

and bruised and four of the dead Sioux there attested to his prowess.

As to the sequel to the Battle of Adel little is known. Tradition has it that Pashepaho and his band of warriors followed the trail up the Raccoon valley "about 100 miles" and there overtook and punished the Sioux. It is also tradition that in this remarkable battle some 300 Sioux were killed and the Sac and Fox lost only seven men.

Where was this later battle fought? Well, "about 100 miles" up the Raccoon valley lies Swan lake in Carroll county, and near this lake since have been found many arrowheads and other evidences of a battle. It is almost certain the Sioux lost their last battle in Iowa at that place.

Since the time of Homer, it has been popular to tell of great victories in verse. Leonard Brown was a Des Moines school teacher, who in his spare moments indulged in rhyming. He published several pamphlets containing sketches in both prose and blank verse. He probably obtained the story of the Battle of Adel from Fulton, and so, memorialized in verse this little-remembered massacre of the Delawares:

PASH-E-PA-HO

By LEONARD BROWN

Inscribed to My Friend, John Evans

The Delaware chief, Nes-wa-ge, encamped over night near
the timber
North of the beautiful site of Adel, all then a wild prairie.
Gracefully waved the tall grass on the lowlands adjoining
the river;
Mower nor scythe had disturbed it. The deer and the elk
and the bison
Grazed on those grass-covered plateaus; while the huts of the
beaver
(Washed by the Raccoon—Asipala, the swift-flowing water)
Marked here the only fixed habitations since the mound-
builders' era.

Promptly at dawn rise Nes-wa-ge and band. The twenty-
four warriors

Catch up their ponies, that all night had regaled on the blue-stem.

Now the braves breakfast; jerked buffalo-beef and broiled venison, the viands.

Shall they start on their journey again to the "big-smoke-for-horses"?

Shall ever greet them the Sauks and Mas-qua-kies that wait their arrival?

Six hundred warriors (the tribe sixteen hundred with women and children)

Happy this morning arose with the sun that looked red in his anger.

Loudly the bugle at dawning proclaimed to the soldiers reveille;

Wakened the slumbering dragoons to roll-call and coffee.

Floats o'er the log barrack at Fort Des Moines the star spangled emblem;

Two lovely rivers uniting in marriage rejoice to behold it.

High on the hill-tops the walnut and hickory, majestic as sachems,

Give to the red men rich fruit and sad music in autumn.

Children of Nature, ye bask in the sunshine of balmy September,

Watching the wild geese fly southward and fishes dart through the water.

"Lazy your lives," say the cynics, "and aimless and useless as lazy."

Sorrow moans in the tree-tops above you requiems of sadness.

Dark is the threatening future; but little regard ye the morrow.

Care ever greets you as kindly as guardian angels do children;

Mild as the morning of summer, she smites you how gently with kisses!

Gather for council Kis-ka-kosh, Ke-o-kuk and the brave Nash-e-wes-kuk

(Black Hawk's son, "The Daring"), and Pash-e-pa-ho, "The Stabber,"

Friend of the Delawares (he truly loved as a brother Nes-wa-ge).

Other great chiefs of the Sauks and Mus-qua-kies are present;

Ne-Pope (Black-Hawk's lieutenant), Oppe-Noose, and the war chief Wa-pel-law,
Others less noted—their names are too numerous for mention.

Thus Pash-e-pa-ho: "A banquet of welcome we give to the
Delawares;
Soon will be with us Nes-wa-ge and braves from o'er the
Big Muddy;
Presents befitting are ready—an outfit of excellent ponies—
Give them the best. Let this be a great feast—a 'big-smoke-
for-horses.'"
Pash-e-pa-ho's grim face wears the scars of innumerable
deep wounds.
Proud is the chieftain of these as a school-girl is proud of
her tresses.
Hideous his countenance—still he's beloved by all the young
warriors.

Four score winters have frosted the scalp-lock of brave
Pash-e-pa-ho;
Twenty-four pale-faces have paled 'neath the blows of his
hatchet;
Seventy-two fierce Da-ko-tas have yielded their lives to his
valor;
Ninety-six ugly scalps he wears 'round his neck as a garland.
So, when in war dance Pash-e-pa-ho "The Stabber," steps
forward,
Boasting his prowess—his conquests—the foes he has slaugh-
tered,
Braves crowd the circle and cover his mouth with a wolf-
skin—
Mark of high honor, as if to say, "Brave man, keep silent;
You, Pash-e-pa-ho, make our deeds seem by contrast as
nothing."

Smokes, in the soup-bowls of bass-wood, the banquet (pre-
ceding the war-dance);
Pash-e-pa-ho expects now Nes-wa-ge, his friend, with his
picked men—
Wanders delighted thy friend, aged chief, in the land of the
spirits—
Stealthy as wild-cats, Da-ko-tas encompass the camp of the
Delawares;
Three hundred grim-painted warriors, at sunrise loud-yelling
assault it.

'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

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