

'Braves of Nes-wa-ge, we're dead men! but shall we die
cravens?

Cried the Delaware chief when he saw the Da-ko-tas ad-
vancing.

Manfully fighting they fall. At the feet of the war-chief
Four big Da-ko-tas lie dead, struck cold by his hatchet—
Hatchets have wounded the oak whose mosses pillow the
hero,

Deeply wounded by blows that were aimed at the face of
Nes-wa-ge.

Slain twenty-six hated Siouxs by this brave and his com-
rades;

Twenty-three of the Del'wares lay mangled and dead on the
hillside—

One only escaping—the tall grass concealed him retreating;
Wounded and foot-sore, he brings the sad tidings to brave
Pash-e-pa-ho.

Mad is the veteran—a fierce, driving whirlwind—a tempest
of anger!

See him now lifted by braves to the back of his pony. The
War-chief,

Stiffened by age and rough service, no longer can mount
unassisted;

Seated on horseback, not one of his braves can ride better.
Raising the war-whoop, he leads; the warriors dash to the
river;

Hastily painting their faces with mud, they spur through the
water;

Chasing the Siouxs, overtake them. Three hundred scalps
the fresh trophy

Th' Sauks and Mus-qua-kies returning exultant, exhibit.

March 20, 1878

Indian Folklore

By O. J. PRUITT

In proto historical times, Chief "Makes War" (Cher-
okee) called a council of his tribe. It was decided to
make war against the Pawnee. Under the guidance of
"Long Horse" and "Short Dog," the entire tribe crossed
the Missouri river and made camp near a big red

sandstone rock, on what is now the farm of Carson Anderson of Tekamah, Nebraska.

During the night a storm arose. The Fire Gods from the heavens descended, and struck and killed many of the Indians. They called lightning the Fire Gods. The chief was among those spared, and he ordered all the living to return to Iowa and their native homes. This story was circulated over and over and still is told with emphasis. Hundreds of visitors have carved their names upon the sandstone exposure until there is no space left for initials. The writer on March 30, 1952, in visiting with the Omaha and Winnebago on the reservation in Thurston county, stopped for a short visit with Mr. Anderson. We were on our way to view the glyphs to make pictures and drawings on Fontenelle Bluff, three miles north of Decatur. Snow blocked the east-west roads and made our effort futile.

The subsequent events, as the years passed, were of equal interest. The chief had condemned the place as being a spot where the Wakonda forbade the moccasined to step. He further predicted that all persons violating the injunction, and particularly the white man, would meet with dire and certain death. The first settler left a date of 1867, and his name in the rock. He was killed by a runaway team. The second man perished by felling a cottonwood tree, and being crushed by the fall. The present owner, the father-in-law of Mr. Anderson, is an old Indian fighter, and he declares no Indian can put a "jinx" on him, and to prove it, he has reached a ripe old age, and still improves the farm for comfort and convenience by controlling the spring water that flows from beneath the sandstone strata. It is piped to a huge cistern, ever full for fire protection. His daughter, however, refuses to talk about the "jinx," and she is very solicitous of her father. One may infer that she believes in the chief's predictions, omens or what you want to call them.

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