

# DAKOTA PORTRAITS

## INTRODUCTION

These "Dakota Portraits," written by the Reverend Stephen R. Riggs in 1858, were published in the *Minnesota Free Press* of St. Peter at irregular intervals from January 27 to July 14, 1858. The newspaper itself was a weekly, edited by William C. Dodge, and appeared for the first time on May 27, 1857. With the issue of November 17, 1858, its publication was, for financial reasons, temporarily suspended. In April of the following year, however, the paper resumed publication under the name of the *St. Peter Free Press* and it continued to be issued until December 21 of that year, when the plant was destroyed by fire.<sup>1</sup> The last issue in the file of the Minnesota Historical Society is dated December 7, 1859.

Because of his long residence among the Dakota Indians, Riggs was peculiarly well fitted to describe their characteristics. The sketches are written from his own personal knowledge, and present a number of persons who are scarcely known apart from his account of them. The author was a Presbyterian missionary to the Sioux. He was born in Ohio in 1812, a descendant of "a long line of godly men, ministers of the gospel and others," and received a good education at Jefferson College and Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pennsylvania. After he was licensed as a preacher, he was sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to aid Dr. Thomas S. Williamson in his work with the Indians of the Northwest.

Riggs and his wife arrived at Fort Snelling to begin their labors in June, 1837, and spent the summer with the Reverend Jedediah Stevens at Lake Harriet. Traveling by Mackinaw boat and wagon, the missionaries reached Lac qui Parle the middle of September. For five years they worked among the

<sup>1</sup> Daniel S. B. Johnston, "Minnesota Journalism in the Territorial Period," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10: 317 (part 1).

Indians at that point and, with the help of Joseph Renville Sr., translated parts of the Bible into the Dakota language.

In June, 1843, after a trip east, Riggs, with the assistance of Robert Hopkins, a new man in the field, opened a mission at Traverse des Sioux. At first the Indians, influenced by other tribes farther south, appeared to be inimical to the undertaking, but gradually the hostility wore away, and the native church increased its membership. Whiskey was always a cause of trouble, and in 1846 the missionary narrowly escaped death from the bullet of a drunken Indian. Men, women, and children were intoxicated for days. On several occasions the Riggs home was invaded, and violent demands were made for food and drink. Alexander G. Huggins was assigned to the station in September, 1846, and Riggs returned to Lac qui Parle to take the place of Dr. Williamson, who was transferred to a new field with the Lower Indians at Kaposia. In July, 1851, Riggs acted as one of the interpreters at the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, and he helped materially in explaining the terms to the Indians. The following year under the patronage, and with the assistance of, the Minnesota Historical Society he published his *Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language* as one of the Smithsonian Institution's *Contributions to Knowledge*.

Further changes in the locations of the Dakota mission stations were determined upon after the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux as the Indians were gradually shifted to the reservations in the western part of the state. Dr. Williamson had chosen a new site on the Yellow Medicine River in 1852 which he called Payzhehooteze, and two years later Riggs followed him to that region. The Hazelwood mission with its companion institution, the Hazelwood republic, situated some five miles above the Upper Sioux Agency, was organized by the Riggs party as a center for agricultural and educational work among the Indians, and as the Indian office reports show, did a good work in civilizing the bands near the agency. When the Indian outbreak of 1862 began, the Hazelwood party came down to the settlements. Riggs volunteered for service and was commissioned chaplain to General Sibley's forces. The mission

station, destroyed during the trouble, was not rebuilt, as the Indians were transferred to reservations in Dakota and Nebraska. The missionaries moved westward with them. New men were sent to the field, and Riggs became an organizer of additional stations without a permanent mission of his own. He died in Beloit, Wisconsin, in 1883, three years after the publication of his autobiography.<sup>2</sup>

Writing in 1858, Riggs shows the relations existing between the leaders among the Indians and the advance guards of the white invasion during the interval between the Inkpaduta massacre of 1857 and the general outbreak of 1862. The Indians were beginning to feel the pressure of settlement behind them, and the contraction of their hunting grounds. A letter from Dr. Thomas S. Williamson to Agent T. J. Galbraith on June 2, 1862, two months before the massacre, gave warning of Indian troubles. "It is a new edition of the tale which we have had every year, except one, since 1857."<sup>3</sup> There is little evidence in the "Dakota Portraits" that a clash was foreseen, but Riggs has ably described the natural leaders of an outbreak, their customs and traditions. Always on the frontier among the people to whom his life had been devoted, he was able to see and estimate the men around him, and to make his reader appreciate their real worth.

The reprint of the sketches which follows is literal except that it has not seemed necessary to reproduce the eccentricities of punctuation and capitalization or the obvious typographical errors of the *Minnesota Free Press*. For the sake of uniformity, liberties have also been taken with the spelling of tribal names, the model followed in this respect being the *Handbook of American Indians* published by the American Bureau of Ethnology.

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<sup>2</sup> This book, *Mary and I; Forty Years with the Sioux*, published in Chicago in 1880, has furnished much of the information for the above sketch of his career.

<sup>3</sup> *The Dakotan*, 5:211 (November, 1902).

SLEEPY EYES<sup>4</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, January 27, 1858]

"Who is Sleepy Eyes?" some of your readers may ask. To this question I propose to give an answer in this article. When Sleepy Eyes, or Ishtahba, which is very literally translated by Sleepy Eyes, was born, I can not tell, for the Dakotas in past times had neither family record nor town clerk. I should judge, however, from the appearance of the man, who was old many years ago, that he was born some twenty years back in the last century. For a half a century or more the Swan Lake country with its ducks and geese, and "many swans" in former days, with its turtles, its fish, its muskrats, and wild rice, was the home of Sleepy Eyes.<sup>5</sup> And the old man loved that country, for at the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux in 1851 he asked of the commis-

<sup>4</sup> Sleepy Eyes (Ishtaba or Ishtahumba), a chief of the Lower Sisseton Sioux, was born near the present site of Mankato. He was the recognized chief from Carver to Lac qui Parle, but his people were so scattered that each little village was practically independent. He is described in 1836 as large and well-proportioned, of rather dignified appearance, good-natured and plausible, but lacking distinction as a hunter or warrior. Although Sleepy Eyes is always spoken of as being well disposed toward the whites, he and members of his personal band took part in the outbreak of 1862, being directly responsible for the massacres at Lake Shetek and other points on the southwestern frontier. They later made their way to Dakota Territory and for several years were a constant menace to the Minnesota settlements. The death of Sleepy Eyes is said to have occurred in South Dakota, but the date has not been ascertained. Henry H. Sibley to General John Pope, October 5, 1862; William Jayne, governor of Dakota Territory, and others to the president of the United States, December 24, 1862; Pope to Sibley, September 30, 1864, in *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, serial 19, p. 711; serial 32, p. 867; serial 85, p. 526; Frederick W. Hodge (ed.), *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:601 (Bureau of American Ethnology, *Bulletins*, no. 30—Washington, 1910); Samuel W. Pond, "The Dakotas as They Were in 1834," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:330; Thomas McKenney and James Hall, *History of the Indian Tribes of North America*, 2:109 (Philadelphia, 1849).

<sup>5</sup> Swan Lake is in the southern part of Nicollet County, a short distance east of New Ulm. Riggs constantly speaks of the village of Sleepy Eyes near the lake, and notes that the chief occasionally rode in to spend the night with the trader, Provençalle, at Traverse des Sioux.

sioners the privilege of living and dying there; and Commissioner Lea told him in public council that it should be as he desired. But promises made even by officers of government in such circumstances are of very little account, when the stipulations of the treaty and the interests of the white race both required his removal. Not, however, until the spring of 1857 did efforts made for that purpose accomplish the object. Then, with a part of his people he removed to this neighborhood, and planted a little on the Yellow Medicine.<sup>6</sup>

For many years past the old man has not been what he once was. Time has stiffened his limbs, furrowed his face, and much impaired his mental faculties. Soon, undoubtedly, he will be numbered with the nations of the dead. Indeed, some weeks ago

A map of land cessions in Minnesota shows an "old Sisseton village" at the mouth of the Big Cottonwood River, on both sides of the Minnesota, and west of Swan Lake, which may have been the home of Sleepy Eyes. The town of Sleepy Eye was named for him, and his remains were finally buried there. Charles C. Royce (compiler), *Indian Land Cessions in the United States*, map 33. (Bureau of American Ethnology, *Eighteenth Annual Report*, part 2—Washington, 1899); Riggs, *Mary and I*, 87; Louis A. Fritsche (ed.), *History of Brown County, Minnesota*, 1: 316, 320 (Indianapolis, 1916).

Edward D. Neill, writing in 1853, in "Dakota Land and Dakota Life," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 1: 260 (1872 edition), places the country of the Sisseton Sioux, the tribe to which Sleepy Eyes belonged, around Lake Traverse and the Coteau des Prairies, but this people in the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux ceded lands far east of that region.

<sup>6</sup> By the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, signed July 23, 1851, the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands of Sioux ceded their lands in the Territory of Minnesota southwest of a line drawn from the Red River just north of Moorhead to St. Cloud, and thence down the Mississippi. The western boundary of the cession was the Big Sioux River from Watertown to Sioux Falls in what is now South Dakota. Luke Lea, commissioner of Indian affairs, and Alexander Ramsey, governor of Minnesota Territory, on the part of the United States agreed that the government would pay \$1,665,000, partly in annuities extending over a period of fifty years, partly in agricultural materials, and partly in money directly to the chiefs. Special reservations, not necessarily permanent, were established along the upper Minnesota River, from the Yellow Medicine to Lake Traverse, to which the Indians were to go. Charles J. Kappler, *Indian Affairs: Laws and Treaties*, 2: 588 (Washington, 1904).

we heard he had died down near Fort Ridgely,<sup>7</sup> but the report proved to be false.

Although I had, through others, become somewhat acquainted with the chief of Swan Lake soon after coming into the country in 1837, it was not until six years later, when we were instructed to commence a mission station at Traverse des Sioux, that my particular personal acquaintance commenced. For several years he and his wife were frequent guests at our house, and they were always welcome, for besides being always glad to see the genial countenance of the old man, they brought us sugar and wild rice, cranberries, ducks, venison, and sometimes muskrats. For the latter we had no liking, but common courtesy required that we should take kindly what was kindly meant; and after he had carried his load twenty miles, it would have been rude in the extreme, in his estimation, for us to have refused to give him flour for his meat. On one occasion we committed a mistake of a grave character. Among the Dakotas a man who has come to be your guest does not expect to be fed out of what he may have brought you. But on the occasion to which I refer some of the old man's muskrats were cooked and served up with bread for his evening meal. He very good-naturedly remarked that he had plenty of muskrats at home, and that he had brought them for our use and not his own.

It has been remarked by most persons acquainted with Indian character and customs that a Dakota chieftain was great in proportion as he had developed the faculty of begging successfully. But Sleepy Eyes was comparatively not a great beggar, and perhaps on that ground he failed of being a great chief. It must not be understood, however, that he could not, or did not, on proper occasions, in this only possible way for a Dakota chief,

<sup>7</sup> Fort Ridgely, established in 1853 to afford protection to the frontier settlements, was situated on the crest of the high bluffs rising from the north bank of the Minnesota River in the northwestern part of Nicollet County. The post withstood successfully a siege by the Sioux during the outbreak of 1862. About 1868 it was abandoned, and only the cemetery and a monument mark the site. William G. Gresham (ed.), *History of Nicollet and Le Sueur Counties, Minnesota*, 1:177, 179 (Indianapolis, 1916); *Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars*, 2:171-186 (St. Paul, 1893); A. T. Andreas, *Illustrated Historical Atlas of the State of Minnesota*, 70 (Chicago, 1874).

exact the rightful tribute from white people. And, as might be expected, the old man always did it gracefully and good-humoredly. He once desired me to write a note for him to Colonel Bruce, who was then Indian agent at Fort Snelling.<sup>8</sup> After the usual compliments he wished his father would be so kind as to give him a *pair of moccasins*. Not at the time understanding the boldness of the figure, I suggested that he would say a pair of shoes, as the agent could probably procure them much easier than he could moccasins. I shall always remember the droll expression of the old man's face, when he looked straight at me and said, "Did you think I meant common moccasins? I meant a horse."

Another good quality which Sleepy Eyes has above most of his compeers is that he can take no for an answer without appearing to be offended.

A Dakota chief is usually less benefited by what he begs than are most of his people. What is received in this way must, in all ordinary circumstances, be divided by the soldiers. It is not strange, then, that the chiefs should often desire to have the gifts so individual and personal as to preclude thus passing into the soldiers' hands. On one occasion the old man of Swan Lake desired me to ask the white chief to place a blanket on his shoulders that it might be his without any hard feelings on the part of his people.

It is reported of Sleepy Eyes that he tried to stop the first steamboat that came up the Minnesota as far as Traverse des Sioux.<sup>9</sup> But the old man may well be excused when we con-

<sup>8</sup> Amos J. Bruce was United States Indian agent at St. Peter's from 1839 to 1848. United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Reports*, 1841-48.

<sup>9</sup> The small steamer "Argo" with an excursion party from Fort Snelling made an experimental trip up the Minnesota River as far as the Indian village of Shakopee in 1842, as Mrs. Mary H. Eastman tells in her *Dahcotah; or Life and Legends of the Sioux*, 113-116 (New York, 1849). Commercial steamboating on the Minnesota really began, however, with the first excursion of the "Anthony Wayne" on June 28, 1850, to a Wahpeton village at Little Rapids, some sixty miles up the river. The *Minnesota Pioneer* for July 4 heralds it as the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the territory. Not to be outdone, the "Nominee," a rival boat, went up to the present site of Carver on July 11, according to the *Minnesota Chronicle and Register* of July 15. A week later the "Anthony Wayne" with a large number of tourists left on its second trip

sider that his was not the first insane attempt to resist progress. Nevertheless, the chief of Swan Lake has usually been a firm friend of white people. The case of Bennett will illustrate this.

"If you take me home with you, I will serve you forever," said Bennett to me in Sleepy Eyes' lodge in the last days of August, 1844. He was a young man of two and twenty, who, with two others, had come up in the employ of a Mr. Turner with a drove of cattle from the state of Missouri. These they were driving to Fort Snelling to fulfill a contract, but never having traveled through the country before, they kept too far to the west, and when they came to the Minnesota, probably not far from New Ulm, supposing it to be Turkey River, Bennett says, they crossed over and kept to the northwest.<sup>10</sup> Still not perceiving their error, although they had fallen into the road which passes up the Mississippi [*sic*] to Red River, they went on until they were met by a war party of Dakotas from Lake Traverse. This war party was returning from an unsuccessful campaign against the Ojibways, hungry, and in no very friendly state of mind. Supposing Turner and his party to be men from the settlement of Lord Selkirk, against whom they had occasion to feel hardly, the Dakotas treated them roughly.<sup>11</sup> Having

up the Minnesota. The excursionists spent the second night at the mission of Traverse des Sioux, and then, after going about as far as the site of Mankato, a hundred and sixty miles from the mouth of the river, turned back toward St. Paul. The *Minnesota Pioneer* for July 25 describes the trip of this first steamer to reach Traverse des Sioux. The "Yankee" on July 22 set out to make a record, and went three hundred miles up the Minnesota, to a point a little above the village of Judson, in Blue Earth County. Provisions began to give out at that time, and hence the vessel turned back, but the marker indicating the limit reached stood for some time unchallenged. Goodhue, in the *Minnesota Pioneer* for August 1, gives an elaborate narrative of this excursion. Nothing is said in any of these accounts, however, of an attempt of Sleepy Eyes to stop the boat. See also Thomas Hughes, "History of Steamboating on the Minnesota River," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10:133-137 (part 1).

<sup>10</sup> The Turkey River rises in northeastern Iowa and flows southeast into the Mississippi River some twenty-five miles north of Dubuque.

<sup>11</sup> Mrs. Riggs says that the dispute between the Sioux and the Red River settlers was about hunting buffalo. Riggs, *Mary and I*, 91.

The Selkirk colony in the Red River Valley was established in 1812



taken away their guns, they proceeded to take off their clothing. This one of the white men resisted, and was shot down. Some of the cattle were killed, and the other three men were stripped of all that was valuable, and taken into camp. The cattle had now scattered off. As they desired more beef, one of the white men was sent, with Indians, to bring them up. Getting away from his captors in this way, he escaped, only to perish on the prairie, as he was not heard of afterwards.

Turner, the owner of the cattle, remained with Bennett. Their coats, pantaloons, and shoes were taken from them, and an old pair of moccasins given to each instead. As he could not swim, Turner was anxious to have them restore his life preserver, but they would not. One gave them a piece of beef roasted on a stick. Then, without a knife of any kind but with the means of making fire, they were dismissed. For four days they came, following the trail they had made when going, often seeing their own cattle, but unable to kill one to furnish themselves with food. In trying to cross a swollen stream the unfortunate Turner was drowned, and Bennett left alone. After this he traveled five days without food, except some hazelnuts. He attempted to catch frogs, but was not able.

The ninth day from their escape he reached the old Lac qui Parle road, from which the encampment of Sleepy Eyes at

by Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, near the present site of Winnipeg, on land granted to him by the Hudson's Bay Company. The first settlers were chiefly Scotch Highlanders. Trouble with the Northwest Company, whose posts were in the region, developed, and the colony dragged out a miserable existence for several years. Lord Selkirk himself visited the Red River settlement in 1816 and reorganized it, but successive plagues of locusts, starvation, and desertion prevented a rapid growth. In 1821 a party of Swiss, attracted by glowing accounts of the new country, arrived, but most of them left after the severe floods of the year 1826. Accounts of the Selkirk colony may be found in Chester Martin, *Lord Selkirk's Work in Canada* (Oxford Historical and Literary Studies, vol. 7—Oxford, 1916); Charles N. Bell, *The Selkirk Settlement and the Settlers* (Winnipeg, 1887); Alexander Ross, *The Red River Settlement* (London, 1856); Mrs. Ann Adams, "Early Days at Red River Settlement and Fort Snelling: Reminiscences, 1821-1829," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 6: 75-93.

Swan Lake could be seen.<sup>12</sup> There he spent the night, revolving in his mind whether to trust himself to the Indians and be killed probably, or go on and die of starvation. He chose the former alternative, and in the morning staggered towards the Dakota camp, thinking that he could but die, and that possibly they might save him alive. When he was first discovered from the encampment, some of the young men and boys were sent out to see what it was. But Bennett was afraid of them, and hid in the grass. He was reduced to a mere shadow, so much so that the Indians called him *Wanage*, or ghost.

Sleepy Eyes himself then came to meet him, and when Bennett saw his open, honest, good-natured countenance, he staggered towards him, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him. And he was not disappointed. The old chief took the starved, emaciated, ghost-like Bennett to his tent and took care of him. He put new moccasins on his way-worn feet. His daughter, then the wife of Joseph Lafromboin,<sup>13</sup> deceased, made bread of flour which the old man had obtained at the mission the day before. "That was the best bread I ever ate," said Bennett. But Sleepy Eyes did more. He sent a special messenger to the Traverse to have us come for "the ghost." We took him home,

<sup>12</sup> The reference apparently is to the first Red River trail, which led up the Minnesota River to Traverse des Sioux, thence across country south of Swan Lake to the mouth of the Cottonwood River and up the Minnesota to Lac qui Parle. From there the route struck northwest to Lake Traverse and thence northward. William H. Keating, *Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River in 1823 under the Command of Stephen H. Long*, 1:1, map (London, 1825); John Pope, *Report of an Exploration of the Territory of Minnesota*, 9 (31 Congress, 1 session, *Senate Executive Documents*, no. 42—serial 558).

<sup>13</sup> Probably Joseph Laframboise, who at various times from 1822 on was licensed to trade with the Indians in different places in southwestern Minnesota. About 1837 he was placed in charge of the American Fur Company's post at Little Rock, a short distance southeast of Fort Ridgely on the Minnesota River. His first wife was the daughter of Walking Day; his second and third wives were daughters of Sleepy Eyes. In 1845 he married Jane Dickson, the daughter of William Dickson, a well-known fur-trader. Letters of Joseph Laframboise (translations) among the Sibley Papers in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society; George E. Warner and Charles M. Foote (eds.), *History of the Minnesota Valley*, 686 (Minneapolis, 1882); Newton H. Winchell, *The Aborigines of Minnesota*, 583 (St. Paul, 1911).

and in three weeks he was so far recruited as to return to his friends in Missouri.<sup>14</sup> No wonder that Bennett should hate Indians, and yet he should love them too, for Sleepy Eyes treated him like a brother.

During the progress of the treaty of 1851 at Traverse des Sioux, Sleepy Eyes was so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of the commissioners; and from that time onward the old man, whose mental and physical energies were fast failing, has been, I think, regarded with less consideration than he deserved. There was no intentional disrespect on the part of the old chief of Swan Lake. For a while it seemed as if all negotiations were broken off in consequence; but in the end it turned out to be the best thing that could have happened, as it brought about an arrangement sooner than under other circumstances could have been expected. Several councils had been held. Commissioners Ramsey and Lea had made their propositions to the Indians and were, at the time to which we refer, urging them in council to accept of it. The red chiefs were not ready to give an answer; they did not sufficiently understand the propositions of the white chiefs nor the views of each other. Accordingly they could say nothing. In the meantime, the young men, knowing that nothing would be done in the council, had gotten up a ball play on the open prairie above the council booth about where the new Presbyterian Church now stands.<sup>15</sup> A council, in which the talking was now all on one side, had become uninteresting to the Dakotas. Suddenly Sleepy Eyes arose and said to his brother chiefs, "We will adjourn to see the ball play"; and the adjournment immediately followed. This was regarded as such an insult by the commissioners that they could hardly contain themselves. Governor Ramsey immediately gave notice that the daily provision rations would be stopped; and orders were given (perhaps it was only intended

<sup>14</sup> It is interesting to compare this narrative with the account given by Mrs. Riggs in a letter which she wrote to a member of her family, October 10, 1844, a few weeks after the events took place, and which is to be found in Riggs, *Mary and I*, 91.

<sup>15</sup> This church, erected during the pastorate of the Reverend Moses N. Adams (1853-60), was standing in 1916, when it was being used as a slaughter house. Gresham, *Nicollet and Le Sueur Counties*, 1:187.

for effect) to get ready their boat for embarkation. By this flare-up both parties were in the end brought nearer together. The white chiefs were prevailed upon to raise the amount of the promised money annuity, ten thousand dollars, and the red chiefs were brought to moderate their demands. The next day Sleepy Eyes was required to make an apology, which he did by saying very good-naturedly that he meant no disrespect, and he was surprised that it should have been so regarded.<sup>16</sup>

About thirty-three or thirty-four years ago Sleepy Eyes visited the national capital. It was after the last war with Great Britain. Peace had been declared. New relations were to be entered into with the Indian tribes. Chatanwakooowamane, the first Little Crow, and grandfather of the present Dakota chief known by that name, expected to be recognized as the head chief of the Dakotas, but Wapasha succeeded in obtaining the precedence.<sup>17</sup> Little Crow the I took Sleepy Eyes with him to Washington. They were accompanied by William Dixon as

<sup>16</sup> William G. Le Duc gives the following account of this incident, which occurred on July 19, 1851: "Eshtahenba, or Sleepy Eyes, an old chief of the Sissetons, Traverse des Sioux band, addressed the commissioners: '*Fathers*: Your coming and asking me for my country makes me sad; and your saying I am not able to do anything with my country makes me still more sad. Those who are coming behind are my near relatives, and I expected certainly to see them here. That is all I have to say. I am going to leave, and that is the reason I spoke.' (Turning to the other Sissetons, he said, 'Come let us go.') Here the chief arose, with the other Sissetons, and in confusion left the council, amidst loud cries from their young men on the outskirts." Prompt action by the commissioners in cutting off the food supplies which had been issued to the Indians brought them to a realization of their position, and requests were made for a further council. Accordingly, at noon on July 21 the body reassembled, and Sleepy Eyes made an apology, saying, "On the day before yesterday when we conversed together, you were offended, I hear, at what was said. No offense or disrespect was intended. We only wanted more time to consider. The young men who made a noise were waiting to have a ball play, and thinking the council over, arose, and as they did so, made the disturbance which we were sorry for." Governor Ramsey accepted the explanation, and negotiations were continued. *Minnesota Year Book*, 1852, p. 58.

<sup>17</sup> Petit Corbeau, or Little Crow, the grandfather of the leader of the Sioux outbreak, signed the treaty made by Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike in 1805. He was one of a line of hereditary chiefs of the Kapozha band

interpreter, who was called by the Dakotas Makoosha (Red Breast).<sup>18</sup> The then young Sisseton brave of Swan Lake was not a chief. He had his grandfather's name; but his father and grandfather had not ranked higher than soldiers under Wakanto (Blue Spirit), the father of the present Wakayyaska (White Lodge).<sup>19</sup> Sleepy Eyes was made a chief at Washington and brought back his commission from the war department. Many

of Sioux living some fifteen miles below the mouth of the Minnesota River, on the east bank of the Mississippi. He died about 1836. His Indian name is spelled in various ways by different writers. Elliot Coues, in his edition of Zebulon M. Pike, *Expeditions*, 1:85, n. 1 (New York, 1895); Sibley, "Reminiscences of the Early Days of Minnesota," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:251-253.

The second Wapasha succeeded his father as an hereditary chief of the Mdewakanton Sioux. He met Lieutenant Pike in April, 1806, at Prairie du Chien. Like most of the chiefs of the Northwest, he was an ally of the British during the War of 1812, but he soon accepted the Peace of Ghent and was highly respected by the whites as well as by the Indians. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:911; Charles C. Willson, "The Successive Chiefs Named Wabasha," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:508.

<sup>18</sup> William Dickson was the son of Robert Dickson, an English fur-trader, and of a Sioux woman. Although he assisted his father in promoting British interests among the Indians during the War of 1812, he continued to trade in the United States after the peace, and acted as an interpreter for the party of Indians that Major Taliaferro escorted to Washington in 1824. In 1836 Dickson tried to organize an Indian and half-breed revolt in the Red River settlement for the purpose of setting himself up as the head of an independent state. *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, 10:141, n. 2; Neill, *History of Minnesota*, 452 (Minneapolis, 1882), and "Occurrences in and around Fort Snelling from 1819 to 1840," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2:109; Manuscript Journal of Lawrence Taliaferro, June 29, 1823 (in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society).

<sup>19</sup> Pike says that the Sisseton Sioux along the St. Peter's were subdivided into two groups, the second of which, the "Sussitongs proper, are headed by Wacantoe or Esprit Blue (Blue Spirit)." *Expeditions*, 1:343 (Coues ed.).

White Lodge was the chief of a band of Sisseton Sioux near Lake Shaokatan in Lincoln County. During the massacre of 1862 he led a party against the settlements at Lake Shetek and carried off a number of women and children. These were later rescued by the "Fool Soldier" band of Teton Sioux near the Missouri River. White Lodge died in Canada about 1870. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:945.

years afterwards, when the parchment conferring on him chiefly honors had become soiled and worn by age, I assisted the old man in getting it renewed at headquarters.

Sleepy Eyes has no son to inherit his place and power. His only son died many years ago, partly in consequence of a wound which he received in war with the Potawatomis.

The subject of this memoir is possessed of a large, muscular frame. When young he must have been quite a good-looking Dakota. His eyes are small, and usually—since we have known him, at least—only about half open. Hence, there was a propriety and point in his name. Although always kind and friendly to missionaries, as well as other white people, Sleepy Eyes was firmly attached to the religion of his fathers. A broken or deformed leg, a pain in the back, or some other bodily indisposition or sickness, was sin, according to his theology. And these were the consequences of breaking some of the laws, not of physical life, but of the world of spirits, which are represented by various classes of animal existence. In words he acknowledged that we were right, that we had the word of the Great Spirit; but he had grown up in the dark, and it was now too late for him to come to the light.<sup>20</sup> He appreciated the temporal benefits which have attended missionary efforts, and spoke very highly of Mr. Hopkins' self-denying labors among them.<sup>21</sup> No member of our mission placed more value upon efforts to assist the Indians temporally, as a means of opening

<sup>20</sup> For other accounts of Sioux religious beliefs, see James W. Lynd, "The Religion of the Dakotas," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2:150-174; Gideon H. Pond, "Dakota Superstitions" and "Dakota Gods," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2:215-255; and "Religion," in Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:365-370. The last reference deals with the whole subject of Indian religion.

<sup>21</sup> The Reverend Robert Hopkins was born in Ohio in 1816. He was educated at South Hanover College, Indiana, came to Minnesota for mission work in 1843, and was ordained by the Dakota Presbytery in 1848. Mr. Hopkins was stationed at Lac qui Parle during his first year while Mr. Riggs established a new post at Traverse des Sioux, and then came down to the latter point. When the older missionary was transferred back to Lac qui Parle, Hopkins remained in charge at Traverse des Sioux and he served there until his death by drowning on July 4, 1851. Riggs, *Mary and I*, 75-77, 90, 115; Upham and Dunlap, *Minnesota Biographies*, 343 (*M. H. C.* vol. 14).

their minds to the light of God's truth, than Mr. Hopkins; and no one was "in labors more abundant" of that character. Well may Sleepy Eyes and Red Iron<sup>22</sup> hold him in remembrance.

Persons who have been engaged in the fur trade speak of a man as a "good Indian" in proportion as he has taken many furs and paid his credits well. Whether or not Sleepy Eyes was a good Indian in this sense of the word I can not say, but I can say that we have found very few whose uniform intercourse with us has been more pleasant. He was "the chief among them."

HAZELWOOD,<sup>23</sup> MINNESOTA, January 8, 1858

<sup>22</sup> Red Iron, or Mazahsha, was a chief of the Sisseton band of Sioux, living near the mouth of the Lac qui Parle River. He signed the treaties of Traverse des Sioux, July 23, 1851, and Washington, June 19, 1858. For opposing the payment of the extreme claims of the traders at the first distribution of the annuities at Traverse des Sioux in 1852, he was arrested by Governor Ramsey and held under guard for several days. Remaining friendly in the Sioux war of 1862, he prevented Little Crow from taking his captives west with him after the defeat at Wood Lake. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:360; Gabriel Renville, "A Sioux Narrative of the Outbreak in 1862, and of Sibley's Expedition in 1863," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10:604 (part 2).

<sup>23</sup> The Hazelwood mission and republic was situated a short distance north of the Yellow Medicine River, near the Minnesota. Riggs says of the mission: "The Yellow Medicine had been made the head quarters of the Indian Agency for the four thousand upper Indians. . . . The idea was to commence a settlement of the civilized and Christianized Dakotas, at some point within convenient distance from the Agency to receive the help which the government had by treaty pledged itself to give." The republic was composed of a number of young Dakota who had adopted the customs of white men. "They elected their President for two years, and other needed officers, and were without any difficulty recognized by the agent as a separate band. A number of these men were half breeds, who were, by the organic law of Minnesota, citizens." A boarding school, also, was opened in connection with the mission but with indifferent success. The mission buildings were destroyed in the Indian war of 1862 and were never rebuilt, as the Indians were soon moved westward. Riggs, *Mary and I*, 130, 133, and "Protestant Missions in the Northwest," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 6:172.

GREY LEAF<sup>24</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, February 3, 1858]

Of the great men who, a dozen years ago, lived and hunted in Nicollet, Blue Earth, and Le Sueur counties, there was a remarkable trio, of which Sleepy Eyes was the first. The other two were Grey Leaf and Black Eagle. They were all Dakota men above the ordinary stature. Of the three, Grey Leaf, or Apahota, was the tallest and slenderest. He was probably fully six feet in height. His face was long and thin, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather large and expressive, his mouth small and well formed, and his whole appearance indicating more than ordinary intellect for a Dakota. His wife's name was Hoontka, or Cormorant, the sister of Sleepy Eyes.

Grey Leaf was not a Sisseton but a Wahpekute,<sup>25</sup> but because he was the king's<sup>26</sup> brother-in-law, he became his chief soldier. When we first became acquainted with him he was an old man, complaining very much of rheumatism. Many a bottle of Opodeldoc and British Oil did he use up for me. They were always sovereign remedies, and had done wonders for his lame knees, but still he needed more. Notwithstanding his age and infirmities, the old man was still energetic, the old woman was industrious and saving, and their sons were good hunters, so that they were usually quite well off for Indians who planted so little.

These great men all loved strong drink; and in those days there was abundance of it in the country. By day and by night

<sup>24</sup> No additional material was found on this man.

<sup>25</sup> The Wahpekute (Shooters in the Leaves) was one of the smallest of the Sioux bands. According to Major Long it had roving habits, and hunted near the headwaters of the Cannon and Blue Earth rivers. Sibley says that in 1834 it lived in villages not far from the present site of Faribault, and at a few other points. A band led by Black Eagle gradually separated from the main body, migrated to South Dakota, and later, under Inkpaduta, was responsible for the Spirit Lake massacre. Sibley, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:250; Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:890; Pike, *Expeditions*, 1:344, 349 (Coues ed.); Keating, *Long's Expedition*, 1:403. See also *post*, footnote 31.

<sup>26</sup> That is, Sleepy Eyes.



we were annoyed by drunken men, and sometimes our lives were endangered. They made frequent visits to St. Paul, which then enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being a village of grog shops alone, both by land and river, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the military at Fort Snelling, which by the way was rather spasmodic, they brought up kegs of "spirit water." Sometimes they spread so hard by the way as to drink up or lose their whole stock before reaching home.<sup>27</sup> And hardly any one had less control over himself in this respect than Grey Leaf.

In the spring of 1846 I started with my family from the Traverse down the Minnesota in a large canoe. Mr. N. Brown,<sup>28</sup> who had been trading there during the winter, was a passenger with us. Somewhere, as we passed down through the Big Woods, I do not remember just the place, it may have been near where the town of Henderson now stands, we were hailed from the shore, and ordered to land, for they wanted bread. We perceived that they were drunk, and accordingly kept near the opposite shore. It turned out to be Grey Leaf and his wife and a servant boy called Posheensheen. The old man was lying in the canoe dead drunk. Hoontka and the boy were in a more active state. When they perceived that we were not intending to land for their benefit, Posheensheen pulled a gun out of the forward end of the canoe and, running down the shore a short distance, fired at us. Fortunately, the shots were received chiefly by the side of our canoe, only one of them taking effect in myself and inflicting a small flesh wound.

The affair itself might have been quite a serious one. The sequel was somewhat amusing. We had gone down as far as Red Wing in our pirogue, and spent the Sabbath with mission-

<sup>27</sup> A description of St. Paul as it was in 1847, written by Dr. Williamson, is in Neill, *Minnesota*, 481, n. 2. The fondness of the Indians for strong drink and its disastrous effect upon them are dwelt upon by the Reverend Gideon H. Pond in an article published in the *Dakota Friend* of September, 1851, and reprinted in J. Fletcher Williams, *A History of the City of St. Paul*, 83 (*M. H. C.* vol. 4).

<sup>28</sup> This trader is identified by Mr. Samuel J. Brown of Browns Valley as Nathaniel R. Brown, who came west in 1841 to assist his brother, Joseph R. Brown, in the fur trade.

ary friends,<sup>20</sup> endeavoring also to preach the gospel to the natives. We had taken a steamboat and visited Galena. We had spent a week in coming up from Mendota in an open batteau, and were at home again. We had not of late thought much of Posheensheen's treatment of us, when we were taken by surprise one day by the arrival of quite a company from Swan Lake. Sleepy Eyes and Grey Leaf, with their families and a number of others, had brought Posheensheen to be punished they said. The boy was conducted into our cabin with all due ceremony, and we had the usual amount of set speeches, Grey Leaf towards the close saying that he had been whipping him almost all the time since, and he thought the fellow was sufficiently punished. Relieved by this decision of the great man, I satisfied myself with a plain talk to the boy and the rest of the company. To this they all said, "Ho," with their loudest voice, and then expressed the opinion that, as the boy had been whipped and lectured so well, I ought now to give him some flour and pork. This would have been in accordance with Dakota custom, and no doubt it was the real object of their visit, but it did not then agree with our notions of justice. Hoontka expressed her sorrow that Posheensheen had acted so foolishly, for, said she, "in consequence of that, we upset our canoe, and lost all our spirit water."

This Posheensheen (the Sniveller) was himself quite a character. He was thrown away when a baby by his own mother, and taken up and raised by Grey Leaf's daughter, whose husband's name was Cloud Blanket. Cloud Blanket had a son not far from the same age of Posheensheen. These two sustained very much the relation of master and slave. If Chaskay's mocasins needed tying, Posheensheen tied them. If Chaskay's hands were sticky from eating sugar, Posheensheen licked them. He had a low forehead and an evil eye, and a head of hair that looked like a brush heap. I have not seen him for more than ten years, but I understand that he is still living.

In the winter of 1854-55 these Indians were encamped in the

<sup>20</sup> Red Wing was the station of Mr. Dentan, a Swiss missionary, and the Riggses visited them for a time. The story of the shooting by the drunken Indians on the trip down the river is also given by Riggs in his *Mary and I*, 97.

Big Woods below Le Sueur, when the smallpox appeared among them. Grey Leaf with his two sons and daughter, Cloud Blanket and his children, besides others of the connection, all died. Hootka and Posheensheen lived through.

Grey Leaf was not a troublesome neighbor. He often came to our house, and always had a speech to make, but he did not beg nor scold much. On one occasion I recollect his making quite a long speech, in which he seemed to be speaking more harshly and unkindly than I had often heard him. During the progress of his speech something of a cloud had been gathering over me, but at the close he dissipated it entirely by saying, "You think I mean something; I don't mean anything."

Whatever may have been the facts in regard to "medicine men" among the Dakotas in former days, of late years the science and the art of conjuring have been confined to no class. The men, with but few exceptions, and perhaps one fourth of the women, have at some time tried their skill in exorcising the evil spirits, which are the universal causes of diseases which they do not understand. Grey Leaf was not only a firm believer in the virtue of conjuring, but quite a professor and practitioner in the art. On one occasion I went to see a sick girl. The blanket was over her face, and Grey Leaf was rattling his gourd shell and singing lustily. He said he was teaching her the last song that she might sing it as she traveled along the iron road of spirits. I removed the covering from her face, and lo! she was dead. Then commenced the long, loud, and bitter wailing.<sup>30</sup>

It will be understood from what has been already said that Grey Leaf was not disposed to change his religion. He would listen respectfully, but he always objected that he was unable. Like another Dakota man, who, after hearing and learning much of the religion of the Bible, said, "It is not possible to forsake the customs of our fathers"; and like an old woman who once told me that she wanted to live in the Bad Spirits' house because all her relatives had gone there, so Grey Leaf was satisfied to live as he had been taught and to die as his fathers died.

<sup>30</sup> For accounts of Sioux ideas of medicine, see Williamson, "Dakota Medicine," in Riggs, *The Gospel among the Dakotas*, 435-450 (Boston, 1869); and Neill, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 1:271-275.

*Grey Leaf's Koda*

Black Eagle,<sup>31</sup> or Wanmdesapa, was known to us rather as the koda, or particular friend of Grey Leaf than by much personal acquaintance; and generally, when he came in contact with us, it was under such circumstances as to leave not the most pleasant impressions. He also was of the Wahpekute clan, or band of Leaf Shooters, and chief soldier of Tasagya, and, I have recently learned, was some connection of Inkpadoota, of Spirit Lake notoriety. Black Eagle planted less than Sleepy Eyes and Grey Leaf, and was consequently less about the Traverse in those days. He and his connections hunted on the Blue Earth and its branches and down to the Iowa line. I visited him once while he was sick; I think it was the summer of 1846. They were then encamped some two miles above where St. Peter now stands. Soon after this, at the summer residence of Big Walker,<sup>32</sup> he died.

There was something more stern and less genial in the character of Black Eagle than in that of the other two members of this trio. My recollection of his visits to our house is that, with one exception, they were always for the purpose of begging. As a beggar he was exacting and importunate. Begging, in those days, was worse than annoying—it was vexatious. On our first arrival at the Traverse in June, 1843, with the intention of making it our home, I gave the Indians who were there and in a destitute condition a barrel of flour and some meat. They soon obtained more from me by begging. Not content with this,

<sup>31</sup> The Wahpekute subtribe of Sioux had two principal chiefs, Tasagi and Wamdisapa (Black Eagle), the latter being the real war leader. The former was murdered about 1839 by members of his own band, perhaps by Inkpaduta, and Black Eagle succeeded to the chieftainship. A quarrel occurred within the tribe over the continuance of the war with the Sacs and Foxes, and gradually the lawless fighting element headed by Black Eagle broke away from the rest of the tribe. When he died, or was murdered, Inkpaduta became chief of the outlaws, and this band was responsible for the Spirit Lake massacre. Charles E. Flandrau, "The Ink-pa-du-ta Massacre of 1857," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:387; Return I. Holcombe, in *Minnesota in Three Centuries*, 3:219 (New York, 1908); Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:902; Thomas Teakle, *The Spirit Lake Massacre*, 63-71 (Iowa City, 1918).

<sup>32</sup> See *post*, 502-505.

when they failed to get by asking, they took without leave. All the animals we possessed at that time consisted of a yoke of oxen. These were both killed and eaten within ten days, partly, if not chiefly, through the influence of Black Eagle. He denied, of course, having had any hand in it, and so did all the principal men. But such things are not usually done in a corner.<sup>33</sup>

There is, however, one rather pleasant remembrance which we have of Black Eagle. That first summer at the Traverse was the time of our great sorrow. Thomas L. Longley, a brother of Mrs. Riggs's, was a young man of promise. He had come out from Massachusetts to spend a couple of years with us, and assist in erecting the necessary buildings at a new station. We had been at the Traverse about five weeks and had a rough log cabin nearly ready to occupy. Saturday, about noon, the fifteenth day of July, he went in to bathe near the present steamboat landing, and was drowned. I need not tell how this event came upon us like an avalanche; how we gathered up his clothes and searched for his body; how our neighbors, Mr. Le Blanc, alias Provençalle,<sup>34</sup> and some of the Dakotas, searched also; how, as Saturday evening's sun went down upon us, and *one was not*, our hearts sank within us as lead in the mighty waters; how the Sabbath day, emblem of the resurrection, raised up our loved one from his watery house; how we took him up and, without coffin or shroud, in the twilight of the Sabbath, laid him to rest among the oaks, and we called the place *Allon Bachuth*; and how, finally, all summer long the waters of that river made us shudder when we looked upon them. But in the midst of

<sup>33</sup> See Mrs. Riggs's account of the killing of the oxen in a letter quoted in Riggs, *Mary and I*, 86.

<sup>34</sup> Louis Provençalle came to the upper Mississippi region before 1800. He was one of the French *voyageurs* who volunteered their services at Mackinaw on June 21, 1814, for an expedition to Prairie du Chien against the Americans. Later he established a trading post at Traverse des Sioux, which he conducted for thirty or forty years. Although Provençalle was a Roman Catholic, a warm friendship developed between him and Riggs, and he and his family were often attendants at the mission services. He died at Mendota in 1850. Sibley, "Reminiscences, Historical and Personal," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 1: 466; Wisconsin *Historical Collections*, 9: 262, 263; S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12: 335; Riggs, *Mary and I*, 27, 90.

our grief and when we were nursing our silent sorrow, Black Eagle volunteered his sympathy and counsel. The geese and ducks, he said, when a companion was shot away from their side, went on their way solitarily, perhaps, but not silently. Every living thing that had a voice cried out when hurt. The Dakotas were children of nature and when a friend died, they wailed out their sorrow, but we kept it in. It were better to cry it out. There was truth in the old man's language; but we are creatures of habit, and not bars nor bolts of iron are so strong as habits.<sup>35</sup>

TANKAMANE, OR BIG WALKER<sup>36</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, February 10, 1858]

The subject of this memoir was a Sisseton, a chief soldier of the band or clan now known among white people as Red Iron's. He was for many years the principal man of the little planting village at the foot of the hill beyond the river, about opposite the town of Traverse des Sioux. Big Walker was rather short, but thick and heavy set, with more muscle than is common in Dakota men. Once, when Mrs. Riggs saw him coming to our house in a state of intoxication, she turned the button over the doorlatch; but he had no sooner placed his thumb upon the handle than the button split as if it had been a thing of nothing.<sup>37</sup> He loved the excitement of getting drunk; and although he would acknowledge the many evils resulting from such a course, he could not resist the temptation. It made him feel good. Poor man! About ten years ago, he died, as a fool dieth, in a fit of drunkenness.<sup>38</sup>

On looking back to those years spent at Traverse des Sioux, it seems as if drunkenness was the rule and soberness the ex-

<sup>35</sup> See the account of the accident in Riggs, *Mary and I*, 80-85, which includes a letter of Mrs. Riggs to her parents.

<sup>36</sup> According to S. W. Pond, Tankamane, or Big Walker, was headman of the Sisseton village at Traverse des Sioux in 1834 under the chieftainship of Sleepy Eyes. *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:322.

<sup>37</sup> Mrs. Riggs describes this incident in a letter dated October 10, 1844, quoted in Riggs, *Mary and I*, 93.

<sup>38</sup> In a report to Indian Agent Bruce, dated August 12, 1846, Riggs mentions the death of Big Walker as having occurred that spring. 29 Congress, 2 session, *House Executive Documents*, no. 4, p. 314 (serial 497).

ception. Distinctly do I remember, as if it were yesterday, starting down the river with Big Walker, when greatly intoxicated. In those days no steamboat had as yet tried the waters of the Minnesota. Everything was brought up in Mackinaw, or keel boats.<sup>39</sup> We had at that time a small one which belonged to the mission, carrying about six tons. It was in the early spring, and the river was quite full. There was then no white man in that part of the country whose assistance I could obtain in taking down the boat. But Big Walker was willing to help me. Accordingly, one day we made our arrangements to start the following morning. But that night some one brought spirit water to the camp, and Tankamane became drunk. Nevertheless, he remembered his engagement and came early in the morning. He sat down on the floor and was soon asleep. I ate my breakfast, got everything ready, then waked him up, and we started. He was still too much under the influence of spirit water to be of much service, and as we passed along down, he called to every one on shore to tell them that he was drunk.

We were making rather too much of an experiment in boating. The current bore us down rapidly; but I soon ascertained, what was to me then a new lesson, that but little could be done with the steering oar unless the side oars were plied also. Before I had learned what to do under the circumstances, the current carried us under a log which extended over the water, and took away our steering oar, pin and all. From this time I took a side oar, and as Big Walker became sober, he proved to be a valuable assistant. We prosecuted our journey without further accident, except that on our return, when we took to the use of poles, Big Walker missed his step on one occasion and went off into the river, to the no small amusement of the other hands; and when he had clambered on board again, he enjoyed the laugh as much as any one.

In Tankamane's speeches a favorite expression was, "Waksapa shene eshta (although I am not wise)"; and yet seldom have I

<sup>39</sup> The Mackinaw boat, so called because it was developed in the course of the fur-trading operations which centered at Mackinac, is described by Mrs. Riggs as a "large boat of forty feet in length, and perhaps eight in width in the middle, capable of carrying five tons, and manned by five men, four at the oars and a steersman at the stern." Riggs, *Mary and I*, 25. In going up a shallow river, poles were used in place of oars.

heard a Dakota man whose speeches were more luminous than his. A great many of those who pretend to be speakers use a great deal of verbiage. I have heard many speeches in Dakota as well as some in English from which it seemed impossible to get one single clear idea. There is a great deal of talking without sense. But, on the other hand, there are among the Dakotas many clear thinkers, who, like the wonderful ex-governor,<sup>40</sup> say what they mean, and mean what they say. Big Walker, I think, belonged to that class.

The first month was coming to a close when Sleepy Eyes came in from Swan Lake one afternoon and placed his horse at our haystack. The old man had himself gone to smoke his pipe and spend the evening with the trader, Mr. Provençalle. The night had come on, and a candle shone in our cozy little cabin. We heard the footsteps of several persons as they passed our door going towards the stable; and there seemed to be a haste and earnestness in their tread that augured some evil errand. I stepped out to see what was going on and found there three persons, one of whom was Hakadan, a nephew of Sleepy Eyes, and also a relative of Big Walker. Hakadan had in his hands several arrows and a bow and was in the act of shooting his uncle's horse. He said he had shot the horse once and would do it again. I asked why. He replied that Sleepy Eyes should have given him the horse, but did not; therefore he would kill it. I begged him to stop. I remonstrated with him and tried to show him the wickedness of such conduct. But argument and remonstrance were of little avail with a partly drunken man. Finally, however, they left; but as they passed by our door, where I was stopping on the porch, Hakadan turned around and shot an arrow at me, which providentially whizzed past and did no harm.

Some two or three weeks after this time letters came to us from Fort Snelling saying that Hakadan was there in the guard-house and would be taken down to Dubuque. He had gone to St. Paul for whiskey, and the report of his misdemeanor had gone before him. He was accordingly watched for and taken by the soldiers. The letters contained also an intimation that he

<sup>40</sup> Probably Alexander Ramsey, who was governor of the territory from 1849 to 1853.



might be released if I should go down and request it. The next day Big Walker and I were en route for Fort Snelling. We succeeded in having Hakadan set at liberty. He made very fair promises to the Indian agent and the commanding officer, and, so far as I know, he was a wiser and a better man for that lesson. "I would not return in company with that man for the world," said one of the ladies at the fort. Ah! but I would. Hakadan would not likely do me any harm. That night we slept out in a small grove beyond Belle Plaine. Big Walker talked long and earnestly with him. The poor fellow was glad to be returned and in a few weeks expressed his gratitude in a substantial manner, by bringing us two large venison hams.<sup>41</sup>

Tankamane was our special friend. He was rather favorably disposed to education among his own people, and more frequently than any one else he attended our meetings on the Sabbath. Nevertheless, he was firmly attached to the superstitions of his fathers. No one was more active on the occasion of a Sacred Dance than Big Walker.

### *The Sacred Dance*

Among the Dakotas a most remarkable society exists which is called *Wakan wachepe*, or Sacred Dance, of which the medicine sack is the badge. It may be regarded as the depository and guardian of whatever they esteem as *wakan*, or sacred. The Sacred Feasts belong to it, but are of less importance than the dance. The latter is made only occasionally; the former, frequently. None participate in the dance but those who are members of the society. The feasts are not so exclusive; others are often called, but are expected to conform to the rules of the feast. At the dance new members are received and initiated into the mysteries. It is thus at once the exhibition of the spirit of the association and the renewal of the covenant among its members.

Their badge, or medicine sack, is presented to new members at the time of their reception. This is sometimes an otter skin, sometimes a mink, and sometimes a fisher, or other skin. The secret power resides not in the skin naturally but after its consecration. It holds their medicine. It contains also the claws,

<sup>41</sup> See also Riggs's account of this affair in his *Mary and I*, 87.

or nails, the beads and the little shells with which they shoot each other. Their power to kill and make alive again resides in this. According to their pretensions the man or woman who enters the society must enter through death. Unseen this shell or claw must pass from the medicine sack of the operator and, entering into the person, kill him; and then the same *wakan* must bring to life again.

A large skin lodge is usually occupied as the center of operations, the door of which is made wide by throwing up the corners. From this, on each hand, extends a kind of railing, some thirty or forty feet, on which skins are thrown. The entrance is at the farther end. All around the inside of their sanctum sanctorum and along the extended sides sit those who are called to the dance. Beyond this and near the place of entrance is a fire, with great kettles hanging over it, which are filled with dried buffalo meat or other food; and near by lay several packs or bags of the same, which are consecrated to the feast. The whole village are gathered around and are looking over or peeping through the holes in the barricades. Both actors and spectators have on their very best garments. The dancers are painted all colors, and the women as well as the men sometimes wear feathers in their heads. Many years ago, when on one occasion I became a spectator of such a scene, they were all sitting smoking the pipe with the exception of one man and two women, who were passing round the circle, making their salaam, recognizing each one, as they passed, by some title of relationship, as father, mother, brother, sister, cousin, etc., and stretching out their hands toward each, saying, "Have mercy on me!" From each one they waited to receive an affirmative answer. This was the form and substance of their compact. Having passed around, they took their seats. Presently an old man within the lodge, who was master of ceremonies, commenced drumming and singing. Some young men who sat near him joined in the singing and shook their rattles lustily. Others arose and passed around, renewing their covenant by asking each one to have mercy on them. At this time three boys were to be introduced into their mysteries. These started up with their medicine sacks, which they held in their left hand, while the other was stretched out imploring mercy. Three times they ran around, stooping down

as they went and uttering unearthly sounds. As they sat down, each one said, "Koda goowetaya onshemada po (friends, all together, have mercy on me)!" Then all together they rise up and dance towards the holy place of their tabernacle, where they continue their singing, drumming, and dancing for some time, pell-mell, and then, closing with a general shout, they return and sit down in their places. This is repeated many times. In the interval some one makes a speech. When the last act of the drama comes on, the new members are put out in the center, having a place of some size painted on their breasts. They are to be shot there. The old men, who occupy the innermost part of the circle, pray to their gods and their medicine sack; and when they shoot, the neophytes fall down dead! They are then covered up with blankets; and there they lie dead, until those who killed them come and by their magic power restore them to life again. At first they say there is a frothing at the mouth; and then efforts are made to vomit, which result in their throwing up the shell or claw with which they were shot; then they live again.

Many years ago a young man, who has since learned to read and write his own language, was initiated into this society. His uncle, who had persuaded him to join, took great pains to have him well instructed in the *modus operandi*. He was, however, so foolish as to swallow the first shell. Another was furnished, with special instructions to keep it in his mouth and produce it at the time of his restoration to life. This advice he followed; but then he was so stupid as not to know when to die. Here his uncle come to his aid by giving him a push and telling him to fall down. He obeyed; but, boy as he then was, he learned that it was all a deception. And for having left them he has since been annoyed and threatened with the power of their enchantments.

They profess not only to be able to kill and bring to life again in the manner above described, but to have the power of actually causing death by their *wakan*. And so ignorant and superstitious are the Dakotas generally that the fear of this mysterious influence may, perhaps, in instances not a few, have produced disease and death. Some years ago a woman declared to me that she had, in this way, caused the death of a man who had stolen some articles of value from her. The days of witches are not entirely past.

The Sacred Dance is a secret society. They say it is a repository of mysteries which are not known to the uninitiated. But whether any useful knowledge is kept from the world by this secret institution is more than doubtful. Of what use to mankind, for instance, is the story of the two great snakes which reach round the earth. "There are two snakes which surround the earth, one male and the other female. One lies under the setting sun, and the other at the north. Their heads touch, and their tails touch each other." This is the story. One is not made much wiser by the revelation. But there are certain promises made to obedient and devoted followers. "If you keep your medicine bag, you shall have four staves, one after another, and a white or variegated crown. If you go on the road to the east, you will take hold of these staves successively, and you will live to be old. If you love to make Sacred Feasts, you will live to be gray-headed." These are some of their promises. Then the revealing of the mysteries is a terrible affair. "If you do not value these instructions and if you reveal these things, you will go into the earth when you die. But if you go into the earth, or if you go into the clouds, or if you go into a tree, or if you go into a stone, or wherever you go, the curse will follow you."

They say that when one of their number behaves badly his medicine sack is taken from him and he is no more one of them until it is restored. But for what crimes do they suspend or expel? Not for polygamy; they recommend seeking woman and having many wives. Not for licentiousness; they practice that and many of them glory in it. Not for drunkenness; a few years ago they made many of their Sacred Feasts with whiskey. Not for gluttony; they enforce that. One of the rules of their feast is that each one must eat up all that is given him or pay something to the maker of the feast. If food is dropped, it is sin (*woah-tane*); it must be gathered up carefully. And if one eats so much that he vomits it up, he spews it into his own dish and then does as "the dog that is turned to his own vomit again." This is heathenism.<sup>42</sup>

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, January 20, 1858

<sup>42</sup> For other descriptions of the Sacred or Medicine Dance, see S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:409-415; G. H. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2:222-228; and Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 90-92.

MAHPEYASNA, OR RATTLING CLOUD<sup>43</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, February 24, 1858]

The subject of this sketch was a brave or chief soldier under Running Walker,<sup>44</sup> then of Lac qui Parle. He belonged to the Wahpeton, or Leaf-village division of Dakotas. In an old manuscript, made nineteen years ago, I find the following notice of this man: "One morning, near the middle of October, the village at Lac qui Parle was thrown into a state of excitement by one of the principal men shooting himself. The evening before some of our Indians had arrived from Fort Snelling and brought us a fine package of letters and papers, which made our hearts very glad. They also brought up a keg of whiskey from Pig's Eye.<sup>45</sup> Mahpeyasna was fond of this stimulus, as Dakotas generally are. Together with a number of other men, Rattling Cloud sipped at the keg until all went merry as a marriage bell, and they had caused no small disturbance in the village. When the morning came, he went to his own tent and said he would clean out his gun and go duck-hunting. He took off the stock and, while blowing in the muzzle, removed the other end of the barrel around near to, or into, the fire, which was burning in the middle of the tent. It was immediately discharged, and the whole of the contents, passing through his mouth, tore off the back part of his head. He died instantly. Some said he did not know the gun was loaded. Others thought he meant to kill himself. Several weeks previous to this time he had, with others, danced for two days and two nights, without eating or drinking, they say, to the

<sup>43</sup> No additional information on this man has been found.

<sup>44</sup> According to S. W. Pond, Running Walker was possessed of extraordinary intelligence, but because he either could not or would not speak in public, he had little influence over his band and was chief in name only. *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:330.

<sup>45</sup> Pig's Eye, the forerunner of St. Paul, took its name from one Par-rant, a French Canadian whiskey-seller, who established a shop on the river front about where the foot of Robert Street now is. He had only one good eye. "He had another, it is true, but such an eye! Blind, marble-hued, crooked, with a sinister white ring glaring around the pupil, giving a kind of piggish expression to his sodden, low features." The nickname "Pig's Eye" was applied to him, and a letter facetiously dated from "Pig's Eye" gave the name to the locality. Williams, *St. Paul*, 85.

sun. Since that time he has seemed to be in a melancholy mood. He was ambitious, and some things have recently taken place to disappoint his ambition. These things operating upon his mind, when the stimulus of ardent spirits was passing off, may have induced him to put an end to his existence. If this was not the case, his forgetting that his gun was loaded and his taking no measures to ascertain whether it was or not, must be attributed to the stupefying influences of spirit water."

Rattling Cloud was, according to my recollection, a man who would have measured about five feet nine, rather more than the average height of Dakota men, and otherwise well formed. The lower part of his face was rather short, his forehead low, his nose aquiline and long, his eyes expressive, his mouth large, his voice strong, and he usually spoke in a very loud key. He was very boastful of his good and great deeds. He had given away more horses in his day than all the Leaf-villagers then owned.

At the time of his death Mahpeyasna may have been between forty and forty-five years old. When quite a young man, he had visited St. Louis with Running Walker, the father of the present chief of that name. Not long after this he and his younger brother, who is still living, together with others, made a visit to Lord Selkirk's settlement on Red River. At this time they would have been attacked and cut off probably by the Ojibways if they had not been protected by the white people.

Among the Dakotas there are no more really brave men than there ought to be, albeit as a nation they are very boastful of their bravery. But Mahpeyasna deserved to be counted among the braves. The story of Mnahoodan, which several years ago appeared in the *Dakota Friend*,<sup>46</sup> will illustrate this.

Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, through the influence of Mr. Renville<sup>47</sup> of Lac qui Parle and others, the Da-

<sup>46</sup> The *Dakota Friend*, or *Dakota Tawaxitku Kin*, was a small monthly paper, issued at St. Paul under the auspices of the Dakota mission, from November, 1850, to August, 1852. The part written in the Dakota language was edited by G. H. Pond; the English part by E. D. Neill. An account of its inception appears in Samuel W. Pond Jr., *Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas*, 205 (Boston and Chicago, 1893).

<sup>47</sup> Joseph Renville Sr., the son of a French trader by a Dakota mother, was born near the site of St. Paul about 1799. Because of his ability to speak the French and Dakota languages fluently, his services as inter-

kotas in this part of the Minnesota Valley had made peace with some of the bands of the Ojibways. It was the time for the fall hunt. Mr. Renville, in giving credits to the Indians, urged upon the principal men the duty of keeping the peace, and gave blankets to a few of the more energetic young men with special instructions to punish the first individual who violated it. In a few weeks the Wahpetons had encamped near a lake in the region of country once occupied by the Winnebagoes. The camp of Hole-in-the-Day,<sup>48</sup> father of the present chief bearing that name, was not far distant. The young men from each camp occasionally met in their hunting excursions. One evening an Ojibwa brave had accompanied some of the Dakota hunters home and was now in the Soldiers' Lodge.<sup>49</sup> Most of the hunters had already arrived at home and were eating of what they had brought in, when the camp was thrown into commotion by the shout of victory. A Dakota young man, whose name was Mnahoodan, or Black-haw Bush, had killed one of the Dwellers-at-the-Falls, as they call the Ojibways, and was coming home

preter were often in demand. He assisted Lieutenant Pike in his conferences with the Sioux in 1805, and was with Major Long's expedition of 1823. During the War of 1812 Renville held a commission in the British Indian department. The war ended, he engaged in the fur trade, first as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, and later as one of the organizers of the Columbia Fur Company, an American concern with headquarters at Lake Traverse. After 1827 he became an independent trader at Lac qui Parle. Friendly to the missionaries from the time of their coming to Minnesota, he rendered them valuable assistance in their work of translating the Bible into Dakota. He died in 1846. *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, 20: 165, n. 26. See also S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12: 333; Neill, "A Sketch of Joseph Renville," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 1: 196-206; Upham and Dunlap, *Minnesota Biographies*, 634; and Riggs, *Mary and I*, 37-40, 44, 50.

<sup>48</sup> Hole-in-the-Day the Elder was born about 1800, and, although not an hereditary chief, he soon became an acknowledged leader of the Chippewa in war and in council. "An inveterate enemy of the Sioux, he led his braves in constant forays against them. See Alfred Brunson, "Sketch of Hole-in-the-Day," in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, 5: 387-399, for an extended account of this well-known chief.

<sup>49</sup> The Soldiers' Lodge was a semimilitary organization of the men of the Indian village either for the buffalo hunt or for war. It appointed its own officers and issued regulations. For a fuller description of the institution, see *post*, 524.

across the lake, shouting. Before reaching the camp, he was met by Rattling Cloud, who demanded his gun that he might break it, saying he had come to "soldier kill" him.<sup>50</sup> Black-haw Bush refused to be punished in this way for what he considered a glorious deed, declaring that he would die before he would give up his gun. It was, however, wrested from him and broken. He then drew his knife and, running to the Soldiers' Lodge, commenced cutting it in defiance of the agreement to keep the peace which had thus been entered into.

As Mnahoodan had resisted the decrees of the council, it was become a question whether he should live or die. The next morning some young men were sent to escort the Ojibway who had spent the night there a short distance on his way home. He was requested to come back with others of the Ojibway braves in three days, when they would learn the result of this case. In the meantime in the Dakota camp they came to the determination to deliver up Mnahoodan to the Ojibways. The evening of the appointed day a company of men were seen coming across the lake. Before they reached the camp they first fired off their guns and were soon met and escorted home by the Dakotas. That night the proposition was made to the Ojibway braves that they should kill Mnahoodan. They refused, asserting that if they did so it would bring on renewed hostilities. The Dakotas assured them that that would not be the case, but they very wisely persisted in refusing. They were then told to come back to that place again after three days, when they would see the evidence that the Dakotas desired to live in peace with them.

The next evening a council of war was called, and they sat around in a circle and smoked the pipe in the Soldiers' Lodge; the exciting question, "Who will be the executioner?" went round once and again; but no one said, "Ho." At length, Mahpeyasna took his gun and, in the presence of them all, loaded it, declaring that if no one else was willing to execute the sentence, he would do it. An hour after this Mnahoodan was shot in his own tent by Mahpeyasna and, by the command of the old man, was the next morning placed upon a scaffold, as the manner of the Dakotas

<sup>50</sup> Riggs explains on page 524 of the text that soldier killing consists in cutting up the blanket or tent, breaking the gun, or killing the horse of an offender against rules laid down by the Soldiers' Lodge.



was to dispose of their dead. Sadness and gloom had now gathered over the camp, and, as soon as that ceremony was performed, the Dakotas struck their tents and removed towards home. And in a few weeks a war party was made up among the Ojibways as the only means of allaying the existing excited state of feeling which had been created among themselves.

Reference has been made to Mahpeyasna's dancing to the sun. It is not strange that the sun, the source of so many blessings, should be the object of adoration among ignorant and superstitious people. The Sun Dance is an act of worship. The time of full moon is selected so that the dancers can look at the moon when the sun is not visible. They see the Great Spirit in the sun and in the moon.<sup>51</sup> As Paul said of the Athenians when he passed by and saw their devotions, so might it be said of Mahpeyasna, he was "in all things very worshipful." He came of a worshipful stock. His father, Ptahotonpe, was a great medicine man and war prophet.<sup>52</sup> And yet the religion of Rattling Cloud was emphatically "of the earth, earthy." The mythology and the theology of the Dakotas alike point to a future and separate state of the soul's existence; albeit their views, as might be expected, are vague, unsatisfying, and materialistic. But Mahpeyasna was one of the few Dakota men of my acquaintance who profess to believe in no future state; that when he died, it would be like the ox dying; that would be all of him.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA TERRITORY, February 2, 1858

PTAHOTONPE, OR LOWING BUFFALO<sup>53</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, March 3, 1858]

Twenty years ago at Lac qui Parle there lived an old bald-headed Dakota man whose name was Ptahotonpe. He was not tall, but had considerable breadth and weight. Almost our first introduction to him was as the high priest and prophet at a Social

<sup>51</sup> For a more detailed description of the Sun Dance, see Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 81, and George Catlin, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, 1:232 (London, 1842).

<sup>52</sup> See the following sketch.

<sup>53</sup> No additional material was found on this Indian.

Dance. It was on a cold November day. The night previous had been spent by old Lowing Buffalo in what is best expressed by the phrase, making *wakan*. The rattling of the gourd shell, together with singing over the heated stones, was quite necessary to bring the old man into connection with the spirit world. The morning came. A space was cleared away in front of the tent where the ceremonies of the night had been performed. A long pole with the bark peeled off was set up in the center. Near the foot of this pole an excavation was made, over which willows were bent, making a very low booth open at both ends. At one entrance were placed two stones, one painted red and the other blue; and also the skull of a buffalo. A circle was then drawn around this booth at a distance from it of eight or ten feet; and this space was enclosed by a fence of willows, in which were left four places of entrance and exit. To complete the preparations the images of a wolf, a bear, and an eagle were made of bark and suspended from the top of the pole. Near the sacred stones was a fire of coals, on which cedar leaves, as incense, were occasionally thrown.

When the dance was to commence the old man came out of the tent with only a wisp of grass around his loins, drumming and singing as he came. Two boys, also almost in a state of nudity, but gaily painted, were his attendants. After paying his adoration to the painted stones and the buffalo head, Ptahotonpe entered the little booth in the center of the circle and there, crouching down partly in a sitting posture, he continued to sing and drum during the progress of the dance. This consisted of four acts, with a time for rest and smoking between; all alike except that the enthusiasm increased as they drew near the catastrophe. The dancers were mostly young men gaily painted and decorated with their war feathers. They passed around, with their bodies bent forward, in a kind of half step, which was sometimes quickened into a run. Dakota men dancing appear very much like the cannibals dancing in *Robinson Crusoe*. Outside of the men two or three women passed around in their own circle and answered to the chorus.

During one of the rests the old man asked for a pipe. One was filled and lighted at the coals, which were placed near the painted stones. The individual who performed this ceremony

first prayed to the painted stones, "Grandfather have mercy on me, grandfather have mercy on me"; and all the while, when engaged in lighting the pipe, he held out his hand towards the stones and the buffalo head in an imploring manner. There were great apparent fear and reverence. There was the manifestation of sincerity. But could such worship, ignorantly rendered to stones that can neither see nor hear nor help, be regarded with approbation by the Great Living Father? It should be remarked, however, that they disclaim worshipping the stones and the buffalo heads; they only worship the spirits that dwell in them.

At the close of the fourth act the old man of the booth delivered his oracle; and the whole was concluded by the simultaneous firing of a dozen or twenty guns at the carved bird and four-footed animals which hung from the top of the pole. After the smoke of the firing had passed away, I looked and, behold! they were not.

In my own childhood days, on the banks of the Belle River,<sup>54</sup> our neighbors' cows were sometimes bewitched and elfshot; and our neighbors, pretty intelligent people withal, shot the elves and witches on Sabbath morning with a silver bullet. And even now there are spirit mediums and circles. Those who can understand and sympathize with such manifestations of popular superstition as are now common in civilized society, can have some comprehension of the state of feeling which is the normal condition of the Dakota mind. With them there are gods many and lords many. There are elves and fairies and witches and wizards. There are spirits, good and bad, in the earth, in the water, in the trees, in the stones, and in all the various animals. And these spirits have much to do with men. As the immediate agents bringing disaster and disease they must often be propitiated, and often, too, their power must be broken. That painted stone by the wayside with swan's-down, tobacco, and arrows lying by it, has not been unobserved by the traveler. This gives us a clue to

<sup>54</sup> La Belle Rivière, or the Beautiful River, was a French name for the Ohio River. "Mémorial on the Indians between Lake Erie and the Mississippi," dated 1718, in E. B. O'Callaghan (ed.), *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York*, 9:886 (Albany, 1855); Emilius O. Randall and Daniel J. Ryan, *History of Ohio*, 1:222 (New York, 1912).

the meaning of the Circle Dance, which is very frequently made. As a popular amusement it has uses. But the reason of the thing lies down deeper. It is resorted to as a preventive of sickness and death. The spirit tells a man in a dream to make a Circle Dance or a Sacred Dance. Woe be to him if he is disobedient to the vision! Or he wants the help of the spirits against his enemies. He is told to make dance. In doing this he at once propitiates by his prayers and supplications, his songs, his powwows, and his sacrifices; and on the other [hand], he breaks the power of opposing spirits by shooting them.<sup>55</sup>

Perhaps a better illustration of this feeling is seen in the higher forms of conjuring. When disease will not yield to the common powwow—the singing and sucking, the rattling and drumming—it is the conjurer's business to divine *what* spirit has taken possession of his patient. If it be the spirit of a bear, or a wolf, or a goose, or a turtle, or whatever it may be, the image is made accordingly, and then, when the conjurer has gone through his powwow, the young men rise up and shoot the ill-fated animal. This repeated several times must, in all ordinary cases, break the spirit's power and restore the patient. If it fails, it does not argue any lack of power in the powwowing to restore to health; it only shows that the conjurer was mistaken, as any one might be, in regard to what spirit was the cause of the disease. Another conjurer perhaps is applied to, who, when well paid, for the Indian doctors must be paid beforehand, guesses that it is a bear and not a wolf. So the same prices [*process*] must be repeated. And when death comes after all is done, the inference is that the spirits are stronger than mortals. The living, too, have nothing to reproach themselves with. They have done all they could. How very much alike do men and women in all states of society feel! The Book saith, "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."<sup>56</sup>

This was the last dance that Lowing Buffalo ever made. We stood there wrapped in our overcoats and cloaks and were glad,

<sup>55</sup> For another account of the Circle Dance by Riggs, see his *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 46.

<sup>56</sup> For a discussion of the position of the medicine man, see G. H. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2:238-255; and Williamson, "Dakota Medicine," in Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 435-450.

after a couple of hours, to make our escape to the warm fire. But the old man passed the day in a state of nudity, and it is not wonderful that he brought on himself a sickness which not all the powwows of the conjurers could prevent from terminating in death.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, February 10, 1858

MAHPEYA MAZA, OR IRON CLOUD<sup>57</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, March 10, 1858]

A man who is living not the first time nor the second time in this world, who has passed through various states and stages of existence before, who has lived in other bodies, in other climes, and with different surroundings, must surely have quite an advantage over the herd of common mortals who live but one life on earth and after that come to judgment. Such a man was Iron Cloud, formerly the second chief of the Dakota village at Haminechan, or the Wood-water-mountain, known now better as the flourishing town of Red Wing on the Mississippi River. Mahpeya Maza professed to believe in the doctrine of transmigration. He had himself been a white man and lived in the sunny south previous to his appearance as a Dakota baby in a skin tent in these northern regions. Now for the proof. Before he had, in his Dakota state, seen a white man, he knew all about white people; and before any *fire canoe* had ploughed the waters of the upper Mississippi, it was a thing known to him, for he had seen such in his former state of existence. It might be objected that, as evidence, this statement is not entirely satisfactory. Mahpeya Maza must have been born as a Dakota sometime in the last decade of the last century. And as a matter of history steamboats are things of a later day than that. As Iron Cloud was an adept in a certain kind of so-called spiritualism, it would have been perhaps quite as true if he had accorded his superior knowledge to the communication of spirits.

<sup>57</sup> Iron Cloud was a subchief of the Mdewakanton Sioux. He accompanied his superior, Wahkoota, to Washington in 1837 and signed the treaty which opened up the St. Croix Valley to settlement. He was also a signatory of the treaties of Mendota in 1836 and 1851 and Prairie du Chien in 1830. See *post*, 538, n. 80.

The dancing of bureaus and settees and the turning of tables in the circles of the East may find an illustration and perhaps a counterpart in certain manifestations which are said to take place sometimes in Dakota lodges. Iron Cloud was on one occasion conjuring a sick man. He wrapped the man up in buffalo robes and blankets, taking care to tie each blanket and each robe around his patient with strong leathern thongs. It was night. When all was ready, he commenced singing and rattling his gourd shell. This was continued until the spirit appeared. It came in the form of a raven. The tent poles were shaken, the fire was put out, the sick man was raised up by the supernatural power, and when laid down again all the thongs were unloosed, the buffalo robes and blankets taken off and he restored to health. In the doctor's little wooden bowl of water which stood there a needle was found, which, by the intervention of the spirit, had been extracted from the sick man, and so he was made whole of his plague. Mahpeya Maza acknowledged that this was a work of darkness and that this was the appearance of the bad spirit and not the good; but his faith in these wonderful things was firm.

Iron Cloud was a dreamer. Not any of your ordinary muddy dreamers, whose dreams amount to nothing and who can hardly remember after they awake what they dreamed about. His dreams were clairvoyant. The spirits brought before him the panorama. Things appeared to him, not perhaps as they at that moment were, but as they would be at a certain time in the future. On a time he dreamed a dream. In the visions of his head upon his buffalo robe he saw a hill on a lake. Passing around this hill he saw two Ojibways. They went to the lake, got into a canoe which lay by the shore, and passed over the water. The spirit said to him, "Smite them." He awoke and it was a dream. He dreamed a second time, and the same vision came before him again. Again the spirit said to him, "Smite them." When he awoke he was obedient to the vision. He organized a war party and went to the Ojibway country, found the hill and the lake, and saw the two men go into the canoe and pass to the other side. Now was his time to smite. They passed around the lake, but their men had disappeared. They hunted but found no tracks. They came home disappointed. The spirit had deceived him, and he would go to war no more.

In his belief that he could in this way tell beforehand where enemies would be found, Mahpeya Maza was not alone. There are Dakota men who, within the last twenty years, have learned to read and write their own language, who are even now very positive that in those days of their ignorance they possessed this power. By their incantations they could raise the "spirits of the vasty deep," which told them when and where they would find Ojibways. They know it was so, for they did it once and again. But this power of calling up the spirits has departed from them. They can not do it now. Such deeds of darkness are not compatible with even a little light of education. It was only the other night, at the Dakota lodges near the Yellow Medicine, a conjurer got into a communication with a spirit which told him that there were Ojibways near the camp. This was no sooner announced than the young men seized their guns and commenced firing at every tree and stump and bush that they might scare up the enemies who were creeping up to the encampment.

In regard to these things we may enjoy our own opinions. There is nothing new under the sun. That which is hath already been. There were witches and demoniacal possessions in olden times. We are surrounded by, and often in contact with, the spirit world; and it seems that one has the privilege of choosing his companions from that spirit world as well as in our more material abode. The spiritual manifestations of all ages have been more or less deceptive. But admitting all that is claimed by good and honest people, we may still ask, "*Cui bono?*" What good comes from all this?" There is a more excellent way. The communion and fellowship of the true Christian with God and His Son Jesus Christ is a higher and holier state of existence on earth than any medium can enjoy. And the light and the knowledge communicated to us by God's revelation are not for a moment to be placed upon a level with the communications received from the spirit world through Plato and Newton and Swedenborg and, if you please, Iron Cloud.

But there is a deed of Iron Cloud which deserves to be remembered when his dreams and conjuries are forgotten. He was out with a war party hunting Ojibways. It was not "the hill and lake" expedition. At this time they entered a Frenchman's house in the Ojibway country. They could see no one, but, in searching

the house, they found the Frenchman's squaw under the feather bed. The warriors stood around ready to kill her. She sprang into Iron Cloud's arms. He protected her. "No one shall kill her," he said. He cut off her hair, but left her scalp, and his party returned home. The hair could be danced around as well as the scalp.

Two years ago Mahpeya Maza went to the world of spirits. And if his doctrine of transmigration were true, he might be expected to turn up elsewhere. But what a load of remembrances would the soul carry with it from its Dakota habitation! And one could not say that they would be all pleasant memories.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, February 16, 1858

ETAWAKINYAN, OR THUNDER FACE<sup>58</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, March 17, 1858]

"I want the white chief to call and see me before I die." This was the message brought to Mr. Flandrau, the agent,<sup>59</sup> from Thunder Face by his son. He was then confined to his tent, which stood near Dr. Williamson's mission station.<sup>60</sup> A few days after this, in the latter part of May, 1857, the old man died. They placed his body upon a scaffold for a while, for they would not prevent the spirit's free access to its former tabernacle. Believing, as they do, that the spirit, the *nage* or shade of the departed, lingers around its old tenement, it is not surprising that the Dakotas should have preferred placing their dead on scaffolds to burying them in the ground. And this accounts, too, for their carrying food to the place where the departed one is laid.<sup>61</sup>

<sup>58</sup> S. W. Pond characterizes Thunder Face as a "bad leader of a bad band," and says that his French name, Diable Boiteux, was "suggested by his limping gait and fiendish disposition." *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12: 322, 330. Thunder Face was one of the chiefs who negotiated the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux in 1851.

<sup>59</sup> Judge Charles E. Flandrau was Indian agent with headquarters at the Yellow Medicine Agency from the fall of 1856 to October, 1857.

<sup>60</sup> Dr. Williamson's station, Payzhehooeteze, was between Hazelwood and the Upper Sioux Agency on the Yellow Medicine River.

<sup>61</sup> For accounts of Dakota burial customs, see Winchell, *Aborigines of Minnesota*, 513-517; and S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12: 478-485.



Thunder Face was a Sisseton. When we first formed his acquaintance, he was the chief man of a clan whose headquarters were at what is called "the Two Woods," which name attaches to some lakes, formerly well wooded, about fifty miles west from Lac qui Parle, on that part of the Coteau des Prairies where the Big Sioux takes its rise.<sup>62</sup> There they planted corn more or less, but depended for a living chiefly on the buffalo which they found between their place and the James River. Thunder Face's clan usually went by the name of Tizaptanna, or Five Lodges, which indicated their number when they went off from their relations in the south bend of the Minnesota. They afterwards numbered twenty or thirty families. Etawakinyan had a younger brother whose name was Kenehanpe, or the Respected One. There seemed to be no love lost between these two brothers. Each one was jealous of the other. They often sought, by poisoning, or in some other way, to destroy each other. That they might accomplish this object they have been known to offer a horse for "bad medicine," as poison is properly called. Many years ago Kenehanpe died, and Etawakinyan was left in the undisputed possession of his authority. He had strengthened his power by obtaining for his son-in-law a brother of old Curly Head, the chief of Lac qui Parle; but it was not until the treaty of 1851 that he was recognized as a chief. At that time a number were made chiefs who had formerly only attained to the status of brave.

In his younger days Thunder Face was undoubtedly a man of more than ordinary energy. He used to boast that he had followed the buffalo on horseback, with his robe turned down and the upper part of his body naked, when it was so cold that his fingers stiffened around his bow and he was obliged to loose them with his other hand. I have seen his eldest son, who has now inherited his place and power, shoot an arrow into a buffalo bull which

<sup>62</sup> The Coteau des Prairies, as shown on Nicollet's map of 1843, is a high ridge which begins in northwestern Iowa and extends northwest for about a hundred and fifty miles through southern Minnesota into eastern South Dakota. In general, it forms the watershed between the streams of the Minnesota River system and those of the Big Sioux. Two Woods Lakes are in northeastern South Dakota, in the northeastern part of Deuel County. Joseph N. Nicollet, *Report Intended to Illustrate a Map of the Hydrographical Basin of the Upper Mississippi River* (26 Congress, 2 session, *Senate Documents*, no. 237—serial 380).

turned on him. He fled, only to turn again to the attack, when his time came. I could imagine how the old man looked with his hair streaming in the wind and he urging on his pony and pouring his arrows into the sides of a big moose, as they call the buffalo.

But the chief of the Five Lodges was a hard case. In the first years of the Dakota mission he was often at Lac qui Parle. He frequently came and spent weeks and sometimes months, living off the Indians there, who were better supplied with corn than he and his people were. He begged much from the white people. He listened sometimes to the teachings of the Bible, but he preferred his own religion; he preferred to have his people remain uneducated; and in the latter part of his life, his opposition to education and the purifying religion of Jesus increased.

When we lived at Lac qui Parle, the old man came to our house one Sabbath morning with two bottles; one had held castor oil and the other seneca oil. They were nearly empty. He wished me to fill them. I said, "Not on the Sabbath, to-morrow I will do it." Not being in a very pleasant mood, he took it ill and, putting both the bottles down on the floor, he smashed them to pieces with his foot. The oil stain on our floor remained there for months. The next day he came back and wished me to furnish him two bottles as well as oil. After the scene of yesterday I refused to do that. He was very angry; but finally he went away and begged bottles elsewhere.

In September of 1840 I enjoyed rare opportunities for becoming acquainted with Thunder Face and his clan. Then, with Mr. A. G. Huggins I made a journey to Fort Pierre on the Missouri.<sup>63</sup>

<sup>63</sup> Riggs wrote an extended account of this trip, which, under the title, "Journal of a Tour from Lac qui Parle to the Missouri River," was published in the *Missionary Herald*, 37: 179-186 (April, 1841). His fellow traveler, Alexander G. Huggins, was born in North Carolina in 1802. The family soon removed to Ohio, where he received his education. In 1835 he and his wife came to Minnesota with Dr. Williamson as assistant missionaries and took charge of the farming operations among the Indians at Lac qui Parle. In 1846 Mr. Huggins removed to Traverse des Sioux, and continued as mission farmer under Mr. Hopkins. On his release from the mission service, due to the removal of the Indians from this locality in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, he settled on a claim near St. Peter, and died there in 1866.

As Etawakinyan was engaged to furnish us with guides after we reached the Coteau des Prairies, we kept with the moving party for eight days. They were going to the plains to hunt buffalo. Horses, women, girls, dogs, all had to carry loads. In six days we made fifty miles and encamped at the planting grounds of the Tizaptanna; but they had raised no corn that year. From those lakes almost all the wood had been cut off; but at the other one of the Two Woods there was still quite a little grove of timber.

We soon ascertained that it was an object with Thunder Face and his people to throw all kinds of obstacles in our way, to keep us from going ahead of the party, if not to defeat our proposed journey entirely. They said the Dakotas on the Missouri were very savage; they would most likely kill us, but if they did not do that they would certainly steal our horses. But the chief argument was that we would scare away the buffalo. Finally, however, after submitting to annoying delays and exorbitant conditions, we succeeded in starting forward with two nephews of the old man from their camp near Kampeska Lake. That day we saw our first buffalo, and our young men, with others who had followed us from the camp, succeeded in killing two.

In prosecuting this journey we were very favorably impressed with the character of the soil throughout the whole breadth of the Coteau. This is a beautiful section of country, commencing up northwest from Lake Traverse, at its head rising above the surrounding prairie some seven hundred feet and gradually descending and widening as it extends towards the southeast, spreading out like a fan and opening itself to receive the Big Sioux River,

Riggs, *A Tableau of the Families Connected with the A. B. C. F. M. in the Dakota Mission from 1835 to 1860* (manuscript in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society, dated 1861). A brief sketch of Mr. Huggins, written by his son, General Eli Huggins, is also in the possession of the society.

Fort Pierre was built in 1832 by an agent of the American Fur Company on the west bank of the Missouri near the mouth of the Teton River, in the central part of South Dakota. It was purchased by the United States government in 1855 for use as a military post to protect the frontier. Its unsuitableness for this purpose was soon evident, however, and in 1857 it was abandoned. Catlin, *Letters and Notes*, 1:208; Frederick T. Wilson, "Old Fort Pierre and Its Neighbors," in *South Dakota Historical Collections*, 1:263-311.

extending one arm down on either side of that stream, until finally both fade away in the common prairie level, sprinkled over with small lakes and presenting an undulating, not to say hilly, surface, the only seeming want being that of timber. In the very level valley of the James River, on either side some thirty miles wide, we observed short grass and an abundance of pear-shaped cactus, which argued a much poorer soil than that of the Coteau.

The winter of 1846-47, and the one succeeding, buffalo were, for the first time for many years, abundant about Lac qui Parle. In the last of these winters, for the more successful killing of these chiefs of the prairie, Thunder Face and his people joined with the people from Mdaeyadan or Lac qui Parle and placed their camp on the Owobopta stream, the Pomme de Terre<sup>64</sup> of the French, about ten miles from the lake. Here their arrangements were made for buffalo hunting. All chasing of them by individuals was forbidden on the penalty of what is called "soldier killing," which consists in cutting up his blanket or tent, breaking his gun or killing his horse. Without this precaution the buffalo, which is a sensitive animal, obeying his nostrils rather than his eyes or ears, and is easily scared by the near approach of man, would soon be driven off. For carrying out this plan the most important arrangement was the *Teeyoteepee*, or Soldiers' Lodge. Of this association all the men in the village or camp; young and old, were expected to be members. They were represented by two little bundles of shaved sticks, one black and the other red. They appointed their officers, which consisted of several judges, a common crier, and two or three cooks. The judges had the supervision of the *teepee*, but they were especially charged with the duty of knowing where herds of buffalo could be found, and of determining when the "surrounds" should be attempted. For this purpose they frequently sent out young men to *wakchanyan*, that is, to ascertain where the buffalo are and make report of the same. The public crier is an important personage. In general, he makes proclamation of everything decided on in the *Teeyoteepee*. In particular, he proclaimed the buffalo hunt, he asked the women to bring wood and meat to the Soldiers' Lodge, and he publicly

<sup>64</sup> The Pomme de Terre River rises in the northeastern corner of Grant County and flows south into the Minnesota River, southwest of Appleton.

praised those who did so. In carrying out these arrangements Thunder Face and his people bore a considerable part.<sup>65</sup> The buffalo in their migrations are influenced much by the course of the wind; other things being equal they will go with the wind. The wind had been blowing from the south almost constantly for some time. The buffalo had retired to the northwest so far that our people could not make a "surround" and get back home the same day. The wind must be turned. For this purpose they made *wakan*. They drummed, they rattled, they sung, they danced, they made processions out on the prairie, they prayed to Wazeya, the god of the north. And that night the wind turned around to the northwest.

During that winter a war party went out from this camp on the Pomme de Terre and brought in two Ojibway scalps. This filled up the measure of their joy. Plenty of meat to eat and enemies' scalps to dance around! Even the dogs rejoiced. Then, on the great days of the dancing, when the scalps were painted red, there was double joy. It was a time of giving gifts and new names. One man said, "Since I was born I never saw the like of this." That winter I spent many Sabbaths at the camp, going out on Saturday and returning on Monday. As I sat in a tent one evening the dancers came round and sung, "Scarlet Arrow you are a fool, you let the Ojibways strike you." Scarlet Arrow had killed an Ojibway; and this was understood to be the highest form of praise.

One who has not lived among Indians can hardly understand the enthusiasm which is created by the Scalp Dance. Night after night and often in the daytime also, all winter long and all summer long, it is kept up. The scalp, stretched, painted and ornamented with ribbons, is fastened to a hoop with a handle. This an old woman, mayhap, takes in her hand and, stepping into the middle, commences to dance and sing; while the young men, some of them painted black and the white of their eyes showing like demons, with their drums and rattles, arrange themselves on one side of a circle, and the young women and girls wearing their best blankets and shawls, fill out the other side. Then to the beat of the drum, the rattle of the deer's hoofs, and the song of

<sup>65</sup> For another account of the Soldiers' Lodge, see Riggs, *Mary and I*, 109.

the men, the merry dance goes round; the young women answering at intervals in a series of screeches which sound much like the call of the wild goose. With the exception of the Sacred Dance, the *Ewake hepee*, or Scalp Dance, is the only one in which the Dakota men and women may be said to dance together.<sup>68</sup>

In regard to the moral character of the Scalp Dance my opinion has frequently been expressed. It is the hotbed where the licentious feelings grow luxuriantly. It is also the academy where the war spirit is trained. But besides this it is an enormous wrong perpetrated upon humanity, which demands the interference of the United States government. Where religion is concerned, or even superstition, if you please, so long as it keeps within the precinct of morals, I would not have it disturbed by physical force. If light and love can not keep men from going down to everlasting death, there is no hope for them. If they can not be persuaded to enter the strait gate and to walk in the narrow way that leadeth unto life, then they must perish; for no tumbril nor cart, in which they might be carried against their will, ever travels that upward road, nor enters within those pearly gates.

But when it comes to be a question of privilege; when it is asked shall one man kill another, and having killed perpetrate on his dead body all kinds of indignities, and this rejoicing over the slain, in the Scalp Dance, it becomes quite a different question. Then I ask, shall civilized and Christian governments stand and look on, while such outrages are committed? Or, seeing them, shall they, like the priest and Levite, pass by on the other side? The suppression of the Scalp Dance would be a death blow to the war spirit.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, February 22, 1858

<sup>68</sup> For other accounts of the Scalp Dance, see Catlin, *Letters and Notes*, 1:240, 246, and plates 101 and 104; Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 49-53; and S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:437.

TOONKANWECHASHTA<sup>67</sup>[*Minnesota Free Press*, March 24, 1858]

From Adam down to the present time, wherever society and language are found in what may be termed their primitive state, the names of individuals are of necessity significant. They are still formed directly from the language in common use. But when names have passed from one language into another, or perhaps through several languages, undergoing some change in form when they change owners, they often lose their significance in the passage, or, if this be preserved as a matter of history, the names themselves, as James and John, seldom suggest any idea except that of the persons to whom they are attached. But among the Dakotas, who have no cognomen, or family name, and all the names of individuals are formed directly from the language, the *nomen* may owe its form to some circumstance or attribute, some beauty or blemish in the person. Sometimes a name combines equivocal elements, as in the case of the one at the head of this paper. *Toonkan* properly and commonly means father-in-law, but in the sacred language of the Dakotas it is applied to stones and sometimes to the moon. In such a case a Dakota refers us for the meaning to the person who gave the name. As such a reference in the present instance is impossible, I venture to translate Toonkanwechashta by the homely and unpoetical phrase Stone Man.

Toonkanwechashta, when we first formed his acquaintance in the autumn of 1837, had the appearance of a man who had seen about thirty-five winters. He was a Dakota man of large frame, somewhat tending to corpulency, decidedly lazy, with a genial, laughing countenance. He loved to eat, to smoke, to sleep, and to talk. He was, nevertheless, possessed of a good deal of genius. No man could carve a pipestem, or make a wooden bowl or spoon more neatly than Toonkanwechashta. He prided himself on being able to do ornamental work of various kinds with a higher finish than the most of his compeers could do. He was among the first to learn to read and write his own language.

<sup>67</sup> No additional material was found on this Indian.

The first winter the mission was commenced, in 1835, Dr. T. S. Williamson<sup>68</sup> taught the young men of *Tokadantee*, which was occupied by Mr. Renville's soldiers. The Dakota language was then unwritten. The strange sounds which occurred in it had not then their representatives fully settled upon. There were, of course, no books. Some lessons prepared by hand with types and brush were the best that could be obtained. Slates and pencils were used, but sometimes it was more convenient to make the letters in the ashes. In the Soldiers' Lodge many young men learned to read and write their own language before they obtained any idea of the benefits of education. Their first notions of these benefits were very inadequate and often very erroneous; they had often been told that "the book did not lie." Their inference was that everything written must be so. Accordingly, a man sits down and writes, "Medicine man, I want you to give me a piece of meat." The book tells what it was told to tell, and in that way speaks truth. But the medicine man can not give the meat and so the book lies. But by degrees book education

<sup>68</sup> Thomas S. Williamson was born in South Carolina in 1800. He graduated from Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1820, studied medicine, and practised at Ripley, Ohio, for a number of years. He took up the study of theology in 1833, was licensed to preach the following year, and received an appointment as missionary to the Dakota from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He and his wife reached Fort Snelling during the spring of 1835, and chose Joseph Renville's trading post at Lac qui Parle as the strategic site for a mission. From that time until the fall of 1846, Dr. Williamson was almost constantly at this point, and his medical knowledge gained him a reputation among the Indians. He and Riggs, with the assistance of Renville, translated parts of the Bible into Dakota, and prepared a number of schoolbooks. When a request for a missionary to settle at Little Crow's village of Kaposia came, Williamson responded, and he remained there until the removal of the Indians as provided by the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux. In 1852 he built a new mission on the Yellow Medicine River about three miles above the Upper Sioux Agency, which he called Pay-zehootze. Two years later Riggs established the Hazelwood post near by, and the two worked together. Both stations were destroyed in the Sioux outbreak of 1862, and Williamson brought his family to St. Peter. He died there in 1879. Riggs, "Dr. T. S. Williamson," in *Mary and I*, 345-357, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 108, and "Protestant Missions in the Northwest," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 6:125-135; Upham and Dunlap, *Minnesota Biographies*, 863; Winifred W. Barton, *John P. Williamson, a Brother to the Sioux*, 11-25, 53-64 (New York, 1919).



came to be better understood. On the last day of July, 1841, Governor Doty's treaty was signed at Traverse des Sioux.<sup>69</sup> Three of the Dakota names affixed to that instrument were autographs. This surprised and pleased the commissioner very much; and he gave to these men some special marks of favor. To the subject of this sketch he gave his own portfolio and writing implements. Toonkanwechashta read well and wrote a fair hand. Sometimes we employed him to correct translations, but he was not as valuable an assistant in this department of labor as some others.

We have said that our present hero was constitutionally rather lazy. He was not a good hunter, either of furs or game, but it was not because he lacked skill or ability. He only needed to be excited. In the early spring of 1839 I accompanied Mr. Renville's sons and soldiers up to Lake Traverse. They went on a trading expedition. It was still the last of April, but the grass was very green and the flowers were blooming on the prairies. Our animals rejoiced in the riches of the early spring. The geese and ducks had long since returned and were now making their nests and laying their eggs in the swamps and on the islands of the lakes. The first night we slept at the Owobopta or Pomme de Terre River, fifteen miles from home. That night

<sup>69</sup> Governor James D. Doty of Wisconsin, acting as a special commissioner of the United States, arranged a series of treaties with the Sioux of the Minnesota region during the summer of 1841. The first was signed with the Sisseton, Wahpeton, and Wahpekute bands at Traverse des Sioux on July 31, and the second with the Mdewakanton at Mendota on August 11. A special agreement, also, was made with the half-breeds of the Dakota nation at Traverse on the former date, for the cession of lands which had been reserved to them in an earlier treaty of 1830. The Indians were to cede practically all their lands on the Minnesota River from the Mississippi to Lake Traverse in return for large payments of money and goods. Several reservations were to be established along the Minnesota for the use of the Sioux. It was said that the United States intended to reserve all the ceded lands north of the forty-third parallel for settlement by Indians who were to be removed from their lands east of the Mississippi. The treaty of 1841 was submitted to the Senate, but never ratified. Editorial summary in the *Missionary Herald*, 38:59 (February, 1842); Thomas Hughes, "The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux in 1851, under Governor Alexander Ramsey, with Notes of the Former Treaty there in 1841, under Governor James D. Doty of Wisconsin," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10:101-129 (part 1).

but little game was brought into the camp, only a few ducks and prairie chickens. The company depended on provisions brought from home, which formed not a very abundant supply. The next day we proceeded on our way and camped a little after noon at Middle Lake.<sup>70</sup> If some exertion be not made the majority of the company must go to bed hungry. The necessity aroused Toonkanwechashta. Taking up a gun, he went around the lake and, as the sun was setting, he came into camp bringing three gray geese and his leggings filled with goose eggs. Others brought in ducks and geese also, so there was an abundance. They commenced eating and smoking and talking. That night my attention was first arrested by the singularly felicitous characteristic of the Dakota language, which we denote by the term reduplication. I had known the fact before, but it had never struck me so forcibly as when I listened to Toonkanwechashta and Running Walker apparently trying their ability in the use of adjectives, adverbs, and verbs reduplicated. That night they ate and talked and smoked, and smoked and talked and ate until near midnight, when all the eggs and ducks and geese were consumed. When I expressed my astonishment that they should be able to eat so much, they replied that I would see them eat when they reached the Sisseton camp. And sure enough, when we had pitched our tents on the margin of the little stream which comes around the southern end of Lake Traverse and passes down into Big Stone Lake, the Minnesota near its source, then our people *did eat* buffalo meat.

Toonkanwechashta was one of those who for years frequently attended our religious services on the Sabbath. The first portions of Scripture which were printed in the Dakota language, in the winter of 1838-39, translations made by the help of Mr. Renville, there he read. He was not bound to the Dakota superstitions, either as a medicine man or as a member of the Sacred Dance. Indeed, at times, he thought he was almost a Christian, and expressed a wish to be baptized. But he was a polygamist. He had then three women; and in his younger days he had been still more licentious, and was now reaping in himself the bitter fruits of an unrestrained libertinism.

<sup>70</sup> Middle Lake apparently was one of a group of lakes northeast of Ortonville in Big Stone County, which have since been drained.

The summer of 1842 was passing. The autumn was coming on. The corn which they had planted and hoed was now yielding them food. An expedition to the Red Pipestone Quarry<sup>71</sup> was got up. It consisted of quite a party, some fifteen or twenty of the principal men of the villages at Lac qui Parle, among whom was Big Walker, the present chief of one of the clans in the vicinity of the Yellow Medicine. They had made a day's journey of thirty or thirty-five miles and encamped on the border of the Coteau des Prairies. Some, it appears, were sleeping under carts which had iron-bound wheels, and others lay near by. A storm came up. But there was more thunder and lightning than rain. They lay there unconscious of danger, when suddenly the electric fluid smote them, stunning, scorching, burning, and killing. At first they thought it was the charge of an enemy. Those who were only stunned gradually recovered to a state of consciousness. Eagle Help<sup>72</sup> and several others were a long time in coming to life and were found to be badly burned. Three men all in the meridian life, Toonkanwechashta, Wakenehdooza, and Tashoonka, and two horses were dead. In their language the *wakinyan*, the thunder, had done it. We say it is the lightning that burns and splits the gnarled oak, that tears up the earth in its passage to and from it; but the Dakotas ascribe all these things to the thunder-bird. The very name *wakinyan* signifies a winged animal. Sometimes they see this veritable creature. And if they have not seen it for themselves, they have heard a hundred stories about it, and have learned to make its image with a piece of coal or carve it with a knife. And surely a bird so wonderful as this must be *wakan*. Near the head of the Coteau des Prairies there are rocks in which are seen the tracks of this great bird, and the locality has obtained the name of Thunder Tracks. This sad event frustrated that expedition to the Red Pipestone. They buried the dead and returned home bringing the scathed and injured ones.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, February 25, 1858

<sup>71</sup> The Red Pipestone Quarry is located in the southwestern part of Minnesota in Pipestone County, a short distance north of the city of that name.

<sup>72</sup> For an account of Eagle Help, see *post*, 561-568.

CHATKA, OR LEFT HAND<sup>73</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, June 2, 1858]

"I always thought that heaven was in the south, but now I learn it is above," said Left Hand to me, after listening to a translation of some chapters of the vision of the Apostle John. More than twenty years ago, when we first joined the mission at Lac qui Parle, the subject of this paper was an elderly man. His real name was Tachanhpetaninneya, or His-war-club-appearing-thou-art; quite a formidable name indeed. But as he was physically a Benjamite, he commonly went by the sobriquet of Chatka. He was a Mdewakanton, the son of a sister of the first Little Crow; and was brother-in-law to Mr. Renville of Lac qui Parle memory. Mr. Renville had great confidence in his brother-in-law's judgment and was probably more influenced by him than any other Indian. And probably no other one had learned so much from Mr. Renville in regard to the white man's religion as he.

From the commencement of the mission in 1835 Mr. Renville and his family had made part of the assembly who met on the Sabbath to worship God. Chatka and his families came also, for he had two wives and a number of children by each. Previous to the time when our readers are first introduced to Left Hand, his wives had both been admitted to a profession of faith in the religion of the Bible. At that time in the history of the mission it was thought that the questions involved in polygamy were not fairly brought up by the case of the women. The usual method of obtaining a wife among the Dakotas has been by purchase, the amount paid varying somewhat according to circumstances. The woman there is a kind of property. And although, like other live property, she may run away from her husband, the customs of society in such a case do not forbid him from cutting off her nose or otherwise disfiguring her. And if he buys one he may buy a second and a third, if he and his friends can raise the means. And although the circumstances of a woman who has a *taya*, which word expresses the relationship sustained by two or more wives of the same man towards each other, may be un-

<sup>73</sup> For another account of Left Hand, see Riggs, *Mary and I*, 71.

pleasant, still they are often preferred to the consequences which might follow the abandonment of the man. As the woman, then, in Dakota society has so much less to do in the marriage contract than the man, the question of polygamy did not fairly come up as a practical one, until the man himself made application to be received into the church. At least so it was then understood.

Left Hand had for some time been a hearer of the word of the Great Spirit. He professed also a desire to be a doer of the same. It was near the close of 1841 when he presented himself as a candidate for the sealing ordinances of God's house. During his examination his connection with more than one woman was made the subject of inquiry. He was asked whether he was now ready to put away one of his wives, and be married to the other according to the Christian mode. His reply was substantially that as yet he was not able to do this, but, if received into the church, he hoped to have assistance to enable him to forsake by and by not only that, but all other sins. It was argued in his behalf that he was an old man and had taken these women when in a state of heathenism, not being acquainted with the Scriptural rule of marriage as expounded by the Saviour; that there were difficulties in the way of his putting one away; and while it might have been wrong in him to take them, it was more than doubtful whether the word of God in its spirit and letter required him now to separate from either; that if he had taken more than one wife after hearing the Gospel, it was plain he should be required to repent of and forsake that sin previous to being admitted to the church; but under the circumstances he should rather be placed along with Abraham and Jacob and David and Solomon.

On the other hand, it was admitted that the subject was not without its difficulties. It was stated, however, that we did not live under the patriarchal and Jewish, but under the Christian, dispensation; that according to the meaning and intent of marriage itself it was impossible that the relation should ever lawfully subsist between any but one man and one woman; that polygamy was consequently an iniquitous state; that as a condition of church fellowship sin was to be repented of and forsaken; and that if a sin of that kind were baptized into the church and admitted to the communion table it would in all human probability maintain its right there. This subject finds an apt illustra-

tion in some things which are now transpiring in high places. Kansas is to become a *free* state by first being made a slave state.<sup>74</sup> "Let us do evil that good may come." The church session being equally divided on this question, it was referred to a presbytery in Ohio. The case never came up again. Some others in after years, similarly situated, desired to be baptized, but their willingness to be obedient in this respect to the requirements of the Master was practically, though not obtrusively, presented as the test of discipleship. It has been a matter of gratulation to us that, in the providence of God, we were kept from opening the door any wider to such as maintain relations which are inconsistent with a credible profession of the religion of Christ. The slaveholder, the polygamist, the drunkard, and such like, while they continue to practice their sins, whatever may be their claims otherwise to be regarded as good people, have no right to the fellowship of the people of God. "Be ye not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterous, effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers and extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." What a terrible lesson this teaches us! How many who pride themselves on belonging to a Christian people will be as surely shut out of the kingdom of God as if they were Dakota Indians! But the same sacred narrative holds out to us hope. "And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified."

I can not forbear mentioning here how deeply it is to be regretted that in regard to moral purity the Dakotas have had such bad schoolmasters. I honor the white man, who, on finding himself beset and overcome by temptation among the Indians, takes an Indian woman in good faith, marries her, and is faithful to his marriage covenant. But when men come among the Indians, and, casting off the restraints of law and the teachings of the Bible, give themselves up to an unrestrained libertinism, take women à la Indian, in some cases doing this when they have already promised solemnly before God and man to be faithful to

<sup>74</sup> Riggs wrote this sketch at the time that the struggle between the free and slave state men over the Lecompton Constitution in Kansas was at its height. As a northern man, his sympathies were with the anti-slavery party.

another, I have no words to characterize such conduct. Again I say it is to be exceedingly regretted that the Indians have among them such examples of civilization and Christianity. They surely did not need to be taught licentiousness. God knows that I mention these things more from sorrow than in anger. I do not set down aught in malice. I would there were no occasion for the Indians to make complaints in this matter. The time has been when such a course of conduct was surrounded with more palliating circumstances than at present. Public sentiment should demand a reform.

But to return from our wandering. Chatka was born somewhere on the Mississippi below St. Paul, probably about the year 1780. There he grew up hunting the deer and the buffalo; the latter were then abundant in the valley of the Mississippi. Of his remembrances I find some record made twenty years ago. "Corn," he says, "was first raised in the Dakota country when I was a small boy. Not far below Fort Snelling a few families planted a little. But the quantity raised was so small that they ate it up as soon as it was fit to roast. This they continued to do for some years and then abandoned the cultivation of the earth. The buffalo were then abundant along the Minnesota Valley. Those who lived here, namely, the Sissetons and Yanktons,<sup>75</sup> took meat and robes to those who dwelt on the Mississippi. But they, the Mdewakantons,<sup>76</sup> depended chiefly on the rice lakes and the deer and other game. When I had become a young man, the

<sup>75</sup> The Yankton Sioux were a roving tribe which hunted from Lake Traverse to the Missouri. Their home in 1834 was at Lake Traverse. It was through their country that Riggs traveled on his way to Fort Pierre in 1840. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:988; S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:321; Riggs, in the *Missionary Herald*, 37:183-185.

<sup>76</sup> The Mdewakanton belonged to the group known as the Lower Sioux, and, according to S. W. Pond, had their villages in 1834 on the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, extending from Winona to Shakopee. After the Treaty of Mendota in 1851 they were moved to a reservation in Redwood County, with the agency near the Minnesota River, about thirty miles below the Upper Sioux Agency at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine. This tribe took part in the Indian outbreak of 1862, and at its close was moved westward into Dakota. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 1:826-828; S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:320.

cultivation of the land was resumed. The first year one family planted a small piece of corn. The next year this was enlarged and some others followed the example. Thus the number of those that planted was gradually increased and their corn patches enlarged. Other villages followed suit until finally all the Mdewakantons planted more or less corn. As the buffalo went westward the Yanktons and some of the Sissetons followed them, abandoning the country about Lac qui Parle." As early as 1825, Left Hand thinks, some families came up from the lower Minnesota and planted at the Lake-that-speaks. He was among the first. The facts about planting among the Dakotas seem to be these. Corn was raised first, according to many of those now living, by the Kiyuksa clan down in Winona County.<sup>77</sup> Next we learn of its being planted a short distance below St. Paul. And next to that we find it raised at the island in Lake Traverse. This may have been about the year 1820. Five or six years after this the settlement at Lac qui Parle was commenced, and corn was planted first by the relatives of Mr. Renville, who was the means of its introduction at Lake Traverse also. Potatoes were introduced by the traders, but at just what time I can not say. Spring wheat was raised at the Lac qui Parle mission by Mr. A. G. Huggins as early as 1837. A small pair of burr stones were taken up, and for many years the mission families subsisted chiefly on the grain of their own raising.

In the recollections, from which I have before quoted, it is added, "The Dakotas believe that when they die they will go to the south. They think the Great Spirit lives in the south. But they have now learned, from the Holy Book, that he lives above."

As the brother of Mrs. Renville, Chatka held a conspicuous place in the *Tokadantee*. Mr. Renville kept a company of twenty or thirty men in the capacity of soldiers. They did him service when he sent out after furs. But the company was kept quite as much for appearances as for use. They always kept a lodge

<sup>77</sup> The Kiyuksa, or Breakers, were a band of the Mdewakanton Sioux, living first on the Iowa River, and later on the Mississippi. Their chief village in 1858 was Winona, on the site of the present city of that name. The members took "wives within prohibited degrees of kinship" and so were called "Breakers." Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 1:711; S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:321.



standing near Mr. R's. stockade fort, which served as their general rendezvous, where they feasted more or less daily. It flourished especially under the guardianship of the first Mrs. Renville. The name *Tokadantee* was adopted from their badge, which was the skin of the *tokadan*, or prairie dog.

After the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Renville, Chatka went down to Kaposia, intending to return in the fall. While at Mendota, in the summer of 1847, he was taken sick and died. The old man had, in his younger days, been a member of the *Wakanwachepee*, but had forsaken it when he heard the teachings of the word of God. He never afterwards had any confidence in the Dakota religion; but, as I am informed, he could not resist the temptation of strong drink which in those years was so easily obtained at St. Paul. In yielding to this temptation he gave sad evidence that he was not born again. His wives, being freed from "the law of the husband" by his death, still live, and one of them especially has well maintained the character of a sincere disciple of Jesus. Some of his children have become educated and conformed to the customs and habits of civilized men, while others have preferred to remain Indians.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, February 25, 1858

ZEETKANDOOTA, OR SCARLET BIRD<sup>78</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, June 9, 1858]

"This was what father meant when he called me a woman," was said to have been the exclamation of Scarlet Bird's son, pointing at the same time to his own bowels which had been ripped out by an Ojibwa.

From a memorandum book of Indian murders, kept for many years by the Reverend G. H. Pond,<sup>79</sup> I extract the following:

<sup>78</sup> Zitkaduta, or Red Bird, of the Lake Calhoun band of Sioux, was a noted warrior and medicine man of great influence among the people of his tribe. S. W. Pond Jr., *Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas*, 140.

<sup>79</sup> It seems probable that Riggs is in error in crediting this memorandum book of Indian murders to G. H. Pond. That such a chronicle was kept by S. W. Pond is learned from the opening paragraphs of his "Indian Warfare in Minnesota," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:129.

"1838—At Fort Snelling, one Ojibway, killed by a Dakota."

"1839—At Lake Harriet, one Dakota, killed by an Ojibway."

"On Rum River and at Stillwater, ninety-one Ojibways, killed by Dakotas in one day. The Dakota loss was seventeen killed. This broke up the Dakota mission at Lake Harriet."

"1840—Just below Mendota, two Dakotas, killed by Ojibways."

These historical facts maintain the relation to each other of cause and effect; and it will be the object of this paper to trace this relationship. In all their skirmishes doubtless this connection might be found to exist. Killing on one side has brought retaliation from the other.

The Ojibway man who was killed at or near Fort Snelling in 1838 was taken up and buried by white soldiers in their own burying ground.<sup>80</sup> The next year the Ojibways in some way obtained the impression that they were to receive annuities at Fort Snelling. This was a mistake. But under this impression they came down in the summer of 1839, men, women, and children, about a thousand strong.<sup>81</sup> They encamped near the garrison, where they remained several days. They made feasts and called the Dakotas, and the Dakotas invited them to eat at their tents

He says, "This paper is little more than a copy of a record which I kept for many years, of the number of Dakotas killed by their enemies, and the number of their enemies killed by them, so far as it could be ascertained." S. W. Pond Jr. likewise states that such an account was kept by his father. *Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas*, 136.

<sup>80</sup> Neill says that this Ojibway was killed in an attempt to capture Hole-in-the-Day, who had so treacherously slaughtered a Dakota hunting party in the spring of 1838. The chief, however, had exchanged ornaments with another, and so escaped. Major Plympton demanded the punishment of the Sioux warriors who had thus violated his own pledge of the protection of Fort Snelling. Accordingly, two young braves were formally disgraced by Iron Cloud, their chief. The murdered Ojibway was buried in the post cemetery to prevent scalping and mutilation of the body. *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2: 134-136. See also S. W. Pond's account, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3: 130.

<sup>81</sup> The entries in Taliaferro's journal for June, 1839, show clearly that Riggs's statement that the Chippewa came down to Fort Snelling under the impression that they were to receive their annuities there is incorrect. The regular place for the payment of the Chippewa annuities was the La Pointe subagency on Lake Superior, and the upper Mississippi bands must certainly have been notified of this fact by the subagent. Taliaferro also dispatched Peter Quinn, his official interpreter, to them, who, returning

in return. The Dakotas danced, and the Ojibways danced. On both sides it was understood that some of the young men had tried to provoke a quarrel, but nothing occurred during their stay to bring things to a crisis. Friendly relations were maintained, and finally the Ojibways started home in two companies. One division went up the Mississippi, and the other pursued their way towards Lake Superior up the St. Croix. Shortly before leaving, two young men were seen going from the Ojibway camp to the soldiers' burying ground. There they cried with a deep and bitter cry. It was over the grave of their father. There, doubtless, was formed the plan that in forty-eight hours was to be productive of terrible results.

The Ojibway parties pursued their homeward journey without apprehensions of danger. But these young men, whom we have just seen crying over the grave of their father, unknown, it is probable, to the rest of their people, lingered behind; and that night secreted themselves by a path which led from the village at Lake Calhoun. The next morning bright and early Hoopachokamaza, a Dakota hunter, started along this path, singing his morning song. He was killed and scalped, and the perpetrators fled homeward to dance around his scalp. They had now obtained revenge for their father's death, and their hearts felt good again.<sup>82</sup> It was not long before the slain one was found and

June 8, brought a letter in which the Chippewa said emphatically that they would not go to La Pointe. Their intention to come to Fort Snelling must also have been conveyed to the agent, for on June 9 he wrote, "I will send an Express to Rum River to stay the coming of the Chippewas if practicable." On June 16 he received a letter from Hole-in-the-Day saying that he and his band would be at the post in four days, "to see Gov. Dodge on the subject of their Treaty; that they would not go to La Pointe for their annuity it was too far." Taliaferro had kept Governor Dodge informed by letter of the situation, and as a result of his representations instructions were finally issued that for that year the payment should be made at Fond du Lac.

<sup>82</sup> Indian Agent Taliaferro, recording this event in his journal, gives the name of the murdered Dakota hunter as Neekaa, the Badger. G. H. Pond, in a manuscript journal quoted by S. W. Pond Jr., identifies him as Rupacoka Maza, which is probably a variation of the name given in the text by Riggs. S. W. Pond does not mention the murdered man's name in describing the affair. All affirm that he was a relative of Red Bird and of the chief of the Lake Calhoun band, that he was waylaid by the Chippewa, and that his murder was the immediate cause of the Rum River

carried to his friends at the village. The excitement produced by it was intense, but it would be of no use to attempt to follow the young men who had done the deed. They had already effected their escape. The only course that could be pursued with any hope of success, however wrong it might be, was to follow the Ojibway companies which were on their way home, carrying their children, their beds, their houses, and their bark canoes. Messengers were sent to the villages up the Minnesota and down the Mississippi to Kaposia. From all the nearest villages the warriors assembled. Many of them had only been waiting and, perhaps, wishing for something of this kind to transpire. It had come. The war cry was raised. The gun, the bow, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife were seized. They informed the agent that they were going to have vengeance; and he made no objections. They, too, divided their forces; a part were to go up the St. Croix and a part up the Mississippi.

The man killed at Lake Harriet was a relation of Zeetkan-doota. Scarlet Bird took the beads and rings from his killed relative and, distributing them among the young men, made them swear vengeance on the Ojibways. To his son, a lad of fifteen, who did not at once seize his gun, he said, "Are you a woman?" Without saying a word the boy took his gun and followed his father. The next day they were both killed in the battle of Rum River. Poor boy, well did he remember his father's keen reproach. When dying, he asked some one where his father was, and said, "I suppose this is what father meant when he called me a woman."<sup>83</sup>

battle. The Ponds were stationed at Lake Harriet at the time and were among the first to arrive at the scene of the murder. Taliaferro received his information from the Reverend J. D. Stevens, who was also connected with the Lake Harriet mission. Taliaferro, *Manuscript Journal*, July 2, 1839; S. W. Pond Jr., *Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas*, 143; S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:131; 12:459.

<sup>83</sup> Both S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:460, and S. W. Pond Jr., in his *Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas*, 145, give the dying boy's last words as: "Where is my father? I want him to see this. I suppose it is what he wanted." S. W. Pond Jr., does not say that the father called the boy a woman, but only that he reproved him for not at once seizing his weapons. His account of the incident is based on a manuscript journal of Gideon H. Pond.

The party that went up the Mississippi did not overtake the Ojibways until after they had left camp the following morning. The young men had gone out to hunt. The elderly men with the women and children were moving forward, heavily laden. The Dakotas commenced their work of slaughter until the noise of their guns had called back the Ojibway warriors. This turned the tide of battle. But already the carnage had been great. It was here that so many Dakota braves fell; but they had killed a half a hundred of their enemies; Scarlet Bird was killed, if I remember correctly, in the act of running upon a wounded Ojibway. He proposed dispatching him with tomahawk and knife, but the Ojibway's gun proved the more successful weapon. The other party struck across the country and came upon their enemy's camp before the morning light. It was on the margin of the lake. Their canoes were lying at the shore. The attack was deferred until daylight. Here the slaughter was great also. Some were killed in their tents and others in the water to which they fled. We draw a veil over the scene.

It was 1840. Away up among the pines of the Mississippi an Ojibway young man became anxious about his father's return. "My father," he said, "went down to Fort Snelling last year and has not returned. I will go and seek him." With a couple of companions he came down the Mississippi in a bark canoe. They passed down by Fort Snelling in the night with silent paddles, and the sentinel saw them not. A short distance below Mendota they secreted themselves in the bushes, putting their canoe ashore and hiding it also. There they waited all day. Many passed up and down in their canoes, but there seems to have been always more than one canoe in sight at the same time. They waited until the dusk of the evening was coming on, when one solitary canoe came lagging on behind all the rest. They shot the two persons in it, scalped them, and made their escape across the Mississippi and so to their own land. The Ojibway young man had found his father.<sup>84</sup>

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<sup>84</sup> In June, 1840, a Dakota man and his wife were killed by four Ojibway who had hidden themselves about two miles below Mendota. Pond mentions no other such murder for this year, and it is likely that this is the incident to which Riggs alludes. S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:133. See also Neill, *Minnesota*, 462, and "History of the Ojibways," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 5:491.

TOTEEDOOTAWIN, OR HER SCARLET HOUSE<sup>85</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, June 16, 1858]

It is written: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." With the chiefs and principal men among these Wahpetons it has been long a standing objection that women first embrace the gospel. "If you had called us, if you had feasted us, if you had talked to us," say they; "if you had persuaded us men to follow first, you might have expected to succeed in turning the whole nation. Now we will not follow in the wake of women." We reply to them, "Our consciences are clear in this matter." The truth is we did invite them, we did feast them, we did preach the gospel to them, publicly and privately; we did urge them to repent and believe; but they turned away. It has often been so. "Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble." But woman, true to her character of "last at the cross and first at the sepulcher," listened, repented, believed in Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets and apostles did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God.

Woman, among the Dakotas, is not respected. She cuts the wood, she pitches and takes down and carries, in fact, owns the tent; she plants and hoes the corn; she dresses the skin and mends the moccasins; her relations sell her, and her husband buys her. Under such circumstances it could hardly be expected that her mental powers would be particularly developed. The peculiar duties of her life become dishonorable for men; and the lowest point of degradation is reached when a man has done that for which others can say of him, "He has made himself a woman."<sup>86</sup> But the invitations of the gospel of Christ are to

<sup>85</sup> See also Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 179-181, and *Mary and I*, 69.

<sup>86</sup> Other accounts of the position of woman among the Dakota are given by Riggs in his *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 172-177, and by S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12:453-460.

all as sinners. In this respect, men and women, Indians and white people, are all on the same level. There is no difference of caste or condition recognized. But it often so happens that those, who, on account of their external condition, think least of themselves, soonest come to Jesus. The burdened, the weary, the oppressed are especially invited to come to Him for rest.

At an early period in the history of the Dakota mission Toteedootawin was baptized and received into the little church that had been previously organized at Lac qui Parle. At her baptism she received the Christian name of Catherine. Of her Christian experience and feeling soon after this time, I will let her tell her own story by transcribing from a letter which she indited and some one wrote for her sixteen years ago. "Of the Dakota women that pray to the Great Spirit I was among the first. But still my thoughts are sinful and my words foolish. On this account I pray much to the Great Spirit. I have grown up in sin, but since I have heard the word of the Great Spirit, I have prayed every day and every night to his Son. I pray much that He would forgive what I have done wickedly. I pray much for all my children and relatives. They have heard the word of the Great Spirit, but they still cleave to that which is evil."

In the summer of 1841, we built at Lac qui Parle a church of unburnt brick. In digging for the foundation, the women, as well as some of the men, rendered assistance. In regard to this she says: "Now we are going to have a holy house, and for that we rejoice greatly. In this house we will pray to the Great Spirit. We have dug ground for it two days already, and we have worked having the Great Spirit in our thoughts. When this house is built, we shall be glad. In it we will pray; He will have mercy on us; He will hear what we say and make us rejoice. As yet we only do what He hates. In this house we will confess to Him; our thoughts, our words, our actions, these we will confess to Him, and He will pardon them, for the sake of Jesus Christ, his Son. God has mercy on us and is giving us a sacred house, in which we will pray for all people."

Catherine was once a member of the Dakota Sacred Dance. But in this letter she says, "I have no fellowship with Dakota customs. Since I have heard the word of the Great Spirit, I seek that alone." And this she has continued to do, although

for years she was hated, defamed, and threatened with death by members of that secret society.

The first church bell used in Minnesota was purchased in 1842, and paid for with avails of moccasins which were furnished by the female members of the church at Lac qui Parle. Into this movement Her Scarlet House entered with a good will. That bell was persecuted and shot at by the heathen part of the village, but it did good service for many years, calling the children to school on week days, and the older people to meeting on the Sabbath. But it was cracked by ringing it one morning when the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero.

In certain kinds of ornamental Indian work Catherine manifested a good deal of skill. For some reason the Dakota women generally are in this respect not equal to the women of many other Indian tribes. But Toteedootawin in her younger days made very fine specimens of quilt and hair pipestems.

In the first year of our operations at Lac qui Parle various efforts were made in order to turn the labor of Dakota women from the axe and the hoe to the distaff and loom. Spinning wheels were brought out and a loom was made. Mr. Renville at that time owned quite a flock of sheep. Flax was raised and spun. A number of women manufactured short gowns and more knit stockings. Catherine made a blanket for herself. The efforts in this direction were not without useful results. They showed the Indians that some things could be done as well as others. They tended to encourage industry and thrift in the women. They made the men feel the importance of helping their wives in the field and in the woods. But still the scheme failed. It cost too much to make fabrics in this way.

Her Scarlet House learned to read in her own language and for many years she has read daily out of the Book of Life those wonderful things therein revealed. And she has been generally a consistent, active, praying Christian woman. Seemingly ever ready to do her duty, when the question of her husband's joining the church was discussed, she was willing and desirous, as the second woman taken, to be put away. She did more than most women, according to her ability, in training up her children, of whom three are still living, two sons and a daughter, in the fear of the one Great Spirit. They in their turn now have families



and are professors of the religion of the Bible. Nearly sixteen years ago one of her sons with two other young men were taken on to Ohio, where they spent a year. Before they had reached the borders of the Dakota country, they received letters ordering them to return; if they did not, their mothers would die of grief. But in this feeling Catherine did not largely participate. Indeed, she manifested more of the self-sacrificing spirit in giving up her own children to be educated than she has since done in regard to her grandchildren. But that is no uncommon thing. Old age has been coming on her of late years, and she can not now do what she once could.

As she is still living, I will close this record of her with an extract from the pen of another, written some fourteen years since. "I shall not think it hard to spend one day without a house." Thus said a Dakota woman. Perhaps many others might think so too, if they knew it would be a pleasant summer day without a shower. But in the winter when the snow is deep, and the wind blows cold, who would not think it hard to be even one day without a shelter? And yet the love of Christ, and a wish to obey and please him, made this Indian woman happy without a house, even in the cold wintry weather. Catherine left Oak Grove, near Fort Snelling, in January on her return to Lac qui Parle with her little family, the youngest a daughter of seven years. As the Dakotas who live near the buffalo region often do, she had exchanged her winter dwelling, a large skin tent, for kettles, blankets, etc. These with provisions for a journey of three weeks were to be conveyed without even the aid of an Indian dog or pony. After carrying their packs during the day, they cleared away the snow, made a fire, and spent the night in the open air. Owing to inclement weather they spent two Sabbaths at Traverse des Sioux. Knowing that if they rested, according to the commandment, the Sabbath after leaving us, they would be homeless and alone, I inquired if she intended to remember the Sabbath day. 'Certainly,' was the reply, accompanied with a look of surprise. On being told that we feared that she might think having no tent to shield them from the cold, they must hasten homeward, she said, 'I know God has commanded us to rest, and I shall not think it hard to spend one day without a house.' She afterwards wrote, 'Three sleeps from Little Rock we rested the Holy day. On that day we

prayed according to the custom of meeting at Lac qui Parle. Now it seems to me I have a new understanding of the Sabbath! This was according to the declaration of Christ, "He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine."'''

We have sometimes been charged with beginning at the wrong end, with not approaching the Dakotas in the right way, with preaching the gospel to them when they were not in a condition to receive it. Such objections we have answered by saying in all honesty that we have been desirous of prosecuting our work in the best manner; and that if any one could point us to a more excellent way, we would gladly avail ourselves of it. If any one ever supposed that we were desirous of Christianizing without civilizing the Dakotas, it was a mistake. Our efforts in various ways show that we are not unmindful of their elevation in the scale of manhood, as well as in their becoming the children of God. We have often assisted them in doing what, if we had remained in our native land, we would not have been under the necessity of doing for ourselves. And in order to make labor honorable we have often done with our own hands what it would have been economy to have hired done. We have not tried to teach them religion and letters alone, but spinning and knitting and weaving and ploughing and house-building. But we have regarded the gospel of God as the great and true civilizer, and we still so regard it. The present type of civilization in the world has been produced by the Bible; and that distinguishes it from the civilization of Greece and Rome. In carrying to the Indians the religion of the Bible, we have desired to carry to them the education of the Bible, education in the most extended sense.

A Philadelphia lawyer once made this plea in our behalf. We were spending a day with a friend in the city of Penn. We had visited many places of interest and finally drew up before the Girard College. It is known that Stephen Girard very foolishly and very unjustly made it one of the provisions of the will that no clergyman of any denomination should ever be connected with his institution and that no minister of the gospel should ever be permitted to visit it. This regulation is attempted to be carried into effect. Of the fact, however, I was not aware until afterwards. "My friend," said the lawyer, true to his character and profession, "my friend is not only a minister of the gospel, but

he is a missionary among the Indians. He teaches them not religion alone, but agriculture, the mechanic arts, and letters also; and he has just superintended the printing of a grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution." I may only add that the plea was as successful as true; we were conducted through the grounds and marble halls of Girard College.

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA, February 25, 1858

ETAWAWENEHAN, OR FEARFUL FACE<sup>87</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, June 23, 1858]

Old Eve, as we called her, had five sons. One of them was killed in a drunken frolic some time before we came among the Dakotas. At the same time the elder one of the brothers, Cloud Man, was stabbed badly but recovered. Of these five brothers, the three older ones are still living; they are Cloud Man, Eagle Help, and Paul Mazakootamane,<sup>88</sup> the deliverer of Miss Gardner—all men of mark in their different spheres. Hereafter they may be noticed further in these memoirs; but at present we are concerned with the youngest of the five, Fearful Face. Twenty

<sup>87</sup> See also Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 232.

<sup>88</sup> Cloud Man, or Marpiyawichashta, was the chief of the Lake Calhoun band of Sioux. S. W. Pond says that he was not an hereditary chief, but that when a few families settled in that locality to try farming, he as the fittest man was appointed chief by the agent. He signed the treaties of Mendota in 1836, and of Traverse des Sioux in 1851. During the outbreak of 1862 he was one of the friendly Indians who acted with Gabriel Renville and Little Paul. S. W. Pond, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12: 326; Gabriel Renville, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10: 600 (part 2).

Little Paul Mazakutemani, a chief of the Sisseton Sioux, was one of the group of Christian Indians who formed the Hazelwood republic. He signed the treaties of Traverse des Sioux in 1851, and of Washington in 1858. As proof of his friendship for the whites, he went to the camp of Inkpaduta after the Spirit Lake massacre and rescued Miss Abbie Gardner. During the Sioux war of 1862 he did valiant service both as a member of the friendly band under Gabriel Renville and as scout for General Sibley's expedition. Renville, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10: 601-613 (part 2); Riggs, *Mary and I*, 141. See also Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 1: 826.

years ago he had about attained to man's estate, a good-looking, well-formed, athletic, active young man. No one could dance with a better grace than he, and but few were more successful in hunting. He learned to read easily, and his chirography was very good. In this respect he was favorably noticed by Governor Doty at the treaty of 1841. He was brave and daring and jealous, as will appear in the sequel. But few men of his years could boast more of war deeds. His ambition and his jealousy destroyed him.

Taken as a whole, the family to which Fearful Face belonged have from the first attached themselves to the party of progress. They were closely allied to Mr. Renville. But notwithstanding all the brothers then living, except Cloud Man, applied themselves to learning and did many things not in accordance with Dakota custom, they were still eminently Dakotas in their social feelings and family relations. Etawawenehan, although still quite a young man, had already had several wives which had either left him or which he had "thrown away," to use their own expression. He still retained two, as will be seen from the following extract taken from an old record, which well illustrates the beautiful results of polygamy wherever it exists.

Towards the close of February, 1841, some transactions of a semitragical character set the whole village at Lac qui Parle in an uproar. A wife of Fearful Face was secretly given to Chandashkamaza, Iron Hoop; and in the meantime it was intimated that he, the said Fearful Face, was too cowardly to revenge the insult. This aroused his untamed spirit, and going alone to the tent where she was surrounded by her own friends and those of his rival he dragged her to the teepee of one of his own relatives. At first he magnanimously determined to make a feast and invite Iron Hoop and give him this false wife. But, learning that there was a plot to take away from him the other also, he declared he would have revenge by cutting off the nose and ears of this one that secretly had chosen another man. Her mother's cries and entreaties alone saved her from this degradation. But the spirit of revenge which had been aroused must spend itself on something. Taking his bow and arrows, he went to a horse belonging to his false wife's sister and killed it; then to another and killed it; and then, calling Iron Hoop repeatedly, said, "If you are a

man, come out." Iron Hoop did not make his appearance. It was expected by the relatives of Fearful Face that the other party would retaliate by killing their horses, and perhaps a battle would be the result. One of his brothers brought a horse over and had just secreted it in the mission stable when a gun was heard, and the crying and screaming which followed led us to fear that the difficulty had become alarming. The children rushed to the mission houses for safety, and we anxiously waited to learn what had happened. Ampatootokacha, Another Day, who has since become better known as Hotonhowashta, Good Sounding Voice, the associate of Paul in rescuing Miss Gardner, had attempted to shoot himself.<sup>89</sup> Being a relation of one party and the *koda* or particular friend of the other, both had entreated him to take sides with them. Finding that he could honorably do neither, he attempted suicide. But the contents of the pistol passed above his head and only stunned him for a little while. This closed the drama for that time, which was re-opened after many days.

Difficulties of long standing had existed between the Common Dog and the Brush village clans. To the former belonged Cloud Man and his friends. The other is still represented by Walking Spirit, as the principal man.<sup>90</sup> The nephew of Walking Spirit had taken to wife a sister of Cloud Man, but neither did this do away with past remembrances. In the summer of 1844, Cloud

<sup>89</sup> The name is ordinarily given as Other Day. John Other Day, a son of Zitkaduta, or Red Bird, was born in 1801. Becoming a member of the church at Lac qui Parle, his influence was used for the advancement of the whites. In 1857 Agent Charles E. Flandrau employed him with Paul Mazakutemani to obtain the release of the white women who had been captured at Spirit Lake. During the outbreak of 1862 he guided a party of sixty-two people through the hostile lines to safety and later acted as a scout for General Sibley. In recognition of his services Congress granted him a sum of money. He later moved to South Dakota, where he died in 1871. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:163. See also Upham and Dunlap, *Minnesota Biographies*, 571; Riggs, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 6:175, and *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 301-303; and Flandrau, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 3:396-398.

<sup>90</sup> Wakanmani, or Spirit Walker, as he is usually called, was a chief of the Wahpeton Sioux at Lac qui Parle. He became a Christian, and was attached to the interests of the whites; his sons rescued Mrs. Marble, one of the Spirit Lake captives. Although friendly during the Sioux massacre, Spirit Walker was frightened by the stories of Little Crow, and led his band into Dakota. After the death of her husband he protected

Man and Fearful Face came up from St. Paul with whiskey. As they passed the Traverse I remonstrated with them strongly. The younger of the brothers seemed disposed to spill the spirit water, but they brought it on up. In the drunkenness that followed, some one shot Etawawenehan's horse. It was charged upon the young men of the Brush village. The first one of this clan that Fearful Face met afterwards was Blue Cloud. Some sharp words passed, when the Common Dog shot the Brush villager with an arrow. That arrow point was never extracted. It worked its way up and down through the flesh, sometimes sticking fast, when it apparently ossified around the iron; then Blue Cloud seemed to be well again. And then, again cutting itself loose, it pursued its wandering course, causing intense pain and, finally, after years of intense suffering, death.

After shooting Blue Cloud, Etawawenehan was aware that they would seek his life to take it. That night, armed, he met two men and asked them who they were. They not answering, he drew up his gun and shot one of them. The bullet passed through the arm. In this case it turned out that the wounded man was a cousin of the one first shot.

Fearful Face had now attained to a notoriety of wickedness which might have been avoided if he had kept himself clear of the spirit water. Some of his relations fled, and he himself was advised to go up to Big Stone Lake, where some of his brothers had removed. This he said he would do because Mr. Renville's sons had requested it, but he expected to be killed, he deserved to be killed, and he should yet expiate his crimes by giving his enemies his body.

The Wahpetons, or Leaf villagers, include the Brush villagers. Both the specific and the general term were largely represented at a Dakota camp on the Coteau des Prairies near the Red Pipestone. By a strange infatuation Etawawenehan and his mother were led to pitch their tent there. Whiskey, the ever-present agent of evil, is there also. No one is willing to attack Fearful

Mrs. Amos Huggins for a time, and finally delivered her into the hands of the friendly Indians sent ahead for the purpose by General Sibley. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, 2:624; Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 313-318; Doane Robinson, "History of the Sioux Indians," in *South Dakota Historical Collections*, 2:296.

Face alone, but they band together to destroy him. He, like a bird giving [*sic*] to the snare, goes to drink spirit water with them. One quarrels with him and engages in a scuffle, two others seize him by the arms, and Iron Hoop, the man we have seen years before taking his wife, shoots an arrow through his body. Etawawenehan pulls this through and commences using it to defend himself, all the time shouting and repeating, "I am not afraid of you." But his efforts are vain. His enemies overpower him and kill him with knives and hatchets, no one there but his poor old mother caring for him. Died Etawawenehan as a fool dieth. He might have been a better man. He might have lived to some good purpose.

We are now back at Lac qui Parle. Revenge has done its work. But unless retaliation is stopped we have only reached the beginning of the end. There is, however, a desire among the principal men to heal up past difficulties. The Dakota method of doing this is called *kecheyooshkapee*, literally freeing each other. The old fashion was to make the wrong-doers climb a pole. A large sapling was cut, barked, and painted, and set up in the ground, something like a Fourth of July pole. It was called "sacred wood." The individuals, whose iniquities were to be put away, were stripped and painted red. They were regarded as bound, though only a string of otter skin was tied around their arms. Then, all the while singing in the presence of the assembled multitude, they climb the sacred wood. When they have reached the top, they are shot at with powder, which process is continued until they climb down or fall to the ground. They are then taken up, and, as soon as recovered from the stunning effects of the powder blown in their ears, water is given them to drink, and the pipe of reconciliation is passed around. After this the ceremony closes by a great collection of blankets and guns being given to the persons who have been thus pilloried, as white people would say.

But this practice of making them climb the sacred wood has gone into disuse. It is dangerous. The temptation is very strong in some cases to shoot something harder than powder. On the occasion of which we were speaking, it was dispensed with. The Renvilles were the mediators. The individuals who had acted the most conspicuous part in killing Etawawenehan, namely, Iron

Hoop, Blue Cloud, Big Frenchman, and Round Cloud, were painted and had their arms tied with thongs of otter skin. In this manner they were brought into the assembly. Then a United States flag, which had been given to Mr. Renville years before by Messrs. Nicollet and Fremont,<sup>91</sup> was thrown over them. The same was then removed and placed over Cloud Man and his brothers. Then water was given to both parties and the peace pipe, painted blue, was passed around, after which they all feasted together; then gifts of various kinds passed between the parties, and to them from those who were spectators on the occasion. Thus, a reconciliation was effected. Past wrongs were to be forgotten, and they were to live henceforth in eternal friendship. It could not entirely heal the wounded spirit and the sore hearts; but the ceremony did much to prevent any further hostilities. An instructive sequel followed. Iron Hoop was killed shortly after by the Ojibways. And Blue Cloud and Round Cloud died in a few years. "The way of transgressors is hard."

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA

MRS. RENVILLE<sup>92</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, June 30, 1858]

Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Joseph Renville of Lac qui Parle, was a full-blood Dakota, descended from the Little Crow royal family. She was rather above the medium height of Dakota women, of a graceful form, and possessed of a good deal of natural dignity. Sometimes a little hauteur was manifest in her deportment. To some of us she appeared rather reserved, occasionally unhappy; but those of her own sex and people who best knew her always spoke highly of her as very intelligent and affable. Indeed, she must be regarded as a Dakota noblewoman. At the time of her death she had lived with Mr. Renville about thirty-

<sup>91</sup> Nicollet and Fremont stopped at Renville's trading post at Lac qui Parle during the summer of 1838 on their return from the exploration of the Coteau des Prairies and the Red Pipestone Quarry. Fremont describes the expedition in his *Memoirs of My Life*, 1: 30-37 (Chicago and New York, 1887).

<sup>92</sup> Riggs gives another account of Mrs. Renville in his *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 165.



six years, and was the mother of a number of children, eight of whom were then living. They were married at Prairie du Chien by a French priest, when as yet there were no Protestants in this part of the country. Mrs. Renville was the first full-blood Dakota who was received into the mission church formed at Lac qui Parle; and she is believed to have well maintained and illustrated her profession of the religion of Jesus. Among the Indians she had the reputation of being remarkably benevolent, giving largely on all occasions; and on this account she was greatly beloved, and much lamented at her death.

For many years Mr. Renville must have prosecuted a flourishing trade. At least, it must have been considered quite an important one by his employers, for he was furnished abundantly with goods and provisions. And it was easy, with a large number of dependents, to make away with a large amount of stores, and that without really laying themselves open to the charge of extravagance. In a former paper I have made reference to Mrs. Renville's connection with *Tokadantee*. Featherstonhaugh, whom the Reverend E. D. Neill characterizes as "a dyspeptic growling Englishman," in his *Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor*, made in the summer of 1836, I believe, thus refers to this Soldiers' Lodge: "I learned that Renville entertained a company of stout Indians to the number of fifty, in a skin lodge behind his house, of extraordinary dimensions, whom he calls his braves or soldiers. To these men he confided various trusts, and occasionally sent them to distant points to transact his business."<sup>93</sup> This statement is much exaggerated. Still it must be admitted that the *Tokadantee* was regarded as quite a family institution; and it was cherished and nourished with quite as much pride by the female, as by the male, part of the family.

<sup>93</sup> Riggs gives this passage as it is quoted by Neill in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 1:202. The correct reading is, "I learnt that Renville entertained a select company of stout Indians, to the number of forty in a skin lodge behind his house of extraordinary dimensions, whom he called his braves or soldiers. To these men he confided various trusts, and occasionally sent them to distant points to transact his business." George W. Featherstonhaugh, *A Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor*, 1:359 (London, 1847). Featherstonhaugh made his trip up the Minnesota in the fall of 1835.

In the spring of 1839, Mrs. Renville was taken ill with disease, which affected her lungs, and finally terminated in death. During her illness, Dr. Williamson, acting as her physician, was with her frequently, and, embracing opportunities for becoming acquainted with her mental and spiritual state, was much better satisfied than he had previously been that her faith and hope were in God. Those who watched by her until her last say that she often spoke of Jesus as her only hope. On the morning of the Sabbath, February 16, 1840, Mr. Renville was with her alone, and said, "You seem to be failing much to-day." "Yes," she said, "to-day God calls me to a feast. Jesus Christ, who suffered for me, I have in remembrance as my only trust. Of a truth to-day my afflictions and troubles will be at an end. God invites me. This day I shall stand before the Great Spirit. I shall henceforth reign in his presence and joy with Jesus Christ." Afterwards her children and relatives came in and sat around her crying. She said to them, "It is the holy day, sing and pray to God." They did so, and when they had ceased, they spoke to her but she answered them not again.

The day after she died, Mr. Renville remarked to the writer of this article that he had seen a great many die, but never one like her, hers was a holy death. And the general impression made upon the Indians at the time was that her dying was different from anything they had ever seen before.

So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies the wave along the shore.

We have reason to believe that she went to the rest that "remaineth for the people of God."

It is a common feeling of our humanity to wish to pay respect to the dead whom we loved while living. In this respect the Dakotas do not belie their origin. However poor they may be, they are not satisfied unless they can wrap the dead one in a new blanket; and if they are able they use calico and cloth and blankets to the amount of many dollars. When one is sick and likely to die, the relatives show their attachment by giving, one a new blanket or shawl, one a piece of cloth, one a piece of calico; and the articles thus cast upon the person while yet alive are usually

buried with him. Or if part of them are taken off when the body is placed in the coffin, they are reserved to be distributed to a war party. Various customs of this kind have prevailed. In the case of Mrs. Renville, it is said ten blankets of various colors and textures were wrapped around the body. It was then placed in a very large box on a feather bed, together with all the clothes of the deceased. Her friends did not wish to retain anything in the house that had belonged to her wardrobe, nor did they wish to see her clothing worn by others. This is Dakota feeling.

The native custom of disposing of the dead, as I have had occasion to mention in a former paper, is that of placing upon a scaffold. Sometimes the box or trough containing the body, and not unfrequently the body wrapped in a blanket or buffalo robe, without a coffin, was placed up in a tree, where it remained till it rotted and the bones dropped down. The custom of burying the dead out of sight has come to them from the white people, and is now the prevailing practice at many villages, except in the winter when the ground is hard frozen. In the case of Mrs. Renville, the great box was placed in a root house, according to her request, where it remained for many years; and after having become the depository of several others of the family, it was finally buried.

The excessive wailing for the dead, common among the Dakotas, Mr. Renville used his influence to restrain. A little more than a month after the death of Mrs. Renville a grandchild was taken from them. On this occasion all was quiet until the moment the spirit took its flight. Then some women who were in the room awaiting the event commenced wailing. The parents and other relatives kissed the child and, in the expressive language of Scripture, "lifted up their voices and wept." A great multitude was soon gathered in, and there was a very great wailing, "like the weeping of Jazer for the vine of Sibmah." When it had ceased, Mr. Renville remarked that they did not mean to blame God. They felt that he did all things well; but this affliction came so near the death of Mrs. Renville that they were unable to control their feeling. On the morrow, when the remains of the child were deposited in the same box with its grandmother, Mr. Renville said, "Restrain yourselves," and there was no such outburst of feeling as there had been previously.

It has not been easy for us to speak against the practice of wailing for the dead without giving offense. And yet indulging in it excessively, as the Dakotas do, even when they do not cut themselves, often proves injurious to health. Weeping at the grave of one soon makes another pile of earth. The infliction of self-torture we have always condemned, and among the Dakotas who have come much under our influence the custom has gone into desuetude. Still they think it unnatural not to wail for a dead friend. A goose, when its mate is shot, flies over crying. A deer, when its companion is taken away, makes its voice to be heard. All nature cries out when it is afflicted, and for man not to do so is unnatural.

It seems proper to add, in this connection, some statements on another point, namely, that of giving food to the dead. I find the following in a writing made at Traverse des Sioux more than a dozen years ago. "The *little oaks of weeping*, where our brother T. was buried, became also an Indian burial place. This gave us an opportunity of observing more particularly some of their customs in regard to the dead. The practice of taking food to the grave was usually continued for a whole year. A young man shoots some ducks and lays them on his brother's grave. A woman cooks a kettle of corn and takes it to the place where her departed child rests. When they had been out to the sugar camp and rice lakes and return, a portion must be carried and given to the spirits of the dead. They expect their offerings to be taken and appropriated by friends. Whatever may have been the origin of this objectionable practice, the gifts seem now to be regarded chiefly in light of tokens of affection for the dead." Some years after this the only child of a young Indian mother at Lac qui Parle was badly burned, and died after weeks of suffering. It was buried near the mission premises. That Dakota mother often visited the grave of her child, bringing food, wailing and lying for hours in the cold wintry days by its side. These facts were the foundation of the "Bereaved Mother's Lament," written by Mrs. Riggs, and originally inserted in the *Dakota Friend*, which will serve as an illuminated closing to this paper. alas! My hope, my comfort is departed, my heart is very sad.

"Mechoonkshe, mechoonkshe, my daughter, my daughter, alas! My joy is turned into sorrow, and my song into wailing. Shall

I never more behold thy sunny smile? Shall I never more hear the music of thy voice? The Great Spirit has entered my lodge in anger, and taken thee from me, my first-born and only child. I am comfortless and must wail out my grief. The pale faces repress their sorrow, but we children of nature must give vent to ours or die. Mechoonkshe, mechoonkshe!

"The light of my eyes is extinguished, all, all is dark. I have cast from me all comfortable clothing and robed myself in comfortless skins, for no clothing, no fire can warm thee, my daughter. Unwashed and uncombed, I will mourn for thee, whose long locks I can never more braid; and whose cheeks I can never more tinge with vermillion. I will cut off my dishevelled hair, for my grief is great. Mechoonkshe, mechoonkshe!

"How can I survive thee? How can I be happy, and thou a homeless wanderer to the spirit land? How can I eat if thou art hungry? I will go to the grave with food for thee. Thy bowl and spoon are placed in thy coffin for use on the journey. The feast for thy playmates has been made at the place of interment. Knowest thou of their presence? Mechoonkshe, mechoonkshe!

"When spring returns, the choicest ducks shall be thy portion. Sugar and berries also shall be placed near thy grave. Neither grass nor flowers shall grow thereon. Affection for thee will keep that little mound desolate, like the heart from which thou art torn. My daughter, I come, I come. I bring thee parched corn. Oh! how long wilt thou sleep? The wintry winds wail thy requiem! The cold earth is thy bed, and the colder snow thy covering! I would that they were mine. I will lie down by thy side. I will sleep once more with thee. If none discovers me, I shall soon be as cold as thou art, and together we will sleep that long, long sleep from which I can not wake thee. Mechoonkshe, mechoonkshe!"<sup>94</sup>

#### HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA

<sup>94</sup> The "Lament," with some slight changes, is to be found also in Riggs, *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 33, and in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 1:277.

WAKANAYAMANE<sup>95</sup>[*Minnesota Free Press*, July 7, 1858]

"To walk talking sacredly" may be regarded as the literal translation of the above name. He was a young man who resided at Lac qui Parle, having a small family and respectable connections and attainments. During the month of March of this present year he accompanied a war party to the Ojibway country, and was brought back dead. But he did not die in battle. Unfortunately, as they would say, and, providentially, as I would say, they saw no enemies. A few weeks previous Wakanayamane had been down as far as the Sioux agency, and, carrying back with him that which intoxicates, he suddenly found himself incapacitated for traveling, and, if he had not been found, would have perished on the prairie. His sickness and death on the war tramp had doubtless a very intimate connection with his previous debauch and suffering.

The war spirit among the Dakotas on the reservation has of late received a fresh impulse. A little more than a year ago quite a number of our Indians, among whom were Running Walker and Cloud Man, while out hunting, met with the Ojibways, shook hands with them, and separated on friendly terms. It was understood that both parties desired peace, and the expressed wish of the Dakotas here [was] that measures would be taken by the officers of our government to consummate and make binding such a treaty of amity and friendship. But nothing I believe was done in this direction. Early in the next summer the Pillagers made a strike on some women and children who were digging *teepsima* near the head of the Coteau. Eight were killed and some others wounded. The Dakotas complained of this and asked the authorities of the United States to see that reparation was made. This was not done. The Ojibways, I understand, promised to deliver up the murderers, but did it not.

Last fall the Dakotas and Ojibways met in their hunting excursion. Those from this part of the reservation again shook hands, and through the intervention of some white men made a formal and written peace engagement. In the meantime, in another part of the country, a young man from Lac qui Parle was

<sup>95</sup> No additional material was found on this Indian.

killed and scalped by Ojibways. His body was brought home. The news of this unprovoked attack was soon conveyed to some of the party who had but just now entered into peaceable arrangements. The spirit of revenge was aroused in the young men. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Some of the Ojibways with whom they had shaken hands were known to be within reach. The plan was opposed by some and thwarted once, but it nevertheless prevailed. They had the stronger argument on that side, inasmuch as Superintendent Cullen<sup>96</sup> was reported to have said at the Mdewakanton payment that they might kill as many Ojibways as they pleased. This, I presume, was not true. But by those who favored retaliation it was used by way of justification. The result was the killing of one Ojibway man and the bringing home of two women captives. So far we did not feel like blaming the Dakotas. We were desirous that the captives should be returned; and for some time we supposed from the language used by officers civil and military, that their rendition would be required and enforced. During the winter Agent Brown<sup>97</sup> came up twice from the Lower Agency for the purpose, as it was announced, of demanding their release. But for some reason he did not deem it wise to insist upon the demand, and so was unsuccessful. In the early spring one of these women escaped, and the other has within a few days been taken down below, it is supposed with the intention of bartering her at Fort Ridgely.

As the rendition of the captives was not enforced, the Dakotas very naturally inferred that the United States government, like Gallio, the deputy of Achaia, "cared for none of these things." This had its influence in raising our spring war parties. But another and more potent cause was found in the dissatisfaction which arose out of the circumstances attending the taking on of

<sup>96</sup> W. J. Cullen was superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern district, which included the Chippewa of Minnesota and western Wisconsin as well as the Sioux, from 1857 to 1861, with headquarters at St. Paul. United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Reports*, 1857, pp. 46-53; 1860, pp. 42-48.

<sup>97</sup> Joseph R. Brown, a well-known Indian trader, succeeded Charles E. Flandrau as Sioux agent late in 1857. He held office until 1861. United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Reports*, 1857, p. 60; 1860, pp. 54-63.

deputations to Washington. Many were disappointed, and consequently they must go on a war tramp.

The first expedition was made by Mdewakantons, which resulted in the killing of two Ojibways in the region of Kandiyohi Lake. They had climbed a tree to reconnoitre and were shot down by the Dakotas, who were lying in ambush.

A war party from this vicinity made a sortie into the country above the forks of the Chippewa River. There they found six Ojibway men who had been hunting, but had taken the precaution to fortify themselves with a breastwork of timber. They were attacked within this fortification and two killed, the other four escaping. A number of the Dakotas were wounded. Ahanze, the Little Rapids chief, is on at Washington; but his son was with this war party, and was so severely wounded that he required to be carried home. For some time he was not expected to live, but now seems likely to recover. Among the few articles found within the Ojibway fortification after the battle was an old portfolio, which contained some specimens of writing and an English tract or sermon entitled, "Living or Dead, by Rev. J. C. Ryle." As this tract was published by the Protestant Episcopal Society, New York, it is fair to presume that the owner may have been a pupil in Mr. Breck's school.<sup>98</sup> The chirography is very good. The copies are in the English language. The only name that appears is Mr. Jones.

About the time the last-mentioned expedition was returning, the party went out from Lac qui Parle with the results indicated in the commencement of this paper. Others went out from Big Stone Lake, a second one from our vicinity, but have come back unsuccessful.

A second war party from the Mdewakanton villages, which went about the middle of March and returned about the first of April, brought in three scalps. They found the Ojibways up near

<sup>98</sup> The Reverend James Lloyd Breck, a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, established a school on the shore of Gull Lake in 1852, which later became known as the St. Columba Mission House. Four years later the Pillager Indians requested him to build a station among them, and, accordingly, he founded a mission at Leech Lake, but was forced to abandon it after eight months on account of threats of personal violence. Riggs, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 6:161-163.



Long Prairie. Another expedition is reported as having been made from their camp down among the white settlements near Red Wing, which resulted, it is said, in taking two more scalps. Thus, since last autumn, the Spirit Lake bands of Dakotas have killed in this guerrilla warfare seven, and the Leaf-shooters, three Ojibways.

The last item of intelligence on this head has just reached us from the northwest. Beyond the Coteau des Prairies, on one of the upper tributaries of the James River, a Sisseton family was returning home from the region of Devil's Lake in advance of the main party. Three Ojibway men and one woman came down the stream in a bark canoe. They met and fraternized, smoked, ate, and lay down to sleep. The Ojibways arose and killed the man and his wife and two small children; a large boy, who was taking care of the horses, escaped.

"For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood."

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA

#### EAGLE HELP<sup>99</sup>

[*Minnesota Free Press*, July 14, 1858]

It has been a mooted question whether Wamdeokeya means to help the eagle, or talk with the eagle. It certainly is one of the two; for *wamde* is the royal eagle, and the verb *okeya* means to help or to speak with, according as the accent is thrown on the penultimate or antepenultimate. But without deciding the question in one way or the other, I may be permitted to use the name by which the man is commonly known.

Eagle Help is our Indian doctor, using the term as it is commonly understood among the white people. Not simply in the sense that his patients are usually Indians; and not at all in the sense of conjurer or powwow, for he never practiced in that way; but in the sense of a root doctor. He is now a man nearly, if not quite, sixty years of age; his eyes are dim and his head is

<sup>99</sup> Other accounts of Eagle Help are to be found in S. W. Pond Jr., *Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas*, 93, 94, 99, 104; Riggs, *Mary and I*, 53-55, and *Gospel among the Dakotas*, 223.

silvered over with gray hairs. But his step is brisk, and his medical practice is so extensive that he has no time to attend to anything else, not even for attending church, except perhaps once or twice a year. Medicine is said to be preëminently an art, and not a science, but there are nevertheless scientific principles connected with the art which all the disciples of Æsculapius should understand. But whatever claims Eagle Help had to be ranked among the members of that honorable and responsible profession, it is as a practitioner of the art and not a professor of the science.

The first epistle or letter in the Dakota language is said to have been written by Wamdeokeya. I have heard him narrate with a good deal of enthusiasm the events of that first winter after the commencement of the mission at Lac qui Parle. It was the winter of 1835-36. Previous to that time Eagle Help and his wife, Silver Woman, and their children, had not been living at the Lake-that-speaks. But on hearing that a *Wechashtawakan*, or sacred man, and he a *Pazhehootawechasta*, or grass-root man too, had come and was teaching them letters, he pitched his tent there, desiring, as he says, to know what these things meant. But as they had raised no corn and had nothing to eat, he was obliged to be absent most of the time hunting food for his family; nevertheless he learned to make the characters, and then commenced forming words out of them; when suddenly the first idea of utility entered his mind. And when out that spring on one of his hunting excursions, he wrote a letter in which he related how the Great Spirit heard his prayer and caused ice to form on a lake during the night that he might walk over dry shod in the morning.

In those days Eagle Help had two wives who were sisters. The marrying of sisters is quite common among the Dakotas. Frequently one man, by taking the eldest daughter in a family, becomes entitled to all the rest as they become marriageable, as in the case of the present Little Crow. The general opinion is that sisters agree better than women who are brought up in different families. In the later part of the winter of 1839 the younger of Eagle Help's wives died. And what will a man do when his wife dies? True, he has one left, but still he is sad for all that. If whiskey were to be had, he might seek to drown his sorrow in that which intoxicates. Many a one who passes for

a white man does so. Or he may divert himself at the gaming table. Many an Indian does that also. Or he may leave his desolate hearthstone and travel into foreign lands. The Dakotas too have this failing and this custom also. On such an occasion it has been very common for a man to make a path to the enemy's country. He gathers up the clothes and trinkets of the dead one and distributes them when they have reached the land of the Ojibways.

Before he starts, however, as the leader of a war party, he makes *wakan*. He brings himself into communication with the spirits of the dead, who, in dream or in vision, tell him where and how he may find his enemies. He gathers his war party. He prepares his weapons of war, his gun, his arrows, his spear, his battle axe, and his scalping knife. He does not forget his bundle of grass roots. He prays to it. He makes an armor feast, where the young men who have enlisted for the campaign consecrate their war weapons. There they sing and pray and cry—yea, cry with a deep and bitter cry—to the Great Spirit to make their weapons sacred, by helping them to bathe them in the blood of their enemies. There, too, they renew their war covenant, the *wohdooza*. They make their vows not to eat such and such parts of an animal, from which oath they are only liberated by killing Ojibways. For among the Dakotas a man frees himself from restraint and places himself above law by killing enemies.

We have said that a wife of Eagle Help died. So, as his heart was bad, about corn planting time in the summer of 1839, he and his brothers made up a war party of some thirty young men to make a path to the Ojibway country. Dr. Williamson had gone to Ohio to have printed certain portions of the Bible, which had been translated into the Dakota language. Mr. G. H. Pond had left also. So, but poorly initiated into the Dakota language, we were left there to teach the Dakotas truth and righteousness. We felt it to be our bounden duty to oppose this war party and prevent its going out if possible. And we did this the rather because it was made up of men who had learned to read and had listened to us as we tried to teach them to love their enemies. But it was soon manifested that they had not learned the lesson. They were not to be coaxed or reasoned out of their expected Ojibway scalps. With more zeal perhaps than knowledge, among

other things we said, or thought we said, "We will pray to the Great Spirit that you may not kill any Ojibways." We were reported to have said, "We will pray that you may be killed by Ojibways." They wanted some ground corn to take with them, and Eagle Help applied to Mr. Huggins to grind it on our horse-mill. Mr. H. said to him, "The Ojibways are my brothers, and I can't assist you in killing them." So saying, he locked up the mill and put the key in his pocket. Eagle Help was very angry, and afterwards told Mr. Huggins that if he had not been restrained by the teachings of the Bible, he would then and there have killed him.

These things made them all feel badly, and they could obtain satisfaction for the wrong done them, as they thought, only by killing the mission cattle. Accordingly, just before starting they killed two cows for us, and wounded several others. This gave them a present supply of provisions for the way. But they were more than a month gone, a long time. They suffered from hunger, and worst of all they found no enemies. The spirits had deceived them; we were praying against them. They returned in quite as bad humor as they went. The first news we had of their arrival was their killing another of our cattle. But we had rather they would dance over our cows killed than killed Ojibways.

After the bad feeling had somewhat subsided, the question arose about the right and wrong of these transactions. The leader of the war party acknowledged that killing our cattle was wrong, but we had committed a greater wrong in opposing and praying against them. This was not very clear to us. We had intended them no wrong, and we had not injured them in person or property. We had desired to keep them from shedding human blood, and thus treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, but we could not make them see with our eyes.

While the controversy was still pending, Messrs. Nicollet and J. C. Fremont made their second visit to Lac qui Parle, coming over from the Missouri by Devil's Lake. They remained some ten days, made presents to the Indians, and, of their own accord, engaged with them to pay for their trespasses on the mission cattle. And they did so. That was Eagle Help's last war expedition. From that time he gave himself entirely to the cultivation of the arts of peace. He has worked in the field with his

wife, Silver Woman, and, as a consequence of their united industry, they have rarely been out of corn.

Near the close of the year 1839 our quondam war leader engaged to go up to the villages at Lake Traverse to teach. He continued only two months. In all he reported about twenty scholars, mostly young men, of whom three or four made such progress as to be able to read and write a little. At the commencement so few were willing to be taught that Eagle Help was about to give up the idea of teaching. Just then he was invited to a sacred feast, at which he took occasion to make the following speech, as reported by himself: "My friends, you make sacred feasts; you worship painted stones. Tell me what benefit you or your fathers have obtained from these practices. I have my father's medicine bag, and I am acquainted with all the Dakota customs, but I know of no good that comes to us from them. And now I have brought you the book, by means of which we may all become wise; but you will still choose to pray to painted stones." From that time, he says, the young men desired to learn. This was our first effort in employing native teachers. Since that time we have often employed them and with encouraging success.

Wamdeokeya we always found to be a good critic in his own language and a valuable assistance in correcting translations. Among an uneducated people with an unwritten language it will be supposed that the great mass of the community exercise their thoughts very little on matters of literary taste or judgment. Nevertheless there are found some minds so constituted that they can not help thinking about these things. By this means language is kept from running riot. Among the Dakotas who have made some progress in the way of education we find all sorts of taste in regard to language. As a general thing, in conversation they have accustomed themselves to use many expletives and suffixes which weaken rather than strengthen the expression. Wamdeokeya's judgment led him to cut off from the written language all such unnecessary additions. His taste and that of his eldest son, Henok, is severely simple. They admit nothing in writing but what is absolutely necessary to convey the idea clearly and forcibly.

My readers are already introduced to Eagle Help as a practitioner of the healing art. *Pazehoota*, or medicine, is with them

literally and truly grass roots. Many of the Dakotas grow up with some knowledge of roots. The little bundle that one sees hanging on a stake or tree before a Dakota tent in a fair day which goes by the imposing name of *wotawa*, or armor, contains, besides a spear, some old rags and some pounded grass roots. But their knowledge of such things is very limited. Eagle Help, having turned his attention almost exclusively to this business for many years past, must have made many additions to the Dakota pharmacopoeia. He says he prepares a great many valuable medicines himself. Besides these, he obtains from Doctors Williamson and Daniels<sup>100</sup> many of the more common preparations of the shops. With how much skill he applies these and others to the various cases of diseases, one of the medical faculty could testify better than myself. It can not be otherwise than that his practice should be open to the charge of empiricism. Under the circumstances he can not be supposed to have obtained any very extended and consistent ideas in regard to the latent causes and manifestations of diseases. In a vast number of cases he must necessarily treat symptoms, in doing which he is not alone. It won't do for a physician to confess ignorance. However much in the dark he may be in regard to a case, he must keep his doubts to himself, or convey his ignorance in Latin, which common people don't understand. This part of the practice I think Eagle Help has well learned; I do not mean that of talking Latin, but that of concealing his want of knowledge by talking learnedly.

It has been remarked by others that Wamdeokeya manifests much sagacity in perceiving when a favorable turn has taken place in a sick man, and then he shows so much skill in adding him to the list of his own patients. There is another thing which I have myself remarked; when his patient dies, there is generally some reason for it other than his want of ability to cure, either the medicine in which he trusted is used up or the physician himself is suddenly called away to another patient. It would hardly be fair to suppose that these events are not always accidental. But no one can blame a medicine man for discovering some adequate cause for the sudden lapse or death of his patient. It is natural.

<sup>100</sup> Dr. Asa W. Daniels was physician to the Lower Sioux at the Redwood Agency from 1854 to 1861. Asa W. Daniels, "Reminiscences of Little Crow," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 12: 513, 530.

I remember hearing an eminent physician tell an anecdote about another who was celebrated for finding causes for relapse or death outside of himself. He had visited a patient and predicted that he would be up in a few days. At his next call the poor man was dying. Looking round to find some cause for this unexpected change, he discovered a saddle under the bed. "Ah," said he, "it is no wonder the man is dying; you have made him eat a horse."

Dr. Eagle Help reports himself to have a very extensive practice. He is seldom without a patient, and he makes it somewhat profitable withal, for usually he obtains his pay beforehand. Still he complains that, although he does the genteel part of the work, he has no share in the fund appropriated by the Dakotas for that purpose. Within the past year he presented to Superintendent Cullen a paper largely signed by the principal men of the Wahpeton and Sisseton bands, asking that he might receive something from that fund in consideration of his eminent services among them.

There is one thing in particular in regard to which Eagle Help claims for himself and others claim for him a superiority in Dakota practice over white physicians. He is a Dakota, they say, and he knows what a Dakota stomach is and what it is required to do. But the decision of this question I leave to gentlemen of the medical profession.

It was only a few days ago when Dr. Eagle Help was here, and we discussed a physiological phenomenon of the Dakota sick. To bring the case out clearly I will state a fact. Many years ago when I was on a visit to a Dakota village of Wakootay at Red Wing, I called one morning to see a sick man. It was, I believe, a case of fever, and the conjurers had been powwowing over him and shooting the devil for a good many nights. The man was a stranger to me. But I had no sooner entered the tent where he lay than he seemed to be thrown into a violent pain and, with a great deal of earnestness, he said, "Send him home." Unconscious as I was of any evil feeling or any evil design some minutes elapsed before I understood that I was the offensive person. But all the while, presenting in his movements what seemed to be unmistakable signs of pain, he continued to repeat, "Send him home." I of course relieved him of my presence, and was informed that

no sooner had I left than he was again quiet and comparatively free from pain. I accounted for it by supposing that the sick man had formed an antipathy against me as the teacher of another religion and thinking I had come to talk with him on that subject, my presence threw him into a state of nervous excitement which produced pain.

Eagle Help mentioned a number of cases. He had experienced it himself. When sick many years ago, a certain individual coming in even for a moment caused in him bodily pain. I inquired if before his sickness some unpleasant circumstance had not occurred between himself and the individual to whom he had reference. He thought not. He then went on to relate the case of Mazamane's son, who last month was wounded in a battle with the Ojibways. For some time he was not expected to live. During this time a brother from the north visited him, but his presence gave the wounded man such pain that he was obliged to leave the tent immediately. Eagle Help can not explain the fact. As the question belongs to the physiology of pain, we may refer it to the college of physicians. Have white people any such experiences?

In conclusion, I may say I am the more desirous to do Eagle Help ample justice in this case because his entering the profession of *Pashehootawechashta*, grass-root man, although his practice is empirical, has a more powerful tendency to root out the powwows than the practice of white physicians. And my desire is that men may be raised up from among themselves, who by their education and skill will properly take rank with the medical men of the world.

S. R. RIGGS

HAZELWOOD, MINNESOTA





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