# THE RED MAN

*An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians*

JANUARY 1916

## CONTENTS



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# Ten Business Commandments

1. Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up, but thou shalt pull off thy coat and go to work, so thou mayst prosper in thy affairs and make the word "failure" spell "success."

2. Thou shalt not be content to go about thy business looking like a bum, for thou shouldst know that thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.

3. Thou shalt not make excuses, nor shalt thou say to those who chide thee "I didn't think."

4. Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may the days be long in the job which fortune hath given thee.

5. Thou shalt not fail to maintain thine integrity, nor shalt thou be guilty of anything that will lessen thine own respect for thyself.

6. Thou shalt not covet the other fellow's job, nor his salary, nor the position he hath gained by his own hard labor.

7. Thou shalt not fail to live within thine income, nor shalt thou contract any debts which thou canst not see thy way clear to pay.

8. Thou shalt not be afraid to blow thine own horn, for he who faileth to blow his own horn at the proper occasion, findeth nobody standing ready to blow it for him.

9. Thou shalt not hesitate to say "No," when thou meanest "No," nor shalt thou fail to remember that there are times when it is unsafe to bind thyself by a hasty judgment.

10. Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the last and great commandment, and there is no other like unto it. Upon this commandment hang all the law and profit of the business world.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

# The Red Man

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## Contents:



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FLATHEAD INDIAN AGENCY, MONTANA


# The Meaning of the Ute "War:"

***By M. K. Sniffen, Secretary Indian Rights Association.***

HISTORY has repeated itself many times in Indian Affairs, and the recent trouble with the non-reservation Utes, in Utah, is merely one of those incidents that were so common in the early days of this country.

In order that we might learn what really was behind that incident, and what actually happened in that inacessible region, while visiting some Indian reservations I took a horseback trip, last September, from Cortez, Colorado, to Bluff and vicinity in the State of Utah.

I found that there were two distinct elements among these Utes: two small groups, under the leadership of Polk and Posey (both of whom are reputed, generally, to be lawless and defiant), with no settled homes, but usually camping near Bluff, and a much larger number of industrious Indians living on the public domain in Allen Canyon and on the Montezuma Creek. In the trouble that was developed, however, there was no discrimination between the good and the bad—all were regarded in the same light, as a nuisance (or a hindrance) to the white man.

The principal character in this affair was the son of Polk, Tse-Ne-Gat (or Everett Hatch, as he is usually called), a Ute Indian accused of murdering a Mexican sheepherder. This matter was fully exploited in the newspapers last spring, when it was made to appear that all the Utes in that section were on the war-path, "armed to the teeth," and prepared to resist any effort of the authorities to arrest Hatch. In view of this "dangerous" state of affairs, and the alleged inability of the United States marshal to get Hatch, a posse was organized in Colorado and sent to Bluff, Utah, near where the Indian wanted was supposed to be. According to the best information I could obtain from people in position to know about two-thirds of this posse was composed of the "rough-neck" and "tin-horn" class, to whom shooting an Indian would be real sport! Probably twenty-five of these eminent citizens, fully armed with everything but a warrant, attacked those Utes who were camped near Bluff one morning about daybreak.

That the Indians were not spoiling for a fight, or even prepared for it,

is evident from the fact that they did not take the precaution to guard their camp, and they were therefore easily surprised. Indeed, I was informed that some of them were unarmed, their guns being in pawn. The posse took positions on both sides of the hills overlooking the Indians' camp, in the wash near Bluff, and fired a volley into the tents. Naturally, the Indians were aroused, and thinking they were going to be killed, they tried to escape. Polk and his son, with several other Indians, sought a sheltered spot and returned the fire. Meanwhile, Posey, hearing the shooting, came up from his camp, a mile or so below, as his son was visiting the Bluff contingent. In the brief battle an Indian child was shot through the legs, one Indian who was seeking shelter was killed, and a member of the posse was also killed. And the attempt to arrest Hatch ingloriously failed.

Later, Mancos Jim, at the urgent request of the whites at Bluff, visited the camp of the Indians and induced the men to surrender. As they were coming towards the town Polk and Posey and a few of their followers escaped. Several of the Indians were made prisoners and confined in a second-story room over the Zion Co-operative Store at Bluff. They were shackled hand and foot and armed guards placed in charge of them. After the posseman was killed his friends were eager to "shoot anything that looked like an Indian"; and it was not strange to learn that one of the prisoners who "attempted to escape" by jumping from the second-story window was shot to death. The prisoners were securely ironed and incapable of doing serious harm to the armed guards, who were fully prepared for any emergency. It is claimed by one of the prisoners, after his release, that the guards indulged in the "gentle" pastime of holding guns to their heads and against their bodies, at the same time threatening to shoot. In view of these circumstances, it would seem that the killing of the prisoner was a deliberate act of vengeance, and wholly unnecessary, since he could readily have been restrained by physical force.

The rest of the "dangerous" Indians were driven from the vicinity of Bluff and started up the San Juan River for the Navajo Reservation. Bluff was strongly guarded by the posse, but no protection was arranged for the traders and the Government farmer, with their families, on whom these Indians were turned loose. A warning was not even sent them. What happened? Those so-called dangerous Indians stopped at the traders' stores, bought some supplies, and camped among or near the Navajos, and no one was disturbed!

After the bungling attempt to arrest Hatch, the posse camped at Bluff and merely "marked time." General Hugh L. Scott, of the United States Army, was sent by the Government to handle the situation. Incidentally the first thing he did was to disband the posse. Then he went out to the few belligerent Indians and had no trouble in inducing them to surrender,

in spite of the fact that one of the Mormons at Bluff said he "would have been willing to bet a thousand dollars that Scott could not bring those Indians in."

Subsequently, Hatch was tried in the Federal Court at Denver on the charge of murder. The case of the Government was so weak, and the argument of the defense so convincing, that it took the jury less than five minutes to return a verdict of "not guilty." The evidence against Hatch was insufficient, in the first place, and had there been no other motive behind this effort, opportunities were not lacking when he could have been arrested in Bluff. But the case against Hatch was only a pretext for something else. One of the Mormons declared that "when they get Hatch, they will take all the other Indians away from this part of Utah."

For many years, one hundred or more Indians made their homes in Allen Canyon and on the Montezuma Creek (on the public domain) in San Juan County, Utah. They were industrious, peaceable and self-supporting, and a number of them had built permanent homes, had fenced fields, and were making good progress. That part of Allen Canyon where Mancos Jim and his band lived is now included in a National Forest Reserve. He has a certificate stating that "the Forest Service has set aside the allotment for the said Mancos Jim and his little band of Indians, and all trespassers will be dealt with according to law."

As soon as the posse arrived in Bluff the cattlemen rode among these industrious Indians in Allen Canyon and along Montezuma Creek, and by threats and intimidating methods so frightened them that they fled for their lives, as they believed.

As has been stated, there was also a lawless element of the Utes, several small bands of them, without permanent homes, who "drifted" up and down along the San Juan River, and undoubtedly caused trouble among the Indians and whites. Had they been taken in hand, it would have been well for all concerned. Even now steps should be taken by the authorities to bring that element under law and discipline.

The principal industry in San Juan County, Utah, in which Bluff is situated, is the stock business. The herds and flocks of the white men had been steadily increasing, and the question of range was bothering them. Consequently, they wanted to get the Indians off the public domain and have undisputed possession of the range. The Hatch incident afforded just the opportunity they were looking for. It was then discovered how "dangerous" the Utes were; they must be "returned" to their reservation. While they are registered on the Ute Mountain reservation, in Colorado, as a matter of fact, most of the Indians concerned were born and raised in the sections where they had been living.

It should also be noted that a law was enacted by Congress in 1884 to encourage Indians to leave the reservation and settle on the public do-

main; and that under the fourth section of the Severalty Act of 1887 they could be protected in their holdings. These Indians had done the very thing that Congress had sought to encourage, namely, to maintain themselves off the reservation, and their rights should be protected in every possible way. In the face of these facts, it is extraordinary that an official of the Indian Service, located in Utah, took the ground that these Indians ought to be put on the reservation and forced to stay there if it took troops to accomplish that result!

The Ute Mountain Reservation, to which these Indians nominally belong, is a tract of 480,000 acres (in southwestern Colorado), but not more than 10,000 acres of it is capable of irrigation, *if* water could be secured. At the present time there is no more water than is needed for the Indians who are permanently located on the reservation, and if any additional number were put there it would work a great hardship on all of them. These non-reservation Utes were "making good," and they certainly should not be forced to go on a reservation unless they could be given something at least as good as that which they are asked to give up. To forcibly remove them now would mean to sweep away all the progress they have made in industry, self-support, and self-respect, to say nothing of the discouragement incident to making another start under adverse circumstances. In fact, they could not make a living on the reservation under present conditions; they would have to be put on a ration basis; reduced from a progressive, independent element to an absolutely dependent class—certainly a distinct backward step.

At the present time these industrious Utes are camped on or near the extension of the Navajo Reservation, in southeastern Utah. Many of them, in their hurried leaving, had to abandon their stock and other possessions. One of them told me how he had developed his home on Montezuma Creek; the way he was ordered away by armed cowboys, the loss of his stock, etc., and his desire to go back to it. He said, "Washington no savvy; no talk. If Washington talk, 'You go back,' I say 'all right; give me paper; I go back.' Me have good ranch; nice place. Now, no home, no land, no water. Navajo Springs no good." He is only one of a number. This progressive element is now at a standstill, waiting to see what the Government intends to do on their behalf. They contend that the Navajo Springs Reservation is "no good, no wood, no water." And they are right; I visited the reservation. At present they have nothing to do but draw rations twice a month. If some steps are not soon taken to change their status trouble is likely to develop. It is not a good plan to have a hundred or more Indians "sit down, every day all same Sunday." Furthermore, it is not just to the Navajos; their range is limited, and bringing on additional stock will not improve conditions.

In line with the effort to drive out all the Utes from San Juan County,

at the time of my visit the cattlemen were riding around among a number of Navajo families living on the public domain, along the San Juan River, ordering them to "get out." These Navajos also have been located there for generations; they are industrious and self-supporting, and their rights also should be respected.

It is interesting to note that seven years ago Mr. Levi Chubbuck, then an inspector of the Interior Department, was sent to investigate "complaints made by the whites against Indians in San Juan County, Utah." His report, submitted under date of August 22, 1908, contained recommendations which, had they been properly acted upon, might have afforded protection for these non-reservation Utes. But nothing was done.

In Mr. Chubbuck's report the opinion is expressed that "the trouble between the whites and the Indians arose largely from a desire on the part of the whites to acquire more grazing land as their flocks and herds increased."

According to this report, among those who made complaints against the Indians were "the three white men most vitally interested in the grazing privilege of the district in dispute."

Mr. Chubbuck further states: "The white complainants were surprised to learn that under the land laws of the United States of the Indian Homestead Act of July 4, 1884, the Indians had a right to go on the public domain and take up land, and that it was the policy of the Indian Office to encourage them to do this; that the whole tendency of modern administration of Indian Affairs is in the direction of breaking up rather than consolidating the reservation system."

In spite of this information that was given to those cattlemen, seven years ago, as to the legal rights of the Indians to be on the public domain, they would not let the Utes alone. It would seem that there is a class of white men in San Juan County, Utah, that ought to be taught to respect the law. Let the United States authorities deal not only with them, but also the lawless element among the Utes that has caused trouble for both whites and Indians.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, President of the Society of American Indians, when in San Francisco during the past summer, met a Ute boy who was playing in a band. He said to him, "What you Utes need is a white man's chance." The boy replied, "No! Give us half a chance and we will take care of the other half."

The progressive Utes herein referred to are now patiently waiting to see if the United States Government intends to give them "a white man's chance." Surely they have proved their right to it.

# Training Indian Girls for Efficient Home Makers:

## *By Elizabeth G. Bender.*

DO NOT intend to tire the reader with long drawn out stories of broken treaties, the misappropriation of Indian money, nor do I intend to dwell on the subject of how we have been starved and pampered on various reservations. Lamenting over past abuses, hanging around Indian trading stores, demanding certain rights, does not solve the Indian Problem.

We hear a great deal about developing leaders for leadership and are apt to forget that our girls are to be the sources of such leadership, too, for they represent our homemakers and homekeepers.

In traveling over this great country of ours, I have noticed that the best schools, the most productive farms, the most sanitary conditions exist only where educated fathers and mothers have given their sons and daughters the proper home life. But as I have traveled through the Indian country, I have not seen many homes on this order. The conditions are just the reverse. The unkempt homes which are breeding places for filth and disease outnumber the homes of cleanliness and Christian training, and thousands and thousands of acres of Indian lands, rich in undeveloped resources, are lying idle.

The time was when the Government school system met the necessary requirements, but it lacks in the fact that it does not teach our girls and boys the real value of labor and the cost of materials. They are not impressed with money values and how much it means to make a living for themselves.

Can we expect to develop great, strong Christian leaders in spite of such home conditions? Yes, we can. We can take our youth away from home, send them off to such schools as Haskell, Carlisle, or Hampton for a period of years, give them an even better education than these now offer, and have them associate with high minded instructors who shall

teach them that the home is the very core of any civilization, that the ideal home shall permeate its environment and bring it into keeping with that of their school. When we shall have done this no girl will be ashamed of her people or disgusted with her lot.

Often in the Indian country we find father speaking intelligent English, using the latest implements in farming, thrifty and industrious. But you wonder why his home does not show the result of his labor. You will have to look farther. Does the mother speak English? Does she know anything about food values? Has she had the training of Home Economics and Domestic Science? Does she know anything about nursing and first aid to the injured? Does she know anything about organizing Mothers' Clubs and Girls' Clubs for the advancement and betterment of her community? You will find that that side of her education has been neglected. As no people advance any faster than their women and the home is conceded to be the core of the Indian problem, my plea is that these Indian girls should receive a fair chance.

Nearly all the large Indian schools have trade schools in which our young men are taught the various trades, but the Indian girls must day after day do the menial drudgery of the school, working in the laundry, washing dishes, with little time for recreation and play.

More and more we are beginning to appreciate the fact that the Indian girl along with this sort of work must be given a thorough course in Home Economics and Domestic Science. The Indian girl was naturally a homemaker even in the days of savagery. She it was who pitched tent, tilled the little garden, and at that early stage made something of a home for her roaming people.

Carlisle, for the first time in its history, has installed such a course. We have this year built a model home cottage, in which the girls get a real taste of home-life for a month. Here our girls are being trained how to cook over a common stove, to take care of kerosene lamps, and to prepare three meals a day in the most wholesome and economical way. In this model cottage she is to learn the art of cooking cereals, vegetables, eggs, fish, bread, cake, and pastry, besides the proper setting of a table and the preparation and serving of family meals. Invalid cookery, canning of fruits and vegetables, jelly making and pickling will be a part of the course. She will also learn how to do the plain, everyday sewing, so needful in a home of this kind.

I believe that this sort of training will give her a broader outlook on life and make her realize the tremendous responsibility that confronts her as a homemaker. She will look upon her lot as a sacred calling and appreciate the dignity and nobility of labor.

Along with Home Economics and Domestic Science, have her realize that she, too, has a social problem. Have her study sociology in its

broadest sense so that she shall know the relation of character building to health, recreation, business, and racial welfare.

One writer tells us that "Education is not simply the art of developing powers and capacities of the individual; it is rather the fitting of individuals for efficient membership. It should fit one for social service. It should create the good citizen."

My plea is for a broader and more comprehensive education for the girl than has ever been given before.

Lastly, we must teach our girls to go out as strong, Christian leaders, for not only must they be good homemakers but also soul savers. I have been in some schools where this side of Christian education was sadly lacking. Do we not boast of belonging to a Christian Nation and are we not all seeking after the same God? Then teach my people more about the Great Spirit, so that they too shall be morally strong. Our girls as well as our boys must have great and compelling ideals. These are practical lines along which our girls should be educated. I think that something on this plan will produce the homes we wish to see in the Indian country, the Great West, the land of wonderful opportunities.

We are a people that have always lived in the country, fished in the rivers, lived on its hills, raced upon its plains and that is where our homemakers belong. The West is where we wish to solve the Indian Problem, building up better schools, better churches, and better homes.

CHUNA, A NAVAJO WOMAN

*(Illustration Accompaning "Navajo Notes.")*


MEMORIAL TO SHIKELLAMY

Erected by the Ft. Augusta Chapter, D. A. R., in Cooperation with the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, June, 1915

# Shikellamy:

## *An Address by George P. Donehoo, D. D.*

IT WOULD not be possible for me, in the time allotted for this address, to give a complete history of the life, character and work of the Oneida chieftain in whose honor we to-day unveil this memorial. To trace all of the influences which had their origin in the relations of this Iroquois vicegerent with the Province of Pennsylvania would require a full discussion of the Indian policy of colonial Pennsylvania, and all of the varied developments to which this policy led during the entire period of the French and Indian War and of the Revolutionary period as well.

Let me briefly recall a few of the facts which led to the sending of this diplomat to Shamokin. From the time of the landing of William Penn on the Delaware, in 1683, there was a gradual migration of the aboriginal tribes from that river to the Susquehanna. The various land purchases along the Delaware finally drove the entire body of the Delaware and Shawnee to the waters of the Susquehanna, and even over the great divide to the Ohio. This migration had reached its high tide about 1727-1740. In 1698 the Shawnee had entered the Province from the Potomac region and gradually moved northward along the Susquehanna to Shamokin and Wyoming. By 1727 a large settlement of Delaware, Shawnee, and Tutelo had established themselves at the site of Shamokin, at the forks of the north and west branches of this river.

Previous to the occupation of this strategic point by these tribes the site of Shamokin had been occupied by the historic Susquehannocks, or Minquas, whose villages spread up the West Branch to Lock Haven, and up the North Branch to Spanish Hill, at the site of the large fortified village of Carantouan. How long a period before the time of their final overthrow by the Iroquois these related tribes occupied this region is unknown. But that the Susquehannock period of occupation was a long one is certain from all of the evidence obtainable. After the destruction and subjection of the Susquehannocks, the ancient Andastes, or Conestoga, in 1675, the Iroquois claimed the lands along the Susquehanna river by right of conquest. When the Delaware and Shawnee commenced to settle upon these lands along the upper Susquehanna, they were permitted to do so by the Iroquois Confederation. Owing to the various land sales on the lower Susquehanna and along the Delaware, and also because of the troubles arising from the liquor traffic among the Indians on the Susquehanna and Ohio, Shikellamy was sent by the Six Nations to Shamokin, in 1728, to have supervision of the Delaware and Shawnee and other tribes, and also to look after all matters relating to the settlement and purchase of the Indian lands by the whites.

Very little is known of the early life of Shikellamy. According to Bettram he was an adopted Frenchman, born in Montreal and captured

by the Oneida, although he himself claimed to be a Cayuga. His name is a much corrupted form of the Oneida chieftain title, Ongwaterno-hiat-he (Ungquaterughiathe), meaning "It has caused the sky to be light for us." The other name applied to him, Swataney, is a corrupt form of Onkhi-swathe-tani, "He causes it to be light for us," or as an appellative, "Our Enlightener." The names ending in "us" and "mo," as Shikellemus, Shikellemo, are Latinized forms used by the Moravian writers, and are corruptions made by Anglicizing and Latinizing the Indian name. Add a Mac, or and O' to the Latinized form, and call it MacShikellemus, or O'Shikellemo, and you would have the limit of corruption.

Previous to the time of Shikellamy's entrance upon the Indian policy of Pennsylvania all of the affairs of the Province had been conducted directly with the Delawares, from the time of Penn's first purchase. After this time the Delaware had to sink into the background. This was the commencement of the alienation of the Delaware and Shawnee, which ultimately drenched Pennsylvania in blood. The haughty chiefs whose ancestors had dealt directly with William Penn could not bear the humiliation of having their lands sold without their consent, and even without any consultation.

The one weak spot in the colonial policy of Pennsylvania with the Indians was the liquor traffic. The chiefs of the Delaware and Shawnee had complained about this abuse again and again, without avail. In 1731 Shikellamy notified the authorities of the Province that unless the liquor trade with their subject tribes was regulated, friendly relations with the Iroquois would cease. This ultimatum led the Assembly to urge Governor Gordon to use every means possible to maintain friendly relations with the Iroquois, and for this purpose to call a council with them. The Governor then urged the Assembly to pass a bill restricting the selling of rum, by the traders, among the Indians. This bill was defeated by the Assembly by a large majority. James Logan, in 1731, urged the passage of such a measure, saying that the unrestricted sale of rum was driving the Delaware and Shawnee to the Ohio, where they were coming under the influence of the French. He urged that a treaty be held with the Six Nations, as the lords over these subject tribes.

The coming of the Germans from the Schoharie Valley to Tulpehockin in 1731 led to many important events. It brought Conrad Weiser into relations with the Province. In December, 1731, Shikellamy went to Philadelphia with Conrad Weiser, whom he introduced as the official interpreter of the Six Nations. Shikellamy reported the result of a mission which he had made to Onondaga, saying that it was too late in the season for the chiefs to go to Philadelphia, but that early in the spring they would come for a council. It was late in the summer of 1732 before the chiefs of the Oneida, Cayuga, and Onondaga arrived in Philadelphia.

At this council the Iroquois promised to use their influence in bringing back the Shawnee from the Ohio, and the Province promised to restrict the sale of rum among the Indians. Neither of these promises were fulfilled. The Shawnee refused to come back, and the traders could not be influenced to stop the unrestricted sale of rum. Another council was called in Philadelphia in 1736, at which time the Six Nations informed the Governor that after the treaty of 1732 it was agreed that Conrad Weiser and Shikellamy were the proper persons "to go between the Six Nations and this Goverment," and that they would therefore be employed to attend all treaties and councils.

At this council of 1736 the Iroquois set up a claim for the lands south of the Blue Mountains, drained by the Delaware River. A deed for these was made out, signed and the lands paid for. Thus was established the *first* Iroquois claim for any lands on the Delaware River. William Penn had never recognized any such claim, and the Iroquois had never before made it. From this time onward Shikellamy and Conrad Weiser were supreme in the Colonial affairs of the Province in its relations with the Indians. Weiser was a Mohawk by adoption and he thoroughly despised both the Delaware and the Shawnee and used every means at his command to make the Province accept the terms of the Six Nations.

From 1736 the friendship of the Delaware and Shawnee was lost. These tribes kept moving away from the Susquehanna and from the English interest to the Ohio, where the French used every means to gain their friendship.

Shikellamy and Conrad Weiser gained the friendship of the Iroquois but in so doing they lost that of the Delaware and Shawnee. While this policy ultimately made the Anglo-Saxon supremacy on the continent possible, it nevertheless drenched the hills and valley of Pennsylvania in blood. Had Colonial Pennsylvania held the friendship of the Delaware and Shawnee by a recognition of their land claims and supremacy in councils, it would have lost the friendship of the Six Nations. Hostility of the Six Nations at this period would have meant the blotting out of every English settlement in the Province, if not on the Continent. Shikellamy and Weiser evidently did not see the far-reaching influence of what they did. It was unconscious statesmanship.

When the Delaware and Shawnee moved westward to the Ohio they did so, not only to get away from the influence of the white settlers, but also to get away from the domination of the Six Nations.

At the great treaty at Lancaster in 1744, when the Iroquois were making an attempt to have the land dispute with Maryland settled, Shikellamy refused to sign the deed to these lands along the Potomac, realizing that such an act on his part might be interpreted as giving some recognition to the claims of Maryland in the boundary dispute with Pennsyl-

vania. There is little reason to doubt but that Shikellamy was influenced in this, as in all other matters by Conrad Weiser, who was the dominating force back of everything which this Iroquois deputy did.

Shikellamy was always friendly to the Moravian missionaries. Count Zinzendorf, under the guidance of Conrad Weiser, visited Shamokin in 1742, when he held a conference with Shikellamy. A Moravian mission was built in Shamokin in 1747, and at the same time erected a blacksmith shop. The troubles arising because of the Indians neglecting to pay their bills at this shop are mentioned by Bishop Cammerhoff, who visited the place in 1748, in which year Shikellamy accompanied him to Onondaga. David Brainerd, the missionary, describes the village as it was in 1745. He says, "The town lies partly on the east and west shores of the river, and partly on the island. It contains upwards of 50 houses and 300 inhabitants. About one-half are Delawares and the others are Senecas and Tutelars." The Shawnee had moved westward to the Big Island, at Lock Haven, and to the Ohio by that time.

Shamokin was also the place of residence of Allummapees, or Sassounan, the head chief of the Delawares, so that this place was in every sense of the term the Indian capital of Pennsylvania during the period from 1728 until 1748. Allummapees died in 1747, and on Dec. 6, 1748 (17th Reichel) Shikellamy died in abject poverty. In the summer of 1748 and in the spring of 1749 a famine of unusual severity visited the entire Indian villages of the Susquehanna. The Indians were in severe want, being obliged to boil grass and bark in order to live. Shamokin was deserted in 1749 because of this famine.

Weiser says in a letter, Oct. 6, 1747, "I set out for Shamokin, by the way of Paxtang, because the weather was bad. I arrived at Shamokin on the 9th about noon. I was surprised to see Shikellamy in such a miserable condition as ever my eyes beheld; he was hardly able to stretch out his hand to bid me welcome; in the same condition was his wife, his three sons not quite so bad; also one of his daughters, and two or three of his grandchildren, all had fever; there were three buried out of the family a few days before, viz.,—Cajadies, Shikellamy's son-in-law, that had been married to his daughter above fifteen years, and reckoned the best hunter among all the Indians; also his oldest son's wife, and his grandchild." Cammerhoff says in his Journal of Jan. 14, 1748, "Last autumn many of his family died, viz., his wife, his oldest son's wife and five children, three of Logan's children, and his son-in-law and some of his children."

In October, 1748, Baron John de Watteville visited the various missions along the Susquehanna. This Bishop of the Moravian Church stopped at Shamokin and visited Shikellamy. The visit of this missionary made a deep impression on the old chief. Several weeks after the departure

of Watteville, Shikellamy went to Bethlehem, in order to be more thoroughly instructed in the Christian religion. He professed conversion and was baptized—although he had been baptized many years before this time by a Jesuit missionary in Canada. He fell ill, at Tulpehocken when on his way home, and had barely enough strength left to reach Shamokin, where he stretched himself out upon his mat, never to rise again. David Zeisberger was present when he died. He left three sons, James Logan, John, or Tachnechtoris, and John Petty. Runners were sent out to call these to Shamokin. James Logan arrived the day after his death. Shikellamy was buried on the 9th of December, in the presence of the entire population of the town, in the last resting place of the red man, in the plot of ground below the Indian village, and just outside of what was later Fort Augusta. James Logan, his second son, was perhaps the most famous of his children. Made so by the murder of his family, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio, and the famous "Logan's Lament." Logan's relatives were murdered in the spring of 1774. It is stated by some authorities that the relatives killed at this time were his mother, younger brother, and sister. The latter had a half-breed son, who escaped. This sister of Logan had been a mistress of Col. John Gibson, the Commander at Fort Pitt, and it is stated that the boy who escaped was a son of Col. Gibson.

After 1749 the passing of Shikellamy, the Iroquois vice-gerent and of Allummapees, the Delaware "King," and the migration of the Delaware and Shawnee to the Ohio, Shamokin declined as an Indian center. Kittanning and Logstown on the Ohio then became the centers of Indian affairs in the Province. But, the influences which had been set in motion by Shikellamy and Conrad Weiser went on over the mountains, after these men had both passed away. During the French and Indian War the Iroquois, as a confederation, remained neutral. The Delaware and the Shawnee both took up the hatchet against the Province, after Braddock's defeat, striking the first blow just below Shamokin, at the mouth of Penns Creek, in October, 1755.

After all of these years we come here to-day to dedicate this memorial to the faithful chief, who never swerved in his friendship to the Province to which he was sent as the representative of the Six Nations. He lived as a wise man of the red men. He died and was buried as a Christian. After all of these years of resting in an unmarked grave, his grave is marked by the official action of the State, whose existence he did more to make possible than any red man who ever loved the beautiful river on which he now is resting. In accordance with the customs of his race we here to-day cover his grave with this token of a State's respect, and place this memorial to the memory of a loyal friend of the Province of Pennsylvania, in the dark days which came before the storm of war.

# Interesting History of Stone Used for Shikellamy Monument:

## *An Address by Christopher Wren.*

CHRISTOPHER WREN, who gave to the Sunbury Chapter of the D. A. R. the boulder which was recently dedicated as a marker to the Indian Chief Shikellamy, delivered a very interesting address at the unveiling, which took place at Sunbury, Pa., October 15, 1916. Mr. Wren's address follows:

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* The part which has been assigned to me by the committee having in charge the ceremonies of unveiling this bronze tablet to the Indian Chief Shikellamy to-day, is to give some history of the rock boulder on which the tablet is mounted.

In doing this I shall take occasion to make some references to remote ages of the past, in tracing the history of this particular rock strata through the various vicissitudes which it has seen. I am pleased that so many of the students of the Sunbury public schools are present to hear what I shall say in that connection.

Learned geologists tell us that we shall never see the lower, or foundation rocks of the earth, as they are located, perhaps, thirty miles below the surface, or, in other words, that the outer crust of the earth has been disturbed and undergone changes for a distance of about thirty miles below the surface.

At some time, untold ages ago, the earth's surface in this locality went through very great changes, resulting in the formation of the mountains and valleys which are all about us, and in bringing some of the rocks of the lower strata to the surface and even elevating them up on the mountain sides. During this period the particular strata or ledge of

rocks from which this boulder was quarried was forced up and exposed on the mountain side several hundred feet above the level of the river near Wapwallopen, about forty miles up the valley from this point.

From the best information I can get this strata was originally about two thousand feet below the lowest coal vein, before the upheaval spoken of took place, and when we know that the deepest coal vein in Wyoming Valley is about eighteen hundred feet below the present surface, it will be seen that this boulder was at one time very far down in the bowels of the earth. It was thus subjected to great pressure from the weight of the overlying rocks upon it. Because of this pressure the rock became very close grained, hard and strong.

These same learned geologists tell us that all that part of Pennsylvania lying north of Berwick was at one time covered by sheet ice, or glacier, about one-half mile thick, which was moving slowly toward the southwest, but melted when it got as far south as Berwick.

The formation of this sheet of ice took place after the mountains had been thrown, as described, as is proven by the fact that when the ice melted it produced a great flood, carrying with it masses of rock and earth which polished the surface of the rock ledge in which we are interested today.

The fact that this polished surface is in practically the same condition as it was ages ago when the glacial flood did its work, proves that the rock resists the action of the weather to a remarkable degree.

No lichens, mosses or plants will grow on this rock because it does not absorb enough water to support them. When rocks absorb much water, they become disintegrated and crumble away by the water contained in them expanding by freezing in the winter.

Many other rocks, like lime stones, are eroded by the rain water dissolving the substance in them which is soluble in water. Those of you who have noticed the manner in which the polished surface of very old marble tombstones become rough and crumble away, will understand the change which has taken place, when you consider that marble contains a considerable percentage of lime.

I have given so much attention to the effect of natural forces on many rocks, that you may know that this rock boulder, from our local mountains, will resist the forces of nature for centuries to come, as it has done for ages past. I feel entirely safe in saying that, unless it meets with some accident, this rock marker will stand here long years after every person in attendance at these ceremonies has passed from the scenes of earth.

But there is another reason, besides its indestructibility, why this particular rock is an appropriate setting for a tablet to a notable North American Indian, whose fore-fathers occupied this land before our ancestors even knew that there was a continent of North America.

For a number of years past I have given some attention to collecting the handiwork of the Indian race, in clay, stone, bone, copper, etc., in the water-shed of the Susquehanna river. I believe I state a fact when I say that most of the hardest and strongest implements, grooved and ungrooved, axes, celts, pestles, hoes, etc., which had to withstand the hardest usage were made of the same kind of rock as is this boulder.

My observation of thousands of these implements leads me to believe that this was the case along the Susquehanna river from Lancaster county on the south to Bradford county on the north, a distance of about two hundred miles.

I may remark briefly that the American Indians by experience and practice, had learned to select the stones most suitable for their purpose in making implements, and it is doubtful whether the present day workman in stone understands any better how to work stone, even with their more improved tools. The Indian appeared to understand the fracture of rocks very fully.

I might talk to you at considerable length about the use of stone by the primitive peoples in all parts of the world, in making their stone implements, before they had learned that some rocks contained metals which could be melted by the use of intense heat, or had learned how to make a fire hot enough to produce the necessary intensity of heat, but the present occasion does not call for extended remarks along that line.

I learn that there are many persons here present who wish to attend the elaborate ceremonies at Selinsgrove this afternoon, so I shall be brief.

As a concrete example of a perfect Indian implement made of the same stone as this boulder, I take great pleasure in presenting to Mrs. Gilbert Burrows, Regent of Fort Augusta Chapter, D. A. R., under whose auspices this beautiful tablet is erected, an ungrooved axe, or celt. It is a type of implement which was made by peoples in all parts of the world when they were living in their stone age.

This particular specimen was found within the past ten years, on a farmer's field, which has since been covered up by the extensive classification yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Northumberland, by Mr. Frank D. Sholvin, of that place, from whom I secured it for my collection. It is undoubtedly several hundred years old at least, during which it has been exposed to the vicissitudes of weather and the farmer's plow.

It is a good example of Indian workmanship in stone, and has the additional interest of being associated with your own immediate neighborhood, which was the reason I selected it from numerous similar specimens.

In conclusion, I wish to express to Fort Augusta Chapter my appreciation of the courtesy shown me by their invitation to be present today and to have a part in these very interesting ceremonies.

# U-le-lah, the Pocahontas of Florida, or the Princess of Hirrihigua:

## *By Minnie Moore-Willson.*

*THE name of the Princess of Hirrihigua is a familiar one throughout Florida. Poets have sung it, societies have chosen it for their chapter name, historians have gathered smattering bits here and there which give a glimpse of the Indian princess. In St. Petersburg the name is borne by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Despite this widespread publicity of the name, few people, however, really know much of the story of this fascinating princess.*

*It remained for Mrs. Minnie Moore-Willson to relate the true story of Hirrihigua and to prepare for publication a fascinating story of this Seminole princess whose romance is as interesting as that of Pocohontas of Virginia. Mrs. Willson is an authority on the Florida aborigines. Her story of Hirrihigua is, therefore, as nearly authentic as early records and Indian-Spanish lore can make it. The romance of the famous Indian princess as prepared by Mrs. Willson is reproduced in full below.*

ALMOST simultaneously with the war cry of Europe, the Atlantic cables, in peace-loving contrast, were repeating to America the account of the dedication services at old Gravesend, England to the memory of Pocahontas, the heroine of Virginia's early history, and our Ambassador Page in unveiling the memorial windows dwelt largely on her influence as a bond of peace between the United States and Great Britian. So today, a spirit of thankfulness should come over us as individuals and as a nation for the influence of our Virginia princess.

America grasped hands with our English friends on this occasion, when our American officers and sailors from the battleships Missouri and Illinois took a prominent part in the ceremonies.

At the close of this touching ceremony Ambassador Page with our American officers and cadets was extended a cordial reception from the thousands of persons who had assembled inside and outside the old parish church, whose register bears the name of the Indian princess.

To Florida belongs a romance not less fascinating and wonderful than that of Virginia's Pocahontas. But alas, in the "manana" of the first Spanish invaders much interesting history was lost to the world. Enough has been preserved, however, to excite the imagination and cause this age of research to go deep into embalmed records of centuries ago and revive the quaint philosophy of the old, entrancing Florida.

*U-le-lah, the Pocahontas of Florida.*

With the extinction of the powerful Hirrihigua tribe passed the life story, tantalizing in its meagerness, of the Indian princess, U-le-lah. The full history of our lovely Florida princess, who was in very truth the first heroine of American romance, slumbers in the unwritten archives of forgotten history, yet one dramatic incident in her life has been preserved to us to give us the right to call her "the Pocahontas of Florida," and in the heroism of this young Indian girl is a setting for as dramatic a story as has been given to history.

The old chroniclers tell us that the word Hirrihigua which ethnologically considered, must be a mixture of both Spanish and Indian, was the name of the country first invaded by the Spaniard on Tampa Bay; the seat of government of a mighty tribe of aborigines, who according to Bourne's Narratives of De Soto, occupied a vast domain extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic ocean, and so to the Hirrihigua Chapter of Florida who has been the first to honor the memory of this first American heroine, the history and romance of the Princess U-le-lah is most fascinating and worthy of special commemoration.

*Ferdinand DeSoto.*

When the cavalier of Spain in the person of the intrepid Ferdinand De Soto, landed in 1539 on Tampa Bay with all the pomp and pageantry of the Spanish court, he found himself at a loss for interpreters and guides to this wild and strange land.

Learning of a young Spaniard, Juan Ortez by name, who was the only survivor of the great DeNarvaez expedition, and who had been a captive of the Indians for ten years, De Soto quickly sought to find him in order to use him as a guide for his conquest.

The history of this young Spaniard, who is reported to have been handsome, together with the saving of his life at a cruical moment by the daughter of the proud old Chieftan of Hirrihigua, parallels that of the Virginia annals, of Pocohontas and John Smith, and antedates this epoch-making history of Virginia almost one hundred years. In memory of

Pocahontas, the Lady Rebecca of the English courts, toasts of all England have been given; entertainments have been planned in her honor, and medals have been struck off to commemorate her visit to the imperial court of James the First.

The proudest blood of Virginia runs through her descendants and every history of white America gives the tragic story of her heroism and her instrumentality in saving Virginia to the Caucasians.

Of U-le-lah, our Florida princess, whose heroic stand and womanly courage stands out as the peer of any character in history, we know but little and honor has been withheld, not only as an Indian princess whose father was the emperor of an unbounded area, but as a historical character of gracious personality. She was truly the heroine of the first American romance, where honor, dignity and a woman's heart shone forth, and as Floridans we should endeavor to memorialize her name and her deeds in the history of America. A brief sketch of this young Indian girl is appended.

Juan Ortez, a Spanish youth deserted by his comrades, was captured on the shores of Tampa Bay by the Indians, and taken to their chief U-ci-ta. This chief was the reigning monarch of this southern province of Hirrihigua, and thoroughly embittered against the butchery his people had suffered at the hands of De Soto, was ready to wreak vengeance on the pale face, the only survivor of the De Narvaez expedition.

Florida, from the day the first Spanish invaders, with blood hounds, chains, battle-axes and sabres, set foot upon her flower-bordered soil, has been a battle ground. Her sands have run red with the blood of the innocent native, who always held out a hand of welcome and gave sustenance from their well filled store houses, while the new comers ever practiced the same atrocities and butcheries that are being perpetrated in our border country of Mexico today, although with greater cruelties and no restraining power.

It is not surprising that the proud chief of Hirrihigua wished to be relieved entirely of every vestige of white blood for added to the rapacities from which he and his tribe had suffered, the Narvaez expedition had even subjected the chief's mother to the most atrocious cruelties, and thus his desire for vengeance upon this representative of the hated white intruders was natural. With revenge uppermost in his mind, the chief ordered Juan Ortez to be bound hand and foot and placed upon a rack made of poles—and to be slowly burned to death.

As history records the account of this tragic scene, the beautiful daughter of U-ci-ta, who was about the same age as the handsome Spaniard, when she saw the dreadful fate about to be inflicted upon the young white stranger, rushed to the burning fagots, and braving the anger of her all-powerful father, threw herself at his feet and implored him to spare

the life of the captive youth, urging and pleading with all the compassion of a woman's heart, that this white stranger had done no injury and that it was nobler for a brave and lofty chief like U-ci-ta to keep the youth a a captive than to sacrifice so mere a lad to his revenge.

Looking back four centuries, a vision rises. We stand in the midst of an aboriginal people. A tragic scene is before us. We see Indians wreaking vengeance for the wrongs inflicted upon them, and a stern visaged chieftain, whose word is law, in command. A boyish form is bound upon a rack of fagots, with the flames already gently licking the poles and creeping to his helpless body. All at once a trembling, girlish form rushes to the rescue, and with the pleading of a compassionate woman, forgetting her own natural resentment for the past wrongs done her kindred, touches her stern and stoical father and secures the release of the captive youth.

This was the youth Ortez who, released from his fiery bed, was cared for by his gentle protector, his burned flesh bound and dressed, and under her gentle administrations restored to health, and as an act of honor he was given the position of guard over the sepulchres of the dead. It was the custom to place the dead upon scaffolds and, as these sepulchres in those wilderness days were beset by wolves and wild-cats, a guard watched over then day and night.

Ortez guarded these mausoleums through the lonely hours of the night and grew in great favor with the haughty chieftan; but one night, so the narrative goes, a wolf carried away the body of a child of a chief. Ortez threw an arrow and wounded it, but did not know that the child had been taken. The next morning the loss of the child's body was made known, and Ortez ordered to be put to death. Some friendly Indians, following on the trail of the wolf, discovered the child, and the wolf lying dead just beyond it. The chief, with a justice ever belonging to the American Indian, being satisfied of the faithfulness of Ortez, took him again into favor.

For three years this young Spaniard, now only twenty-one years old, continued to live with the Hirrihigua tribe, but at the end of that time a fierce war broke out between old chief Ucita and a neighboring tribe. According to the savage custom of those days, in order to insure a victory, it was decreed that a sacrifice must be made, and the Spanish youth was selected as the victim.

Again U-le-lah, the counselor and friend of her father, and still the faithful friend of the white stranger, came at night and warned him that he had been selected to be sacrificed the next morning. This act was wholly one of womanly courage and compassion, and not for any sentimental consideration for the handsome young Spaniard, for this Indian princess was betrothed to the chief Mucoso of another tribe.

At the midnight hour she came and guided him on his way a half a

league to her lover, sending as guards and envoys two friendly and trustworthy Indians.

Juan Ortez, with his guides, traveled all night, and morning found him on the boundary of Mucoso's territory, where he was met by the lover of his fair protector and received with the assurance, so early historians chronicle, "that if any white men ever came to his country, he would allow him to go back with them."

The old chief of Hirrihigua, much chagrined at his daughter's conduct in usurping his kingly authority, demanded of Mucoso the return of Ortez. Muscoso refused and his refusal caused such a breach between the two monarchs of these big provinces that it was several years before Mucoso claimed the fair Indian princess as his bride. With true Indian honor he sacrificed his love for a principle, and continued to protect the Spanish captive.

It is an interesting fact in history to know that Ortez remained with Mucoso for eight years, until the landing of De Soto, to whom Mucoso, keeping his pledge to Ortez, sent him under a guard of several Indians.

Ortez, now become one of De Soto's band, was however destined to live but a short time, for De Soto, with no other object than conquest and search for gold, such as he had learned under the way of the relentless Pizarra in the land of the Incas, traversed the country murdering and plundering the innocent natives until he reached the Mississippi, where, it is recorded, Ortez died only a short time before death claimed the proud and relentless De Soto.

*Princess of Hirrihigua.*

Of the noble-hearted Indian princess, little more is known, but as a heroine, she is truly the peer of the long famed Pocohontas, and her history must touch every romance loving heart.

All Florida should feel a pride in the name of this Indian girl, for to her alone is credited the heroism of saving the life of the only Caucasian at that time on the southern shores of Florida. For her compassion and womanly tenderness, for her heroic stand for justice, this Florida princess is deserving, even after four centuries, of recognition, and upon the brow of Ulelah, the princess of Hirrihigua, should be lovingly placed laurels of gold, and her name commemorated in American annals.

Particularly should Florida rise to the occasion by proclaiming to the world the glorification of her own aboriginal princess, and erecting to her memory a memorial commending her bravery and virtue.

# Indian Blood

IN THE early days of the republic, an infusion of Indian blood would have been considered a bar sinister. No one ever spoke well for the half breed. But as the generations go on, many of our older families are showing pride in having in their lineage some infusion of Indian blood. Among them is the family of Mrs. Galt, the President's fiancée. Thus the Indian tribes for the first time will now be able to claim some slight kinship with an occupant of the White House.

Seen near to, the Indian was never popular. The idea that the only good Indian is the dead one was always the view of the frontier. He was a rebel from the responsibilities of civilization. As many of them are now settling down and cultivating land like white folks, the virtues of his race may be better recognized.

Most of the aboriginal strains are thick-witted, earth-born creatures, slow of thought and dull of apprehension. The Indian was quick, alert, nervous, lithe of motion, passionate. He was capable of affectionate loyalty and fiendish revenges. He had his own beauty of imagery and was not lacking in fine ideals. He was the poet of the stone age, a dreamer and mystic.

Other under-developed races have gradually adjusted themselves to the white man's regimen of sober industry. The negro never rebelled at being a hewer of wood and drawer of water. But for the red man, tilling the ground has been but slavery to a proud spirit. Once the owners of a continent, the Indian is but an insignificant factor in our life today. Only a slight infusion of his blood has entered our race. If old families like Mrs. Galt's are proud of it, it is as a poetic sentiment and a sign of the age of the family tree. The remnant of the race, however, inherits qualities of endurance and imagination, which properly trained in the yoke of industry will yet be valuable.—*Piqua (Ohio) Call.*

# A Woman Without a Country:

## *By Charles E. Waterman.*

FLORIDA has ever been a land of mystery and enchantment—a lure to animal life from insect to genus homo. In the old formative days, polypi—myriad-billions of them—occupied the shallow waters and with their diminutive bodies built a breakwater to catch the white, powdery silt—the wear of time and tide—and form a nurturing bed for tall, thin-needled pine, moss-festooned oak and scrubby-fronded palmetto.

Like a long forefinger on the doubled-up fist of North America, it beckoned, in the sixteenth century, to Ponce de Leon of old Castile, in search of eternal youth; and in the twentieth century to Tom Jones, of frost-bound Boston, in search of the same thing. In the new environment, sun-bathed to indolence, and under the seductive influence of citrus pulp, Tom pondered and dreamed about this wonderful land—pondered on its past and dreamed of its future. Present and past met sharply—tourist-cities, the advance of civilization in the north; widespread sand barrens and swamps in the south. It was the world of men advancing into the primitive, which held the mystery of the beginning of things. Tom Jones, as others of his kind, had only a thin veneer of civilization and the primitive attracted him. He was desirous of laying aside the veneer and taking on the full panoply of the primitive. He was eager to pierce the uncharted Everglades, eager to penetrate that unfinished part of the universe, where unremoved scaffolding yet betrayed the design of the builder. He wished to interview the alligator, and absorb what that leftover saurian could teach him of the fifth day of creation; and he planned to be guided by a Seminole, who might tell him something about the morning of the seventh day.

His wish in part was not difficult of realization. For a man of means, it was not difficult to cross the hummocky sand barrens to that great morass, the Everglades. It was no very difficult task to find a Seminole camp, or engage a dugout and pilot for the reedfilled waters of Lake Okechobee; but it was a more difficult matter to gain the confidence of that guide, his family and friends. He was the proverbial taciturn Indian, tempted for the moment by the glint of gold and what it would buy, to forget for a few days his inherited hatred of men with a fairer skin than his own.

The village at which Tom arrived, consisted of a half-dozen palmetto thatched huts in which dwelt a family in sectional parts, from grandfather to grand child. That is, each son and daughter as he or she took upon themselves family life, moved into a separate hut. To a man ennuied with civilization, this simplest of simple life offered much for study and contemplation, the toothless old patriarch and his wife, wrinkled, scantily clothed, devoid of ornament, waiting for translation to the Happy Hunting Grounds; the middle-aged matron, loaded with varicolored beads to indicate her sisterhood with Eve, busy in domestic pursuits; her husband, hunter, trapper and sometimes guide; children from tots to youth and maid, the first *in puris naturalibus*, the maid in the glory of her first string of beads to captivate the youth.

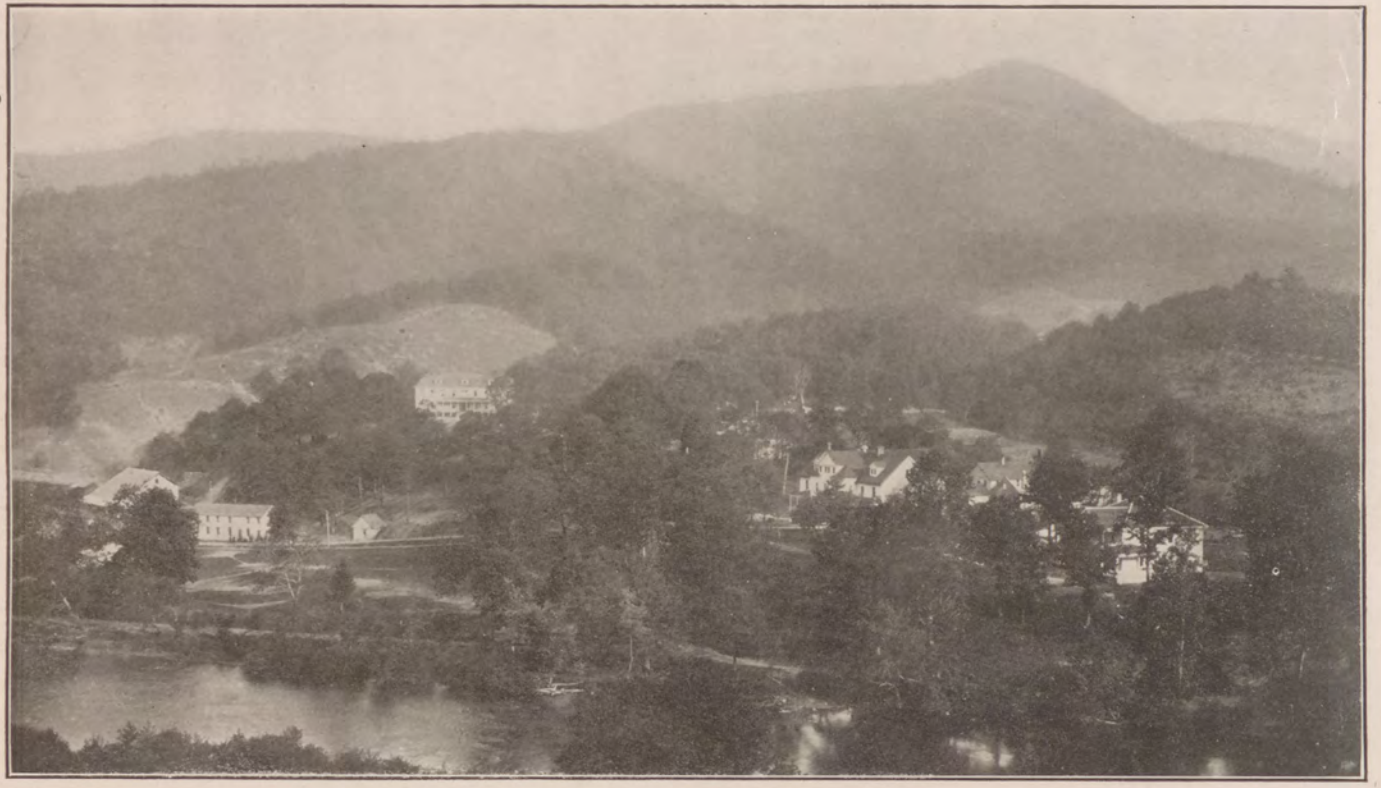
This village, left over from a past generation, was a type of all primitive life, so Tom thought, life such as his own ancestors had lived in the Welch mountains and along the banks of the Weser and Elbe; yet the veneer of civilization held the extremes of humanity apart. Tom was in touch with the primitive but not a part of it. His Indian companions placed a zone of silence between them. He could not enter into their life, try as he might, only observe it. It was not because of his individuality, because a Florida cracker, Joe Cole, by name, visited the village frequently, and laid siege to the heart of a Seminole girl, a sister of Tiger, his guide, and she treated him with a frigidness scarcely to be expected in sub-tropical Florida.

This was surprising to Tom, for personally Joe was more attractive than any of the Indian youths of the village and could give Lakee more of the things a young girl naturally craved. As hunter and guide, by days of intercourse had worn away some of the reserve between them, Tom asked the reason of Lakee's dislike of Joe Cole. Her brother straightened himself in the stern of the dugout, resting lightly on his punting pole, wrinkled his brow in a scowl, and grunted.

"Long story—old story—two story—'bout white man—'bout two white mans! You wouldn't want to hear 'um!

"I should like to hear them, if the telling would cause you no pain," replied Tom.

SACO CREEK, CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION, NORTH CAROLINA



SCHOOL AND AGENCY, EASTERN CHEROKEE RESERVATION, NORTH CAROLINA

Tiger continued to stand erect, slipped the quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, showing he had accepted the white man's amendment to the ancient Indian vice of smoking, ruminated, and finally, with many a pause, told his story—a double story—which is here reproduced, but not verbatim, as the English language is not rich enough to reproduce the Indian idiom.

The story went back to the beginning of things—to the old dispensation, when the Indian lived in peace and war as lord of the land. As the smoke from his long reed pipe was slowly blown from his lips and circled in night above his wigwam door, he dreamed of another land—a fairy land—where the copper hue of mankind was purified into whiteness, and such as were thus purified were gods. Would they revisit the earth after their purification? Such a thing was possible.

Well, the gods came—first in the east, then in the west. They were fair to look upon. They were powerful! The smoke from their nostrils could kill at a hundred paces!

But the gods were cruel! They thought only of two things—gold and women. They fought, enslaved and beat men for the first; they stole the second, beat and cast them out.

De Narvaez was the first to land in the west. He was welcomed with garlands; he repaid with torture. Men can rebel against gods, and Hirrihigua, Tiger's ancestor, fought De Narvaez. He drove him, with his followers, into the sea—all but one, a youth, Juan Ortiz by name. He was captured. The chiefs debated as to what should be done with him. Some who had dreamed of fair gods, wanted to adopt him for good fortune's sake, but the less superstitious were for executing him. The latter outnumbered the former, and he would have been dealt with summary vengeance had not the daughter of Hirrihigua, with womanly softness, fallen in love with him. Together they fled to a friendly chief, Muscoso. Their return was demanded and refused. A war ensued between the tribes lasting ten years, until big canoes, bearing other white men, arrived. De Soto was the chief of this contingent. When Juan Ortiz learned of this arrival, he deserted his Indian friends and the wife who had saved his life and joined his white friends.

Instead of feeling thankful for his preservation, he led De Soto against Muscoso, and a bloody battle ensued. Muscoso's village was destroyed and he and the remnant of his tribe driven from its site. The blame was laid on Ortiz's wife and she was sent back to her father. Hirrihigua was hard pressed by De Soto at the time, and ten years of warfare had not softened his feelings toward his runaway daughter. A council of the tribe was called and she was tried. The chiefs smoked and pondered. By and by her father arose:

"The daughter of Hirrihigua deserted her tribe and married a god.

Consequently she has no tribe and the gods may take care of her!" Whereupon two burly warriors seized the young woman, marched her into the forest and bound her to a tree.

Since the days of Hirrihigua's daughter, misalliance with a white man has been a crime in a woman. She is outlawed! She has no country! She can elope with him and live outside the pale of her tribe, but she cannot bring him to her family. It is the curse of Ortiz, and they would rather she should die than marry a white man. If she returns to the tribe after alliance, she is treated as was Ortiz's wife.

The tragic force of the story and the awfulness of the punishment, caused a long period of silent thought to fall upon Tom. Tiger, also, lapsed into silence upon the conclusion of his narrative and leaned a long moment on his punting pole; then, with stoical indifference, pushed the dugout through a narrow, red-filled water way. A low island ran along one side, and he gazed intently among the live oaks and palmettos which covered it.

Tom found his tongue.

"Surely, your people do not inflict such punishment upon girls whose passions stray away from their kind, at the present day—do not out-Sparta Sparta?"

The guide made no reply. He poked the nose of the dugout into an indentation of the insular shore line.

"Do you want an answer?" he finally queried.

Tom bowed.

"Follow me, "commanded Tiger.

They stepped from the dugout and brushed aside the tangled vegetation. In the center of the island, stood a large live oak. Long wisps of Spanish moss hung from its limbs and creepers covered its trunk. Tigir approached the tree and poked aside the vines with his punting pole. Among the rope-like strands ascending the trunk, appeared some greenish-white ones, cris-crossing at irregular intervals the brownish-, grayish-green lianas.

Tom looked at the tree-trunk, covered with the tangled mass of cordage, and for a few moments did not comprehend what his companion was trying to show him. He drew nearer and eyed the struggling cords. The whitish-green strands next the trunk were the ribs of a human skeleton, somewhat displaced and crumbling with time, but held by tendrils to a place near enough to their original location to indicate what their reassembled parts would form. As Tom concentrated his gaze, the iridescent glitter of beads could be discerned among the leaves; and near the low branches of the tree, what at first looked like strands of moss, turned out to be what were once the black tresses of an Indian girl.

# Navajo Notes:

***By R. W. Shufeldt, Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army.***

IT REMINDS me very much of old times when I glance at the picture of mine which you publish in *The Red Man* for October, 1915, opposite page 46. I made the negative of that photograph at old Fort Wingate, New Mexico, somewhere along about 1884 or 1885, when I was post surgeon at that station. You are in error when you state, as you do in the legend to the illustration, that it is "A Typical Navajo Hogan and Family;" for such an hogan as there shown is by no means "typical," nor are any of the six Navajos shown in the plate any relation to each other, beyond being members of the same tribe of Indians.

Many years ago I published, in the Proceedings of the United States National Museum, an article on The Evolution of House-Building among the Navajos, and the photograph you now publish was one of the plates published with the article. If any one will take the trouble to look that article up, not only will an illustration of a *typical* hogan be found, but it will be appreciated that the one you now publish is a structure in the line of evolution of Navajo Indian house-building, which finally culminated in a single-room, rectangular *hut* that was, in all important respects, a very different kind of building as compared with the conical-shaped hogans which these Indians originally built for themselves.

The Indian standing with his left hand on his hip in the picture is an old friend of mine; he was known as "Jake, the silversmith," and wonderfully clever at making silver and copper trinkets out of coins and empty cartridge shells, which last he gathered on the firing-range for target practice in the rear of the garrison. I still have, at this writing, one or two specimens of Jake's "jewelry," and these I described and published long years ago in various magazines and reports.

Every Indian in that picture I saw nearly every day of my life at Wingate, and I could write quite a story about them. Major Powell, former Chief of the U. S. Geological Survey, was so much taken with that photograph, that he had Mr. Jack Hillers, the well-known photographer to the Survey, make an enlargement of it, which was elegantly colored and almost big enough for an ordinary window. I never knew what became of that beautiful piece of work, nor of the photographs of hogans that I made for the Major

The Navajo squaw, sitting on the ground by Jake, has in her hand a typical cradle made by those Indians over twenty years ago. Whether they continue to make the same style I cannot say; but I do remember purchasing the very one you see in the picture, and it is now in the collection of the anthropological department of the United States National Museum.

At the time of which I speak, there was an old ex-trooper by the name of Benjamin Wittick, who was allowed to live in a wall tent, almost within the garrison limits. He was a first-class photographer, and had made hundreds of superb photographs of American Indians. At one time I tried to bring all his work and his Indian lore together, with the view of publishing a volume on the subject, reproducing the best of his pictures; but for reasons which will some day be set forth elsewhere, I failed in this, though the failure was no fault of my own.

Wittick made a fine negative of "Chuna," the Navajo squaw mentioned in a former paragraph, and during all these years I have kept a photograph made from it. I looked it up the other day and remounted it, and am letting you have it herewith as an illustration to the present notes. Chuna's baby is a half-blood by a white father, and was rather a nice little child.

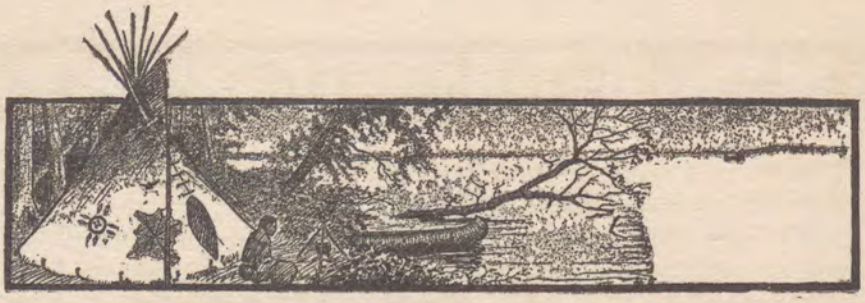
Even in those days it was by no means an easy matter to find a typical Navajo cradle, nor to buy it after your search had been rewarded by finding it. The one in the picture is of the same style as these Indians made them long before the white man encroached upon their territory.

While at Wingate, I made a valuable series of negatives of Navajos, not only of the Indians themselves, but of such skulls as I could find; implements, mode of arrow-release for Dr. Edward S. Morse, and numerous other objects. Much of this material has already been published and my collection deposited in various museums in this country and Europe. I still have some of the material about me in my study-rooms, among other things the skull of old "Washee,"—a Navajo woman employed by me as laundress while I lived at Wingate. She was murdered one night in a drunken brawl, in a hogan at the rear of my quarters. They buried her in the hogan and pulled the structure down over her shallow grave. Next spring, accompanied by my two little sons, I made an attempt to get Washee's whole skeleton, but succeeded only in getting the skull, as the Navajos on the other side of the fort were up as early as myself; they fired several shots at us which, in two instances, came uncomfortably close, finally compelling us to retire. I am sorry that I never got the entire skeleton, but the skull is facing me now on my study table. I collected a fine male skull of this tribe, presenting it to Sir William Turner, F.R.S., and it is now in the Museum of the University of Edinburgh.

# A Creed

LET me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me.
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.
Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be:
Let me be a little meeker,
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.
Let me be a little sweeter,
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day.
Let me toil, without complaining,
Not a humble task disdaining,
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

SELECTED.



# Indian Dances:

## *By W. McD. Tait in The Overland Monthly.*

WHEN Columbus landed in the New World in 1492, he was greeted with a dance. It was a war dance executed by the red man. The Indian has never broken away from this early custom, and today we find great occasions celebrated in a manner similar to that first demonstration to the white man.

In the minds of many people, all the dances of the North American Indians are war dances. As a matter of fact, there are numerous dances, extremely interesting, and most of them very old. Women as well as men participate in them, and they have nothing to do with warfare. Strange to say, in none of these Indian dances is there contact between the sexes. The bucks dance in one circle and the squaws in another. Few dances are wholly social, although some of them have that element. Practically all of them have a religious origin, and to-day retain their religious significance.

Indians are very musical, and have many songs in their own language. The drum seems to be the principal instrument among them; but when they have opportunity, they learn the white man's music and the use of his instruments very quickly, rendering the most difficult music with great sweetness. On the Blood Reserve of the Blackfeet tribe in Alberta there is a brass band of twenty-one pieces led by the issuer of rations, that gives concerts in the towns surrounding the reserve. Another band of fifes and drums on the same reserve has given whole entertainments that were very pleasing.

The red men have war songs which they used to sing before a battle; others, intensely sad, which they sing after the battle. Their love songs are not considered of a very high order. Each family has its own songs; each individual has his, usually composed by himself. Some of their songs are sacred.

Some teachers, in their mistaken zeal, have crossed or smothered everything distinctly aboriginal in the young Indians. Franklin K. Lane, the Canadian-born Secretary of the United States Department of the

Interior, in a letter directing the appointment of Geoffrey O'Hara as instructor of native Indian music, said:

"I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indian an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their forefathers produced. Our efforts should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."

Music for dances is supplied by a trained band of singers. The only accompaniment is a drum made by putting a skin over a circle of wood and allowing it to dry tightly.

The Sun-dance is, perhaps, the most barbarous of all the orgies of the Indians, and has been observed in every known tribe of red man on the American Continent. The time was when all sorts of cruelties were the main feature of this gathering, which was held in the spring time as soon as the snow cleared and the earth began to warm from the sun's rays.

The dance was the ceremony through which the Indian lad stepped from boyhood to the status of a warrior. It is too horrible for words. Ugly gashes are cut in the chest, skewers are thrust through these, and rawhide lariats attached to the ends and fastened to the sun lodge pole. The youth must tear himself loose by dancing around the pole and tugging until the strips of flesh to which the thongs are fastened give way. If the aspirant passed through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of pain or fear, he was declared a full-fledged brave and eligible to sit in the councils of his nation.

Another method was to cut the flesh on the back and tie leather thongs through these flesh loops, and then fasten buffalo skulls to the thongs so that they would dangle clear of the ground. The candidate was to dance about till he had succeeded in tearing the loops and allowing the skulls to fall to the ground. This method was not as popular as the other because the brave could not afterward see the marks of the ordeal. It was always a great pleasure to the brave to bare his breast and exhibit the scars made by the tearing process.

Indian mothers were as anxious that their sons should go through the ordeal as they were themselves. An incident is told by a Western writer which shows how the Indian mother looked upon it. An Indian lad was being put through the buffalo skull method, but his strength was not enough to tear out all the flesh-loops. He was about to faint away when his mother rode into the circle on a pony, and seizing the skull that still clung to the back of her son, she dashed away on the horse, dragging the boy with her. Soon the flesh broke and the young Indian boy was saved from the humility of failure.

Before the ordeal comes, many back out. Sometimes after the thongs or skewers are put in, the victim loses courage. The wood or buffalo

hide must then be removed by cutting the flesh loop, since it is against all law to draw it out endwise after it has been inserted in the flesh.

The United States Government has long since forbidden the Sun-dance, but it was continued on Canadian reserves till the coming of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police about 1890. As a consequence, the annual gathering of the Indians in the spring time results in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of by-gone days, and propitiating the Sun by the bestowal of gifts which are fastened to the top of the central pole of the Sun-dance lodge.

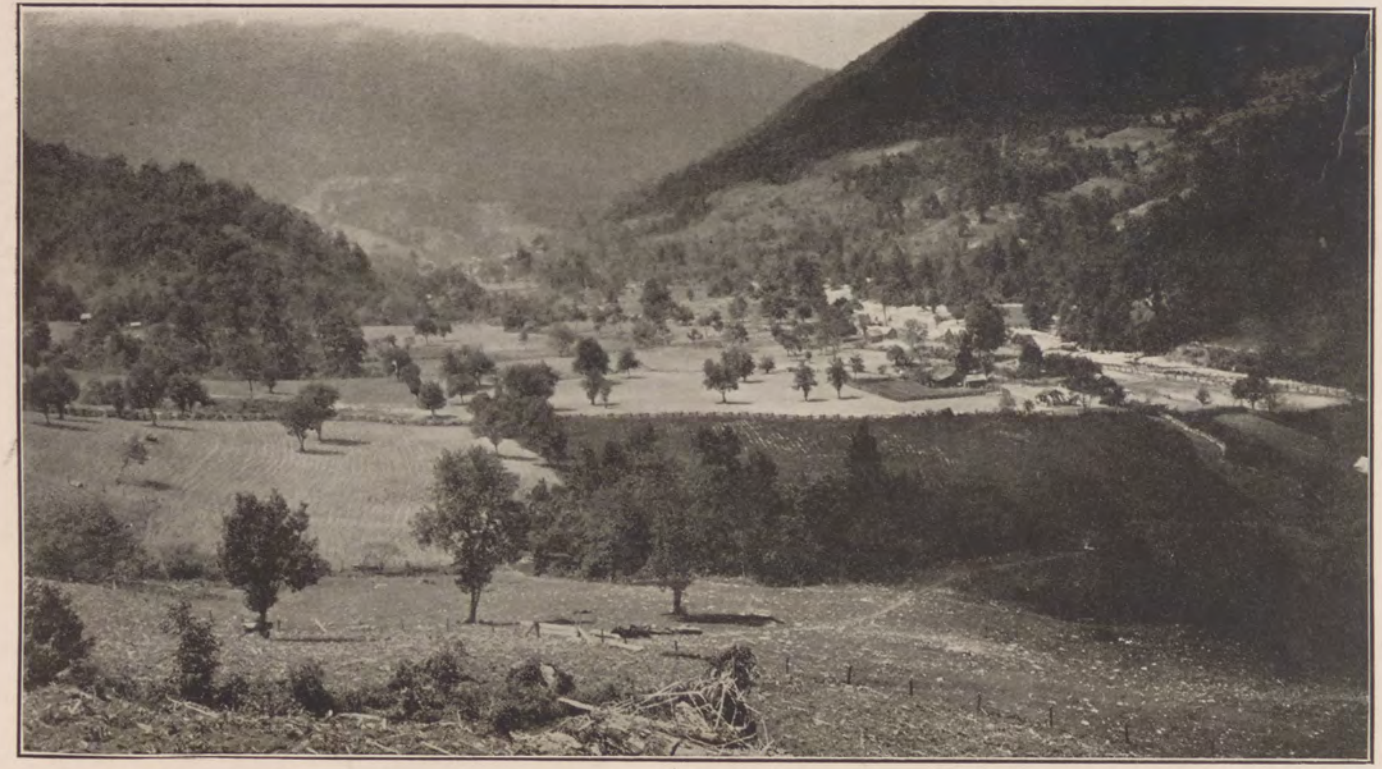
The Give-away dance is ranked by the Government authorities with the Sun-dance as very demoralizing, and has been stopped on most reserves. The Round dance of the Crees in Western Canada is a pleasure dance. Women are allowed to take part in it, but before their first dance they must give a substantial present to the leader of the dance. This present seems to make the person a sort of life member of the Round dance. Squaws and bucks dance separately without any contact.

In nearly all the tribes of the North American Continent there are many dances representing animals. The buffalo dance is a most interesting affair. In it the hunters illustrate what they have gone through in the chase. Instead of bragging with their tongues, as does the white man, they use pantomime. Stealthily they describe the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home.

In another dance a man represents a dog. He is made to look as much like one as possible, and is led forth by an Indian maiden who has tied her sash about his body, and leads him as a lady does her poodle, except that they are both keeping time to the steps of the dance. He constantly struggles to break away, and she makes rhythmic efforts to hold him. Sometimes he succeeds and rushes into houses for meat, bites persons on the leg, and otherwise carries out the idea of a dog on the rampage.

The eagle dance is especially dramatic. The Indian who takes the part of the eagle is wonderfully made up. Over his head is drawn a sort of black cloth that covers the hair, and is pulled forward to form a beak. A red line makes the mouth of the eagle. On the body there is no clothing except a short apron and patches of eagle or hawk down attached by gum to the flesh. The arms are made into wings by means of a cord strung with long hanging feathers stretched from hand to hand across the back, and a bunch of feathers at the back make a tail. His hands are painted yellow to look like claws. He is lured forth by the dropping of grain, and as he follows the trail he uses his arms as an eagle does his wings, and with his entire body he swoops and moves like the bird he is picturing, but always in time to the music. There is a dance to the bear and moose and many others, always with the combined dramatic idea and dancing movements.

RETURNED STUDENTS—CHEROKEE INDIAN FAIR, 1915.—FORTY-FOUR EX-STUDENTS OF CARLISLE



BIG COVE, FULL-BLOOD SETTLEMENT, EASTERN CHEROKEE RESERVATION, NORTH CAROLINA

Among the Indians of the far north, during the winter months of each year, a big ceremonial dance is given in the "Hoo-go" or public meeting hall. This is to please and propitiate the animal spirits. It is a real dance with feasting from early winter till almost spring. There are the most peculiar customs attached to this dance period. During the first day visitors have the privilege of asking for whatever they may desire in the line of food. The particular delicacy is "ice cream," which is simply a mixture of frozen blue berries and tallow. After the first day visitors must eat the food their hosts set before them. Each tribe tries to outdo the other in contortions, endurance, and dancing costumes. Each animal is impersonated by a dancer, who is trained months ahead for his work. These men are dressed in skins and fully represent the seal, bear, and walrus. They dance slowly in a circle made by the spectators, and imitate the movements and cries of the beasts each impersonates. They sing a sort of chant, in which the onlookers join.

The Snake-dance, given every second year in the Hopi pueblos of the far south, is a dramatized prayer for rain at an appointed season. It is a grim and startling ceremony, real live rattlesnakes being used as messengers to carry to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to have power over the rain cloud, the petitions of the Hopis. To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that they are in no wise deprived of their power to do so. There are those who claim that they have seen the dancers bitten by their rattlesnake partners, but that the priests possess a secret antidote to which they resort in case of snakebite. To secure the snakes, the priests go out in pairs with digging sticks and canvas bags, following their trails in the dust, and dig them out of their holes.

The Indians of the Mississippi Valley hold a Corn-dance, which is a feature of the growing season where blanket Indians reside. Just when these dances will be held the white man never knows. Just how the festivities are conducted his eye is never supposed to see. Secretly the word is sent out and as secretly as possible the redskins gather. But the monotonous thrumming of tom-toms, the intermittent yell of squaws, the shrill squeals of the juveniles and the more dignified chantings of the braves carry the tidings unmistakably when once the dance is on.

These ceremonies are peculiar to the Mississippi Valley. Members of the tattered remnants of what were once powerful tribes, who are familiar figures on the streets of nearly every Mississippi River city, periodically become imbued with the desire to hold a tribal dance. Dirty, dusty, and travel stained, and often as not ravenously hungry, descendants and associates of the families of Winnishiek, Rain Cloud, Hawk Eye, Big Moon, Winnebigoshish, Waheta, Little Crow, Rain Maker and many

other greater or less chieftains respond to the call and are promptly on hand to take part in the big feed which is usually an important adjunct of the dance festival. The Corn-dance is something akin to the Snake-dance in that it is to propitiate the rain god.

While not in the strict sense of the term a dance, yet the potlatch of the coast Indians has dancing connected with it. Recent efforts to suppress a celebration of the curious ceremony on Vancouver Island were bitterly resented by the Indians through their chiefs. They contend that the custom is one that conerns the Indians alone, and that it should not be interfered with. The potlatch is a sort of carnival of unselfishness in which the chief who gives away the greatest amount of goods and trinkets receives the most honor. Naturally, the tribesmen delight in being showered with gifts by the chiefs, and the latter wish to maintain the right to give away as much as they like to whom they please. At the close of the giving of presents, a big dance and feast is held.

The strangest of all Indian dances, perhaps, are those given underground. These are common among the Tewos in the Southern United States. No white man, it is said, has ever been permitted to see one. During the preparations for and progress of the dance, a careful guard is kept so that there may be no possibility of a white man stealing in. Large dugouts are made with long underground passages—and these, too, are carefully guarded to see that none but a Tewo is allowed to pass.

The Indian will always dance. The desire to shake his feet is inborn, and no amount of civilization seems to uproot it. The character of Indian dances has necessarily changed considerably. Social dances are becoming more common, and on some of the reserves large buildings are being erected in which the more modern Indian dances are taught to the young Indians. None of the treaty Indians of either the United States or Canada have been known to adopt any of the white man's dances. The tango and the bunny-hug are foreign to them. They have not yet learned the way of dancing in each others' arms.

# I Remember! I Remember!

(Revised Version)

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now,
For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific
From the back lot to the gate.

The house and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene;
The engine in the laundry
Is run by gasoline,
We have silos, we have autos,
We have dynomos and things;
A telephone for gossip,
And a phonograph that sings.

The hired man has left us,
We miss his homely face;
A lot of college graduates
Are working in his place.
There's an engineer and fireman,
A chauffer and a vet,
'Lectrician and mechanic—
Oh, the farm's run right, you bet.

The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn
Now brightens up a bathroom
That cost a car of corn.
Our milkmaid is pneumatic
And she's sanitary, too,
But dad gets fifteen cents a quart
For milk that once brought two.

CANADIAN COURIER

BROTHER, we have been told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will consider again of what you have said.

RED JACKET.