THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

FEBRUARY 1915

CONTENTS

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SUPPOSE a white man should come to me and say, "Joseph, I like your horses and I want to buy them." I say to him, "No, my horses suit me; I will not sell them." Then he goes to my neighbor and says to him, "Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell." My neighbor answers, "Pay me the money and I will sell you Joseph's horses." The white man returns to me and says, "Joseph, I have bought your horses and you must let me have them." If we sold our lands to the Government, this is the way they were bought.

CHIEF JOSEPH

A magazine issued in the interest
of the Native American

The Red Man

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By Courtesy of The Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune.

THE RED NAPOLEON

Press Comments

SOUTH of Arkansas City, Kan., just over the Oklahoma line, is the Chilocco Indian Industrial School, where boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years receive instructions in practical engineering, the various trades, agriculture, domestic science, art, and music. Natural gas, piped from the Oklahoma fields, is used as a source of power for the school's heating and electric-service plant. Applications of electricity have been made to the machines in the shops where the Indian boys receive instruction and in the sewing-rooms used by the girls. Members of the Kansas Electrical Association visited the school at the time of the recent convention at Arkansas City, and many were surprised to note the dexterity of the Indian children from the reservations in handling electric irons and other electrical devices.—*Editorial, New York World.*

SIDELIGHTS on the traits of a tribe of Indians who for at least half a century have maintained a wooden bridge across a canyon in Northwestern Canada are thrown by a letter in the Engineering Record.

In spite of seeing the product of their crude genius destroyed by flood several times, an engineering training gained wholly by experience has triumphed by a suspension structure 146 feet in span, 8 feet wide, with a stiffening truss at mid-span, the whole fastened entirely with wooden pegs.

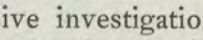
Although their methods of construction may have been primitive, their ideas of its value were very modern, for H. J. Cambie, the venerable locating engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, reports

that in 1864 they charged him $8 per head to allow his crew of surveyors to cross.

Mr. Cambie states that the bridge was purely a cantilever structure at that time, but since 1867, when Col. Bulkeley stored some telegraph cable near the site, wire has figured largely in the several attempts to bridge the canyon permanently.

Although the advent of the wire has greatly increased faith in these structures, no high degree of confidence was at first accorded the bridge crossed by Mr. Cambie.

In fact, after it had been completed the tribal fathers would not declare it open for traffic until a number of squaws had been sent out upon it to see if it would stand up under a heavy load.—*Gloucester (Mass.) Times.*



ROBERT BASS, former Governor of New Hampshire, has completed a comprehensive investigation into the practicability of the plan of Secretary Lane of the Interior Department for the gradual liberation and enfranchisement of American Indians. Mr. Bass says:

"Mr. Lane's plan is not only practicable, but it is virtually the only solution of the Indian problem. Many Indians already are worthy of enfranchisement. Failure to grant it can result only in their further degeneration. Loss of pride, self-respect and economic independence are the inevitable results of our present paternalistic attitude."

Mr. Bass believes the satisfactory application of the Secretary's plan is conditioned upon a close study of the characteristics and developmemts of the various Indian tribes. The question is a big one. The differences between the peoples of the various tribes are so great generalization will be impossible. Any plan, to be effective, must take into account both tribal aud individual differences.

Woman suffragists no doubt will insist upon having full rights of citizenship granted to women before the Indian is enfranchised. However, when an Indian proves himself equal to citizenship there is no reason why he ought not to be given the right to vote. It would seem as if the whole question is one of individual, not of racial or tribal qualification.—*Albany Press-Knickerbocker.*

Chief Joseph, The Nez Perce:

From The Century Magazine, 1879.

HIEF JOSEPH, or "Young Joseph," as it is became the habit to call him during his father's life-time, fought for that which the white man calls patriotiem when it has been crowned with sucess. He and the survivors of his band are now exiles in the Indian Territory. He has appealed to the authorities at Washington, claiming that by the terms of his surrender, as he understood them, they were to be allowed to return to Idaho, and settle on the Nez Perce Reservation.* This reservation lies at the bottom of the trouble with Joseph's people. They prided themselves on having received Lewis and Clarke, Bonneville, Fremont, and other white men, with the hand of friendship, and on never having falsified their early promises. Up to the time of Joseph's outbreak, though Nez Perces had been killed by white men, only one white man had fallen by the hand of a *Chu-le-pa-lu*, the slayer being *Sa-poon-mas*, of Big Thunder's band.

Joseph's father joined the other independent chiefs of the tribe in a formal treaty concluded in Walla-Walla Valley on June 11, 1855, but which was not ratified until 1859. By this treaty, the Indians gave up all claims to the country excepting certain specified tracts. Old Joseph and *Appush-wa-hite* (Looking-Glass) entered into the contract with great reluctance, and only on the express stipulation that the Wallowa and Imnaha Valleys should be guaranteed them as their especial district. Soon the white man wanted these valleys, and in 1863, a supplementary treaty was made (ratified 1867), taking those valleys away from Old Joseph. But he would have nothing to do with this second treaty, he and his band becoming known as the non-treaty Nez Perces. He said: "I have kept my faith; let the whites keep theirs." A majority of the other chiefs, however, agreed to the new allotment, for their particular interests were not injured; and the commissioners for the United States claimed that Joseph was bound by a majority of his peers. False as was the whole theory of treating with the Indians, the inevitable evil results could have been softened only by good faith on both sides. The faith pledged to Joseph in 1855, when the country was a wilderness, could not be kept in its spirit, and through that loop-

†Thirty-two women and children and one man have since been allowed to return to Idaho.

hole the commissioners sought escape. But no matter how consistent their action may have seemed to them, to the Indians it was false and absurd. With them, as with warlike, nomadic peoples, the decision of a majority is not regarded as binding the minority; this principle is unknown. In their institutions, the autonomy of the individual is so complete that a chief approaches absolutism only in proportion to his personal strength of character, and the strongest never dreams of such an attempt at power, but acts upon the will of his people expressed in council; and if there be but one man who dissents, his rights to depart from the action of the others is unquestioned.† So Old Joseph would not leave his valleys, and there he died and was buried, and *In-mut-tu-ya-lat-nut* (Thunder Rolling in the Mountains), or "Young Joseph," took his place. On the same principle, "Young Joseph," since his confinement in the Indian Territory, points out that to his mind the essential thing about a contract, namely, "the agreement of the minds," was wanting in this supplementary treaty. His parable in effect in a follows: "A man comes to me, and says, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say I do not want to sell them. Then he goes to my neighbor and says,, Joseph has some good horses, but he will not sell them,' and my neighbor says, 'Pay me and you may have them.' And he does so, and then comes to me, and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses.'"

He first came into notice as a chief during the Modoc troubles of 1873. His band became very restless and defiant. A commission was ordered, and on its recommendation the Wallowa was set aside for Joseph's exclusive use by an executive order of June, 1873. But this valley was so beautiful and fertile that two years later the order was revoked. Joseph, however, resisted intrusions into his territory; and in 1876 one of his Indians was killed by a white man, in a quarrel over some stock. This led General Howard, the commander of the military department, to ask for another commission to "settle the whole matter, before war is even though of." This commission recommended that if the principle of decision by majorities should be held to apply, Joseph ought to be required to go upon the reservation. Thereupon, at the request of the Interior Department, General Howard was directed to

†The character of the tribal Germans as presented by Cæsar and Tacitus is in many respects in interesting parallelism with that of the native North Americans.

occupy the Wallowa Valley with troops, and, if necessary, to drive Joseph upon the reservation. Indian runners were sent out to inform the "non-treaties" of the decision against them. They refused to harken to such messages, and prepared to defend themselves.

Joseph would not believe that his case had been truthfully presented, and yet not determined in his favor. He hastened to the agent at Umatilla, and declared that the interpreter at Lapwai could not have spoken the truth to the mixed commission. He begged for another interview. Two councils were held, one at Umatilla, and one at Walla-Walla, in neither of which Joseph appeared, but sent his brother Ollicut (killed in the last fight) to represent him. A general council was called to meet at Lapwai. Joseph and all the non-treaty bands were to be present. For several days the motley hordes poured in from the mountains. There were men, women, and children, with troops of horses, and all the picturesque paraphernalia of the camp.

They came singing the monotonous chants of the wilderness, with gaudy blankets flaunting in the wind or girded at the loins. The horses were daubed with colors and plumed with eagle feathers. As they galloped and curveted, the fantastic head-dresses, crests, and flowing locks of their riders, the red leggings or bare brown legs, arms, and breasts, the eagle-feathers and bear-claw trimmings, made a highly colored and animated picture.

On May 3d, the first day of the council, Joseph spoke of the importance of the subjects to be discussed, and asked for delay till all could be present, and for plenty of time for deliberation. He was told that White Bird would be waited for if he wished it. Here an old *tooat* (priest) stood up and said to the interpreter: "For the sake of the children and the children's children of both whites and Indians, tell the truth!" The orders of the Government were interpreted to the Indians, and they were told that the department commander and the Indian agent were there to hear all they had to say, no matter how long it might take; but that the Indians must comprehend at the outset that the views of the Government would be enforced.

On the second day White Bird was present, and the debate became so hot and so hostile that Joseph suddenly asked for an adjournment. The next day the council opened more calmly, but finally

Too-hul-hul-suit, whose anger had forced Joseph to seek the adjournment the day before, said plainly: "The others may do as they like. *I* will *not* go on the reservation." For this he was arrested and confined. Thereafter Joseph and White Bird managed the council smoothly. They either agreed or seemed to agree to everything, and promised to be on the reservation by June 14. At their request *Too-hul-hnl-suit* was released. On June 14, 1877, the non-treaty bands began their horrible murders of men, women, and children. The small band which began the work swept over the Camas Prairie and Salmon River country, falling upon the unsuspicious dwellers in the lonely cabins, firing the houses, and throwing the living into the flames. Soon after his capture, while he was a prisoner in a little tent on the banks of the Missouri, Joseph said to the writer: "I intended to go on the reservation. I knew nothing of these murders. Had I been at home, they would not have happened; but I was away on the other side of the Salmon River, killing some beef for my wife, who was sick, and I was called back by messengers telling me what the young men had done. Then I knew I must lead them in fight, for the whites would not believe my story." Nevertheless, the story may be true. About a year after this talk with Joseph, an Indian in Idaho told me that after the last council with General Howard, at Lapwai, the allied bands of non-treaties met in a rocky canon near the Salmon River, and argued peace and war for ten days; that Joseph urged peace, and the others war, even taunting him with cowardice; that on the last day two young men whose fathers had been killed by the whites took three companions and committed the first murders.

News of the outrages was received at Fort Lapwai, the nearest military post, not far from Lewiston, June 15, and by eight o'clock in the evening the garrison, consisting of two companies of cavalry, was on the march. By dawn of the next day they entered White Bird Canon, a basaltic-walled, rough-ridged defile leading from the table-land of Camas Prairie to the Salmon River, six miles distant. Into this canon the troops marched, accompanied by some citizen volunteers. The Nez Perce record had been one of such unbroken peacefulness toward white men that no one knew what sort of antagonists they would prove. Our advance was met four miles from the entrance to the canon by nearly the entire hostile force—some three hundred warriors. Leaving their women and children and

non-combatants—in all about seven hundred souls—in the camp behind them, they advanced, throwing out a line of mounted skirmishers which deployed and maneuvered in fine order. They came on yelling, under cover of a herd of horses driven ahead of them, and by military skill and savage adroitness combined, they soon turned our flank and poured in a deadly fire. The citizen volunteers, who had been given the key position to hold, broke and fled, panic-stricken.

This demoralized the soldiers, and the sad affair was only saved from being a rout and total massacre by the coolness of the few who preserved military order and thereby escaped alive. The Nez Perces returned to their camp completely victorious, and probably suffered very slight loss. During the heat of this fight Joseph's wife gave birth to a daughter. At his surrender this was the only child left to him, his other daughter, a girl about ten years of age, having been cut off from camp, and lost during the *melee* of the final engagement.

After this fight or "massacre" at White Bird Creek, the Indians had the country to themselves. The whites fled to Idaho City, and hurridly constructed a stockade; and the hostiles gathered into the mountain glens most of the horses of the region, and pillaged the settlements and slaughtered the cattle. General Howard concentrated all the troops of his department as quickly as possible, and, putting himself at their head, moved on the hostiles. These abandoned their lair in the White Bird Canon, and crossed the Salmon River into the heart of the Craig Mountains just as the troops reached the river bank. Now began a doubling chase in this rugged country. Joseph, with his great herds of horses and ranch cattle, which he killed as he needed them, chose the nearly inaccessible paths; and the incessant rain, the slippery or rocky steeps, all combined to foil the breathless efforts of his pursuers. Returning to Camas Prairie in a wide sweep through the mountains, Joseph penned up two companies of cavalry in a stockade, and cut off and killed Lieutenant Rains and ten men who had been sent out to reconnoiter.

Encouraged by this continued success, which he hoped would draw malcontents to him from the neighboring reservation, Joseph went into camp on the North Fork of the Clearwater, and here, by redoubled exertions, the troops overtook him on the morning of

July 11. It was a test case—all the hostiles under Joseph against all the soldiers under General Howard. The Indians, naturally a brave tribe, now flushed by success and rendered desperate by their lot, seemed not unwilling to try the issue. Leaving their picturesque camp and cone-like teepees protected by the broad mountain stream, they crossed over to meet us, and, swarming out of the river-bottom, occupied the rocks and fir-crowned heights of the ravines transverse to the main valley, leaving the troops only the alternative to deploy as skirmishers, and throw themselves flat on the sunburnt grass of the open. Joseph promptly took the initiative, and tried the favorite and hitherto successful tactics of working around our flanks and getting in the rear; but in this he was checked each time, and our line finally developed into a crescent with the baggage and hospital at the rear and center. Nothing could be bolder or more aggressive than the conduct of these Indians. Twice this day they massed under shelter, and, leaving their war-horses in the timber, charged our line so savagely that they were only repelled by as fierce a counter-charge, the two lines advancing rapidly till they almost met; and when the Indians turned they did so only to regain cover. Their fire was deadly, the proportion of wounded to killed being but two to one. A large number of the casualties occurred in the short time before each man had protected himself by earth thrown up with his trowel bayonet. At one point of the line, one man, raising his head too high, was shot through the brain; another soldier, lying on his back and trying to get the last few drops of warm water from his canteen, was robbed of the water by a bullet taking off the canteen's neck while it was at his lips. An officer, holding up his arm, was shot through the wrist; another, jumping to his feet for an instant, fell with a bullet through the breast. So all day long under the hot July sun, without water and without food, our men crawled about in the parched grass, shooting and being shot. The wounded were carried back to an awning where the surgeons were at work; the dead were left where they fell. All day long the Indians fought hard for the mastery. Among the rocks and scrubby pines their brown naked bodies were seen flying from shelter to shelter. Their yells were incessant as they cheered each other on or signaled a successful shot.

Joseph, White Bird, and *Too-hul-hul-suit*, all seemed to be in command, but—and as one of Joseph's band told the writer—Jo-

LAKE WALLOWA—IN THE COUNTRY OF CHIEF JOSEPH

ONE OF CHIEF JOSEPH'S WARRIORS

seph was after this fight called "the war-chief." He was everywhere along the line; running from point to point, he directed the flanking movements and the charges. It was his long fierce calls which sometimes we heard loudly in front of us, and sometimes faintly resounding from the distant rocks. As darkness covered us, the rifles grew silent, till only an occasional shot indicated each side's watchfulness.

The packers and non-combatants had been set cooking, and during the evening a sort of pancake and plenty of ammunition were distributed to each man. A spring in a ravine was secured, but one man sent to fill canteens never returned, and it was found that the enemy were in possession of it. Next day, however, the spring was retaken. All through the night, from the vast Indian camp in the river-bottom, rose the wail of the death-song and the dull drumming of the *tooats*. The dirge of the widows drifted to us through the summer night—now plaintive and faint, now suddenly bursting into shrieks, as if their very heart-strings had snapped. But mingling with these unpleasant sounds came the rapid movement of the scalp-chant, *hum*, *hum*, *hum*, hurrying to the climax of fierce war-whoops.

With the dawn the stray popping of rifles grew more and more rapid, till as the sun shot up into the sky both sides were hard at work again. Joseph, unlike his men, did not strip off his clothes for battle, as is the Indian custom, but wore his shirt, breech-clout, and moccasins; and though (as I was told by one of his men) he was wholly reckless of himself in directing the various fights, he did not receive a wound.

On this second day, the Indians being more determined, if possible, than on the day before, and our side having received reenforcements, General Howard, at two o'clock in the afternoon, ordered a charge upon their position. Colonel Marcus Miller led the attack, which was desperately resisted. Some of the Indians made no effort to retreat, and were killed in their rifle-pits. But this ended the fight. They fled across the river, hastily gathered the women and children who had not been sent off the night before, and throwing on pack-animals such effects as they could secure in their haste, they were soon seen speckling the distant hills, as they streamed away to Kamiah ferry and the Lo Lo trail.

Much of their camp was taken standing, the packs and robes

lying about, and the meat cooking at the fire. Evidently, the enemy had not anticipated defeat. We followed them to Kamiah ferry, which they destroyed, and disputed the river, while they robbed their kinsmen, the Kamiah Indians, and collected their herds in a mountain glade. At this time Joseph sent in a flag of truce; some of the wounded and some young braves came in, but he did not. The writer was told long afterward, by an Indian of that region, that Joseph wished to surrender rather than leave the country or bring further misery on his people, but that, in council, he was overruled by the older chiefs, *Ap-push-wa-hite* (Looking Glass), White Bird, and *Too-hul-hul-suit;* and Joseph would not desert the common cause. According to this informant, Joseph's last appeal was to call a council in the dale, and passionately condemn the proposed retreat from Idaho. "What are we fighting for?" he asked "Is it for our lives? No. It is for this land where the bones of our fathers are buried. I do not want to take my women among stran gers. I do not want to die in a strange land. Some of you tried to say, once, that I was afraid of the whites. Stay here with me now, and you shall have plenty of fighting. We will put our women behind us in these mountains, and die on our own land fighting for them. I would rather do that than run I know not where."

But, the retreat being decided on, he led this caravan, two thousand horses and more, women, children, old men, and old women, the wounded, palsied, and blind, by a seemingly impassible trail, interlaced with fallen trees, through the ruggedest mountains, to the Bitter Root Valley, where (a fact unprecedented in Indian warfare) he made a treaty of forbearance with the inhabitants, passing by settlements containing banks and stores, and near farms rich with stock, but taking nothing and hurting no one. So he pushed on; he crossed the Rocky Mountains twice, the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, and was within one day's march of Canada when he was taken. Not knowing that General Gibbon had been summoned by telegraph to intercept him, Joseph, after leaving Bitter Root Valley, encamped to rest awhile on the banks of Big Hole Creek, in the valley of the Big Hole, situated in Montana.

After making a reconnoissance and finding (with slight loss) that the Indians had a rear guard holding the narrow Lo Lo trail, we hurried to reach the Bitter Root Valley by the Mullan road; but Joseph made a demonstration in the shape of a raid on Kamiah,

and such were the reports and the popular feeling that General Howard abandoned the Mullan road and returned to push in on the Lo Lo trail. For ten days we toiled along this pathway. The marching hour was sunrise, the camping hour sunset. Often the hill-sides were so steep that we could not sleep comfortably without digging out a bed. Each cavalryman had been required to start with ten pounds of grain for his horse, but several times horses and patient pack-mules were tied up at night without a mouthful of any kind of fodder.

Meanwhile, General Gibbon had hurried down from Fort Shaw, and, finding that he was three days too late to head off Joseph, pressed on his trail over the Rockies toward the Big Hole. On August 6th we were still locked in the mountains, but were encamped in a beautiful glen, where, for the first time, there was good grazing. Hot springs gave delightful baths, a cold brook furnished trout for supper. Every one, down to the most stocial mule in the pack-train, felt cheered. Soon a courier from General Gibbon arrived in hot haste, informing us of his intentions and whereabouts. A sergeant was sent with similar information to General Gibbon; and before daylight next morning we were harder at work than ever, trying to overtake Gibbon before he should strike the Indians. For three days we pushed on with no word from our courier. Then (August 10th) General Howard, with an aide-de-camp and twenty Indian scouts and twenty cavalrymen, commanded by Lieutenant Bacon, made a forced march ahead of his command to join Gibbon. The latter had discovered Joseph's camp in the bottom-land of the head-waters of the Big Hole. This bottom-land was covered with thickets of willows and full of treacherous bogs. Jutting into it from the western side were the timber-covered knolls and promontories of the Rocky Mountain foot-hills, while away to the east rolled the open Big Hole prairie. At dawn General Gibbon made his attack; and though he had less than one-third the force of the enemy, so complete was the surprise that with almost any other Indians there would have been a rout. The soldiers poured into the camp, firing into the teepees, and, in the gray light, shooting indiscriminately everything that moved. Naked warriors with only their rifles and cartridge-belts ran into the willows and to the prairie knolls overlooking the camp, and instantly from these positions of vantage opened a telling fire. Women and

children, aroused from sleep, ran away screaming with terror, or surrounded by enemies, begged by signs for mercy. (It is needless to say that no women or children were intentionally killed.) Some few women armed themselves in desperation, but most of them fled or hid under the overhanging banks of the creek or in the bushes.

The yells of the soldiers, the wild warwhoops of the Indians, the screams of the terrified women and children, the rattle of rifle-shots, shouts of commands, the cursing of the maddened soldiers already firing the nearest teepees, contributed to the horrors of the battle, which was made more terrible by the presence of mothers and babies in the blue rifle smoke that made the dawn more dim. Joseph soon had his men strongly posted on the commanding positions, and their destructive fire stopped further firing of the camp, and drove the soldiers to one of the timbered knolls. General Gibbon's horse was killed, and he himself was shot through the thigh; but he kept command, and, sitting propped against a tree, directed the construction of some rifle-pits and log fortifications.

Stung by the attack, but more (as Joseph afterward explained) by the loss of their women and children, the Indians took the offensive most savagely. They fired the long grass and timber, but a fortunate change of wind saved the wooded knoll. They wormed through the grass to forty or fifty feet of the rifle-pits. They climbed to the tree tops. One of them was so securely perched behind a dead log that he killed four men in one rifle-pit before he himself was picked off, and then his naked yellow body fell so close to the fortification that his friends did not venture to recover it. That night, after burying the dead, Joseph sent his women and impedimenta under escort by way of the Lemhi country, where they again made a treaty of forbearance with the settlers. All the next day the fight continued, but about midnight the last of the warriors withdrew and hastened after the main body.

General Howard with his small party bivouacked this same night about twelve miles from Gibbon's position, being unable to proceed on account of the darkness. At twilight he had captured some citizen stragglers from Gibbon's wagon camp, who told a dismal tale of utter annihilation. General Howard was too experienced in deserters' stories to credit all this, but nevertheless he caused camp fires to be built as if his whole command was at hand, and with the

earliest dawn was sweeping along at a gallop to give the aid of his forty rifles to Gibbon. Some naked and mutilated bodies of our people were passed, a howitzer wheel was found by the trail, and the wagon camp we found silent and deserted; so it was with forebodings that we rode on, to be cheered, however, as we turned the point of a hill and came suddenly upon Gibbon's camp, and were received with hearty hurrahs. The commander himself was dressing his wound, and directing the soldiers in the care of their comrades; for no medical officer was with this command, and about one-half of them were killed or wounded.

Joseph had turned north-eastward toward the National Park of the Yellowstone, and his rear-guard had crossed the Corinne stage-road a few hours before General Howard's command reached the same point. This was a great disappointment, as we had every reason to believe that this was the time we would intercept him. The next night we encamped in a prairie dotted with clumps of cottonwood trees and called Camas Meadows.† That night, just before dawn, our sleeping camp was startled into half-bewildered consciousness by a rattling fire of rifles, accompanied with the *zee-zip* of bullets through the air and through tent canvas, and by unearthly war-whoops. It was a back hit from Joseph. Our men, still half stupid with sleep, groped about for their shoes and cartridge-belts and swore at the mislaid articles; but each one knew his drill, and as fast as he equipped himself he crawled away from the dangerous white tents, formed on the line and began replying to the enemy. The mule-herd, successfully stampeded, was flying in a terror momentarily increased by the naked Indians yelling demonically at its heels, while Indians in front were shaking the bells they had stolen from the necks of the lead-animals. These Indians had crawled in among the herd during the night, and cut the hobbles and taken off the bells. Our cavalry were at the picket line trying to saddle, and at the same time to control, their frightened horses, while the Indians who had remained behind were doing their best to stampede and add to the disappearing mule-herd. Our own Indian scouts, naked and lithe and silent, glided through the bushes and from rock to rock. The dawn showed the mule-herd far away over the prairie, disappearing toward the hills. The cavalry was already in hot pursuit, and overtook and recaptured the herd, but only for a moment; for Joseph had so calculated his plans that at this point our troops

† *Camas* is a tuber which forms a staple article of food with the Indians.

ran into an ambush of the whole Indian force, and could not pay any attention to the herd, the most of which Joseph finally secured. The foot troops then moved to the aid of the cavalry, and the engagement became general, and was only ended at about two o'clock in the afternoon by the withdrawal of the Indians. We then returned to our camp, and made a reduction and rearrangements of baggage to suit the crippled pack-train. Joseph said after his surrender that about forty of his youngest men had made all the noise and firing at the first attack. The herd being stampeded, all joined in at the rear, and hurried to where he was waiting to receive them and cover their retreat. He said that that night he was camped about twenty miles from us, and had been watching us all day, and at sunset or a little later had started the stampeding party on their dangerous expedition. He said further that he was tired of always finding General Howard close behind him, and wanted to "set him afoot," but that he was very much disappointed in finding the cavalry horses picketed that night, for he would rather have had the horses than the mules, and expected to get them both; for said he, "You didn't picket your horses other nights, so I didn't expect it this time."

The loss of pack-animals, and the destitution and sickness among the men, compelled a halt of three days, during which time Joseph reached the Lower Geyser Basin of the Yellowstone Park, and captured some tourists. His young men first came upon them and shot the men. A Mr. Oldham was shot through both cheeks, but we found him wandering through the woods. Mr. Taft also escaped. A Mr. Cowan was shot from his horse, and again shot through the head while his wife held him in her arms. He was left by the roadside supposed to be dead, but the wife and her sister were not harmed, and after being held in Joseph's camp for some time were released. White Bird took them out of camp, showed them their ponies, and said, "Go. That is the way. Do not stop to water your horses. Hurry! hurry!" Both he and Joseph feared they would be waylaid by the young warriors. Mr. Cowan was found by us in a dying condition, but strange to say recovered; and he and his wife were eventually restored to each other. A miner named Snively also escaped to us from the hostile camp. He said he was well treated, and that Joseph used him as guide, for he was wandering in these mysterious regions without any exact

knowledge of the country. The time he thus lost enabled us to take a shorter line and press closely on him. General Sturgis and the Seventh Cavalry, fresh in the field, were ahead of Joseph; and again we confidently expected to hold him in the mountains, from which there was but one pass in the direction Joseph was going, and another toward the Stinking Water. But every attempt to communicate with Sturgis was, as we afterward found, unsuccessful. The bodies were found of every courier sent out, of every miner or white man caught in the mountains; for at this juncture the Indians spared nobody. Joseph made a feint toward the Stinking Water pass, and having got General Sturgis moving in that direction, he slipped out under cover of the hills, by way of Clarke's Forks, and crossed the Yellowstone toward the Musselshell basin. He had led his people much over a thousand miles through the ruggedest wilderness of the continent, and now he again paused to rest at Rocky Canon. But Sturgis, reenforced by General Howard's freshest cavalry, overtook him here, and again he started the caravan of women, children, and old men, under escort, while he and the warriors held their position and protected the retreat. Thus he made a running fight of two days, extending one hundred and fifty miles to the lakes near Musselshell. Here he distanced all pursuit, and was never again overtaken until he crossed the Missouri, nearly completing a retreat of almost two thousand miles, and was within thirty or forty miles of the British line, and not much farther from the vast hostile camp of Sitting Bull. During this march every vicissitude of climate had been felt: the cold, drenching rains of early spring, and the heat of summer, the autumn extremes of temperature, when the midday in the mountains was very hot, and at night water froze an inch thick in the buckets. The men who pursued Joseph through his entire course were mostly foot troops. They were necessarily reduced to the most meager supplies, and found the country ahead of them swept clean by the hostile tribe.

On September 12, General Howard sent word to General Miles that Joseph had foiled all attempts to stop him, and earnestly requested him to make every effort to intercept the Indians. This dispatch was received by General Miles September 17, and the next day he began the march which resulted in Joseph's capture. Joseph, who did not know of any other available troops in the field,

and was watching only Generals Howard and Sturgis, was encamped along Eagle Creek. The country around was all bare, rolling, grass prairie, at this time covered with a light fall of snow. The camp lay in the sheltering hollows—the lowest, and therefore for fighting purposes the worst situation. A blinding snow-storm shielded General Miles's approach on the morning of September 30, till he was almost upon them. Instantly, on discovering the advance, the Indians siezed the crests of the knolls immediately surrounding their camp, and the cavalry charge was successfully repulsed. Every officer or non-commissioned officer who wore a badge of rank was killed or wounded, save one. Joseph and his elder daughter were on the other side of the creek, among the horse-herd, when the first charge was made. Calling to the girl to follow, he dashed across and joined his men, taking command; but his daughter and many others were cut off by the cavalry charge, which captured and drove off the herd. These people fled to the distant hills; some were murdered by the Sioux; some probably perished from the severe weather; but Joseph's daughter was restored to him some six months afterward. The troops held most of the higher crests commanding the camp. The Indians with wonderful labor and ingenuity literally honey-combed a portion of the site of their camp, and other more advantageous transverse gulches, with subterranean dwelling-places, communicating galleries, etc. Their dead horses were utilized as fortifications and as food. Here they held their own, refusing all offers of surrender, and saying in effect: "If you want us, come and take us." Joseph visited General Miles under flag of truce, but at that time would not surrender. His people held Lieutenant Jerome as a hostage till Joseph was returned to them. Had he not lost the herd that moved his motly horde, it is more than probable that Joseph would have made another of his successful fights in retreat. On October 4, General Howard, with two aides, two friendly Nez Perces (both of whom had daughters in the hostile camp), and an interpreter, arrived in Miles's camp while the firing was still going on. The two old Nez Perces, "George" and "Captain John," rode into Joseph's camp next day. They told him General Howard was there, with promises of good treatment; that his whole command was only two or three days behind him. With tears in their eyes they begged Joseph to surrender. Joseph asked if he would be

allowed to return to Idaho. He was told that he would, unless higher authority ordered otherwise.

Then old "Captain John" brought this reply (and his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he delivered the words of his chief):

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before—I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead. *Too-hul-hul-suit* is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say 'yes' or 'no' [that is, vote in council]. He who led on the young men [Joseph's brother, Ollicut] is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people—some of them—have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun *now* stands, I will fight no more forever!"

It was nearly sunset when Joseph came to deliver himself up. He rode from his camp in the little hollow. His hands were clasped over the pommel of his saddle, and his rifle lay across his knees; his head was bowed down. Pressing around him walked five of his warriors; their faces were upturned and earnest as they murmured to him; but he looked neither to the right nor the left, yet seemed to listen intently. So the little group came slowly up the hill to where General Howard, with an aide-de-camp, and General Miles waited to receive the surrender. As he neared them, Joseph sat erect in the saddle, then gracefully and with dignity he swung himself down from his horse, and with an impulsive gesture threw his arm to its full length, and offered his rifle to General Howard. The latter motioned him toward General Miles, who received the token of submission.

Those present shook hands with Joseph, whose worn and anxious face lighted with a sad smile as silently he took each offered hand. Then, turning away, he walked to the tent provided for him.

His scalp-lock was tied with otter fur. The rest of his hair hung in a thick plait on each side of his head. He wore buckskin leggings and a gray woolen shawl, through which were the marks of four or five bullets received in this last conflict. His forehead

and wrist were also scratched by bullets. White Bird, the only other surviving chief, would not surrender, but with his immediate family passed between the lines that night and went to British Columbia. As has already been explained, Joseph could not have controlled this, even if he had known of it. In surrendering he could really act only for those willing to follow him.

On the second day after the surrender the prisoners were disposed of according to the terms of the following letter, the final result being that they were taken to Fort Leavenworth, where many died of malarious fever, and others removed to the Indian Territory, where they now are:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA,
IN THE FIELD.—BATTLEFIELD OF EAGLE CREEK,
NEAR BEARPAW MOUNTAIN, MONTANA, *October 7, 1877.*

COLONEL NELSON A. MILES, *Fifth Infantry, Commanding District of the Yellowstone.*

COLONEL: On account of the cost of transportation of the Nez Perce prisoners to the Pacific coast, I deem it best to retain them all at some place within your district, where they can be kept under military control till next spring. Then, unless you receive instructions from higher authority, you are hereby directed to have them sent, under proper guard, to my department, where I will take charge of them and carry out the instructions I have already received.

O. O. HOWARD,
Brigadier-General, Commanding Department.

Joseph at this time must have been about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old. He is tall, straight, and handsome, with a mouth and chin not unlike that of Napoleon I. He was, in council, at first probably not so influential as White Bird and the group of chiefs that sustained him, but from first to last he was preeminently their "war-chief." Such was the testimony of his followers after his surrender, and such seems to be the evidence of the campaign itself.

C. E. S. Wood.

The Battle of Wounded Knee:

By Courtney Ryley Cooper, in the New York Sun.

IT WAS in a South Dakota blizzard that I found him huddled in his flapping tent, far out upon the Sioux Reservation of Pine Ridge. The marks of the warrior were absent, a frayed fur overcoat covered the somewhat undersized form that once had known the dancing bustle and the ghost shirt, and cotton gloves shielded the wrinkled hands which held once the war club and the rifle.

Under the banking of the tent the wind sifted its snow; the old stovepipe rattled; in a corner, huddled and shivering, sat a wrinkled squaw, awaiting in stubborn silence the return of the sun. From a rope at the top of the tent—the tepee of earlier days had vanished—hung a few shreds of jerked beef left from the rations of the agency. It was a home of poverty and of hopelessness, the home of Ta Ta La Slotsla, Short Bull, blamed for a quarter of a century for an Indian war which called forth half the troops of the United States and cost lives by hundreds—the war of the Messiah.

So to explanation. Consult history and there comes the story of a strange, an unknown being who, in 1890, incited the Indians to rebellion; who, in personification of Jesus Christ, gave the promise that once again the prairies should be the happy hunting grounds of the red man, where again would roam the elk, the antelope, and the buffalo, and that the white man would vanish into the eastern seas. Consult history and it tells the story of how the representatives of the Indian tribes from Canada to Oklahoma journeyed to Pyramid Lake, Nev., that they might hear a message of war and hatred; of how the ghost shirt, supposedly impervious to bullets, was fashioned, and particularly of how it was Short Bull of the Sioux who spread the news and brought about the war which followed.

Therefore, it was because of this history that they had told me upon the reservation not to talk to Short Bull. He would say nothing. He would be taciturn. He would be evasive, for what could he say, now that his fabled ghost shirt had been riddled with many an army bullet, now that the white man had built cities where the buffalo were to have grazed, and the Indian braves who were to have driven their enemies into the eastern ocean had lain these twenty-three years in their trenches atop the battlefield of Wounded Knee? No, Short Bull, would be hardly the man to care to talk. And yet——

We entered—Horn Cloud, the interpreter, and myself. There went forth my message, the question of the cause of the war of the Messiah. A smile of greeting from the little man beside the rickety, rattling stove, an outstretching of arms; a cry from the squaw in the corner. The little man in the frayed overcoat had risen, his eyes glistening, his face alight.

"How kola!" he called. "How kola! Was' te—was' te!"

And there can be no Indian greeting of more friendliness. I tried to answer in what little Sioux I had learned. It was impossible. Short Bull—he who is blamed for a war—was talking excitedly, gesticulating. Horn Cloud turned.

"He says you're the first man who ever asked that," came from the interpreter. "He say to thank you—maybe now he get to tell the truth."

And so there was something wrong with history? I smiled at that, but when I spoke of it to Horn Cloud he smiled also and shook his head. Evidently there was a great deal wrong with history, at least from the standpoint of the man blamed for a war. Evidently—but Short Bull had doffed his coat now and was standing with outstretched arms. His face had grown suddenly serious.

"Ask the white man," came through the interpreter, "whether he comes through friendship or through curiosity. Ask the white man whether he will hear the story of Ta Ta La Slotsla and remember it as he tells it. Ask the white man whether he wants to hear the truth and nothing but the truth from Short Bull—Short Bull who saw the Messiah."

A silence except for the flapping of the tent, the shrill of the wind. I nodded. Short Bull raised his arms.

"Tell white man to forget what he has read in history, for my story is different. Tell him that I deny that I caused the war of the Messiah. Tell him that I preached peace, not war. Tell him"——

And so a new phase of history came forth. There was a conference. Horn Cloud was telling the little man to begin at the beginning. Once again Short Bull raised his arms.

"There was starvation in 1888 and 1889," he said slowly. "The tepees were cold for want of fires. Up on the Rosebud agency where I lived we cried for food, as they did down here at Pine Ridge. The white man had forgotten us. We were going toward the sunset.

"Then, one day—it seemed we all heard it at once—there came a message that the Messiah was soon to come to us. The white man had turned him out, long ago. Now he was coming to the Indian. We danced for joy. The Messiah perhaps would bring us food and warmth and clothing. There was a letter, too, from Red Cloud on Pine Ridge. Red Cloud said, too, that the Messiah was coming and to choose the hard-hearted man of the tribe to meet him. I was that man."

The little Indian swallowed hard and looked at the ground. The interpreter turned.

"He means brave hearted, " came the explanation. "How!"

Short Bull heard the command to continue. He folded his hands.

"There were twelve of us, each from a different tribe. One by one we traveled to the head of Wind River and met. The Messiah was in Nevada at Pyramid Lake. Some of us had horses. Others walked. We did not care for fatigue or for hunger. One must suffer to see God. We traveled on. We reached Pyramid Lake. And then—"

"How!"

It was the command of Horn Cloud again. Short Bull smiled the least bit.

"Someway we all knew where he would come and when he would come, at sunset by the great rocks. So we waited. I had not believed. They had taught me in the parish churches not to believe too much. So I stood there and watched and looked here and there to see where he would come from. I looked hard and I rubbed my eyes. He had not come at all. He was there. Just as if he had floated through the air."

Short Bull was biting his lips the least bit. Horn Cloud turned from him and faced me.

"I know how that happen," he explained in his Indian English. "'Big rocks—see? The Messiah, he get on a wagon and have it pulled up so it'll be hidden by them rocks. Then he jumps out from behind the rocks like he floats through air—see? Wait!" A moment of Indian gutturals, then a smile from Horn Cloud. "Short Bull he say he go behind rocks next day and see a wagon there."

And so in this little explanation of an Indian interpreter came the first glimpse of the truth about the so-called Messiah—some street

corner orator with a great scheme and with the spirit of the faker to carry it through. The questions went on. Short Bull, looking into the past with all the superstition of the Indian, hesitated and moistened his lips.

"He was the Holy Man. His gown was like fire. It caught the sun rays and sent them back to the west. It glowed like the fire of a feast. It changed colors. All over the robe there were crosses, from his head to his feet. Some of them were in white—some were in red.

"We could not see much, for he looked at us and we were afraid of him. He raised his arms and there seemed to be fire all about him. We fell down and worshipped. And when we raised our heads he was gone."

They had fallen and worshipped, worshipped with all the superstition and all the faith of the Indian race, worshipped a man in a changeable silk robe who had come mysteriously from behind a pair of great rocks by aid of an unseen wagon. But Short Bull was continuing:

"There was a little house by the side of the lake and we went back there. We did not talk much. We were afraid to. The next morning a little white boy came to us and told us his father was ready to see us and talk to us down in the willow grove by the lake. We——"

But I had interrupted.

"His father?"

"The Messiah had a little boy," came from Short Bull. "The little boy said the Messiah was his father."

And so this fanatic of Pyramid Lake had given God a grandson in his masquerade. But the Indians had not doubted it. How could they? It had been many years since the Messiah had been on earth. The Messiah was the son of God; therefore, why not a grandson? And so they went to the willow patch still trusting.

"So we went to the willow patch"—Short Bull was in the past now, his face brightened by a wonderful memory—"and he was there, just as we had seen him the night before. He talked to all of us, but he talked to me the most.

"He came close to me. He laid his hand on my forehead and I thought that fire had gone through me. He held my hands and they turned numb. His hands were hot when they touched me.

When they left me they were cold—cold like the wind outside. Then he talked.

"'A long time ago,' he said, and he talked slowly as if it hurt to remember, 'I came among the white people. But they did not like me. They sent me away. They crucified me.'"

Short Bull raised his hands and pointed to his palms. He raised his beaded, moccasined feet and pointed there. He bared his breast and patted it above his heart.

"He was the Holy Man," he almost shouted and there was a strange, an awed something in his voice. "I saw. He showed me. Here, and here, and here—where they had nailed him on the crucifix! He was the Holy Man!"

Horn Cloud, educated and somewhat worldly, turned wondering.

"What make that?" he asked.

And there was only one answer—reality, self-imposed torture, such as few men can stand, or the acid burns that are known to every professional faker the world over. But it would have done no good to tell that to Short Bull. Nothing could take away the glamour of the vision. He had seen God. Besides, Short Bull was talking again.

"But after the Holy Man said that he smiled and shook his head. That was a long time ago that the white people did that and now he didn't care. Now he had come back to bring peace.

"'I have come back,' he said, 'to bring you news. You have fought with the white man. That is wrong. I want you to go back to your tribe and tell them what I have said. You must say that the white man and the Indian shall live in peace. You shall say that the Indian must learn the white man's way and the white man's religion.

"'There may be trouble. Stamp it out like a prairie fire. They may try to kill you, Short Bull, and even if they should, do not fight back. You must live in peace. Your children must go to the white man's school and your children's children must grow to become the husbands and the wives of the white man and the white woman.

"'And some day there will be no Indian. There will be no white man. You will all be one, and then will be peace. Listen to me,' he said, 'and listen to each other. I am the Holy Man. I

am the Messiah. Listen to the white man and the white man shall listen to you.

" 'Do as I say and on earth you will be together—and in heaven you will be together. And then there shall be no nights, no sleeps, no hunger, no cold. You shall be with me!' "

And even as he spoke, the words interpreted by jerks and fragments, there was an oratory in the recital of the little man, a resemblance as he quoted to the forms of the Scriptures. He continued:

" 'You have come unto me,' the Holy Man said, 'to learn the news. I have told it to you and now you must journey forth to tell it to the others who wait by the tepees. Tell them to be merciful unto each other. Tell them the Father says to do no harm, but to live in peace.'

"And he told this to each one of us. To me he told it in Sioux. He told it to the others in their own language. Could any man but God have done it? There is no man who can talk all the languages. He taught us to dance and he says this is the dance we must perform. He showed us his robe and told us that we should worship him by wearing robes like this. He told us that we must throw away the rifle and the war club.

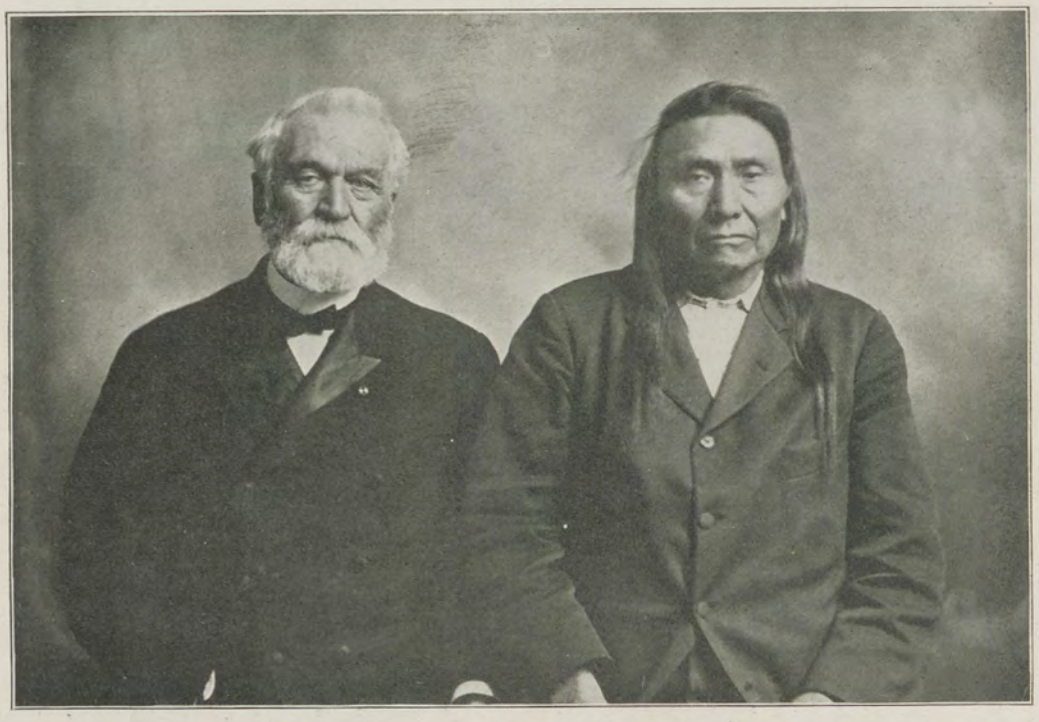
" 'Live in peace,' he said, 'and let the white man live in peace with you.'

"And that was all he said. Pretty soon he was gone and we turned and came home. Yes, that was all."

But history had interfered. History tells a different story of the Messiah—of some one who desired war between the white man and the Indian; of some one who told of the coming back of the happy hunting grounds; of the return of the buffalo and the antelope and the elk, and the fading of the white man from the land. The questions came. But Short Bull only smiled.

"Yes, history say that," he answered, "but history lies. It was not the Messiah—" His face suddenly hardened. His hands clinched. "It was the men who have made us suffer, who have brought the wrinkles to these cheeks and the trembling here!" He held out his hands. His voice rose high. "I went home—and all before me there was singing and happiness. They had heard of the Messiah.

"All down through Pine Ridge they sang and danced, and pretty soon Red Cloud and American Horse and Fast Thunder sent



CHIEF JOSEPH (NEZ PERCE) AND GENERAL HOWARD

Photo taken at Carlisle Indian School, 1904.

Edmonston Photo, Washington, D. C.

PROMINENT NEZ PERCES

Standing, from left to right—Rev. Edward Conner and James Kash-Kash
Sitting—Kip-Kip-Palican and Black Eagle

for me to come home. I knew what they wanted. They wanted war. They did not want to do as the Holy Man said. And so I went. I talked to them and they laughed at me.

"Then they brought me the ghost shirts to bless. I blessed them—and then—then—" the muscles of Short Bull's face were drawn tense—"then they went back to their people and told them I had said that bullets would not pierce the ghost shirts. They went back and told their people I had brought a new message from the Messiah, but that I could not give it directly. They told their people I had said the white man was to be driven out and that there must be war.

"But I did not know then. When I heard it was too late. All through the reservations they were dancing now—and dancing for war—because American Horse and Fast Thunder and Red Cloud wanted war. They had blamed it all on me—and yet I only told what the Messiah had ordered me to tell.

"I begged them to listen to the Holy Man—to hear the news he had sent and live in peace with the white man. I did not want war; I did not want it! The Messiah had told me what to do and I was trying to do it.

"I had told my people we should dance for the Messiah when the grass turned brown, but the police from the agency came out and told me to stop. Then they told me the soldiers were coming. And then Fast Thunder and American Horse and Red Cloud called for me to come to Pine Ridge and fight the white man. But I said 'No! No! The Messiah had said there must be no war.'

"Old Two Strikes moved his camp from the Little White River toward Pine Ridge, but I stayed. The Brules moved from the Rosebud toward Pine Ridge, but still I stayed. I had seen the Holy Man and he had told me to live in peace. Then the young men of the Rosebud came to me and ordered me to follow Two Strikes. I followed.

"They talked to me about cartridges, but I would not help them get them. I did not want war; I wanted to do what the Messiah had told me. We went to the Bad Lands. They told me that now I must fight against the whites. I cried out to them:

"'No! No!'" The little man was striding up and down the narrow space of his tent now. The squaw was wailing in a corner.

" 'No!' I keep calling to you; 'you do not hear me. I try to tell you that there shall be no war; you will not listen.

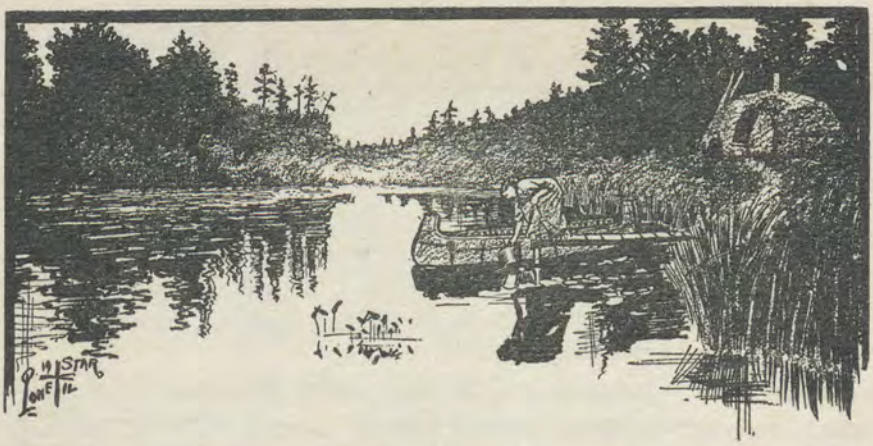
" 'You say the white soldiers will kill me? Then they can kill; I will not fight back. Once I was a warrior, once I wore the shield and the war club and the war bonnet; but I have seen the Holy Man. Now is peace; now there shall stay peace.'

" ' You chose me as the hard-hearted one to journey to the sunset to see the Messiah. I saw him, and I brought you his message. You would not hear it. You changed it. Now——' He spread his hands and bowed the black haired head 'I am silent.'

There was a long pause. The death song from the old squaw in the corner rose high and shrilling, as shrilling as the wind of the blizzard without. Short Bull folded his hands.

"The next day I saddled my horse. I rode away. I came to the pine hills and looked out in the distance. They were fighting the battle of Wounded Knee. I kept on. They fought the battle of the Missions," he whirled, "and they blame me for it—me, who saw the Holy Man. They were jealous; I was a hard-hearted man, and I was a chief. They did not like me; so they blame me for a war—my own people, my people who had sent me to the sunset that I might talk to Him, the Holy Man!"

So there is the story of Short Bull, whatever history may say. This is the story told me by that wrinkled little heart-broken old Indian who lives in the past, standing there in the willow patch, listening to the message of the Messiah. Who that Messiah was is beyond knowledge! No one knows. Perhaps it was some street corner preacher, with a wonderful idea of bringing permanent peace between the Indian and the white, who, instead, through the treachery of the Indians themselves, brought on a war. Perhaps—but in the tattered tent in South Dakota, where the blizzard rattled the rickety stovepipe and the old squaw in the corner wailed and thrilled, there was one who knew, one who was certain and who will always be certain—the man who saw God.



Studying Cliff Dwellers' Homes in New Mexico and in Arizona:

From the Boston Herald.

HOW long have there been any Americans, and who were the first ones? Nobody has risen to answer.

That a prehistoric race once inhabited the Southwest of the United States is known to archæologists, and explorations and excavations in New Mexico and Arizona have revealed much of their habits and accomplishments. Earlier than the mound builders of the Ohio valley, probably disappearing or changing their habitat before the Spanish conquest, these were the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians of which people the Moqui, Hopi and Zuni families of today are branches. But the time when they inhabited the cliff dwellings is unknown, and Prof. F. W Putnam, honorary director of the Peabody Museum of Archæology at Harvard, says no scientific man who has engaged in exploration there would undertake to say, from such evidence as is now available, whether any of the relics that have been found are 1000 or 10,000 years old.

Belong to Different Periods.

THE Peabody Museum's work of exploration is going on every year and is laying the foundation for a comparative study of the antiquity and accomplishments of early peoples. Relics of the cliff dwellers, of the mound builders, of the North American Indians and of the cave dwellers of Europe apparently belong to different

historic or prehistoric periods, and a large accumulation of evidence is necessary for the formation of a sound judgment.

To this accumulation of evidence the museum is making large contributions and the expedition sent out last summer acquired many valuable specimens which show that this unknown people had reached a high stage of development in the ceramic and textile arts at least.

The dry air of the Southwest, the use for dwellings of caves where no water could penetrate and the accumulation of rubbish heaps and caches in the rear of these caves instead of in the open where they might have been scattered, all aided to preserve the relics of prehistoric man and a greater variety can be secured from these ancient habitations than from any others known. From the old cliff dwellings have been obtained and placed in the Peabody Museum not only pottery and stone implements, which are found about the habitations of most ancient peoples, but wooden implements, bead ornaments, woven sandals, cotton cloth, cloth knitted from human hair, basketry, remnants of food, fire sticks, crude agricultural tools, sticks and clubs.

An Agricultural People.

THESE Indians seem to have been an agricultural, not a warlike people, and while finely shaped flint arrow and spear heads have been found there is a scarcity of bows and arrows and war clubs, and their stone-chipped work is inferior to that of the Indians of the north.

There is no doubt that these relics are 1000 years old and it is the purpose of these explorations to provide data from which it may be judged how much older they are, how early these people inhabited the country.

These first American houses were caves under overhanging cliffs, sometimes several hundred feet in air, and it is often an engineering feat of some importance for the explorers to gain entrance. When the caves are near the ground the old stairways leading up may be recut in the stone or rude ladders may afford means of access. When they are too high for this the explorer must be let down from above.

It is evident that these dwellings were usually occupied but once and that the family then moved on to another locality. The

ruins and relics therefore afford no criterion of the progressive stages of development. In occasional instances a layer of sand has drifted in after the first occupation and another family afterward then moved in, but the difference in the time of the two occupations, as archæology reckons time, is not sufficient to show any marked change in the characteristics or habits of the people.

Collections from Refuse Heaps.

THE refuse heap was usually in the rear of the cave. There broken bits of pottery were thrown, sometimes whole pieces were left when the place was abandoned, and occasionally some family possessions were cached against an intended return. The burial place was usually in front of the dwelling, and in these graves nothing can be found but bones and whatever vessels or implements were buried with the body. Not infrequently burial was made within the cave, and then, because of the dry air the body became desiccated, mummified without the use of preservatives and the shrunken body and its cloth or skin covering still remain in a fine state of preservation.

Before any scientific explorations of the ruins of the Southwest had deen made professional diggers, "pot hunters," had sacked many of the most accessible places and sold the relics they discovered to various museums. So that the Field Museum in Chicago, the museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the American Museum of New York acquired a considerable collection before the Peabody Museum began its work. Until five or six years ago it was believed that all these groups of cliff dwellings had been discovered and sacked, but when the Pai-Ute Indians were moved from their old reservation in 1908, Professor Cummings, of the University of Utah, made some valuable discoveries on their old lands and the Peabody expedition has been permitted to work there.

Much of the pottery in other collections has been in fragments, but large bowls of careful workmanship have been recovered complete by this expedition and are now in Cambridge. The symmetry of design and beauty of pattern is far superior to that of ordinary Indian pottery. One piece in particular was made not by moulding or shaping on a wheel, but by winding around and around a round strip of clay rolled out by hand. There is considerable attempt at decoration, but the beauty of these pieces is in their shape rather than the coloring. The mending of some of the bowls when

broken shows a considerable degree of skill. Sandals were frequently found, some made from coarse matting and others more finely woven from the fibre of the yucca or Spanish bayonet. They made cotton cloth, but probably traded for the cotton with people farther south, as no cotton bolls or seeds have been discovered about their dwellings. This cotton they dyed and wove with primitive implements into cloth of regular and pleasing design, and the pattern of the Navajo jacket is taken from it. They also made a handsome feather cloth by stripping feathers from the quill, winding them about a string of yucca fibre and then weaving the strands into blankets. The wooden implements they used are as sound and brightly polished as when laid down by the hand that used them 1000 or more years ago. One much resembles a hockey stick and may have been used as an agricultural tool or in dressing the yucca to remove the coarse, useless fibre.

Corn and Squash Seeds Found.

CORN was found in considerable quantities, some shelled, some on the cob, along with squash seeds and yucca roots, which were used for food. There was also plenty of evidence that they kept turkeys in the rear of their dwellings, the earliest known case of the turkey's having been domesticated. Their fire sticks show the blackening caused by friction when another stick was revolved to produce a spark to be caught on a piece of lint or tinder.

Ornaments were plenty among them. The only stone of any value they used was the turquoise, and this they fashioned into many forms, but principally into beads. They made handsome ornaments of lignite, which greatly resembles jet, fashioning it into symmetrical shape and giving it a lustrous polish. They also made beads of various colored stones and of shells.

Altogether they showed a high degree of proficiency in such work as they did. That their decendants have lost it is not a special evidence of their deterioration, because the coming of the white man has brought them many things that were formerly made by slow and toilful processes and can now be secured much more easily.

Children's Heads Flattened.

IT IS principally by a study of these relics that the age of these people must be determined. They had a custom of binding the heads of children so that they were flattened at the back. Thus

the shape of the entire skull was changed to some extent and craniology is of little use in this case. The teeth in most of the skulls are in a good state of preservation, but badly worn down. Their corn was ground with a stone pestle in a stone mortar and a great deal of grit mingled with the meal, to the injury of the teeth.

The work of one of these expeditions is slow. Only the director and one assistant is in the party besides the three or four workmen employed. Indians cannot be secured, for the cliff houses are burial places and they are afraid of stirring up evil spirits. This superstition affords an element of safety. A camp may be left unprotected for days if the explorer is so fortunate as to have a skull to place in front of it. Not an Indian dare approach after seeing the skull. The workmen cannot be trusted to remove any of the relics, so the director or his assistant must take out each piece when found, and as every particle of rubbish in the heap is likely to be something of value and interest the work cannot be hurried.

Funds Needed to Carry on Work.

THE work this year was carried on by the regular appropriation of the museum for that purpose, supplemented by contributions from interested people in Boston and elsewhere. It will be continued next year if sufficient funds are available. The pressing need of the museum is a fund to provide cases for displaying the valuable specimens that have been collected. They are now stored in trays and are not accessible to the public. The large addition to the museum has been completed and affords ample room for such a display, but the relics of what was probably the earliest race on this continent must remain secluded from the public until interested friends provide the money needed to place them in proper cases.

Chas. E. Dagenett
President

Gustavus Welch
Vice President

Mrs. Emily P. Robitaille
Secretary-Treasurer

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PENNA.

Leander N. Gansworth and Rosa B. LaFlesche
Alumni Editors

Board of Directors
President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer
Charles A. Buck
Mrs. Nellie R. Denny
Hastings Robertson
The Superintendent

Alumni Hall.

A nice line of papetries, Indian beadwork, pottery, and Navajo rugs are now on display at Alumni Hall.

A very neat sign, in a green sanded frame with gold leaf lettering, has been placed in front of Alumni Hall and reads thus: "Carlisle Pennants, Indian Novelties, and Confections."

Courage or cowardice, ability or uselessness, are purely acquired qualities, the possession in quantity and quality of which depends absolutely on the training and the environment.—*Gen. R. H. Pratt.*

In response to the circular letter sent out recently soliciting funds for an Alumni magazine, the fees are coming in slowly from all sources but much interest is manifested in the movement of launching the magazine.

About one-half of the graduating class pictures have been framed in the school carpenter shop. Under each picture are the names of the graduates. The individuals are numbered, and opposite every name is the corresponding number. As soon as this work is completed the pictures, together with the class banners, will be hung in Alumni Hall.

Notes About Ex-Students.

John One Cloud is engaged in farming at Tokio, N. Dak.

James Crowe, of Allen, S. Dak., is farming and stock raising.

John H. Lonestar is a painter and decorator at Shell Lake, Wis.

Chas. F. Huber, of Elbowoods, N. Dak., is farming and ranching.

Cora Metoxen is teaching at Turley, Okla., with a salary of $75 per month.

Harold E. Bruce is employed as stenographer at the Cheyenne Agency, S. Dak.

Chauncey Y. Robe is disciplinarian in the Indian school at Rapid City, S. Dak.

Samuel C. Deon, of Pine Ridge, S. Dak., is in the shoe and harness business.

George Manawa is employed as interpreter for a real estate company at Eufaula, Okla.

Fred W. Cardin is taking a course in music at Dana's Musical Institute, Warren, Ohio.

DANIEL PRETTYBIRD, ROSEBUD SIOUX
Age 47 years, Height 6 ft. 4 in. Weight 230 lbs.

MARY JOSEPHINE

A full blood Shoshoni Indian girl five years old. She is the only survivor of a family of twelve. Her father and mother and six brothers and sisters were killed in a fight with Nevada State Police in 1911. The other three died of tuberculosis. Josephine was a papoose on her mother's back when the latter was shot and killed. She is now in the home of Supt. and Mrs. Estep, Crow Agency, Montana.

George W. Grinnell, of Elbowoods, N. Dak., is engaged in blacksmithing and stock raising.

David Abraham is living at Shawnee, Okla., and is employed by the Santa Fe Railway Company.

Nicholas Longfeather lives at Atlanta, Ga., and is employed as a plant pathologist and chemist.

Mark Mato, of Elbowoods, N. Dak., writes: "I got married on the 11th of January and intend to go to farming."

Junaluska Standingdeer's present address is 504 State Street, Milwaukee, Wis. He is employed by the International Harvester Company as tinsmith.

Joseph N. Guyon, of St. Augustine, Fla., who is attending school there, writes: "I would like to see the Alumni Association carry out its present plans."

Johnson Adams, of Keshena, Wis., writes: "I am holding a position as general mechanic at this agency with a salary of $900 per year. I like my work and have plenty of it to do."

Oce Locus, of Porum, Okla., writes: "I have been farming for three years and I have had good success since I went to farming. I am getting along quite well, although I am not married."

Martin D. Archiquette, Class '91, who is employed as clerk in the Indian Service at Anadarko, Okla., writes: "Am getting along nicely in spite of the war across the ocean and in Mexico."

James Blue Bird, of Kyle, S. Dak., writes: "Its a good thing that I worked at the first farm. I am now a married man and a farmer, too. I shall always try hard to do as Carlisle taught me."

Mrs. Jennie Lambert, nee Blackshield, of Culbertson, Mont., writes: "I am keeping house and am the happy mother of three children. I am very thankful for the schooling I received at Carlisle."

In a letter to Mr. Lipps, Robert P. Nash of Philadelphia, Pa., says in part: "I am glad to say that I am getting along nicely in my monotype work and about ready to take any position that is offered me."

Daniel R. Morrison is agency farmer at Keshena, Wis., and writes: "It always gives me pleasure to call to mind the many good things that Carlisle has accomplished. Its training is still with me. I believe it is everlasting."

Leander N. Gansworth, who was East on a six week's vacation recently, says in part: "I certainly had a fine vacation and was fortunate enough to gain several pounds in weight. It was the first real vacation I have had for a good many years, and I appreciated it. I found Howard (Howard Gansworth, Class 1894) holding down the managership of the General Specialty Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. Willard (Willard Gansworth, Class 1901) is on the farm, patiently waiting for his fine young orchard to bear fruit. He is taking good care of it, and I predict that in a couple of years he will have one of the finest

orchards in New York. Alberta (Alberta Gansworth, Class 1901) of course is still an invalid, but is very patient and tries to be happy. * * * I sincerely hope we can make a go of the new magazine, and I will do all I can to make it a success."

Mildred Childers, nee McIntosh, of Broken Arrow, Okla., who is busy with household duties, says: "I have plenty to do—missionary work, club work, assisting my children with schoolwork, music, besides numerous other minor affairs—yet I am very well and happy."

We quote in part a letter from Nellie Carey: "I am in favor of an Alumni publication. I always want Carlisle to be first, and Carlisle will be first with me. * * * Carlisle was my home. It was there I learned what I know today, though many, many times I wish I had studied harder when I went to school."

Mr. Dennison Wheelock stopped off for a short visit on his way to New York and other points in the East recently. Mr. Wheelock graduated from Carlisle in 1891 and is one of the old graduates who has made good. Besides being a musician of note, he is now and has been for several years engaged in the practice of law at De Pere, Wis.

Asa Daklugie, who is chief of the Apaches and a progressive Indian, very kindly sent $3.00 to the Alumni Association and says in part: "I have done well since I left the school in the fall of 1895. My wife and I were both students of Carlisle and have profited by what we learned. We are living on our own place and farming. We have a good family of seven children, and I may send two of my oldest girls to Carlisle in the near future."

Up to the present writing we have been favored with the following contributions for the purpose of starting an Alumni magazine:

Elizabeth Baird	$5.00	Samuel Gruette	$1.00
Asa Duklugie	3.00	Susie B. Ryan	1.00
Mary G. George	2.00	Daniel R. Morrison	1.00
Chas. E. Dagenett	1.00	Matilda M. Cornelius	1.00
Rose Lyons	1.00	Leander N. Gansworth	1.00
Susie P. Hutchinson	1.00	Martin D. Archiquette	1.00
S. Jean Gordon	1.00	Jessie B. Hawk	1.00
Louise Thomas	1.00	Robert Weatherstone	1.00
Mary M. Sherman	1.00	C. F. Coleman	1.00
Charlotte Geisdorf	1.00	Mark M. Mato	1.00
John G. Morrison	1.00	James R. Walker	1.00
Harold E. Bruce	1.00	Regis Alsentoyah	1.00
Alberta Gansworth	1.00	Henry Standing Bear	1.00
Mrs. H. Jamison	1.00	Nicholas Pena	1.00
Ella Fox	1.00	Rose Whipper	1.00
W. Fred Cardin	1.00	Nellie Carey	1.00
Louis Schweigman	1.00	Mary Bracken	1.00
Joseph M. Guyon	1.00	Solomon Bearlo	1.00

The officers of the Carlisle Alumni Association, who are striving to launch "The Carlisle Alumni Magazine," desire to express their sincere and grateful appreciation for the above contributions.

WHEN the Creator created us, he put us on this earth, and the flowers on this earth, and he takes us all in his arms and keeps us in peace and friendship, and our friendship and peace shall never fade, but it will shine forever. Our people love our old customs. I am very glad to see our white friends here attending this ceremony, and it seems like we all have the same sad feelings, and that would seem like it would wipe my tears. Joseph is dead; but his words are not dead; his words will live forever. This monument will stand—Joseph's words will stand as long as this monument. We (the red and the white people) are both here, and the Great Spirit looks down on us both; and now if we are good and live right, like Joseph, we shall see him.

I have finished.

YELLOW BULL

From an address delivered June 20, 1905, at the unveiling of the monument erected by the Washington University State Historical Society over the grave of Chief Joseph on the Colville Indian Reservation.

I SAID in my heart, rather than have war I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people.

CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCES