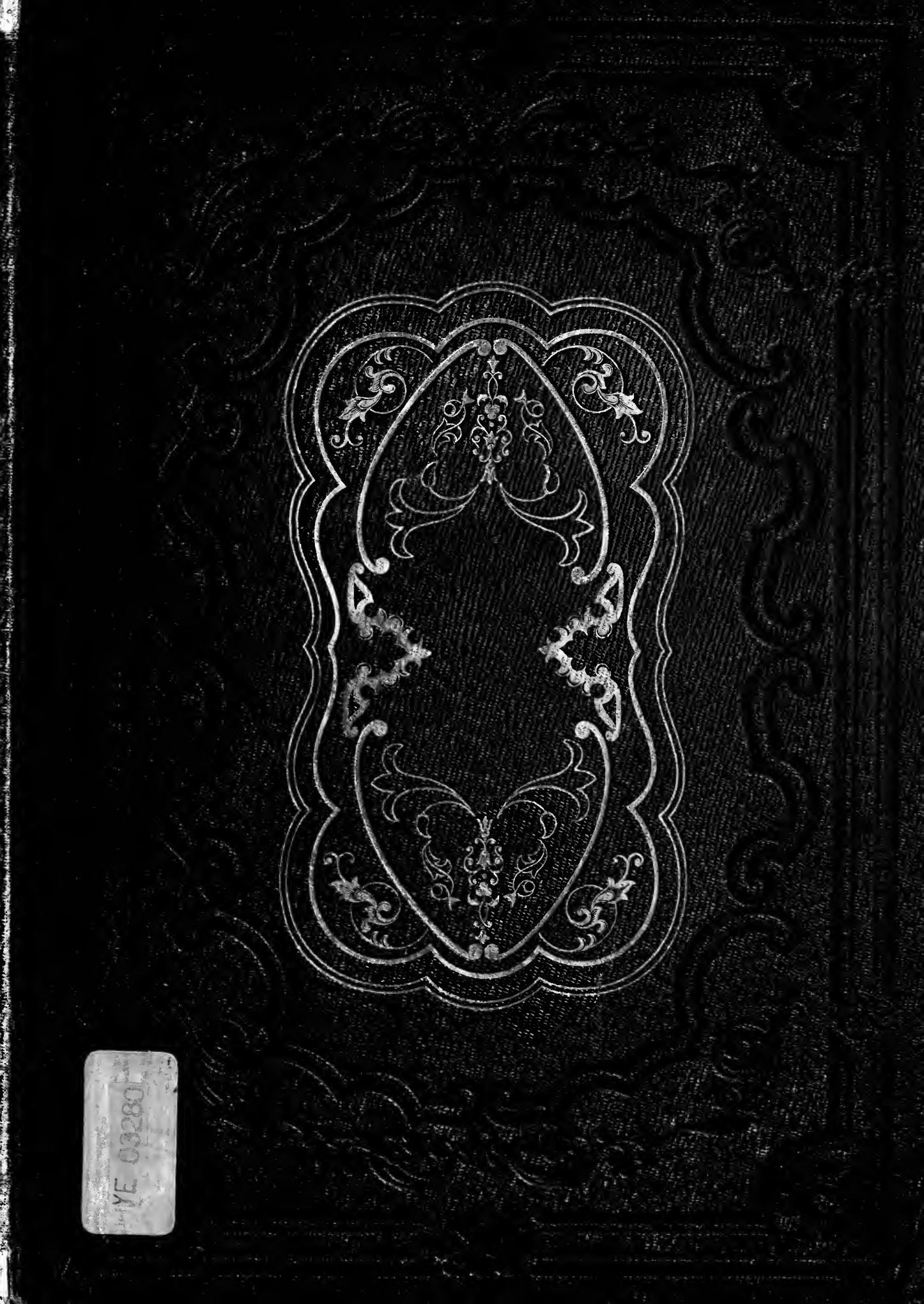


$7.50

Fairfax Rhodes
from his affectionate father
Dec 28th 1856 –

$13.50

CHICÓRA

AND

OTHER REGIONS

OF THE

CONQUERORS AND THE CONQUERED.

BY

MRS. MARY H. EASTMAN.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, AND CO.
1854.

PREFACE.

THESE sketches are intended to illustrate a portion of the early history of North America, and to exhibit some features in the character of its aboriginal inhabitants. Such parts as present an account of the successive arrivals of the Europeans, their attempts to settle and subjugate the widely different territory now covered by the Union, are written from the earliest chronicles, made more clear by the light that has fallen upon them, in some strength, from the observation of modern travelers. Those portions which treat of Minnesota and its native people, are drawn from gatherings made by the writer in a number of years passed amidst the remarkable scenery of that country, among the cabins, aided by a knowledge of the language of the tribes.

The title of the book is taken from a name that divided for a time with "Florida" an unknown extent of territory, which may be considered to have had its confines near those that at present bound the United States. Two years earlier, *Amichel* was heard of, for a short time, as being situated along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico; but to *Chicóra*, a region of country on the shores of the Savannah River, there was no certain limit on the north until about the year 1585, when it was fixed by the reputation of the dominion of *Wingina*, the chief, whose name may have suggested that borne by the colony which afterwards became a great State of the Confederacy.

Thus, these names arose from separate lands; and, seemingly, from the languages of as different people — the Shawnee, the Chahta, and the Lenâpe—nations whose acts, for about two hundred years, were intimately connected in the colonial conflicts of as many powers of Europe, and whose posterity, in broken bands, removed from their ancient seats, have their abode in the heart of this continent.

Cibola, to the westward, the country of an indigenous civilization, lying on the margins of the River Grande and the Gila, and over the region between them, came, after the year 1542, to have a name apart from the rest, a permanent place in the geography of the earth, and a romantic interest as the Province of the Seven Cities.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
August 9, 1854.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VASQUEZ DE AYLLON.

TRUE it is—and most painful the reflection—that, on recurring to the relations of the first visits made to America by Europeans, the prominent idea is ever the barbarity of the conquerors towards the aborigines, and the sufferings endured by the latter at the hands of those who came ostensibly to improve their condition. One party, determined on the acquisition of wealth and power, hesitated not to sacrifice the other, to attain the desired end.

Hardly had the invaders landed on the western shores, than, viewing the Indians as beasts of labor, or wild animals, they began to root them out with cruel toil, or drive them deep into the forests. The soft Lucayans faded and fell in the *placeres* of Española; destroyed themselves in desperation in Cuba, or wretchedly perished, as pearl fishers, in the distant waters of the Caribbean seas.

Farther to the north, the more hardy races came under hands only less merciless, because their services to the French and English were less profitable. These too wronged them; both enslaved, gave them a taste of maddening draughts, placed fire-arms in their hands, and turned them, like wild beasts, upon each other.

The tears of sorrowing women were of as little avail as the heroic endurance and bitter reproaches of courageous warriors. Gradually, their homes were taken from them, and they were compelled to view the desolation of all they most valued.

The pretence of converting the aborigines to Christianity was a cloak that covered the harshest injustice. What a variety of pictures are presented to the mind, in reflecting on the events that occurred all along the shores of the south and southwest, in those early times. We recall the splendors of the reign of Montezuma and Gautimozin, the strange circum-

stances of their death, and the dreadful massacres that stained the pathway of the Spaniards. With indignation, we remember the violence and dishonesty that attended all their proceedings.

Amid these events of a dark age, there are some deeds, some names, upon which the human heart may rest with triumph and with pleasure. Las Casas, with unequalled heroism, demanding mercy and justice at the foot of the imperial throne; the friars, in Mexico, interposing the cross between the conqueror and the conquered; Alvar Nuñez, encompassed by misfortunes, lifting his hand on the prairies of the West, to teach the pathless wanderer there that there was a way for him thence, after death, into the blue fields above! And Moquon, the beloved friend of the Lenâpe, founding a city by the Schuylkill, in the name of good fellowship and peace!

Scenes of romantic interest pass before us—interludes to soften, or that sharpen, the deeds of those unhappy times. The warm and delicious climate, the glowing, brilliant skies; the healthful, balmy air; the luxuriant, graceful foliage; the luscious, nourishing fruits; the varied charms of scenery; and, above all, the often noble and kind traits of character shown by the natives; all these bring a charm to the history of a period, naturally interesting to those who now tread on the same ground, inhaling the same air with the first owners of so fair a region.

It is, then, with a feeling of satisfaction rather than regret, that we read of the failures of expeditions, undertaken to obtain gold and precious stones, at the cost of the liberty and life of a people, upon whom the invaders had no claim.

The words of an old writer, who has related the history of the expedition of Ayllon, may well be remembered here. "In this manner, my reader and prudent sir! who have read in this book and others, of this history; that for the gold that is sought after in these countries, men oftener come upon tears and death than what they expect, and run great risk of their souls, with small chance of getting anything."

* * * * * * * *

A series of disasters befell the Spaniards in their first efforts to make settlements in the southeast of this broad country. We read of the marvellous but true history of Ponce de Leon, who lost his life in the search for that sparkling and wonderful fountain, in which, whoever should bathe, would be restored to youth, though Time may have laid the hand heavily

on brow and limb. He looked within each nook and grove of the islands among which he cruised. Disappointed here, he fancied that in more tropical Florida, concealed among its evergreens and flowers, were the miraculous waters. He found, instead, that bitter spring, of whose dark wave he and every mortal were ordained to drink.

Afterwards, other Spaniards visited Florida, and obtained small quantities of gold, and silver, and pearls, such as they were, from the Indians, in traffic. They returned to Santo Domingo, and displayed their slender gains.

Among those who directed their vessels to our shores in that early day, was the master of two little deckless vessels from the island of Santo Domingo, who, coming to the Bahama Islands, and finding them all desert, continued his course to the northwest, until he found the main land. It was in the year 1520, and the result was an adventure of three gentlemen, among whom was Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon. With little difficulty, the natives were induced to go on board, under pretence of hospitality, and showing them many strange things. There, perfidiously turned upon, they were secured, and the caravels set sail, returning to Española.

The country that had been seen came to be the Chicora of Spanish dreams. Among the captives, was a young chief, who soon found an interest in Christianity, and received, in baptism, the name of Francisco. He penetrated the designs and aims of his captors, and steadily joined to these the first wish of his soul. Apt in the language of the strangers, as in imitating their habits, he won implicit confidence. Seemingly attached to the fortunes of his master, Ayllon, in turn, thought the Indian as fond of him as if he were his father, and at last came to believe in him "like an Evangelist."

He related, therefore, wonderful stories, in which he introduced accounts calculated to touch every desire of those covetous and ambitious men; then trusted himself and his fellows, with resignation, to the course of events, having done the best he could. Not more plausible were the tales of gold and pearls, than the description he gave of the beauty of vales there, and the rich productions of the soil. Who shall wonder at or blame the slave, that, sitting among avaricious enemies, he should have recalled with more than exaggeration the qualities and charms of a country, where his life, from infancy to manhood, had passed in unrestrained liberty—where were now his children and their mother. How he prays to his gods that the

Spaniard may see, in fancy, those precious things, as the wounded and thirsty hart desires the water-brooks. How impatient he is that they set forth together, he guiding, until they reach, at last, his home.

Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon was of the *hidalguia* of Spain; his family of the city of Toledo. From thence he had brought titles, and held station; was Judge of the Royal Audience, and Knight of the Order of San Jago; and in the "Indies" he had acquired wealth and estates. Won by the Indian tales, he determined to return to his country; though "he had never bound on him a cuirass, or girded a sword to earn a livelihood," he resolved to ask of his sovereign a grant of that country of his desires.

He took with him Don Francisco de Chicora, who related anew the wonders of his country. The Emperor gave Ayllon all that he asked; the government of provinces, of their existences, as of their names, Charles had never before heard. Thus empowered as Adelantado, he returned to the island of Española.

Not sufficiently expeditious in his movements, the Governor was notified before a great while, by the Royal Council, that he should at once commence his enterprise, or abandon it, that some other might be advanced to his position. Accordingly, Ayllon hastened his departure, and in the middle of the month of July, in the year 1526, he went to sea from Puerto de Plata. His force consisted of five hundred men, mostly islanders, persons intelligent in the character, and accustomed to the way of life, of the Indians.

The largest vessel was the Jordan, and the names of the other ships were the Bretona, the Santa Catalina, La Vega, and La Corruca. There was a brigantine besides, and a petache, or small craft. In them were eighty or ninety horses; and these came to be the first that were ever landed within the limits of a country that now include the United States. Nothing was wanting to give comfort to the adventurers, and worthy the support, in that day, of so great an undertaking. It was complete in its every appointment.

So anxious was Ayllon to reach Chicora, that he would touch nowhere on the way. The voyage was made direct; and the army debarked in a river called the Jordan, a name taken from the flag-ship that soon after was wrecked in the entrance now known as the Sound of Saint Helena.

The favorite slave—"the false Adalid"—was put on shore with his fellows, to seek their friends; but from that time they were never more heard of; no more were the provinces, islands, and countries, such as Cayo,

Duache, Anico, and Tuvero; a long line of which has survived, a relic of the splendid imaginings of the Christianized captive, Don Francisco de Chicora. They were forever gone; for no search revealed—either inland or along the coast, any information of those charming realms.

The Indians left the Licentiate without interpreter or guide, alarming him as to the truth of the statements, in which he had placed so much confidence. The Spaniards soon became discouraged. Discontented with each other and with the country, they resolved to go farther on.

They sailed southwestwardly, until they came to the great river Gualdape (the Savannah).

Along by the shore they set up their camp, and began to build houses; the first, probably, ever erected on our shores, by other than the natives. The country was level and moist. The river—the current of which was rapid and powerful—abounded in fine fish, that the Spaniards enjoyed exceedingly, as their provisions were becoming scarce, and had, indeed, begun to fail. The sufferings, privations, and disappointments they experienced, were not without an effect on their constitutions. Many of them sickened and died.

The Adelantado—"God took to himself." It is recorded of him, that he died like a Christian, receiving the holy sacraments. He repented him of his sins, and his evil thoughts, and regretted having undertaken that conquest. He passed from this life on the day of San Lucas, the eighteenth of October, 1526. He appointed to govern in his place, until their Majesties should otherwise direct, a cousin, Juan Ramirez, who had remained at the island; and, until he should arrive, a Captain Francisco Gomez was to be in command.

The body of Ayllon was placed in the petache, to be taken to the city of Santo Domingo, where were his house and establishment; or to Puerto de Plata, whence it might be removed. On the way, severe storms were encountered. The little vessel struck upon "that sepulchre of the ocean sea," the Florida Reefs, and was lost, where many other vessels and men have since perished.

Very soon faded away the short-lived government established by Ayllon. The natives manifested for him and his companions the utmost dislike, and the deepest revenge, in consequence of so many of their people having been kidnapped in the previous voyage of the Spaniards.

The survivors of Ayllon's expedition returned, some of them to the island of Española, and others to Porto Rico. Of all who embarked from Puerto de Plata, only one hundred and fifty escaped with their lives, the rest having perished by accident, by famine, and disease.

The Spaniards found no large settlements. The Indians were great archers, using strong bows of chestnut, and without poisoning their arrows. They were tall and finely formed, and clothed themselves in the skins of animals.

Their houses, or huts, were some distance apart. On one of the little islands on the coast, they saw a temple, in which were placed the bones of the children of the better class of people. Those of their greatest men were in a temple, apart by themselves. The walls of these structures were of lime and shell, built a story and a half high.

Along the coasts were other houses, so large that all the inhabitants of a town could live in one of them. They were also built of pines, and were sometimes three hundred feet in length, and from fifteen to twenty feet in width. In each could live, after Indian fashion, a great many families.

The Spaniards, notwithstanding all they suffered, pronounced this a fair region. There were immense pines, oaks, chinquapins, and the sumach tree; and grape-vines, of a size unknown to them before, entangled all. The forest was full of birds; among them were the mocking-bird and cardinal. In the paths gambolled innumerable squirrels and rabbits. The rivers were as full of life.

In the summer of 1540, thirteen years after the expedition of Ayllon had retired, the army of Soto came to the banks of the Savannah River, from the south, and went to the town of Cofitachique, "the place where the partridges lay." In unrolling there the bodies of some dead that had been embalmed, the Spaniards discovered rosaries of glass beads upon them, with crosses, and found hatchets, such as they recognized to be of the make of Vizcaya. They saw, now, that they had probably come within the country granted by their sovereign to Ayllon.

Capt. S. Eastman U.S. Army, Del. Pl. 34 C. E. Wagstaff & J. Andrews, Engr.

VALLEY OF THE ST. PETERS.

VALLEY OF THE SAINT PETER'S.

In the bosom of the Vale of Saint Peter's, the Mine-sota River mingles its waters with those of the Mississippi. The bard who sang the praise of Ovoca, could never have looked upon the scene represented by the picture, or he would not have said:—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."

The river, in pursuing its winding course, gently washes the banks, where grow the ash, the maple, and the willow trees. So curiously does it turn among the low grounds, amid long weedy grass, that the eye can scarcely distinguish it from the blue lakes that sleep near, which it stealthily approaches, as it were to look upon their beauty, and to retire.

At the bluff, on the right, begins the prairie, the margin of which is so distant, that the traveler will have to follow down the horizon many times before he can discover it. Beneath, in the plashy soil, the woodcock thrusts her bill, extracting thence the means of life. A short distance below a range of hills to the left, rises a peak, "Pilot Knob," an ancient burial place of the Dacótas, that may be run for, as a beacon, by the navigator of the prairie sea. It is there, at the base, the waves of the Minesota hasten to lose themselves in the Mississippi.

The valley has been little disturbed by the progress of civilization; yet, such are the temptations it holds forth to the white man, that a little while, and the lodge of the Indian will stand there no more. Nor can a friend of that race justly lament that a Christian nation will displace a people that know not God. "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under the heavens." But shall the people perish? Enlightened nations constitute

themselves the guardians of the uncivilized; but the prophecy of the doom of the red man reads "extermination."

A few miles above the mouth of the Saint Peter's, in which an island of thick woods reposes, is a Dacóta village. The chief stands erect and proud—poor as he is—and says: "No one may pass this village without my permission;" and, he adds, directing his thoughts to the habit of the white man, "I keep the *key* of the Mi-ne-So-ta."

The Da-có-tas, dwelling in the valley, are proud of their name, which means "united" or "allied." The nation consists of a number of confederate tribes. They often speak of themselves as the *O-ce-ti Sa-ko-win*, the "Seven Council Fires;" for there are so many principal bands among them. Their number is estimated at twenty-five thousand. Their broad territory extends from the Mississippi on the east, to the Black Hills on the west. They pursue the buffalo for their food and clothing. Of the skins, they make their houses in the winter, which they place where wood can be conveniently got. They plant corn, and some of them are beginning to cultivate, a little, other things. For twenty years, missionaries have dwelt among them. A few know how to read and write; a very few have embraced the Christian religion. Their teachers have, with great care and difficulty, arranged a grammar and a dictionary of their language. A band of the Mde-wa-kan-ton-wans live at this village. They contend that the little spot they occupy is precisely over the centre of the earth. Two of the other bands declare that they have the very centre, and claim precedence therefor, over all the rest. This is often a subject of discussion among them. The language differs a little in the manner that it is spoken by each of the bands; but not enough to render an interchange of thought difficult. Their local words are not numerous. They have a sacred language, only understood by the conjurer or prophet. In it they use expressions wide of the idea they appear to convey, or words from some other Indian tongue, or descriptive sentences. In their war songs are the strongest figures of speech, having likewise an opposite sense. The songs are mere repetitions.

In a newspaper published by the Dacóta mission, for the benefit of the Indians, may be found an example of their poetry. The Rev. Mr. Pond thus writes of what he witnessed, at the time he heard it:—

"The unearthliness of the scene cannot be described, as in the twilight of the morning, while the mother of the deceased boy was wailing in a

manner that would excite the sympathies of the hardest heart. Black Boy, standing on the brow of a hill, addressed the ghostly inhabitants of the spirit world, in ghostly notes as follows:—

Friends! pause and look this way;
Friends! pause and look this way;
Friends! pause and look this way;
Say ye,
A grandson of Black Boy is coming.

The Dacótas count their months by moons, their years by winters, their days by nights, or "sleeps." Every month they believe they have, indeed, a new moon, and that the old one was nibbled away by small mice. They reckon by use of the fingers.

They are a devotional people, believing in a multitude of spirits, good and evil, that are constantly at work on the destinies of men. They worship the sun, and they pay their adorations to stones. They oftener sacrifice to the spirit of evil than to the beneficent one. The Seven Tribes of the Dacótas live in detached villages. Nothing of Indian labor but the mounds that are there, which may have been raised over the dead, can have any permanency.

In making their settlements, they have kept about the course of the river. There the women cultivate the corn, and dry it in the sun.

The navigation of the Saint Peter's becomes difficult as the voyager ascends. The numerous islands are the cause; but these obstructions only render more picturesque the scenes through which he will pass. The sandy bed, and the low state of the water, give him more than time to observe the plains and marshes that bound the shores, and to admire the linden trees, the ash, and the luxuriant wild grape that twines about their trunks, and rises to their branches.

The silence of the shores becomes tedious, so few are the animals that are found there at the present day. Swans live in the lakes of the valley, called by the Dacótas "The lakes of the very large birds." There is a river in the neighborhood, called "The river with the spirit banks," and another lake called "The lake that speaks."

Still ascending, the Saint Peter's dwindles in size, and vast prairie ridges appear beyond its banks. Thousands of mosquitos swarm in the evening time, their low hum in concert with the notes of the whippoorwill. Graves

covered with logs, to protect the buried from the wolves; scaffolds with the recent dead upon them, and Indian writing, tracing events in the life of the deceased warrior or woman, are here and there seen. From the posts of the scaffolds sway with the winds long locks of hair, cut from the brow of the mourner, and placed there, a sacrifice to affection.

Objects of religious worship are not rare. Rocks covered with inscriptions, near which the offerings of the savage to his deity are placed, are considered holy by the passer-by. The savage makes his offering in ignorance, but he has done what he could, in the devotional customs of his faith. To use the language of one of the missionaries, "No one can witness the religious ceremonies of this people, without being deeply impressed with the fact, that what St. Paul said of the Athenians is true, to a very great extent, of the Dacotas—*in all things very worshipful.*"

WINNEBAGO WIGWAMS.

THE picture shows the exterior of the wigwams of the Winnebagoes. The mode of construction has been described in another place, where the interior of the lodge has been displayed; it is simply this; young trees are bent over, in a conical form, and a sort of bower made, that is covered with bark. The winter houses are covered with skins. When bands or families remove, they only take the covering of their lodges, leaving the framework standing. The lodges have generally two doors, and are without windows. The men assist their wives in erecting them; but this is not in accordance with their ancient custom.

There is but a small remnant existing of the once powerful tribe of Winnebagoes. At one time they occupied a large extent of territory. By constant murders and depredations, they became troublesome neighbors to the people of the United States. They number now about 2,500. Their country is bounded by the Crow-Wing, Watab, Long Prairie, and Mississippi Rivers.

Their traditions say that the first Winnebago was created on the west shore of Lake Michigan. They call themselves O-chun-ga-raw, but have other names, by which they are known to different tribes.

Great efforts have been made, on the part of our government, to civilize them. Much money has been expended, and many years have been devoted by valuable and excellent men, to that purpose. Yet they retain the usual devotion observed in the Indians to their early customs and faith, and especially to a wandering mode of life.

One of their principal men showed a desire to be educated, and to live as the white men near him. To encourage this feeling, the missionaries built him a house, small, but comfortable, in all respects like their own. This was a compliment most gratifying to the Winnebago, and he, with his

family, took possession of it with great satisfaction. Shortly after, the missionaries visited them in their new domicil. The floor had been taken up, the fire was burning in the middle of the house, and a hole had been cut in the roof, though there was already a chimney there. Better for them was the wigwam of bark, than a white man's house.

The Winnebagoes show great reverence for family importance, and respect is paid to the members of any family held in such reverence. Poor and degraded as they now are, they cling to certain old prejudices, and to none more than that which awards to families a consequence peculiar to them. The family of the Walking Turtle is one of the most important in the tribe. Such names indicate the totem, or mark the family to which the Indian belongs. We may fear family pride comes as near to a virtue as any quality the poor fallen Winnebagoes may possess; for all efforts have failed to make them other than a degraded, wretched people. "The Great Spirit," said a Winnebago, "has made the Indian red, and soap and water cannot make him white." "I have given my life away—it is gone," said another warrior, when he gave himself up to the United States authorities for having committed a murder. Many things might be repeated that mark the intellectual force of that people; for, in their better days their men were equally noted for strength of mind, and felicity of thought. There is now little to call forth interest in the remnant of their tribe. Their day is drawing to a close.

Very rarely have women been admitted to councils, among the Indians, and when this has occurred, it was probably owing to the possession of a remarkable talent, or by an unusual concurrence of events. Yet once the tribe of Winnebagoes were governed by a queen, who sat in council attended by women. In those early times their villages were populous; the furs of the bear and moose then hung about their dwellings, and adorned the persons of their warriors. Now, the traveler only observes poverty and degradation—the consequence of intoxicating drinks, to which these Indians are slaves.

They have lost much of the warlike reputation they possessed in their more prosperous times. They have great confidence in dreams, and perform long fasts to induce them. The warrior who, in a battle, takes the first scalp, is rewarded handsomely by his people. When on a war excursion, each Indian carries, in a bag made of rushes, a root of some plant. He

chews the root, and swallows the juice, to make him brave; anointing his body with it, to protect him from injury. Many such superstitions influence them.

The war chief commands in battle, assigns to each warrior his post, and has complete control over the war party. He determines the fate of any prisoners that may be taken. These are carried to the village, and their captors lead them to the lodge of the war chief. If he bid them enter, they must die; if he close the door against them, their lives are given to them, and they are considered members of the tribe. Before going into battle, the Winnebagoes paint their bodies with vermilion, and with white; daubing them with clay, to appear as frightful as possible, when facing the enemy, and ringing their warwhoop in defiance.

They bury their dead in the ground, sometimes in a sitting posture, but generally lying down. Always the face must look towards the west, for there is "the happy land." When death approaches, the Winnebago is calm in its prospect. The friends, as soon as the soul has gone, dress the body in new clothing, and put it in a coffin, after the manner of the whites, or, as formerly, in wrappings of bark. Sometimes the dead are placed on scaffolds.

They dance solemnly around the grave. For four nights after death, fires are kindled, that the soul may be lighted in its path to its final home. All grass and herbs are swept away from the grave, that the bad spirits that desire to approach it, may have nothing to which they may cling. Over the grave is placed a covering of wood or bark, and near it, a post is set up, having on it hieroglyphics.

The Winnebagoes show the strongest regard for family ties. Orphans are never neglected; the nearest relative receives them kindly, and maintains them. The aged are always cared for. The chiefs consider the unfortunate members of their bands as having just claims upon their consideration. They are very expert in the construction of canoes, making them of logs, in such a manner that they are strong and durable. Much pains is taken to finish them handsomely. Before they had metallic vessels for cooking, they used wooden ones. They put water in them, and then heating a number of stones very hot, dropped them in. As these cooled, they were replaced by others from the fire. They have no regular time for meals. Some of

them have taken a little interest in farming, and show a desire to attain some knowledge of mechanics, as applied to the ordinary purposes of life.

Wild rice and many wild berries grow plentifully in their country. Maple sugar is made in large quantities. They have the artichoke and the wild potato.

They are very fond of dress. Red is the favorite color of the young people, green of the aged. To show their office, the chiefs wear medals, presented by the President. In winter, they all prefer white blankets; in summer, the young people paint theirs with gaudy colors, and in strange devices. The men wear handsome headdresses of eagle feathers; both sexes delight in the adorning of their persons with such ornaments as they can procure from the traders.

As usual with Indians, the men like to have their faces perfectly smooth, eradicating the beard. They wear their hair short, except one long braid from the crown, that is tied at the end with ribbon. The women wear a quantity of beads and ribbon in the hair.

The Great Spirit made the first Winnebago of a piece of his own body, near his heart. The first woman he made was the earth, the mother of the Red men. He gave them the right of their country. Their wise men talk of that great event, the overflowing of the earth with water. They declare mournfully, that before they knew the English and French, they knew not sorrow; for, that they brought them spirituous liquors, and many diseases. The old people delight in talking of this, their golden age.

The Winnebagoes have many gods. They reverence, and will never kill, the rattlesnake, believing a spirit dwells within it that will, if angered, bring a terrible punishment.

The wise men say the earth is flat; the sun going from east to west during the day, hides himself under the earth at night, and passes thus to the east by morning. They believe the sun is a body of fire, much smaller than the earth. They have names for some of the stars, and they pronounce the Aurora a bad spirit, anxious to bring death upon them. The milky way is the path of the dead. The rainbow and meteors excite their superstitious fears.

Their doctors are artful and wicked. They demand large fees, that must be paid in advance of what they do; but they practise vigorously when they have secured a good bargain. They sing and dance, and sacrifice dogs.

They fasten snakes and toads to sticks, and place them near the bed of the patient to scare away evil spirits. They fast while using charms and incantations, in the exercise of their office. They are utterly ignorant of any science, as applied to disease; but bleed and give vapor-baths, and drum and sing, rattling the magic gourd for a cold, a fever, or an accident. Simple medicines are given, made from roots, or the bark of trees.

Indians have great faith in the practice of bleeding; they fancy this remedy extremely. In health, they often submit to it. Their doctor opens the vein with a piece of sharp flint, if he have no better instrument, and leaves the patient to stop the bleeding when he chooses. They cup with the use of a flint, and the horn of an ox or buffalo. It is curious to observe to what simple expedients those resort, who are ignorant of the resources afforded by a knowledge of science and of art.

THE SUN FALLS INTO THE WATER.

HUSHI A' OKA TULA.

ACCORDING to the true tradition of the Chah-tahs, they came from the west, led by a prophet called Chah-ta. It is from him the nation takes its name.

The Great Spirit guided this prophet, who, as he journeyed, carried in his hand a rod, that he planted in front of his encampment when the people rested. Each morning it was found bent to the eastward.

After traveling over mountains and vast prairies, they came to the Mississippi River. When, standing on its bank, the people saw how broad it was, they became alarmed. They rebelled against the guiding of the prophet.

Still, the rod bent towards the east, and the Indians knew by this token, that they must go forward. To quiet their fears, Chah-ta made a raft, and went over. Seeing him, the people all made rafts, and upon them passed safely to the other side.

They pursued their journey, until they came to the head waters of the Pearl River, in the centre of what now constitutes the State of Mississippi. Then, the rod stood erect, bending no more to the eastward. There was the desired country!

When Chah-ta announced this, though the people saw it themselves, yet when the prophet spoke and said: "The Great Spirit has given us this country for our home," the Indians raised a mighty shout. All the weariness of their journey was forgotten. At once, the warriors and sages assembled. Chah-ta lit the council fires, and made laws for the government of the nation. These laws have been strictly obeyed, until within a few years, when civilization has interfered, changing the old, and introducing new customs.

Here, where the rod stood erect, Chah-ta caused the mound of Nun-i-wai-ya to be reared. It was fifty feet high; and even now, after the lapse of so many ages, it rises still to forty feet. On its top spreads out an acre of level ground. There are now the remains of the wall, and of four gates; and the beaten paths leading from these gates are still to be seen. The mound has ever been held sacred by the Choctaws; for there was buried Chah-ta the prophet, and there have reposed, for many generations, all their beloved men.

Around this sacred pile are many hills, covered with ancient pines. Fair valleys lie between them, and watercourses, sparkling and clear, sweep by at their feet. The air is salubrious, and the situation beautiful. This is why Chah-ta, guided by the rod, fixed upon this spot as the home of his people.

Many, many years ago, long before the white man found this great Continent and claimed it for his own, the Choctaws were at peace with all the tribes of red men on the earth. Their warriors were engaged only in the chase, the ball play, or the dance; they had none but paths of peace in which to travel. The sages, the philosophers of the tribe, and the aged warriors, had no occupation but to tell the traditions of the past.

Once, in this harmonious period in the history of the nation, it was determined to call a council of all the sages of the Choctaw people. They assembled around the council fire which had ever burned since the old prophet had kindled it. The people knew something important was to be discussed, and they were curious to hear what it was. Had it been a council of chiefs or warriors, such an assemblage would have had tokens in it of strife or peace. But this was an unusual circumstance; the meeting together, in solemn deliberation, of the wise men of so powerful a nation.

There arose, in this council, the mightiest of the sages of the Choctaws, or, as they were called, "The knowing ones." It was just at mid-day that he stood up, surrounded by many friends, some as aged as he; but none so tall, so dignified, so venerable in their appearance. His hair was long and white; his eyes, no longer brilliant with the fire of youth, looked with intense earnestness upon those whom he was about to address. All was solemnity and deep attention. Ancient men, such as himself, sat round him, waiting for what he should say; for his very presence imposed an awe upon them all. He pointed his hand upwards, and said:—

"It is now mid-day; the sun is in his highest place in the heavens, in the centre above; and it is of the sun that I wish to speak. You all know that it is he that bringeth day, as he comes up from the east, and when he goeth down to the west, the day goeth with him. Then the night cometh, the time for the moon and stars to shine. It is the sun that governs the destiny of all, and when he forsakes man, he is lost. A warrior may be brave, and good, and honest; but if the sun forsake him, he will commit acts of which, before, he would have been ashamed to be guilty.

"And the sun brings gladness upon man, and joy—and upon the beasts, too, light and gayety; upon all things, life and happiness. When he looks upon the birds, they sing.

"When he travels his high path in the skies, then it is spring-time; the trees put forth their leaves, the grass shoots up, and the flowers open. It is the time for the planting of corn. The south winds come, bringing on the clouds, and we hear the great thunder, and the rain falls. But when he descends, and travels his path in the southern skies, then the leaves of the trees fade and fall. Then come the north winds, and with them the snow. This is the season for the warriors to pursue the chase, to celebrate the feast, and the dance.

"Our travelers, men of truth, have gone far to the east. There they saw, when they came to the shores, the great waves of the sea. They have told us that, when camped along these shores, they saw the sun rise and come up out of the deep, where the sky bends down to meet the waters. His face seemed to be all wet, from the splashing of the waves upon it.

"This we know, that the sun doth arise out of the waters in the east; but not one of all the Chah-tahs hath gone so far west, as to see the place of his going down. Our warriors have been a long way west of the Great River, and they have fought the tribes of the prairies. I have done that, and more. I have climbed the high mountains, and from their tops have looked westward. I have seen the sun set there, and it seemed to me to be still as far as it is from the lofty hills of Nun-i-wai-ya. Are there none among us who will go in search of the place where the sun goes down, and bring us tidings, that we may have a knowledge of it?"

When the old man had finished these words, he took his seat by the council fire, while a youthful warrior stepped forth into the ring. He was tall and comely to look upon; he wore a red plume, standing straight up

from his head; and he had always worn such a plume. He had never yet been on a war path, but he was brave and good, and much beloved among his people. He said: "I will go in search of the place where the sun goes down; I will not return until I see it, that I may bring to my people a knowledge of it."

At these words there arose a great shout, such a one as was heard, when, in the days of old, the rod of the prophet had stood upright, no more bending eastward; and the warriors and sages cried: "Let him go, and get a name that no Chah-tah has ever yet earned." For when, among the Choctaws, a young man desires to do something adventurous for glory, his wish is never discouraged. But the mother of the young man, and his betrothed, and all the women wept and said: "Why have they tempted this youthful warrior to go upon so dangerous an errand?"

The Choctaw heeded not their tears. He stepped towards the venerable speaker and took his hand, then, pointing to the sun, and tracing his finger along the heavens, said: "I will follow his course until I reach the place of his going down." He spoke no more, but raised one keen long whoop, and departed; and from that time was never seen again upon the ball ground, or in the dance. The youth had the first name, that which he received from his mother, and had no other. Every Choctaw must earn a second name, by some brave act, and this is a war name, without which he is not privileged to marry. But the young warrior had a betrothed.

Years went by, and he came not. The sage who had tempted him to go on this journey was dead, and those who had listened to his words in the council were all gone. The people of his own age died too; even the little children that had seen him were all dead, and buried in the mound, on whose top were fires continually kept up, by warriors who were selected for that sacred office. He was no longer thought of; his very name was forgotten by all save that betrothed, who still lived.

One day there came a stranger, an aged man, with form bent and weary looking. His long hair was white as snow. He carried in his hand a staff to support his failing steps. No one knew this warrior. It was Ok-la-no-wa; "a traveler among the nations."

He went to the same spot from which he had departed, where had stood the aged sage who tempted him to go. He rested, at mid-day, beside the council fire Chah-ta, the prophet, had kindled. The people gathered

about him, so strange was his appearance. When he had looked upon them all, he saw no one there he knew. He sank down beside the burial mound and wept; and the Choctaws waited; for, as yet, no words had he spoken.

Soon he arose and said: "Is there no one living of all my people, who remembers Ok-la-no-wa?" His betrothed came forward, aged like himself, and took his hand. Said she: "I am your betrothed; I am E-mi-a-na. I only, of all you knew and loved, remain to welcome you to Nun-i-wai-ya." She covered her face with her hands and wept.

Ok-la-no-wa had returned to his people at the falling of the leaf. He told of his long journey, of the many countries through which he had passed, and how he had often and long been captive among rude and savage tribes. He talked of the high mountains and vast prairies to the west, so many of which he had traversed. He had suffered hardships often and severe; but amidst all his trials, whenever he could regain his liberty, he followed the course of the sun.

All through the long winter, by day and by night, he related to his people the wonderful events of his journey. He told them of the customs of the people among whom he had been; he compared them with their own, dwelling on the courage he had displayed in attempting so many times to recover his liberty, and on the success that rewarded all.

But his story was drawing to a close; for now the spring had come, the red-bird lighting on the tops of the trees poured forth her mellow song.

* * * * * * * *

The evening drew on; long shadows had fallen upon the earth. Vast numbers of the Choctaws were assembled, listening to the words of Ok-la-no-wa. He stood erect; his eyes flashed; a proud satisfaction beamed on his countenance. He turned to the setting sun. "At last," said he, "I came to a high mountain, jutting over the deep sea, and from it, I beheld yonder sun fall down into the water! I alone, of all the Chah-tahs, have seen the place of the going down of the sun."

His eyes became glassy and fixed, his voice hushed; his life departed as he ceased to speak.

The people took him up and buried him in the mound. Nor did his betrothed survive; she was laid there, beside him; for, as she had never married, it was her right to be there. They had no relations left to mourn them.

At the end of twelve moons, as was the custom with the Choctaws, all the people assembled, men, warriors, and women. Then the sages talked eloquently of the dead. They extolled the acts of Ok-la-no-wa. The adventures of his life were told, and how he died as he ceased to speak of them.

This is all we know of that bold traveler, who journeyed until he saw the place where the sun goes down into the great salt sea, and it is why the Choctows say *hush-i a' o-ka tu-la* (the sun falls into the water), when they would express the close of day.

Two Indian traditions, which I have received from the mouth of an educated chief of the "Chah-tah" nation, are blended in this tale. One relates to the migration of the people to the east; the other, the story of an adventurous warrior, is probably of an earlier origin, and was intended to perpetuate the knowledge, in some way acquired, of the existence of the Pacific Ocean. In expressing sunset, as the Chah-tahs do, by saying that the sun passes down into the sea, there seems to have been something like design to sink the knowledge of the fact into the idiom of the language, and at the same time placing it at a good remove from any immediate obliteration, likely to take place.

SAINT ANTHONY'S FALLS.

Father Hennepin named after his patron saint these falls. All travelers, since his time, have been impressed with their beauty; though, at first, there is little of grandeur associated with the emotions that agitate the beholder. The width of the river, the progressive descent of the water, the presence of the fair islands that lie in their rich beauty among the rapids, produce a repose of enjoyment, rather than the surprise one would expect to feel, when looking upon a scene so truly sublime.

Long before the falls are visible, and the roar of the busy waters is heard, the mind is prepared for something grand, it may be terrific. Approaching nearer, the dashing of the waves is more distinct; nearer, and we hear them whirling over the immovable rocks and the swaying branches, when there is no more to be imagined; for the scene upon which we longed to look is before us, the wonderful work of the Almighty. When we remember how far are the journeyings of these noisy waves, even from the bosom of the fair Itasca springing—how they trace their course, by rock and prairie, bending their way among countless islands, and around the highest bluffs, until, leaving the scene we are witnessing, they go on, never tiring, never resting; when we look beyond, fancying the boundaries to the extending plain, where the long grass is bowing like the river waves, but more gently, with the wind that is passing over them; when we say to these waves, Whence go ye? and to this ocean of grass, Where is thy limit, and whence, and whither go those who have been thy masters for untold ages?—then we recognize the sublimity of the Falls of Saint Anthony, of which we were, at the first moment, unconscious.

Tradition has interwoven its charms with the natural attractions of this scene. The Dacóta, even to the latest moment, when his feet were permitted to linger near "the laughing waters," felt there was something holy in the

spot where Anpetu Sapa ("the dark day") sang her death-song. Her husband, a skilful hunter, for a time brought no other wife to his lodge. Once, when the band to which he belonged was encamped near the Falls, he went with others, some little distance above, to hunt. While there, motives of interest, and the wish to be allied to a powerful family, and a desire to increase his importance, by having two women, instead of one, to anticipate every wish, and to perform the services required in the lodge, induced him to marry a second wife. Customary as was the practice of having several wives, the hunter's conscience severely reproached him; for he had often promised his young wife that he would give her no rival, that she and her child should ever possess his entire affection. Thus he was, in a measure, prepared for the extreme grief with which The Dark Day witnessed the introduction of a bride to the lodge. This was, after a short indulgence, restrained; and the sad, quiet woman, resumed her usual occupations; more affectionately than ever tending the little boy whom his father dearly loved.

The hunting party, laden with deer and buffalo, prepared to return to their homes. When they reached the Falls, the women secured their baggage and canoes, and, bending with their heavy burdens, slowly made their portage. The men lingered, occupied with the passing interests of the day. Traveling in detached groups, they were mindful only of what was presented to their vision at the time, for Indians generally submit with calmness to what is irrevocable, and they rarely take thought for the morrow. The Dark Day could, therefore, easily, without being observed, separate herself and her boy from the others. She took him in her arms, and, springing into her canoe, paddled towards the island that lies in the middle of the river. After landing here, she arrayed herself in the most becoming manner; the crown of eagle feathers, that she wore as a bride, adorned her head; many rows of wampum rested on her bosom; the embroidered cloth that encircled her, looked gayly in the noonday sun. Her heavy, tear-dimmed eyes, were fixed upon her little boy, as she adorned him for the sacrifice. Well she knew the grief his father would feel, when he should learn his loss; but well, too, the mother's heart within her knew that many shadows darken a child's path, when the brightness of a mother's love is withdrawn from it.

So she arrayed him as a brave and gallant warrior, and put in his hand his bow and arrows. All was ready, and she entered her canoe; placing the child where he would be most conspicuous to the eyes of him who had

betrayed her trust in the promises made her, darkening her day in the joyous season of life.

A child, with its mother, feels no fear; the little one looked, no doubt, with delight on the bubbling waters; accustomed to the dashing of the spray and the foam, and to the roar of their never-ceasing flow, he felt that excitement and enjoyment, so often observed in children, when anything unusual in nature calls forth their admiration. Yet his attention must soon have been arrested by the voice that had so often hushed him to sleep; it rose in swelling notes above the din of the waters, as the canoe heaved from side to side, guided in its forward course by the skilful hand of the singer; while words of death and the far-off land of souls mingled with it all.

The Indians on shore were attracted by the song. They saw the mad intention of the broken-hearted woman, for many friends had reasoned with her in thus yielding to a foolish sorrow, observing her continual gloom. There was no time to doubt her determination; for with every note of her death-peal the slight canoe verged nearer to the awful gulf, in which she and her child must soon be entombed. Her husband, frantic with grief, ran along the shore; he called to her to turn her course, tossing his arms in the wildness of his anguish. Ah! was not The Dark Day avenged, when she saw him leave the side of his new wife, calling her back to the place she had once occupied in his heart! Who but the Great Spirit can unlock the secret treasures of the soul! Once more, her voice gathering its last energies, pealed forth its own knell; once more the child raised his form, in terror now, in the canoe, and they passed forever from mortal sight.

It was a holy place, to the last, reader! to the Dacóta, as he stood, watching, at Saint Anthony's Falls, the last gleamings of day; for here wanders often the soul of the forsaken wife. Sometimes, from the white foam, the spirit of a woman arises, resting lightly on the waters. She turns a sad look towards the green prairies, where once was her happy home. She folds her infant to her bosom, and disappears. Sometimes an elk and a fawn stand on the shores, drinking of the cool waters, and wandering among the rocks and trees. They are The Dark Day and her child, permitted by the Keeper of the Souls of the dead to come again among scenes where once they lived; where they suffered, too, and died. Often, at the breaking and close of day, the waters descend more quietly, and nature is hushed, listen-

ing, as it were, to the sweet notes of the spirit of the injured wife, who thus records the faithfulness of her own love, and the inconstancy of her husband.

The Indian maidens come no more now to the banks of Saint Anthony's Falls, to hear, from the aged women of their tribe, stories of love and of romance. Never again will the chiefs of the Dacótas, and the Sacs, and Foxes, and Chippewas, meet here in solemn council, or in awful conflict. Oh! that some historian would arise, and depict the scenes of Indian life that have been enacted on this spot! There is no tapestried painting to charm with its coloring the curious in Indian lore. There is no voice from the dim past to record how toiled, and suffered, the early fathers, who came to instruct the red men. The latter, powerful then, stood in their path, and warned of dangers untried; of the arrow and the spear, and of the fiery stake, and of the demons of the water, that had conspired to destroy the men who came to bring a new religion, where only the Great Spirit had been worshipped, from the creation of the world. The little that we know assures us that the good men strove to turn the savages from a course of life that will only die with them. Civilization has been draining away their numbers, until at last our aborigines have forever turned their steps from the scene upon which we have been looking.

INTERVIEW OF MASSASOIT WITH THE PILGRIMS

INTERVIEW OF MASSASOIT WITH THE PILGRIMS.

"I CANNOT call the dead again to life," were the words of an Indian, as with pathetic voice he lamented the present condition of his race, and compared it with the former, in more glorious times. Were it possible, how much would we learn of startling interest concerning those who came from afar to make a home upon these shores, as well as of those whom the wanderers found in possession of the lands they coveted. It is only here and there a gleam of light we catch of this as we strain our eyes, looking into the dim distance of the past. Sometimes it is a false ray, misleading us, when we would most desire to be guided.

Sir Francis Drake, in 1586, arrived in New England, and gave it the present name, or that of New Albion. He landed in the territory of Massasoit, somewhere near Cape Cod. Afterwards, in 1620, the Pilgrims came there, and very soon made a portion of the domain of this celebrated Indian their own.

Massasoit owned Cape Cod, and a part of what now composes the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was a most powerful sachem, though peaceful in his disposition, and was respected and feared by the tribes that acknowledged his sway. He moved from one residence to another in kingly style; his favorite seat was Mount Hope, an eminence one or two miles east of the present town of Bristol. No doubt the beauty of its prospect allured him to pass the most of his time there. Art has improved its natural charms since the day when Massasoit held his court, but enough was there, without the aid of art, to cause the chief of the Wampanoags to stand, with his loving people, and gaze enraptured on the fair scenes that lay beneath them.

It was on the 22d of March, 1621, that the interview between Massasoit

and the Pilgrim Fathers took place. The sachem, accompanied by his brother and sixty Indians, advanced towards them, sending before him two other Indians to announce his coming. A few inexpensive presents from the English, purchased his good-will—a pair of knives, a copper chain, a jewel for the ear, and a pot of "strong water." Some biscuit, and a small portion of butter, completed these trifling gifts, that pleased the fancy of the great and good Massasoit. He advanced cordially to receive and welcome the adventurers, who had already trespassed, not a little, on his rights.

The warriors that accompanied Massasoit were eager as himself to see more of the men who had so many rich and strange things to show them. The English approached with a few soldiers. They conducted the Indians to a house where preparations had been made for the reception. A green rug was spread on the floor, and cushions were placed for the sachem and his attendants. Martial music, the trumpet and the drum, contributed to the imposing effect induced by other formalities. A most congenial and harmonious spirit animated all assembled. Among other acts of courtesy, the sturdy Pilgrims and bronzed Indians most affectionately kissed each other. Think of it, reader! Is there aught in the novel of fashionable life, or in the pastoral tale, superior to it?

On the part of Massasoit, these were not Judas kisses. He remained, from this interview until the hour of his death, the firm and unflinching friend of the strangers, though often receiving injustice from them. Massasoit wore, behind his neck, a little bag of tobacco that he "*drank;*" for in those days smoking was called drinking. A strange mistake; the nature of the indulgence is not altered, only the name!

During this interview, the brave Massasoit—for he was brave—trembled excessively in the presence of the white men. It could not have been a personal fear; for he ever loved and treated them with kindness. Was it, that over his soul there flitted a shadow from the coming doom of his people? that he saw, with prophetic vision, the day when they would be crushed in the lands given them by the Great Spirit?

Nor was the *pot of strong water* unnoticed during the interview. The English gave it freely, knowing the end it would accomplish. Massasoit drank a huge draught, and the most immoderate perspiration ensued. It was the first time he had tasted it.

"Am I not Massasoit, commander of the country about me?" said the

chief, in an after treaty with the English. How soon did his power and his importance pass from him!

Never, perhaps, lived so good an Indian; never died one so justly beloved. The history of the latter part of his life is lost in vague accounts of treaties, in which the splendid inheritance of the sachem of Mount Hope was sold piece by piece to the Pilgrims. There were the beads, the knives, and *the pot of strong water* on one hand; on the other, the mountains, the pleasant valleys, and the rapid rivers, one day to bear treasures towards the sea.

Threats were sometimes used to intimidate the Indians, which they hurled back to those who offered them. "God will destroy you," said one, to a Wampanoag warrior, "you are so wicked." "God cannot destroy us," was the proud answer; "we are too many." Alas! in His mysterious Providence, he has not left one of the nation, that thus boastingly asserted its numbers and its strength. Rapidly these Indians vanished, while those of another race replaced them, until the last of the Wampanoags drew his parting breath:—

"None but his foes to see him die,
None but his foes his death to tell."

Wondrous, and dream-like, appear the scenes in which the Pilgrim Fathers and the noble savage enacted their parts. Observe the Pilgrim in the attitude of astonishment, as he digs from the earth, he is commencing to cultivate, the whitened bones of some warrior, whose choicest treasures were buried with him. By his side lie the remains of his child; on its bosom still resting the toys its weeping mother placed there, to amuse its guardian spirit. The laborer puts aside, for the moment, his spade; for his thoughts are arrested by the reflection that death is here too—in this new land, as in the old one from which the surging seas divide him. Regard him, as he stoops to gather the arrows that have fallen in recent conflict, that he may send them home, to show how strove his enemies for his destruction, but how a good Providence protected him and his companions. Watch him, as, traveling on, he passes by lakes and streams, now dark and ice-bound, over their surfaces the sea-fowl hovering; the heavy purple clouds casting on their bosoms masses of snow, that lodge, now on the lake side, now on the dense branches of evergreens. See him stand amazed, watching the progress of the fiery plains, their smoke ascending to the heavens, their reflection brightening the changing skies. Look at him, once more, as he sees the

savages performing idolatrous rites, from which he turns, reverently to kneel and worship the God, whom, to worship aright, he is a self-condemned exile.

In all the difficulties and dangers to which the Pilgrims were exposed, they had one unchanging friend. Massasoit the great, the rich, the eloquent, loved them. Always just and generous, he was more than these in his dealings with them. His was no constrained obedience—no enforced submission. The Pilgrims were weak—he was strong. Yet he loved them; he would not harm them, when he had it in his power. He would not permit others to injure them; he was watchful of their interests, and true to his own pledges. Americans have reason to be proud that this noble man was one of the aborigines of their country.

The Pilgrim Fathers needed sympathy when they were afflicted in a strange land. Hardly had they rallied from their long travel over the waters, when death lent his horrors to the many hardships that lay in their way. Graves were made near the consecrated rock on which their feet first rested; heavy tears, from the bereaved, moistened the hard soil upon which their weary footsteps were first impressed. Were not words of friendship and kindness acceptable then? Words! nay, acts; for God raised up a true friend to the exiles in the person of Massasoit—a friend, whose memory the children of those he loved and assisted should regard with affection and with reverence.

Massasoit was especially attached to Winslow, one of the Pilgrims, who was first appointed to transact matters of business with him. "The imperial governor, Massasoit, whose circuits in likelihood are larger than England and Scotland," (thus wrote one of those who came over in the May Flower,) "descended from the grandeur and dignity of his position, to love with his whole heart an adventurer and a stranger."

Once the sachem was ill, and blind from his disease. Winslow visited him, and found him surrounded by friends who were making loud and strange noises, working charms, and using all the means common among them for the restoration of the sick. He was much depressed in spirits, from his extreme weakness and from the loss of his eyesight. They told him his friend Winslow was come to see him. He offered his hand, saying: "Art thou Winslow?" and added, "Oh! Winslow, I shall never see thee again!" But the God of the Pilgrims raised him from his bed of suffering, and restored his eyesight. So true was he to his English friends, that they

could not but be convinced that God himself had implanted in the heart of a heathen such goodness and virtue, as a Christian might well imitate.

Many of the children in the United States have never heard the name of Massasoit, yet they may scan the pages of their country's history, and rarely find a character as interesting. The life of the sachem of Mount Hope may charm the youth that loves to hear of the brave, and the good, who have passed away. Well may they who now revel on his noble inheritance, bear in their hearts an admiration for the virtues he possessed, and a grateful remembrance of the kindness shown, by the great red man, to their forefathers.

The exact time of his death is not certainly known. It occurred, probably, in the year 1656. He lived to be about eighty years of age.

PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

THE small lake in the foreground of the engraving gives the name to the "pueblo," or town that overlooks it. The Indians in the region of the Rio Grande and the Gila River, and those of the deserts that intervene, are of habits totally different. The latter, roaming among the mountains and over the barren plains, depending on game and the wild fruits of the earth for subsistence, are more hardy and courageous than those who live in fixed habitations.

None of our Indian tribes have made equal advances towards civilization with those living in a region extending three hundred miles north of the Gila River, the Rocky Mountains forming its eastern boundary, the Colorado River on the west. They are called Pueblo Indians, because they live in villages or towns—the word "pueblo" meaning town. No other people, with the exception of the Aztecs or Mexicans, has possessed their skill in art, in cultivating the ground, or in useful occupations. Their semi-civilization is distinct from that of the southern plateau, and is considered by those who have had opportunities of forming correct opinions on this interesting topic, as peculiar to them as a nation.

The houses of the Indians of the towns, at the time of the earliest visit of the Spaniards to their country, differed somewhat in their style of construction, bearing a general resemblance. They were built of several stories, not often more than four, though in one instance as high as seven. One structure was surrounded by a wall. From port-holes in the buildings, the people, when attacked, shot their arrows at their assailants.

Coronado, in 1540, describes these buildings as "excellent good houses, of three or four lofts high, wherein are good lodgings and fair chambers;" and travelers who have visited them very recently, call them "lofty and spacious edifices."

On the ground floor of the Pueblo Pintado are fifty-four apartments. On the same floor of the Pueblo We-je-gi are ninety-nine, while in another pueblo, now in ruins, there were one hundred and thirty rooms on the first floor. Many of the rooms are very small, and the buildings are in a ruinous state, yet they must have been, at another period, magnificent, when compared with the cypress-bark or buffalo-skin dwellings of other of the aborigines.

The roofs of the different stories were terraced, and upon them the Indians slept in summer. There were no entrances to the lowest story from the ground, but there were ladders on the outside, by means of which they ascended to the upper stories, where were doors. The ladders were removed when there was reason to fear an attack. Within were trap-doors, leading from the second to the lowest story. There were no streets. On the terraced roofs it was common to walk entirely around the town, without meeting an obstruction.

Castañeda writes of the convenient manner in which the houses were arranged. There were places appointed for cooking, a separate place for the corn, where were an oven and three stones fixed in the ground. On these stones three females would be seated to perform their tasks. One broke the grain, another ground it, the third reduced it to flour. Before entering there, they took off their shoes, and bound up their hair, covering their heads. While they were working, an Indian, seated by the door, played on some wind instrument, so that they might keep time in their work, singing in concert. They made a large quantity of meal at a time, preparing it afterwards in small cakes for bread.

For the construction of their houses, the women mixed the plaster, and raised the walls. The men brought the wood, and executed the carpenter's work. They had no lime, but made, for mortar, a mixture of ashes, earth, and charcoal. The walls of the houses were not thick. In preparing the material, they gathered rush and grass into heaps, making a great fire; and when they had reduced this mass to ashes, they threw in earth and water, mixing all together. This they dried in round masses, using it instead of stone; sealing it together, so that, when finished, it had the appearance of masonry.

The duties of the men of New Mexico were to labor in the fields, to spin and weave their blankets, which were made of cotton. Their vice was

gambling, which they practised in the "estufas," where they pledged their valuables, chiefly clothing, in a game of little canes, throwing them against the walls. If the unfortunate gamester should lose his last garment (his blanket), there was a way appointed for him to redeem it by a law of the game.

The business of the women was to hunt, to bring wood for the construction of houses, and for fuel, and to bring salt from the "salinas." They also took care of the children and cooked. They raised turkeys, from the plumes of which were made useful and superb mantles. They also assisted to gather in the harvest.

The women collected the herbs used as medicines among them. Their earthen vessels were glazed with a mineral substance, and they had vases of beautiful shapes, and of a curious style of work. In their utensils, it was evident that use was not alone consulted; and, as in the arrangement of their hair and the adorning of their persons, an improved taste was displayed.

Some of the pueblos, even when the Spaniards first saw them, presented a ruinous appearance. The destruction of one of them appeared to have been accomplished by the aid of machines used in war. The Teyans, a warlike nation, living on the plains, of whom the people of the towns were in constant terror (and whose name means "valiant"), were probably its conquerors, as they were often essaying the destruction of other towns. They were not always successful; for experience taught their adversaries to be prepared for them. They were suspicious of their protestations, and although in their intercourse as nations, the Teyans wintered under the walls, they never allowed them to pass a night within them, keeping a strict guard, sentinel calling to sentinel, using trumpets in the exercise of this military duty.

The Indians located their towns with regard to the superior military skill of their dangerous neighbors. They built them in elevated positions, or, where there were no objects to intercept the view, so that they might not fail to observe the approach of an enemy. Cicuyè was built upon a high rock, and formed a square. Acuco seems to have been one of their most remarkable towns; its chiefest strength was in its situation, removed from the plain like the other. Its inhabitants were robbers, much feared throughout the country. They wore long garments of deer-skin, that they cut out with knives of stone, and sewed with needles made of the bones of deer.

The only entrance to Acuco was attained by a path cut in the rock, beginning at its base, and leading up into the town. It was sufficiently wide for an easy progress for two hundred steps, but above these were a hundred more, up which it was necessary to scramble, resting the foot in small places cut in the rock; and so small were these, that it was hardly possible to find a secure position with the feet alone. The Spaniards, in their ascent, were obliged to pass their arms from one to the other, while they assisted their progress with their hands, making their way up as best they might.

At the termination of this difficult path were stones, ready to be rolled down upon the Apaches, or other enemy, that should invade them, by attempting to force a passage up to their town. Had the Spaniards not first visited this pueblo by invitation, they could not have accomplished the ascent, against the will of the people. They found on this summit ground sufficient to cultivate a large quantity of Indian corn. There were also cisterns in which to collect water and snow. They observed the Indian women, by long habit, easily ascending and descending the rocky stairway that had occasioned them so much toil.

The Indians objected to seeing so large a force as the Spaniards presented, enter their city, but once having attained the heights, the visitors held the power; this, the simple-minded but intelligent people soon perceived. They proffered their conquering guests valuable presents, and made for them their inviolable sign of submission—crossing their hands.

In some portions of their country, the Indians of the pueblos went forth to welcome the strangers, making many demonstrations of pleasure; escorting them to their villages with the sound of music, of which they were very fond. They gave them materials for clothing, specimens of their own art; beautiful green stones, and other articles of the highest value among them. They showed them the tame eagle, and the serpent in their houses. They supplied them generously with food, treating them with great respect and kindness. When Cabeça de Vaca traversed this region of country, in the year 1536, the Indians believed him and his companions to possess the miraculous power attributed to their gods. He said of them: "They thought us able to cause death by only willing it. They would tell those whom we came among that they should retain everything and conceal nothing, as it could not be done without our knowing it; and then that we should cause them

to die; for that the sun revealed everything to us. So great was the fear upon them, that during the first days they were with us, they were continually trembling, without daring to do, speak, or raise their eyes to the heavens." But the reception of the Spaniards, on their subsequent visits to the people of the towns, was not always so cordial. Once, when they had approached near enough to a village to hear the conversation within the houses, the Indians, so soon as they were aware of their neighborhood, placed themselves in battle array, armed with arrows, clubs, and shields. The invaders ordered the interpreters to propose terms of submission. The Indians replied by drawing a line upon the ground, and forbidding them to pass it. Their valor but little availed them against the more deadly weapons of the Spaniards. After retiring a short time for consideration, they returned, bearing presents; submitting not only for themselves, but in behalf of their province. They even offered their villages to the conquerors, who readily entered, appropriating all they found to their own use.

How strange a country! how strange a people! Among the mountains, deserts, and ravines, roved the bear, the wolf, and the cougar, in untamed ferocity; here, too, were found a nation whose reputed wealth first enticed the stranger; but whose knowledge of art, purity of manners, and comparatively cultivated condition of society, induced even the cruel and avaricious Spaniard to pause and ask—"Whence are ye?"

This peculiar nation attracts the consideration of the scholar and of the curious at the present day. Its history is veiled by a darkness more visible from the dim halo of light that time has left. There is a mystery that the philosopher may endeavor to unravel. The civilization could not have come from the north, the south, the east, or the west. It must have been planted with the birth of the nation, growing with its growth, strengthening with its strength, striking with astonishment the first Europeans that witnessed it, and existing, though perhaps in a diminished degree, in our own time. Tell the secret of their social organization, explain their symbols and their customs, interpret their faith, chronicle their entire history!

The Indians of the towns made offerings to the sun, the object of their worship. At the time of its rising, an old man, standing upon an elevated place, preached, instructing his hearers in their various duties. These were precisely laid down, and faithfully discharged; but was there no incentive beyond the well-being that always accompanies virtue?

The young people displayed great respect for the opinions of their elders. They were constantly employed in occupations promoting the general good until their marriage. They brought the wood and piled it within the courts, whence the women took it at their need.

They could only marry with the permission of their parents. This obtained, the young man must spin and make a cloak. When it was completed, his friends led him towards the maiden. He threw the cloak over her shoulders, and she became his wife.

The inhabitants of the pueblos appeared to be familiar with the custom of speaking by signs; they thus indicated their wishes to the Spaniards. They had certain dances for amusement. They had, too, players upon musical instruments, and singers who accompanied them, carefully beating time.

Some of the women were reputed by the Spaniards to be beautiful; they were graceful, and had good complexions. They wore large green stones in their hair. The Spaniards called these stones Turquoises; but, they could have been nothing finer than jade or serpentine. They ornamented their garments with the feathers of brilliant birds, brought to them from countries far to the south.

Castañeda draws, in contrast to the quiet, industrious life of the people of the towns, a picture of the wild Indians of the plains. The first, remaining always in their permanent houses, defended themselves from danger, when the occasion demanded—the last, living in buffalo-skin tents, when resting for a time in their wanderings, traveled from point to point, for purposes of war or of the chase.

The wild tribes had troops of dogs with them, that drew their baggage. They conversed so well in signs, that an interpreter between them and the Spaniards was hardly required.

Innumerable buffaloes traversed their country, the flesh affording food, the skin, clothing and material for houses, as in the northwest. The Spaniards were amazed when they first saw these animals in vast herds, crossing the gloomy deserts and passing down the steep ravines to the rivers, to drink. For many leagues, they declared it was impossible to see aught save the heavens and the buffalo.

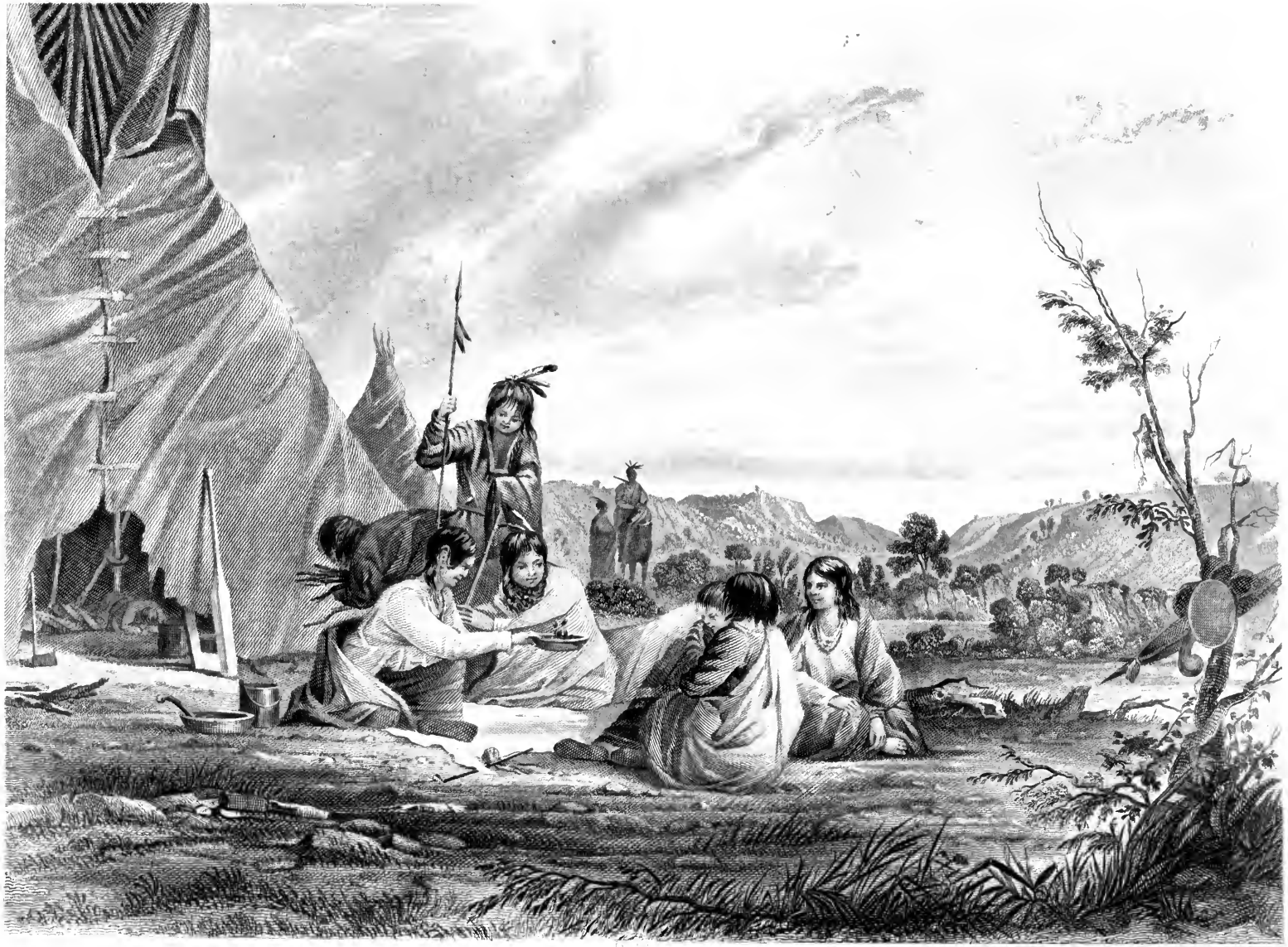
The wild tribes, unlike the people of the towns, made no provision for the future. The hunters could always find game to supply their families

with food, and they had beans and wild plums in abundance. They showed great consideration for their wives and daughters, an unusual trait in savage life. The females were clothed modestly and comfortably; their garments and shoes were made of skins, and were ornamented with feathers.

The Teyans, one of these nomade tribes, showed a remarkable knowledge of the localities and routes in their country. When they were on an expedition, they had a method of taking their directions for the march: in the morning, they observed particularly when the sun arose, and shot an arrow in advance of them. Before coming to this arrow they shot another. Thus they marked out their course, finding a good place for camping. They were willing and faithful guides of the Spaniards, showing no fear of them; while the people of the towns abandoned their homes, trembling, at the sight of the Spaniards, whom they believed to be fierce and cruel—who rode upon horses that fed upon men!!

The people of the towns made no human sacrifices, but some of the fierce wanderers among the plains and the mountains are said to have eaten human flesh, sacrificing to painted stones, and having sorcerers in their tribes. There was a very barbarous people living in the mountains, called the Acacas. They hunted men as if they were beasts, feeding upon human victims. They lived in places difficult of access, heaping around their dwellings the bones of their enemies. The warrior who could collect the greatest number was not only the most feared, but the most esteemed. They located their villages so that they would be divided by immense ravines, across which they could call. At the slightest noise they would assemble and sally forth, to attack, kill, and devour their enemies.

Now, as at the time when the Spaniards made their first explorations, the people of the towns, in their country diversified with rock, ravine, and desert, are leading a most singular and interesting course of life. Having partially embraced the Roman Catholic religion, they have mingled with its rites, ancient ceremonies and traditions of their own. Regarding their origin, and early faith and customs, time may possibly yield to the patient investigator some reward for his labor. It should be the singular privilege of the American scholar, to unravel as much of their mysterious history as may still survive with them.



THE GAME OF PLUM-STONES.

KUN-TAH-SOO, the game of plum-stones, is a favorite amusement of the Dacóta women. Seated on the ground, in the peculiar attitude the picture represents them, four are playing the game. Its progress is observed by an Indian warrior, with spear in hand, and feathers of honor in his head. Young men and women play often together. One of the four engaged is a warrior, denoted by the feathers, intimating the number of scalps he has taken, or some such warlike achievements.

Inside the house, one of the family is sleeping away, safely too; for on the right of the wigwam, attached to a young tree, are the war implements and medicine-sack of the warrior. The latter contains the medicine, powerful to procure the presence of good spirits, and to insure protection from all that would do them harm.

The Indians are devoted to gambling. When brought to our large cities, they learn readily what to do with a pack of cards, and are soon expert in tricks of all kinds.

There must be something to give an interest to the game of Kun-tah-soo; this is supplied by the laying down of an article that is to belong to the winner. Thus it is, when games of chance are resorted to, in their own country. Their most valuable articles are pledged, in order to give zest to the otherwise tame amusement.

When they propose to play Kun-tah-soo, a buffalo robe or a skin is laid smoothly on the ground; those who wish to play give what they can, and the stake is decided upon.

In the picture, the game is commenced by the squaw, who, having lifted a bowl with plum-stones a little distance from the ground, will jerk it, and put it suddenly back to the place from which she took it. The plum-stones will be scattered in every direction. The game can be played by a dozen,

or by any less number of persons, as may be convenient. The plum-stones used are carved with different figures and devices, each denoting a certain number in value. There are five sets, each set containing eight pieces.

Great ingenuity is shown in carving the devices. On one is the war eagle; another has on it a turtle, representing the earth. If, in throwing the stones, those upon which are cut the war eagle and the turtle fall upwards, the game is won. The buffalo, muskrat, and chicken-hawk, are also carved on the stones, and some of the stones are blanks. The first one having thrown, the bowl is passed to the second, who, in the same manner, throws for luck; then the third, and so on, until each one has had his or her turn. When all have thrown, the one who has the greatest number, as designated by the figures, is the winner. It may be doubted if the love of gaming, with any other people, exceeds that with the Indian. In his ignorance may be found some excuse for his devotion to an amusement so childish, engrossing, and useless.

Some of the games of chance played by Indians are far more intricate than the game of plum-stones; and no one who has not been a witness can conceive how every faculty and feeling becomes absorbed in the play. Hour after hour will pass unheeded; the prizes increase in value the longer they are contested; and, besides the gain to be derived by the winner, there is a reputation for skill to be enjoyed.

The Dacóta, next to bravery, ranks cunning. He boasts, in his long speeches, of having often outwitted his enemies—of having deceived animals by setting skilful traps—and even of having fooled the spirits he worships, when out on a war or hunting excursion. So that it is no small advantage to possess a character for craft and skill, even in games of chance.

When there is no skill to be evinced; when the game is decided by chance alone, the successful player is considered to be endowed with a sort of supernatural wisdom. There is nothing that an Indian will not pledge when preparing for a game; if it be his only pair of moccasons, or last article of food, he will lay it down. Often, when the gaming is prolonged, the excitement becomes so intense, that the players present the appearance of a band of fiends. The passions exhibit themselves in their dark countenances—in their cries of disappointment or of exultation—in their eagerness to throw, to venture, it may be, their little all in the hope of gaining so much—in their faces, pale with the utmost anxiety, or flushed from the same cause.

The picture thus presented, is one over which human nature should weep, and its mate is found night after night in our cities, where those who well know the value of time and money, and of their own souls, are hazarding *all* against *nothing*—in the gaming-houses, where lights gleam out steadily, to attract the stranger and the young; in halls that, could they speak, would relate many a sad tale of ruin within their precincts.

It is said that nowhere, in Christian lands, is the name of God so lightly spoken as about the gaming-table. The unhappy victim of cards and dice loses his reason when the game is near an issue. What is it to him that he learned to love and reverence the name of his Heavenly Father, when pronounced by his mother's earnest voice in the innocent time of his childhood! He cares for naught but the game! If decided against him, what imprecations does he call down upon himself! What blasphemies does he utter against the Lord of Heaven! Such as would make all, but ears accustomed to such awful sounds, deaf to hear them.

This, at least, never occurs with the Indian. Even were he so inclined, his language does not yield him an oath. If there be a curse, it must lie uneasily in his heart, or look out from his flashing eye; in his own tongue, he may not utter it.

The reverence of the red man for things spiritual and divine, is much greater than that of his civilized brother. He never fails the opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to what is associated in his mind with the idea of the Great Spirit, or any of the less important gods. His fancy, superstitious though it be, loves to rest itself upon thoughts of his religion, and of the mysteries connected with it. As he travels among the lakes and rivers of his home, he is not insensible to the beauties provided for him by his gods. He admires the lofty mountain; as he passes under its shadow, he lights his pipe, offering it to the spirits that hover there. He recognizes everywhere a spiritual presence. The gamester in a Christian land is well aware that every idle word he utters, is heard by the ear of Omnipotence, naught escaping his all-pervading presence. Is he the more careful not to offend?

The aged Dacótas thus address the children about them: "Be careful, my children, to speak reverently of the spirits, and more so in the warm than in the cold season. For, when our lakes and rivers are covered with ice, and when the ground is white with snow, they cannot hear what we say;

our voices are shut out from them. But in the time when the woods are green, and the waters flow on from the mountains to the great seas, they hear all we say of them. The ears of the water-spirits are open when the ice is gone, and the fairies of the woods and of the rocks are about in the pleasant time. They listen to us as we talk of them, and if we offend them, they will bring to our lodges sickness, and bloodshed, and death. Be careful, then, my children, to speak reverently of the gods of your Nation."

SKINNING THE BUFFALO.

THE picture represents a dead buffalo, stretched out, resting on his fore knees, while two Indians commence to skin it, at the backbone. Women often assist in the operation. The skin is divided into two parts, and afterwards sewed together.

Three centuries ago, the Indians of the plains were observed by the Spaniards thus to take off the hide of the buffalo, and to cut up the carcass at the joints, with the aid of a piece of flint or obsidian attached to the end of a stick, which they did as easily as if a knife of steel had been used. They sharpened this stone on their teeth, with a rapidity truly remarkable.

The army of Coronado were amazed at the inconceivable number of bisons they met, as they marched over the country that is now called New Mexico, guided, or rather led astray, as they were, by the Indians, searching for gold. Once they came to a place where, in their efforts to escape from the Spaniards, so great a number of buffaloes fell into a ravine that they almost filled it up, and the rest passed over their bodies. In one place, where the Spaniards rested fifteen days, they killed five hundred males, without counting the cows. So excited did the strangers become in the chase, that many lost themselves in the woods, and were several days without being able to find their way back to the camp.

Some of the wild tribes of that period ate the meat of the buffalo raw, and drank the blood. To preserve the meat, they would cut it in very small pieces and dry it in the sun. Afterwards, they beat it almost to a powder. Thus prepared, it swelled greatly in the boiling; a handful, when so cooked, made a meal for one person.

When buffaloes are plenty, the choice parts are selected by the Indians, and the remainder left for the wolves; but when they are scarce, every part

is considered dainty eating, and then a sort of soup or broth is made of the blood. No salt is used in preserving the meat.

Mysterious and indissoluble appears to be the link uniting the fate of the Indian and the buffalo. While different tribes once roamed over and owned the entire country, vast herds of the latter overspread a large portion of it, and their numbers have diminished only as the others have wasted and disappeared. It is impossible to define the limits of the range of the buffalo, varying as it has, from different causes; yet we see, by the mention made of the animal by old authors, how immense was its extent. Early New England writers tell of "great herds of well-grown beasts, that live about the parts of Lake Ontario, such as the Christian world hath not been made acquainted with." They were met with in Virginia and in the Carolinas. Soto saw none in Florida, but the bison appears to have ranged in considerable numbers there (through Middle Florida), a hundred and fifty years ago. It was considered, in 1718, that the Spanish garrison at Fort San Marcos, on a failure of the stores, might subsist on the meat of the buffalo.

It is only in later years that they are said to be found west of the Rocky Mountains, yet there is a tradition extant among the Indians, that they were driven thence by the fires that devastated the plains, sending the buffaloes upon the prairies, from their ancient homes. In Newfoundland, in the year 1578, there were "mightie beasts, like to camels in greatness," yet there is no proof that they were the Bison Americanus, but, possibly, a large kind of oxen. Now, they are found in the region of the Upper Mississippi, and on the prairies of the Red River, still farther north. Vast numbers live between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, in Texas, and in New Mexico. Wanderers, like the red men, they are crossing the Rocky Mountains, making a home while they may, on the vast plains, where there is not to be found, as yet, the offensive presence of the white man. Unconsciously, as they go, they mark out a path by which they may be pursued and destroyed.

Greatly as their numbers are diminished, one can hardly realize, from description, how grand and imposing is the view, when the hunter, in the open air, with an appetite sharpened by great fatigue and scanty food, is in full pursuit of the animal he is intent upon destroying; when, suddenly, he sees dark masses of thousands of buffaloes pass before his sight, exulting in their freedom to roam untrammelled and unseen, striking with their heavy hoofs against the grassy ground, that emits sparks like fire from their tread.

The spectator, witnessing such a scene for the first time, doubts its reality, and feels like one overtaken with a sleep, that is mocking him with wild and exhilarating dreams.

Were the Indians accustomed to calculate for the future, they would be alarmed into the question: "What shall we do when the buffalo is no more to be found?" As it is, he boasts of the numbers that go and come at their own will. It is in keeping with his own views of society, the determined course of the animal in fleeing, as civilization advances towards him. Strange that he should witness such numbers of these animals, madly pursuing their way to a fearful precipice, over which they will dash to avoid pursuit, and not be reminded of a destruction that is surely awaiting his race. Such a thought must have entered the heart of more than one—yet to acknowledge it were to offer an insult to his feelings and his pride.

There is, among several of the western tribes, a tradition of the bison, that it was born of one of the mighty summits of the Rocky Mountains, and that the source, from which it is still prolific, can never be exhausted; for, when they seem to be diminishing, the mountain sends from its depths many thousands of buffaloes, that go forth, covering the prairies and lining the mountain passes, to the intent that the Indians may be fed and clothed as they have ever been.

"For," said an aged Indian, "we are nothing without the buffalo—it is our food, our raiment, our life. When there are no more buffaloes, there will be no more Indians."

Capt. S. Eastman U.S. Army

Pl. L

SCALP DANCE OF THE DACOTAHS

PUBLISHED BY LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO. PHILADA.

THE SCALP DANCE.

THE position that woman occupies among the savages of North America is so degrading, that white people regard her as a mere servant, bearing, by means of the fillet or forehead band, a heavy burden, or performing only menial offices in the family. As a wife and mother, we only contemplate her as rearing sons to defend and support the national honor, and daughters to be, like herself, slaves to a tyrant's will. Yet she has an influence; and sometimes it is as great as the injuries she receives, or the toil she endures.

In the records of Indian history that we possess, her name is not forgotten. There she stands, by the sea, weeping over the body of some beloved one, who, laid upon the bare rock, has been covered, not with the soft earth, but with stones, that, piled upon the object of her tears, hides it from her view. We see her in the forest, interposing her frail form to save from a horrible death, the prisoner who is without hope. We hear her lifting up her voice to weep, as the proud and cruel stranger wrests from her possession, for his own use, the articles that she has made for her family.

At one time we follow her, as she guides to a place of concealment some victim, for whom is preparing the fiery stake, and for whom are whetted sharp instruments of torture. At another, we watch her with her companions, guiding their canoes beneath a majestic mountain; they pause when under its shadow, and, turning tearful eyes to the summit, musical but sad are their voices, that unite in a lament for the dead, who, reposing beneath the crimson clouds of evening, have almost passed from the memory of their warrior friends, though still cherished in the loving heart of woman.

To-day, she lies in her lodge, patiently enduring an agony beyond that of death; to-morrow, feeble and still suffering, she is again at work, submissive to the will of the Great Spirit that has ordained her to suffer and to toil.

Adorned with glittering bracelets and strings of wampum, she is placing similar ornaments about the person of her child. But a little while, and she tears her garments, as from her eyes fall heavy tears, and from the wounds she has made on her arms, flow streams of blood. She takes from the cold brow of her babe a lock of hair, by which she will one day distinguish it in the happy land.

Once more we look upon her, as she stands relating to the braves who are assembled with intent of war, a prophetic dream. She tells them, this vision was sent by the Master of Life, who wills not that they should go forth; and their countenances darken as they lay down the spear and the shining tomahawk.

She is before us a bride, a mother, and a prophetess; a healer in sickness, an attendant on the savage camp. If there be scenes where we still see her, and from which we turn shuddering and dismayed, let us remember who and what she is!

The Dacótas assure us they are under the most solemn obligations to celebrate, frequently, the Scalp Dance. The women, old and young, put on their richest apparel, and, having assembled, form themselves in a large ring. Sometimes the scalps are carried on their shoulders; or, they are fastened to poles three or four feet long, placed in the ground, within the circle.

The scalp is colored with vermilion paint, or with red earth, and is gaudily trimmed with ribbons, feathers, and beads, or any ornaments at hand; it is then stretched over a hoop.

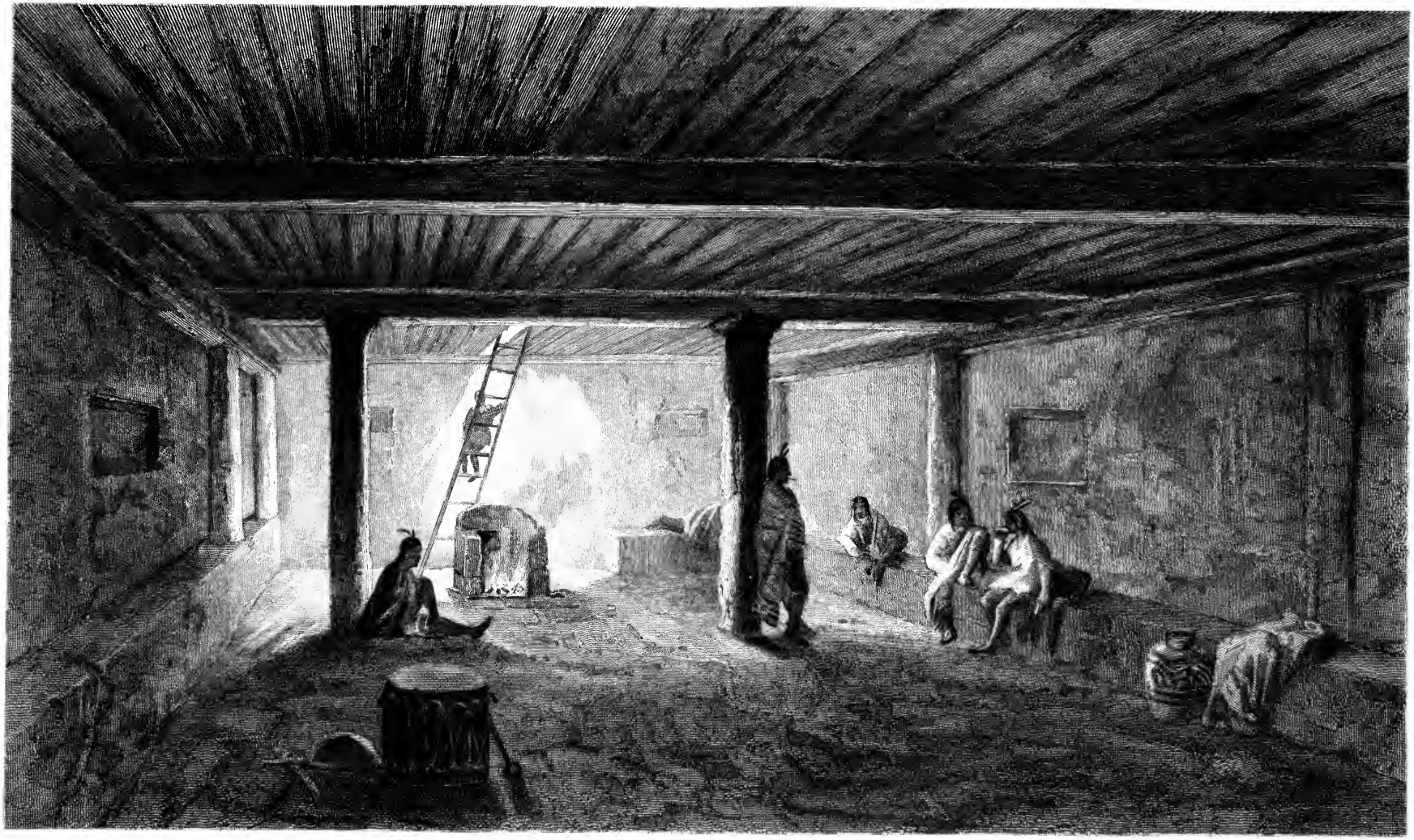
A little distance from the circle are seated the musicians. One has a drum, another has a notched bone in his left hand, that rests on a tin pan. Holding another bone in his right hand, he draws it over the notches, making discordant music. The musicians are jugglers or medicine men.

At a signal, the women begin to dance. They press shoulder to shoulder and go around the scalps in concentric circles, in groups of four, or as many as twelve. They sing in time with the medicine men, and whenever a stroke of the drum is given, each woman raises herself to her utmost height. The same step is preserved throughout the dance—hopping and sliding to the left.

After a period of dancing, there is an interval of rest; during which one of the squaws comes forward, and in an energetic manner describes the

death of a husband, son, or brother. She dwells on his courage, his virtues, his sufferings. Now her eyes flash with the excitement called forth by the strongest wish for revenge; but soon her voice fails, with remembrances so sad. She rallies—for it is a sacred custom in which she is engaged—springing forward, she exclaims: "Whose scalp have I now on my shoulders?" Then the women join with her in raising a wild shout, and they form again for the dance, after which there is another period of rest, and another woman addresses the crowd, in mingled tones of passion and of woe. Again a fearful cry, and once more begins the dance. All this is continued until other occupations engage the attention of the Indians. Then the scalps are either buried, or placed on the funereal scaffolds of the families of the warriors who took them.

There are many Indian dances in which women are not permitted to take a part, and some which they dare not witness. Yet, from the time that a woman is old enough to marry, she exercises a power; and when to a strong will she unites talents of a high order, her opinions and advice are received on occasions of the utmost importance to the public welfare.



ESTUFAS.

In the houses of the Indians of New Mexico were subterranean rooms, called by the Spaniards "estufas," that were, in their effects, sudatories, or air-baths. They were exclusively allotted to the men. In the middle of each apartment was a fire, sufficient to keep up an equal degree of heat, which was fed with wild thyme and dried grass. The forms of the estufas were either round or square, and of very unequal dimensions. The ceiling, which was on a level with the ground, was supported by pine pillars, and the pavement was of smooth stones.

When the country was first visited by the Spaniards, the estufas were used by the inhabitants, as they still are, for political and religious purposes. There are two in the town of Jemez. They are of stone, and can only be entered at the roof, which is flat. On the walls are paintings of the animals, birds, and plants of the country. Lieutenant Simpson visited them recently, accompanied by an Indian, the governor of the town. Hosta called them the churches of Montezuma, and said that, in the spring, the inhabitants assembled there to chant, praying for rain, and at different times to ask him for all that they needed. On the walls were representations of the sun and moon, and of lightning; and two human figures, with trumpets at their mouths, the adjutants of Montezuma, were said to be calling for rain. Another Indian of the place stated that the people worshipped the sun, because "he governs the world;" and they preferred the hour of his rising for their adorations, and that they would rather their own priests, than the fathers, should perform the ceremonies of religion, for that the Catholic faith had been forced upon them by the Spaniards.

An estufa, the ruins of which are to be seen in the pueblo of Hungo Pavie, had probably four stories. Quantities of broken pottery strew the ground, the brilliant colors of which only, of all the poor laborer has done

there, time has not touched. The interior was neatly lined with stone, large and small alternating, giving the appearance of mosaic work. This, like other estufas, had no outlet for smoke, nor particular place designed on which the fire should be made.

According to Castañeda, in the large and powerful village of Braba was the most remarkable estufa. It was built on both sides of a river, across which bridges were thrown of pine timber. The buildings were supported by stone pillars, each two fathoms in circumference and two in height. Generally they had but four columns. The floors were laid with large polished stones, and resembled those in the baths of Europe. The women never entered, and only approached them to carry food to their husbands or sons.

We picture to our own minds scenes that may have occurred in this estufa; scenes in which the Indians, now earth and ashes, then full of the vigor of life, enacted their parts. Fearing an attack from the barbarous Apaches, or Teyans, they assemble in the estufa, there to consult as to the surest means of defence, and to perform the ceremonies of religion. The dim light falls on serious and determined countenances, on the polished pave and pictured walls. There are assembled the old men and the wise, and to their words the younger warriors listen with respectful and eager attention. Rays from the never-ceasing fire flash to meet the sparkling eye, that is more than usually bright when the orator declares that the arrows which have been planted about the temple must be plucked up to defend them from their invaders. Deep and solemn notes of a drum direct the forms of procedure that exist in their councils. Tuneful and loud is the chant from united voices, and the ancient men beat time, that the music may accord as perfectly as the feeling that animates each breast.

An interval follows of repose, by the command of the cacique; then, timing his actions to his words, he leads them to the bridge over which they are to pass on the way to the opposite building. The sun, shining upon their garments of crimson and of blue, makes the solemn procession look gayly as it moves along; spears glance in the light, and the many-colored feathers on the mantas wave with the motion made by every step. Their solemn aspect is not a little changed; for, as the light of their god beams upon them, hope animates their features, and makes elastic the touch of their footsteps as they prepare to enter, in becoming order, the council-house.

The ladder being placed against the wall, they ascend, and, stepping across the roof, go down through the only entrance to the room below. Here we may not accompany them, for we know not the ceremonies of the dance or of the feast. The mystery of their offerings cannot be revealed to our view; the dull murmur of their prayers comes to us in an unknown tongue. The traditions there recorded by their ancient men may never be repeated in our hearing; nor the symbols that they employed in the services of their religion be rendered to our understanding. The vases once stored with their gems and most precious treasures are now broken, and lie about on the earth, emblems of the sad havoc that time and war have made in a people that once flourished, in numbers and in strength, on the very spot where now is desolation.

The Great House of Montezuma, one of the "Casas Grandes," of which many lie in ruins in New Mexico, is situated about a league south of the River Gila. It is currently said that, some five hundred years ago, the Mexicans, in their wanderings from the northward, paused here and laid its foundation; a theory of history that appears to be popular rather than exact. The building stands precisely with regard to the four cardinal points, and forms a perfect square. It was, probably, inclosed by a wall, and there are remains of watch-towers at its corners. The interior walls are four feet thick, and the exterior are six. The material is red earth, the wood-work being of pine. The ceilings were of beams of cedar, and the walls within were so highly finished that they shone like the finest pottery. There was a cellar below, and the height of the whole was three or four stories. The house was lighted on the east and west sides by small round holes, out of which, according to Indian tradition, a hundred years ago, "The Bitter Man," at the rising and setting of the sun, offered salutations. There are the ruins of a large canal leading up to the main edifice from the river. It once wound about the town, and not only served the purpose of irrigation, but could be used as a moat for defence. About half a league from it is a lake, so deep that it is sounded with difficulty. The inhabitants are said to have had many and fearful battles with the neighboring wild tribes. Either side lost vast numbers of warriors, and the people were dispersed and destroyed; and the great house fell, at last, under the repeated attacks of the Apaches of the plains.

These large red houses, the Chichilti-Cali, were, without doubt, the

work of the Indians of New Mexico, those who lived in towns. The traditions of "The Bitter Man," who saluted the sun from the circular windows, may have been confounded with Montezuma, of whom they could only have heard from the Spaniards, or, more probably, the Indians who accompanied them from the distant south. The Aztecs never built these houses. Their language, their art, their religion are dissimilar. Many people succeeded each other in the sway of Mexico, before its conquest by Cortéz; but the Indians of the towns in New Mexico, were probably born, as a nation, where they have ever lived since. As in the instances of the Casas Grandes, some were destroyed or driven from their fortresses by the fierce and wild tribes of the plains, that, after destroying one town, began to assault another. The traditions of the Indians regarding their religion, are mingled with legends of the monks who came among them, three hundred years ago, and who brought from Spain and from Mexico ideas that were adopted by the natives, and placed beside those which they had got from their forefathers; for it must be remembered that the Mexicans knew not of the existence of the pueblos, and the Indians of the pueblos were equally ignorant of the Aztecs and their history. The father, Pedro Font, in his diary of 1775, speaks of the character of the earthenware, which lay broken about this Casa of Montezuma; some of it was coarse, and other colored in a variety of tints, and in great quantities; indicating the existence there, once, of a large population, and distinct from the Pimas of the Gila, as those then living there knew not how to make like ware. Neither were the Apaches acquainted with the art, but similar pottery is found among the Moquis, who, after building and inhabiting this Casa Grande, may have been driven thence by more powerful enemies, to establish themselves where they are living at the present day. The Casas Grandes may therefore be considered the work of the same people whose descendants are now living in the pueblos of New Mexico.

At the present day, when the Indians of the towns have been out on a war excursion, it is their custom, on returning to the village, to go at once to the estufa, where they dance and carouse, sometimes for several days before they see their families. When there is public business to be transacted, the cacique of the village collects the principal men in the estufa, and discussions take place, the majority deciding as to the result. What passes here is never to be divulged outside the walls; neither can a stranger be admitted to the council. A secret watch is appointed to observe the

conduct of the Indians of the village, and if anything occurs contrary to their laws, it is reported to the council at the estufa, and measures to reprove and to prevent recurrence are immediately taken.

Most of the Indians of the towns call themselves the descendants of Montezuma, although they are little likely to have heard of that monarch before the time of the Spaniards. Gregg gives a touching account of the dwindling away of the Pecos tribe, which had been reduced to a few persons who joined the Pueblo of Jemez.

These Pecos had a tradition that appears to have had its origin about the time that Vargas was attempting the reconquest of the country, in the year 1692. Montezuma had kindled a sacred fire, enjoining them never to let it go out, until he should come to deliver them from the Spanish yoke; and they believed that he would return at some time with the rising of the sun. So the Indians would assemble at early dawn, watching with the greatest interest the crimson light that heralded the approach of their god, hoping he would not come unattended, but that the princely Montezuma would advance at the same moment.

The sacred fire was watched and fed, and the hearts of the poor Indians would not fail, though their numbers decreased at each inroad of the enemy. Night came, and day; the warriors took their turns, and, while watching, neither ate nor drank. Old men looked at the embers that they darkened not in the ashes, and young men stood by, hoping, for the young are too apt to hope, that the time of their deliverance was near. Days and years went on, and fewer became the number of the watchers; for their enemies were aware of their weakness, and they sorely beset them in their homes; yet the fire still burned on the floor of the estufa, and the old and feeble men yet watched—their eyes growing dim with protracted wakefulness, and their hearts sick within them from hope deferred. They waited, and grew weaker every day. More than once the warriors came to relieve one who still sat before the glowing embers, his arms crossed upon a bosom, within which hope had died, stilling, in its decline, the throbbings of life, that had been wearing less and less strong, until they ceased forever.

The warriors were few, but still they watched, and the strongest hoped. No longer could they go forth to meet their enemies; yet they fought bravely in their towns, fancying that the morn would show them a champion who should make them free.

Upon the terraced roofs would linger the young mother and her child, and the aged woman. They never despaired, and though they were not permitted to enter the estufa, and see the fire that their warriors guarded, it was their privilege to stand at morn and at eve, adoring their god, who, departing each night from their view, permitted them to trust in a redemption that would yet make them happy.

Still less became the number of those who watched, and their strength was only weakness. Darkness veiled their sight; the last red embers of the sacred fire expiring, there was no more hope for those who remained. They turned disconsolate from their homes, and went into other parts. Their name was blotted out, when the ashes of the sacred fire lay cold within the deserted estufa.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO IN WINTER.

If the snow be very deep, or unless a crust has formed upon its surface, almost useless are the efforts of the Indian hunter to kill the buffalo in winter. But if the snow be frozen, it is easy to do so, for then the animal finds great difficulty in running from his pursuers; his short limbs and immense weight make him, in a deep, hard snow, excessively clumsy. The icy particles cut him, and he falls from his awkwardness, drops of blood staining the white ground in his track. The hunter has on snow-shoes; he passes swiftly along, with spear or arrow, to accomplish his design.

In winter, the buffalo feeds upon the dead grass, that is sometimes entirely covered up with snow, which the animal strokes away with his nose.

The skin, when taken in winter, is better than at any other season; for then the hair is long and thick, though not so fine and silky as in autumn. When taken in summer, it is rarely used, not being considered good. Almost all the robes that are purchased, are from the female buffalo. Those from the male are so tough and thick, that the Indians do not dress them.

The savages believe the white buffalo, that is not often seen, possesses a supernatural power. They cut off its head, and place it in their lodge, making it a household deity.

A trader, forced by circumstances to remain in the Indian country, observed a hunter take a dog in his arms; tying his feet together, he threw it into the river. While the dog was drowning, the savage addressed a prayer to the Great Spirit. He implored him to bless with success his efforts in the chase, during the long winter that was then setting in. The trader lived with this Indian, and, accompanying him on his hunting excursions, could

observe, and, in many instances, could share, the pleasure and danger of his adventures.

Deer are easily killed in the winter, when the surface of the snow is frozen. The crust breaks under their feet, cutting their limbs severely, and thus retarding the rapidity of their movements.

The raccoon is frequently hunted in the cold season. It comes forth from its hiding-place after sunset, and, when followed, is obliged to take refuge in a tree; not being a swift runner, it is easily overtaken. Its place of refuge is discovered by noticing the tracks in the snow.

In hunting the beaver, the Indian passes many of the short winter days. He says these animals were once a people, possessing many remarkable faculties, and endowed with language. The Great Spirit, fearing they would become superior to man, took from them the gift of speech. The remarkable skill shown by these little animals in the construction of their houses, as well as in their efforts to elude the arts of the hunters, has given them a high rank in the estimation of the Indians, who have many peculiar and amusing notions concerning them.

The savages told Henry, the English trader, that some of the beavers do not build habitations, but go off to themselves, living in holes; these had a name given them by the Indians, answering to the expression "old bachelors." They stated the beaver to be constant and devoted to his mate; and if a strange male approaches the dwelling, he becomes so furiously jealous, that a violent conflict ensues. The object of the strife looks calmly on, and is content to remain with the victor.

The most remarkable incident that came before the observation of Henry, on these hunting expeditions, was the killing of a bear.

In the trunk of a large tree the animal lay concealed; the opening was in the top of the tree. Early one morning, men and women surrounded it with their axes, toiling away until sunset. More than half of another day was thus passed, before the tree fell to the ground. A few minutes after, a bear of the largest size came out of the opening, and was instantly shot.

All the Indians approached the animal, feigning the deepest sorrow. They begged its forgiveness for having killed it, urging their necessities as an excuse for the act. An old woman lifted up the head, stroked and kissed it, called the bear her grandmother, using terms of endearment.

Then, after many apologies, accompanied by tears, the savages set to work to draw off the skin; afterwards they cut up the flesh, and extracted a quantity of oil. One of them bore the head of the bear to his lodge, where it was adorned with all the family ornaments. Wampum and silver bracelets were put upon it, and tobacco was placed near the nose. Preparations were made for a great feast, and one of the Indians made an address to the spirits of the dead. He lamented that, in this life, the red man was sometimes obliged to destroy his friends. As an excuse, he pleaded poverty, saying: "How can we subsist without doing so?" With this speech, the formalities were concluded, and the whole company ate a hearty meal.

At an early hour, the Indian hunter goes forth to seek the buffalo or the deer, in winter. He watches for the tracks, and, when found, he closely follows them. Before him glistens a frozen sea; not a shrub is in sight; at evening, there is still the white snow and the cold-looking sky. When it is dark, he is fortunate if within his reach is a small tree, from which he can break off branches. He lights a fire, and takes some nourishment; he melts the snow, if he be thirsty, and, after smoking, rests, and then pursues his way.

Capt S. Eastman, U. S. Army Del.

RUINS OF OLD FORT MACKANACK, 1763.

FORT MACKINAW.

In the eighteenth century, numerous and very warlike Indians lived in the region of the northern lakes. The Ottawas, the Chippewas, and the Pottawatamies were found along the left bank of the Saint Lawrence River, when the French established themselves there for the purpose of trade. They had migrated from the east, coming together as far as Lake Huron, where they separated. The Ottawas remained in the neighborhood, but the two other tribes went to the northwest.

After the settlement of Detroit, in July of the year 1701, the Ottawas received an impression from the English, whom some of the chiefs had visited at Albany, that the French intended to subdue them. In consequence, they ventured upon acts of hostility towards the people of Detroit, and, finally, attacked the town. Finding themselves, in the end, unable to defeat the French, they concluded to make a peace, and remained, ever after, their firm friends and constant allies. In 1760, the French abandoned their stations to the English, and from that hour began to be developed, in the person of an Indian chief, a character such as has not been surpassed by any that has appeared in the history of the race: a prodigy of wisdom, valor, and energy. In his love of one family of the whites, in his hatred of another, and in his steadfast patriotism, are to be found his prominent proportions. He possessed all those traits that enforce from the savage affections supreme homage, while the more cultivated minds of civilization acknowledged the qualities of superior intellect.

It was with the deepest chagrin that Pontiac saw the French, who had long lived in his country, displaced by another nation. He exerted every influence that he possessed—eloquence, personal attractions, and high talents—to induce the other Indians to unite with his tribe in an effort to expel the English from their midst.

Major Rogers commanded the first English force that ever penetrated into the country of the Ottawas. While on his route to garrison Detroit, he was met by some of these Indians, accompanied by chiefs of other tribes. Their object was to tell him that Pontiac was on his way to visit him, as "he wished to see him with his own eyes." These messengers said that "their master was king and lord of the country which the English had now entered." Major Rogers accordingly stopped, and ere long the princely savage made his appearance. He asked them majestically, "how dare they enter his country without his permission?" The English protested against any design to injure the Indians, but said they intended to remove the French from the country. Pontiac fiercely replied: "I stand in thy path until the morning," giving the officer, at the same time, a string of wampum. The Major concluded it was safest to wait the pleasure of the chief, and the latter was softened and gratified at his determination. He asked the English commander if there were anything he wanted in *his* country? Rogers mentioned their need of provisions, offering to pay for them, and the next morning parched corn was brought. At another meeting, Pontiac smoked with the English, and gave them permission to pass through the country, promising to protect them from his own, and other tribes. This promise was faithfully kept, and the strangers felt the advantage of having so powerful a friend.

It is not easy to assure ourselves of the causes of difference that afterwards occurred to bring on hostilities between the English and the Indians. Pontiac had never acknowledged any allegiance to the British sovereign. He called him uncle, while he applied the title of father to the French monarch. He said, that though the English had conquered the French, they had not subdued the Indians. He complained that the English had "neglected those circumstances which made the neighborhood of the French agreeable." He knew that colonies of the English at the south had subdued, and sometimes destroyed, the natives in their homes, and he recognized the new comers as the same people. He could not but observe the superiority of the English arms over their own, and the fact that they had conquered the French, suggested to him the possibility that they might subjugate the Indians also. He saw them anxious to establish themselves in important positions about the lakes, and his reflective mind argued the consequences. He warned the English that though he was inclined to live peaceably with

them, while they used him as he deserved, and he wished them to settle in his country, yet he intimated that if they treated him with neglect, he would "shut up the way."

Pontiac, probably, never became interested in the English as a people. He had learned to love the French, and he felt, in their behalf, as a friend feels towards a friend who has received injuries from a stranger.

The Jesuit fathers, whom the French had sent to the Ottawas, were still among them. These nations had often assembled together in council, had exchanged presents, and professed a mutual good feeling. The manners of the English differed from the French. They seemed concerned only to advance their own interests, and Pontiac concluded that, to secure the welfare of his people, he would fulfil the threat he had made to the stranger, and *shut up the way.*

The French had yielded to the English against the wishes and remonstrances of the Indians. Pontiac endeavored afterwards to induce them to unite with him against a common foe, and at their refusal he was highly indignant, telling them they could not be neutral; they must be either entirely French, or entirely English; if the one, he was their friend; if the other, their enemy.

Yet was not the chief discouraged; perceiving that the Indians must battle unaided their own cause, his spirit roused itself to an energy almost superhuman.

He determined to attack, simultaneously, all the stations of the British on the Lakes, and those at Niagara, Presque Isle, Le Bœuf, Verango, and Pittsburg. These posts overlooked the roads of communication with "the world of woods and waters, in the remote north and west." He hoped that by allowing his enemies no time for preparation or communication, their slight defences might be destroyed, and he would again be supreme in control over the country of his inheritance. He had then "the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it." Confident of the justice of his cause, he was almost as certain of its success.

He assembled his own people and disclosed his plan; exerting his extraordinary genius to appeal to their pride and love of country. He used every argument to show the necessity of expelling the English from the soil without delay. His people hesitated not to adopt his views. Like him,

they hated the English, and loved the French; and they feared the decline of their own power as a nation, should the English be permitted to pursue their present policy.

He next convened in council the other tribes. He related the vision of a Lenâpe, in which the Great Spirit had appeared, and dictated to the Indian, in his sleep, the course he willed his red children to pursue. They were no longer to trade with the English, and they were to resume their ancient style of clothing, and the use of the bow and arrow; above all, they were to refuse the intoxicating drink so frequently offered to them. The Great Spirit, in the dream, concluded his admonitions to them by saying: "Why do you suffer these dogs in red clothing to enter your country, and take the land I have given you? Drive them from it! Drive them! When you are in distress, I will help you."

The result of this council was a league of the tribes of the Lakes, and its placing itself under the control of Pontiac, to work out his will. Added to these were the Indians of New York and a number of the Delawares, some of whom came also from Ohio. A proper estimate of the courage and energy of Pontiac can be arrived at, when we consider that he proposed to destroy, at once, all the English stations from Green Bay to Niagara, and southward to the Potomac River.

The appointed time came, at which was to be put in execution the great design. The posts everywhere were attacked, almost all of them on the same day; nine were taken. Some were able to resist until reinforcements arrived; but the most dreadful atrocities were committed throughout the country, that have ever been recorded. Indian strategy and cunning were employed in the subjugation of several of the stations, with perfect success. Thatcher, in his Indian Biography, records the artifice of a woman of the Miamies, who went to the commanding officer of the military station among them, and, "by piteous entreaties, persuaded him to go out with her some two hundred yards, to the succor, as she said, of a wounded man, who was dying. The Indians waylaid and shot him."

The old fort of Michilimackinac was situated on the south side of the straits of the same name, between Lakes Huron and Michigan. The Indians saw the importance of destroying it; for there the traders were constantly resting, in going up to, and coming down from Montreal. There, too, were kept large quantities of goods, and it would be impossible for the

English to carry on their trade advantageously, without the control of this position. So that all the strength and policy of the savages were put forth on the occasion of its assault.

The picture represents the situation of the fort. It was built by Louis Hennepin and a party of Canadian fur traders. They were charmed with the noble country they were traversing; its forests filled with giant trees, its rivers and lakes abounding with the finest fish, the woods filled with birds of great size and beauty, while everywhere, on the plains and in the valleys' nooks, stalked the stag, the wild turkey, and the bear. "They," said Hennepin, "who shall be so happy as to inhabit this country, cannot but remember, with gratitude, those who led the way." Could he, as he directed the laying of the logs for the building of the fort at Michilimackinac, have foreseen among the many horrors of after time, the single fearful destruction of his fabric, would he have abandoned his work in sorrow, or with less enthusiasm have pursued it

There lived in the neighborhood at that time, an Indian chief; and from an island near, which presented somewhat the shape of a turtle, he received his name, Mackinac, which became also that of the fort.

Thick, like the trees in the dense forests, came the red men, to utterly destroy the English inhabitants. Pontiac showed a remarkable military skill in his arrangements for that conflict. The English were, as yet, strangers in the land, and were not prepared to carry on a war. By his plan of operations, the chief, if he did not ultimately drive away the intruders, made their situation intolerable, by the infliction of many cruelties. The English, in their garrison at Fort Mackinaw, were unsuspicious of any danger, while the Indians were maturing their plans to destroy them. A Chippewa chief, who had received some favor from the English, sent word to the commanding officer, that "he had been disturbed by the noise of evil birds." This, and other warnings of danger were disregarded, and the massacre of the garrison was the consequence.

The Indians had assembled to celebrate their ball-play, a game that is popular with all native nations of North America. On this occasion, the Chippewas were to play with the Sacs for a high wager; each party trying to throw the ball away from its own post or line, over the adversary's, and the Indians agreed beforehand to throw it, as if by accident, over the pickets of the fort, and thus, in pursuing it, effect an entrance there by stratagem,

when the English might be surprised and cut off. The plan was successful; soon the terrific war-cry was heard, succeeding the animating shouts that accompanied the performance of the game. The commandant and most of the officers were without the pickets, intent on the amusement; the men, incapable of united action without the officers, could do nothing that would avail in this dreadful emergency. Many of them were scalped while living, and the most horrible scenes followed each other, in quick succession. The French inhabitants beheld all without risk or fear of danger to themselves, but did not dare to assist, or even petition in favor of the English sufferers.

Henry, who had hidden himself in the house of a Frenchman, witnessed through an aperture in the wall, the foul and horrible butcheries, the ferocious and mad triumphs of the savages. In a very short time, every one that could be found was slain; then, a dreadful cry arose from the Indians, "All is finished." Intoxicated with the blood of their enemies, they only ceased to slay when there were no more victims.

The trader escaped through the personal attachment of an Indian, but he endured unparalleled sufferings. Before the massacre of the garrison, he was aware that the Indians were hostile to the English; but the commandant felt no fear, having a force of ninety privates and two subalterns under his command. There were also four English merchants present; and, thus assisted, he felt strong enough to defend the fort.

Henry testifies to the attachment felt for the French by the Indians, and to their indignation towards those who supplanted them. When establishing himself at Mackinaw as a trader, a party of sixty Chippewas came to his house, headed by Mina-va-va-na, their chief. They walked in Indian file, having in one hand a tomahawk, in the other a scalping-knife. They were without clothing, their bodies painted in various patterns with white clay. Some had feathers through their noses, and their appearance was at once solemn and frightful.

The chief told the trader that the English were brave, and were not afraid of death, since they dared to come among their enemies; and he thus formally addressed him:—

"Englishman! it is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention!

"Englishman! you know that the French king is our father. He promised to be such, and we, in return, promised to be his children. This promise we have kept.

"Englishman! it is you that have made war with this, our father. You are his enemy, and how, then, could you have the boldness to venture among us, his children? you know that his enemies are ours.

"Englishman! we are informed that our father, the King of France, is old and infirm, and that, being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he is fallen asleep. During his sleep, you have taken advantage of him, and have possessed yourselves of Canada. But his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring, and inquiring for his children, the Indians; and when he does awake, what must become of you? He will destroy you utterly.

"Englishman! although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and mountains were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none."

Shocking as are the details of the massacre of Fort Mackinaw, there occurred, at the time, incidents that are pleasingly illustrative of Indian character. It is well known how superstitious are all our aborigines, and how much influence a dream will have upon their conduct for a time, and often, during life. The trader just mentioned, tells of an Indian named Wá-wá-tán, who often visited him, from the period of his arrival at Mackinaw, and who showed him kindness that could only have sprung from a personal regard. He brought his wife and children to introduce to him, and made him several valuable presents. Once, he told Henry that, some time before, he had performed a severe fast, according to the custom of his people, and hoped that, through this self-denial, he should secure from the Great Spirit a special protection. While fasting, he had a dream, and in it he seemed to have adopted an Englishman as a son and brother. In the person of Henry, Wá-wá-tán declared he saw the English brother designated by the Great Spirit, and he said that he should always regard him as one of his own family.

Before the massacre, Wá-wá-tán, who had been absent for some time, came to Henry, sad and thoughtful, entreating him to leave his house, and come with him to his lodge and live. This the trader refused to do, as his interests would have suffered from such a course. The next day Wá-wá-tán returned with his wife, both entreating him to go home with them, giving various reasons, which were not of sufficient importance to induce him

to give up his business. The Indians offered him presents, urging him with dejected countenances to accede to their wishes, and using figurative language, that intimated great danger if he remained.

The love of money often overcomes personal fear; and Henry, who chose to remain, sold the very implements to the Indians that they used against the English; so that his friends withdrew reluctantly, and not without tears. Ultimately, the trader owed his life to them. Wá-wá-tán had pledged his word to the Indians not to betray their plot, and they had given him permission to save the life of his friend. After the massacre, Henry was taken prisoner, and while expecting death momentarily, Wá-wá-tán and his wife entered the lodge where he sat, watched by his captors. They brought with them presents, and laid them before the chiefs. Then Wá-wá-tán eloquently addressed them:—

"Friends and relations," he began, "what is it I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends, and brothers and children, whom, as yourselves, you love; and you—what would you experience, did you, like me, behold your dearest friend—your brother—in the condition of a slave; a slave exposed every moment to insult, and to menaces of death? See there! my friend and brother, among slaves—himself a slave!

"You all well know that, long before the war began, I adopted him as a brother. From that moment he became one of my family, so that no change of circumstances could break the cord that fastened us together. He is my brother, and because I am your relation, he is therefore your relation too; and how, being your relation, can he be your slave?"

The captive was given up to Wá-wá-tán, who took him to his lodge, where he was received with joy by the whole family, and, through their continued regard and protection, he escaped the horrors and death that befell so many of his friends.

The old fort at Mackinaw continued, for some time afterwards, to be a rendezvous for the Indians, the scene of their brutal murders and horrible revels; while Pontiac, the instigator of its destruction, was carrying out, in other places, his plans, evincing in every movement a wonderful skill, and as ardent a patriotism as ever fired the heart of man.

Drawn by Capt S Eastman U S A

MICHILIMACKINAC.

THE influence of Pontiac over the Indians, can only be ascribed to the natural gift of mind that he possessed. He performed no heroic deeds, to surprise into admiration and respect his fellow-men. No Indian ever exerted so remarkable a power as he; it continued during his life, and it was felt long after his death. Without the eloquence of Red Jacket, his language was nervous; and his sentiments, and the utterance of them, were so fearless that he had only to speak, and be obeyed. His was not a spirit to brook an insult, nor to delay revenge; yet he took no delight in deeds of blood. He was generous and honorable; and in reviewing his history with that of the times in which he lived, we have no reason to doubt that his course towards the English was impelled by an ardent love of country, and not by the delight in sanguinary warfare that has always characterized the red men.

Pontiac endeavored to reduce Detroit—the most important position occupied by the English—in person. There were one hundred and thirty persons in the garrison; and, knowing that no danger could be suspected there from him, he hoped to carry it at a blow, by stratagem. Accordingly, he marched to the gates of the town, accompanied by three hundred of his men, and asked to see the officer in command. Each warrior carried under his blanket a rifle, sawed off so short as to be easily concealed. The understanding among the Indians was, that at the moment Pontiac should present the officer with a belt of wampum in a particular manner, they should commence to massacre, and directly open the gates to their fellows, who were to be in waiting on the outside. The pillage promised to be great; for there were stored in Detroit a large quantity of valuable goods at that time.

The compassion of an Indian woman arrested this bold design. The evening before the appointed day for putting it in practice, she brought to

the fort a pair of moccasins for Major Gladwin, the commandant. He paid her handsomely, and ordered others of the same sort to be made. The woman seemed unwilling to leave; but would not tell the servant why she lingered. When the officer observed her conduct, and asked her the cause of her tarrying, she said that he had always been kind to her, and that she did not wish to take away the elk skin for making him more moccasins, lest she should never be able to deliver them to him. Nor did she stop until she had disclosed the plot that was ripe for the destruction of the white men.

While the voices of the Indians, carousing and dancing, were heard outside of the garrison through the night, active preparations were making within against morning for the reception of Pontiac. Hardly had it dawned when the warning of the woman was confirmed; for, from the distance, came the loud songs of the Indians, as they celebrated their war-dance. Then they proceeded to the garrison, and asked for admittance. They were suffered to enter, and as they wished to meet the officers in council, they were at once conducted to the place set apart for the purpose.

Pontiac observed the great order and attention that existed among the troops, as he, with his warriors, passed through the town; and he spoke of this to the British officer, who replied that it was necessary always to keep up a certain military precision.

When arrived at the council-house, the chieftain, impatient of any delay, addressed the commander. His language, always strong, was now fierce and menacing, and his eye was vivid with an expression that better denoted the feeling of that soul than the words that sprang from his lips. His warriors listened with intense interest, and as they gazed upon the belt of wampum in the hands of their leader, their countenances showed their keen desire to discover the appointed time to strike. It had nearly arrived, when, as the language of Pontiac grew more vehement, and his hands were extended, ready to proffer the wampum, suddenly was heard the roll of the drum; and at the same moment the swords of the British officers were drawn from their scabbards, and the bayonets of the guard were levelled at the Indians. Even the brave, proud Pontiac trembled; his countenance lost its vigorous, fiery expression; his voice, its fierce, insolent tone. Instead of adopting the concerted form of presenting the wampum, the signal agreed upon, he handed it to Major Gladwin in an ordinary way. The commandant ap-

proached the Ottawa, and, drawing aside his blanket, pointed to his rifle; then, upbraiding him with deceit and perfidy, he ordered him from the fort. The chief passed out silently with his warriors; but, having attained the outside of the garrison, they fired upon it, filling the air with hideous yells. Disappointed in their stratagem, the Indians made up for the failure by destroying the English settlers in the neighborhood.

When Pontiac was reproached by the young men for not giving the signal, he said that he did not wish to put in jeopardy the lives of any of his warriors; but he promised that, if they chose to venture, he would give them an opportunity of showing their courage. He then sent word to Major Gladwin, in order to wipe away every cause of suspicion, that he would bring all his old and young men to take him by the hand, and added to this many protestations of friendship. On the next day, sixty-four canoes of Indians landed near the fort, and sent messengers to the commandant, asking admission to hold a council. The request was refused to admit them all, but permission was given to forty or fifty to come in. The messengers returned to the other Indians, and for a time they appeared to be discussing what course they would pursue. The result was, they left hastily, with many wild and dreadful shouts of vengeance. More English settlers fell under the blow of the tomahawk; and Pontiac, neither discouraged nor discomfited, vigorously prepared to besiege the garrison—a remarkable event in the annals of Indian warfare.

The English, while making every effort for defence, were oppressed with the most gloomy forebodings of their fate. They saw the Indians constantly swelling in numbers, and were concealing themselves behind the houses and barns of the town, and firing upon them. They had but three weeks' provisions in the fort—allowing each person a small quantity for a day; so that they determined to embark in two large vessels that lay off in the water, and endeavor to reach Niagara.

The French settlers, who from long intercourse with the Indians knew perfectly their peculiarities, assured Major Gladwin that Pontiac would not think of storming the fort. The English, notwithstanding, proposed terms of peace, through the French residents; and the leader desired that Major Campbell and another officer might come out to talk with him in his camp. The officers volunteered to accede to his wishes, and thus, having placed themselves in his power, they were made prisoners. The chief then made

proposals to the English that they should lay down their arms and surrender, which being refused, hostilities were directly recommenced against the garrison.

Many and severe were the privations sustained during the siege. All the soldiers were kept on the alert, sleeping in their clothes. The Indians in their camp, a mile and a half from the fort, continued their war songs, and to profit by every opportunity of annoying their enemies.

Troops were sent from Niagara to strengthen the command at the fort. Pontiac saw them approach, and his warriors met and massacred them with unparalleled cruelties. A vessel approached with stores, having fifty men concealed in the hold, which the Indians attempted to board from their canoes, when, at a signal from the captain, the men rushed from their hiding-places and fired upon them. They fled in confusion, having many killed and wounded. The vessel safely reached the fort.

Pontiac made every effort to destroy vessels; but the English were becoming experienced in Indian strategy. While the savages constructed rafts to the intent of firing them, that they might float down and consume the vessels, the English took measures that prevented the success of the plan.

Of the two officers who went out to talk with the chief, one of them escaped. Campbell was killed without the permission of the chief, much to his regret; he condemned the act as disgraceful, and for some time made every exertion to apprehend the murderer.

Pontiac, who felt certain of driving the English from the country, imparted to the Indians all of his fervor; but, after failing in the siege of Detroit, the warriors perceived they could not cope with the whites, and even their leader appears to have lost much of his confidence. The tribes that had been drawn into the war by him, brought in their prisoners to the fort, and desired peace. But though Pontiac withdrew with a diminished number of adherents, the English still feared him, and were always in expectation of an attack. The arrival of three thousand soldiers at Niagara, on their way to the northwest, awed the Indians, and prepared the way for treaties with them. A council was held, two thousand warriors being present, in which the strongest allies of Pontiac went over to the side of his enemies, and when the large English force reached Detroit, treaties of peace were concluded with most of the Indian tribes. Pontiac, mournful but

unsubdued, left his country and went to the Illinois Indians. He hoped to make new and more successful efforts for the redemption of his people. For his country only he lived; the darker her prospects, the stronger was his love for her, and the more extreme his exertions. While still at work for her sake, death closed his projects and hopes, and relieved the English of an inveterate foe. He fell while presiding in council, in the year 1767, by the hand of a Peorian Indian. Some have supposed his murderer to have been an English spy; if so, he was probably a personal enemy, for the very name of Pontiac was loved throughout the Indian tribes; and as a proof of the unequalled influence that he exerted, his death was amply avenged, not only upon the Peorians, but upon the tribes that ventured to assist them in a defence. Two of them were exterminated. As long as a Red-man trod the soil over which he walked, or lived those who obeyed his counsel, the name of Pontiac was honored and revered.

It is said of him, that so earnest was he in his wish that the Indians should learn the useful arts of the white-man, that at one time he entreated Major Rogers to take him to England, that he might acquire information, and, returning home, impart it to his people. His power as a leader was unlimited. No Indian ever disputed his commands. Honorable himself, he confided in the honor of others. An inebriating draught was sent him by an Englishman. His wise men advised him not to taste it, as it might be poisoned. Pontiac laughed: "He cannot take my life," he said; "I have saved his."

The present fort of Michilimackinac, that subsequently passed from the English control to that of the United States, is now garrisoned with our troops. It is built on the island, to be seen in the picture of the Old Fort.

The island is beautiful. The ground in the middle is higher than elsewhere, and gives to it the general appearance of the back of a turtle. It is rocky towards the top, and thickly wooded. In the mountain is a cave, with an entrance ten feet in width, which was formerly full of human bones. The Indians, when this cave was first seen by the English, had different opinions as to the purpose for which it had been used. Some declared that when the whole world was overflown with water, the people of this island took refuge in it, and there perished. Some said the Hurons attacked them, and massacred them here; while another opinion was *that* advanced by Henry, the English trader, who was hidden in this

place by his guardian friend, Wá-wá-tán, from the fury of the Indians. He believed it to be the ancient receptacle of the bones of prisoners, sacrificed and devoured at war feasts; for the Indians preserve entire the bones of sacrifices, keeping them in some place devoted to that purpose, and these were unbroken.

Thus are sometimes found on our islands and mountains strange relics of the people, numerous and brave, that have passed away; but they recall only legends of the Indian, or some imperfect history of the past in the records of the enemy of his race.

BALL PLAY ON THE PRAIRIE.

The vast prairies of the West, united, form a stage upon which are enacted the ever-varying scenes in the drama of the red man's life. Spreading eastwardly towards the Mississippi River, they extend westwardly to the snow-capped mountains that tower beside and limit them. Many streams appear in those fields of waving grass and shrubs, to vary the picture, are dissipated by the winds of heaven, or, bending towards some dark chasm, they sink, and the eye follows them no more.

It may be that, for many miles, the traveler can only look upon the scorched and sandy earth; then, wearied with gazing at so much desolation, with pleasure he greets the appearance of some lovely vale inclosed by lofty hills, whence flow rivulets of sparkling water. He passes on, and, resting on an eminence, beholds with amazement, stretching before his view again, the limitless prairie, not sterile and unattractive as before, but covered with many-shaded green, on which bloom the wild passion flower, the sensitive plant, and many shrubs more, as beautiful as they. His shadow lengthens as it falls upon the sea-like plain, and with awe he beholds the sun, the Indian's god, as, sinking lower and lower to the horizon, he vanishes from view, leaving the heavens crimson in light, and the earth warm and glowing from his presence.

The traveler sleeps, and wakes, and journeys on, and, wondering, sees the same rich verdure, the same fair tints. At evening he watches, with a similar awe, the departure of the light of day. When night comes, he looks around. There may be no landmark to tell him where he is. The stars in the blue expanse above irradiate the ocean over which he has passed, and on which he is now reposing. For weeks he may travel to whichever point he will, and still that prairie rolls out before him; the landscape only varied by some lone peak, that towers a guide to the wan-

derer, or by a grove of trees, in the shade of which he may rest and refresh himself, or by a stream or vale; but, these once passed, he is again upon the interminable waste.

The prairie in northern latitudes is little disturbed in spring, when the snow is breaking away, and the hard ground yields to the influence of a genial sun. Scarcely, however, has the snow melted, when the first flowers of the season creep out. As the grass starts into new life, other and a different bloom unfolds in it. Each day brings a warmer sun, and a livelier coloring in the carpet of nature, that gives place to another, in a few weeks, of forms as lovely. In the month of June, there is a vast flower-garden, where, a short season before, lay the pure white snow.

The Indian, after a long period of cold and suffering, lives again with the vegetation of the prairie. He soon forgets how sorely famine pressed upon him, as he shivered across these very plains seeking tracks of deer or buffalo, and praying with drooping heart for success that his family might have food. The Indian woman thinks no more of her sadness and her tears. She goes with her children to gather the ripe strawberries, that cluster in numbers on the ground, and there treads out the infant life on a thousand stems.

Planting the poles of her summer-house in the ground, she tears away the delicate white moccason flower; and why not? there are hundreds in her sight, even on the edges of the dangerous rocks, where her children are wistfully eying those that lie in the moss, beyond their reach, and despising—sure mark of humanity—what they can easily obtain.

The red-men now traverse the prairies on their steeds, that scatter with their hoofs the wild roses. Alas! that the heart of the warrior should be so turned to scenes where blood is ever flowing, that it nothing cares for this simple but wondrous beauty of his native land. The Indian proverb that declared gold to be "the tears wept by the sun," should have recorded in some such language the birth of the prairie flowers.

Each month changes the aspect of the prairies of the West, and new sprays put forth, to replace the bloom of those that are fast fading away. Each variety revels in its short life, and another rises upon its fragrant grave. Thus it is, until come the autumn winds with their harsh breath, and from the tender stalks scatter the leaves around.

How beautiful is the history of these flowers! No mortal eye watches

their upspringing—no mortal hand cultivates and tends. The hand of God has planted them—the care of God preserves them. As their life is from Him, so they die at the changes of his breath; for nature is God—as thou, reader, wouldst acknowledge, if, standing on the pathless prairie, thou wert gazing where only could be seen the heavens, bending from above to curtain the beauteous fields, the clouds floating dreamily on, now light and fleecy, then fitful in their shapes, but darkening, by and by, that they may shower upon all their gentle and refreshing rain.

Summer and its gay attire must pass; its fruits in plenty are enjoyed, and not unthankfully, for then the red-man minds to keep the feasts his fathers ever sacredly observed. The ancient customs are renewed when the earth is green and full, inviting her children to rejoice. Then, at the word of the Medicine-Man, the warrior and the woman lay aside their occupations, and go forth to take part in the ceremony, or olden rite, to which they are called. As the season wanes, there must be naught of self-reproach from neglect of the duties of their religion, lest many sorrows overtake them.

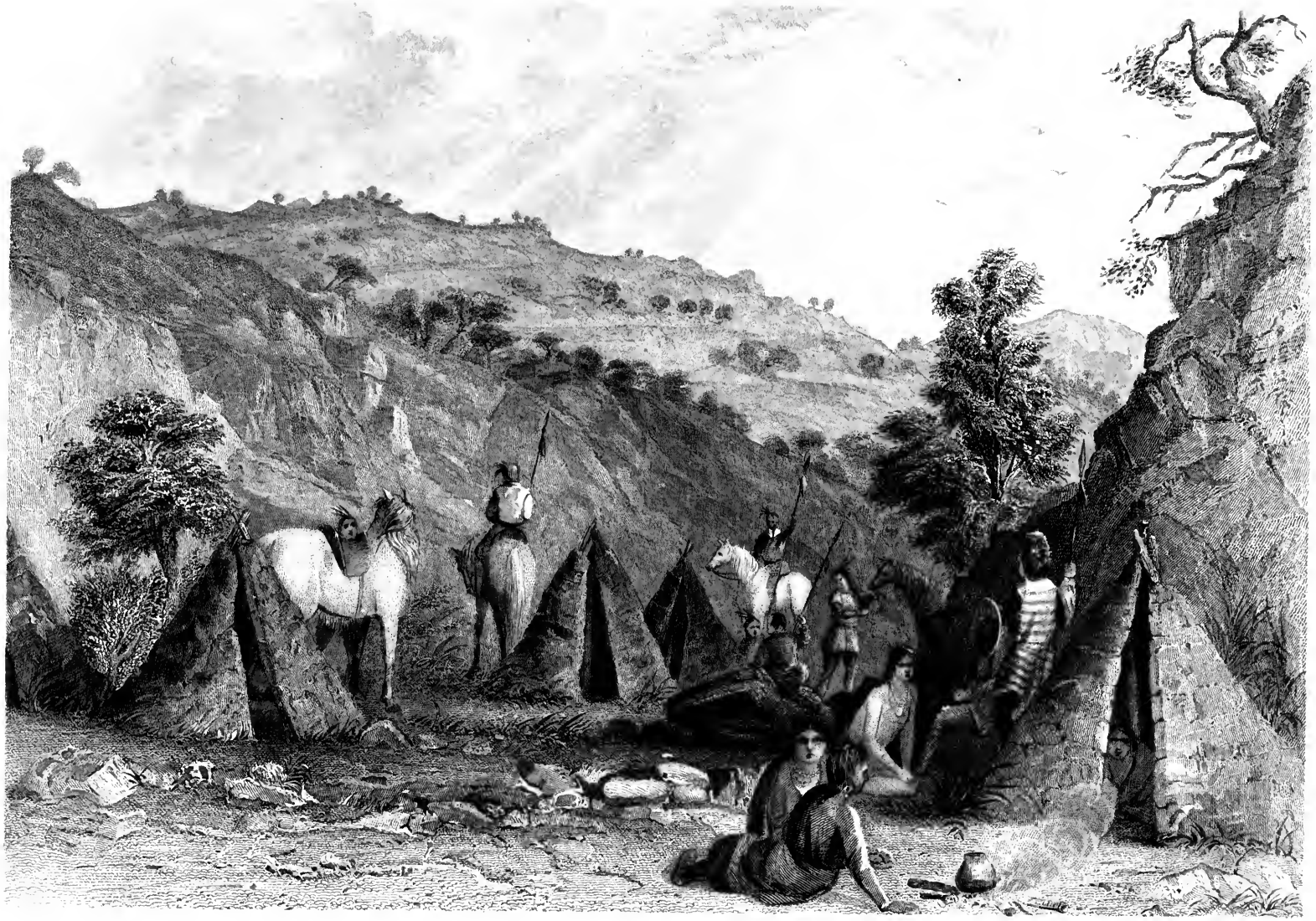
In the picture, the prairie, overshadowed by changing skies and encircled by rivers and the sloping hills, is the scene of one of the Indian games of strength and recreation. The manner of conducting this game is the same as has been described in the ball play on the ice. Yet the Indian cannot enter into the spirit of the game, in summer, on the plain, with the same delight he feels when he performs it in midwinter, on the ice; he needs the music of the north wind to animate him, and his limbs are not so active as when his system is invigorated by cold. While the grass is green and a warm sun shines above him, he cares little for the offered stakes—the food and the clothing. Were the cold days of January here, he would bound away far more lightly, in the hope of obtaining what he then often needs.

On the prairies are to be seen, scattered about, circles of high grass, called by the Indians "spirit rings." Some of the Dacótas, who are considered authorities in their national lore, declare that they are the paths in which their ancestors performed their war dances. These rings do not describe true circles, and the paths in which the Indians dance vary from the perfect form in the same proportion. They have been observed to have on them, sometimes, the great bones of the buffalo, and every year their circumference is extended. Hence, some persons suppose they are made by

the decay of the bodies of animals, which destroys the common herbage at first, but so strongly fertilizes the earth that another kind of grass afterwards springs up, mixed with rank weeds, and, by its superior vigor, overpowers the growth around it, and, in the next year, takes the place of that it has destroyed. Others think a mineral substance has been made active in the soil, as cattle only eat the dark grass forming the ring, refusing the other. These fairy rings look beautifully, lying on the smooth soft lawn; they appear to have been planted, so regularly shoots up the tall dark blade that forms them. The Indians reverence them as "wakon"—mysterious and supernatural.

There are many afflicting scenes enacted on these prairies in the winter. How fierce are the storms that desolate them! Families in search of game pass over them day after day, and night after night, seeing naught but snow beneath their feet, while, from the heavy clouds above, blinding flakes are continually falling in masses. How long they often travel thus without relief! Often the poor mother presses her dead child to her heart, fearful to speak the word revealing the secret that must divide them. She lays it in its grave of snow, wrapped in the garment taken from her own form. Oh! what a cry of suffering goes forth from the vast prairies of the West, and how many lives pass away in its utterance.

The ball play on the prairie in summer is performed by the women also; they adorn themselves gayly, wearing *okendokendas* of calico in place of the cloth garment of winter. Often the day closes in, and they are unwillingly compelled to postpone the conclusion, resuming the game at another time, until one party has become successful over the other.



NAVAJÓ WIGWAMS.

A FEW attempts were made to christianize the Navajó Indians prior to the year 1680. They are now utterly ignorant of the doctrines of our religion, living in constant warfare with the Mexicans, whom they hate. The greatest cruelty was exercised towards them by the Spaniards, who, no more than any other civilized people, have ever deemed it incumbent on them to keep faith with the wild tribes of America.

The Apaches are a fierce race of savages, living about the region of the Rocky Mountains. Their name is said to signify "men;" and to it the Spaniards have long since added other words to distinguish the several tribes. These names are taken from some animal, or from a feature of the country, or peculiar product of the soil which they inhabit and wander over. Nabajó, if Spanish, could well enough have come from *navaja*, "long knife," a name this people familiarly give to a mountain whereon there is obsidian, or volcanic glass, which the native inhabitants split into instruments for cutting. The Navajós call themselves Tenúai, which means men. They make frequent wars upon the Indians of the towns.

The several bands of the Apaches are the terror of the people of New Mexico. Their horses, powerful and fleet, take them, their women and children, through the dangerous defiles or over the desert plains. In riding, women assume the same attitude as men; moving over the rocky country as boldly, when changing their habitation, as the occasion may require. They roam, for the most part, between the great chain and the River Colorado of the West. Their southern limit was once the banks of the Gila; but now, mounted on horses, streams have not sufficed to fix their bounds. They show less variation from their ancient customs than almost any other tribe of Indians. They are a lawless, roving people, bearing shields, and being very expert with the bow and arrow, and in the use of

the lance. Fire-arms are not sold to them, and the ancient policy of the Spaniards as respects the Indians in this particular is now adopted; but as many natives desire to have guns, some of the more thrifty and fortunate occasionally obtain them. Yet, without the aid of these weapons, this fierce people protects its rights and avenges its wrongs.

These savages evinced an artful course in their transactions with the old government of New Mexico. They would propose terms of peace towards the season of planting, or when they wished to dispose of their stolen goods; but, when these special ends were gained, they were no longer inclined to suspend hostilities, but to indulge a thirst for more blood, and a desire of more plunder. This state of affairs, however, refers to the period previous to their acknowledgment of the control of the United States; for now that troops are stationed within their territory, the Indians are more cautious in their movements, confining such outrages to a region not protected by our power.

The Apaches subsist principally on beef and mutton; but the flesh of the mule they esteem as the most dainty by far of all eating. Most of their animals they get from the Mexicans, either by theft or violence. So great were their depredations, that at one time parts of New Mexico became desolate in consequence, the inhabitants fleeing to more thickly settled regions for protection. Sometimes the Apaches, after stealing a vast amount from their cowardly neighbors, found it convenient, for a special object, to make a treaty of peace; and then one stipulation they invariably required was, that they should have an undisputed right to retain the stolen property.

The lodges of the Navajós differ materially from those of the north-western Indians, resembling most the Pawnee. They are made of sticks, and covered on the outside with flat stones and earth, having a door in front in the form of a triangle. The fire is kindled on the outside of the lodge, instead of in the middle, as is the usual Indian custom. Recent travelers in their country have observed the remains of another kind of habitation, but the natives know not when or how it was constructed. Sometimes a cave in a rock affords a family a temporary residence; and no more do they need, as they are continually moving about, building new lodges or repairing old ones for immediate use. They have no villages. Perhaps they have fancied the steep mountains, precipitous rocks, rugged soil, and deep cañons of their country invincible, and have not associated themselves for mutual

protection. The Navajó joys to stand musing on the edge of an awful precipice, looking far into the depths at its foot, and will bound from crag to crag along the almost vertical sides with the agility of an antelope. He passes nearly all his time in the open air. A strange independence, the result of this life, pervades all conditions; even the women feel its effects; for the wife leaves her husband with little provocation; but as he has the liberty of having as many wives as he chooses, it is likely he considers her desertion no great misfortune. In the service of the better sort of people is a meaner class, who do the rough labor required: sometimes males are among these; a state of society that would occasion amazement among the Dacótas or Chippewas of the north, where the wife and mother is the only menial of the family.

The women are subject to the will of their parents until they become wives, then they are free to do what they will. They are purchased at a marriageable age, and paid for in horses—from five to fifteen, according to the personal charms they may possess, or the number of their accomplishments, such as in the embroidery of skins with feathers, and the making of blankets. The zarape Navajó is a sort of blanket, much esteemed on account of its texture. It is very warm, so closely woven as to hold water, and is consequently valuable also as a protection from rain. This people owns vast herds of horses and goats, and excels the Mexicans in raising sheep. It drives them from point to point over the country to graze. A rich Navajó leads a sort of patriarchal life, having many dependents. They are considered members of his family, serving him in peace, and following him in war against their enemies. Wealth is power among those shepherd chiefs; the larger the property is, the greater is the number of their retainers. When war is expected, a chief is chosen, whose office ceases with the emergency.

Wheat is cultivated by them, though not to much extent. In planting it, they pierce holes in the ground, deep enough to reach moisture, wherein the grain is dropped in parcels and covered over with hills. The infrequency of rain makes this necessary; and because of the nature of the ground on the rivers, which absorbs the water, irrigation cannot be practised to any certain degree. Corn, beans, and melons are raised in the least barren spots, and a few peaches. There is a wild potato and the nut of a pine, called piñon by the Spaniards, upon which the poorer classes live a great

part of the time. The wealth of the Navajós is in their herds. No doubt the animals carried into this country by Coronado, in 1540, were the first of these that in such immense numbers are now raised here.

A lodge is never occupied by a Navajó after a death has taken place in it, but is burned and a new one constructed. When a warrior dies, his arms are placed beside him, and his best horses are sacrificed for his use in the other world. Their mode of burial is not peculiar; but, as with all Indians, they regard with respect and tender affection the remains of the deceased.

The Navajós live in the principal range of the Cordilleras. Their number is supposed to be 5,000, or more. Their country lies one hundred and fifty miles west of Santa Fé, and extends from the Rio Grande to the Colorado River of the West. Mountains, table-lands, and valleys vary the face of it; the few rivers are dry a greater part of the year, and the little watercourses in the valleys hardly leave their source ere they disappear in the porous soil.

The United States having subjugated these Indians, in consequence of their depredations upon the citizens of the region of the *Rio Grande*, there is reason to hope that some of their neighbors will be more secure in the possession of their lives and property. They have a sad character for dishonesty; yet an excuse can be made for them in the wrongs they also sometimes receive, and it is evident they feel justified in this mode of retaliation. Some of them do not adhere to the clans or families of which I have spoken, but live a desperate, vagabond life, answering to that of the pillagers or banditti of other tribes. A rich Navajó may own five hundred horses, while some are very poor—glad to live in a servitude that procures them a subsistence.

As yet, the Navajós know nothing of the degradation consequent upon the use of ardent spirits. As New Mexico becomes settled, there is a class of persons who will make it an article of traffic. But these Indians are devoted to gambling, a passion common to all the tribes; and horseracing is a favorite amusement.

When they have business with the white settlers, they superstitiously refuse to make known their names, assuming Mexican ones, that serve them for the time. When they travel in winter, they carry a firebrand in the hand, a custom descended from the earliest times.

Among this people, there is a tradition of their origin that, like many of

the old stories of the Indians, contains in the midst of a great deal of trifling interest, many strong marks of their prevailing opinions. It says they lived at one time with the Indians of the pueblos and other tribes, and with the Americans, under ground, in the heart of the Naztarny Mountains. Two dumb and ancient men, players upon the Indian flute, hearing a strange noise upon a time, conceived the idea of boring into the mountain, to see what they could discover. Some of the smaller animals, not without a conflict as to which should be first, made their way out through the hole; then the larger; and last of all came man. The Navajós appeared first, then the Indians of the pueblos, then other tribes; each nation commencing, at once, such occupations as employ them at the present day. The Americans were the last; they bent their steps towards the sunrise. The earth was then very small; it had no sun, nor moon, nor stars; only a little dawn of light continuing for a few hours at a time. A council of wise men and old, determined to make them. They built a large house; in it the Navajós made a sun, while some of the other tribes manufactured the moon and the stars. The sun and moon were given in charge of the two dumb musicians, who have taken care of them ever since. After the heavens were made, the musicians proceeded to the task of putting the sun and moon in proper places. They were near burning up the earth at first, from placing the sun too near it; but they puffed upwards the smoke of their pipes, and moved it farther off. Then they began to make the stars; these they intended to arrange beautifully, so as to represent bears and the like; but while thus engaged, a great prairie wolf rushed in and exclaimed: "Why are you taking so much trouble to make all this embroidery? Just stick the stars about anywhere." So the wolf seized the bundle of stars and scattered them in every direction.

Rivers of water were then made, and nature duly set in motion. Afterwards, the old men made two water-jars, one of which was gorgeous and beautiful on the outside, but contained nothing; the other was plain on the exterior, but contained articles of the greatest value. The tops were covered, and the Navajós and Indians of the pueblos were told to take their choice, the Navajós being appointed to select first. They at once claimed the beautiful, useless jar, while the plain but valuable one fell to the lot of the Indians of the towns. Then the old men spoke and said: "Thus will it ever be with these two nations; the Navajós will be a

poor and wandering race, while the Indians of the pueblos will occupy houses and be rich." And thus it is at the present day. There was a great gambler then in the country, who won all the people possessed, even themselves. One of the dumb musicians laid him across his bow and shot him into the heavens; whence he returned, bringing with him the Spaniards and fire-arms. He is still living, according to the story, in Mexico, and can never die.

Death too found his way to the outside of the mountain. His first victim was laid away, but soon disappeared. The dumb musicians then went down into the mountain to search; they found him alive, combing his hair. Often since he has been heard to cry out: "All who die will come down to live with me in our first home." This is why the dead are buried under ground.

Then there came a turkey from where the morning star rises; it shook its wings, and there fell from under one of them an ear of blue corn. This same good bird afterwards introduced white corn and wheat, and then other grain. The Great Mother of the Navajós gave them their domestic animals, after they had found their way outside the mountain; they had lived upon the wild ones in their previous place of existence.

For a long time nothing was heard of the Americans; but at length, having greatly multiplied, and become a little crowded in their home by the sunrise, they wandered back to the country, greatly increased in riches, to where there was more room.*

Some have supposed the Navajós to be descended from the Aztecs; but it is impossible, at the present time, to say anything with certainty either of their origin or religion. It may be that all of the wild tribes of America have worshipped the sun. Their creeds were doubtless nearly allied to that of Tecumseh, who said: "Yonder sun is my father, and the earth is my mother."

Upon a time, an aged Indian of the tribe having died, it is said he returned to earth, to impress this solemn message from the spirits of the dead, upon the minds of his people: "Tell them to beware of the religion of the white man; every Indian that embraces it is obliged to take the

* This tradition is given in full in Schoolcraft's History of the United States. It was taken down by Dr. Ten Broeck, of the U. S. Army, from the lips of a Navajó.

white-man's road to heaven, and yet no red-man is permitted to enter there; but must wander about, forever, without a resting-place."

Such considerations occupy but little of the time and thoughts of the Navajó warrior or woman. Their wild country is a type of themselves. From intercourse with the Spaniards, they have acquired a little grace of manner. The fiercest Navajó, when choosing to conciliate, will embrace, with a show of good feeling, the man whom his soul desires to see dead at his feet; but it will be long, if ever, ere this heathen nation will have learned from another, the principles of a religion that can change the most savage propensities of uncivilized man.

COMBAT BETWEEN THE OJIBWAS AND THE SACS AND FOXES, ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

The picture represents the lake placid and smooth, except where the motion of the canoes of the combatants disturbs its waters. Scattered on the broad expanse, are the frail vessels of foes; now they part, while the savages, taking aim with their arrows, are surely dealing death-shafts; now they hasten to unite, that the enraged warriors may use the war-club and the spear, and that they may be close enough to their victims to see the paleness of death overcast their faces, even as the shadows of the dark rocks fall upon the waters beneath them. Where two have tried their strength, the successful one has tossed the other into the water, and his gushing wounds are dyeing the lake, as weakness overpowers him at the last.

Murder is a consuming passion; no other can live beside it. Man meets his fellow with hatred, and to destroy is his only desire. The spirit "that first darkened the earth with a grave," is still abroad, and fiercest when the created being only acknowledges the existence of a Creator, ignorant of the love that he has revealed. The Indian passion of revenge makes it almost impossible to ally in friendship two nations between whom a feud has existed. The fall of individuals of one party, makes retaliation certain on the other side.

The picture represents an instance of speedy retribution, following upon the act of a triumphing war-party. A number of Sacs and Foxes attacked the Ojibwas, who, unconscious of the lurking of enemies in their midst, were surprised, and many of them massacred. The assailants fled, yelling in triumph, and reached their canoes without the loss of a man; departing with loud shouts of hatred, and of the joy attendant on success. The Ojibwas directly assembled in their large canoes, and, guided by the yells of their retiring enemies, were soon in pursuit of those whose oars dashed

quick as thought through the waters, and had not to learn the rage of an enemy whose spirit is impelled by the sight of the blood of friends most loved. The bare chests heave of Fox and Sac, as they put forth all their strength to escape. They need no vermilion stain upon their swarthy faces, for the strong effort they are making flushes cheek and brow; and from their parted lips come breathings that sound hoarsely over the waters, in time with the dipping of the oars. There are no more cries, no more shouts; it is for life they are struggling over the distance; and, looking back, they count double their own number in the host of avengers coming upon them. They feel no fatigue, no failing of heart. The scornful laugh of the Ojibwas reaches their ears, with shouts that intimate the consciousness that they are rapidly approaching.

The Sacs and Foxes are too brave to fear a foe. At the voice of the leader they cease to flee, and turn a bold front to their pursuers. Their war-cry is echoed by the other party, and in the next moment is heard the hissing of swift arrows, the grappling of fierce enemies, and the defying shouts of brave warriors.

The canoes of the Sacs and Foxes are small, and these some of the Ojibwas strive to upset; while other braves, gloating over the work of death, scalp and throw the quivering bodies into the lake. Very few of all the aggressors escaped to see their homes. The Ojibwas returned to delight the men, women and children in their villages, with glowing descriptions of their victory, and the exhibition of its fresh trophies.

In Indian warfare, it is common for a scalping party to go several hundred miles into the enemy's territory, and secrete itself there with the utmost caution, the enjoyment of a warrior's success being greatly enhanced by the dangers in which he is placed, and the stratagem and skill he practises to bring off his trophies without peril to himself. When about to fight on the water, a few men go stealthily forward in a canoe, to observe the number of warriors about the village. They paddle cautiously around, until, having ascertained the state of affairs, they return to make their report. Should their enemies come forth to meet them on the water, they are prepared with heavy stones to dash against their canoes; and thus by breaking the frail barks, the good swimmer is exposed to the united danger of the arrow and the wave.

Upon a time, one thousand Ojibwa braves set out on a war excursion, in

canoes, against their hereditary enemies the Dacótas. At daybreak, they arrived at a large village, the inhabitants of which were unsuspicious of their approach. Though usually prepared for surprise, the Dacótas were now, many of them, asleep; and the enemies, observing the perfect repose that pervaded the village, discovered that their fortunate hour had arrived. Leaving a few to guard the boats, they landed, and then fiercely and suddenly made their attack. Fearful yells followed their awful war-cry; the screams of the women and children swelled the tumult. As the Ojibwas fell first upon the warriors, the mothers hoped, for a moment, to escape with their young children. They fled for their canoes, but when they came there, discovered that they had brought no paddles. They saw, besides, that it was too late to go back for them; for the Ojibwas, unwilling that any should escape—to make less memorable their terrible deed—were pursuing them with fearful shouts. The desperate females, holding their infants to their breasts, sprang into the canoes. Bewildered and despairing, they pushed from the shore with a force that carried them, for a moment, from the reach of the tomahawks; but a strong eddy in the current at the point from whence they embarked, returned them in its circling force to the place from which they had put off. The Ojibwas shouted in derision, as they grasped the little boats, and tore away scalps with long glossy hair; silencing in single blows of the war-club, the throbbings of each heart, already rent by the wild mirth of the enemy, that announced the death of friends, husbands, and of fathers.

Few escaped from the massacre; and they fled from band to band, urging each tribe of the Dacótas to revenge. And by such deeds is kept alive the torch of hatred between two nations that must themselves die, ere that feeling finally expire.

The Sacs and Foxes are mingled together as one people. Their first home was on the Saint Lawrence River, in the neighborhood of Green Bay. Moving westward, they have crossed the Mississippi, pursuing the ordinary life of other northwestern savages.

There have been among them men remarkable for genius and eloquence, and for the warlike qualities that are so much esteemed among Indians.

In the war of 1812, Great Britain endeavored to enlist these tribes to fight on her side. The Sacs and Foxes convened in council, to hear what the English commissioners should propose to them. After they had con-

cluded, a warrior rose, and replied in one emphatic sentence: "We will not fight for the Red-coats, but against them."

Keokuck, their most celebrated modern warrior, deserved the reputation and influence he attained. He possessed remarkable courage, that was animated by a devoted love for his people. Courteous and engaging in his manners, tall, handsome, and of noble appearance, graceful in every movement, and most interesting in conversation, his people regarded him with pride, as, in his interviews with the rulers of other nations, he showed a discernment and judgment that proved of the greatest value to them.

When he spoke, his eloquence and distinct utterance enforced attentive hearers; the richness of his dress surprised and attracted the notice of strangers, while the earnestness and elegance of his gestures gave an interest to all he said. When entering the council-room, where were assembled the commissioners on the part of the white people, or when meeting with his brave warriors under the large forest trees to consult as to their own actions, he always carried in his left hand the war banner, to indicate his position as ruler of his people.

One of the closing scenes of his life was attended with great interest. He had for many years been chief, and his people willingly submitted to a power and influence that were so ably exercised. But the great and good have always enemies; and there were those whose envious hearts could not rest, when they saw how unbounded was the affection with which Keokuck was regarded by his people. Their tongues were forked, to use the Indian expression—they flattered the chief, yet they embraced every opportunity secretly to oppose him. They said that he disregarded the rights of the people, and that he disdained to listen to the opinions of the other chiefs; that he set aside the ancient and honored customs of their race, when it was convenient to do so, in order to carry out his own projects. The fears of the Indians were aroused; secret dissatisfaction was followed by open complaint. The chiefs met in council, and examined into the subject; they decided to leave it to the people to determine; and the result was, the election of a young chief in the place of Keokuck.

Neither murmur nor protest escaped the lips of this remarkable man. He was too well acquainted with human nature, not to understand the tide of affairs that was flowing against him. He quietly sat in his lodge or without, under the forest tree, enjoying the luxury of conscious integrity,

and calmly foreseeing the election of a successor to his dignities; and when assembled with the rest, he left his cause undefended, with indifference hearing himself accused.

Afterwards he arose, and, turning to the new chief, was the first to congratulate him upon his election, with all the grace and courtesy that had ever distinguished him, and showed in his manner a respect that corresponded with the title of "Father," with which he was the first to address him. He was then an old man; but, as he offered his hand to the new chief, there was nothing of reproach or regret in his manner. He kindly yielded the authority he had so long possessed.

The Indians soon regretted their course, and Keokuck ever retained his station as the prominent man in the councils of his nation. He had shown how willingly he was led by the voice of the people; the Indians detected the true patriotism that had been guiding him through life; and while they still called him "My Father," he felt towards them all, as if they were indeed his children.

When his own kindred and clan shall have passed away, his name and remembrance must be held in honor by the people of the United States. A large and important town (Keokuck) is now in the place where, but a few years ago, one of the noblest of our aborigines often sat, looking forth at the beautiful scene, conversing with his wise men on the one absorbing subject to him, the interests of his nation. The waves of the Mississippi swayed before him, and above his head towered the majestic hills. Sadly, too, he must have gazed as he admired, for he could not but foresee the destiny that awaited the Red-men.

As a ruler, it were well for every people that such a man were at their head, to guide with his councils the course of government. No braver warrior ever lived. He was the foremost when leading his men against their enemies on land; or, when, skilfully guiding their movements in their canoes, he awarded to his foes a no less terrible destruction on the water.

INTERVIEW OF HENDRICK HUDSON WITH THE INDIANS.

The northeastern coast of the United States was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, a Genoese, living in England. The extent of the voyage southwardly, no writing that is left determines; for the undertaking, not having proved productive of any great gain, seems to have been regarded at the time as unimportant, and its incidents have passed away without a record.

In the year 1524, two voyages were made to the same coast; one from France by Verrazzano, and another from Spain. But little more than the memory of them has been preserved. Both navigators probably entered the harbor of New York. That the Florentine did so, appears from a letter written by himself; and the Spaniard, by an ancient map, made ten years afterwards, whereon the North River is traced, and the shore to the eastward of it, marked with the name of the commander, "Estevan Gomez."

Over a century after the discovery of America, Hudson, an Englishman, who had already made two voyages to the northern and eastern parts of this continent, returned hither, again, to make an effort, in the service of Holland, to discover a way to the Spice Islands of India. On our shores he first landed where Portland now stands; and, having made some repairs to his ship, and plundered the natives, he ran southwardly as far as Chesapeake Bay—which the Spaniards had named, some fifty years before, Santa Maria—and then returned to the northward.

On the third day of September, in the year 1609, Hudson anchored within Sandy Hook. He proceeded leisurely to pass up the Narrows, and to examine the shores, exploring the different openings of the Manna-hata Bay. On the twelfth, he sailed up the stream, which since bears his name, amid some of the most picturesque scenery of the country, until he came opposite to where at present stands the town of Hudson. Thence, in a boat,

the Dutch ascended the river for ten days from the time of leaving the mouth, the country gradually rising on either hand, until they came into the Highlands. The ship's boat, with five hands, went as far as the point where now stands the city of Albany.

During the voyage up the river, the Indians on the shores were found to be kind and generous. As they were anxious to own the knives and hatchets of the strangers, they brought grapes and pumpkins, and skins of animals to barter for them. Some of the natives who saw Hudson treated him with respect; they dressed venison after their own fashion, and invited him to eat of it with them. At parting, they asked him and his companions to remain and live with them. In descending the river, the adventurers met with Indians below the Highlands that were hostile, who lost no opportunity of shooting their arrows at the crew.

The men who accompanied the Discoverer, found quantities of fine fish in the river; and they obtained from the Indians corn, tobacco, beans, and oysters, whenever they wished. Pipes of yellow copper, and various ornaments were in use among the natives, and they dressed their meat in earthen pots. "But although they were civil," as the writer of the journal tells us, "and made show of love, Hudson did not think proper to trust them; and would by no means suffer any of them to remain on board during the night."

In the picture, Hendrick Hudson is displaying his skill in diplomacy. Some of the natives had a fancy for lodging their arrows in Dutchmen's hearts. It would be very tedious, very expensive, very troublesome to gain their good will gradually; what then was so potent as strong drink? It would have been useless to offer them water; they drank daily of the pure springs that everywhere gushed to refresh them. The Great Spirit had provided them with all things necessary for the sustenance of life.

The adventurers thirsted for the good things of the New World; so, to accomplish their ends, and on pretence of trying a cruel experiment, they offered to the red men *fire-water*, that they knew would darken their souls. The Catskill summits towered before the vision of the great navigator, and as he strained his eye, to see as far as eye could reach, so was his wish put forth to grasp the future. As he rested upon the shores of a new country, he decided to pledge the natives in a glass—its contents, once tasted by them, would be coveted forever. If, in his dealings with the aborigines, his

views were not selfish, then was he different from other Europeans who, crossing the great ocean, rested on the borders of the New World.

As an act of courtesy, too, he offered his new acquaintances a glass; tossing off one himself, as if accustomed to the taste. The Indians hesitated; at last, one, not being able to resist Hudson's politeness—attracted towards him, perhaps, by the novelty of his beard and large-topped boots—with the simple grace of the savage, advanced and received the offered poison. Poison it was, for it has made the Indian what he is.

He drank and slept—slept as if he never would wake again. His dreams were grand, bearing him away with his manito by his side. Never were the clouds above him so bright; never were the crystal waters so clear; never were the shadows from the hills so deep and imposing as now.

He laughs—deep as is his sleep. There is an ecstasy about his nerves, never there before; the muscles of his strong frame are relaxed; he lives over again all that he has ever enjoyed. He wakes, and tells his friends of the new life that has dawned upon him. They drink, and sleep, and dream—and are lost.

INDIANS OFFERING FOOD TO THE DEAD.

When the fathers Marquette and Joliet traversed, for the first time, the central parts of North America, near the Great Lakes, they were a long while passing through forests and over wide plains, ere they found the men and women, for whose conversion to Christianity they were anxious to labor. They became wearied in crossing the great hills; in traversing the endless prairies; in penetrating the dense woodlands; in navigating the broad rivers; but, at last, the peak-topped houses of an Indian village appeared in sight; and, with the voices of their fellow-men, that fell on their ears as they approached, came the hope that sympathy and kindness were still on the earth for them; and the expectation of rest, after so long laboring—of comforts, after so many privations, animated them to hasten to close their journey. But, on a sudden, they cease to go forward; and, looking in each other's faces, easily read each other's thoughts. Among whom had they come? Were it not better that they had remained behind, in those dark woods, whose shade they could still observe from the summit of the hill they are now descending, at the mercy of its fierce brutes, than to have cast themselves in the way of men unsoftened, uncivilized—with no God but Nature—no sympathies, but such as she had implanted?

The timidity that had so completely overpowered them, soon vanished; they did not design retreating, yet how should they be introduced? Adopting the simplest manner that suggested itself, they raised together a loud cry, and very soon the doors of the buffalo-skin houses were lifted up, and the inmates came forth. Well might they look in amazement on the fathers, whose dress and every appearance were so different from their own. The downcast eye, the long black garment, the slow, cautious step of the Jesuit, were in strong contrast with the tall, athletic form, the rich and gaudy dress, the proud martial air of the hardy child of the soil.

The Indians, without delay, advanced to meet their stranger guests; four of the oldest men came from their midst, and led the way. They went close to the missionaries, and at once proffered to them—token of their hospitality—the richly ornamented calumet, first pointing it towards the sun. They led them to their lodges, and intimated, by signs, a wish to have them enter.

Within the door of a wigwam stood an aged man. He extended his arms towards the orb of day; and, by his courteous gestures, the poor travelers knew that he bade them welcome.

The language that he used was entirely new to them. The accents, sonorous and soft, were unlike the vivacious and harmonious sounds that they had been used to hear in the palaces and in the pleasant cottages of France. When they afterwards knew its import, they translated thus the welcome they had received: "The sun is bright, strangers! When ye come to visit us, enter our lodges in peace."

Then the natives conducted their guests about the village, showing them objects of interest; and while they called their attention to their medicine sacks—their painted stones—their household gods—looking up reverently to the luminary, without which they would have nor light, nor happiness, nor even life—some eloquent man preceding the group, harangued the curious people, telling them who the strange men were that had so unexpectedly come to them, forbidding any to annoy, by crowding around, or by asking questions, which, were they to answer, it must be in an unknown tongue. So the fathers passed on without being delayed; save when a young, impetuous girl would press forward, and, withdrawing from her dark hair its choicest ornament, would gently hold it forth, a gift to the holy men; or when an aged imbecile arrested their steps, and passed his long, bony hand across their breasts.

The travelers ate and enjoyed the food that was kindly provided for them; and the buffalo robe was spread out, that they might rest, while the matron, rubbing their feet and limbs, went forth to seek herbs to apply to the many wounds she found upon them. So kindly were they entertained, that when they descended the bank to the boats, followed by many hundred people, it was with the feeling of sadness that oppresses those who part from benefactors; though the savages, uttering wild shouts of joy, thus

manifested the pleasure the visit had afforded them. They were the first white men these Indians had ever seen; never before, and not until long after, were poverty and hunger known in their homes.

The savages still worship the sun; and often as he has risen and sunk to rest in their view, no ray of light has passed to their souls, to assure them of an immortality that is the destiny of all. The lessons of the good priests were heard and forgotten; as the fading leaf falls to the ground in autumn, stirring for a little while with the motion of the wind, and then pressed under foot of man forever, so were the instructions, the warnings, the prayers of the teachers listened to for a time by the natives, compared with their own singular faith, doubted, rejected, and forgotten. The traveler at this day will go there, and the ancient men still point to the sun, as of old.

Yet is not death, with the savage, only the ending of life. Oppressed with languor and disease, his soul grasps the hope of a future existence, which will more than compensate for all it has suffered here. Where is his heaven, and in what manner will he enjoy it? The mystery, attending the solution of these questions, adds to the charm of what he anticipates. He has no fears that will fall like clouds over the noonday of his prospects. There are no pains, no punishments, in that glorious and beautiful country where he shall eat spirits' food under overhanging oaks, where he shall repose from the toils of earth, delighted by the singing of birds that live among the boughs. For there is naught but happiness in the city of the dead; why, then, should the warrior or the woman dread to go there? Have they not enough of pain, of oppression, and passion uncontrolled, to make them weary of this earth? If they have sinned, they have suffered. The Great Spirit, in this life, when he afflicted them with poverty, and wars, and sickness; when he took from them their beloved ones, did he not sufficiently punish them? Is their hereafter, too, to be dimmed by more privations, more penance, more tears?

The creed of the Red-man shows us that each mortal has two souls. One goes to enjoy, through eternity, the society of the friends who wait to welcome it on the shore of the spirit land; the other remains to guard the decaying frame. It watches the form it once animated, and carefully shields it from the rough winds that, in passing over, must breathe kindly upon it,

guarding it from the souls of its enemies, whose fierce hatred not even the desolating ravage of death can disarm. There are foes invisible and visible about it; the unseen—the supernatural—and the roaming animals that would stay their hunger even here. So that, while one soul revels in the fullest enjoyment in that bright land where the smile of the Great Spirit rests upon his children, the other lovingly clings to the poor shrunken form —the more devotedly, that the other has forsaken it.

The engraving represents a scene, often witnessed by the dwellers in Indian country. The dead body, wrapped in scarlet cloth, lies on the scaffold, near its native hills and the river. The medicine sack hangs at one corner of the scaffold, to keep off all evil spirits, should they dare approach. There is also a small kettle, that contains FOOD FOR THE DEAD, placed there by mourning friends.

The woman, approaching the scaffold, holds her bark dish, in which is a new supply, that, like the former, will be eaten and very much relished by an irreverent Indian, or prowling bird. As she advances, she passes by the grave of another friend, who, having laid the usual time on the scaffold, has been interred. The sticks placed around the grave, are to secure the skeleton remains from the wolves. The Indian holding up the bottle, from which is to flow a libation to the spirit of the departed, has, we fear, recently stayed his own spirits by partaking of it. There is that in the poor Red-man that enables him easily to learn evil of his white teachers. "Drink," say the latter, "when you are in sorrow, and your tears will be less bitter."

"The love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul." Animated by this love, the savage selects the most commanding and beautiful spot where he may deposit his dead. Formerly, when circumstances rendered it necessary for him to remove to a new hunting-ground, placing his lodge in another home, he would collect the bones of his dead, and bear them with him. Before the comfort of the living was attended to, a place was found where might repose in peace the relics of his family—in his sight, where he could often go and sit beside the mound, recalling the virtues and the many endearing qualities of the departed. But he has discovered the truth, that it is in vain to establish for himself, or the honored dead, an abiding resting-place. Too often must he move

onward, so that he cannot bear, in his frequent journeys, the remains of those who have passed away from earth. He is resigned to leave them, and to go forward with the living. In truth, this whole country may be looked upon as a vast cemetery; the graves may be here and there identified by the Indian's unchanging customs; the frail relics of the dead still lying upon the soil from which the living have forever passed.

Drawn by Captⁿ S. Eastman, U.S.A. from a sketch by R. H. Kern

[illegible]

[illegible] by J. C. McRae

PUEBLO [illegible]

PUEBLO OF ZUÑI, NEW MEXICO.

THE history of our aborigines, replete with incidents of exterminating warfare, idolatrous rites, and savage cruelty, sometimes bears us to points where we are relieved by scenes more tranquil and attractive, and where, but for the mystery in which this history is involved, it would be delightful awhile to dwell. We find a strange interest in lingering by scenes in which the original owners of our country were actors, and especially is it agreeable to contemplate the former and present condition of the Indians of the pueblos in New Mexico.

The ancient town of Cibola was built upon a rock; and to enter there, it was necessary to ascend a steep and winding way. Its site is now desolate. The engraving of Zuñi represents a village built near by—the modern Cibola.

The word *cibolo* is used by the Mexicans to designate the buffalo. It came to mean, too, "the buffalo country," and has been erroneously given to the valley and villages on the source of the Gila, visited by the Spaniards. The inhabitants there had indeed dressed buffalo skins, but they must have obtained them from the more northerly tribes; for, as it has been observed, the buffaloes do not range on the Rio Colorado of the West, or go far south of forty degrees from the equator, and there are none in the upper valley of the Rio del Norte, nor anywhere in New Mexico.

Cibola was the first village that Coronado visited in the year 1540. He expected to find it a large and populous city, rich in gold, silver, and precious stones. Téjos, an Indian dealer in ornamental feathers, the son of a trader, first reported its magnificence to Nuño de Guzmán, then the "Presidente" of New Spain. He said that he had accompanied his father in his expeditions to the North, and that he had there seen the precious metals in great plenty, and also large and wealthy towns; but to reach that region it was necessary

to traverse a desert for the period of forty days. Guzmán believed his statements, and advanced to Culiacán with an army, intending to go, guided by the Indians, to the "seven cities." But the many difficulties that beset him prevented the accomplishment of his design. He remained at Culiacán, planting there a Spanish colony; for he feared to return to Mexico, as Cortéz, who was his enemy, had come back during his absence. At this juncture, Téjos, the Indian, died at Culiacán, and the interest felt in the golden region of Cibola slumbered for a time.

The government of Spain, in the year 1527, gave to Pamphilo de Narvaez permission to conquer Florida at his own expense; and the direction of its government when it should be subdued. There were but four survivors of this disastrous expedition, Cabeça de Vaca, two captains, and a blackamoor, Estevan. In a period of eight years, they had traversed the entire continent from Florida to the Pacific Ocean; and, on the way, they had heard accounts of great cities, which corresponded in their locality and other particulars to those described by Téjos. When Cabeça arrived in the city of Mexico, he gave the Viceroy of New Spain a relation of his adventures. Mendoça determined to realize the golden dreams that once more excited the hopes of the Spaniards. Coronado had been appointed Governor of New Galicia, but was in Mexico at this time. He received the command of the army destined for the exploration of the region of the "Seven Cities," and readily renounced the pleasures he was enjoying, and the society of a young and beautiful wife, to grasp the wealth that he believed lay in store for him and his companions.

Previous to his departure, a Franciscan priest had made an effort to reach the land of fame. The Arab, who had been one of the survivors with Cabeça de Vaca, accompanied him, and a number of Indians were of the party; for the Spaniards wished, through these interpreters, to assure the natives of their safety, that they might be the more easily brought under the yoke. This attempt proved a failure. Estevan went, with some of the Indians, in advance of Niza, anxious to be the principal instrument in the discovery of the great cities, and to swell the importance already attached to him by his wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He arrived at Cibola with a great number of brilliant stones, and some pretty women that had been given him on the route, and a great many Indians, who accom-

panied him as guides from the different points he had passed. They were all, without fear, under his protection.

The people of Cibola imprisoned Estevan for three days, questioning him as to his object in coming to their country. He told them that he was sent in advance of learned men, who were commanded to instruct the Indians in the true religion. They concluded he was the guide of a nation advancing to subjugate them. The caciques and old men met in council, and decided on the death of Estevan, which they accomplished. Thus was a man, audacious enough to demand of people to whom he was a stranger their riches and their women, suddenly cut off. Most of those who had accompanied him were allowed to return. They met Niza and his party in the desert, and gave them the intelligence of the death of their guide. The priest, feeling that his own life was threatened from the indignation of the Indians, divided all his valuables among them, retaining only the ornaments that he used in celebrating the services of his religion, and precipitately returned whence he had started. Although he had seen nothing of the cities of Cibola, he gave a fine account of them from the relations he had received of the Indians; and, not satisfied with this, he stated that he had crossed the desert, and had been in sight of the houses of the great town, and that they were resplendent with precious stones. This statement, added to other accounts, gave rise to the expedition that immediately set forth under Coronado.

What, then, must have been the disappointment of the Spanish general, and the numerous and gallant cavaliers who accompanied him, when they saw for themselves the mere village of Cibola—containing, at the most, two hundred warriors; its appearance impressing them with the idea of poverty rather than riches? Yet were they surprised at the size and style of the houses, contrasting them with the dwellings of other Indians. Those that they had observed, before coming to the desert, were made of dry rush; the inhabitants of that region living principally on vegetables. They had eaten the fruit of the *pita-haya*, and the bean of a honey-locust, called *mezquite*, which, when reduced to flour, made excellent bread, that would be perfectly good for a year. But, at Cibola, the Spaniards were liberally supplied with provisions—turkeys and Indian corn. Here Coronado established his head-quarters, sending conciliatory messages to the Indians in the vicinity, while

he had time to look around him, and compare the true condition of the town with the glowing accounts he had heard of it from others.

The arrival of the Spaniards was not unexpected. The inferences drawn from the statement of the Arab, had induced the people of the Province of Cibola to assemble, at the village of that name, to defend themselves. They would not listen to the terms of submission proposed by the invaders; and, as they could not, by language, express to them the dissatisfaction they felt at their presence, they made gestures of defiance; and when the Spaniards advanced up the steep path towards the town, they rolled stones from the heights upon them. Nevertheless, they were very soon obliged to yield to the fury of the assailants, and, in behalf of their province, accepted a forced peace.

The Indians afterwards told Coronado that, "about fifty years before, it was prophesied among them that certain people like us (the Spaniards), should come, and from that part we came, and that they should subdue all that country." So that they were in great fear of Coronado and his followers; the women and children fleeing to their strongholds, and only returning reluctantly at the entreaty of the general, when assured of his good intentions; for the Spaniards had "found no women at Cibola, nor youth under sixteen years old, nor old folk above sixty, saving two or three ancient men, who stayed behind to direct and govern the youth and men of war."

The Province of Cibola was situated in a narrow valley, bounded on either side by steep mountains. The largest of its cities was Muzaque, where the houses had seven stories. The inhabitants were intelligent, peaceful, and honest. They claimed the two latter qualities as characteristic of themselves as a people. "We rarely quarrel; we do not steal," said the simple-minded Indians to the Spaniards, when it was proposed to leave over them an alcalde. They would gladly have rid themselves of their troublesome guests, and they told them of other cities far more wealthy and important than their own. Thither the Spaniards went afterwards; but, while they remained at Cibola, they observed many things that surprised them, though their consideration did not repay for the disappointment in their search for gold.

The town of Cibola consisted of a square of houses united, without streets; and within was a court, common to all the dwellings. The Spaniards found within the houses yarn made of cotton wool, and mantles

colored and gayly ornamented; ear-rings worn by the natives, and parchment, whereon the Indians were accustomed to paint representations of the birds and beasts of their country; tablets set with brilliant green stones; numbers of wicker baskets, and vases curiously made and painted. On the walls of the houses were pictures of animals and fowls; and "their cellars (*estufas*) were very good, and paved, made for winter, in a manner like stoves."

They had great stores of maize, and the bread that they made of it was excellent. One Indian woman would grind as much corn as four Mexican women could in the same time. Salt they obtained in crystals from a lake in the neighborhood. Their fuel was dried grass. When the Spaniards arrived, the Indians had carried away a great deal of corn, but in their dwellings were venison, the skins of deer, hares, and conies.

During their stay at Cibola, the Spaniards observed that the females kept out of sight as much as possible, "for the Indian men loved their wives more than themselves." The women wore long robes, reaching to the feet; on the head they placed a roll, when they went to the mills, and on this—without touching it with their hands—they would carry jars of water up a ladder. They were very graceful in their persons, and braided their hair in a becoming manner.

The other pueblos were built in the same style. The houses were not all of equal size. On the second story was a terrace leading around the village, with doors opening within. Cicuyè was surrounded by a low stone wall, and boasted that it had never been conquered, though efforts to take it had often been made. To give security and strength, the houses that opened within on the court were higher than those opening on the outside. The Indians kept their property on the terraced roofs. The means of entrance to the second story were the same as are shown in the picture of Laguna—ladders movable and portable, "made of two pieces of wood as ours be."

The Indians of the pueblos were governed by a council of old men, though each village had its chief. The council had it in charge to watch over the conduct of the young people; the result was a reverence for age, and a respect for all the proprieties of life. When addressed by their elders, the Indians of the towns preserved a profound silence. A man married but one wife. At some of the pueblos they burned their dead, and with them

the instruments of their vocation. Their knowledge of art, however limited, supplied them with occupations of interest. They made and dyed cotton, tanned skins, tamed singing birds and wild fowl, and manufactured pottery of various sizes and patterns. A great deal of their time was devoted to music; and they met together in parties to play upon the Indian flute.

They never went out to war, and were not disturbed with the ambition of conquest; only desiring to retain their own, industriously and happily passing their time. There is a delightful repose in the contemplation of their occupations, when compared with those of the Indians of the North, who lived only for war, hesitating not to cause to flow, and to drink the life-blood of their most comely maiden, in their devotion to a false religion. The sacred fire was not allowed to go out by night or by day. It was the privilege of the old men to watch it, and it is even thus at the present time.

At Acuco, the Spaniards found near a fountain, a cross of wood around which were withered flowers and small sticks ornamented with feathers. At Tutahaco they saw, near a grave that appeared to have been recently made, a cross of two pieces of wood tied together with cotton, and ornamented with flowers. These slight tokens of the suffering of Christ the Redeemer, discovered in a heathen land, could hardly have failed to affect the soul that was not utterly hardened by the desire of gain, to the need of its fellow immortals; though they were probably no more than the memorials of that first traveler, in his wanderings among the Indians, who loved him, and thus preserved the forms he taught.

We cannot follow Coronado in his eventful route. It was gold that he desired, and, in his earnestness to seek it, he was often deceived and misled by the Indians. One, called by the Spaniards El Turco from his flowing beard, offered to lead them truly to regions where were gold and silver and rich stones. Coronado submitted to his guidance, fighting his way through the rock towns, enduring cold, sickness, and many privations, until his eyes were opened to the perfidy of El Turco. The first aim of the Indian had been to return to his own country, from which he had been taken away prisoner; and he also acknowledged that he had purposely misled the army, hoping that it would perish in the solitudes of the desert, and thus rid the whole land of its oppressors. If this were, in truth, his motive, the death he suffered from Spanish vengeance was an honorable one.

From Bigotes, a chief of the town of Cicuyè, the Spaniards heard of the

range of the buffalo. They had seen many animals of the country; but they could form as yet no idea of the size and value of the bison. They were eager to realize the description of Bigotes, to behold the huge brutes in dense masses blackening the face of the earth, to hear their lowing as they journeyed over the vast desert plains. When their wishes were gratified, they hunted them with an animation that was only equalled by the pleasure with which they afterwards fed upon the flesh. But the bison was forgotten, when golden visions once more gleamed over their path—and again they followed them to be disappointed.

They heard from El Turco of the great river, the Mississippi, which had been discovered six years before by Cabeça de Vaca. He told them that "it was two leagues wide, and in it were fish as large as horses, canoes that would carry twenty rowers on each side, and which had sails; that the lords of the country seated themselves under canopies, and that there were at the prows large golden eagles." He added that "the sovereign of this country took his siesta under a large tree, to the branches of which were suspended bells of gold, that resounded when agitated by the wind." Other wonderful things he related of this region, that only existed in his imagination, but all of which the Spaniards believed.

When the soldiers found out the want of truth in the statement of the priest Niza, they were so exasperated against him that his life was not safe. He returned to Mexico, to escape their reproaches and their vengeance. Coronado, with his cavaliers and soldiers, soon followed, having utterly failed in the objects of the expedition. Disappointed in his ambitious projects, he turned, as many a wiser and better man has, to his home, as a solace for the fruitless cares that had engaged him.

Zuñi, the modern Cibola, contains four thousand inhabitants, and among them are said to be Albinos. The Navajós frequently attack them; and in order to destroy their mounted enemies on their way to the town, the people dig pits and cover them over with grass. These are made very deep; and stakes are sharpened and placed erect at the bottom, that the animals may fall on the points. The people still cage eagles and keep them in their houses, as they did in the olden time, on account of the feathers, which are stiff and well suited for their arrows. It may be, that they also suppose the plumes to partake of the qualities of strength and velocity from the bird.

The Indians of the towns lived from seven hundred to a thousand miles distant from Mexico. Wild tribes and vast deserts were between them. The Aztecs were not aware of the existence of such a people, and the Spaniards first heard of them from the sources that have been given. Thus, though in some arts and in science, the Indians of the pueblos were far inferior to the ancient Mexicans, they were more humane and virtuous, and could never have obtained from them their religion, their knowledge of husbandry, or any skill they exercised. The national character is in a measure altered by the changes time has made through their intercourse with the people that live near them; yet, while their occupations were not such as entitled them to be classed with the civilized of the earth, they could not be justly placed among the barbarous.

At the present day they weave and spin, the men knitting their own stockings. Dr. Ten Brœck, of the United States Army, in a paper contributed by him to the history of the Indian Tribes by Mr. Schoolcraft, says: "Their costume is singular. The men wear no headdress, except it be a handkerchief, folded and tied around the head. The dress of the men is a small blanket, or tilma, reaching to the waist, with a hole for the head to pass through, and instead of which, some wear a buckskin hunting-shirt, buckskin knee-breeches, dyed a deep red, and buttoned up the side with brass buttons, long blue stockings, tied at the knee, leggings of buckskin and moccasons of the same material, with hide soles. A blanket thrown over the shoulder completes the dress.

"The dress of the women is a claret-colored manta, having an aperture to receive the head, and reaching to the knee; and behind, a little below the knee, and is bound round the waist by a colored scarf. Also pretty little buckskin moccasons, to which are attached leggings of the same material. They have a tilma, or square blanket, of the sort and color as the manta over the top of the head. For formal occasions, their mantas or tilmas are handsomely embroidered." The women at a dance wear huge pasteboard coiffures, like turrets, which are painted symbolically, and adorned with feathers.

We must regard the Indians of the pueblos of New Mexico, at the time of their discovery, as a people that, without any assistance from abroad, had attained a respectable rank among the semi-civilized of the earth. Comparing them with the other aborigines, their aspect is most agreeable.

They had no human sacrifices; no altars upon which lay victims in the agony of a death caused by the tearing of the throbbing heart from its place; no shrines, sacred to deities so exacting, that naught save life itself could appease them. They are still free from most of the degrading faults that mark the barbarous condition, and possess virtues that would adorn a nation that could avail itself of better opportunities for advancing towards all that society should desire to attain.

It would be useless to dwell upon the sufferings of the Indians, during the residence of the Spaniards in their country, for most readers are familiar with the horrors of their rule. They were offered friendship and assistance; they received inhuman treatment, and frequent insult. They were robbed and turned away from their homes, that their conquerors might have clothing and shelter. Neither their rights as a people, their feelings as men, nor their social ties as a community were respected. Mild and kind as they were, their vengeance was often roused; but, though they bore hunger and thirst, and fought nobly when besieged, they were ultimately, in every instance, obliged to yield to the Spaniards—Christian by name—but barbarians in their acts.

In the year 1680, while New Mexico was under the government of Otermin, the Indians of the towns successfully rebelled. They succeeded, after destroying many of the whites, in expelling the remainder, who fled to El Paso. The great cause of this commotion was the desire of many of the old people to return to their ancient worship and manner of living.

In the year 1692, the country was retaken by Don. Diego de Vargas. Owing to internal dissensions, the inhabitants were easily subdued once more; but as there was nothing to be gained by a residence among them, New Mexico was left, with some little show of Spanish authority and occasional acts of cruelty, to the people of the towns, the missionaries, and to the wild tribes that of old were found there.

Pl. 9

BUFFALO CHASE.

Our aborigines have strange traditions of their origin. Those of them living on the Missouri River, declare that formerly they dwelt within the earth. "Two boys," they say, "upon a time, absented themselves from home for several days. At length they returned, and informed the nation that they had discovered another world, where all was beautiful and bright. They saw the sun, the earth, the Missouri, and the bison. This, accordingly, so delighted the people, that they immediately abandoned their subterranean abode, and, led by the youths, came up to the surface of the ground, at the spot their villages now occupy, and where they have remained ever since."

As necessary to their existence and comfort as their native soil—as the light or the waters—this people deem the buffalo. They live upon the flesh, and, finding many uses for every part of the body, they pay the animal the highest honors.

Hunting, next to war, is the most noble pursuit in the estimation of the North American savage. Through the dense forest, and over the open prairie, the patient hunter occasionally endures the utmost toil and privation. At times, the slowly moving bison, in endless herds, darkens the face of the plain; but at others, not one is to be seen for days, and then the Indian returns to his family mortified and disappointed! Caring nothing for himself, and only for the wife and the little ones dependent on him, he enters the lodge; his children clamorously greeting him, ask for food. His wife reads his dispirited countenance, and while she endeavors to divert the attention of their children, she makes every effort to cheer the heart, and to relieve the fatigues of the father. He excuses himself to his family: "I have been active all day, but the Master of Life has prevented me from killing any game: be patient, my children, and I may bring you food to-morrow."

He consoles them thus, though he may be very weary, and be almost fainting from hunger.

When a large party of Indians is going on a hunt, a council is held to decide as to the movements and the requisite arrangements. They discuss all day, and often all night, such subjects as will induce dreams, from which they may infer omens of the result of what they are about to attempt. They perform severe fasts beforehand, and pray to the Master of Life to guide and make them successful. A favorable dream will impart vigor to an undertaking; but an unpropitious one oftentimes so disconcerts as to induce the abandonment of an enterprise that otherwise promises a favorable termination.

The hunter of the buffalo must be cautious to keep to leeward, lest the wind bear to the animal a consciousness of his presence; for nature has endowed the brute with a sense of smell so acute, that he is aware when the hunter is abroad, though he may be distant from him several miles. As the chase begins, he plunges heavily towards the most uneven ground, and while his countenance is infuriated, his red eyes glaring with the effort to outrun his pursuer, that of the hunter is glowing with an excitement and pleasure so great as to make him forgetful of every peril. As the steeds bound over the broken ground, each pursuer selects from the drove, and discharges his bow or gun again and again, in fast succession, at the ear or shoulder of a separate victim, until its fall, or the flow of dark blood announces a death-stroke. Should a party come suddenly on a herd, they discharge their arrows at the same moment, and, as each knows his own shaft, there is rarely any difficulty in determining to whom the dead animals belong. Often they surround a herd, driving it over precipices, where they seek, and easily dispatch the prey. The arrow and the bullet are equally destructive; and some very capital hunters use a long lance with great effect.

In the spring, the buffaloes frequently attempt in a body to cross a river on ice, that has been a safe pathway for months before, when it yields to their weight, and many are drowned. The floods that sweep the villages of the far West, also destroy vast numbers. Many travelers from the Atlantic States, and from other parts, go into the Indian country for the pastime of the hunt; and it is to be expected from the fast accumulating causes, that, before many years have gone by, the buffalo that remain will have taken refuge in the ravines of the Rocky Mountains.

When a large party of Indians is out hunting, spies are sent ahead, who seek elevated positions, and by means of signals, inform the rest of what they discover. When they perceive the sign to advance, they ride on rapidly to meet those who first went forward. There is a good deal of form in their reunion. They whisper in serious tones of their prospects; they smoke, and offer the pipe to the Great Spirit, saying: "Thanks, Master of Life, we are poor and hungry." The most eloquent of the hunters takes a prominent position, and haranguing the people in a low voice, alludes with great feeling to their sufferings and their patience, and concludes with a lively picture of the approaching conflict, prophesying their success in killing, and the comfort about to return with them to their lodges. Though the snow and cold should make all desolate without, the blazing pine-knot is to lighten joyful faces, as seated around it, the family listens to tales of the past, from the lips of some aged friend.

When attacked, the monster of the plain gallops slowly, at first; but his speed quickens as he warms with action, and his huge, unwieldy frame comes to move with amazing fleetness. Then let the hunter beware that his horse do not stumble and throw him to the earth; for the buffalo, hearing no more the footfalls, turns and proves himself an unsparing foe.

When a herd is beset, the animals run closely together; the cows always in the advance, as they are the more fleet of foot; and if, when an attack is made, they and the males are apart, the latter directly join them. The roaring of the running animals—the noise of fire-arms—the whizzing of arrows—the clouds of dust that ascend and envelop the pursued and pursuing, are the last act in the buffalo chase.

As it is difficult to describe the extent, fertility, and beauty of the prairies of the West, so is it to give any just idea of the buffaloes that graze upon them. The Indian, as he scans their numbers from day to day, tries to believe that they will ever roam where the Red-man needs them for his subsistence. He does not like to dwell upon the thought that they are fast disappearing, though he must be sensible that they are. To his mind it may portend his own extermination.

Hennepin relates, with extravagant delight, his impressions of Indian country, especially as regards its being so well supplied with game. He watched the savages as they hunted the bison, setting on fire the dry herbs about them, but leaving a pathway by which the animals would attempt to

escape, that they might be encompassed there and slain. He ate with marvellous appetite the juicy flesh, relishing broth made of the blood, the common drink of the Indians. The Jesuit father loved to follow the beaten trails of the animals, and walk in the forest where they retired to rest from the heat of the sun. He remarked the immense droves which, at the approach of winter, set forth to seek a more genial clime; and their return with the spring, when it became to him "a diverting pastime to view them in herds, of many hundred each, feeding in those green meadows." He observed how the hunter pursued only the wounded, fearing to affright the useful animal from the country. He saw the women as they painted the skins, working them in the stained quills of the porcupine; and with curious interest remarked the art which enabled them, without salt, to preserve the meat for a considerable length of time.

He asked of the Indians there, "Who made the heavens?" "If you have seen them," they replied, "you must know; but how would you have us speak of a country none ever visited? Is it not useless to ask of a place so high above our heads? You may go to your gods, mounting up to their dwelling, when you die, but we do not go there; we only depart to the land of souls, where, with our arrows and bows, we will still chase the buffalo."