

FROST JOHN

THE INDIAN: ON THE
BATTLE-FIELD AND IN
THE WIGWAM

John Frost
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PREFACE

These sketches are drawn from a great variety of sources, and are intended, not only to exhibit the Indian character in all its phases, but to comprise in a small compass a valuable collection of narratives of Indian warfare, embracing views of their peculiar methods of strategy, ambuscades, and surprises – their treatment of prisoners, and their other characteristic manners and customs.

By the aid of Mr. Croome, and other eminent artists, I have been able to illustrate the volume quite profusely with engravings. I trust that the work will be found a useful as well as interesting contribution to historical literature.

INDIAN GRATITUDE

NOT long after Connecticut began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day to a tavern in one of its towns in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to supply him with something to eat and drink; at the same time he honestly told her that he could not pay for either, as he had had no success in hunting for several days; but that he would return payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune.

The hostess, who was a very ill-tempered woman, not only flatly refused to relieve him, but added abuse to her unkindness, calling him a lazy, drunken fellow, and told him that she did not work so hard herself, to throw away her earnings upon such vagabonds as he was.

There was a man sitting in the same room of the tavern, who, on hearing the conversation, looked up, and observing the Indian's countenance, which plainly showed that he was suffering severely from want and fatigue, and being of a humane disposition, he told the woman to give the poor wanderer some supper, and he would pay for it.

She did so: and when the Indian had finished his meal, he turned towards his benefactor, thanked him, and told him that he should not forget his kindness. "As for the woman," he added, "all I can give her is a story – if she likes to hear it." The woman, being now in a rather, better temper, and having some curiosity

to hear what he had to tell, readily consented, and the Indian addressed her as follows:

“I suppose you read the Bible?” The woman assented. “Well,” continued the Indian, “the Bible say, God made the world, and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made light, and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made dry land, and water, and sun, and moon, and grass, and trees, and took him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made beasts, and bird, and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ And last of all he made *woman*, and took him, and looked on: him, *and he no dare say one such word.*” The Indian, having told his story, departed.

Some years after, the man who had be friended the Indian had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, which is now a populous city, but then contained only a few houses. Here he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried off into Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of their tribe, which was on the banks of the great river St. Lawrence, some of the Indians proposed that he should be put to death, in revenge for the wrongs that they had suffered from the white men; and this probably would have been his fate, had not an old Indian woman, or squaw, as they are called, demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in place of her son, whom she had lately lost

in war. He was accordingly given to her, and, as it is customary under such circumstances, was thenceforth treated in the same manner as her own son.

In the following summer, as he was one day at work in the forest by himself, felling trees, an Indian, who was unknown to him, came; up and asked him to meet him the following day at a certain spot which he described. The white man agreed to do so, but not without some apprehension that mischief was intended. During the night these fears increased to so great a degree, as effectually to prevent his keeping his appointment.

However, a few days after, the same Indian, finding him at work, mildly reproved him for not keeping his promise. The man made the best excuse he could, but the Indian was not satisfied until he had again promised to meet him the next morning at the place already agreed on.

Accordingly, when he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian already there, provided with two muskets and powder, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and to follow him. The direction of their march was southward. The man followed without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going, but he concluded that if the Indian intended to do him harm, he would have despatched him at the first meeting, and certainly would not have provided him with a musket and powder for defence. His fears, therefore, gradually subsided, although the Indian maintained an obstinate silence when he questioned him concerning the object of their

expedition.

In the day time they shot and cooked as much game as they required, and at night they kindled a fire by which they slept. After a fatiguing journey through the forest for many days, they came one morning to the top of a hill from which there was the prospect of a cultivated country, interspersed with several snug farm-houses.

“Now,” said the Indian to his joyful companion, “do you know where you are?”

“Yes,” replied he, “we are not ten miles from my own village.”

“And do you not remember a poor Indian at the tavern? – you feed him – you speak kind to him – I am that poor Indian; – now go home.” Having said this, he bade him farewell, and the man joyfully returned to his own home.

INDIAN FRIENDSHIP

OME of the earlier settlers of Virginia acted in the most barbarous manner towards their Indian neighbors, and it is, therefore, not wonderful that they sometimes received a terrible punishment. But though revenge was usually uppermost in the breasts of the injured ones, instances occurred in which the sacred feeling of friendship triumphed over that passion and the prejudice of the race.

On one occasion, Colonel Bird was employed by the English government to transact some business with the tribe of Cherokees. It unfortunately happened that a short time before he went among them, some white people had seized two Indians, who had given them some trifling offence, and had put them to death; and the Indians, indignant at the outrage, determined to take revenge whenever the opportunity offered. The appearance of Colonel Bird presented the wished-for opportunity, and consultations were held as to the most effectual means of getting him into their power, and of making him the sacrifice.

Colonel Bird perceived their intentions, and felt that he had just cause for alarm, as he was in their country, without the means of escape. Among the neighboring Cherokees, was one named Silouee, celebrated as a chief and *pow-wow*, or medicine man. He had known Colonel Bird for some time, had eaten with him, and felt a deep friendship for him. Silouee told Colonel

Bird not to be alarmed, and even assured him that the Indians should not injure him. At length, in a general council of the chiefs and old men of the tribe, it was determined in spite of Silouee's earnest remonstrances, that Colonel Bird should be put to death in revenge for the loss of their countrymen.

Two warriors were despatched to Colonel Bird's tent, to execute the cruel sentence. Silouee insisted on accompanying them. On reaching the tent, Silouee rushed in before them, threw himself on the bosom of his friend, and as the warriors approached, he exclaimed, "This man is my friend; before you take him, you must kill me."

Awed by Silouee's determined magnanimity, the warriors returned to the council, and related what had occurred. Indians generally respect a faithful friend as much as they esteem one who is implacable in his revenge. The consultation was reversed. Silouee's noble conduct altered their purpose. They therefore released Colonel Bird, and bade him go to his home in peace. Silouee acted as his guide and protector until Colonel Bird came in sight of his tent. As they parted, the Indian's last words to his friend were, "When you see poor Indian in fear of death from cruel white men, remember Silouee."

Some years after Colonel Bird's life had been saved by Silouee, he became a Virginia planter, and took up his residence near the James river. Silouee retained his friendship for him, becoming his near neighbor. Like many of his nation, he had, by intercourse with the whites, acquired a great taste for "strong

waters,” or ardent spirits, and the dignity of the chief was frequently lowered by drunkenness. On one occasion, Colonel Bird had gone to another part of the country, on business, and had left the care of his plantation to his overseer. The tobacco had obtained some size, and a long drought coming on, there was a prospect that the crop would be much injured. We have stated that Silouee was a pow-wow, or Indian medicineman and conjurer. One day when he came to the plantation, the overseer expressed his opinion that the tobacco crop would be entirely lost, if rain did not soon fall.

“Well,” said the Indian, “what will you give me if I bring rain?”

“*You* bring rain,” said the overseer, laughing.

“Me can,” said the Indian. “Give me two bottles of rum – only two, and me bring rain enough.”

The overseer cast his eye towards the heavens, but could discern no appearance that foretold rain. To gratify the Indian, he promised to give him the two bottles of rum when Colonel Bird arrived, in case the rain should come speedily and save the crop of tobacco.

Silouee now fell to pow-wowing with all his might, making grimaces, contorting his body, and uttering strange, unintelligible ejaculations.

It was a hot, close day, and it so happened that towards evening, the sky, which had been clear for some weeks, clouded over, and the appearance of the heavens was strongly in favor of rain. Before midnight thunder was heard, and heavy showers

of rain watered the colonel's plantation thoroughly; while it was remarked that the showers were so partial that the neighboring plantations were left almost as dry as they were before. The Indian waited quietly till the rain was over, and then walked away. A few days after, the colonel returned to the plantation, and, when Silouee heard of his arrival, he went immediately to visit him.

"Master Bird," said he, "me come for my two bottles of rum."

"Your two bottles of rum," exclaimed the colonel, pretending not to know any thing of the matter; "pray do I owe you two bottles of rum?"

"You do," replied the Indian.

"How so?" inquired the colonel.

"Me bring you rain – me save your crop," said the Indian.

"You bring rain," said the colonel; "no such thing."

"Me did," persisted the Indian; "me loved you; me tell overseer to give me two bottles of rum, and then me bring rain. Overseer say he would; me bring cloud, then rain; now me want rum."

"You saw the cloud," said Colonel Bird; "you are a sad cheat."

"Me no cheat," said the Indian; "me *saw* no cloud; me *bring* cloud."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "you are an old friend, and you shall have the rum, since you beg so hard for it. But mind you, it is not for the *rain*. The Great Spirit sent the rain, not you."

"Well," said the Indian, "*your* tobacco had rain upon it – why

others have *none*? Answer *that*, colonel, if you can.”

THE CAPTIVE SISTER

INSTANCES are recorded in which white children have been captured and brought up by the Indians, and have so far forgotten early associations as to become identified in habits and manners with their red captors. In most of these cases, the adopted Indian could not be induced to return to the haunts of civilization and the friends of his or her race; which fact would seem to prove that, either the life of the Indian is happier than that of the civilized white man, or, the qualities of our nature may be altered by the power of habit.

In 1778, the family of Mr. Jonathan Slocum, near Wilkesbarre, (Campbell's Wyoming,) Pennsylvania, was attacked by Indians. Within the house were two girls, aged nine and five years, a son of thirteen, a little boy of two and a half, and their mother. The men were working in the field, and two youths were in the porch grinding a knife. One of the latter was shot and scalped with his own knife. The eldest sister seized the little boy and ran with him towards the fort. The Indians took the boy who had been turning the grindstone, young Slocum, and his sister Frances, and prepared to depart. Little Slocum being lame, they set him down, and proceeded on their way. One of the Indians threw the little girl over his shoulder, and her weeping face was the last object of the mother's gaze.

About a month afterwards, the savages returned, murdered

the aged grandfather, shot a ball into the leg of the lame boy, and then plunging into the woods were heard of no more. Years passed away; the mother died of grief for her lost child. The two remaining brothers, grown to manhood, resolved to ascertain the fate of their sister. They made every inquiry, travelled through the west and into the Canadas, but all in vain; and for fifty-eight years, the captive's fate was unknown.

At length, in 1836, accident discovered what inquiry could not. The Hon. G. W. Ewing, United States agent to Indian Territory, while travelling on the banks of the Mississiniwa, lost his way and was benighted, and compelled to take shelter in an Indian wigwam. The agent was kindly received, and after supper, entered into conversation with the hostess. He was soon surprised by observing that her hair was fine and flaxen-colored, and that, under her dress, her skin appeared to be white. Upon inquiry, she informed him that she was the daughter of white parents, that her name was Slocum, that when five years old she had been carried captive, by Indians, from a house on the Susquehanna. All else was forgotten.

On reaching home, Ewing wrote an account of the affair, and sent it to Lancaster for publication. Through neglect, however, it was not published for two years afterwards; but it was then seen by Mr. Slocum, of Wilkes-barre, the little boy who had been saved by the girl, sixty years before. He immediately started for Indiana, accompanied by the sister who had saved him, at the same time writing to his brother to meet him at the wigwam. The

incidents connected with this visit have been preserved, and are interesting.

On entering the cabin, they beheld an Indian woman, apparently seventy-five years old, painted and jewelled. Yet her hair was as the agent had described it, and her skin beneath her dress appeared white. They obtained an interpreter and began to converse. We may imagine the feelings of the little party, while they listened to the Indian woman's tale. The incidents of the assault and capture – too well known already – were disclosed with a faithfulness which left no room for doubt. "How came your nail gone?" inquired the sister. "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop."

"What was your name then?" She did not remember. "Was it Frances?" She smiled on hearing the long-forgotten sound, and promptly answered, "Yes." All were now satisfied that they were of one family, and yet there was little joy in that meeting. There was a sadness, not merely through remembrance of the past, but of a kind present, deep, painful; for though the brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak, and the sister was sobbing, yet there sat the poor Indian sister, no throb of emotion disturbing her equanimity.

Her previous history may soon be told. It was the Delaware tribe who had taken her captive, and when she grew up among them, she married one of their chiefs. He died or deserted her, and she then married a Miami. She had two daughters, who both grew up and married Indians. They all lived in one cabin. The

brothers and sisters tried to persuade their sister to return with them, and, if she desired it, to bring her children. She answered that she had always lived with the Indians; that they had always been kind to her; that she had promised her late husband, on his death-bed, never to leave them, and that promise she was resolved to keep. The three generous relatives then retraced their steps, sorrowing that they were compelled to leave their sister in the wilderness.

The Indian sister died in 1847. Her manners and customs were those of the Indians until her death, yet she was admired alike by the red and white men. Her grave is on a beautiful knoll, near the confluence of the Mis-sissiniwa and the Wabash, a spot which had been her residence for nearly thirty years.

PARENTAL AFFECTION

URING the frequent wars between the Indians and the early settlers of New England, the former defeated a party of English soldiers. Their retreat was without order; and a young English officer, in attempting to escape, was pursued by two savages. Finding escape impracticable, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he turned round to face his foes. A violent struggle commenced, and he must have fallen, if an old chief had not thrown himself between the combatants. The red men instantly retired with respect. The old man took the young officer by the hand, dispelled his fears, and led him through the forest to his wigwam, where he treated him with the greatest kindness. He seemed to take pleasure in the youth's company; he was his constant companion; he taught him his language, customs, and arts. Thoughts of home would sometimes haunt the young Englishman. At these times, Wanou would survey his young friend attentively, and the tears would fill his eyes.

When the spring returned, the war was renewed, and Wanou whose strength was still sufficient to bear the toils of war, set out with the rest of the braves, and his white prisoner.

When the Indians arrived in sight of the English camp, Wanou showed the young officer his countrymen, observing his countenance the while. "There are thy brethren," said he, "waiting to fight us. Listen to me. I have saved thy life. I have

taught thee to make a canoe, and bow and arrows; to hunt the bear and the buffalo; to bring down the deer at full speed, and to outwit even the cunning fox. What wast thou when I first led thee to my wigwam? Thy hands were like those of a child; they served neither to support nor to defend thee; thou wert ignorant, but from me thou hast learned every thing. Wilt thou be ungrateful, and raise up thy arm against the red man?"

The young man declared with warmth that he would rather lose his own life than shed the blood of his Indian friends. The old warrior covered his face with his hands, bowed his head and remained in that posture for some time, as if overcome by some painful recollection. Then with a strong effort, he said to the young man, "Hast thou a father?"

"He was living," said the young man, "when I left my native country."

"Oh! how fortunate he is still to have a son!" cried the Indian; and then, after a moment's silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father; but I am no longer so! I saw my son fall in battle; he fought bravely by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and he died like a man! but I revenged his death; yes, I *revenged* his death!"

Wanou pronounced these words with a terrible vehemence; but at length he became calm, and turning towards the east, where the sun had just risen, he said, "Young man, thou seest that glorious light – does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?"

"Yes," replied the officer, "I never look upon the rising sun

without pleasure, or without feeling thankful to our great father who created it.”

“I am glad thou art happy, but there is no more pleasure for me,” said Wanou. A moment after, he showed the young man a shrub in full bloom, and said, “Hast thou any pleasure in beholding this plant?”

“Yes, great pleasure,” replied the young man.

“To me, it can no longer give pleasure,” said the old man; and then embracing the young Englishman, he concluded with these words, “Begone! hasten to thy country, that thy father may still have pleasure in beholding the rising sun, and the flowers of spring.”

Poor chief; the death of his beloved son had broken his heart.

THE FRIENDLY MANOEUVRE

ANY years ago, a Scotchman and his wife, named M'Dougall, emigrated to America. Having but very little money, he purchased some land upon the verge of civilization, where it was sold for a low price. By great exertions and the aid of his neighbors, M'Dougall soon had a comfortable farm, well stocked. But the inconvenience of distance from the church, market, and mill, were felt, and caused discontent with the location.

One day, while the farmer was away at the mill, the duty of driving up the cows to milk devolved on the wife, and that thrifty and industrious woman went out in quest of them. Not accustomed to going far from the house, she wandered through the woods, got bewildered, and just before dark sank upon the ground in despair. An Indian hunter soon came along, and guessing her situation, induced her to follow him to his wigwam, where she was kindly fed and lodged for the night by the hunter's wife.

In the morning, the Indian conducted his guest to her cattle, and thence home. M'Dougall, grateful for his service, presented him with a suit of clothes, and invited him to become his frequent visitor. Three days afterwards he returned, and endeavored, partly, by signs, and partly in broken English, to induce M'Dougall to follow him; but the Scotchman refused. Time was precious to him who owed all his comforts to hard

labor, and the Indian repeated his entreaties in vain. The poor fellow looked grieved and disappointed; but a moment after, a sudden thought struck him.

Mrs. M'Dougall had a young child, which the Indian's quick eye had not failed to notice; and finding that words and gestures would not persuade his Scotch friend, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of the antelope. The father and mother instantly followed, calling loudly on him to return; but he had no such intention. He led them on, now slower, now faster, occasionally turning towards them, laughing and holding up the child to their view. After proceeding in this manner for some time, the Indian halted on the margin of a most beautiful prairie, covered with the richest vegetation, and extending over several thousand acres. In a moment after, the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering at such strange proceedings, stood awhile panting for breath. On the other hand, the Indian seemed overjoyed at the success of his manoeuvre, and never did a human being frisk about and gesticulate with greater animation.

At length his feelings found vent in broken English, nearly in these words: – “You think Indian treacherous; you think him wish steal the child. No, no, Indian has child of his own. Indian knew you long ago; saw you when you not see him; saw you hard working man. Some white men bad and hurt poor Indian. You not bad; you work hard for your wife and child; but you choose bad place; you never make rich there. Indian see your cattle far

in the forest; think you come and catch them; you not come; your wife come. Indian find her faint and weary; take her home; wife fear go in; think Indian kill her! No, no! Indian lead her back; meet you very sad; then very glad to see her. You kind to Indian; give him meat and drink and better clothes than your own. Indian grateful; wish you come here; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; know you follow child; if Indian farm, Indian farm here. Good ground; not many trees; make road in less than half a moon; Indian help you. Indians your friends; come, live here.”

M'Dougall instantly saw the advantages of the change, and taking the red man's advice, the day was soon fixed for the removal of his log-house, along with the rest of his goods and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a party of his red brethren to assist in one of the most romantic removals that ever took place. A fertile spot was selected in the “garden of the desert,” a fine farm soon smiled around, and M'Dougall had no cause to regret the Indian's friendly manoeuvre.

GRAND-SUN

RAND-SUN was a chief of the Natchez tribe. Sun was a common name for all chiefs of that nation; this chief was particularly distinguished in the first war with the French, in which the Natchez engaged, and the title of Great-Sun was given him by his people. He was brave, wise, and generous, and a friend to the whites until the haughty and overbearing disposition of one man brought ruin upon the whole colony. The affair occurred in 1729.

Grand-Sun resided in the beautiful village called White Apple, near the French post of Natchez, the commandant of which was M. Chopart. This officer had been removed from his post on account of his misconduct and and abominable injustice towards the Indians, but had been reinstated, and his conduct had been the same as before. He projected the building an elegant village, and none appeared to suit his purpose so well as the White Apple of Grand-Sun. He sent for the chief to the fort, and unhesitatingly told him that he must give up his village, and remove elsewhere. Grand-Sun stifled his surprise, and replied, "that his ancestors had lived in that village for as many years as there were hairs in his double queue, and, therefore, it was good that they should continue there still." This was interpreted to the commandant, and he became so enraged, that he threatened Grand-Sun with punishment if he did not comply.

A council of the Natchez was held. They saw that all was hopeless, unless they could rid themselves of Chopart by some stratagem. They decided to attempt it. To gain time, an offer was made to the commandant, of tribute, in case he should permit them to remain on their lands until harvest. The offer was accepted, and the Indians matured their plan. Bundles of sticks were sent to the neighboring tribes, and their meaning explained. Each bundle contained as many sticks as days before the massacre of the French at Natchez; and that no mistake should arise in regard to the fixed day, every morning a stick was drawn from the bundle and broken in pieces, and the day of the last stick was that of the execution.

The secret was confided to none but the older warriors, who could be depended upon. But Grand-Sun was compelled to make a great sacrifice of private feeling in revenging the wrongs of his countrymen. He had won the respect and esteem of several of the French hunters by his generosity and other noble qualities; and the very intimate acquaintance of one of them in particular. This was Armand Griffin, whose family resided at Natchez, while he engaged in the laborious but profitable business of hunting. Grand-Sun and Griffin had become close friends. The hospitable door of the chief's wigwam was ever open to the hunter, and the latter frequently visited him, Grand-Sun had instructed him in all the mysteries of woodcraft, and Griffin being naturally of a daring and restless temper, had become one of the boldest and best hunters in that part of the country. In return, he instructed

Grand-Sun in many of the arts of the white man, and thus mutual services strengthened the links of friendship.

When Grand-Sun had matured his scheme of revenge, he thought of the situation of Griffin's family, and without hinting his purpose, advised the hunter to remove them for a time. But he either would not or could not, disregarding the earnest entreaties of the chief to that effect. As the appointed day approached, and the security of feeling among the French promised success to the scheme of massacre, Grand-Sun renewed his entreaties, but still without daring to disclose the secret intent. Griffin not only said that his family must remain at the post, but that he himself must be there upon the day which the chief knew was fixed for the dreadful revenge. After a struggle between friendship and patriotism, the chief with stoic fortitude resolved to sacrifice his friend rather than disclose his scheme and thus trust to the white man's faith for keeping such a secret.

About sunset the day before the massacre, Griffin and Grand-Sun, who had been out hunting during the day, arrived at the verge of the village of White Apple. A crowd of red men were assembled to welcome their great chief. The friends stopped upon an elevated piece of ground near the Indians. Grand-Sun had just been urging upon his friend the removal of his family from the fort. But as Griffin had given signs of beginning to suspect something wrong, he suddenly checked his persuasive appeal and taking his hand, thus bade him farewell for ever.

“White man, you are my friend. We have eat, slept, and hunted

together. My wigwam ever welcomed you, and you repaid me. The belt of friendship has been brighten between us, and it should not be soiled. The great fire of day is fast going out, and you must return to your pretty wife and children. When it shall again be kindled, many things may be done which may part us for ever. Farewell!" The bold hunter was affected by the manner of the chief, and for a while hung his head as if a gloom had come over him. But rousing himself, he bade the chief farewell, and returned to the post at Natchez.

Suspecting what he should have suspected long before, Griffin, as soon as he returned to the fort, bade his wife and children prepare themselves for leaving the place, and she complied, with many questions concerning the reason for this strange movement. Griffin could not exactly say. But he had resolved to leave the fort, and take shelter in a neighboring Indian village belonging to the Natchez, and in an opposite direction from White Apple. Here he had a friend, and he would feel secure. The escape was accomplished.

The next day the fort was surprised and the whole body of the French within the fort and its neighborhood were massacred. Griffin and his family, and a few hunters alone escaped, and all these through the interposition of Grand-Sun, who thus remained true to friendship, while he maintained and executed his scheme for relieving his countrymen from the oppressor. This great chief not long afterwards, was taken prisoner by a French expedition from Louisiana, his people almost annihilated, and he, the "last

of his line,” died in his dungeon! Griffin ever cherished his memory, and exerted himself to save him, but in vain. The white man was relentless.

TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET

ECUMSEH, (the Crouching Panther,) was one of the greatest chiefs who ever led the red men to battle. He was by birth a Shawanee, a tribe which has ever been noted for its aversion to the whites. He was born about 1770, and first became distinguished in 1792, when, at the head of a small band of warriors, he surprised and murdered a party of whites upon Hacker's Creek. From that time he continued to acquire a reputation for all the qualities, which, in the estimation of the Indians, make up a great leader.

In 1809, Governor Harrison, agreeably to instructions from government, purchased of the Delawares, Miamis, and Shawanees, the country on both sides of the Wabash, and extending sixty miles above Vincennes. Tecumseh demurred to the sale, and Harrison, wishing to conciliate him, appointed the 12th day of August, 1810, as the time, and Vincennes, as the place, for holding a council to settle his claims. In this council, Tecumseh delivered a speech, which eloquently unfolded his views of the aggressions of the white men, and urged that the sale of the land was invalid, because not made with the consent of all the red men living upon it. After Tecumseh had concluded his speech, and was about to seat himself, he observed that no chair had been placed for him. Harrison immediately ordered one, and as the interpreter handed it to him, he said, "Your father requests

you to take a chair.”

“My father!” said Tecumseh, with sublime dignity, “the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, and on her bosom will I repose,” and immediately seated himself upon the ground. When the council had concluded, Tecumseh expressed his intention to fight rather than yield the ground. “It is my determination,” said he, “nor will I give rest to my feet until I have united all the red men in the like resolution.”

The threat was soon executed. The active chief visited all the western tribes from the Winnebagoes to the Creeks, and made use of all means of persuasion to unite them, with one aim, the maintenance of their country free from the rule of the white man. Superstition is mighty among the red men, and Tecumseh had the means of turning it to his purpose. His brother, the well-known Prophet, (Ellskwatawa,) had obtained a reputation among the neighboring Indians, as a medicine-man and conjurer. He announced that the Great Spirit had conversed with him, and commissioned him to restore the red men to their primitive power. The Indians believed in the truth of the commission, and the Prophet, by his craft and eloquence succeeded in gaining an influence among them, second only to that of his great-spirited brother. A formidable confederacy was soon formed of which Tecumseh was the head.

The battle of Tippecanoe was fought on the night of November 6, 1811, in which sixty-two Americans were killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded. The Prophet is said to

have conducted the attack, but did not expose himself to danger. The vigilance of Harrison, and the bravery of his men, repulsed the Indians, inflicting upon them a severe loss. Tecumseh was not in the battle.

When the war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, Tecumseh seized the opportunity to join the British general with a large body of his warriors. He received the commission of brigadier-general in the British army. During the latter part of his active life, he was under the direction of General Proctor; but is said to have been greatly dissatisfied with his proceedings. After Perry's victory on Lake Erie, Proctor abandoned Detroit, and retreated up the Thames, pursued by General Harrison, with the American army. Harrison overtook him near the Moravian town, on the 5th of October, 1813. By a novel manoeuvre, ordered by Harrison, and executed by Colonel Johnson, the British line was broken and put to flight.

The Indians, commanded by Tecumseh, maintained their ground, with a noble determination. The great chief fought with desperation, until a shot in the head from an unknown hand, laid him dead upon the field. His warriors, as if they had lost their spirit, then fled, leaving about one hundred and twenty men dead upon the field.

Tecumseh was about forty-four years of age when he fell. He was about five feet ten inches in height, and of a noble appearance. His carriage was erect and lofty – his motions quick – his eyes keen, black, and piercing – his visage stern, with an

air of hauteur, which expressed his pride of spirit. He is said to have been reserved and stern in his manners. After his fall, the Indians became anxious to secure peace, convinced that their cause was hopeless. The Prophet lost their confidence, and sunk into insignificance.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MONTREAL

ABOUT 1687, the Iroquois, from some neglect on the part of the governor of New York, were induced to join the French interest; and in a council which was held in the Iroquois country, the hatchet was buried and a treaty concluded, by which the Indians promised to become the firm allies of the French. The Dinondadies, a tribe of the Hurons, were considered as belonging to the confederate Indians, but from some cause they were dissatisfied with the league with the French, and wished by some exploit to indicate that they preferred the English interest.

Adaris, nicknamed by the French, “the Rat,” was the head chief of the Dinondadies, and famous for his courage and cunning. He put himself at the head of one hundred warriors, and intercepted the ambassadors of the Five Nations at one of the falls in Hadarackin river, killing some and taking others prisoners. These he informed that the French governor had told him that fifty warriors of the Five Nations were coming that way to attack him. They were astonished at the governor’s perfidiousness, and so completely did Adaris’s plot succeed, that these ambassadors were deceived into his interest. The Five Nations did not doubt that this outrage upon their ambassadors was owing to the treachery of the French governor, and they

immediately formed a scheme of revenge, the object of which was the destruction of Montreal.

At that time the island of Montreal contained the largest and most flourishing settlement in Canada. It contained about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and many flourishing plantations. The Indians thought that if they could destroy Montreal, the French power in Canada might easily be annihilated. They assembled about twelve hundred of their bravest warriors, and marched for the banks of the St. Lawrence, with great secrecy and rapidity. The time fixed for the attack was the 26th of July, 1688, when the harvest was approaching.

Just before day break, on the morning of the 26th, the whole body of the Indians crossed the river, and advanced towards the settlement, endeavoring to make their march as secret as possible. The great body of the French settlers were reposing in security, but here and there an early and industrious farmer was abroad, looking after his farm and cattle. One of these, named Boulard, was the first to discover the approach of the enemy. He was walking down his lane, between a thicket and his wheat-field, when he heard a strange rustling in the bushes, at a little distance, and he stopped and leaned against a fence to observe what caused it. Boulard had not waited long before he caught sight of the form of two or three red men coming through the wood, and he was discovered by them at the same time.

As one of them rushed toward him, gun in hand, he sprang into his wheat-field and endeavored to conceal the direction he took.

A volley of musketry followed him, and he was wounded, yet he kept on, fear giving him extraordinary strength, and he reached the house of a neighbor. The alarm was given; but it was too late. Twelve hundred red men, like so many bloodhounds, were let loose upon unprepared settlers. An awful silence followed. Houses were burned, plantations destroyed and the inhabitants butchered. But little resistance was offered to the Indians, and that was soon crushed. About four hundred persons were killed upon the spot, and the Indians retreated carrying with them a large number of prisoners, who were doomed to a more dreadful death. The loss of the Indians in the expedition was trifling.

The destruction of Montreal was a terrible blow to the French, and it was so well followed up by the powerful Iroquois, that it is thought, if the Indians had been acquainted with the art of attacking fortified places, the enemy would have been forced to abandon Canada. But they had not the necessary knowledge; and the English were not wise enough to supply them with it. The French maintained their ground, and the Iroquois were afterwards punished for their unscrupulous warfare.

A BUFFALO HUNT

THE buffalo hunt, next to the Indian battle, is the most intensely exciting scene which may be witnessed among the wilds of the west. To the buffalo, the Indian looks for food, for clothing, and for religious and household implements. He regards the hunting of that animal not only as a pleasure, but a duty; and when once it is rumored through a village that a herd of buffalo is in sight, their warriors who have faced death in a hundred forms, bring out their swiftest horses, and spring upon them; and when the whole party rush across the field eager to engage the bellowing herd, a scene is presented for which it would be in vain to look for a parallel, even among the cane-brakes of Africa, or the jungles of India.

The Indians have several methods of attacking buffaloes. The most exciting as well as the most dangerous one is that in which they run round the herd for the purpose of destroying it. The hunters, well-mounted with bows and lances, divide themselves into two columns, take opposite directions, and at the distance of a mile or two, draw gradually around the herd, and having formed a circle, close upon their prey at regular distance. On seeing the danger, the herd run in the opposite direction, where they are met by the other party. The circle is gradually closed, and the parties unite. By this time, the buffaloes are wheeling about in a crowded and confused mass, wounding and climbing upon

each other. Then their destruction commences. Galloping round, the hunters drive the arrows and lances to the hearts of their victims. Sometimes, the animals, furious from their wounds, plunge forward, and bear down horse and rider, goring and crushing the former, while the active Indian escapes. Sometimes the herd divides in two, and the hunters, blinded by clouds of dust, are wedged in among the crowding beasts, when their only chance of escape is to leap over the backs of the herd, leaving the horse to his fate. Occasionally, a buffalo selects a particular horseman, and pursues him at full speed, until, when stooping to lift the horse upon his horns, he receives in the side the warrior's shaft. Some of the Indians, when pursued, throw their buffalo robe over the horns and eyes of the furious animal, and, dashing by its side, drives the weapon to its heart. Others dash off upon the prairie, in pursuit of the few who got separated from the herd. In a few moments, the hunt is changed into a desperate battle, and gradually the whole mass of buffaloes sink in death.

The hunters then dismount from their horses, and claim their prey by drawing the arrows or lances from the sides of the dead beasts, and showing their private marks. Quarrels are generally avoided by this plan. After all the animals have been claimed, the warriors hold a council, and after smoking a few pipes, ride into the village and announce the result. Of course, every thing there is in commotion, and soon long processions of dogs and women issue forth, skin and cut up the prey, and return amid loud acclamations to their homes.

TREATMENT OF INDIAN CHILDREN

HOSE who have had the best opportunities for knowing the real character of the Indians, have remarked, among many other good traits, the great affection they have for their children, and the respect which young people pay, not only to their parents, but to all elderly people.

Before the little papoose can walk alone, it is confined in a cradle, which is carried on the mother's back while she is at her work, or set upright against the wall, or a tree. The mother teaches her children how to make leggins, moccasins, and many other things that have already been described; and if she be a good mother, as many of the squaws are, she is particular in keeping her daughters constantly employed, so that they may have the reputation of being industrious girls, which is a recommendation to the young men to marry them; Corporal punishment is seldom used for the correction of children; but if they commit any fault, it is common for the mother to blacken their faces, and send them out of the lodge. Sometimes they are kept a whole day in this situation, as a punishment for their misconduct. They think that corporal punishment breaks the spirit of the child, and in this they appear to be wiser than their white brethren. Parental love should persuade and guide the bold

of spirit, not destroy their courage.

When the boys are six or seven years of age, a small bow and arrows are put into their hands, and they are sent out to shoot birds around the lodge or village; this they continue to do for five or six years, and then their father procures for them short guns, and they begin to hunt ducks, geese, and small game. They are then gradually instructed in the whole art of hunting, and lastly of warfare.

The Indians generally appear to be more afflicted at the loss of an infant, or young child, than at that of a person of mature years. The latter, they think, can provide for himself in the country whither he has gone, but the former is too young to do so. The men appear ashamed to show any signs of grief, at the loss of any relation, however dear he might have been to them; but the women do not conceal their feelings; and on the loss of either husband or child, they cut off their hair, disfigure their face and limbs with black paint, and even with cuts, and burn all their clothes except a few miserable rags.

MRS. HANSON AND HER CHILDREN

THE colonists of New England, and especially of New Hampshire, were rarely free from apprehension of attack from their savage neighbors. A desultory warfare was carried on, even when treaties seemed to have secured peace. Houses were burned, farms, teeming with the fruits of toil, destroyed, and the inhabitants either murdered or made captive. Many instances are recorded, of suffering and torture inflicted upon families, which have been thus attacked. One of the most remarkable has been preserved in the words of one of the victims, Mrs. Elizabeth Hanson.

On the 27th of June, 1724, a party of Indians were discovered in the neighborhood of the house of John Hanson, in Dover township, New Hampshire. They had been lurking in the fields several days, watching their opportunity, when Mr. Hanson and his men should be out of the way. At the favorable moment, thirteen Indians, all naked, and armed with tomahawks and guns, rushed into the house, killing one child as soon as they entered the door. The leader came up to Mrs. Hanson, but gave her quarter. At the time of the attack, she had a servant and six children. Two of the little ones were at play in the orchard, and the youngest child, only fourteen days old, was in the cradle.

The Indians set about rifling the house, fearing to be interrupted by the return of some of the men, and packed up every thing that pleased them, and which they could conveniently carry. The two children running in from the orchard, the Indians killed one to prevent its shrieking, and gave the other to the mother. The dead children were scalped, and the mother, the servant, and the remaining children, were taken hastily from the house. Mrs. Hanson was weak, yet she had no alternative but to go, or die, and her children were frightened into silence. After wading through several swamps, and some brooks, and carefully avoiding every thing like a road, the party halted at night-fall, about ten miles from Mrs. Hanson's house. A fire was lighted, and a watch set, while the rest of the party sought repose.

Just as the day appeared, the Indians were awake, and, with their captives, set out again and travelled very hard all that day through swamps and woods without a path. At night all lodged upon the cold ground, wet and weary. Thus for twenty-six days, day by day, the party travelled, over mountains, through tangled thickets, and across rivers and swamps, sometimes without any food but pieces of beaver skin, and enduring hardships, to which the Indians were accustomed, but which the poor captives could scarcely bear.

At the end of twenty-six days, the party reached the borders of Canada, and as they were compelled to separate, the captive family was divided between them. This was a sore parting, but the mother had become resigned to her fate, and taught her

children by example how to suffer. The eldest daughter, about sixteen years of age, was first taken away, and soon after, the second daughter and the servant, at that time very weak for want of food, were divided between Indians going to different parts of the country. The mother, her babe and little boy remained with the chief, and soon arrived at his village.

The captives were now well provided with food, but were compelled to sleep upon the cold ground in a wigwam. As the wigwam was often removed from place to place for the convenience of hunting, and the winter was approaching, the lodging became disagreeable, and the small children suffered severely. When the chief arrived at the Indian fort, he was received with great rejoicing, and every savage manifestation of respect. The shouting, drinking, feasting, and firing of guns continued several days.

The chief had not long been at home, before he went out on a hunting excursion, and was absent about a week. Mrs. Hanson was left in his wigwam, and ordered to get in wood; gather nuts, &c. She diligently performed what she had been commanded; but when the chief returned, he was in an ill-humor; not having found any game. He vented his spleen upon the poor captives, of course. Mrs. Hanson was roughly treated, and her son knocked down. She did not dare to murmur, however, fearing his anger.

The squaw and her daughter, sympathized with the captives, informed them that the chief was anxious now to put them to death, and that they must sleep in another wigwam that

night. During the night Mrs. Hanson slept very little, being in momentary expectation that the chief would come to execute his threat. But the chief, weary with hunting, went to rest and forgot it. The next morning he went out hunting again, and returned with some wild ducks. He was then in a better humor, and all had plenty to eat. The same state of things occurred very frequently, and Mrs. Hanson was in constant fear of death. Sometimes she suffered much from want of food.

By this time, hard labor, mean diet, and want of natural rest, had reduced Mrs. Hanson so low, that her milk was dried up, and her babe thin and weak. By the advice of an Indian squaw, she made some nourishing broth for her babe, by broiling some kernels of walnuts, and mixing them with water and Indian meal. But her joy at the success of this invention was clouded by the action of the chief. Observing the thriving condition of the child, he made the mother undress it, and told her he intended to eat it as soon as it was fat enough. This was a terrible blow to the hopes which Mrs. Hanson had begun to conceive, and his cruel treatment of her and her children was aggravated every day, till, at length, he fell violently ill, and for a time lingered on the brink of death. He thought that this was a judgment of God upon him for his cruelty, and he professed repentance. After this he soon recovered, and the captives were better treated.

The chief, a few weeks after his recovery, made another remove, journeying two days upon the ice, while the snow was falling. Mrs. Hanson soon perceived the object of his journey.

The chief, with the hope of obtaining a ransom for his captives, wished to get nearer to the French. He visited the latter, but returned in a very bad humor. Mrs. Hanson was compelled to lodge in a sort of hole made in the snow, and covered with boughs, in order to keep from his presence.

At length the captives were taken to the French, and after some trouble and delay, ransomed for six hundred livres. They were treated very kindly and furnished with all those things of which they had been so long destitute. One month after they fell into the hands of the French, Mr. Hanson came to them with the hope of ransoming the other children and servant. With much difficulty he recovered his younger daughter, but the eldest was retained by the squaw to whom she had been given, as she intended to marry her to her son. No means could induce the squaw to surrender the daughter, and the party were forced to return without her. The servant was ransomed. On the 1st of July, 1725, the party arrived home, having been among the Indians and French more than twelve months, and, having suffered every hardship which the captive of the Indian generally endures.

Mr. Hanson could not rest while his daughter remained in the hands of the Indians, and he resolved to make another attempt to ransom her. On the 19th of February, 1727, he set out on his journey, but died on the way, between Albany and Canada. In the meantime, a young Frenchman interposed, and by marrying the daughter himself, secured her freedom; the Indians acknowledging the freedom of their captives as soon as

married by the French. The daughter returned to her anxious and suffering mother and sisters, and thus gave them some consolation for the loss of Mr. Hanson.

THE STORY OF SHON-KA

R. CATLIN met with many interesting adventures, while visiting the numerous and savage tribes of the great west, for the purpose of seeing and judging for himself, of their habits and modes of life. One of these he details in his valuable work, as “The Story of the Dog,” and as it is a fine illustration of the dangers encountered by adventurers among the Indians, and of the certainty of revenge which follows an injury, we here insert it:

I had passed up the Missouri river, on the steamboat Yellow Stone, on which I ascended the Missouri to the mouth of Yellow Stone river. While going up, this boat, having on board the United States Indian agent, Major Sanford – Messrs. Pierre, Chouteau, McKenzie of the American Fur Company, and myself, as passengers, stopped at this trading-post, and remained several weeks; where were assembled six hundred families of Sioux Indians, their tents being pitched in close order on an extensive prairie on the bank of the river.

This trading-post, in charge of Mr. Laidlaw, is the concentrating place, and principal depot, for this powerful tribe, who number, when all taken together, something like forty or fifty thousand. On this occasion, five or six thousand had assembled to see the steamboat, and meet the Indian agent, which, and whom they knew were to arrive about this time. During the few weeks that we remained there, I was busily

engaged painting my portraits, for here were assembled the principal chiefs and medicine-men of the nation. To these people, the operations of my brush were entirely new and unaccountable, and excited amongst them the greatest curiosity imaginable. Every thing else, even the steamboat, was abandoned for the pleasure of crowding into my painting-room, and witnessing the result of each fellow's success, as he came out from under the operation of my brush.

They had been at first much afraid of the consequences that might flow from so strange and unaccountable an operation; but having been made to understand my views, they began to look upon it as a great honor, and afforded me the opportunities that I desired; exhibiting the utmost degree of vanity for their appearance, both as to features and dress. The consequence was, that my room was filled with the chiefs who sat around, arranged according to the rank or grade which they held in the estimation of their tribe; and in this order it became necessary for me to paint them, to the exclusion of those who never signalized themselves, and were without any distinguishing character in society.

The first man on the list, was Ha-wan-ghee-ta, (one horn,) head chief of the nation, and after him the subordinate chief, or chiefs of bands, according to the estimation in which they were held by the chief or tribe. My models were thus placed before me, whether ugly or beautiful, all the same, and I saw at once there was to be trouble somewhere, as I could not paint them all.

The medicine-men or high priests, who are esteemed by many the oracles of the nation, and the most important men in it – becoming jealous, commenced their harangues, outside of the lodge, telling them that they were all fools – that those who were painted would soon die in consequence; and that these pictures, which had life to a considerable degree in them, would live in the hands of white men after they were dead, and make them sleepless and endless trouble.

Those whom I had painted, though evidently somewhat alarmed, were unwilling to acknowledge it, and those whom I had not painted, unwilling to be outdone in courage, allowed me the privilege; braving and defying the danger that they were evidently more or less in dread of. Feuds began to arise too, among some of the chiefs of the different bands, who, (not unlike some instances among the chiefs and warriors of our own country,) had looked upon their rival chiefs with unsleeping jealousy, until it had grown into disrespect and enmity. An instance of this kind presented itself at this critical juncture, in this assembly of inflammable spirits, which changed in a moment, its features, from the free and jocular garrulity of an Indian levee, to the frightful yells and agitated treads and starts of an Indian battle. I had in progress at this time, a portrait of Mah-to-tchee-ga, (little bear;) of the Onc-pa-pa band, a noble fine fellow, who was sitting before me as I was painting. I was painting almost a profile view of his face, throwing a part of it into shadow, and had it nearly finished, when an Indian by the name of Shon-ka, (the dog,)

chief of the Caz-a-zshee-ta band, an ill-natured and surly man – despised by the chiefs of every other band, entered the wigwam in a sullen mood, and seated himself on the floor in front of my sitter, where he could have a full view of the picture in its operation. After sitting a while with his arms folded, and his lips stiffly arched with contempt, he sneeringly spoke thus:

“Mah-to-tchee-ga is but half a man.”

Dead silence ensued for a moment, and nought was in motion save the eyes of the chiefs, who were seated around the room, and darting their glances about upon each other in listless anxiety to hear the sequel that was to follow! During this interval, the eyes of Mah-to-tchee-ga had not moved – his lips became slightly curved, and he pleasantly asked in low and steady accent, “Who says that?”

“Shon-ka says it,” was the reply, “and Shonka can prove it.” At this the eyes of Mah-to-tchee-ga, which had not yet moved, began steadily to turn, and slow, as if upon pivots, and when they were rolled out of their sockets till they had fixed upon the object of their contempt; his dark and jutting brows were shoving down in trembling contention, with the blazing rays that were actually burning with contempt, the object that was before them. “Why does Shon-ka say it?”

“Ask We-chash-a-wa-kon, (the painter,) he can tell you; he knows you are but half a man – he has painted but one half of your face, and knows the other half is good for nothing!”

“Let the painter say it, and I will believe it; but when the Dog

says it let him prove it.”

“Shon-ka has said it, and Shon-ka can prove it; if Mah-to-tchee-ga be a man, and wants to be honored by the white men, let him not be ashamed; but let him do as Shon-ka has done, give the white man a horse, and then let him see the whole of your face without being ashamed.”

“When Mah-to-tchee-ga kills a white man and steals his horses, he may be ashamed to look at a white man until he brings him a horse! When Mah-to-tchee-ga waylays and murders an honorable and brave Sioux, because he is a coward and not brave enough to meet him in fair combat, then he may be ashamed to look at a white man till he has given him a horse! Mah-to-tchee-ga can look at any one; and he is now looking at an old woman and a coward!”

This repartee, which had lasted for a few minutes, to the amusement and excitement of the chiefs, being thus ended: The Dog suddenly rose from the ground, and wrapping himself in his robe, left the wigwam, considerably agitated, having the laugh of all the chiefs upon him.

The Little Bear had followed him with his piercing eyes until he left the door, and then pleasantly and unmoved, resumed his position, where he sat a few minutes longer, until the portrait was completed. He then rose, and in a most graceful and gentlemanly manner, presented to me a very beautiful shirt of buckskin, richly garnished with quills of porcupine, wringed with scalp-locks (honorable memorials) from his enemies' heads, and painted,

with all his battles emblazoned on it. He then left my wigwam, and a few steps brought him to the door of his own, where the Dog intercepted him, and asked, "What meant Mah-to-tchee-ga, by the last words that he spoke to Shon-ka?"

"Mah-to-tchee-ga said it, and Shon-ka is not a fool – that is enough." At this the Dog walked violently to his own lodge; and the Little Bear retreated into his, both knowing from looks and gestures what was about to be the consequence of their altercation.

The Little Bear instantly charged his gun, and then, as their custom is, threw himself upon his face, in humble supplication to the Great Spirit for his aid and protection. His wife, in the meantime, seeing him agitated, and fearing some evil consequences, without knowing any thing of the preliminaries, secretly withdrew the bullet from the gun, and told him not of it.

The Dog's voice, at this moment, was heard, and recognized at the door of Mah-to-Shee-ga's lodge, "If Mah-to-tchee-ga be a whole man, let him come out and prove it; it is Shon-ka that calls him!"

His wife screamed; but it was too late. The gun was in his hand, and he sprang out of the door – both drew and simultaneously fired. The Dog fled uninjured; but the Little Bear lay weltering in his blood (strange to say!) with all that side of his face shot away, which had been left out of the picture; and, according to the prediction of the Dog, "good for nothing;" carrying away one half of the jaws, and the flesh from the nostrils

and corner of the mouth, to the ear, including one eye, and leaving the jugular vein entirely exposed. Here was a “coup;” and any one accustomed to the thrilling excitement that such things produce in an Indian village, can form some idea of the frightful agitation amidst several thousand Indians, who were divided into jealous bands or clans, under ambitious and rival chiefs! In one minute a thousand guns and bows were seized! A thousand thrilling yells were raised; and many were the fierce and darting warriors who sallied round the Dog for his protection – he fled amidst a shower of bullets and arrows; but his braves were about him! The blood of the Onc-pa-pas was roused, and the indignant braves of that gallant band rushed forth from all quarters, and, swift upon their heels, were hot for vengeance! On the plain, and in full view of us, for some time, the whizzing arrows flew, and so did bullets, until the Dog and his brave followers were lost in distance on the prairie! In this rencontre, the Dog had his arm broken; but succeeded, at length, in making his escape.

On the next day after this affair took place, Little Bear died of his wound, and was buried amidst the most pitiful and heart-rending cries of his distracted wife, whose grief was inconsolable at the thought of having been herself the immediate and innocent cause of his death, by depriving him of his supposed protection.

This marvellous and fatal transaction was soon talked through the village, and the eyes of all this superstitious multitude were fixed on me as the cause of the calamity – my paintings

and brushes were instantly packed, and all hands, Traders and Travellers, assumed at once a posture of defence.

I evaded, no doubt, in a great measure, the concentration of their immediate censure upon me, by expressions of great condolence, and by distributing liberal presents to the wife and relations of the deceased; and by uniting also with Mr. Laidlaw and the other gentlemen, in giving him honorable burial, where we placed over his grave a handsome Sioux lodge, and hung a white flag to wave over it.

On this occasion many were the tears that were shed for the brave and honorable Mah-to-tchee-ga, and all the warriors of his band swore sleepless vengeance on the Dog, until his life should answer for the loss of their chief.

On the day that he was buried, I started for the mouth of the Yellow Stone, and while I was gone, the spirit of vengeance had pervaded nearly all the Sioux country in search of the Dog, who had evaded pursuit. His brother, however, a noble and honorable fellow, esteemed by all who knew him, fell in their way in an unlucky hour, when their thirst for vengeance was irresistible, and they slew him. Repentance deep, and grief were the result of this rash act, when they beheld a brave and worthy man fall for so worthless a character; and as they became exasperated, the spirit of revenge grew more desperate than ever, and they swore they never would lay down their arms or embrace their wives and children until vengeance, full and complete, should light upon the head that deserved it. This brings us again to the first part of

my story, and in this state were things in that part of the country, when I was descending the river, four months afterwards, and landed my canoe, as I before stated, at Laidlaw's trading-post.

The excitement had been kept up all summer among these people, and their superstitions bloated to the full brim, from circumstances so well calculated to feed and increase them. Many of them looked at me at once as the author of all these disasters, considering I knew that one half of the man's face was good for nothing, or that I would not have left it out of the picture, and that I must have foreknown the evils that were to flow from the omission; they consequently resolved that I was a dangerous man, and should suffer for my temerity in case the Dog could not be found. Councils had been held, and in all the solemnity of Indian medicine and mystery, I had been doomed to die! At one of these, a young warrior of the Onc-pa-pa band, arose and said, "The blood of two chiefs has been sunk into the ground, and a hundred bows are bent which are ready to shed more! on whom shall we bend them? I am a friend to the white man, but here is one whose medicine is too great – he is a great medicineman! his medicine is too great! he was the death of Mah-to-tchee-ga! he made only one side of his face! he would not make the other – the side that he made was alive; the other was dead, and Shonka shot it off! How is this? Who is to die?"

After him, Tah-zee-kee-da-cha (torn belly,) of the Yankton band, arose, and said, "Father, this medicine-man has done much harm! You told our chiefs and warriors, that they must be painted

– you said he was a good man, and we believed you! you thought so, my father, but you see what he has done! – he looks at our chiefs and our women and then makes them alive!! In this way he has taken our chiefs away, and he can trouble their spirits when they are dead! – they will be unhappy. If he can make them alive by looking at them, he can do us much harm! – you tell us that they are not alive – we see their eyes move! – their eyes follow us wherever we go, that is enough! I have no more to say!” After him arose a young man of the Onc-pa-pa band. “Father! you know that I am the brother of Mah-to-tchee-ga! – you know that I loved him – both sides of his face were good, and the medicine-man knew it also! Why was half of his face left out? He never was ashamed, but always looked white man in the face! Why was that side of his face shot off? Your friend is not our friend, and has forfeited his life – we want you to tell us where he is – we want to see him!”

Then rose Toh-ki-e-to (a medicine-man,) of the Yankton band, and principal orator of the nation. “My friend, these are young men that speak – I am not afraid! your white medicine-man painted my picture, and it was good – I am glad of it – I am very glad to see that I shall live after I am dead! – I am old and not afraid! – some of our young men are foolish. I know that this man put many of our buffaloes in his book! for I was with him, and we have had no buffaloes since to eat, it is true – but I am not afraid!! his medicine is great and I wish him well – we are friends.” Thus rested the affair of the Dog and its consequences,

until I conversed with Major Bean, the agent for these people,
who arrived in St.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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