

bringing the body of Palmeto to Spencer in spite of the difficulty. A school house was used as a morgue and a Spencer man who had a supply of seasoned walnut fashioned a coffin.

Two yoke of oxen were necessary to break a road through back to Peterson. Tice followed in a light rig and the body of Andrew Palmeto was buried there.

The Grant family exerted every effort to get Tice to stay with his homestead and bring his wife and children up from Missouri as he had planned. However, Tice had seen too many hardships and would not bring his family into the country where he had lost his close friend. He returned to Greentop, Missouri, where he spent the rest of his life.

The body of the Smith boy was not found until April when it was given proper burial under the primitive conditions that existed in those early days.

And the rumor still persists that the body of Andrew Palmeto, frozen in a sitting position, could not be straightened out so his coffin was fashioned to accommodate the fixed sitting position of the frozen body.

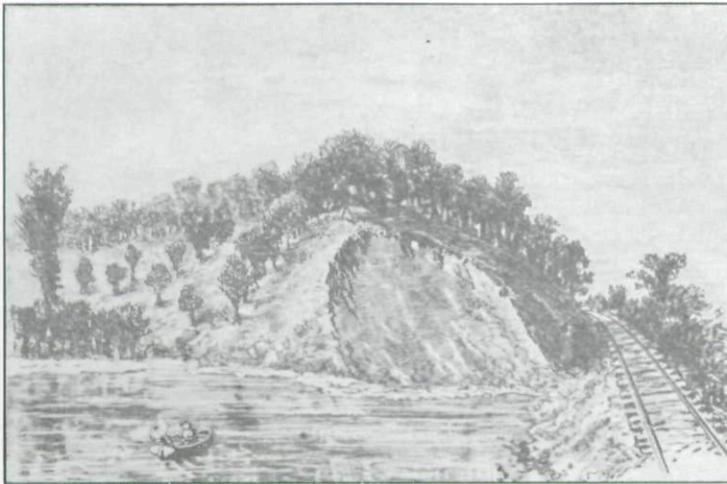
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## THE LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP

*Sacred to the Indian was the wooded bluffs one mile east of Colfax, Iowa, where the beautiful princess Fawn Eyes and her pale face lover once met. The following story, revised from the Colfax Tribune, July 15, 1915, describes the tragic legend of two young lovers.*

Once upon a time a hunter with rifle in hand was crossing the dense woods to the east of what would eventually be Colfax, the city of healing waters. Great oaks and lindens towered heavenward in all their provincial beauty. Wild deer, turkey and myriads of chattering squirrels lived peacefully here, seldom startled by the white man's rifle.

In his wanderings, this lone hunter found himself on an almost perpendicular cliff where is now located the palatial Hotel Colfax (now Salvatorian Novitiate). As he stood gazing from the bluff into the slow creeping waters of the Checaqua River, bedecked with sporting fowls, he began to day-dream. Suddenly he was aroused by the excited cries of the water fowls which flew down the stream. The hunter glanced up the stream and saw the cause of their alarm: an Indian in a canoe was coming slowly down the river from his camp several miles upstream. Nearing the hunter, the Indian turned his canoe toward shore, paddled in and beached his craft. He was an old man but displayed the elasticity of youth as he toiled up the side of the bluff.



BLUFF EAST OF COLFAX

Nearing the summit where the hunter stood, the Indian, called Redwing, stopped, clutching a bush to steady himself, and said, "How." The greeting was promptly returned in the same friendly way. Then Redwing came up face to face with the hunter. The Indian told the hunter that he would not find any deer in this particular place for there were no deer where the voice of Fawn Eyes was ever heard speaking from

the spirit land. The hunter did not understand, so Redwing explained that this was an enchanted place known by the old men of his tribe by a name which translated means "Lover's Leap." The hunter urged the Indian to tell him the story of this place so they moved to the ridge which broke off abruptly to an almost perpendicular cliff of forty or fifty feet where Redwing began:

"Many moons ago—more than there are trees in the forest, before I was born, when all the prairies, woods, rivers and lakes were the redman's—there was a great Indian town on the creek over beyond the river yonder. Fawn Eyes was the daughter of a great chief. She had eyes like the fawn and a voice like the dove. She was fairer than all of her sisters. Many deeds of valor upon the warpath were performed by the young warriors in hopes of winning her love. Tall Oak, a young war chief, took many scalps of his enemies, and carried the scars of many battles. He laid at the feet of Fawn Eyes the trophies of his victories, but he could not win her heart. The maiden loved another—a pale-face—a young hunter who had often visited the village. When Fawn Eyes' father learned that the heart of his child was given to a pale-face, he was so angry that the pale-face was told he must not come to the village again or he would die.

"Heeding the warning, he never came, but Fawn Eyes stole away and met him here where we stand, under these same trees. Here they often met and whispered the love of their young hearts in each other's ears.

"One day when Fawn Eyes came she met not her pale-face lover, but his rival, Tall Oak. He frowned upon her as she approached him and said: 'Fawn Eyes seems surprised because she meets Tall Oak instead of her pale-face—but pale-face will never meet her again. He cannot steal Fawn Eyes from her people and the heart of Tall Oak. Let Fawn Eyes stand here and look over the cliff and say she will go to her white lover there or with her red lover back to her people. She can now decide.'

"As Tall Oak spoke he led her to the edge of the cliff and pointed down. In terror, Fawn Eyes looked over the cliff and

started back with a cry of horror that came from her heart, for at the foot of the cliff she saw the motionless form of her pale-face lover—cold in death—his glassy eyes staring up at the blue sky. Turning to Tall Oak, Fawn Eyes accused him of the murder of her lover. He did not deny it. He folded his arms across his breast and met gaze with sullen silence, a cruel smile upon his face. He saw not the fire that was burning in her heart.

"She advanced towards him and put out her hands, but did not touch him. She quickly lifted his knife from his belt and started back towards the cliff, saying: 'I prefer death with my pale-face lover to life with Tall Oak.' The young chief saw what she meant to do and attempted to prevent it, but Fawn Eyes threw herself from the cliff, driving the knife into her heart as she fell to the abyss below.

"Tall Oak gazed in horror down on the bodies of his victims. Fawn Eyes fell upon her face, her slender form quivering in agonies of death. Tall Oak hurried down the bluff to Fawn Eyes' side, but he found her young life had gone out and her soul wafted away to join that of her pale-face in the spirit land.

"Both were buried in one grave at the foot of the great oak yonder. The heart of Tall Oak, burdened with his grief, grew more fierce in his hatred of the whites and at last in an encounter with them, he was killed.

"The Indians no longer own the resting place of Fawn Eyes and her pale-face lover. My people are scattered beyond the broad Missouri, but often the spirit of the maiden comes back; though we see it not, we hear her voice blending with the very breeze that sighs through the foliage of the tree above her grave. This spot is sacred to the Indian's heart for between it and spirit land, the voice of Fawn Eyes comes as a messenger."

As old Redwing finished his story he stood in silence, listening for the voice of Fawn Eyes which he had come back to hear. His face showed how deeply he believed in this tradition of his fathers, and the great satisfaction he received from this spot.

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