, and proved kinder than I anticipated.
"Why they should have molested us I know not. There is something in it that I do not understand."
But it is easily explained. Sullen Face supposed them to belong to the party that had killed his friends, and through this error he had shed innocent blood.
...
THE MAIDEN'S ROCK; OR, WENONA'S LEAP.
Lake Pepin is a widening of the Mississippi river. It is about twenty miles in length, and from one to two miles wide.
The country along its banks is barren. The lake has little current, but is dangerous for steamboats in a high wind. It is not deep, and abounds in fish, particularly the sturgeon. On its shores the traveller gathers white and red agates, and sometimes specimens streaked with veins of gold color. The lover reads the motto from his mistress' seal, not thinking that the beautiful stone which made the impression, was found on the banks of Lake Pepin.
At the south end of the lake, the Chippeway river empties into the Mississippi.
The Maiden's rock is a high bluff, whose top seems to lean over towards the water. With this rock is associated one of the most interesting traditions of the Sioux.
But the incident is well-known. Almost every one has read it a dozen times, and always differently told. Some represent the maiden as delivering an oration from the top of the rock, long enough for an address at a college celebration. It has been stated that she fell into the water, a circumstance which the relative situation of the rock and river would render impossible.
Writers have pretended, too, that the heroine of the rock was a Winnebago. It is a mistake, the maiden was a Dahcotah.
It was from the Dahcotahs that I obtained the incident, and they believe that it really occurred. They are offended if you

suggest the possibility of its being a fiction. Indeed they fix a date to it, reckoning by the occurrences of great battles, or other events worthy of notice.

But to the story — and I wish I could throw into it the feeling, and energy of the old medicine woman who related it.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, the band of Dahcotahs to which Wenona belonged, lived near Fort Snelling. Their village was on the site now occupied by Good Road's band.

The whole band made preparations to go below Lake Pepin, after porcupines. These animals are of great value among the Dahcotahs; their flesh is considered excellent as an article of food, and the women stain their quills to ornament the dresses of the men, their mocassins, and many other articles in use among them. A young girl of this band had received repeated offers of marriage from a Dahcotah, whom she hated with the same degree of intensity that she loved his rival.

She dared not marry the object of her choice, for she knew it would subject herself and him to the persecutions of her family. She declared she never would consent to be the wife of the man whom her parents had chosen for her, though he was young and brave, and, what is most valued by the friends of an Indian girl, he was said to be the best hunter of the tribe.

"Marry him, my daughter," said the mother, "your father is old; he cannot now hunt deer for you and me, and what shall we do for food? Chaskè will hunt the deer and buffalo, and we shall be comfortable and happy."

"Yes," said her father, "your mother speaks well. Chaskè is a great warrior too. When your brother died, did he not kill his worst enemy and hang up his scalp at his grave?"

But Wenona persevered in her refusal. "I do not love him, I will not marry him," was her constant reply.

But Chaskè, trusting to time and her parent's influence, was not discouraged. He killed game and supplied the wants of the family. Besides, he had twice bought her, according to Indian custom.

He had given her parents cloth and blankets, calico and guns. The girl entreated them not to receive them, but the lover refused to take them back, and, finally, they were taken into the wigwam.

Just as the band was about leaving the village for the hunt, he came again with many presents; whatever would make the family comfortable on their journey, and a decided promise was then given that the maiden should become his wife.

She knew it would be useless to contend, so she seemed to be willing to submit to her fate. After encamping for a time opposite the Maiden's Rock to rest from their journey, the hunters determined to go further down the river. They had crossed over to the other side, and were seated nearly under the rock.

Their women were in their canoes coming over, when suddenly a loud cry was heard from an old woman, the mother of Wenona. The canoe had nearly reached the shore, and the mother continued to shriek, gazing at the projecting rock.

The Indians eagerly inquired of her what was the matter? "Do you not see my daughter?" she said; "she is standing close to the edge of the rock!"

She was there indeed, loudly and wildly singing her dirge, an

invocation to the Spirit of the Rock, calm and unconcerned in her dangerous position, while all was terror and excitement among her friends below her.

The hunters, so soon as they perceived her, hastily ascended the bluff, while her parents called to her and entreated her to go back from the edge of the rock. "Come down to us, my child," they cried; "do not destroy your life; you will kill us, we have no child but you."

Having finished her song, the maiden answered her parents. "You have forced me to leave you. I was always a good daughter, and never disobeyed you; and could I have married the man I love, I should have been happy, and would never have left you. But you have been cruel to me; you have turned my beloved from the wigwam; you would have forced me to marry a man I hated; I go to the house of spirits."

By this time the hunters had nearly reached her. She turned towards them for a moment with a smile of scorn, as if to intimate to them that their efforts were in vain. But when they were quite near, so that they held out their arms towards her in their eagerness to draw her from her dangerous station, she threw herself from the rock.

The first blow she received from the side of the rock must have killed her, for she fell like a dead bird, amidst the shouts of the hunters above, and the shrieks of the women below.

Her body was arrayed in her handsomest clothing, placed upon a scaffold, and afterwards buried.

But the Dahcotahs say that her spirit does not watch over her earthly remains; for her spirit was offended when she brought trouble upon her aged mother and father.

Such is the story told by the Dahcotahs; and why not apply to them for their own traditions?

Neither is there any reason to doubt the actual occurrence of the incident.

Not a season passes away but we hear of some Dahcotah girl who puts an end to her life in consequence of jealousy, or from the fear of being forced to marry some one she dislikes. A short time ago a very young girl hung herself, rather than become the wife of a man who was already the husband of one of her sisters. The parents told her they had promised her, and insisted upon her fulfilling the engagement. Even her sister did not object, nay, rather seemed anxious to forward the scheme, which would give her a rival from among her nearest relations.

The young girl finally ran away, and the lover, leaving his wife, pursued the fugitive, and soon overtook her. He renewed his entreaties, and finding her still obstinate, he told her that she should become his wife, and that he would kill her if she made any more trouble.

This last argument seemed to have the desired effect, for the girl expressed her willingness to return home.

After they arrived, the man went to his wigwam to tell his wife of the return of her sister, and that everything was now in readiness for their marriage.

But one hour after, the girl was missing; and when found, was hanging to a tree, forever free from the power of her tormentors. Her friends celebrated the ceremonies of death instead of marriage.

It must be conceded that an Indian girl, when desperate with her love affairs, chooses a most unromantic way of ending her troubles. She almost invariably hangs herself; when there are so many beautiful lakes near her where she could die an easier death, and at the same time one that would tell better, than where she fastens an old leather strap about her neck, and dies literally by choking. But there is this to be taken into consideration. When she hangs herself near the village, she can manage affairs so that she can be cut down if she concludes to live a little longer; for this frequently occurs, and the suicide lives forty and sometimes sixty years after. But when Wenona took the resolution of ending her earthly sorrows, no doubt there were other passions beside love influencing her mind.

Love was the most powerful. With him she loved, life would have been all happiness — without him, all misery. Such was the reasoning of her young heart.

But she resented the importunity of the hunter whose pretensions her parents favored. How often she had told him she would die before she would become his wife; and he would smile, as if he had but little faith in the words of a woman. Now he should see that her hatred to him was not assumed; and she would die such a death that he might know that she feared neither him nor a death of agony.

And while her parents mourned their unkindness, her lover would admire that firmness which made death more welcome than the triumph of his rival.

And sacred is the spot where the devoted girl closed her earthly sorrows. Spirits are ever hovering near the scene. The laugh of the Dahcotah is checked when his canoe glides near the spot. He points to the bluff, and as the shades of evening are throwing dimness and a mystery around the beauty of the lake, and of the mountains, he fancies he can see the arms of the girl as she tosses them wildly in the air. Some have averred they heard her voice as she called to the spirits of the rock, and ever will the traveller, as he passes the bluff, admire the wondrous beauty of the picture, and remember the story of the lover's leap.

There is a tradition among the Dahcotahs which fixes a date to the incident, as well as to the death of the rival lovers of Wenona.

They say that it occurred about the time stated, and that the band of Indians went and obtained the porcupines, and then they returned and settled on the St. Croix river.

Shortly after the tragical death of Wenona, the band went again down the Mississippi, and they camped at what they call the medicine wood. Here a child died, and the body was laid on a scaffold. The father in the middle of the night went out to mourn for his child. While he leant against the scaffold weeping, he saw a man watching him. The stranger did not appear to be a Dahcotah, and the mourner was alarmed, and returned to the camp. In the morning he told the Indians of the circumstance, and they raised the camp and went into the pine country.

The body of the child was carried along, and in he night the father went out again to lament its death. The same figure appeared to him, and again he returned, alarmed at the

circumstance.
In the morning the Indians moved their camp again, and at night the same occurrence took place.
The Dahcotahs are slaves to superstition, and they now dreaded a serious evil. Their fears were not confirmed in the way they anticipated, for their foes came bodily, and when daylight appeared, one thousand Chippeway warriors appeared before them, and the shrill whistle and terrible whoop of war was heard in earnest.
Dreadful were the shouts of the Chippeways, for the Dahcotahs were totally unprepared for them, and many were laid low at the first discharge of the rifles.
The merciless Chippeways continued the work of death. The women and children fled to their canoes, but the Chippeways were too quick for them; and they only entered their canoes to meet as certain a fate as those who remained.
The women had not their paddles with them, and there was an eddy in the current; as soon as the canoe was pushed from the shore, it would whirl round, and the delighted Chippeways caught the canoes, and pulled them ashore again, while others let fall upon their victims the uplifted tomahawk.
When the Chippeways had killed until they were tired they took what they wanted from the Sioux camp, and started for home, taking one Dahcotah boy prisoner. The party had not travelled far, when a number of Dahcotahs attacked the Chippeways, but the latter succeeded in killing many of the Dahcotahs. One of the latter fled, and was in his canoe on the lake St. Croix, when the Chippeways suddenly came upon him.
The little Dahcotah saw his only chance for liberty — he plunged in the water and made for the canoe of the Dahcotah. In a moment he had reached and entered it, and the two Dahcotahs were out of sight before the arrows of their enemies could reach them.
A very few of that band escaped; one of them says that when they were first attacked by the Chippeways, he saw he had but one chance, so he dived down to the bottom of the river, and the Chippeways could not see him.
He found the water at the bottom of the river very cold, and when he had gone some distance, he ventured where the water was warmer, which he knew was near the shore. He then came out of the water and made his escape.
Even this latter trifling incident has been handed down from father to son, and is believed universally by the Dahcotahs. And according to their tradition, the lovers and family of Wenona perished in this battle. At all events, there is no one who can prove that their tradition or my translation may not be true.
...
I was glad to leave the scene, and turn towards the house of the Rev. Mr. Pond, who lives near the spot where the feast was celebrated. Here, pursuing his duties and studies, does this excellent man improve every moment of his time to the advantage of the Sioux. Always ready to converse kindly with them in order to gain their confidence — giving medicine to the sick, and food to the hungry; doing all that lies in his power to administer to their temporal comfort, he labors to improve their condition as a people. How can it better be done than by introducing the Christian religion among them? This the missionaries are gradually doing; and did they receive proper assistance from government, and from religious societies, they would indeed go

on their way rejoicing.
Placed under the government of the United States, these helpless, unhappy beings are dependent upon us for the means of subsistence, in a measure, and how much more for the knowledge of the true God? Churches will soon rise where the odious feast and medicine dance are celebrated, but will the Indians worship there? When the foundations of these churches are laid, the bones of the original owners of the country will be thrown out — but where will be the souls of those who were thrust out of their country and their rights to make way for us?
I have seen where literally two or three were met together — where in a distant country the few who celebrated the death of the Redeemer were assembled — where the beautiful service of our church was read, and the hearts that heard it responded to its animating truths. We rejoiced that the religion which was our comfort was not confined to places; here were no altars, nor marble tablets — but here in this humble house we knew God would meet and be with us.
An Indian silently opened the church door and entered. As strange to him was the solemn decorum of this scene, as to us were the useless ceremonies we every day witnessed. He watched the countenance of the clergyman, but he knew not that he was preaching the doctrine of a universal religion. He saw the sacred book upon the desk, but he could not read the glorious doctrine of a world redeemed by a Saviour's blood. He heard the voice of prayer, but how could his soul like ours rise as on eagle's wings, and ascend to the throne of God! Who was he, this intruder? It may be a descendant of those who guarded the oracles of God, who for a time preserved them for us.
No wonder he tired and turned away. Not his the fault that he did not join in the solemn service, but ours. If we disregard the temporal wants of the Dahcotah, can we shut our ears against their cry, that rises up day after day, and year after year, — Show us the path to happiness and God?

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1850

Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face." During the following five years the railroad feeders would be reaching to the foothills of the White Mountains, as close as Littleton to the west of Mount Washington, and Gorham to the east, and Lake Winnipesaukee to the south. It would come to pass that a tourist could step off the train a bare eight miles from the summit.

During the second half of the 19th Century, in each decade approximately 40% of all those born in Vermont would out-migrate, primarily toward the west. Nothing would be going on there. There would be no way to live there. The state would be depopulating itself. During the Civil War in particular, Vermont would lose a higher proportion of its population than any other state, and not because Vermonters were inferior fighters (they never lost a battle flag) or because they were greater patriots — but for the usual reason that young rural Americans enlist in the US military, that enlisting offered one of their very few employment possibilities, one of their very few free tickets to being able to escape elsewhere.

One of the really nice places to see, on your tour of the Wild West, was Fort Snelling. Here we view the fortress from the south, with the Mississippi River passing down the right side of the painting and the Minnesota River flowing into the Mississippi River from the left side of the painting — and smack dab in the middle of the painting, under the fort's cannon loaded with grapeshot, is Pike Island, formerly a native religious center but, under the regime of the white man, the venue for one racial concentration camp ("sequestration facility") after another.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

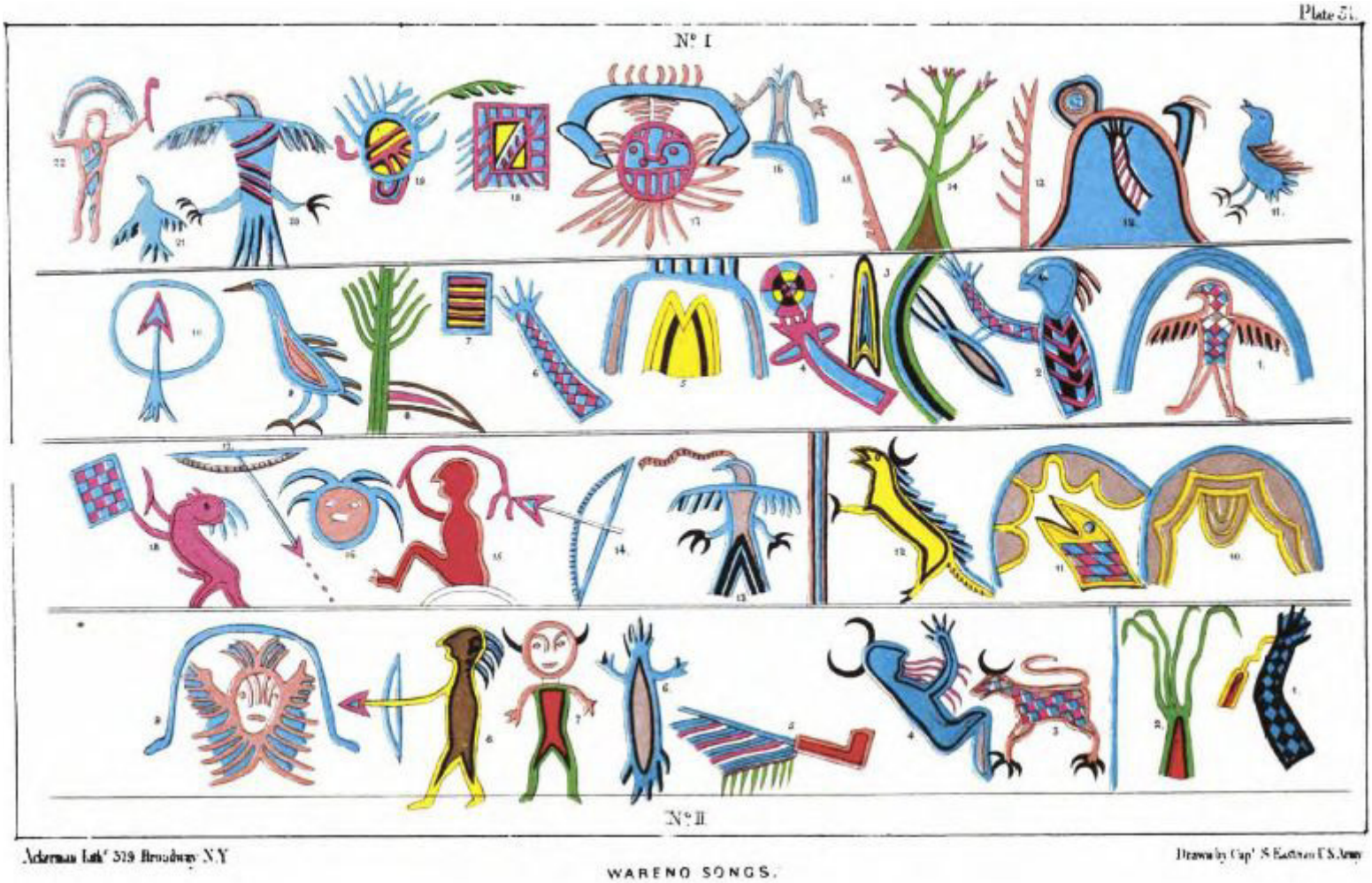
A nice place to visit but you wouldn't want to live there:

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

Early in the year: At the age of 41, Captain Seth Eastman was commanded from Texas to Washington DC, where he would be assigned to work on the six volumes of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft's HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION, RESPECTING THE HISTORY, CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES: COLL. AND PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS PER ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3RD 1847, to be published by Lippincott, Grambo and Company in Philadelphia

between 1851 and 1857.



THE INDIAN TRIBES, I, 1851

THE INDIAN TRIBES, II, 1852

THE INDIAN TRIBES, III, 1854

THE INDIAN TRIBES, IV, 1854

THE INDIAN TRIBES, V, 1855

THE INDIAN TRIBES, VI, 1857

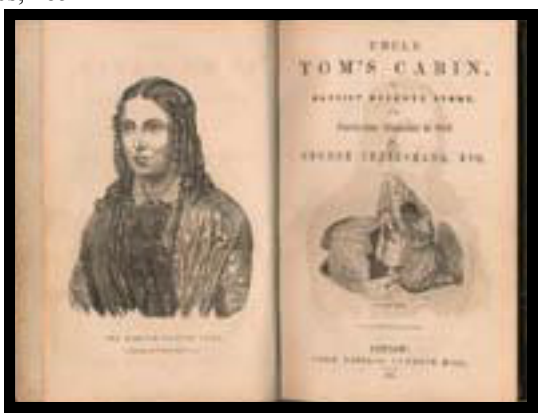
Henry Thoreau would be accessing these volumes, courtesy of the library of the Boston Society of Natural History and courtesy of the Harvard Library, and making extracts into his Canadian Notebook, and Indian Notebooks #6, #7, #8, and #11,[10] as the successive volumes of the set would be published.

10. The original notebooks are held by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, as manuscripts #596 through #606. There are photocopies, made by Robert F. Sayre in the 1930s, in four boxes at the University of Iowa Libraries, accession number MsC 795. More recently, Bradley P. Dean, PhD and Paul Maher, Jr. have attempted to work over these materials.

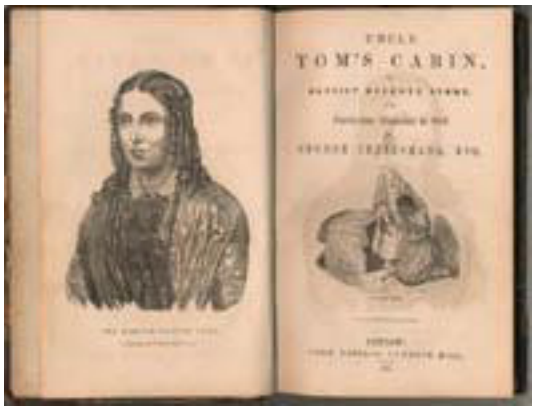
1852

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING was issued in two bound volumes. Within the first week 10,000 copies were sold, within the first year more than 300,000, and by the beginning of the American Civil War, more than 3,000,000. In the fall, the author, Harriet Beecher Stowe, would move from Brunswick ME to Andover MA.[11]

11. Harriet Beecher Stowe. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY. 1st edition in two volumes, 1852



This is the English edition:



A character in this novel told Uncle Tom to “keep a stiff upper lip” (this idiom, now so popular among the Brits, had originated in New England in 1815).

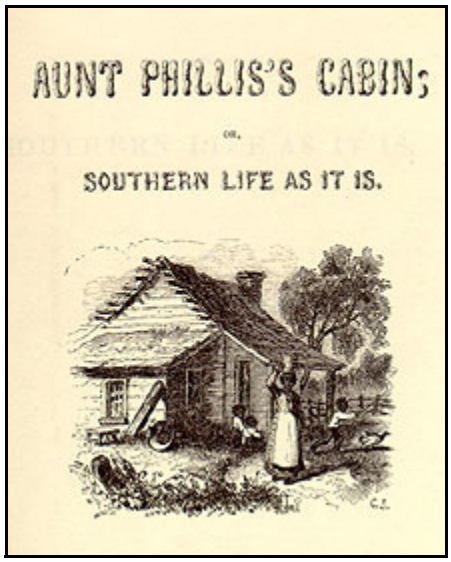
A verse of the hymn “Jerusalem, My Happy Home” was tacked into the song, “Amazing Grace”:

When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise

Than when we first begun!

(Other of the Reverend Newton's verses are absent in the current Joan Baez version.)

Probably the best-selling of the "anti-Tom" novels that Stowe's literary production would spawn was authored by a Virginia steel magnolia living in Washington DC, a self-proclaimed "Christian mother," Mrs. Mary Henderson Eastman, and entitled by her AUNT PHILLIS'S CABIN; OR, SOUTHERN LIFE AS IT IS.



This defensive reaction would sell between 20,000 and 30,000 copies, which is a whole bunch (except, perhaps, in comparison with the 300,000 copies that were being disseminated of the Stowe volumes). The gist of this was that the black people of the South were indeed actually fortunate –having all their thinking done for them and all their cares taken care of by their benevolent white masters, folks such as her own family of origin, which was had she neglected to mention one of the First Families of Virginia– while on the other foot in the North, both laboring free blacks and laboring free whites were miserable unfortunates all too subject to the vagaries of a dog-eat-dog regime of American Go-Aheadism.

Relax and enjoy your watermelon.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1853

Here Seth Eastman poses atop the glacial erratic known as the Dighton Rock on the tidewaters of the Taunton River at Berkley, Massachusetts, ten miles north of the city of Fall River, in this year:

In this year Mrs. Mary Henderson Eastman offered her quarto volume THE AMERICAN ABORIGINAL PORTFOLIO (Philadelphia, Lippincott, Grambo & Co., with a dozen illustrations by her military-artist husband):

The game of ball is universally popular among the North American Indians. Almost all of the tribes play it, though each tribe has its peculiar mode.

They play it in small parties or in large; on the ice in winter, or on the prairies in summer. In some tribes it is customary to use one bat-stick in throwing the ball; in others, one is held in each hand.

In winter, the Indians adorn themselves with their choicest finery, dressing in their very best; in summer, they hardly dress at all; so that the same game makes a variety of pictures, seen at different times, and under different circumstances.

It is not necessary that the parties should be equal in number; braves of one village send a message to those of another, challenging them to a game of ball; or those of a large village invite those of two or more small villages to the contest. The challenge is always accepted; old men, young men, and boys, are eager for the fun. It must here be remembered, that each Indian feel it a sort of duty to enjoy himself in the same customs as did his ancestors; and in the game of ball, duty and inclination meet most harmoniously.

The time appointed has come, and the men are assembled on both sides. Two marks are set up on the ice about half a mile apart. The game is to commence at a point half-way between these points. Each side has its limits, and the object in this game is for the combatants on one side to get the ball beyond the limits of the other. Whichever side shall accomplish this will be entitled to all the prizes that are displayed to induce emulation.

The ball is caught up in a bat-stick three feet in length, curved at the end so as to form a hoop, three or four inches in diameter. Through this hoop a few thongs of raw hide are drawn, so as to form a kind of net, which holds the ball when it is caught. One of the Indians, catching it in his net, throws it towards the boundary of the other party; it is caught by one of that party, and thrown back again; and so on. The utmost strength and agility are exercised, and often with little effect; for the ball is often kept going from one side to the other all day without exceeding either boundary. Sometimes the game continues several days, the parties stopping to eat and sleep a little, and then arousing, with a double energy, to renew the contest.

Before the game commences, heavy bets are made on the result; a gun is bet against a blanket, a pair of leggins against a tomahawk, an embroidered coat against a buffalo robe. These bets are given in charge of some old men of the tribe, who distribute them to the winners when the game is over. While the game is going on, these men cheer the different parties, laugh aloud, call to them to exert themselves, and, being too old to use their legs, make up for it by an extra use of the lungs. Sometimes one of the players becomes much injured; he is struck by the ball or bat-stick, or falls, and is trodden upon by some one running over him; but he must not expect any sympathy.

Sometimes an Indian is so expert as to catch the ball, and run to the limits of the opposing party in time to throw it back to his own. This is allowed by the rules of the game. The picture represents this movement. The one that has the ball is running against time, pursued by the crowd. If, however, one of the

opposite party overtake him, he can knock it out of his net by a mere touch of the bat-stick. This his own party are trying to prevent, by warding off the blows, so as to enable him to get as near the limits as possible before throwing the ball.

I saw the game played on the St. Peter's River, in the depth of winter. The surrounding hills were white with snow, and the ice, dark and heavy-looking in some parts, glistened like the sun in others. The scene was inexpressibly wild. The long, gaunt boughs of the trees, leafless, and nodding with the wind towards the dark, heavy evergreens among them; the desolate appearance of nature contrasted with the exciting motions and cries of the Indians. It was impossible even for the mere spectator to be unmoved; he must feel an interest in the game, until the ball has been at length thrown beyond one of the limits, and the tired and hard-breathing men receive the prizes awarded them.

Then comes the best time of all; for the old medicine-men are again depositing bets on the place fixed to receive them. There are no more tomahawks and hunting-coats, but women's gear and trinkets are tastefully arranged, and the women of the tow parties are going to try their skill, as their great-grandmothers had done before them. Young girls are there, ready to begin the game, their dresses trimmed with ribands and shining with beads and ornaments of every kind, their cheeks glowing with a spot of vermilion, to contrast with their black hair and eyes. Their frames are lithe and graceful, their arms round, and their ankles small and beautifully formed, tinkling with little bells fastened around them. Older women are there, adorned and painted too; but they are beginning to wrinkle and stoop with the life of toil which the usages of the red men condemn them. There are older women still-wrinkled old hags, too old even for dress or paint, bent and bony, with their eyes sunken, and their fingers clutching the bat-stick, and their careless gaze fixed upon the clothing suspended before them for the winners. They are eager to begin; for they are cold in this hard season, and there is not one, it may be, to feed them, or to give them the means of comfort. How must they run, and throw, and wrestle, for these prizes, caring not for falls, or blows, or blood!

How much more dreadful they look, now that the game is fairly going on, than did the men! Their faces often smeared with blood, their hair unconfined, their tattered clothes hanging about them, as they fly with their utmost speed. Women ought not to be there. The young look well enough, with their bright eyes and white teeth, and their healthful, graceful limbs; but the old woman of sixty — nay seventy — with those fierce passions glaring from her dark face, with her limbs now exerted to supernatural strength, now tottering and falling with a weakness from which it is in vain for her again to rally.

The women's PLAY is over, and they crowd towards the medicine-men to receive the prizes. The young blush even through their vermilion, as they receive they well-earned rewards, the poor old women seizing impatiently their dues, while among those who

failed may be seen careless faces, and discontented faces, and faces such as one may never wish to see again; faces full of misery and disappointment, and all the sad passions of the heart. Even among the savages, woman appears to a disadvantage when out of her sphere; better in the wigwam, or tanning deer-skin, than holding the bat-stick her husband has just laid down.

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

1854

Mary Henderson Eastman's CHICORA AND OTHER REGIONS OF THE CONQUERORS AND THE CONQUERED features the local color of the native tribes of the Pueblos in New Mexico.[12]

Publication of the 3d and 4th volumes of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft's and Captain Seth Eastman's HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION RESPECTING … THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE INDIAN TRIBES, III, 1854

THE INDIAN TRIBES, IV, 1854

Henry Thoreau would be checking out Volume III from the library of the Boston Society of Natural History on November 28, 1853 and Volume IV from Harvard Library on December 7, 1854.

12. If this author ever visited the Southwestern region of the United States, I don't know of that. It seems to me to be more than likely that in constructing this volume she would have been relying on missives from her hubby, Captain Seth Eastman — whom the US Army had posted to Texas.

Yet another publication by the indefagitable Connecticut publisher Henry Trumbull, INDIAN NARRATIVES: CONTAINING A CORRECT AND INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WARS, FROM THE LANDING OF OUR PILGRIM FATHERS, 1620, TO GEN. WAYNE'S VICTORY, 1794. TO WHICH IS ADDED A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE AND SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JOHNSON, ZADOCK STEELE, AND OTHERS; AND ALSO A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE BURNING OF ROYALTON (Claremont, N.H.:Tracy and Brothers; Stereotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry):

INDIAN NARRATIVES:

CONTAINING

A CORRECT AND INTERESTING HISTORY

OF THE

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FROM THE

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TO

GEN. WAYNE'S VICTORY, 1794.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE AND SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JOHNSON, ZADOCK STEELE, AND OTHERS; AND ALSO A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE BURNING OF ROYALTON.

"Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."—JOEL.

CLAREMONT, N. H.:
TRACY AND BROTHERS.
1854.

INDIAN NARRATIVES

(This edition would be found in the personal library of Henry Thoreau.)

1855

Mary Henderson Eastman's THE AMERICAN ANNUAL: ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

Publication of the 5th volume of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft's and Captain Seth Eastman's HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION RESPECTING … THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES:

THE INDIAN TRIBES, V, 1855

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

March: THE SONG OF "HIAWATHA" was complete. In his notes to the poem, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow quoted from the coffee-table publication by Mrs. Mary Henderson Eastman, *DAHCOTAH*; OR, LIFE AND LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX AROUND FORT SNELLING.

Officially designated to succeed Professor Longfellow as Smith Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures at Harvard College, James Russell Lowell went off to tour Europe again — to brush up on his foreign languages.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1856

Mary Henderson Eastman's FASHIONABLE LIFE. Don't trust your life to pleasure, devote it to Jesus.

WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1864

Mary Henderson Eastman's JENNIE WADE AT GETTYSBURG. You don't have to be a guy to be a Civil War hero.

FIND OUT ABOUT JENNIE

Well, but it did help, to be a guy! –For instance, Rutherford B. Hayes had served in the Union army for four years, mainly with the 23d Ohio Volunteers, a unit in which another future president, William McKinley, also served, and had been wounded five times. But he was well rewarded. Having risen to the rank of Major General, he got nominated straight out of the army into the federal Congress. A believer in education, Congressman Hayes would be sponsoring an unsuccessful effort to have the 14th Amendment include an educational test for all voters (white as well as black), and also sponsoring the development of the Library of Congress.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1879

Mary Henderson Eastman's EASTER ANGELS.

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

1887

February 24, Thursday: Mary Henderson Eastman died of apoplexy in Washington DC. The body would be interred at Oak Hill Cemetery.

1903

May 31, Sunday: The New York Times (newspaper of record) issued a corrective notice "EASTMAN'S WIFE NOT INDIAN" upon being informed indignantly by member of his family that the famous military artist Seth Eastman had not –repeat not– been married to "a Sioux woman." Indeed the wife of Colonel Eastman, Mary Henderson Eastman, had been not only a white woman, but one of the most impeccable ancestry, descendant from white warriors,

and this white couple's surviving children, who either were themselves, or were married to, white officers of

the US Army or Navy, were also, and this was without question, a bunch of really white white people!

EASTMAN'S WIFE NOT INDIAN.

Painter of Picture Taken from Capitol Married Daughter of Gen. Henderson.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—In the narrative of the disappearance from and return to the Capitol of the painting of Col. Seth Eastman, "The Rice Gatherers," which was published in THE NEW YORK TIMES of to-day, there was an error in regard to the painter. A relative of Col. Eastman declares that he did not, as stated in the narrative, marry a Sioux woman, but that his wife was Mary Henderson, daughter of Surgeon General Henderson of the Army. As Mary Eastman, writer and novelist, she became no less celebrated than Col. Eastman himself.

She was for many years prominent in social and literary circles in Washington, and gained fame as the author of "Dakota Legends," "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," (a reply to "Uncle Tom's Cabin,") and many other books. Like her husband she was a student of the Indian character. She was a granddaughter of Commodore Thomas Truxtun of the Navy. Col. and Mrs. Eastman had several sons, who were officers of the army and navy, and their only daughter married Capt. William Sturtevant Moore of the navy.

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

– Remark by character "Garin Stevens" in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Prepared: October 11, 2014

MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN MARY HENDERSON EASTMAN

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE

This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.

Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.

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