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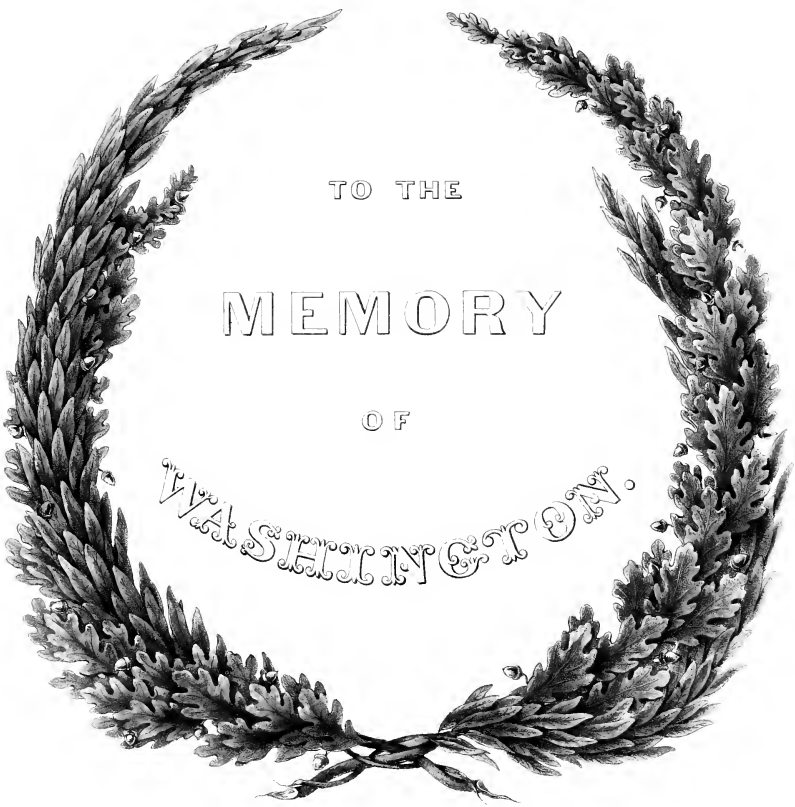
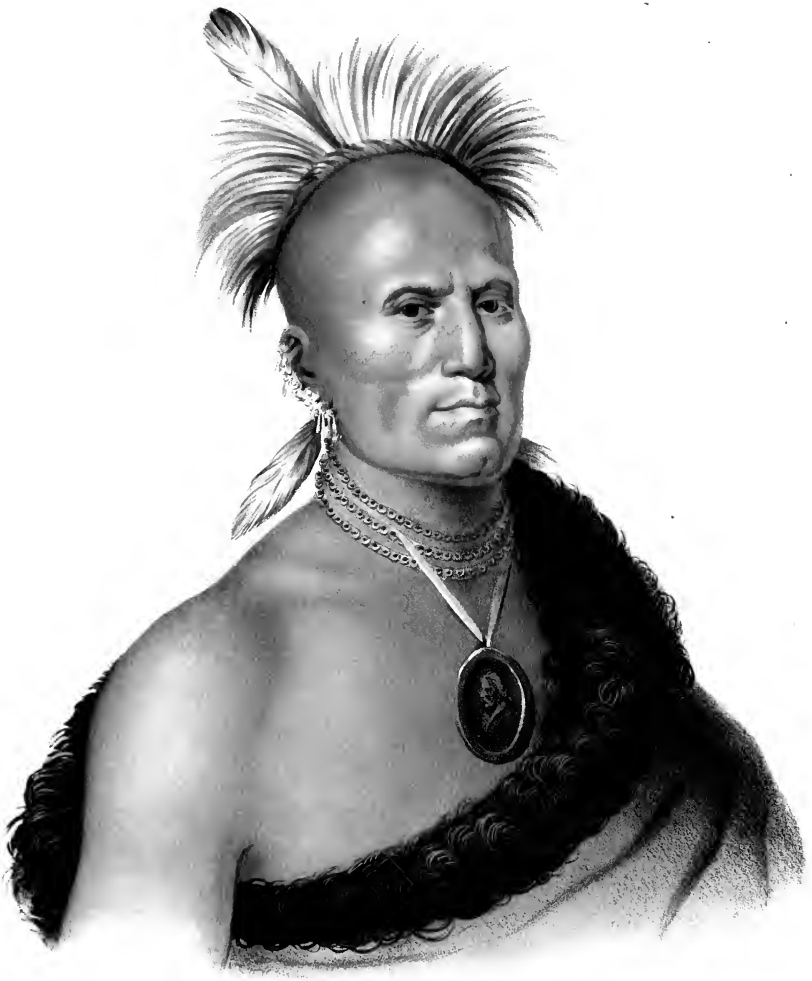




SHAR-I-TAR-ISH.

A PAWNEE CHIEF.

Lith. Col.ᵈ & Published by J. T. Bowen Philad.ᵃ

BIOGRAPHY.

RED JACKET.

The Seneca tribe was the most important of the celebrated confederacy, known in the early history of the American colonies, as the Iroquois, or Five Nations. They were a powerful and warlike people, and acquired a great ascendency over the surrounding tribes, as well by their prowess, as by the systematic skill with which their affairs seem to have been conducted. Their hunting grounds, and principal residence, were in the fertile lands, now embraced in the western limits of the State of New York—a country whose prolific soil, and majestic forests, whose limpid streams, and chains of picturesque lakes, and whose vicinity to the shores of Erie and Ontario, must have rendered it in its savage state, the paradise of the native hunter. Surrounded by all that could render the wilderness attractive, by the greatest luxuriance of nature, and by the most pleasing, as well as the most sublime scenery, and inheriting proud recollections of power and conquest, these tribes were among the foremost in resisting the intrusion of the whites, and the most tardy to surrender their independence. Instead of receding before the European race, as its rapidly accumulating population pressed upon their borders, they tenaciously maintained their ground, and when forced to make cessions of territory to the whites, reserved large tracts for their own use, which they continued to occupy. The swelling tide has passed over and settled around them; and a little

remnant of that once proud and fierce people, remains broken and dispirited, in the heart of a civilized country, mourning over the ruins of savage grandeur, yet spurning the richer blessings enjoyed by the civilized man and the Christian. A few have embraced our religion, and learned our arts; but the greater part have dwindled away under the blasting effects of idleness, intemperance and superstition.

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

That is a truly affecting and highly poetical conception of an American poetess, which traces the memorials of the Aborigines of America, in the beautiful nomenclature which they have indelibly impressed on the scenery of our country. Our mountains have become their enduring monuments; and their epitaph is inscribed, in the lucid language of nature, on our majestic rivers.

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

"Ye say their cone-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;

But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your ever rolling rivers speak,
Their dialect of yore."

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

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

We do not design to intimate that our colonial and national transactions with the Indians have been uniformly, or even habitually

unjust. On the contrary, the treaties of Penn, and of Washington, and some of those of the Puritans, to name no others, are honorable to those who presided at their structure and execution; and teach us how important it is to be just and magnanimous in public, as well as in personal acts. Nor do we at all believe that migrating tribes, small in number, and of very unsettled habits of life, have any right to appropriate to themselves, as hunting grounds and battle fields, those large domains which God designed to be reclaimed from the wilderness, and which, under the culture of civilized man, are adapted to sustain millions of human beings, and to be made subservient to the noblest purposes of human thought and industry. Nor can we in justice charge, exclusively, upon the white population, the corrupting influence of their intercourse with the Indian tribes. There is to be presupposed no little vice and bad propensity on the part of the savages, evinced in the facility with which they became the willing captives, and ultimate victims of that "knowledge of evil," which our people have imparted to them. The treachery also of the Indian tribes, on our defenceless frontiers, their untameable ferocity, their brutal mode of warfare, and their systematic indulgence of the principle of revenge, have too often assumed the most terrific forms of wickedness and destruction towards our confiding emigrants. It is difficult to decide between parties thus placed in positions of antagonism, involving a long series of mutual aggressions, inexcusable on either side, upon any exact principle of rectitude, yet palliated on both by counterbalancing provocation. So far as our government has been concerned, the system of intercourse with the Indians has been founded in benevolence, and marked by a forbearing temper; but that policy has been thwarted by individual avarice, and perverted by unfaithful or injudicious administration. After all, however, the burden of guilt must be conceded to lie upon the party having all the advantages of power, civilization and Christianity, whose position placed them in the paternal relation towards these scattered chil-

dren of the forest. All the controlling interests of the tribes tended to instil in them sentiments of fear, of dependence, of peace, and even of friendship, towards their more powerful neighbors; and it has chiefly been when we have chafed them to madness by incessant and unnecessary encroachment, and by unjust treaties, or when they have been seduced from their fidelity by the enemies of our country, that they have been so unwise as to provoke our resentment by open hostility. These wars have uniformly terminated in new demands on our part, in ever growing accessions from their continually diminishing soil, until the small *reservations*, which they have been permitted to retain in the bosom of our territory, are scarcely large enough to support the living, or hide the dead, of these miserable remnants of once powerful tribes.

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

From the best information we can obtain, it appears probable, that this celebrated chief was born about A. D. 1756, at the place formerly called "Old Castle," now embraced in the town of Seneca, Ontario County, in the State of New York, and three miles west of the present beautiful village of Geneva. His Indian name was *Sa-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Keeper awake*, which, with the usual appropriateness of the native nomenclature, indicates the vigilance of his character. He acquired the more familiar name, which he bore through life among white men, in the following manner. During the war of the revolution, the Seneca tribe fought under the British standard. Though he had scarcely reached the years of manhood, he engaged in the war, was much distinguished by his activity and

intelligence, and attracted the attention of the British officers. One of them presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out, he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. As lately as the treaty of 1794, Captain Parish, to whose kindness we are indebted for some of these details, presented him with another red jacket, to perpetuate a name to which he was so much attached.

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

There is no small evidence of the transcendent abilities of this distinguished individual, to be found in the fact of his rising into the highest rank among his people, though believed by them to be destitute of the virtue which they hold in the greatest estimation.

The savage admires those qualities which are peculiar to his mode of life, and are most practically useful in the vicissitudes to which it is incident. Courage, strength, swiftness and cunning, are indispensably necessary in the constantly recurring scenes of the battle and the chase; while the most patient fortitude is required in the endurance of the pain, hunger, and exposure to all extremes of climate, to which the Indian is continually subjected. Ignorant and uncultivated, they have few intellectual wants or endowments, and place but little value upon any display of genius, which is not combined with the art of the warrior. To this rule, eloquence forms an exception. Where there is any government, however rude, there must be occasional assemblies of the people; where war and peace are made, the chiefs of the contending parties will meet in council; and on such occasions the sagacious counselor, and able orator, will rise above him whose powers are merely physical. But under any circumstances, courage is so essential, in a barbarous community, where battle and violence are continually occurring, where the right of the strongest is the paramount law, and where life itself must be supported by its exposure in procuring the means of subsistence, that we can scarcely imagine how a coward can be respected among savages, or how an individual without courage can rise to superior sway among such fierce spirits.

But though not distinguished as a warrior, it seems that Red Jacket was not destitute of bravery; for on a subsequent occasion, the stain affixed upon his character, on the occasion alluded to, was wiped away, by his good conduct in the field. The true causes, however, of his great influence in his tribe, were his transcendent talents, and the circumstances under which he lived. In times of public calamity the abilities of great men are appreciated, and called into action. Red Jacket came upon the theatre of active life, when the power of his tribe had declined, and its extinction was threatened. The white man was advancing upon them with gigantic strides. The red warrior had appealed, ineffectually, to arms; his

cunning had been foiled and his strength overpowered; his foes, superior in prowess, were countless in number; and he had thrown down the tomahawk in despair. It was then that Red Jacket stood forward as a patriot, defending his nation with fearless eloquence, and denouncing its enemies in strains of fierce invective, or bitter sarcasm. He became their counselor, their negotiator, and their orator. Whatever may have been his conduct in the field, he now evinced a moral courage, as cool and sagacious as it was undaunted, and which showed a mind of too high an order to be influenced by the base sentiment of fear. The relations of the Senecas with the American people, introduced questions of a new and highly interesting character, having reference to the purchase of their lands, and the introduction of Christianity and the arts. The Indians were asked not only to sell their country, but to embrace a new religion, to change their occupations and domestic habits, and to adopt a novel system of thought and action. Strange as these propositions must have seemed in themselves, they were rendered the more unpalatable when dictated by the stronger party, and accompanied by occasional acts of oppression.

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

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

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

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

Another gentleman, who had much official and personal intercourse with the Seneca orator, writes thus: "You have no doubt been well informed as to the strenuous opposition of Red Jacket, to all improvement in the arts of civilized life, and more especially to all innovations upon the religion of the Indians—or, as they generally term it, the religion of their fathers. His speeches upon this and other points, which have been published, were obtained through the medium of illiterate interpreters, and present us with nothing more than ragged and disjointed sketches of the originals. In a private conversation between Red Jacket, Colonel Chapin, and myself, in 1824, I asked him why he was so much opposed to the establishment of missionaries among his people. The question seemed to awaken in the sage old chief feelings of surprise, and after a moment's reflection he replied, with a sarcastic smile, and an emphasis peculiar to himself, 'Because they do us no good. If they are not useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians; if they are useful to the white people, and do them good, why do they not keep them at home? They are surely bad enough to need the labor of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their religion. We cannot read their book; they tell us different stories about what it

contains, and we believe they make the book talk to suit themselves. If we had no money, no land, and no country, to be cheated out of, these black coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. The Great Spirit will not punish for what we do not know. He will do justice to his red children. These black coats talk to the Great Spirit, and ask for light, that we may see as they do, when they are blind themselves, and quarrel about the light which guides them. These things we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path trod by our fathers dark and dreary. The black coats tell us to work and raise corn: they do nothing themselves, and would starve to death if somebody did not feed them. All they do is to pray to the Great Spirit; but that will not make corn or potatoes grow; if it will, why do they beg from us, and from the white people? The red men knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white man; as soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to learn us how to quarrel about their religion. Red Jacket can never be the friend of such men. The Indians can never be civilized; they are not like white men. If they were raised among the white people, and learned to work, and to read, as they do, it would only make their situation worse. They would be treated no better than negroes. We are few and weak, but may for a long time be happy, if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers.'"

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

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

patriot, standing amid the ruins of his little state, rebuking on the one hand his degenerate tribe, and on the other repelling the encroachments of an absorbing power. The speeches which have been reported as his are, for the most part, miserable failures, either made up for the occasion in the prosecution of some mercenary, or sinister purpose, or unfaithfully rendered into puerile periods by an ignorant native.

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

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

About the year 1820, Count D., a young French nobleman, who was making a tour in America, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, and that he hoped the chief would visit him at Buffalo, the next day. Red Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied, "tell the *young* man that if he wishes to see the *old*

chief, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him." The count sent back his messenger, to say that he was fatigued by his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see Red Jacket, and after having put himself to so much trouble to see so great a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. "Tell him," said the sarcastic chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my residence." The retort was richly merited. The count visited him at his wigwam, and *then* Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with the foreign traveler at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman declared that he considered Red Jacket a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara. This remark was the more striking, as it was made within view of the great cataract. But it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation.

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

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

Red Jacket was the foe of the white man. His nation was his God; her honor, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the cross, because he feared some secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that among white and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized domains; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw, too, that the same influence which tended to

reduce his wandering tribe to civilized habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism, it dissolved the nationality of the tribe. In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people. But the district of land reserved for the Senecas, was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever-growing population impatient to possess their lands, and restricting their hunting grounds, by bringing the arts of husbandry up to the line of demarkation. The deer, the buffalo, and the elk were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction.

It must also be stated in fairness, that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigoted and over zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they doubtless often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended. "What have you said to them?" inquired a missionary once, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. "I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit," was the reply. "I said no such thing," cried the missionary; "tell them I am come to speak of God, the only living and True God, and of the life that is to be hereafter—well, what have you said?" "That you will tell them about Manito and the land of spirits." "Worse and worse!" exclaimed the embarrassed preacher; and such is doubtless the history of many sermons which have been delivered to the bewildered heathen.

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

Whatever was the policy of Red Jacket, or the reasons on which it was founded, he was the steady, skillful, and potent foe of missions in his tribe, which became divided into two factions, one of which was called the *Christian*, and the other the *Pagan* party. The Christian party in 1827 outnumbered the Pagan—and Red Jacket was formally, and by a vote of the council, displaced from the office of Chief of the Senecas, which he had held ever since his triumph over Corn Plant. He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his Great Father. His first call, on arriving at Washington, was on Colonel M'Kenney, who was in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of it, displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, "I have a talk for my Father." "Tell him," answered Colonel M'Kenney, "I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him." Colonel M'Kenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter,

saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, "Our Father has got a long eye!" He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home, and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians, to adopt the ceremonies of that religion, whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers. Whereupon, and as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, which he held till his death, which happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, which has retarded the progress of Christianity in all lands lying adjacent to Christian nations, naturally influenced his mind. He saw many individuals in Christendom who were worse than Pagans. He did not know that few of these professed to be Christians, and that a still smaller number practised the precepts of our religion; but judging them in the mass, he saw little that was desirable in the moral character of the whites, and nothing inviting in their faith. It was with these views, that Red Jacket, in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said with inimitable severity and shrewdness, "Your talk is fair and good. But I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo, for one year. They need missionaries, if you can do what you say. If in that time you shall have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people."

A gentleman, who saw Red Jacket in 1820, describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large; and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt; with blue leggins, very neat moccasins, a *red jacket*, and a

girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified. Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favorable auspices, he inquired, "What are you, a gambler, (meaning a land speculator,) a sheriff, or a black coat?" Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe, and disturbed himself, for many years. "He said that he had no doubt that Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men, having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them, and therefore, the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers."

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

The circumstances attending his decease were striking, and we shall relate them in the language of one who witnessed the facts

which he states. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. "I am about to leave you," said he, "and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard, or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails, when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten." These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs and his funeral.

There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced "the man in dark dress," and deprecated the feud by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment: "Bury me," said he, "by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a

white man; let them not pursue me there!" He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighboring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed, which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that, if they had anything to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked, "this house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it." Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse, but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief, in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration.

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

MO-HON-GO,

OSAGE WOMAN

MOHONGO.

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

Whether any other arguments were used to induce these untutored savages to embark in an enterprise so foreign from their timid and reserved habits, we have been unable to discover. It is only known that the individual who seduced them from their native plains, assumed the character and dress of an American officer, and by this deception gained their confidence; and it is more than probable, that as they only knew him under this disguise, they were

deceived into the belief that he was acting under the sanction of the government. Whatever may have been the pretence, it was a cruel deception; and it would be curious to know what were the feelings and the reflections of those wild savages, accustomed to roam uncontrolled through the deep forests, and over the boundless plains, when they found themselves among the habitations of an enlightened people, the objects of intense curiosity, and the prisoners of a mercenary keeper. The delusion under which they commenced their journey was probably not dispelled previous to their arrival at New York; those with whom they met on the way, supposed them to be proceeding to Washington, on a visit to the President; and as the Indians were ignorant of our language, it is not surprising that this singular device escaped detection.

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

The party landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, whence they were sent to Washington city. They were kindly received at the seat of government, where directions were given for their hospitable entertainment during their stay, and for their safe conveyance to the Osage villages. They reached their forest home in safety, and

have done us the justice to acknowledge that, although they suffered much from the treachery of one of our race, who allured them from the wigwams of their tribe, they were indebted to the white man for many acts of kindness and sympathy during their novel and adventurous journey. They profess to have been on the whole gratified with the expedition.

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

and rivers, unchanged from year to year; and the blue sky above them, subjected only to the varieties of storm and sunshine. Is it strange that the countenance of the Indian woman should be vacant, and her demeanor subdued?

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

SHARITARISH.

THE Pawnee nation is divided into several parts, the original or main body of which are called Grand Pawnees, while the bands which have separated from them, and form independent, though somewhat subordinate communities, are designated as Pawnee Loups, Republican Pawnees, Pawnee Mahas, &c. These divisions of larger into smaller communities, which are continually taking place, present a curious subject in the study of Indian history, which we propose to treat more at large in another place.

Sharitarish was principal chief, or head man of the Grand Pawnees. He was descended from a line of chiefs, and according to the law of descents, which selects the next of kin, if worthy, succeeded his elder brother, Tarecawawaho. They were sons of Sharitarish, a chief, who is mentioned in Pike's Expedition under the name of Characterish.

Tarecawawaho was a brave and enterprising leader, as indeed those usually are, who obtain power in these warlike tribes; for the office of chief is no sinecure among a people so continually exposed to various dangers. He had also a large share of that pride, the offspring of ignorance, which is often the principal ingredient in the magnificence of sovereignty, and especially in the savage state. When invited to visit the President of the United States, he refused to do so, upon the ground that it would be too great a condescension. The Pawnees, he asserted, were the greatest people in the world, and himself the most important chief. He was willing to live at peace with the American people, and to

conciliate the government by reciprocating their acts of courtesy. But he argued that the President could not bring as many young men into the field as himself, that he did not own as many horses, nor maintain as many wives; that he was not so distinguished a brave, and could not exhibit as many scalps taken in battle; and that therefore he would not consent to call him his great Father. He did not object, however, to returning the civilities of the President, by sending a delegation composed of some of his principal men; and among those selected to accompany Major O'Fallon to Washington on this occasion, was the subject of this sketch. Sharitarish returned with enlarged views of the numbers and power of the white men, and no doubt with more correct opinions than he had before entertained, of the relative importance of his own nation. As he traveled league after league over the broad expanse of the American territory, he became convinced of the vast disparity between a horde of wandering savages and a nation of civilized men, and was satisfied that his people could gain nothing by a state of warfare with a power so superior.

Sharitarish was a chief of noble form and fine bearing; he was six feet tall, and well proportioned; and when mounted on the fiery steed of the prairie, was a graceful and very imposing personage. His people looked upon him as a great brave, and the young men especially regarded him as a person who was designed to great distinction. After his return from Washington his popularity increased so greatly as to excite the jealousy of his elder brother, the head chief, who, however, did not long survive that event. He died a few weeks after the return of Sharitarish, who succeeded him, but who also died during the succeeding autumn, at the age of little more than thirty years. He was succeeded by his brother Ishcatape, the wicked chief, a name given him by the Omahas, or Pawnee Mahas, and which also has been applied by some to the subject of this notice.

SEQUOYAH,

THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

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

At an early period in the settlement of our colonies, the Cherokees received with hospitality the white men who went among them as traders; and having learned the value of articles of European fabric, became, in some measure, dependent upon this traffic. Like other Indians they engaged in hostilities against us, when it suited their convenience, or when stimulated by caprice or the love of plunder. But as our settlements approached, and finally surrounded them, they were alike induced by policy, and compelled

by their situation, to desist from their predatory mode of life, and became, comparatively, inoffensive neighbors to the whites. The larger number continued to subsist by hunting, while a few engaged in agriculture. Inhabiting a fertile country, in a southern climate, within the limits of Georgia, their local position held out strong temptations to white men to settle among them as traders, and many availed themselves of these advantages. With the present object of carrying on a profitable traffic, and the ulterior view of acquiring titles to large bodies of land, they took up their residence among the Indians, and intermarried with the females of that race. Some of these were prudent, energetic men, who made themselves respected, and acquired influence, which enabled them to rank as head men, and to transmit the authority of chiefs to their descendants. Many of them became planters, and grew wealthy in horses and cattle, and in negro slaves, which they purchased in the southern states. The only art, however, which they introduced, was that of agriculture; and this but few of the Indians had the industry to learn and practice, further than in the rude cultivation of small fields of corn by the squaws.

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

Sequoyah, or, as he is commonly called, George Guess, is the son of a white man, named Gist, and of a female who was of the mixed blood. The latter was perfectly untaught and illiterate, having been reared in the wigwam in the laborious and servile

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

exercises, to loose habits, and to predatory lives, we recognize in these pursuits of the young Sequoyah, the indications of a pacific disposition, and of a mind elevated above the sphere in which he was placed. Under more favorable circumstances he would have risen to a high rank among intellectual men.

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

He continued to employ himself in this business for some years, and in the meanwhile turned his attention to the art of drawing. He made sketches of horses, cattle, deer, houses, and other familiar objects, which at first were as rude as those which the Indians draw upon their dressed skins, but which improved so rapidly as to present, at length, very tolerable resemblances of the figures intended to be copied. He had, probably, at this time, never seen a picture or an engraving, but was led to these exercises by the stirrings of an innate propensity for the imitative arts. He became extremely popular. Amiable, accommodating, and unassuming, he displayed an industry uncommon among his people, and a genius

which elevated him in their eyes into a prodigy. They flocked to him from the neighborhood, and from distant settlements, to witness his skill, and to give him employment; and the untaught Indian gazed with astonishment at one of his own race who had spontaneously caught the spirit, and was rivaling the ingenuity of the civilized man. The females, especially, were attracted by his manners and his skill, and lavished upon him an admiration which distinguished him as the chief favorite of those who are ever quick-sighted in discovering the excellent qualities of the other sex.

These attentions were succeeded by their usual consequences. Genius is generally united with ambition, which loves applause, and is open to flattery. Guess was still young, and easily seduced by adulation. His circle of acquaintance became enlarged, the young men courted his friendship, and much of his time was occupied in receiving visits, and discharging the duties of hospitality. On the frontier there is but one mode of evincing friendship or repaying civility—drinking is the universal pledge of cordiality, and Guess considered it necessary to regale his visitors with ardent spirits. At first his practice was to place the bottle before his friends, and leave them to enjoy it, under some plea of business or disinclination. An innate dread of intemperance, or a love of industry, preserved him for some time from the seductive example of his reveling companions. But his caution subsided by degrees, and he was at last prevailed upon to join in the bacchanalian orgies provided by the fruits of his own industry. His laborious habits thus broken in upon, soon became undermined, his liberality increased, and the number of his friends was rapidly enlarged. He would now purchase a keg of whisky at a time, and retiring with his companions to a secluded place in the woods, become a willing party to those boisterous scenes of mad intoxication which form the sole object and the entire sum of an Indian revel. The common effect of drinking, upon the savage, is to increase his ferocity, and sharpen his brutal appetite for blood; the social and enlivening

influence ascribed to the cup by the Anacreontic song, forms no part of his experience. Drunkenness, and not companionship, is the purpose in view, and his deep potations, imbibed in gloomy silence, stir up the latent passions that he is trained to conceal, but not to subdue. In this respect, as in most others, Sequoyah differed from his race. The inebriating draught, while it stupefied his intellect, warmed and expanded his benevolence, and made him the best natured of sots. Under its influence he gave advice to his comrades, urging them to forgive injuries, to live in peace, and to abstain from giving offence to the whites, or to each other. When his companions grew quarrelsome, he would sing songs to amuse them, and while thus musically employed would often fall asleep.

Guess was in a fair way of becoming an idle, a harmless, and a useless vagabond; but there was a redeeming virtue in his mind, which enabled it to react against temptation. His vigorous intellect foresaw the evil tendencies of idleness and dissipation, and becoming weary of a life so uncongenial with his natural disposition, he all at once gave up drinking, and took up the trade of a blacksmith. Here, as in other cases, he was his own instructor, and his first task was to make for himself a pair of bellows; having effected which, he proceeded to make hoes, axes, and other of the most simple implements of agriculture. Before he went to work, in the year 1820, he paid a visit to some friends residing at a Cherokee village on the Tennessee river, during which a conversation occurred on the subject of the art of writing. The Indians, keen and quick-sighted with regard to all the prominent points of difference between themselves and the whites, had not failed to remark, with great curiosity and surprise, the fact that what was written by one person was understood by another, to whom it was delivered, at any distance of time or place. This mode of communicating thoughts, or of recording facts, has always been the subject of much inquiry among them; the more intelligent have sometimes attempted to detect the imposition, if any existed, by showing the same writing

SE-QUO-YAH,

INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET

Lith^d Col^d & Pub^d by J. T. Bowen Philad^a

to different persons; but finding the result to be uniform, have become satisfied that the white men possess a faculty unknown to the Indians, and which they suppose to be the effect of sorcery, or some other supernatural cause. In the conversation alluded to, great stress was laid on this power of the white man—on his ability to put his thoughts on paper, and send them afar off to speak for him, as if he who wrote them was present. There was a general expression of astonishment at the ingenuity of the whites, or rather at their possession of what most of those engaged in the conversation considered as a distinct faculty, or sense, and the drift of the discussion turned upon the inquiry whether it was a faculty of the mind, a gift of the Great Spirit, or a mere imposture. Guess, who had listened in silence, at length remarked, that he did not regard it as being so very extraordinary. He considered it an art, and not a gift of the Great Spirit, and he believed he could invent a plan by which the red men could do the same thing. He had heard of a man who had made marks on a rock, which other white men interpreted, and he thought he could also make marks which would be intelligible. He then took up a whetstone, and began to scratch figures on it with a pin, remarking, that he could teach the Cherokees to talk on paper like white men. The company laughed heartily, and Guess remained silent during the remainder of the evening. The subject that had been discussed was one upon which he had long and seriously reflected, and he listened with interest to every conversation which elicited new facts, or drew out the opinions of other men. The next morning he again employed himself in making marks upon the whetstone, and repeated, that he was satisfied he could invent characters, by the use of which the Cherokees could learn to read.

Full of this idea, he returned to his own home, at Will's town, in Will's valley, on the southern waters of the Coosa river, procured paper, which he made into a book, and commenced making characters. His reflections on the subject had led him to the conclusion,

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

While thus engaged he was visited by one of his intimate friends, who told him he came to beg him to quit his design, which had

made him a laughing-stock to his people, who began to consider him a fool. Sequoyah replied, that he was acting upon his own responsibility, and as that which he had undertaken was a personal matter, which would make fools of none besides himself, he should persevere.

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

The next day Colonel Lowry rode over to the house of Guess, when the latter requested his little daughter to repeat the alphabet. The child, without hesitation, recited the characters, giving to each the sound which the inventor had assigned to it, and performing the task with such ease and rapidity that the astonished visitor, at its conclusion, uttered the common expression—"Yoh!" with which the Cherokees express surprise. Unwilling, however, to yield too ready an assent to that which he had ridiculed, he added, "It sounds like Muscogee, or the Creek language;" meaning to

convey the idea that the sounds did not resemble the Cherokee. Still there was something strange in it. He could not permit himself to believe that an illiterate Indian had invented an alphabet, and perhaps was not sufficiently skilled in philology to bestow a very careful investigation upon the subject. But his attention was arrested; he made some further inquiry, and began to doubt whether Sequoyah was the deluded schemer which others thought him.

The truth was, that the most complete success had attended this extraordinary attempt, and George Guess was the Cadmus of his race. Without advice, assistance, or encouragement—ignorant alike of books and of the various arts by which knowledge is disseminated—with no prompter but his own genius, and no guide but the light of reason, he had formed an alphabet for a rude dialect, which, until then, had been an unwritten tongue! It is only necessary to state, in general, that, subsequently, the invention of Guess was adopted by intelligent individuals engaged in the benevolent attempt to civilize the Cherokees, and it was determined to prepare types for the purpose of printing books in that tongue. Experience demonstrated that Guess had proved himself successful, and he is now justly esteemed the Cadmus of his race. The conception and execution are wholly his own. Some of the characters are in form like ours of the English alphabet; they were copied from an old spelling book that fell in his way, but have none of the powers or sounds of the letters thus copied. The following are the characters systematically arranged with the sounds.

Ꭰ a	Ꭱ e	Ꭲ i	Ꭳ o	Ꭴ u	i y
Ꭶ ga Ꭷ ka	Ꭸ ge	y gi	Ꭹ go	Ꭻ gu	Ꭼ gv
Ꭽ ha	Ꭾ he	Ꭿ hi	Ꮀ ho	Ꮁ hu	Ꮂ hv
Ꮃ la	Ꮄ le	Ꮅ li	Ꮆ lo	Ꮇ lu	Ꮈ lv
Ꮉ ma	Ꮊ me	Ꮋ mi	Ꮌ mo	Ꮍ mu	
Ꮎ na Ꮏ hna Ꮐ nah	Ꮑ ne	Ꮒ ni	Ꮓ no	Ꮔ nu	Ꮕ nv
Ꮖ qua	Ꮗ que	Ꮘ qui	Ꮙ quo	Ꮚ quu	Ꮛ quv

Ꮜ s Ꮝ sv	Ꮞ se	Ꮟ si	Ꮠ so	Ꮡ su	Ꮢ sv
Ꮣ dw Ꮤ ta	Ꮥ de Ꮦ te	Ꮧ di Ꮨ tih	Ꮩ do	Ꮪ du	Ꮫ dv
Ꮬ dla Ꮭ tla	Ꮮ tle	Ꮯ tli	Ꮰ tlo	Ꮱ tlu	Ꮲ tlv
Ꮳ tsa	Ꮴ tse	Ꮵ tsi	Ꮶ tso	Ꮷ tsu	Ꮸ tsv
Ꮹ wa	Ꮺ we	Ꮻ wi	Ꮼ wo	Ꮽ wu	Ꮾ wv
Ꮿ ya	Ᏸ ye	Ᏹ yi	Ᏺ yo	Ᏻ yu	Ᏼ yv

SOUNDS REPRESENTED BY VOWELS.

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

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

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

Syllables beginning with g, except Ꭶ, have sometimes the power of k; Ꮩ, Ꮪ, Ꮫ, are sometimes sounded to, tu, tv; and syllables writ-ren with tl, except Ꮭ, sometimes vary to dl.

Guess completed his work in 1821. Several of his maternal uncles were at that time distinguished men among the Cherokees. Among them was *Keahatahee*, who presided over the beloved town, *Echota*, the town of refuge, and who was one of two chiefs who were killed by a party of fourteen people, while under the protection of a white flag, at that celebrated place. One of these persons observed to him, soon after he had made his discovery, that he had been taught by the Great Spirit. Guess replied, that he had taught himself. He had the good sense not to arrogate to himself any extraordinary merit, in a discovery which he considered as the

result of an application of plain principles. Having accomplished the great design he began to instruct others, and after teaching many to read and write, and establishing his reputation, he left the Cherokee nation in 1822, and went on a visit to Arkansas, where he taught those of his tribe who had emigrated to that country. Shortly after, and before his return home, a correspondence was opened between the Cherokees of the west and those of the east of the Mississippi, in the Cherokee language. In 1823, he determined to emigrate to the west of the Mississippi. In the autumn of the same year, the general council of the Cherokee nation passed a resolution, awarding to Guess a silver medal, in token of their regard for his genius, and of their gratitude for the eminent service he rendered to his people. The medal, which was made at Washington city, bore on one side two pipes, on the other a head, with this inscription—"Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee Alphabet." The inscription was the same on both sides, except that on one it was in English, and on the other in Cherokee, and in the characters invented by Guess. It was intended that this medal should be presented at a council, but two of the chiefs dying, John Ross, who was now the principal chief, being desirous of the honor and gratification of making the presentation, and not knowing when Guess might return to the nation, sent it to him with a written address.

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

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

TENSKWAUTAWAW.

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

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

or the origin of a nation. With this prefatory caution, we proceed to give the story of Tenskwautawaw, as related by himself—compiled, however, in our own language, from the loose memoranda of the original transcriber.

His paternal grandfather was a Creek, who, at a period which is not defined in the manuscript before us, went to one of the southern cities, either Savannah or Charleston, to hold a council with the English governor, whose daughter was present at some of the interviews. This young lady had conceived a violent admiration for the Indian character; and, having determined to bestow herself upon some "warlike lord" of the forest, she took this occasion to communicate her partiality to her father. The next morning, in the council, the governor inquired of the Indians which of them was the most expert hunter; and the grandfather of Tecumthé, then a young and handsome man, who sat modestly in a retired part of the room, was pointed out to him. When the council broke up for the day, the governor asked his daughter if she was really so partial to the Indians as to prefer selecting a husband from among them; and finding that she persisted in this singular predilection, he directed her attention to the young Creek warrior, for whom, at first sight, she avowed a decided attachment. On the following morning the governor announced to the Creeks, that his daughter was disposed to marry one of their number; and, having pointed out the individual, added, that his consent would be given. The chiefs, at first, very naturally, doubted whether the governor was in earnest; but, upon his assuring them that he was sincere, they advised the young man to embrace the lady and her offer. He was not so ungallant as to refuse; and, having consented to the fortune that was thus buckled on him, was immediately taken to another apartment, where he was disrobed of his Indian costume by a train of black servants, washed, and clad in a new suit, and the marriage ceremony was immediately performed.

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

about half the Shawanoes, then removed to old Chilicothe; the other half divided again, a part remaining with the Creeks, and the remainder going beyond the Mississippi. Tecumthé was born on the journey. Pukeshinwau was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, in the autumn of 1774, and the Prophet was born the following winter.

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

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

The early life of the Prophet was not distinguished by any important event, nor would his name ever have been known to fame, but for his connection with his distinguished brother. Tecumthé was a person of commanding talents, who gave early indications of a genius of a superior order.* While a boy he was a leader among his playmates, and was in the habit of arranging

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

them in parties for the purpose of fighting sham battles. At this early age his vigilance, as well as his courage, is said to have been remarkably developed in his whole deportment. One only exception is reported to have occurred, in which this leader, like the no less illustrious Red Jacket, stained his youthful character by an act of pusillanimity. At the age of fifteen he went, for the first time, into battle, under the charge of his elder brother, and at the commencement of the engagement ran off, completely panic-stricken. This event, which may be considered as remarkable, in the life of an individual so conspicuous through his whole after career for daring intrepidity, occurred on the banks of Mad River, near the present site of Dayton. But Tecumthé possessed too much pride, and too strong a mind, to remain long under the disgrace incurred by a momentary weakness, and he shortly afterwards distinguished himself in an attack on some boats descending the Ohio. A prisoner, taken on this occasion, was burnt, with all the horrid ceremonies attendant upon this dreadful exhibition of savage ferocity; and Tecumthé, shocked at a scene so unbecoming the character of the warrior, expressed his abhorrence in terms so strong and eloquent, that the whole party came to the resolution that they would discontinue the practice of torturing the prisoners at the stake. A more striking proof of the genius of Tecumthé could not be given; it must have required no small degree of independence and strength of mind, to enable an Indian to arrive at a conclusion so entirely at variance with all the established usages of his people; nor could he have impressed others with his own novel opinions without the exertion of great powers of argument. He remained firm in the benevolent resolution thus early formed; but we are unable to say how far his example conduced to the extirpation of the horrid rite to which we have alluded, and which is now seldom, if at all, practised. Colonel Crawford, who was burned in 1782, is the last victim to

the savage propensity for revenge, who is known to have suffered this cruel torture.

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

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

The celebrated victory of General Wayne, in which a large body of Indians, well organized, and skilfully led, was most signally defeated, took place in 1794, and produced an entire change in the relations then existing between the American people and the aborigines, by crushing the power of the latter at a single blow, and dispersing the elements of a powerful coalition of the tribes. In that battle, Tecumthe led a party, and was with the advance which met the attack of the infantry, and bore the brunt

of the severest fighting. When the Indians, completely overpowered, were compelled to retreat, Tecumthé, with two or three others, rushed on a small party of their enemies, who had a field-piece in charge, drove them from the gun, and cutting loose the horses, mounted them, and fled to the main body of the Indians.

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

About the year 1806, this highly-gifted warrior began to exhibit the initial movements of his great plan for expelling the whites from the valley of the Mississippi. The Indians had, for a long series of years, witnessed with anxiety the encroachments of a population superior to themselves in address, in war, and in all the arts of civil life, until, having been driven beyond the Alleghany ridge, they fancied that nature had interposed an impassable barrier between them and their oppressors. They were not, however, suffered to repose long in this imaginary security. A race of hardy men, led on step by step in the pursuit of game, and in search of fertile lands, pursued the footsteps of the savage through the fastnesses of the mountains, and explored those broad and prolific plains, which had been spoken of before, in reports supposed to be partly fabulous, but which were now found to surpass in extent, and in the magnificence of their scenery and vegetation, all that travellers had written, or the most credulous had imagined. Individuals and colonies began to emigrate, and the Indians saw that again they were to be dispossessed of their choicest hunting-grounds. Wars followed, the history of which we have not room to relate—wars of the most unsparing character, fought with scenes of hardy and romantic valor, and with the most heart-rending incidents of domestic distress. The vicissitudes

of these hostilities were such as alternately to flatter and alarm each party; but as year after year rolled away, the truth became rapidly developed, that the red men were dwindling and receding, while the descendants of the Europeans were increasing in numbers, and pressing forward with gigantic footsteps. Coalitions of the tribes began to be formed, but they were feebly organized, and briefly united. A common cause roused all the tribes to hostility, and the whole frontier presented scenes of violence. Harmer, St. Clair, and other gallant leaders, sent to defend the settlements, were driven back by the irritated savages, who refused to treat on any other condition than that which should establish a boundary to any farther advance of the whites. Their first hope was to exclude the latter from the valley of the Mississippi; but, driven from this position by the rapid settlement of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, they assumed the Ohio river as their boundary, and proposed to make peace with General Wayne, on his agreeing to that stream as a permanent line between the red and white men. After their defeat by that veteran leader, all negotiation for a permanent boundary ceased, the tribes dispersed, each to fight its own wars, and to strike for plunder or revenge, as opportunity might offer.

Tecumthé seems to have been, at this time, the only Indian who had the genius to conceive, and the perseverance to attempt, an extended scheme of warfare against the encroachment of the whites. His plan embraced a general union of all the Indians against all white men, and proposed the entire expulsion of the latter from the valley of the Mississippi. He passed from tribe to tribe, urging the necessity of a combination which should make a common cause; and burying, for a time, all feuds among themselves, wage a general war against the invader who was expelling them, all alike, from their hunting-grounds, and who would not cease to drive them towards the setting sun, until the last remnant of their race should be hurled into the great ocean of the West.

This great warrior had the sagacity to perceive, that the traffic with the whites, by creating new and artificial wants among the Indians, exerted a powerful influence in rendering the latter dependent on the former; and he pointed out to them, in forcible language, the impossibility of carrying on a successful war while they depended on their enemies for the supply of articles which habit was rendering necessary to their existence. He showed the pernicious influence of ardent spirits, the great instrument of savage degradation and destruction; but he also explained, that in using the guns, ammunition, knives, blankets, cloth, and other articles manufactured by the whites, they had raised up enemies in their own wants and appetites, more efficient than the troops of their oppressors. He urged them to return to the simple habits of their fathers—to reject all superfluous ornaments, to dress in skins, and to use such weapons as they could fabricate, or wrest by force from the enemy; and, setting the example, he lived an abstemious life, and sternly rejected the use of articles purchased from the traders.

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

door"—by which it was intended to represent him as *the way*, or door, which had been opened for the deliverance of the red people.

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

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

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

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

The ground assumed by these brothers was, that all previous treaties between the Indians and the American government were invalid, having been made without authority. They asserted that the lands inhabited by the Indians, belonged to all the tribes indiscriminately—that the Great Spirit had given them to *the Indians* for hunting-grounds—that each tribe had a right to certain tracts of country so long as they occupied them, but no longer—that if one tribe moved away, another might take possession; and

they contended for a kind of entail, which prevented any tribe from alienating that to which he had only a present possessory right. They insisted, therefore, that no tribe had authority to transfer any soil to the whites, without the assent of all; and that, consequently, all the treaties that had been made were void. It was in support of these plausible propositions that Tecumthé made his best speeches, and showed especially his knowledge of human nature, by his artful appeals to the prejudices of the Indians. He was, when he pleased to be so, a great demagogue; and when he condescended to court the people, was eminently successful. In his public harangues he acted on this principle; and, while he was ostensibly addressing the governor of Indiana, or the chiefs who sat in council, his speeches, highly inflammatory, yet well digested, were all, in fact, directed to the multitude. It was on such an occasion that, in ridiculing the idea of selling a country, he broke out in the exclamation—"Sell a country! why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children?"

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

"In 1809, Governor Harrison purchased from the Delawares, Miamis, and Potawatimies, a large tract of country on both sides of the Wabash, and extending up that river about sixty miles above Vincennes. Tecumthé was absent, and his brother, not feeling himself interested, made no opposition to the treaty; but the former, on his return, expressed great dissatisfaction, and threatened some of the chiefs with death, who had made the treaty. Governor Harrison, hearing of his displeasure, despatched a messenger to invite him to come to Vincennes, and to assure him, 'that any claims he might have to the lands which had been ceded, were not affected by the treaty; that he might come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions, and if they were found to be valid, the land would be either given up, or an ample compensation made for it.'

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

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

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

"'I have made myself what I am; and I would that I could make the red people as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Great Spirit that rules over all. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty; but I would say to him, Brother, you have liberty to return to your own country. Once there was no white man in all this country: then it belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and fill it with the same race—once a happy race, but now made

miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. They have driven us from the great salt water, forced us over the mountains, and would shortly push us into the lakes—but we are determined to go no farther. The only way to stop this evil, is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be now—for it never was divided, but belongs to all. No tribe has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all, and will take no less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians who had it first—it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all, is not good. The late sale is bad—it was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all.'

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

"The interpreter had scarcely finished the explanation of these remarks, when Tecumthé fiercely exclaimed, 'It is false!' and giving a signal to his warriors, they sprang upon their feet, from the

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

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

each party should have the same attendance as on the previous day; but the governor took the precaution to place himself in an attitude to command respect, and to protect the inhabitants of Vincennes from violence, by ordering two companies of militia to be placed on duty within the village.

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

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

head to induce him to direct you to give up this land. It is true, he is so far off, he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out.'"

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

The following remarkable circumstance may serve to illustrate the penetration, decision, and boldness of this warrior-chief: He had been down south, to Florida, and succeeded in instigating the Seminoles in particular, and portions of other tribes, to unite in the war on the side of the British. He gave out, that a vessel, on a certain day, commanded by red coats, would be off Florida, filled with guns and ammunition, and supplies for the use of the Indians. That no mistake might happen in regard to the day on which the Indians were to strike, he prepared bundles of sticks—each bundle containing the number of sticks corresponding to the number of days that were to intervene between the day on which they were received, and the day of the general onset. The Indian

practice is, to throw away a stick every morning—they make, therefore, no mistake in the time. These sticks Tecumthé caused to be painted red. It was from this circumstance that, in the former Seminole war, these Indians were called "Red Sticks." In all this business of mustering tribes, Tecumthé used great caution. He supposed inquiry would be made as to the object of his visit. That his plans might not be suspected, he directed the Indians to reply to any questions that might be asked about him, by saying, that he had counselled them to cultivate the ground, abstain from ardent spirits, and live in peace with the white people. On his return from Florida, he went among the Creeks, in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa river, he made his way to the lodge of the chief called the *Big Warrior*. He explained his object; delivered his war-talk—presented a bundle of sticks—gave a piece of wampum and a war-hatchet; all which the Big Warrior took. But Tecumthé, reading the spirit and intentions of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger towards his face, said,—"Your blood is white. You have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know. I leave Tuckhabatchee directly—and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned, and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement, both at his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often, and talked over this matter—and counted the days carefully, to know the day when Tecumthé would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the day of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling

was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when, at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumthé has got to Detroit!" The effect was electric. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumthé arrived at Detroit, and in exact fulfilment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi. We received the foregoing from the lips of the Indians, when we were at Tuckhabatchee, in 1827, and near the residence of the Big Warrior. The anecdote may, therefore, be relied on. Tecumthé's object, doubtless, was, on seeing that he had failed, by the usual appeal to the passions, and hopes, and war spirit of the Indians, to alarm their fears, little dreaming, himself, that on the day named, his threat would be executed with such punctuality and terrible fidelity.

Tecumthé was temperate in his diet, used no ardent spirits, and did not indulge in any kind of excess. Although several times married, he had but one wife at a time, and treated her with uniform kindness and fidelity; and he never evinced any desire to accumulate property, or to gratify any sordid passion. Colonel John Johnston, of Piqua, who knew him well, says, "He was sober and abstemious; never indulging in the use of liquors, nor catering to excess; fluent in conversation, and a great public speaker. He despised dress, and all effeminacy of manners; he was disinterested, hospitable, generous, and humane—the resolute and indefatigable advocate of the rights and independence of the Indians." Stephen Ruddle, a Kentuckian, who was captured by the Indians in childhood, and lived in the family of Tecumthé, says of him, "His talents, rectitude of deportment, and friendly disposition, commanded the respect and regard of all about him;"

and Governor Cass, in speaking of his oratory, says, "It was the utterance of a great mind, roused by the strongest motives of which human nature is susceptible, and developing a power and a labor of reason which commanded the admiration of the civilized, as justly as the confidence and pride of the savage."

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

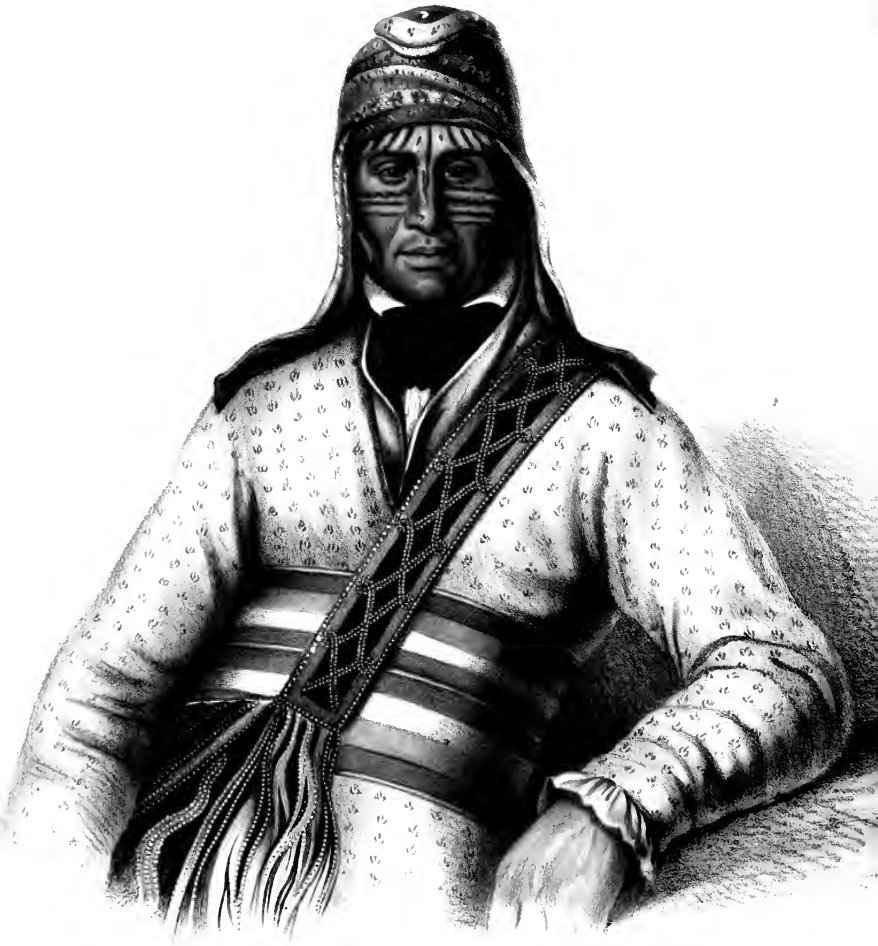
We have not room to detail all the political and military events in which these brothers were engaged, and which have been related in the histories of the times. An account of the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place in 1811, and of the intrigues which led to an engagement so honorable to our arms, would alone fill more space than is allotted to this article. On the part of the Indians it was a fierce and desperate assault, and the defence of the American general was one of the most brilliant and successful in the annals of Indian warfare; but Tecumthé was not engaged in it, and the Prophet, who issued orders from a safe position, beyond the reach of any chance of personal exposure, performed no part honorable to himself, or important to the result. He added cowardice to

the degrading traits which had already distinguished his character, and from that time his influence decreased. At the close of the war, in 1814, he had ceased to have any reputation among the Indians.

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

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

The Prophet was living, when we last heard of him, west of the Mississippi, in obscurity.



YOHOLO MICCO,

A CREEK CHIEF

Lith.d Col.d & Published by J. T. Bowen, Philad.a

YOHOLO MICCO.

Yoholo Micco was principal chief of the Eufalo town, which lies between Tallassee and Oakfuskee, in the Creek nation, the Tallapoosa river running through it. In the war of 1813–14, he served with McIntosh against the hostile Indians, and shared largely and honorably in all the battles that were fought. His bravery was equalled only by his eloquence, which gained him great distinction. He was the speaker of the Creek nation, as Opothle Yoholo was of the division called the Upper towns, and opened the councils on all occasions.

At the council called in 1827, by the Little Prince, to receive the propositions offered by the government through Colonel M'Kenney, which we have noticed in another place, Yoholo Micco explained the object of the mission, in a manner so clear and pointed as not to be easily forgotten by those who heard him. He rose with the unembarrassed dignity of one who, while he felt the responsibility of his high office, was familiarly versed in its duties, and satisfied of his own ability to discharge it with success. He was not unaware of the delicacy of the subject, nor of the excitable state of the minds to which his argument was to be addressed, and his harangue was artfully suited to the occasion. With the persuasive manner of an accomplished orator, and in the silver tones of a most flexible voice, he placed the subject before his savage audience in all its details and bearings—making his several points with clearness and in order, and drawing out his deductions in the lucid and conclusive manner of a finished rhetorician.

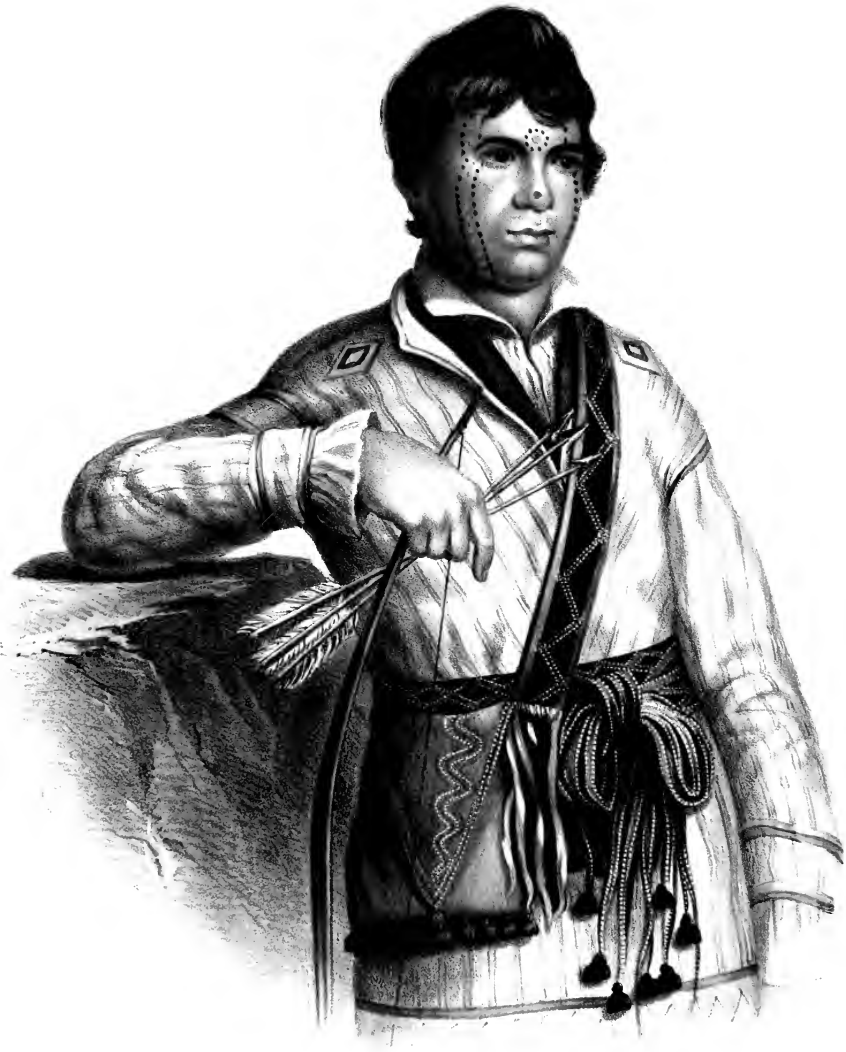
The deportment of this chief was mild, his disposition sincere

and generous. He advocated warmly the principles and practices of civilized life, and took so decided a part in favor of the plans to improve the condition of his people, proposed by the American government, and by individuals, that he became unpopular, and lost his place and influence in the general council, and the chieftaincy of his tribe. His successor as principal chief of the Eufola town is Octearche Micco.

Yoholo Micco was amiable in his family relations, and brought up his children with care, giving them the best advantages in point of education, which the country afforded. His sons were bred to the pursuits of civilized men. One of his daughters, named Lotti Yoholo, married a chief of the Eufalo town, and, following the example of her father, gave her children liberal educations.

This chief visited Washington in 1826, as one of the delegates from his nation. He afterwards consented to remove to Arkansas, and fell a victim to the fatigues attending the emigration, in his fiftieth year, while on his way to the land of promise. His memory is honored by the Indians, who, in common with all who knew this excellent person, speak of him as one of the best of men.

The word Micco signifies king or chief, and will be found forming a part of the names of many of the southern chiefs, while Yoholo, which signifies the possession of royal blood, is an aristocratic adjunct to the names of those who are well descended.



MISTIPPEE.

Lith.d Col.d & Published by J.T Bowen, Philad.a

MISTIPPEE.

This is a son of Yoholo Micco, who bears a name, the origin of which would be discovered with difficulty by the most cunning etymologist; and we are happy to have it in our power to solve a problem, which might else, at some far distant day, cause an infinite waste of valuable time and curious learning. The parents of this youth, having decided on rearing him after the fashions of their white neighbors, bestowed upon him the very ancient and respectable appellation of Benjamin, from which soon arose the usual abbreviation of Ben and Benny, which the young chief bore during the halcyon days of infancy. To this familiar name, respect for his family soon prefixed the title of Mr.; and, in the mouths of the Indians, Mr. Ben soon became Mistiben, and finally Mistippee—the original Benjamin being lost in the superior euphony of that very harmonious word *mister*.

It is not improbable that the individual who bore this name when his portrait was taken, may now be known by another, for, as we have remarked elsewhere, these designations are frequently changed; and an Indian has usually as many names as there are remarkable events in his history. Those which they receive in infancy are entirely accidental, or are induced by the most trifling circumstances. *Litker*, the Swift, is the name of an active boy; but if a child is called *Isca*, the Ground Hog, or *Woodcoochee*, the Raccoon, it is not to be presumed that he resembles that animal; because he would be as likely to receive it from the mere circumstance of being seen to play with the animal, or to wear its

skin, or to imitate some of its motions. On the other hand, *Minechee*, which signifies little, smart and active, is the appropriate name of a female child. These names are retained during childhood, and until the youthful character begins to show its bias, when others are given which are supposed to be more descriptive; and we believe it is always usual, when a young man is admitted into the war councils, to give him a name with reference to his qualifications as a warrior. For instance, a youth who is modest and retiring may be called *Chofixico*, which would be interpreted, "timid as the deer;" yet the word is a compound used chiefly as a proper name. *Cho* is an abbreviation of *echo*, a deer—*fix* is abbreviated from *fegee*, which means life or spirit—and *ico* is a contraction of *sicco*, gone—from all which we get the very poetical compound above mentioned. A bold and fearless spirit is called *Yaha Hadjo*, the Crazy Wolf, from *yaha*, a wolf, and *hadjo*, crazy. Another class of names are given still later in life, and are such as refer to some exploit or adventure by which the individual became distinguished for the time, as, "*He who stands and strikes*," "*He who fights as he flies*," or "*The wolf killer*."

Mistippee escaped having the name of an animal conferred upon him, in the manner we have seen, but spent his boyhood, as is usual with the Indian children, in practising with the blow-gun and bow, and in hunting the smaller kinds of game. The blow-gun is a favorite weapon among the boys of the southern tribes. It is simply a hollow reed of eight or ten feet in length, made perfectly smooth within, from which a small arrow is blown with much force by the breath. The arrow is made of light wood, armed with a pin, or small nail, at one end, and with thistle down carefully wrapped round the other, in a sufficient quantity to fill the reed, so that, when placed in the end to which the mouth is applied, it is forced through the reed with great swiftness, and, if well directed, with the certainty of the rifle ball. At a distance

of ten yards, the little Creeks will snuff a candle, with one of these arrows, four times out of five; and as no noise attends the discharge, they are quite successful in killing small birds by means of this simple contrivance, which is called, in the Creek tongue, *Cohamoteker*. By these exercises the young Indians not only develop their physical powers, but acquire the cunning, the patience, the dexterity, and the fund of sylvan knowledge that render them the most accomplished hunters in the world. If one of these boys chances to kill a deer with a bow and arrow, or to perform any exploit above his years, he is marked as having a spirit which will greatly distinguish him in after life, or as being a lucky person, which, in the estimation of the Indian, amounts to about the same thing as the possession of superior abilities.

In presenting the spirited likeness of this youth, we may be permitted to take the occasion to repeat some of the lessons which are taught the young Indian, and contribute to form his character. Among these is the tradition of their origin, which is instilled into the infant mind of the savage, with a care similar to that bestowed by Christian parents in teaching the great truths of Creation and Providence. Perhaps the curiosity of a child in relation to its own being would have a natural and universal tendency to render this a first lesson; and the subject which, above almost all others, is veiled in obscurity, is that which is attempted to be explained to the young mind in the earliest stage of its development. The tradition of the Creeks is, that they came through the sea, from some distant land. To enable them to pass through the deep waters with greater safety and certainty, they were transformed into brutes; and the nation is now divided into separate bands, which retain the names of the different animals from which they are said to be descended. Our information, with regard to the means used to perpetuate this arrangement, agrees with that of Mr. Gallatin, who remarks, "It has been fully ascertained that

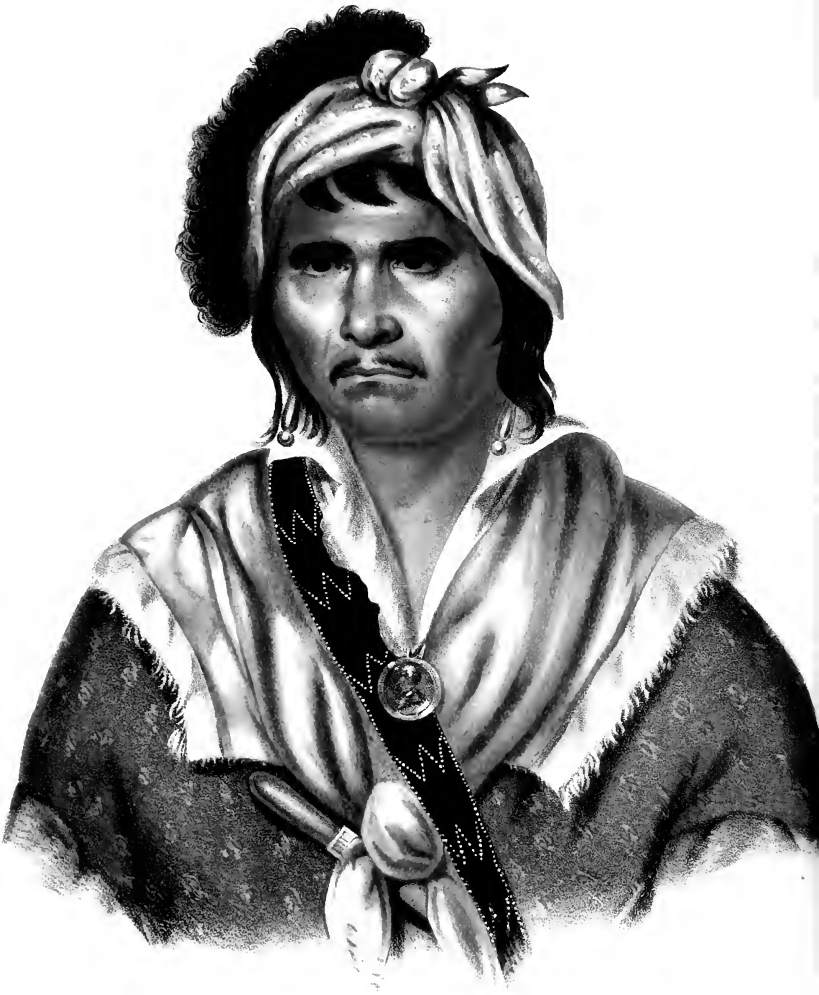
the inviolable regulations by which these clans are perpetuated amongst the southern nations were, first, that no man could marry in his own clan; secondly, that every child belongs to his or her mother's clan."

The peculiar economy of this clanship gives rise to the practice, in their courtships, of applying first to the maternal uncle of the girl who is to be asked in marriage, for his consent—the father being of a different tribe from his own daughter and her prospective offspring. The young men are said to be shy and bashful in these adventures, and, having resolved to marry, conceal their first overtures with great dexterity. The uncle is easily won by a present, and, when his assent has been gained, the suitor is left to his own ingenuity to thrive as he may with the object of his preference. His intention is conveyed secretly to the lady through some confidential channel: she is then supposed to be ready for the question, which is decided without debate. A deer is killed and laid at the door of her wigwam; if the present is received, the lover is a happy man; if it be suffered to remain untouched, he may go and hang himself, or seek a more willing fair one. The latter is said to be the more usual practice, as hanging for love is a procedure only known in the more civilized conditions of society. If the deer be accepted, a rich soup is made of the head and marrow bones, and the lover is treated with this repast, in which there is supposed to be great virtue.

Not only are the youth instructed in their origin, and disciplined in their modes of courtship, but they are also taught the ceremonies of their religion—if the superstitions of a people, destitute of any adequate notion of the being and attributes of God, may be dignified with that name. The chief of these is the Green Corn dance, which is celebrated with great zeal and devotion, in the autumn. Wherever the Indian corn is raised, it is a chief and favorite article of food—its productiveness, its nutritious qualities,

and the variety of modes in which it may be used, giving it a preference over every other description of grain. Among the Indians who cultivate little else, the ripening of this crop constitutes an era n the year. The whole band is assembled to celebrate the annual festival. The fires of the past year are extinguished—not a spark is suffered to remain. New fire is produced artificially, usually by rubbing two sticks together. Sometimes the new fire thus obtained, is sent from one band to another, and the present is received, like the New Year's gift among ourselves, as a token of friendship. Having kindled a cheerful blaze, they assemble around it, dancing, and singing songs. The latter are addressed to the fire—a custom which may have been borrowed from the worship of the sun, said to have been practised by the Nachez Indians. In these songs they express their gratitude to the Great Spirit that they have lived through the year; that they see the same faces and hear the same voices; they speak of the game they have taken, and of the abundance of their crops. But if the crop be short, or the hand of death has been busy among them, the notes of gratulation are mingled with strains of mourning, the national calamity is attributed to the crimes of the people, and pity and pardon are invoked. On this occasion they partake of the black drink, which we have described in our sketch of the life of Opothle Yoholo. The dance being finished, they feast upon boiled corn, the first fruits of the year; and the singing, dancing, and eating are kept up for several days. Should a culprit, whose life has been forfeited, have escaped punishment until this festive season, and be so fortunate or so dexterous as to make his way into the square during the dance, he is considered as being under the protection of the Great Spirit, to whose agency they attribute the circumstances of his previous escape and present appearance among them, and his pardon is secured.

Of Mistippee there is little to tell. When at Washington, in 1826, he was a remarkably handsome boy, and in all respects prepossessing. His father gave him unusual advantages in regard to education, which he is supposed to have improved. When at maturity he wedded a comely woman of the Hillabee towns, and soon after emigrated to the new home provided for his people, west of the Mississippi.



NEA-MATH-LA,

A SEMINOLE CHIEF

Lith.d & Printed by J.T. Bowen. Philad.a

NEAMATHLA.

THE war between the United States and the Florida Indians having given an increased interest to the history of those tribes, we propose to treat that portion of our subject with some degree of minuteness, should we succeed in procuring the requisite materials. Our information in regard to them is not sufficiently precise to enable us to attempt this at present, and in presenting the valuable portrait which accompanies this sketch, we shall confine ourselves to a few general remarks.

The Spanish conquerors and discoverers, if we may place any confidence in their reports, encountered numerous and warlike tribes in the regions which they were pleased to describe as the land of flowers; but they may have indulged in the poetic license as greatly in regard to the number of inhabitants as in reference to the luxuries of the soil and climate. It is certain that but few of the ancient inhabitants remain; and these are divided into small hordes, who neither exhibit the appearance nor retain the recollection of any former greatness. A new people has been added to them, who now form the great majority of the savage population of that country, and whose character has become impressed upon the whole mass.

The Seminoles, or Runaways, are descended from the Creeks and Cherokees, and perhaps from other of the southern tribes, and derive their name from the manner of their separation from the original stocks. While Florida belonged to Spain it afforded a place of refuge for the discontented individuals belonging to the tribes within the United States, as well as for fugitive Negro

slaves; and of this mixed population were formed the various tribes now known under the common name of Seminoles. From the swamps and hammocks of Florida, they have been in the habit of annoying the frontiers of the adjacent states, and these injuries have been rendered the more galling by the protection afforded by those savages to runaway slaves, and by the ferocities practised by the latter under the influence of revenge and the fear of recapture. It is not to be denied, nor is it surprising, that these Indians have, under such circumstances, suffered much injustice, for the spirit of retaliation is never limited by moderation; and it was a wise as well as a humane policy of the government which decreed the separation of the exasperated parties, by the removal of the Seminoles to a territory more distant from the white settlements. Nor could the former, with any propriety, plead the territorial rights and local attachments so strongly urged by their parent nations; for they were mere intruders, or at best but recent inhabitants, of the lands from which it was proposed to remove them.

Neamathla, who has been one of the most distinguished of the Seminoles, and was at one time their head man, or principal chief, was by birth a Creek. At what time he emigrated to Florida, or by what gradations he rose to authority, we are not well informed, and as we propose to make these sketches strictly authentic as far as they go, we pass over those details that have reached us with no better evidence than mere rumor. Mr. Duval, governor of Florida, in a despatch to the government at Washington, dated in March, 1824, describes him as a man of uncommon abilities, of great influence with his nation, and as one of the most eloquent men he ever heard. At a subsequent date in the same year, he writes thus: "Neamathla is a most uncommon man, and ought to be induced to remove with his people. This chief you will find perhaps the greatest man you have ever seen among the Indians: he can control his warriors with as much ease as a colonel could

a regiment of regular soldiers." Again, we find the hospitality and manly feelings of this chief, and his great energy of character, spoken of in terms of high respect. When these opinions were expressed, hopes were entertained that Neamathla could be induced to second the views of the American government in regard to the removal of the Seminoles to the land appropriated to them west of Arkansas; but in the summer of that year it was found that, instead of promoting that desirable measure, he was exerting his influence to defeat it, and Governor Duval deposed him from the chieftaincy. This is a curious instance of the anomalous character of the relation existing between our government and the Indians; for, while the latter are for many purposes considered as independent nations, and are treated with as such, they are in all essential respects regarded and governed as subjects, and the government has, on several occasions, sanctioned the creation and removal of chiefs.

There is some reason to believe that the reluctance of Neamathla to remove from Florida was the result of a natural attention to his own interest. By a previous treaty, the United States, with a view to conciliate this respectable chief, now advanced in years, set apart for his private use a tract of land, remote from the residence of the main body of the nation. The tenure of such reservations is that of occupancy only, and as Neamathla could not sell the land, he of course desired to enjoy its use, and was unwilling to remove to a distant wilderness. In another view of the subject, the liberality of the government to this chief proved injurious, as it gave him a home remote from the villages of his people, among whom his influence was unbounded, and left them exposed to the intrigues of the mercenary individuals whose interest it was to promote dissension. That Neamathla desired to be at peace with the United States, was apparent from the whole tenor of his conduct, since the war which closed in 1815. He had maintained a strict discipline in his tribe, punishing the offences of his people, especially those committed against the whites, with uncompromising

severity. His people feared, while they loved and respected him. The removal of such a man from among them was injudicious. It was proposed, therefore, to permit him to sell his reservation, under the expectation that he would convert the proceeds into cattle and horses, and be willing to remove with his people to the fertile lands provided for them. The arrangement was, however, not effected; and the influence of Neamathla being used in opposition to the views of the government, and of that which was esteemed the best interests of the Seminoles, he was deposed, upon which he abandoned the Seminoles and returned to the Creek nation. That he was well received by the Creeks, and recognized as a person of consideration, appears from the fact, that when Colonel M'Kenney, as United States commissioner, assembled the Creeks in general council at Tuckhabatchee, in 1827, to settle the controversy at that time going on between the United States and Georgia, and the Creek nation, Neamathla, took his seat among the principal men in the council, and gave proof of exercising considerable influence in their deliberations.

We have received from an authentic source an anecdote of this chief, which is highly characteristic of his race, and exhibits a remarkable coincidence in the opinions of Neamathla with those of other distinguished Indians. Pontiac, Red Jacket, Little Turtle, Tecumthé, and a few other of the master spirits among the red men, uniformly opposed all attempts to introduce the civilization and arts of the European race among the Indians, under the plausible argument that the Great Spirit had created the several races for different purposes, and had given to each the arts proper to its destination. These sagacious men saw that as the Indians adopted the habits of white men, they acquired new wants, which could only be supplied by an intercourse with civilized people, upon whom they thus became dependent. They felt that they were the weaker party in number, and the inferior in ingenuity; and as they knew of no contact between nations but

that in which one must gain at the expense of the other, they believed that all intercourse between the white and red races must tend to the disadvantage of the latter. There can be no question as to the correctness of this reasoning, nor any doubt that every advance made by the Indians towards civilization, contributes to destroy their independence. We may think that they would be better off without such savage freedom, and in the enjoyment of the comforts that we possess; but they reason differently, and while they admit the advantages of our condition, they are not willing to purchase them at the expense of their national integrity. Their most sagacious men have, therefore, always viewed with jealousy our attempts to introduce our religion and our arts among them, and have ever considered the arms of the white man far less dangerous to their existence as a separate people than the education by which we would win them over to our customs.

By the sixth article of the treaty of Moultrie Creek, in the territory of Florida, concluded September 18th, 1823, it was provided, among other things, that the sum of one thousand dollars per annum, for twenty years, should be applied by the United States to the support of a school at the Florida agency, for the education of the children of the Indians. In carrying the provisions of the treaty into effect, the commissioner for Indian affairs at Washington received no information for some time touching that one for the establishment of the school, and supposed it to have been overlooked, when on inquiry it was found that the Indians declined receiving it. The delicate office of communicating this decision to the governor of Florida, was confided to Neamathla, or assumed by him as the head man of the Seminoles. The Indians are ceremonious in the mode of conducting their public affairs, and in refusing to receive the proffered liberality of the government, the chief delivered his reasons at length in a speech, of which the following is a translation.

"My father, we have listened to the message of our Great Father at Washington, who has taken pity on his red children, and would teach us to speak on paper like the children of the white men. It is very good to know all those things which the white people know, and it is right for them to teach them to their children. We also instruct ours in our own way: we teach them to procure food by hunting, and to kill their enemies. But we want no schools, such as you offer us. We wish our children to remain as the Great Spirit made them, and as their fathers are, Indians. The Great Spirit has made different kinds of men, and given them separate countries to live in; and he has given to each the arts that are suited to his condition. It is not for us to change the designs of the Great Master of Life. If you establish a school, and teach our children the knowledge of the white people, they will cease to be Indians. The Great Spirit wishes no change in his red children. They are very good as he made them; if the white man attempts to improve, he will spoil them.

"Father, we thank you for your offer; but we do not wish our children to be taught the ways of your people.

"Listen, father, and I will tell you how the Great Spirit made man, and how he gave to men of different colors the different employments that we find them engaged in. After the world was made, it was solitary. It was very beautiful; the forests abounded in game and fruit: the great plains were covered with deer and elk, and buffalo, and the rivers were full of fish; there were many bears and beaver, and other fat animals, but there was no being to enjoy these good things. Then the Master of Life said, we will make man. Man was made; but when he stood up before his Maker, he was *white!* The Great Spirit was sorry: he saw that the being he had made was pale and weak; he took pity on him, and therefore did not unmake him, but let him live. He tried again, for he was determined to make a perfect man; but in his endeavor to avoid making another white man, he went into the

opposite extreme, and when the second being rose up, and stood before him, he was *black!* The Great Spirit liked the black man less than the white, and he shoved him aside to make room for another trial. Then it was that he made the *red man;* and the red man pleased him.

"My father, listen—I have not told you all. In this way the Great Spirit made the white, the black, and the red man, when he put them upon the earth. Here they were—but they were very poor. They had no lodges nor horses, no tools to work with, no traps, nor any thing with which to kill game. All at once, these three men, looking up, saw three large boxes coming down from the sky. They descended very slowly, but at last reached the ground, while these three poor men stood and looked at them, not knowing what to do. Then the Great Spirit spoke and said, 'White man, you are pale and weak, but I made you first, and will give you the first choice; go to the boxes, open them and look in, and choose which you will take for your portion.' The white man opened the boxes, looked in, and said, 'I will take this.' It was filled with pens, and ink, and paper, and compasses, and such things as your people now use. The Great Spirit spoke again, and said, 'Black man, I made you next, but I do not like you. You may stand aside. The Red man is my favorite; he shall come forward and take the next choice; Red man, choose your portion of the things of this world.' The Red man stepped boldly up and chose a box filled with tomahawks, knives, war-clubs, traps, and such things as are useful in war and hunting. The Great Spirit laughed when he saw how well his red son knew how to choose. Then he said to the negro, 'You may have what is left, the third box is for you.' That was filled with axes and hoes, with buckets to carry water in, and long whips for driving oxen, which meant that the negro must work for both the red and white man, and it has been so ever since.

"Father, we want no change; we desire no school, and none of the teachings of white people. The Master of Life knew what was best for his children. We are satisfied. Let us alone."

This is a happy instance of the mode of illustration by parable, which, being the most simple and natural method of explanation, seems to have been adopted by all rude nations. The leading idea in the harangue of Neamathla was not original with him, but was the commonly received notion among the Indians, from the earliest times of which we have any account. The vast difference between them and the Europeans, both physical and moral, naturally suggested the idea that they were distinct races, created for different purposes; and the unhappy results of the intercourse between them, and of every attempt to unite them, gave additional strength to the opinion. The chiefs, who, like all other politicians, knew how to avail themselves of a popular prejudice, saw at once the great advantages of encouraging a belief which perpetuated their own authority, by excluding the foreign influences that would have destroyed alike the national character of the savages, and their existing forms of subordination. The wealth, the arts, and the numbers of the invading race alarmed their jealousy; for they had the sagacity to perceive that if amicable relations and an unrestricted familiar intercourse should be established with a people possessing such ample means of conquest, the latter must inevitably, either by force or ingenuity, obtain the complete ascendency. The fiction employed by Neamathla, to convey the ideas entertained by his people, is of his own invention, and is creditable to his ingenuity. It is a fair specimen of the Indian style of eloquence. They do not attempt what we would call argument; mere abstract reasoning is beyond their comprehension. But they are expert in the employment of figures, by which the familiar objects around them are made to represent their ideas. They have no theories nor traditions, in regard to the creation, which seem to

have been derived from any respectable source, or to be venerated for their antiquity, nor any, indeed, which have much authority among themselves. Every tribe has its legends, fabricated by the chiefs or prophets to serve some temporary purpose; the most of which are of a puerile and monstrous character. Few of them are of much antiquity; and, being destitute alike of historical and poetic merit, they are soon forgotten.

KI-ON-TWOG-KY,

A SENECA CHIEF

... & ... shed by ... Bower Philad^a

CORN PLANT.

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

In Oldmixon's History we find the following notice: "For the successes in Spain, and for the taking of Doway, Bethune, and Aire, by the Duke of Marlborough, in Flanders, there was a

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

In a work entitled "The Annals of Queen Anne's Reign, Year the IX, for 1710," written by Mr. Boyer, we find the following remarks: "On the 19th April, Te-ye-neen-ho-ga-prow, and Sa-ga-yean-qua-pra-ton, of the Maquas, Elow-oh-kaom, and Oh-neah-yeath-ton-no-prow, of the river Sachem, and the Genajoh-hore sachem, four kings, or chiefs, of the Six Nations, in the West Indies, which lie between New England and New France, or Canada, who lately came over with the West India fleet, and were clothed and entertained at the queen's expense, had a public audience of her majesty, at the palace of St. James, being con ducted in two of her majesty's coaches, by Sir James Cotterel, master of ceremonies, and introduced by the Duke of Somerset, lord chamberlain." The historian then proceeds to recite a long speech, which these sachems *from the West Indies, between New England and Canada*, are supposed to have made to the British monarch, but which is so evidently of English manufacture, that we refrain from giving it a place. We are farther informed, that our chiefs remained in London, after their audience with her majesty, about a fortnight, and were entertained by several persons of distinction, particularly the Duke of Ormond, who regaled them

likewise with a review of the four troops of life guards. In Smith's History of New York, we are told, "The arrival of these five sachems in England, made a great bruit throughout the whole kingdom. The mob followed wherever they went, and small cuts of them were sold among the people."

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

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

means of gratifying the brutal propensity which was now his sole remaining passion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I will now tell you, brothers, who are in session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that the Great Spirit has made known to me that I have been wicked; and the cause thereof has been the revolutionary war in America. The cause of Indians being led into sin at that time, was that many of them were in the practice of drinking and getting intoxicated. Great Britain requested us to

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

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

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

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

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

"Another circumstance has taken place which is very trying to me, and I wish for the interference of the governor. The white people who live at Warren, called upon me some time ago to pay taxes for my land, which I objected to, as I never had been called upon for that purpose before; and having refused to pay, they became irritated, called upon me frequently, and at length brought

four guns with them and seized our cattle. I still refused to pay, and was not willing to let the cattle go. After a time of dispute they returned home, and I understood the militia was ordered out to enforce the collection of the tax. I went to Warren, and, to avert the impending difficulty, was obliged to give my note for the tax, the amount of which was forty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents. It is my desire that the governor will exempt me from paying taxes for my land to white people; and also to cause that the money I am now obliged to pay, be refunded to me, as I am very poor. The governor is the person who attends to the situation of the people, and I wish him to send a person to Alleghany, that I may inform him of the particulars of our situation, and he be authorized to instruct the white people in what manner to conduct themselves towards the Indians.

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

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

It is unfortunate that most of the interpreters through whom the productions of the aboriginal intellect have reached us, have been so entirely illiterate as to be equally incapable of appreciating the finer touches of sentiment and eloquence, and of expressing them appropriately in our language. The letter of Corn Plant is distinguished by its simplicity and good sense, and was no doubt dictated in the concise, nervous, and elevated style of the Indian orator,

while we have received it in a garbled version of very shabby English. His account of his parentage is simple and touching; his unprotected yet happy infancy, when he *played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frog,* is sketched with a scriptural felicity of style; there is something very striking in the description of his poverty, when he *grew up to be a young man, and married a wife, and had no kettle nor gun;* while the brief account of his visit to his father is marked by the pathos of genuine feeling. It is to be regretted that he did not pursue the narrative, and inform us by what steps he rose from his low estate to become the head of a tribe. We learn from other sources that he was a successful warrior, and it is probable that the traders and the missionaries, whose interest he espoused, in opposition to Red Jacket, aided in his elevation. In the latter part of the letter he has given a synopsis of the evils which his nation endured in consequence of their alliance with the whites, and which invariably attended the unnatural contact of civilized and savage men.

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

"*Father:*—We will not conceal from you that the Great Spirit, and not men, has preserved Corn Plant from the hands of his own

nation, for they ask continually, 'where is the land upon which our children, and their children after them, are to lie down? You told us that the line drawn from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario would mark it for ever on the east, and the line running from Beaver Creek to Pennsylvania would mark it on the west, and we see it is not so; f r, first one comes, and then another, and takes it away, by order of that p ople which you tell us promised to secure it to us.' He is silent, for he has nothing to answer. When the sun goes down he opens his heart before the Great Spirit, and earlier than the sun appears again upon the hills, he gives thanks for his protection during the night; for he feels that among men become desperate by the injuries they have sustained, it is God only that can protect him."

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

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

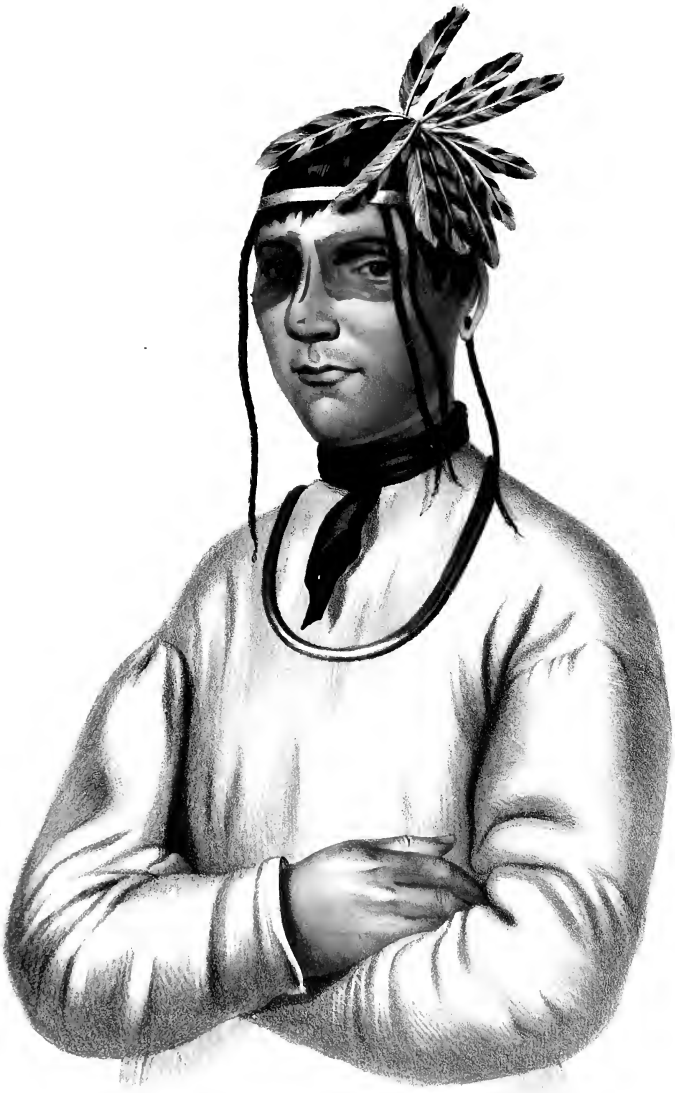
He resided on the banks of the Alleghany river, a few miles below its junction with the Connewango, upon a tract of fine land, within the limits of Pennsylvania, and not far from the line between that state and New York. He owned thirteen hundred acres of land, of which six hundred were comprehended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

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

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

Corn Plant died on his reservation on the Alleghany river, some time in the winter of 1836—supposed to have been over ninety years old. His Indian name was Ki-on-twog-ky. The likeness we have given of him was taken in New York, about the year 1788, and when the original is supposed to have been in his forty-eighth

year. It was intended for some friend of the Indians, in London, but Captain M'Dougall, who, at that time, commanded a merchant ship, between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and who was to have conveyed it to Liverpool, sailing without it, the portrait fell into the hands of Timothy Matlock, Esq., who cherished it, not only because of its admirable and close resemblance to the original, but because he was indebted to Corn Plant for his life. At his death the portrait was still cherished by his daughter. It was from that original the copy before the reader was taken.



CAA - TOU - SEE,

AN OJIBWAY.

Engraved & Published by J. T. Bowen, Philad.ª

CAATOUSEE.

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

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

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

ME-NA-WA,

A CREEK WARRIOR

Lith. Col. & Published by J. T. Bowen Philada.

MENAWA.

This chief is a half-blooded Creek, of the Oakfuskee towns, which lie on the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama. He was formerly called Hothlepoya, or *The crazy war hunter*, in consequence of his daring feats as a marauder upon the frontiers of Tennessee, at an early period in the settlement of that state. He was in the habit of passing over annually to the Cumberland river, for the purpose of stealing horses, or, as the fierce clansmen of Scotland would have phrased it, driving cattle. The great modern novelist has designated treason as a gentlemanly crime, and border warriors, of whatever race, have, in like manner, considered the occupation of transferring each other's horses, either by stealth or violence, as a reputable martial employment. Hothlepoya was widely known and feared by the new settlers along the border, as a bold and successful adept in this species of warfare, which he practised with the least possible breach of the public peace—seldom shedding blood if unresisted, but fighting with desperation when opposed. Various are the adventures attributed to him while thus engaged, in some of which he is represented as pursuing his object with daring audacity, and in others obtaining it by ingenious trickery. On one occasion,

> "As bursts the levin in its wrath,
> He shot him down the winding path.
> Rock, wood and stream rung wildly out,
> To his loud step and savage shout;"

while again the honest farmer, bereaved of his noblest steed, suspected not the felonious deed until the *crazy war hunter* was far beyond the reach of pursuit.

The stories told of this individual are so numerous as to warrant the inference that his celebrity in the peculiar species of horse-jockeyship to which he devoted his attention, induced those who suffered injury at his hand to give him credit, not only for his own exploits, but those of his various contemporaries, as the Greeks attributed to their deified Hercules the deeds of numerous heroes who bore that name. Some of these adventures are too marvellous to be readily believed; many, that seem plausible enough, want confirmation, and but few have reached us, in detail, in such an unquestionable shape as to be worthy of repetition. We pass them over, therefore, with the single remark, that while enough is known to establish the character of Hothlepoya as an adroit and bold taker of the horses of his civilized neighbors, we are unable to give so minute a detail of these enterprises as would be edifying to the public, or instructive to the youthful aspirant after similar honors.

One incident is well vouched for, which shows that our marauder could emulate the liberality of the famous Robin Hood. Returning once from a successful excursion, he fell in with a tired pedestrian, trudging along the trail that in those days led from Augusta to the Tombigbee. The latter was a white man, who had lost his good nag; whether, like Fitz James,

> "———— touched with pity and remorse,
> He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse,"

we are not told, but we learn that he was on foot, in a cheerless wilderness, with no other companion than a hound, who,

> "With drooping tail and humble crest,"

followed the fallen fortunes of his master. Had Hothlepoya encountered this traveller mounted upon a good horse, the probability is that he would, either by stratagem or force, have despoiled him of the animal. As it was he gave him a fine steed, worth two hundred dollars, which he had just stolen at the hazard of his life,

and received in exchange the stranger's hound—not as an equivalent, for the dog was of little value, but as a something to stand in place of the horse, and to be shown as a trophy on his return home. The acquisitive propensity of so heroic a person is not excited by the value of the thing stolen, but by the glory of the capture.

When Tecumthe visited the southern Indians, about the year 1811, for the purpose of endeavoring to unite them with the northern tribes in a general conspiracy against the whites, the subject of this notice was second chief of the Oakfuskee towns, and had acquired the name of Menawa, which means, *The Great Warrior;* and the politic Shawanoe leader distinguished him as one of those whose co-operation would be necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose. He made a special visit to Menawa, and formally communicated his plan, in a set speech, artfully framed to foment the latent hatred of the Creek chief towards the whites, and to awaken the ambition which he well knew must form a prominent feature in a character so daring and restless. Menawa heard his illustrious visitor with deep attention, for he loved war, and was not unwilling to strike the pale faced enemy of his race. War is always a popular measure among the Indians, and the chiefs readily indulge their followers in a propensity that diverts their attention from domestic affairs, and keeps up the habit of subordination in these wild and factious bands, who are at all times ruled with difficulty, but more especially when peace brings its season of idleness, intemperance, and license. Another reason which, doubtless, had a powerful though secret influence upon the mind of the Oakfuskee chief, was his jealousy of the growing power of McIntosh, whom he disliked, and who was known to favor the whites. A murder had recently been committed upon some white men, in the direction of the Oakfuskee towns, in revenge for which the people of Georgia, charging the crime upon Menawa's band, had burned one of his villages. It was secretly rumored, and believed by Menawa, that McIntosh, who feared to attack him openly, and perhaps had no plausible pretence

for a public rupture with his rival, had instigated the murder, and had then caused it to be charged to the Oakfuskee band, for the express purpose of exposing the latter to the vengeance of the Georgians; and he was soured alike at the whites who had chastised his people without a cause, and at McIntosh, who was the supposed author of the injury. The proposed war had, therefore, the additional recommendation, that as McIntosh would most probably join the whites, he would be converted from a secret enemy, protected by rank and position, into an open foe, leagued with the oppressors of his race.

We have already spoken of the Creek war, and we now recur to it to detail the part acted by Menawa, who engaged in it with great alacrity. Although he was the second chief of his band, his reputation for valor and military skill placed him foremost on occasions when danger threatened, or when enterprise was required. The principal chief was a medicine man, who relied more on his incantations than upon the rifle or tomahawk—a peaceable person, who probably inherited his station, and owed his elevation to good blood rather than a meritorious character. He wore around his body a number of gourds, containing the herbs and other articles which constituted his medicine, and which he believed had power to repel the bullets of the enemy, to preserve his own life, and give success to his party. Menawa, though a man of vigorous intellect, was slightly infected with the superstition of his people, and from habit venerated the character of his chief; but the miracles which were said to have followed the visit of Tecumthe, and which we alluded to elsewhere, so far outshone the gourds of the Oakfuskee juggler, as to create some little contempt, and perhaps distrust towards the spells of the latter. But the faith of the principal chief only waxed stronger and stronger, and he continued to juggle without intermission, and to prophesy with confidence, while the Indians, partaking of his fanaticism, generally believed in him, and relied upon his power.

Thus incited by the blind zeal of fanaticism, added to the many existing causes of hatred against the whites, and to the belief that a general war to be waged under supernatural guidance was about to afford the opportunity for ample revenge, the Creeks proceeded in earnest to actual hostilities. We pass over a number of engagements that occurred in this war, in several of which Menawa acted a leading part, sparing our readers from the mere details of bloodshed, which could afford them but little interest, and passing on to the great battle of the Horseshoe, wherein it was the fate of this chief to act and suffer as became the military head of a gallant people. The scene of this disastrous conflict has already been described in another part of our work; and we shall only repeat here, that the Indians were posted on a small tongue of land, surrounded by the river Tallapoosa on all sides but one, where it was joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus, across which they had thrown a strong breastwork of logs. The Oakfuskee prophet, after performing certain incantations, informed his followers that the impending assault would be made in the rear of their position, which was swept by the river; and by presumptuously assuming to predict the plan which would be adopted by his enemy, unintentionally misled the Indians, who, instead of trusting to their own natural sagacity, arranged their defences in reference to an imaginary plan of assault. General Jackson, who, to an inflexible firmness of purpose, united a vigorous judgment, perceived the impregnable nature of the points the Indians had prepared to defend, and conceived the bold as well as judicious step of assailing the breastwork that extended across the isthmus. The movement of the American General was so rapid, that its object was not discovered until his cannon were planted in front of the intrenchment. But when the battery was opened upon this point, when the Tennesseeans were seen rushing forward with impetuous valor, and it was discovered that the main force of the American army was about to be precipitated upon the breastwork, Menawa, enraged at

his chief, whose juggling had betrayed the Indians into a fatal error, flew at the unfortunate prophet, and, aided by others alike incensed, slew him upon the spot. He then placed himself at the head of the Oakfuskee braves, and those of the neighboring towns, and uttering, with a voice of unusual compass, a tremendous war-whoop, leaped the breastwork and threw himself in the midst of the assailants. A Greek or Roman leader, who had thus slain his chief, assumed the command, and abandoning the shelter of his fortifications, plunged into the thickest ranks of the enemy, to conquer or die for his people, would have been immortalized in classic story; while in the American savage such conduct will only be remembered as among the evidences of the extraordinary ferocity of his race.

The comrades of Menawa followed him into the battle, and fought at his side with desperate valor, until nearly all were slain, and he fell wounded by seven balls. The whole fight was of the most desperate character. The waters of the Tallapoosa river were red with blood. The ferocity with which the Indians fought may be attributed in part to their custom of not suffering themselves to be taken as prisoners, while their position cut them off from retreat, and still more perhaps to the fact that the ground of the Horseshoe was a consecrated spot, where they considered themselves protected by friendly spirits, and were nerved to desperation by a faith like that which excites the frantic valor of the Mahometan. Of nine hundred warriors led into that sanguinary fight by Menawa, only seventy survived, and one only, who fled at the first discharge of cannon, escaped unwounded.

When the storm of the battle subsided, Menawa remained on the field, lying in a heap of the slain, devoid of consciousness. Recovering his senses, he found himself weltering in blood, with his gun firmly grasped in his hand. The battle had ceased, or swept by, but straggling shots announced that the work of death was not over. Raising himself slowly to a sitting posture, he perceived a

soldier passing near him, whom, with a deliberate aim, he shot, but at the same moment received a severe wound from a bullet, which, entering his cheek near the ear, and carrying away several of his teeth, passed out on the opposite side of the face. Again he fell among the dead, retaining, however, so much of life as to feel the victors treading upon his body as they passed over it, supposing him to be slain. When night came he felt revived, and the love of life grew strong in him. He crawled cautiously to the bank of the river, and descending to its margin, found a canoe, which he entered, and, by shaking it from side to side, loosed it from the shore. The canoe floated down the river until it reached the neighborhood of a swamp at Elkahatchee, where the Indian women and children had been secreted previous to the battle. Some of these wretched beings, who were anxiously looking out for intelligence from the scene of action, espied the canoe, and upon going to it, discovered the mangled chief lying nearly insensible in its bottom.

Menawa was removed to a place of rendezvous which had been appointed on the Elkahatchee creek, where he was joined by the unhappy survivors of that dreadful battle. For the purpose of brooding over their grief, mourning for the dead, and deciding upon the measures necessary to be adopted in consequence of the recent disaster, a silent council was held, that lasted three days, during which time these moody warriors neither ate nor drank, nor permitted their wounds to be dressed. At the expiration of the third day it was determined that the Indians should return to their respective homes, submit to the victors, and each man make his own peace as best he might. Their wounds were then dressed by the women, who usually officiate as surgeons, as did the ladies of Europe in the days of chivalry. The Indians are said to display, under such circumstances, a remarkable tenacity of life, and to recover rapidly from the effects of the most serious wounds, in consequence probably of their active and abstemious habits, rather than of the absence of physicians. They soon dispersed, and all of them surrendered

formally to the American authorities, except Menawa, whose wounds prevented him from leaving his retreat until after the close of the war. As soon as he was able to travel he sought his home, at the Oakfuskee towns, but found neither shelter nor property. The desolating hand of war had swept all away. Before the breaking out of hostilities, Menawa was among the richest of the Indians of the upper towns. Like many of his nation, of the mixed blood, he had partially adopted the habits of the white man, keeping large herds of cattle, which he exchanged for merchandise, and bartering the latter with his own people for the products of the chase. He had entirely abandoned the predatory habits of his early life, was the owner of a store, and of more than a thousand head of cattle, an equal number of hogs, and several hundred horses. He carried on a brisk trade with Pensacola, and was known to load, at one time, a hundred horses with furs and peltries. Like the famous Rob Roy, he was by turns a chieftain, a drover, and a marauder, a high mettled warrior, and a crafty trader; and like him, his propensity for war was unfortunately stronger than his prudence. All his earnings were now destroyed. He found his village burned; not a vestige remained of all his property—horses, cattle, and merchandise, had alike disappeared. The Oakfuskee chief was as poor as the most abject individual of his band, and has lived in poverty ever since that fatal campaign. He could never be prevailed upon afterwards to revisit the battle-ground at the Horseshoe. It is believed that he entertained a superstitious dread of the spot, at which he supposed a malign influence existed, fatally hostile to his people and himself. This is not improbable, and is entirely consistent with the Indian character. But this aversion may be attributed to a more natural cause. Men of high spirit are liable to strong prejudices and obstinate antipathies, and Menawa may have felt an unconquerable reluctance to revisit a spot so replete with humiliating recollections—the scene of signal defeat and mortification to himself, as a man and as a chieftain. Napoleon, bereft of imperial

power, would have taken no pleasure in retracing the road to Moscow.

Menawa regained his health, reassumed his authority over the remnant of the Oakfuskee band, and became an influential person in the Creek nation. In the conflict of opinion which for many years distracted this unfortunate people, he acted with those who resisted the encroachments of the whites, refused to sanction further cessions of territory, and opposed every measure which would lead to the compulsory emigration of his people. McIntosh, as we have seen, espoused the opposite side, and when that chief was sentenced to death for having signed a treaty of cession in violation of the known wishes of the majority, Menawa was selected to execute the fatal decree. Between these leaders there had never existed any friendly feeling, nor is it supposed that Menawa would have been seduced into the imprudent measure of taking up arms against the American government, but for the spirit of rivalry mutually entertained, and the belief of the one that he had been deeply injured by the other. The knowledge of these facts, as well as their confidence in the firmness and bravery of Menawa, may have led the Creeks to select him as the executioner of their sentence. He at first declined the office, and requested the council to intrust it to a more impartial hand; but that body adhering to their choice, he accepted the trust, and discharged it in the manner we have related in our sketch of McIntosh.

The subject of this notice was one of the delegation sent by the Creeks to Washington, in 1826, to remonstrate against the treaty of the Indian Springs, and to effect some compromise which should quiet the troubles that preceded and ensued the death of McIntosh. His conduct on that occasion was calm and dignified, and the force of his character was felt in all the negotiations which took place at the seat of government. He was decidedly opposed to the emigration of the entire Creek people, but was willing to sell the country, reserving certain lands to be parcelled out to such individuals as

might choose to remain, to be held by them severally in fee simple. By this plan the entire sovereignty and jurisdiction of the country would have been yielded, the Creeks as a nation would have retained nothing, but any individual choosing to continue within the ceded territory, would have had a tract of land granted to him in perpetuity, which he would hold under the state government. None would have accepted these conditions but such as proposed to subsist by agriculture, or some of the kindred arts, and were willing to submit to the restraints of law. The untamed Indian who preferred his own savage mode of life, would have sought a home more congenial to his taste in the forests and prairies of the West. This plan is more consonant with justice than any other that has been suggested; whether it would have satisfied the people of Georgia, or have ultimately promoted the happiness of the Indians, we do not pretend to decide. Failing in this proposition, he succeeded in getting a provision inserted in the treaty, by which it was agreed that patents should be issued after five years to such Indians as might choose to occupy land. As it turned out, eventually, this provision afforded no benefit to himself, for, by an arbitrary mode adopted of making the allotment, the tract on which he had resided—his *home*—was given to another, and the land offered to himself not being acceptable, he sold it and purchased other land in Alabama.

Menawa was not only brave and skilful, but was a gentleman in appearance and manners. Although he was a savage in the field, or in the revel, he could at any moment assume the dignity and courtesy proper to his high station. Not long after his return from Washington, a gentleman, to whom we are indebted for some of the incidents related in this memoir, called upon this chief. He found him surrounded by his braves, engaged in a deep carouse; but Menawa had too much tact to receive his visitor under such circumstances. As the gentleman approached the house in which the Indians were carousing, he was met by an aid of the chief, who directed him to another house, where he was requested to remain until the next

morning. The hint was taken. In the morning early Menawa was seen approaching well mounted, and in the full uniform of a general officer, from chapeau to spurs—being the dress presented to him at Washington at the conclusion of the treaty. At the door of the house at which his visitor was lodged he reined up his steed, and gracefully dismounted. Advancing with his chapeau under his arm, and bowing to the stranger, he desired to know the business of the latter which had induced his call. Being informed, he said promptly, "I am now engaged with my people in a frolic. I must return to them, but will see you to-morrow, and attend to your business." Whereupon he remounted, bowed, and galloped off. Punctual to his promise, he returned on the following morning, and adjusted the matter of business.

Notwithstanding the hostility of Menawa towards the whites, and the injuries he had received, he remained inviolably faithful to the treaty he had made, and the pacific policy to which he was pledged. He said that, when at Washington, he had smoked the pipe of peace with his Great Father, and had buried the tomahawk so deep that he never again could dig it up. When, therefore, in 1836, the temporary successes of the Seminoles kindled a contagious spirit of insurrection among the Creeks, Menawa was among the first to tender his services to the authorities of Alabama; and his offer being accepted, he collected his braves and led them to the field, in combination with those of Opothle Yoholo. On this occasion he was dressed in a full suit of American uniform, and affected the conduct of a civilized leader, whose sole object was to prevent the effusion of blood. In addition to his own services, he sent his oldest son to Florida to aid in the defence of the country against the Seminoles. Under these circumstances he had reason to expect that he should be gratified in his ardent wish to spend the remnant of his days in his native land, and lay his bones with those of his forefathers. He paid a visit to the Catawba Indians, in North Carolina, to see how they prospered under the laws of that state; and

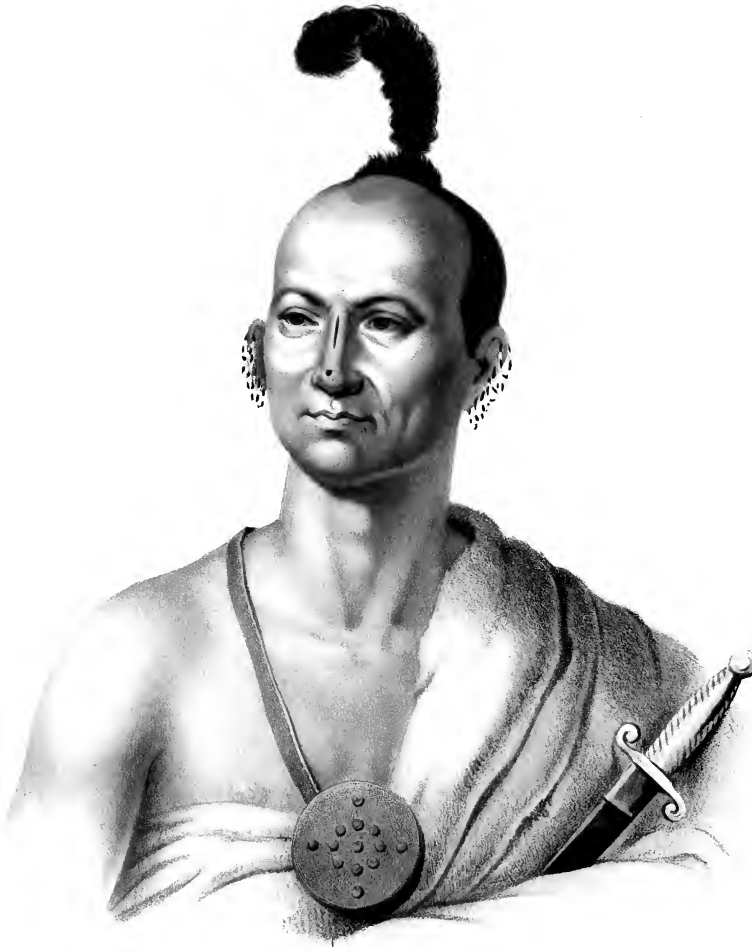
having satisfied himself that there was no insurmountable objection to such a mode of life, used every exertion to be excluded from the emigrating party. He was at last, in consideration of his recent services, gratified with the promise of being permitted to remain. But this act of justice had scarcely been conceded to him when, by some strange inadvertence, or want of faith, he was ordered to join the emigrating camp. We hope and believe that this, with many other wanton acts of injustice towards the Indians, are not chargeable to our government. The complicated relations with the tribes are necessarily intrusted to numerous agents, acting far from the seat of government, and vested with discretionary powers, which are not always discharged in good faith; nor is it easy for the executive to arrive at the truth in reference to such transactions, where some of the parties are interested, some unprincipled, and the majority both lawless and illiterate.

On the eve of his departure, this veteran chief said to a highly reputable gentleman, who is our informant, presenting him at the same time with his portrait—a copy of the one which accompanies this sketch—"I am going away. I have brought you this picture—I wish you to take it and hang it up in your house, that when your children look at it, you can tell them what I have been. I have always found you true to me, but great as my regard for you is, I never wish to see you in that new country to which I am going—for when I cross the great river, my desire is that I may never again see the face of a white man!"

When it was suggested to him that many supposed his repugnance against emigrating arose from the apprehension that he would meet in Arkansas the hostility of the McIntosh party, who had preceded him, he shook his head and said, "They do not know me who suppose I can be influenced by fear. I desire peace, but would not turn my back on danger. I know there will be blood shed, but I am not afraid. I have been a man of blood all my life; now I am old and wish for peace."

Before he took a final leave of the land of his fathers, he requested permission to revisit the Oakfuskee town, which had been his favorite residence. He remained there one night. The next morning he commenced the long dreaded journey towards the place of exile. After crossing the Tallapoosa he seemed for some time abstracted and uneasy. His conduct was that of one who had forgotten something, and under this supposition it was proposed to him to return for the purpose of correcting the omission. But he said, "No! Last evening I saw the sun set for the last time, and its light shine upon the tree tops, and the land, and the water, that I am never to look upon again. No other evening will come, bringing to Menawa's eyes the rays of the setting sun upon the home he has left *for ever!*"

The portrait of this distinguished chief, in the gallery of the War Department, which we copy, was taken in 1826, when he was supposed to be about sixty years of age. It is one of the most spirited of the works of that gifted artist, King, and has been often recognized by Menawa's countrymen, who, on seeing it, have exclaimed, "Menawa!" and then, fired by the remembrance of the deeds which gained him the name of the *Great Warrior*, they have gone on to recount them. If this extraordinary person be yet living, he is far from his native land and all the scenes of a long and most eventful career, and is forming new associations at a period of life beyond the three score and ten allotted to man.



KA-PO-E-QUA.

A SAUKIE BRAVE

Lith.ª Col.ª & Published by J. T. Bowen. Philad.ª

KAIPOLEQUA.

This distinguished warrior is the chief of a division of the Saukie nation, which forms part of a singular institution, that, so far as we know, is peculiar to that people.

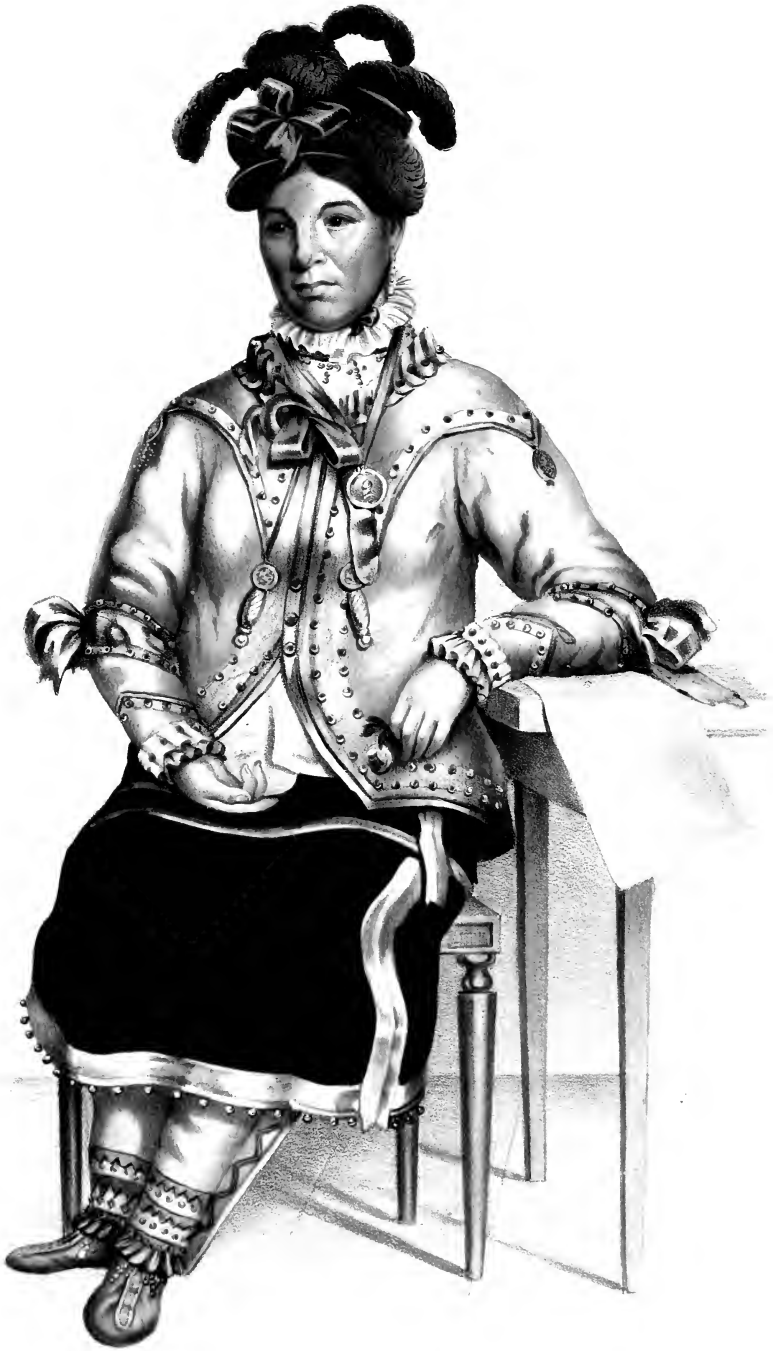
The warriors of the Saukie nation are divided into two bands, or parties, one of which is called Kishkoquis, or the Long Hairs, and the other Oshcush, or the brave; the former being considered as something more than merely brave. In 1819 each party numbered about four hundred warriors; in 1826 they numbered about five hundred each, but have not increased since that time. The Kishkoquis, or Long Hairs, are commanded by the hereditary war chief Keokuk, whose standard is red; the head man of the Oshcushies is Kaipolequa, the subject of this sketch, whose standard is blue. The Long Hairs take precedence in point of rank. The formation of these parties is a matter of national concern, and is effected by a simple arrangement. The first male child who is born to a Kishkoqui, is marked with white paint, the distinguishing color of the Kishkoquis, and belongs to that party; the next male of the same family is marked with black paint, and is attached to the Oshcushies, and so on alternately—the first son belonging to the same band with his father, and the others being assigned in turn, first to one band, and then to the other. Thus all the warriors are attached to one or the other band, and the division is as nearly equal as it could be by any arrangement commencing with infancy.

Whenever the whole nation, or any large party of warriors, turns out to engage in a grand hunt, or a warlike expedition, or for the

purpose of performing sham battles, or ball plays, the individuals belonging to the two bands are distinguished by their appropriate colors. If the purpose of the assemblage is for sham fighting, or other diversion, the Kishkoquis daub their bodies all over with white clay, and the Oshcushies blacken themselves with charcoal; the bands are ranged under their respective leaders, and play against each other, rallying under the red and blue banners. In war and hunting, when all must be ranged on one side, the white and black paints are mingled with other colors, so that the distinction is kept up, and after the close of the expedition, the scalps, plunder, game, and other trophies of each band collectively, are compared, and the deeds of each repeated.

The object of these societies will be readily seen. They form a part of the simple machinery of a military government, and are founded in consummate wisdom, with the view of exciting emulation, and of placing every warrior in the nation under the constant observation of all the others. From early youth each individual is taught to feel, that, whether engaged in war, in hunting, or in athletic sports, the honor of his band, as well as his own, is concerned in his success or failure, and thus a sense of responsibility is awakened and kept alive, which has all the moral force of a constant and rigid discipline.

Kaipolequa attained the high rank of leader of his band through his military abilities; and he is considered as one of the most distinguished braves of the nation.



TSHUSICK.

AN OJIBWAY WOMAN.

TSHUSICK.

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

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

In the winter of 1826–27, on a cold night, when the snow was lying on the ground, a wretched, ill-clad, way-worn female knocked at the door of our colleague, Colonel McKenney, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at the city of Washington. She was attended by a boy, who explained the manner in which she

had been directed to the residence of Colonel McKenney. It seems that, while wandering through the streets of Georgetown, in search of a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, she was allured by the blaze of a furnace in the shop of Mr. Haller, a tin worker. She entered, and eagerly approached the fire. On being asked who she was, she replied, that she was an Indian, that she was cold and starving, and knew not where to go. Mr. Haller, supposing that Colonel McKenney, as Commissioner for Indian Affairs, was bound to provide for all of that race who came to the seat of government, directed her to him, and sent his boy to conduct her. On this representation the Colonel invited her into his house, led her to a fire, and saw before him a young woman, with a ragged blanket around her shoulders, a pair of man's boots on her feet, a pack on her back, and the whole of her meagre and filthy attire announcing the extreme of want. She described herself to be, what her complexion and features sufficiently indicated, an Indian, and stated that she had travelled alone, and on foot, from Detroit. In reply to questions which were put to her, for the purpose of testing the truth of her story, she named several gentlemen who resided at that place, described their houses, and mentioned circumstances in reference to their families which were known to be correct. She then proceeded, with a self-possession of manner, and an ease and fluency of language that surprised those who heard her, to narrate the cause of her solitary journey. She said she had recently lost her husband, to whom she was much attached, and that she attributed his death to the anger of the Great Spirit, whom she had always venerated, but who was no doubt offended with her, for having neglected to worship Him in the manner which she knew to be right. She knew that the red people did not worship the Great Spirit in an acceptable mode, and that the only true religion was that of the white men. Upon the decease of her husband, therefore, she had knelt down, and vowed that she would immediately proceed to

Washington, to the sister of Mrs. Boyd, who, being the wife of the great father of the white people, would, she hoped, protect her until she should be properly instructed and baptized.

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

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

Colonel McKenney recognized in the stranger a person entitled alike to the sympathies of the liberal, and the protection of the government, and, in the exercise of his official duty towards one of a race over whom he had been constituted a sort of guardian, immediately received his visitor under his protection, and conducted her to a neighboring hotel, secured her a comfortable

apartment, and placed her under the especial care of the hostess, a kind and excellent woman, who promised to pay her every requisite attention.

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

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

The success of this lady at her first appearance on a scene entirely new to her, is not surprising. Youth and beauty are in themselves always attractive, and she was just then in the full

bloom of womanhood. Her age might have been twenty-eight, but she seemed much younger. Her dress, though somewhat gaudy, was picturesque, and well calculated to excite attention by its singularity, while its adaptation to her own style of beauty, and to the aboriginal character, rendered it appropriate. Neat in her person, she arranged her costume with taste, and, accustomed from infancy to active exercise, her limbs had a freedom and grace of action too seldom seen among ladies who are differently educated. Like all handsome women, be their color or nation what it may, she knew her power, and used it to the greatest advantage.

But that part of Tshusick's story which is yet to be related is, to our mind, the most remarkable. Having attended to her personal comforts, and introduced her to those whose patronage might be most serviceable, Colonel McKenney's next care was to secure for her the means of gratifying her wish to embrace the Christian religion. She professed her readiness to act immediately on the subject, and proposed that the Colonel should administer the rite of baptism—he being a great chief, the father of the Indians, and the most proper person to perform this parental and sacerdotal office. He of course declined, and addressed a note to the Reverend Mr. Gray, Rector of Christ Church, in Georgetown, who immediately called to see Tshusick. On being introduced to him, she inquired whether he spoke French, and desired that their conversation might be held in that language, in order that the other persons who were present might not understand it, alleging, as her reason for the request, the sacredness of the subject, and the delicacy she felt in speaking of her religious sentiments. A long and interesting conversation ensued, at the conclusion of which Mr. Gray expressed his astonishment at the extent of her knowledge, and the clearness of her views, in relation to the whole Christian scheme. He was surprised to hear a savage, reared among her own wild race, in the distant regions of the northern

lakes, who could neither read nor write, speak with fluency and precision in a foreign tongue, on the great doctrine of sin, repentance, and the atonement. He pronounced her a fit subject for baptism; and accordingly that rite was administered, a few days afterwards, agreeably to the form of the Episcopalian church, in the presence of a large company. When the name to be given to the new convert was asked by Mr. Gray, it appeared that none had been agreed on; those of the wife and daughter of the then secretary of war were suggested on the emergency, and were used. Throughout this trying ceremony, she conducted herself with great propriety. Her deportment was calm and self-possessed, yet characterized by a sensibility which seemed to be the result of genuine feeling.

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

pure tongue; and the English language is spoken by Americans with greater correctness, than in any of the provincial parts of Great Britain.

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

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

Thus pleasantly did the days of Tshusick pass at the capital of the United States, and she departed burdened with the favors and good wishes of those who were highest in station and most

worthy in character. On her arrival at Barnum's hotel in Baltimore, a favorable reception was secured for her by a letter of introduction. Mrs. Barnum took her into her private apartments, detained her several days as her guest, and showed her the curiosities of that beautiful city. She then departed in the western stage for Frederick; the proprietors of the stages declined receiving any pay from her, either for her journey to Baltimore, or thence west, so far as she was heard of.

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

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

conjugal tie, and to throw herself upon the cold charity of a world that has been called heartless, but which had not proved so to her. She was a sort of female swindler, who practised upon the unsophisticated natures of her fellow men, by an aboriginal method of her own invention. Whenever stern necessity, or her own pleasure, rendered it expedient to replenish her exhausted coffers, her custom had been to wander off into the settlements of the whites, and, under a disguise of extreme wretchedness, to recite some tale of distress; that she had been crossed in love; or was the sole survivor of a dreadful massacre; or was disposed to embrace the Christian religion; and such was the effect of her beauty and address, that she seldom failed to return with a rich booty. She had wandered through the whole length of the Canadas to Montreal and Quebec; had traced the dreary solitudes of the northern lakes, to the most remote trading stations; had ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony, and had followed the meanders of that river down to St. Louis, comprising, within the range of her travels, the whole vast extent of the northern and north-western frontier, and many places in the interior. Her last and boldest attempt was a masterpiece of daring and successful enterprise, and will compare well with the most finished efforts of the ablest impostors of modern times.

It will be seen that Tshusick had ample opportunities for obtaining the information which she used so dexterously, and for beholding the manners of refined life, which she imitated with such success. She had been a servant in the families of gentlemen holding official rank on the frontier, and, in her wanderings, been entertained at the dwellings of English, French, and Americans, of every grade. Her religious knowledge was picked up at the missionary stations at Mackinaw, and from the priests at Montreal; and her excellent French resulted partly from hearing that language well spoken by genteel persons, and partly from an admirable perception and fluency of speech that are natural to a gifted

few, and more frequently found in women than in men. Although an impostor and vagrant, she was a remarkable person, possessing beauty, tact, spirit, and address, which the highest born and loveliest might envy, and the perversion of which to purposes of deception and vice affords the most melancholy evidence of the depravity of our nature.

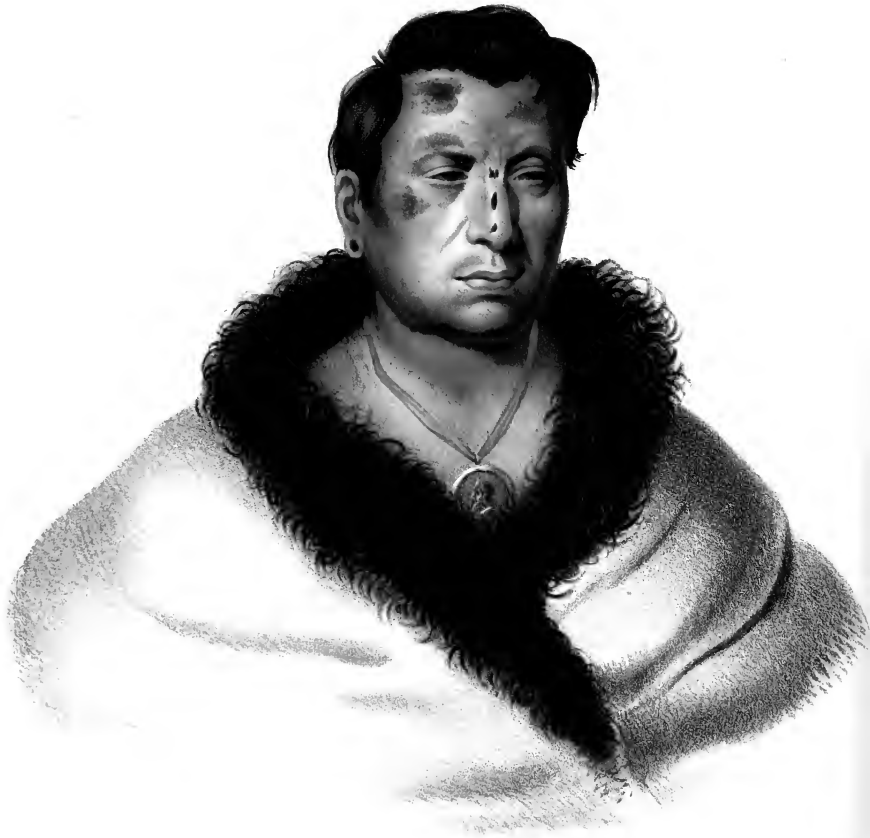
Tshusick left Washington in February, 1829, and in the month of June following, Colonel McKenney's official duties required him to visit the north-western frontier. On his arrival at Detroit, he naturally felt some curiosity to see the singular being who had practised so adroitly on the credulity of himself and his friends, and the more especially, as he learned that the presents with which she had been charged by the latter, had not been delivered. On inquiry, he was told she had just gone to Mackinaw. Proceeding on his tour, he learned at Mackinaw that she had left for Green Bay; from the latter place she preceded him to Prairie du Chien; and when he arrived at Prairie du Chien, she had just departed for St. Peters. It was evident that she had heard of his coming, and was unwilling to meet him; she had fled before him, from place to place, probably alone, and certainly with but slender means of subsistence, for more than a thousand miles, giving thus a new proof of the vigilance and fearlessness that marked her character.

In reciting this singular adventure, we have not been able to avoid entirely the mention of names connected with it, but we have confined ourselves to those of persons in public life, whose stations subject them, without impropriety, to this kind of notice. The whole affair affords a remarkable instance of the benignant character of our government, and of the facility with which the highest functionaries may be approached by any who have even a shadow of claim on their protection. Power does not assume, with us, the repulsive shape which keeps the humble at a distance, nor are the doors of our rulers guarded by tedious official

forms, that delay the petitions of those who claim either mercy or justice.

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

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



ONG-PA-TON-GA.

AN OMAKAS CHIEF

Lith.ª Col.ª & Published by J. T. Bowen, Philad.ª

ONGPATONGA.

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

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

ing a defence. He then destroyed the village and retired, taking with him a considerable booty, consisting chiefly of horses.

The Omahas inhabit the shores of the Missouri river, about eight hundred miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. They of course hunt over those beautiful and boundless prairies which afford pasturage to the buffalo, and are expert in the capture of that animal, and the management of the horse. They have but one permanent village, which consists of huts formed of poles, and plastered with mud. A fertile plain, which spreads out in front of their town, affords ground for their rude horticulture, which extends to the planting of corn, beans, pumpkins, and watermelons. This occupation, with the dressing of the buffalo skins, procured in the previous winter's hunt, employs the spring months of the year; and, in June, they make their arrangements for a grand hunting expedition. A solemn council is held in advance of this important undertaking, at which the chiefs, the great warriors, and the most experienced hunters, deliberately express their opinions in relation to the route proposed to be pursued; the necessary preparations, and all other matters connected with the subject. A feast is then given by an individual selected for the purpose, to which all the chief men are invited, and several of the fattest dogs are roasted for their entertainment. Here the principal chief introduces again the great subject of debate, in a set speech, in which he thanks each person present for the honor of his company, on an occasion so important to the nation, and calls upon them to determine whether the state of their stock of provisions will justify their remaining longer, to allow the squaws time to weed their corn, or whether they shall proceed at once to the pastures of the game. If the latter be the decision of the company, he invites them to determine whether it would be advisable to ascend the running water, or seek the shores of the Platte, or extend their journey to the black hills of the south-west, in pursuit of wild horses. He is usually followed by some old chief, who compliments the head

man for his knowledge and bravery, and congratulates the tribe on their good fortune in having so wise a leader. Thus an Omaha feast very much resembles a political dinner among ourselves, and is improved as a fit occasion for great men to display their eloquence to the public, and their talent in paying compliments to each other. These consultations are conducted with great decorum, yet are characterized by the utmost freedom of debate; every individual, whose age and standing are such as to allow him, with propriety, to speak in public, giving his opinion. A sagacious head man, however, is careful to preserve his popularity by respecting the opinion of the tribe at large, or, as we should term it, *the people;* and for that purpose, ascertains beforehand, the wishes of the mass of his followers. Ongpatonga was a model chief in this respect; he always carefully ascertained the public sentiment before he went into council, and knew the wishes of the majority in advance of a decision; and this is, probably, the most valuable talent for a public speaker, who may not only lead, by echoing the sentiments of those he addresses, but, on important points, insinuates with effect, the dictates of his own more mature judgment.

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

The Omahas have one peculiarity in their customs, which we have never noticed in the history of any other people. Neither the father-in-law nor mother-in-law is permitted to hold any direct conversation with their son-in-law; it is esteemed indelicate in these parties to look in each other's faces, or to mention the names of each other, or to have any intercourse, except through the medium of a third person. If an Omaha enters a tent in which the husband of his daughter is seated, the latter conceals his head with his robe, and takes the earliest opportunity to withdraw, while the ordinary offices of kindness and hospitality are performed through the female, who passes the pipe or the message between her father and husband.

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

The Big Elk has been a very distinguished orator; few uneducated men have ever cultivated this art with more success. We have before us a specimen of his oratory, which is very creditable to his abilities. In 1811, a council was held at the Portage des Sioux, between Governor Edwards and Colonel Miller, on the part of the American government, and a number of Indian chiefs, of different

nations. One of the latter, the Black Buffalo, a highly respected Sioux chief, of the Ietan tribe, died suddenly during the conference, and was buried with the honors of war. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Ongpatonga made the following unpremeditated address to those assembled: "Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged nor displeased, that in visiting your father here, you have lost your chief. A misfortune of this kind, under such afflicting circumstances, may never again befall you; but this loss would have occurred to you, perhaps, at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in one path; they grow every where. How unhappy am I that I could not have died this day, instead of the chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly repaid by the honors of such a burial. They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of a noble grave, and a grand procession, the rolling music, and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving over my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, and hoisted on a slender scaffold, exposed to the whistling winds, soon to be blown down to the earth—my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones trodden on the plain by wild beasts. Chief of the soldiers! (addressing Colonel Miller,) your care has not been bestowed in vain. Your attentions shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that our white friends pay to the dead. When I return, I will echo the sound of your guns." Had this speech been uttered by a Grecian or Roman orator, it

would have been often quoted as a choice effusion of classic eloquence. It is not often that we meet with a funeral eulogium so unstudied, yet so pointed and ingenious.

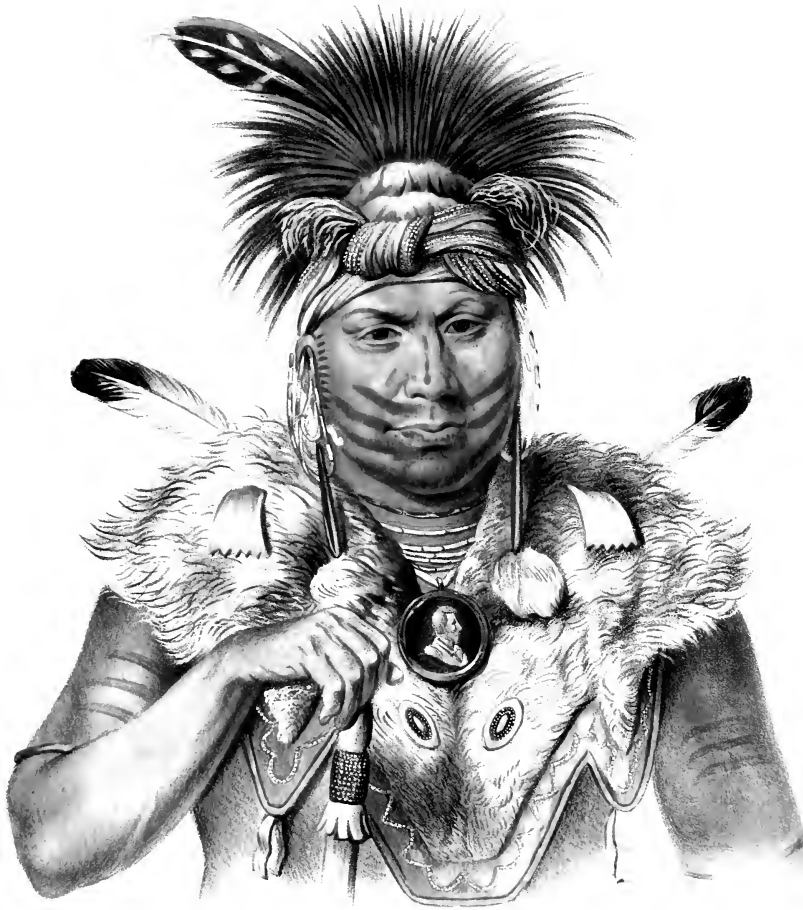
This chief delivered a speech to the military and scientific gentlemen who accompanied Colonel Long in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in 1819–20, in which he asserted, that not one of his nation had ever stained his hands with the blood of a white man.

The character of Ongpatonga is strongly contrasted with that of Washinggusaba, or the Black Bird, one of his predecessors. The latter was also an able man, and a great warrior, but was a monster in cruelty and despotism. Having learned the deadly quality of arsenic from the traders, he procured a quantity of that drug, which he secretly used to effect his dreadful purposes. He caused it to be believed among his people, that if he prophesied the death of an individual, the person so doomed would immediately die; and he artfully removed by poison every one who offended him, or thwarted his measures. The Omahas were entirely ignorant of the means by which this horrible result was produced; but they saw the effect, and knew, from mournful experience, that the displeasure of the chief was the certain forerunner of death; and their superstitious minds easily adopted the belief that he possessed a power which enabled him to will the destruction of his enemies. He acquired a despotic sway over the minds of his people, which he exercised in the most tyrannical manner; and so great was their fear of him, that even when he became superannuated, and so corpulent as to be unable to walk, they carried him about, watched over him when he slept, and awoke him, when necessary, by tickling his nose with a straw, for fear of disturbing him too abruptly. One chief, the Little Bow, whom he attempted ineffectually to poison, had the sagacity to discover the deception, and the independence to resist the influence of the impostor; but being unable to cope with so powerful an oppressor, he withdrew with a

small band of warriors, and remained separated from the nation until the decease of the Black Bird, which occurred in the year 1800. It is creditable to Ongpatonga, who shortly after succeeded to the post of principal chief, that he made no attempt to perpetuate the absolute authority to which the Omahas had been accustomed, but ruled over them with a mild and patriarchal sway.

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

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



NE-SOU-A-QUOIT,

A FOX CHIEF

Lith.ᵉ Col.ᵈ & Published by J. T. Bowen, Philad.ᵃ

NESOUAQUOIT.

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

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

After the war, Chemakasee, instead of returning to his former

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

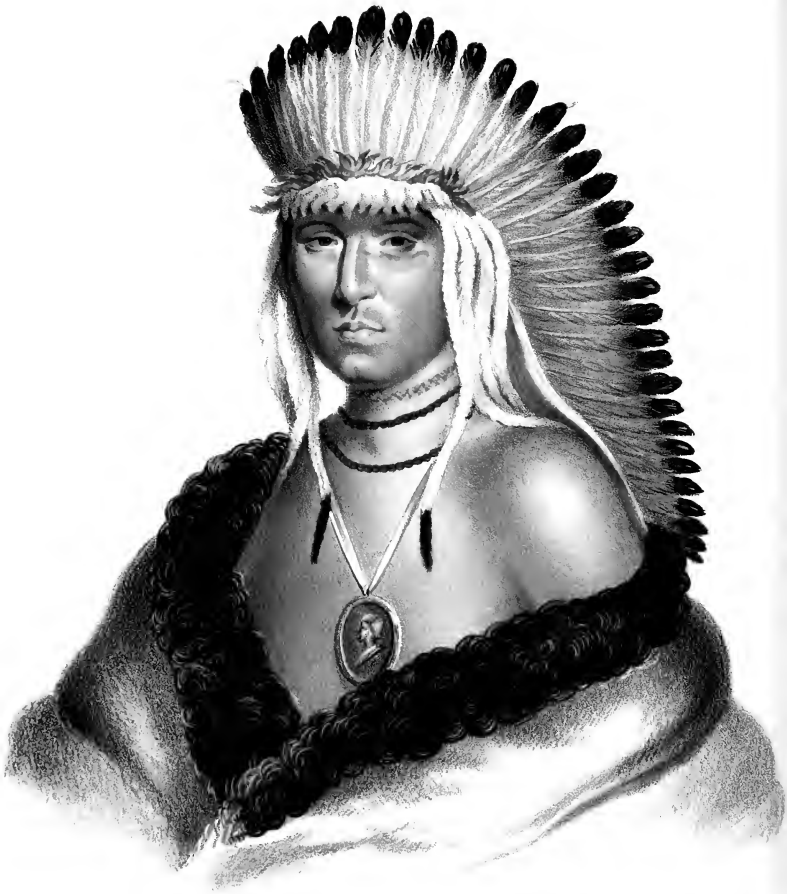
In 1815, a treaty was concluded between this band and the United States; the third article of which stipulates, that a just proportion of the annuities, which a previous treaty had provided to be paid to the Sauk and Fox Indians, should be paid to the Foxes of La Platte. By some strange oversight, this provision of the treaty had been overlooked—unintentionally, no doubt, by the government, whilst the age and infirmities of Chemakasee, it is presumed, caused him to forget it. An arrearage of twenty years had accumulated, when Nesouaquoit, having succeeded to the chieftainship of his band, resolved to ascertain why the government had so long delayed to fulfil this stipulation. He first held a conference with the agent; but this officer had no power over the case. He then resolved to visit Washington, and plead the cause of his people before his great father; and, if he should fail there, to present it to Congress. But he had one great difficulty to overcome, and that was to raise the money to pay his expenses to Washington. To accomplish this he opened a negotiation with a Mr. Risque, of St. Louis, who agreed to pay his expenses to Washington and home again, for "*three boxes and a half of silver*"—equivalent to three thousand five hundred dollars. That he might be punctual in paying the loan, he ordered his hunters to collect furs and peltries of sufficient value, and have them ready for the St. Louis market, in time to redeem his pledge for the return of the money. This being done, he started upon his mission. Arriving at Washington, he explained the object of his visit. This he did in a firm and decided manner. The authorities recognized his claim, and he was assured that the provisions of the treaty in favor of his people, though so long overlooked, should be scrupulously

fulfilled, and respected in future. Having attained the object of his mission, he returned home, highly pleased with the result.

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

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

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



PETALESHARRO,

A PAWNEE BRAVE

Lith.d Col.d & Published by J.T.Bowen Philad.a

PETALESHARRO.

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

would be easy to demonstrate, that even when aided by the light of civilization, and professing to be Christians, the white man is no less cruel than the red man; and often, in our conflicts with each other, we come fully up to the savage man in all that is barbarous and revolting.

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

However true it is that the Indian mode of warfare is exclusively savage, yet there are exceptions to its barbarities; and we have well authenticated instances of the most refined humanity, confirming our decided belief, that the Indian is not, by any law of his nature, bereft of the more noble qualities which are the pride and boast of civilized man, or that he is *necessarily* savage. We might enumerate many cases in which the untutored Indian has melted into pity at sight of the perilous condition of the white man, and at the very moment when he was looked upon as an invader and enemy. The most beautiful illustration of the existence of this feeling in the Indian, is in the intervention of Pocahontas, to save the life of Captain Smith. History has recorded that deed, and the civilized world has united in awarding its plaudits to that noble princess. Her memory has been embalmed by a grateful posterity. At the siege of Detroit, the garrison owed its safety to the agency of an Indian woman, who

made known to the commanding officer the plans of Pontiac for its destruction and massacre. Indeed, the Indian women are remarkable for the exercise of this generous feeling—even among the Indians it is a common occurrence for them, in times of excitement, to secrete knives and guns, and all kinds of instruments of death; and, by so doing, often prevent the shedding of blood.

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

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

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

We saw him in Washington in 1821, whither he was sent as one of a deputation from his tribe, to transact business with the government. He was dressed, so far as his half-length discloses it, precisely as he is seen in the portrait. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war eagle, which extended, in a double series, down his back to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown carelessly but gracefully over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm, bare. The usual garments decorated his hips and lower limbs; these were the *auzeum*, the leggins, and the moccason, all ornamented. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, yet he was then believed to be twenty-five.

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

Some short time before Petalesharro was deputed to visit Washington, it chanced that an Itean maid, who had been taken prisoner,

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

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

Whether it was panic, or the dread of Latalashaw's vengeance that operated, and kept the warriors from using their bows and arrows, and rifles, is not known, but certain it is they did not use them.

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

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

The tidings of this deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. He and his deed soon became the theme of the city. The

ladies, especially, as is their nature, hastened to do him honor. A medal was prepared. A time was appointed for conferring upon him this merited gift. An assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given him in token of the high opinion which was entertained of his act in the rescue of the Itean maid. He was asked, by the ladies who presented it, to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from torture, and from the stake, to look upon the medal, think of those who gave it, and save her, as he had saved the Itean girl. The reply of Petalesharro was prompt and excellent, but the interpretation of it was shocking! He was made to say, "I did it (rescued the girl) in *ignorance.* I did *not know that I did good!* I now know that I did good, by your giving me this medal." We understood him to mean this; and so, we have no doubt, he spoke, in substance, though not in our words:—"He did not know, till now, that the act he had performed was meritorious; but, as his white brothers and sisters considered it a good act, and put upon it so high a value, he was *glad they had heard of it.*" We would almost venture to represent the words of the brave in reply to the compliment. We saw the medal put on his neck, and saw him take it in his hand, and look at it. Holding it before him, he said—"This brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf after a storm, and when the wind is still. I listen to you. I am glad. I love the pale faces more than ever I did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know this by giving me this medal."

The rescue of the Itean girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and not as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone, as the only incident of the sort in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother

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

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

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

THE PAWNEE BRAVE.

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

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

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

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

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

Beneath the boughs of an ancient oak,
They came to the council ground:

* The battle alluded to was fought with a trans-Mississippian tribe.

No eloquent tongue for the maiden spoke,
She was quickly doomed,—and their shouts awoke
The woods to the piercing sound.

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

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

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

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

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

SHINGABA W'OSSIN.

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

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

War is the glory of the Indian. He who dissuades from war is usually regarded as a coward; but Shingaba W'Ossin was the uniform advocate of peace, yet his bravery was never questioned. Perhaps his exemption from the imputation of cowardice was owing to his having, when but a youth, joined several war parties against the Sioux, those natural and implacable enemies of his

people, to reach whom he had to travel at least five hundred miles. He is said to have distinguished himself at the great battle on the St. Croix, which terminated the feud between the Chippewas and the Foxes. In that battle he fought under the northern Alaric, *Waab-Ojeeg.*

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

We made our voyage up Lake Superior in 1826. So late as that, the name of Waab-Ojeeg was never spoken but in connection with some tradition exemplifying his great powers as a chief and warrior. He was a man of discretion, and far in advance of his people in those energies of the mind which command respect, wherever and in whomsoever they are found. He was, like Pontiac and Tecumthe, exceedingly jealous of the white man. This jealousy was manifested when the hand of his daughter, *O-shaw-ous-go-day-way-gua*, was solicited by Mr. Johnson, the accomplished Irish gentleman, who resided so many years after at the Sault de St. Mary, and who was not better known for his intelligence and polished manners, than for his hospitality. He lived long enough to merit and receive the appellation of *Patriarch of the Sault.* This gentleman was a native of Dublin or Belfast, in Ireland. In the course of his travels, he arrived at Montreal, when he determined to ascend the great chain of lakes to the head waters of Lake Superior. On arriving at Michael's Island, he heard of Waab-Ojeeg, whose village lay across the strait which divides the island from the main. He made him a visit. Being well received, he remained some time, formed an attachment to his daughter, and solicited permission to marry her. Waab-Ojeeg replied to his request thus:—"White man, I have noticed your behavior. It has been correct. But, white man, *your color is deceitful.* Of you, may I expect better things? You say you are going to return to Montreal—go; and if you return, I shall be satisfied of your sincerity, and will give

you my daughter." Mr. Johnson, being honest in his professions, went to Montreal, and returned, when the chief fulfilled his promise. The amiable, excellent, and accomplished Mrs. Schoolcraft, wife of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., so favorably known as a tourist and mineralogist, and a family of as interesting children as we met with in our travels, are the fruits of this marriage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Just vengeance to take on the foe.'"

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

"*My relations*—Our fathers have spoken to us about the line made at the Prairie. With this I and my band are satisfied. You

who live on the line are most interested. To you I leave the subject. The line was left unfinished last summer, but will be finished this.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This talk was taken down as it was interpreted, and in the words of the interpreter. A good deal of the speaker's style is no doubt lost. Critics tell us that Pope, in his admirable translation of Homer, has failed to show the father of poetry to his readers in his original costume. It is not surprising, therefore, that an Indian interpreter should make the Indian talk like a white man. There is enough in this address of the old chief, however, to show that he was a man of sense and discretion. A few explanatory remarks may make this more apparent. The "line," to which he referred,

was the proposed boundary between the Sioux and Chippewas. He and his band, living five hundred miles from it, were not so immediately interested as were those bands who bordered it. Hence, although he and his band were satisfied with it, he referred it to his "relations," who were more immediately concerned, and whose peace and lives depended upon its suitable and harmonious adjustment, to decide for themselves.

The next subject was one of great importance to the whole Chippewa nation. It had for some time engaged the attention of Shingaba W'Ossin; and the proposition originated with him. It was, that reservations of land should be laid off in the most genial and productive situations, and assigned to the half-breeds, to be cultivated by them. The wisdom and humanity of the measure will appear, when the reader is informed that, almost the whole country of the Chippewas is sterile, and that scarcely any vegetables do, or can grow in it. The soil is cold and barren; and winter pervades so much of the year, that if seed of any kind be sown, except in the most favorable situations, the frosts overtake and destroy the hoped for increase before it arrives at maturity. The Chippewas suffer greatly by reason of their climate, and when, from any cause, they fail in their hunts, many of them perish with cold and of starvation. The frequent recurrence of this calamity led Shingaba W'Ossin to consider how it might be provided against. He saw the military gardens at the Sault, and those of Mr. Johnson, producing, by the culture that was bestowed upon them, large crops of potatoes and other roots. It occurred to him, that, if the half-breeds of his nation could be induced to profit by such examples, they might husband away these products of the earth, and when the dreaded famine should threaten them, they could retire to the neighborhood of those provisions and be preserved. In pursuance of his earnest entreaties, and seeing in the plan everything to recommend it, and nothing to oppose it, the commissioners inserted an article in the treaty making the provision, and accom-

panied it with a schedule of the names of those half-breeds that were given in by the chiefs of the various bands, and who, it was intended, should engage in this new employment. The persons, to whom it was proposed to make these grants, were prohibited the privilege of conveying the same, without the permission of the President of the United States.

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

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

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

It may not be out of place to remark, that this huge specimen of virgin copper lies about thirty-five miles above the mouth of the Ontanagon of Lake Superior; and on the west bank of that river, a few paces only above low water mark. An intelligent gentleman, who accompanied a party sent by the commissioners from the Fond du Lac, for the purpose of disengaging this specimen of

copper from its bed, and transporting it down the lakes to the Erie Canal, and thence to New York and Washington, says:—"It consists of pure copper, ramified in every direction through a mass of stone (mostly serpentine, intermixed with calcareous spar) in veins of one to three inches in diameter; and in some parts exhibiting masses of pure metal of one hundred pounds weight."

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

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

Being weatherbound at the portage of Point Kewewena, we had an opportunity of observing the habits of Shingaba W'Ossin; and occasionally to hear him talk. During this time, the old chief made frequent visits to our tent, always in company with a young Indian who attended him. At this time he was a good deal concerned about a blindness which threatened him. He spoke

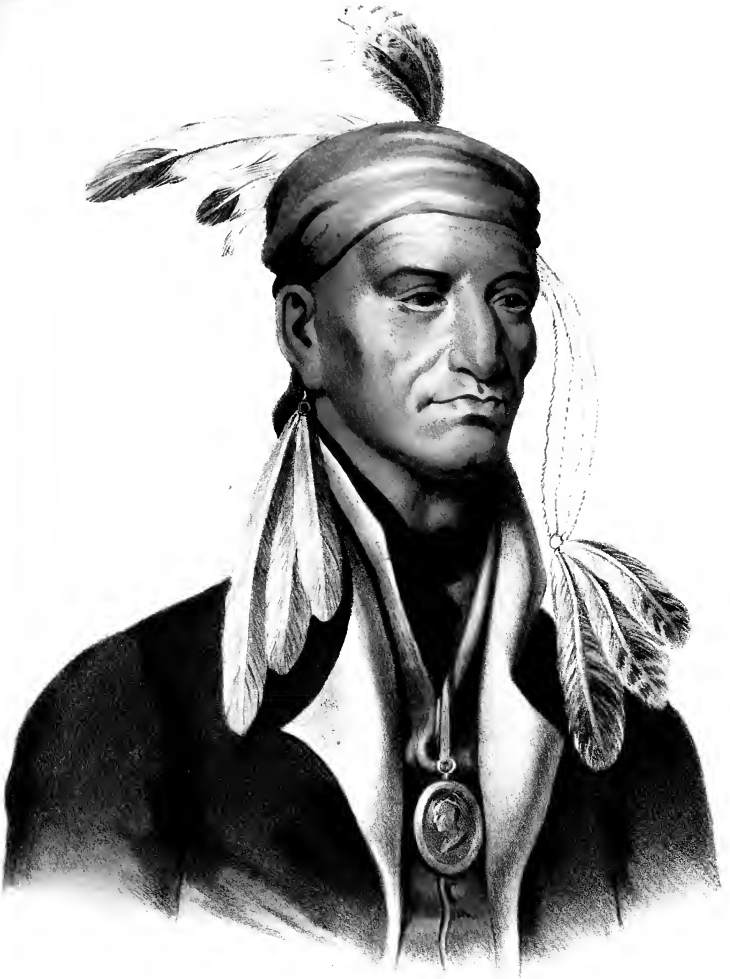
principally of this, but never without saying something in favor of his attendant. Among other things, he said—"Father, I have not the eyes I once had. I now am old. I think soon this great world will be hid from me. But the Great Spirit is good. I want you, father, to hear me. This young man is eyes to me, and hands too. Will you not be good to him?" At each visit, however, inflamed as were the old chief's eyes, he would, like other Indians, be most grateful for a little whisky; and like them, too, when he tasted a little, he wanted more. It is impossible to conceive the ratio with which their wants increase, after a first taste. The effects are maddening. Often, to enjoy a repetition of the beverage, have instances occurred, in which life itself has been taken, when it stood between the Indian and this cherished object of his delight. Shingaba W'Ossin would indulge in the use of this destructive beverage, occasionally; but even when most under its influence, he was harmless—so generally had the kindly feelings taken possession of him. On the occasion referred to, we found him to be gentle, obliging, and free from all asperities of manner or temper. He was then in his sixty-third year, and used to assist in the management of his canoe, and in all the business connected with the prosecution of his voyage. He kept company with us to the Fond du Lac; not always, however, encamping where we did. The old man and his party partook of our refreshments; and when he would meet with any of his people who had been taking fish, he never failed to procure some, and always divided his good luck with us—appearing happy to have something to offer in return for our attentions to him.

Shingaba W'Ossin's father was named *Maid-O-Saligee*. He was the chief and chronicler of his tribe. With him died much of their traditionary information. He was also noted for the tales which he related for the amusement of the young. But he was a voluptuary. He married four wives, three of whom were sisters. By these wives he had twenty children. Each of the male

children, in time, deemed himself a legitimate chief, and attached to himself some followers. Political divisions were the consequence. The harmony of the band was thus destroyed, and the posterity of the ancient chief scattered along the waters of the St. Mary's.

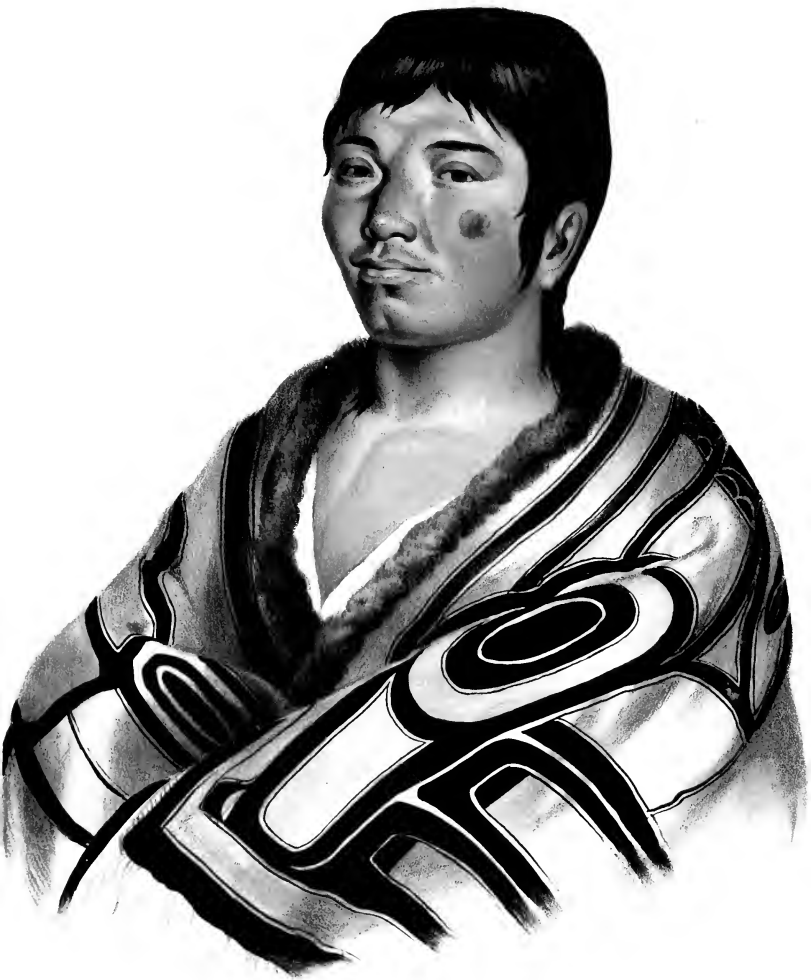
The superior intellect of Shingaba W'Ossin, in these times of contention for the supremacy, became manifest. He secured the respect and confidence of his band, and was at last acknowledged as the *Nittum*, or first man. His band became more and more attached to him, until, on all hands, the choice was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

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



SHIN - GA - BA - W'OSSIN,

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.



STUM-A-NU,

A FLAT HEAD BOY.

Lith.ª Col.ª & Published by J. T. Bowen, Philad.ª

STUMANU.

THE Chinnooks are a tribe of Indians inhabiting the shores of the Columbia river, near the Pacific ocean. They practise the savage custom of flattening the foreheads of their infants by means of a board applied to that part, whence they are called Flatheads by the whites, as others are called Nez Perces, Pierced Nose Indians, although neither of these terms is used among themselves. Most of those Indians who flatten the head also pierce the nose. These singular customs were found, by the first discoverers, among the savages on the shores of the Atlantic; but they seem to have become extinct in our country, except in the distant region of the Columbia. The name Flathead having been arbitrarily given, some explanation is necessary to avoid confusion.

The term Flathead was formerly applied, vaguely, to all the Indians inhabiting the unexplored regions about the Rocky Mountains, except the Blackfeet; but as the country became better known, the name was confined to a small nation, who still bear it, and are not recognized among us by any other, and who live chiefly in the gorges of the mountains, and on the plains on either side. They do not, however, flatten the head, nor have they any term in their language to express this idea. Beyond them, on the Columbia river, are numerous tribes who pierce the nose and flatten the forehead, who are mostly included under the name of Nez Perces—but the name Flathead is not commonly used in reference to them.

The nation, to which our hunters and trappers apply the name of Flathead—the Flatheads of the Rocky Mountains—are a very

interesting people. They are honest, hospitable, and kindly disposed towards the whites. They excel most other Indians in simplicity and frankness of character. The Blackfeet, a numerous tribe inhabiting the same region, a treacherous, vindictive, and warlike people, are the implacable enemies of the Flatheads, and harass them continually. This war is of the most uncompromising character; the Blackfeet pursue their enemies with unceasing hostility, driving them from place to place, hunting them down with untiring vigilance, and allowing them no rest. But though forced to fly from their foes, in consequence of their vastly inferior numbers, the Flatheads singly are more than a match for their enemies in boldness and physical strength; and as they never receive any quarters from their cruel oppressors, they fight with the most desperate courage when forced into action. Exposed to the greatest extremes and hardships to which the savage state is incident, and chased continually by their enemies, who use every artifice to decoy and surprise them, they are as wild, as watchful, and almost as fleet as the antelope of the prairies.

They are admirable horsemen. Without any fixed residence, roving throughout the year, engaged often in hunting the buffalo, and more frequently in rapid flight from imminent danger, the Flathead and his horse are inseparable; and such is the skill acquired by constant practice, that one of this tribe will mount an unbroken horse without saddle or bridle, and retain his seat, in spite of all the efforts of the enraged animal to dislodge him. A friend of the writer saw this feat performed by Incilla, the present chief of the tribe, on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. The chief threw himself upon the back of a wild horse recently taken, holding in one hand a small flag, and in the other a hoop covered with a skin, after the fashion of a tamborine. On being turned loose, the animal dashed off, rearing and pitching, and using the most violent exertions to disengage himself from his fearless rider, who, clinging with his heels, maintained his seat, in spite of

the efforts of the horse to throw him. When he wished to check the speed of the animal, he blinded him by throwing the flag across his face; while he guided him, by striking him with the tamborine, on the one side or the other of the head. This exercise he continued, scouring the plain at full speed, and directing the course of the furious steed at will, until the latter was wearied out and subdued.

Westward of the Flatheads, a number of small tribes are found scattered along the shores of the Columbia, to the Pacific ocean, all of whom belong to the Nez Perces nation, by which we mean only, that they acknowledge the tie of kindred, and speak a common language, for they do not appear to be united by any other bond, and have no national organization. They are on friendly terms with the Flatheads, but have not the bold and manly character of that tribe; on the contrary, they are ignorant and timid. They subsist by hunting and fishing, but chiefly by the latter; are miserably poor, inoffensive, and peaceable. They pierce the dividing cartilage of the nose, and thrust a bone several inches in length through the orifice, to remain until the wounded part is completely healed; and they flatten the head by confining it between boards, one of which passes across the forehead, flattening that part, so that the ascent from the nose to the top of the head is almost without a curve. The effect produced is said to be extremely disgusting.

The Indians in the vicinity of the mountains excel in horsemanship; those on the Columbia are expert in the management of their canoes, in which they embark fearlessly on the waves of the Pacific in the roughest weather; and such is their skill that they keep afloat amid the angry billows, when it would seem impossible that such frail vessels could live. The upsetting of a canoe, in such circumstances, is of little consequence, for these Indians are such admirable swimmers, that they right their canoes when overturned, bail out the water, and resume their seats; or if necessary, abandon them, and swim to the shore.

The women are admitted to a greater degree of equality with the men, than among the other American tribes, because in fishing and in managing the canoe, they are equally expert, and as they share all the toils and dangers of the other sex, they naturally become the companions and equals, and in virtue of their superior industry, the *better* halves, of their lords and masters. In the savage state, where the employments of the men are confined to war and hunting, a certain degree of contempt attaches to the weaker sex, who are unfit for such rude toils, and a timid or imbecile man is, in derision, compared to a woman. But a different relation exists between the sexes, where the employments are such that both engage in them alike, and where both contribute equally to the support of their families.

The Columbia river was discovered by Captain Grey of Boston, in the ship Columbia, from which it received its name. Afterwards, Captains Lewis and Clark, of the army of the United States, with a small escort, performed a journey over land to the mouth of that river, under the auspices of the government, and for the purpose of exploration. This was one of the most remarkable journeys of which we have any account; the extent of the territory explored, the dangers and privations encountered, the great number of the savage tribes visited, and the successful prosecution of the enterprise, display a degree of courage and perseverance never excelled by any scientific travellers. A well digested account of the expedition was published, written, from the notes of Lewis and Clark, by a gentleman who, in that work, gave to his country the first fruits of a genius, which, in its riper brilliancy, has since become the pride and admiration of his countrymen. The discoveries made by these tourists, turned the attention of the mercantile world to this wild and unfrequented region, which now became the scene of an animated competition. John Jacob Astor, of New York, a German by birth, who came in early life an indigent adventurer to our shores, and had, by his unwearied industry and unrivalled

talents for business, amassed a princely fortune, matured a plan for securing to his adopted country the fur trade of that coast. The government, to whom he communicated his project, was too weak, at that time, to give any aid to an uncertain enterprise, which might involve a heavy expenditure, and by possibility endanger its relations with foreign powers; and could only encourage the scheme by its approbation. A fine ship was equipped for the voyage by Mr. Astor, and placed under the charge of Captain Thorn, an intelligent officer bred in the American navy, and who had been but a short time previous, enrolled in the gallant band that gained so much glory in the Tripolitan war; while a party of hardy men, under Mr. Theodore Hunt, set out from St. Louis, to cross the continent, and meet the vessel at the mouth of the Columbia. After a prosperous voyage round Cape Horn, the ship reached her destination; but an unfortunate affray occurring with the natives, Captain Thorn suffered himself to be surprised; the whole crew were massacred, and the vessel destroyed. Mr. Hunt was more successful. After a protracted journey, attended by toils and perils the most incredible and discouraging, this dauntless party found themselves on the shores of the Columbia river, but in a condition too exhausted to enable them to carry out the plan proposed. They had accomplished much in overcoming the difficulties of the journey, and inspecting that vast field for commercial enterprise, of which scarcely any thing had been known but its existence. Mr. Astor persevered in his design; a trading post, called Astoria, was established on the Columbia, a few miles from its mouth, and hunters were employed who scattered themselves over the whole region watered by the tributaries of that river. The British fur traders, who had already pervaded the whole of the vast territory lying north of the great lakes, as well as the wilderness country lying within the north-western boundaries of the United States, penetrated also into these solitudes, and established a strong post, called Fort Vancouver, in honor of the navigator, for whom, with-

out any sufficient evidence, the discovery of the Columbia was claimed, and another called Fort Colville. When the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, was declared, the Americans were compelled to abandon this country, to which their government could not extend its protection; but when, by the treaty of peace negotiated at Ghent, it was provided that the belligerent parties should mutually surrender the places taken during the war from each other, Astoria was formally delivered up by the British government, which, by this act, distinctly recognized the territorial rights of the American people. Subsequently, however, the question of jurisdiction was opened, and to prevent collision, it was agreed, that, for a period of ten years, the subjects and citizens of both governments might occupy the disputed territory for the purpose of hunting and traffic, without prejudice to the claims of either country. Since then, the whole region west of the Rocky Mountains, has been traversed by numerous bands of British and American trappers. A few wealthy and enterprising individuals residing chiefly at St. Louis, in the state of Missouri, have organized regular companies, for the purpose of carrying on this trade, which has been prosecuted with an admirable degree of efficiency and success. Large parties, composed of hunters, well mounted and armed, annually leave St. Louis, attended by pack horses, and on some occasions by wagons, carrying merchandise and stores for the expedition. The leaders are men of talent and courage, and the discipline that of a rigid military police. After passing the settlements of the United States, and the hunting-grounds of the Indian tribes with whom pacific relations have been established by treaty, they have to traverse immense wilds inhabited by the Blackfeet, and other roving bands, who live in perpetual war, and among whom safety can be secured only by unceasing vigilance. The march is conducted with the greatest precaution, and the camp is always guarded by sentinels. All this is beautifully told in Washington Irving's Astoria, a work which is not

more commendable for the gracefulness of its style, than for the fidelity with which it describes the adventures of the trappers in the wilderness. The subject is one with which we are familiar, and we therefore refer to Mr. Irving's delightful work with confidence; and forbear from repeating what has been narrated with an ease of style which would render dull the recital of any other pen, upon the same topic.

Those who have seen those wild and hardy trappers, and who know any thing of the severe privations and fearful dangers, encountered by them in the wilderness, would scarcely expect to find science or religion marching in such rude companionship. But danger itself is alluring to the ardent temperament, while true piety, and the genuine love of science are unappalled by its terrors. Many gentlemen have been induced by curiosity alone, to accompany these parties, and a valuable family of missionaries, under the charge of the Rev. Jason Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has already settled on the Wallamette river, a branch of the Columbia. Although missions have not, heretofore, been successful, among the Indians, we think that, considering the pacific character of the people, and the favorable auspices under which this attempt has been commenced, much good from it may be confidently expected.

The portrait which accompanies this article, represents an interesting individual. He is one of that distant tribe inhabiting the most western extremity of our continent—a Chinnook, belonging to a band of the great family of Nez Perces. The name Stumanu has no particular meaning that we have been able to discover; the only account he could give of it himself, is that he was called by it after his grandfather, who is still living. He was born at a Chinnook village on the Columbia river, about seven miles from its mouth; and having lost his father, when he was but two years old, was brought up by an uncle, who at an early age initiated him in the business of fishing, and in such other employments as engage

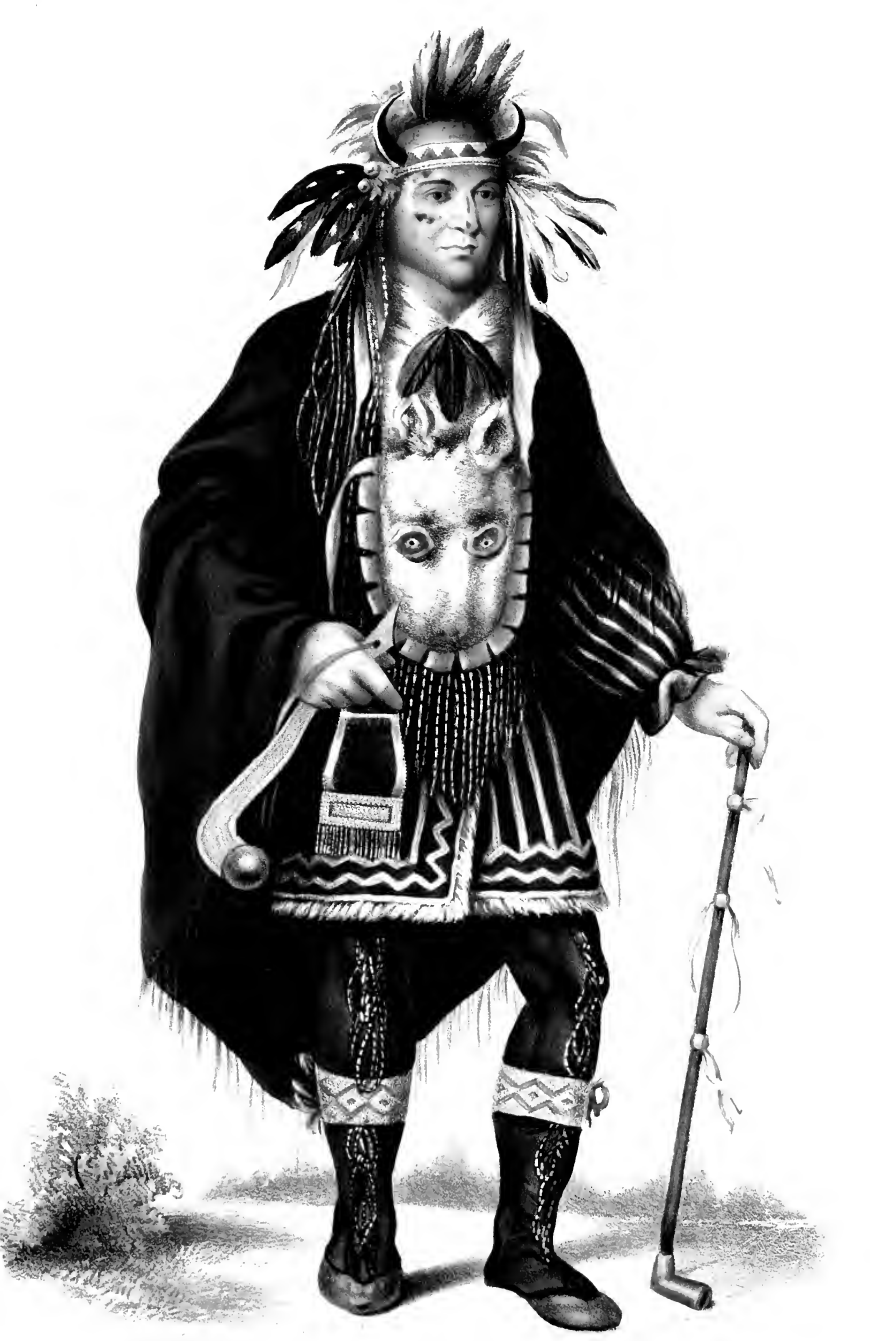
the attention of that indolent race. In speaking of the skill of his tribe in the management of their canoes, he stated that he had often been alone on the ocean, when overtaken by storms, and had never felt the slightest alarm, but would right his little vessel, when overturned, and pursue his voyage as if nothing had happened.

Shortly after the establishment of the mission family on the Wallamette, this youth, being favorably impressed in regard to the advantages of civilization, voluntarily determined to place himself at the school, and applied to Doctor M'Laughlin, a benevolent gentleman, at the British Fort Vancouver, who had taken a lively interest in the missionary enterprise, for his advice on the subject. He cheerfully gave the applicant a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Lee, superintendent of the Wallamette station; and thus encouraged, Stumanu, taking his younger brother by the hand, proceeded to the school, to offer himself and his brother as pupils. They were cheerfully admitted, and this youth soon proved himself a valuable acquisition to the school. He quickly showed a great fondness, as well as an aptitude, for learning, was industrious and useful on the farm, and won esteem by the most amiable qualities of temper. He possessed, what was remarkable in an Indian, a decidedly mechanical genius, and excelled in the construction of tools and implements, and in the imitation of any simple articles of furniture that came under his notice, so that the mission family were fully repaid for the expenses of his education and subsistence by his labor. His good sense, sobriety of temperament, and equability of disposition, rendered him altogether a person of uncommon interest.

Stumanu was about twenty years of age when this portrait was taken; he was about five feet in stature, thick set, and strongly made. He was on a visit to the Atlantic cities in company with the Rev. Mr. Lee, who was on a tour for the purpose of raising funds to support his valuable establishment. At New York, Philadelphia, and other places, the young Indian addressed large

congregations, in his native tongue, on the destitute condition of his people, their readiness to learn from the white people, and the ample field that was spread open to those whose benevolence might induce them to take pity on the poor savages of the farther west. Some of these addresses were of a very impressive character, and Mr. Lee, who interpreted them, assured the congregations that what Stumanu said was wholly his own in conception and language.

On the eve of the departure of the Rev. Mr. Lee to the scene of his labors on the Wallamette, Stumanu, flushed with the prospect of once more mingling with his kindred and friends, and gratified with all he had seen of the white man's capacity and powers, was taken suddenly ill, in New York, and after a short but severe attack, died on the 29th of May, 1839.



OKEE - MAKEE - QUID.

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF

OKEEMAKEEQUID.

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

> The bright leafy bark of the betula tree,
> A flexible sheathing provides;

And the fir's thready roots drew the parts to agree,
And bound down its high swelling sides.

All the materials being ready, the work was commenced with great spirit. As it has not fallen to the lot of many persons, into whose hands this work may fall, to witness the building of a birchen canoe, we will avail ourselves of an extract from our work—"Tour to the Lakes," to describe the process. The ground being laid off, in length and breadth, answering to the size of the canoe, (this was thirty-six feet long, and five feet wide in its widest part,) stakes are driven at the two extremes, and thence on either side, answering, in their position, to the form of the canoe. Pieces of bark are then sewn together with wattap, and placed between those stakes, from one end to the other, and made fast to them. The bark thus arranged, hangs loose, and in folds, resembling in general appearance, though without their regularity, the covers of a book, with its back downwards, the edges being up, and the leaves out. Cross pieces are then put in. These press out the rim, and give the upper edges the form of the canoe. Next, the ribs are forced in—thin sheathing being laid between these and the bark. The ribs press out the bark, giving form and figure to the bottom and sides of the canoe. Upon these ribs, and along their whole extent, large stones are placed. The ribs having been previously well soaked, they bear the pressure of these stones, till they become dry. Passing round the bottom, and up the sides of the canoe to the rim, they resemble hoops cut in two, or half circles. The upper parts furnish mortising places for the rim; around, and over which, and through the bark, the wattap is wrapped. The stakes are then removed, the seams gummed, and the fabric is lifted into the water, where it floats like a feather.

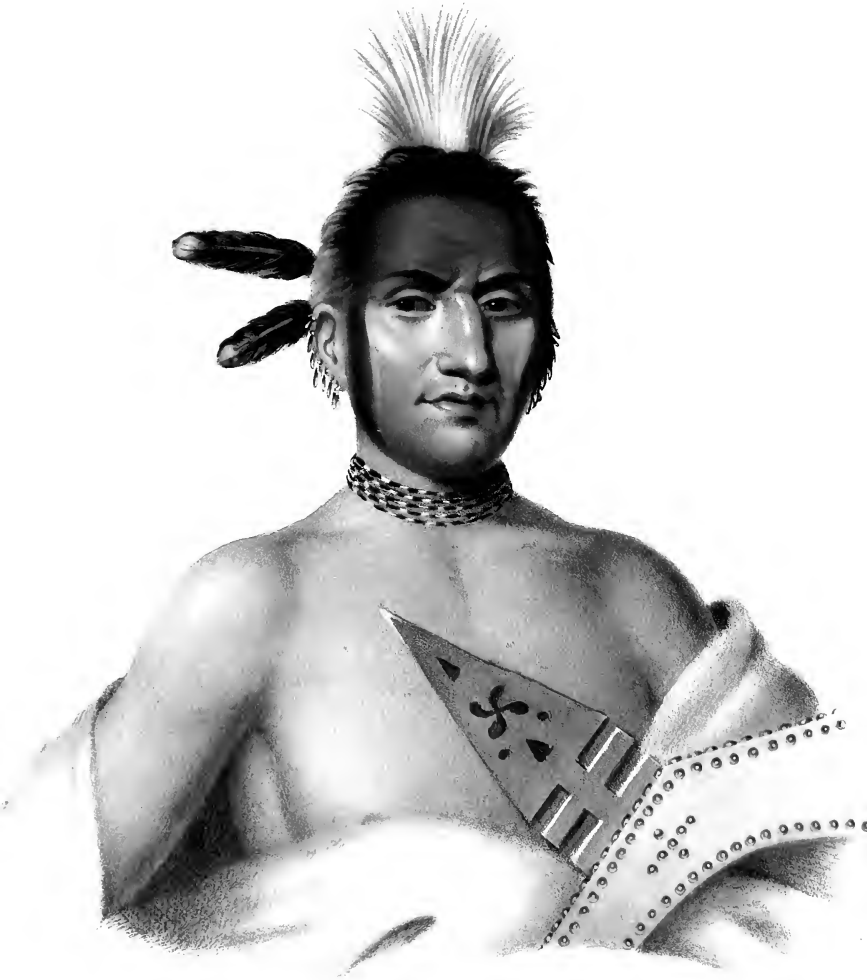
We soon learned that Okeemakeequid was one of ten children of the most remarkable old squaw in those parts. Her name was Oshegwun. From childhood this woman had been the subject of

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

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

The dress in which Okeemakeequid appears is not a Chippewa, but a Sioux dress. The Indians would often jibe him about the circumstances under which he got it. At the treaty of Prairie du

Chien, in 1825, peace was concluded, which terminated a war of nearly two hundred years' duration, between the Sioux and Chippewas. In memorial of this occurrence a Sioux warrior proposed to exchange dresses with Okeemakeequid. The latter acceded to the proposition. After the exchange had been made, the Sioux, looking Okeemakeequid archly in the face, and pointing to the head-dress, said, "*Brother*, when you put that dress on, feel up there—there are five feathers; I have put one in for each scalp I took from your people—remember that!"



MOA - NA - HON - GA

AN IOWAY CHIEF.

MOANAHONGA.

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

Moanahonga was of a morose and sour disposition; the result, doubtless, of his having been the descendant of obscure parents, which circumstance much impeded his advancement to the higher honors, to which his bravery, skill, and talents entitled him. He was emulous of glory, but found himself always held in check by the lowness of his origin. There was nothing which he valued so highly as the honors and dignity of a chieftain, and to this elevation he constantly aspired; seeking ardently, by daring exploits, to challenge the admiration of his nation, and in the midst of some blaze of glory, to extinguish all recollection of the meanness of his descent. As was natural, under such circumstances, he was envious of distinction in others; and the more exalted the incumbent, the

more he disliked him. He even avoided those who were in command, because of his aversion to being the subordinate of any; and, acting under the influence of this feeling, he would separate himself from his band and people, build a lodge of his own, and, taking with him as many as had been won over to him by his bravery, exercise the authority of their chief.

This brave was one of a party led by General Clark to Washington, in 1824, at which time he united with Mahaskah in concluding a treaty, by which they ceded all their lands lying within the State of Missouri, amounting to some millions of acres, for the remuneration of five hundred dollars per annum, for ten years, in connection with some other paltry considerations. It appears that he did not comprehend the import of the treaty; and, on his return to his country, finding it overrun with the whites, who had taken possession of the ground that covered the bones of his ancestors, he is said to have become greatly affected. He sought relief, but was told the treaty was made, and that he and Mahaskah had sold the country. He continued to endure this state of things until 1829, when, unable to sustain it any longer, he determined to go to St. Louis, and state his grievances to General Clark. On his way thither, he encamped on the borders of the river Chariton, his party consisting of about sixty persons. While there, resting his comrades from the fatigues of their march, a party of whites came up, having with them some kegs of whisky. It was not long before the Indians were completely besotted, when the whites plundered them of their blankets and horses, and whatever else was of value, and retired. Recovering from their debauch, the Indians felt how dearly they had paid for the whisky with which the whites had regaled them, and being hungry, one of the young men shot a hog. Big Neck rebuked him, saying, "That is wrong; it is true, we are poor, and have been robbed, but the hog was not ours, and you ought not to have shot it."

It was soon rumored along the borders that the Indians were

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

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

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

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

The tidings of this affair soon reached the settlements; every where it was proclaimed, "The Indians are killing the whites." Most of the border settlers abandoned their homes. An order was issued from Jefferson Barracks, to the officer in command at Fort Leavenworth, to march forthwith against the Indians. A large detachment of United States infantry was sent from Missouri in a steamboat, whilst the governor ordered out the militia. The agent of the Ioways, General Hughes, was required to co-operate. The militia were marched direct to the battle-ground, and thence back again, having accomplished nothing. The first step taken by the agent was to deliver eleven of the principal men of the Ioway

nation as hostages for the good conduct of that people. With these, General Leavenworth returned with his command to St. Louis. The agent then proceeded with four men to the battle-ground; taking the trail from thence, he pursued Big Neck and his party to the upper Mississippi, and to the waters of the lower Ioway river, a distance but little, if any, short of four hundred miles. Here he fell in with Taimah, or the Bear whose screams make the rocks tremble, and his son, Apamuse, who were on the Polecat river, near Fort Madison. From Taimah and his son, he learned where Big Neck was encamped, and was accompanied to the spot by a party of Sauks and Foxes. Caution became necessary; and, as they approached Big Neck's party, they lay concealed in the day, and advanced upon it only in the night. Just before day, having had the camp in view the previous evening, when all was still, the agent approached, and stepped quickly into Big Neck's lodge. Here he was safe; for, in accordance with the Indian practice, no outrage is ever permitted upon any person, though an enemy, who takes refuge within a lodge; no blood is allowed to stain the ground within its precincts. Big Neck was just in the act of raising himself from his buffalo skin, as the agent entered his lodge. The object of the visit was explained. But few words were spoken, when Big Neck said, "I'll go with you; a brave man dies but once—cowards are always dying." Whereupon he surrendered himself and his party. They were marched to the Rapide Des Moines. On arriving there, Big Neck ordered his squaws to return. The agent at once interpreted the object, and turning to his four men, said, "Get your guns ready, for Big Neck means to kill us." The squaws ascended the hill that rises from the margin of the river at that place, and were clustering about its summit; and just as they were turning to witness the murder of the agent and his four men, a point which makes out into the river was suddenly turned by the advance of a little fleet of five boats, filled with United States troops, under the command of

Lieutenant Morris. The squaws, seeing this, rushed suddenly down the hill, with howls and cries, and throwing themselves at the agent's feet, begged for their lives. The inference was, that they supposed the plot for the destruction of the agent and his companions had been discovered, and that the Indians would be made to atone for it with their lives. A moment longer, and the agent and his men would have been slain. This was one of those rare and timely interpositions that can be resolved into nothing short of the agency of Providence.

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

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

About five years after his trial, Big Neck led a war party of about fifty men in pursuit of a party of Sioux, who had penetrated the country to his village, and stole nine of his horses. He took with him in this expedition a famous brave, called Pekeinga, or the Little Star. The party soon came within sight of the Sioux, who fled, throwing behind them their leggins and moccasons, and dried buffalo meat, which indicated their defeat. Big Neck, however, was resolved on punishing them, and ordered his men to charge.

The Sioux had taken refuge in a large hazel thicket, above which towered trees, thick set with foliage, into two of which, two Sioux, one a chief, had climbed. Each of these Sioux selected his man, one of them Big Neck, the other, the Little Star, and as the party rushed into the thicket, they both fired—Big Neck was shot through the breast; the Little Star fell dead from his horse. Seeing them fall, the two Sioux sprang from the trees to take their scalps. The Sioux chief, who had shot Big Neck, hastened to his body, and while in the act of taking his scalp, the dying savage drew his knife with one hand, and with the other grasped the Sioux, brought him in contact with him, threw him, and then, with his remaining strength, fell upon the body of the Sioux, and stabbed, and scalped him. When they were found, that was their position—the Sioux on the ground, and Big Neck lying across his dead body, with his scalp dripping with blood in one hand, and his knife firmly grasped in the other.

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