

The **P**ALIMPSEST

FEBRUARY 1928

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INDIANS OF IOWA

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THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

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Prehistoric Red Men

Everybody knows stone arrowheads. Very interesting they are, these sharp-pointed bits of chipped flint of so many forms and colors, and not thoughtlessly does a person throw away a find that so pleases the eye and challenges the imagination. The tiny messenger from another age has a way of putting questions.

Who made me, do you suppose, O curious finder? And how was I fashioned, and when and where? Whose muscles grew tense as I was sent whirring toward the distant mark? Was I fatal to man or beast before you knew me, or did I miss the intended quarry and drop into the forest floor — to rest there until the coming of a strange people whose iron axes and resistless plowshares finally brought me to the light?

In a broad way, many of the questions raised by the stone arrowhead can be answered. But the de-

tails of its history must generally abide in that mystery which incites to an ever-increasing interest. The stone age in Iowa, at least in respect to one of its most marked characteristics, appears to have come to an end without white witnesses. Marquette did not see really primitive Indians in the three Algonkian villages visited by him in 1673 at the mouth of the Iowa River. Those Peorias were already in possession of the white man's guns and powder! That the Indians once made these little flint projectiles in vast numbers in Iowa is very clear, however, from the quantities of flint chips and other shop refuse found on scores of sites where once sat and worked the ancient arrowmaker.

Besides the arrowheads, though less numerous, the fields and hillsides of Iowa produce a great variety of other stone weapons, implements, and ornaments. Grooved stone axes, the original tomahawks, are nowhere more highly developed than in our State; grooved war-club heads and the still heavier grooved mauls are common enough; domestic tools, such as flint knives, drills, and scrapers, abound in certain places; tobacco pipes of red pipestone occur in a wonderful variety of forms; ornamental and ceremonial objects of diorite, banded slate, and porphyry frequently come to light. All these things testify, of course, to the one-time presence in Iowa of men concerning whom history has left no records.

Those who collect these relics of Iowa's prehistoric past, as hundreds have done and are still do-

ing, are likely to become aware sooner or later of certain general facts: that most of their relics are found in the rougher country along the streams, not on the open prairie; that certain types of relics, such as arrowheads, spearheads, grooved and ungrooved axes, are found scattered widely and rather evenly over the entire extent of the creek and river bluffs; that certain other types, such as drills, knives, scrapers, gouges, and the various kinds of ornaments, occur most frequently on quite restricted areas. Many a collector, especially the farmer who knows every foot of his ground, makes the discovery that a small area of only an acre or two produces a large part of his relics. If this collector becomes unusually observing, he will generally find that his best hunting ground yields a number of things besides the perfect specimens that are the pride of his collection: bits of broken bone and clam shell; many small thin chips of flint that surely were never broken by any of nature's processes; larger and more irregular pieces of flint and quartz; still larger river pebbles that often, on close examination, show the marks of fire; bits of broken pottery unlike anything that the white man makes.

Now let our collector take a careful look about him on the strength of the hint offered by that prolific acre on the low and rather sandy elevation above the creek bottom. Near-by, on ground that slopes gently to the stream and has always been kept in pasture, he notices little parallel ridges only

about four inches high by a foot and a half wide and some four feet apart from center to center. Garden beds surely! On the neighboring high ridge that commands so fine a view up and down the valley is a row of nineteen regular elevations with a round base some thirty feet in diameter and a height in the center of three or four feet. Nature certainly did not form these either. Indian mounds without a doubt! Down across the tough sod of the hill slope that has always seemed too steep for cultivation is a deep winding groove, too broad for a cow-path and too narrow for the pioneer road of migrating whites. Remnant of an old Indian trail, very likely!

Then the mind reverts to that low, sandy elevation down there in the angle between the creek and the river, and back to memory comes the sight and babble of the big spring that formerly, until the timber was cleared from the river bluffs, produced such an abundance of pure cold water. How clearly now the details of the picture emerge! In imagination the hills and valleys are again covered with primeval forest; wigwams arise; men bend to their tasks over the obdurate flint and greenstone; with hoes of bone or flint the women tend the precious garden beds; children splash in the brooklet that flows down to the quiet river; canoes are pulled up on the sandy shore; the smoke of numerous campfires floats away.

Along the creeks and rivers of Iowa are scores, probably hundreds, of sites where ancient Indian

villages flourished long before any white man looked across the Father of Waters. Tribes belonging to different stocks with divergent cultures adapted themselves to forest or prairie or rock-walled valley, each occupying and defending its chosen domain as the centuries came and went. The prehistoric Indian of Iowa was not a nomad, always moving, always fighting. To be sure he had his wars and sometimes migrated, but he established his villages with the intent that they should be permanent, and in truth he did occupy them through the changing seasons and the incalculable visitations of fate. The refuse of village activities does not accumulate to a depth of ten feet in a year or a decade. Those chosen spots have become for the Indian's successor the repositories which must take the place of history.

CHARLES REUBEN KEYES

The Ioway

Among all the Indians who inhabited Iowa in historic times, the tribe that gave its name to this State is in some respects the most distinctive of all. Of Siouan stock were the Ioway, like the Winnebago, Omaha, Oto, and Missouri; but while they spoke the language of the Sioux, their material culture was peculiarly Algonkian. From ancient association they had learned how to make thread from fiber, bowls and spoons of wood, stone corn crushers, and houses of bark and mat. In decorative art they developed an exuberance seldom seen among the founders of the parent culture. As to their political and social organization, however, the Ioway were distinctly Siouan, closely identified with their linguistic relatives, the Winnebago, Oto, Omaha, Missouri, and Ponca.

Always a roving people, the Ioway left their primal home in the woodlands about the Great Lakes sometime in the remote past. According to the story of an old Oto chief, long before the arrival of the white men, a large band of Indians known as the Hotonga, or fish eaters, migrated to the southwest in search of buffalo. At Green Bay they divided. The Winnebago remained, while the rest continued the journey until they reached the Mississippi at the mouth of the Iowa River where they camped on the

sandy beach. There the Ioway band concluded to stay, but the others went on into the valley of the Missouri River.

The migrations of the Ioway by no means ended on the banks of the Mississippi, however. Eventually they moved inland to the Des Moines River, thence northward into Minnesota, where they tarried for a time at the pipestone quarries. From there, probably at the instigation of the Dakota, they drifted down to the Platte River, then into Missouri, and finally back into the Des Moines Valley. Continually harrassed by neighboring tribes, they seem to have been always on the move. According to tradition, the Sacs and Foxes nearly annihilated their principal village at Iowaville. Afterward the remnant of the once powerful tribe, depleted by warfare and weakened by pestilence, dwelt in northern Missouri and southwestern Iowa until the government took their land.

Though ultimately defeated in war, the Ioway were nevertheless able warriors, and good hunters and trappers as well. They were a broad-shouldered, heavily muscled people, but, with unusually wide mouths and pierced noses, they were not handsome. Restless, often defeated, ever on the move gypsy-like, they seem to have reflected something of their spirit and circumstances in their appearance, for they gave the impression of being "forlorn, down at heel", and shiftless.

Like the Sacs and Foxes, the Ioway braves shaved

their heads except for a tuft on the crown. To this was fastened a beautiful crest made of a deer's tail and horse hair. The deer's tail was dyed red and often surmounted with an eagle's quill. In the center of the patch of short hair was the precious scalplock, the symbol of the warrior, which was never cut but allowed to reach the greatest length possible. It was kept in a braid and passed through a piece of curiously carved bone. Outside of the bone and through this little braid was a small wooden or bone key which held the crest to the head.

The Ioway were divided into ten blood-kindred groups, or gentes, each gens bearing the title and distinguished by the badge or totem of the particular animal or bird from which they were supposed to have sprung — the Bear, Buffalo, Pigeon, Elk, Eagle and Thunder, Wolf, Red Earth, Snake, Beaver, and Owl. Each gens was likewise composed of four subgentes descended from the four brothers who founded the clan. Thus their social system was based strictly on caste. Rank was dependent upon birth, quite secondarily upon achievement. The civil chief of each gens was the eldest male lineal descendant of the oldest ancestral brother. As the Bear and Buffalo gentes were paramount, the chief of the Bear gens acted as tribal chief in the fall and winter while the Buffalo chief led the tribe in the spring and summer. Military affairs were directed by the gens war-bundle owners and those braves who had distinguished themselves in battle.

During the earlier years of Ioway occupation of the Des Moines Valley, probably in Revolutionary times, the tribe was led by the venerable Mauhaw-gaw, who was later murdered by the Sioux. He was succeeded by his son Mahaska, the best-known Ioway chief, a mighty warrior and a noble Indian.

At the height of their power the Ioway traded extensively in furs. At one time they also controlled the output of the red pipestone quarry in southwestern Minnesota. In 1676, Father André says they were poor, their greatest wealth consisting of buffalo hides and calumets. Though engaged in a small way both in manufacturing and agriculture they were primarily hunters. They had to be, for they were great meat eaters.

In 1836 the Ioway withdrew to Kansas where some of them still dwell on the Great Nemaha Reservation. Others are in Oklahoma along the Cimarron River. To-day they are a vanishing people: their native culture is all but dead. Of the few who remain not one keeps up the ancient rites.

F. R. AUMANN

Omaha, Oto, and Missouri

From the Missouri Valley to the Rocky Mountains ranged the Indians of the plains. Siouan they were in the main, though several tribes of Algonkian stock held part of the territory. In western Iowa and eastern Nebraska lived the Omaha, Oto, and Missouri. The Oto and Missouri, with the Ioway, formed the Chimere group of the Sioux nation: the Omaha were more closely related to the Osage. Once upon a time they were woodland Indians but in the course of their westward migrations all had acquired the characteristics of the plains type.

According to an ancient tradition related to Prince Maximilian in 1833, the band which continued westward on the great Siouan migration after the Ioway halted on the banks of the Mississippi eventually reached the Missouri River where they were known as the Missouri. In the course of time two of the chiefs quarrelled on account of the seduction of the daughter of one by the son of the other, and the tribe separated. One division, the Oto, moved farther up the river.

The Omaha came from the mouth of the Ohio, where they were located in the seventeenth century. The route of their migration lay up the Missouri and Des Moines rivers — hence the name “upstream people” or “those going against the wind”.

At last they found a home in the Missouri Valley north of the Platte.

The story of these Indians is not a happy tale, being little more than a record of their migrations and of their struggles against more powerful enemies. Conquered by Sacs and Foxes, and again by the Osage, scourged by successive epidemics of smallpox, the Missouri dispersed, some going to live with the Ioway, but most of them joining the Oto in their earth lodges near the Platte. In 1885 only forty individuals of the tribe remained.

Both Marquette and La Salle refer to the Oto as being situated at the headwaters of the Des Moines. Later, in order to be near the Omaha, they moved to the Missouri River, though it would seem this was an unfortunate step for there was continual friction between them. On a high bluff, the present site of Fort Calhoun, Nebraska, Lewis and Clark held a council with fourteen Otoes and Missouris. The Indians promised peace and received medals and presents in return for which they gave the white men watermelons.

In truth they were not war-loving peoples. It was the Oto who, because of their industrious agricultural habits had been invited with the Ioway by Le Sueur to settle near his Fort l'Huillier on the Blue Earth River in 1700. The Omaha were continually evading conflict with the Sioux.

Other troubles fell upon them. Grasshoppers destroyed their crops. Whisky and smallpox, both in-

roduced by the traders, reduced the associated tribes to a mere remnant of their former strength.

Lewis and Clark spoke of those they saw as being almost naked, having no covering except a breech clout and a loose blanket or painted buffalo robe thrown over their shoulders. Maximilian described them as pock-marked, with eyes filmed or missing, their faces striped with red, and their hair hanging disorderly to the neck.

The Omaha were particularly miserable. "Unprotected from their old foes, the Sioux, yet forbidden to enter into a defensive alliance with them, they were reduced to a pitiable handful of scarcely more than a hundred families, the prey of disease, poverty-stricken, too cowardly to venture from the shadow of their tepees to gather their scanty crops, unlucky in the hunt, slow to the chase, and too dispirited to be daring or successful thieves."

The one outstanding figure produced by these tribes was Blackbird, chief of the Omaha. The fame of his fearsomeness and cruelty endures to this day. He it was who poisoned the men who were threatening his power, first effectually sealing the lips of the agent from whom he had obtained the arsenic by giving him a dose while a guest at dinner. Depressed finally by his life of crime he allowed himself to die of hunger. He was buried, at his request, seated on his favorite horse high on a hill overlooking the Missouri, where his spirit might watch over the lands of the Omaha.

HELEN WYLIE

The Sacs and Foxes

After Getci Munito created the earth he took up some yellow clay and molded in his hand the image of a human being. Then he blew his breath upon it four times and it came to life. So it was, in Indian mythology, that the Sac Indians came into being. The Foxes were made of red earth. Their true name, however, is not Foxes at all, but Meskwaki, meaning "red-earth people". They were called Foxes, or rather Renards, by the French, because one day, according to tradition, some members of the Fox gens were hunting when they met some Frenchmen who asked them who they were. The Indians gave the name of their gens, and ever after that name was applied to the whole tribe.

The Sacs and the Foxes have figured more prominently in the history of Iowa than any other Indians — yet they were not native to the prairies west of the Mississippi. They came as intruders nearly two hundred years ago. Before that time the Iowa country was occupied, in a desultory manner, by Sioux, Ioway, and occasional bands of Illinois. While the Sacs and Foxes did not entirely eliminate their rivals, they did succeed in gaining possession of Iowa as far west as the Missouri slope and north to the upper forks of the principal rivers. As the actual inhabitants of this region, the Sacs and Foxes

were the Indians with whom the early settlers came in contact. From them the government obtained most of the land included in the State of Iowa.

Because of their intimate association for so many years, the Sacs and Foxes have often been considered as a single nation by the government and in literature. They were in fact separate tribes. The Foxes, a powerful and savage people, dwelt along the Fox and Wisconsin rivers when the French missionaries came to Green Bay. Their bravery was proverbial, but among neighboring tribes they had a reputation for being stingy, avaricious, thieving, and quarrelsome. While others submitted to white paternalism, the Foxes remained obdurate.

Living in a strategic location, they were in a position to cut off communication by way of the famous old Fox-Wisconsin route to the Upper Mississippi and the rich fur-bearing lake region of Minnesota. No Frenchman passed that way except at the risk of his life. Moreover, the Foxes made war incessantly upon the Illinois and the Chippeway, until at last the scalping knife became so busy there was no time for gathering peltries. Finally, in a bloody campaign, the Foxes were almost exterminated.

In 1733, however, an incident of fateful consequence occurred. A French officer was shot by the Indians while imprudently visiting a Sac village. The Sacs, conscious of their inability to atone for the death of so prominent a Frenchman, cast their lot with the remnant of the Foxes and sought refuge

beyond the Mississippi in the land of the Ioway. There the combined Sac and Fox tribes continued to prey upon French traders and pursue the timid Illinois. Even the punitive French expedition sent against them in 1735, though it penetrated to the Des Moines River, served only to unite the two tribes more firmly.

Unlike the Foxes, though also of Algonkian stock, the Sacs were circumspect, shrewd, and comparatively dependable. Whereas the Foxes were individualists, every man for himself, the Sacs had a higher regard for authority and tribal loyalty. Willing to fight if need be — and splendid warriors they were — the Sacs nevertheless took counsel and considered well the consequences before they raised the war whoop. During the strife between the Foxes and the French in Wisconsin, the Sacs, who lived near Green Bay, sometimes supported the Foxes but for the most part maintained an attitude of prudent neutrality. Only an accident of fate caused their alliance with the Foxes.

Although the Sacs and Foxes were united for purposes of war and mutual defense, they lived in separate villages and maintained the integrity of their social and political institutions. In 1805, Zebulon M. Pike found the Sacs living in four villages: one at the head of the Des Moines Rapids on the west side of the Mississippi, the second in Illinois about sixty miles up-stream, another on the Iowa River, and the last on Rock River in Illinois. The

first of the Fox villages he encountered was in Iowa above the Rock Rapids, another was about twelve miles west of the lead mines, while the third was near the mouth of Turkey River. Lieutenant Pike estimated that the Sacs then numbered 2850 and the Foxes 1750.

Being woodland Indians of Algonkian stock, their tribal organization, native customs, and material culture were naturally similar. In spite of their lust for fighting, they were intensely religious.

Each tribe was composed of gentes, and each gens had an hereditary chief who was socially of first importance but politically a figurehead. The chiefs of one tribe had no jurisdiction over the other — until the government recognized Keokuk as the principal chief of both. Even then his actual supremacy was dubious.

Sharing the notoriety of the eloquent Keokuk and defiant Black Hawk among the Sacs were Pashpahoh and Appanoose. During the period of Indian land cessions in Iowa, Poweshiek and Wapello were the most prominent Foxes. At about the same time Taima was head of their Medicine Lodge Society.

And now, for lo, these many years, the Sacs and the Foxes have been estranged, living apart. The old alliance is all but forgotten. The surviving Sacs reside in Oklahoma and Kansas, but most of the Foxes long ago returned to Iowa, bought some land near Tama, and there they are still living much as their fathers did.

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

The Sioux

Carrying war clubs and lances, and decorated with almost every conceivable preparation of paint, the Sioux Indians were indeed a picturesque group. Their calumets of red pipestone from the famous Minnesota quarries were most elaborate. Their pipes curiously carved and fitted with flat wooden handles some four feet in length were frequently ornamented with the scalps of attractive birds. The chieftain might be arrayed in a magnificent robe of buffalo, while dyed porcupine quills arranged in a kind of mosaic scarf added a colorful touch to the personal embellishment of the braves. Unfortunately for those who came in contact with them, however, the Sioux were as hostile and as treacherous as they were picturesque.

The Sioux, who called themselves Dakota, a word meaning "allies", were the most populous nation of Siouan stock, giving their name to that great division of native Americans. The Dakota themselves were divided into several tribes — the Santee, Sisseton, Wahpeton, Yankton occupying Minnesota and the northern third of Iowa, while farther west were the Ogalalas, Tetons, Blackfeet, and others.

The Dakota were plains Indians with habits and customs adapted to living in such a region. Little inclined to raise corn and vegetables, they depended

almost entirely on the buffalo and other game for their food supply. Earth lodges and skin tepees formed their habitations. The acquisition of horses introduced a new epoch in their way of life by greatly facilitating their migratory movements and the pursuit of the buffalo.

Among the best-known leaders of the Sioux in the Iowa country were Waneta, Wabasha, and War Eagle. Waneta, a chief of the Yankton branch, early distinguished himself as a warrior and eventually attained leadership over several of the associated Dakota tribes. He fought on the side of the British in the War of 1812, was commissioned captain, and visited England. Tall, graceful, and dignified, ambitious and autocratic, Waneta held undisputed sway over northern Iowa just before the settlers came.

Wabasha the Second, unlike his belligerent contemporary, Waneta, was friendly to the Americans. Of a benevolent disposition, he used his influence to maintain peaceful relations with the white men. The same may be said of War Eagle, a Yankton chief who was noted for his oratory, splendid physique, and unusual intelligence. His grave is on a high bluff north of Sioux City overlooking the confluence of the Big Sioux and Missouri rivers.

The history of the Sioux is a record of many wars. Often they fought the Ioway and the Sacs and Foxes along the Des Moines, Skunk, Iowa, and Cedar rivers, fiercely and to the death. Again it

was the Chippeway from the region of Lake Superior who felt the force of their savage attack.

“Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!”

spoke Nokomis of the Sioux to Hiawatha.

The Great Council of 1825 was but one of many attempts to adjust differences between the Sioux and adjacent tribes. On that occasion Wabasha, chief of the Sioux, expressed a hope that hostilities might be permanently abandoned. “I am pleased”, he said, “at the prospect of peace, and was glad to smoke the pipe and throw the remains into the fire. When the peace is made I hope it is a lasting one.” Usually the Sioux gave little heed to the provisions of treaties in the settlement of tribal disputes.

Nor were hostilities confined to the savages. White settlers were constantly in danger and not infrequently subjected to attack, particularly during the years from 1850 to 1870 when pressure of settlement was especially persistent and irksome. Depredations of the Sioux were most likely to occur during the severest weather and when supplies were low.

The spring of 1857 found all northwestern Iowa snowbound and desolate. Unusual privations had been endured by the settlers in their little cottages on the shores of Okoboji and Spirit lakes: but the suffering of the Indians was greater still. Their tepees offered far less protection against the wind

and cold; and with their scanty supply of food exhausted, famine stared them in the face. This condition of affairs accentuated their enmity toward the whites whom they blamed for taking their lands, driving off the game, and causing their desperate plight. Hungry, cold, and with bitterness in their hearts, they sallied forth in small groups in search of food at the homes of the white settlers.

In February, 1857, one of these groups of hostile Sioux led by Inkpaduta, a tall and powerful chieftain with pock-marked face and squinty, near-sighted eyes which made him appear particularly repulsive, suddenly appeared at the village of Smithland on the Little Sioux River in Woodbury County. The settlers were terrorized but were not injured. Moving slowly up the valley of the Little Sioux, Inkpaduta and his followers became each day more insolent and vicious. When they arrived at the lakes on Saturday evening, March 7th, they were in a fiendish state of mind, and celebrated their arrival at the ancient Mecca of the Sioux by holding a war dance. This was a signal of warfare. Nor was it an idle threat. On the following day occurred the disastrous Spirit Lake Massacre — one of the most horrible episodes in the bloody annals of the Sioux.

J. A. SWISHER

Winnebago and Pottawattamie

The Indian population of Iowa was considerably increased when the Winnebago were removed from Wisconsin to the Neutral Ground and the Pottawattamie, together with some of their allied kinsmen, the Ottawa and Chippeway, were transferred from Illinois to southwestern Iowa. Although the Winnebago as early as 1832 and the Pottawattamie in 1833 had agreed to give up their old homes and remove to Iowa, it was not until 1837 that the first of the Pottawattamie arrived near the present site of Council Bluffs, and not until 1840 that the Winnebago under military escort moved across the Mississippi to the Neutral Ground.

While the Winnebago were of Siouan stock and the Pottawattamie were Algonkian, their connection with the story of Iowa offers a number of parallels. Both were brought into Iowa more or less against their will. The sojourn of each group in Iowa was of comparatively short duration. Both were apprehensive about attacks from the Sioux; and to reassure them the government sent troops and established military posts — Fort Croghan near the site of Council Bluffs and Fort Winnebago near the present site of the town of the same name. During their residence in Iowa neither group made much progress toward civilization, although a Pres-

byterian minister, David Lowry, tried to bring the learning and religion of the white man to the Winnebago, and a Catholic priest, Pierre Jean De Smet, attempted to perform a similar service for the Pottawattamie.

Both groups became debauched by whisky vendors and unscrupulous traders during their stay in Iowa, despite the efforts of their agents and the missionaries. The once princely appearance of the Pottawattamie must have suffered from their dissipation. "Detestable traffic", wrote Father De Smet in his diary, after witnessing the arrival of a steamboat well laden with liquor. "A war of extermination appears preparing around the poor Pottawattamies. Fifty large cannons have been landed, ready charged with the most murderous grape shot, each containing thirty gallons of whisky, brandy, rum, or alcohol."

Although the agent to the Winnebago partially succeeded in preventing the smuggling of liquor into the Neutral Ground, he could not keep his charges from sneaking over the boundary line to illicit establishments for their "fire water". Drunken orgies invariably followed the distribution of annuities at the agency.

The Pottawattamie and Winnebago agreed to give up their Iowa homes in 1846. The removal of the former to Kansas began in the fall of 1847 and was accomplished in a peaceable and orderly manner. But the removal of the Winnebago was a more

difficult feat. Two or three months were required for the soldiers from Fort Atkinson to assemble the scattered Indians at the agency. Finally, on June 8, 1848, the motley concourse moved north from the encampment on Turkey River. Between two and three thousand Indians with sixteen hundred ponies, one hundred and sixty-six army wagons loaded with supplies and movable property of the tribesmen as well as the goods of the agency, a lumbering cannon, and the mounted troops from Fort Atkinson made up a picturesque caravan that slowly crawled across the Iowa prairies toward Minnesota. At Wabasha's Prairie a conspiracy on the part of the Indians to go no farther was frustrated by overwhelming military reinforcements from Fort Snelling and Fort Crawford.

The temporary residence of the Winnebago and the Pottawattamie in Iowa was ended but their connection with the State has been preserved in the names of counties, towns, and trails — Winneshiek, Decorah, and Waubonsie for example. And here and there a pioneer in southwestern Iowa may still be found who remembers when Billy Caldwell, Big Foot, and Johnny Green among others were leaders of the "Makers of Fire", as the Pottawattamie were called. The Old Military Trail from the Mississippi River to Fort Atkinson and the ruins of the old fort itself are also reminders of the time when Dandy, Yellow Thunder, Little Hill, and other Winnebago chieftains occupied northeastern Iowa.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

Dispossession of the Tribes

Out into the Mississippi Valley flowed the tide of white settlement, irresistible and overwhelming. Before the advancing hosts the red men receded. Again and again the Indian bade farewell to his native village and familiar hunting grounds, to the hills and valleys of his youth, as the pale faces pressed forward to occupy the ancient haunts of his fathers.

But never was the Indian dispossessed without the color of law. Before the white men were permitted to settle on the lands of the red men, the Great Father at Washington sent his emissaries to treat with the natives. Always the high covenant of cession and contract was solemnized by formal ceremony. Always there was some semblance of value given to assuage the tribes. And always behind the treaty was likewise the heavy shadow of the gathering numbers of settlers. Under one circumstance or another the chiefs and head men signed on the dotted line, but they always signed. There was no choice for them. The white man was strong.

So it was in the Iowa country. Even before the press of settlement reached the Mississippi a treaty was made with the Sacs and Foxes providing a reservation for half-breeds of the tribe. It was in 1824 that the triangular region between the Mississippi

and Des Moines rivers south of an extension of the northern boundary line of Missouri was set aside at the request of the Indians. Unfortunately, however, the beneficiaries soon disposed of their lands and the Half-Breed Tract came to be known chiefly for interminable litigation over real estate titles.

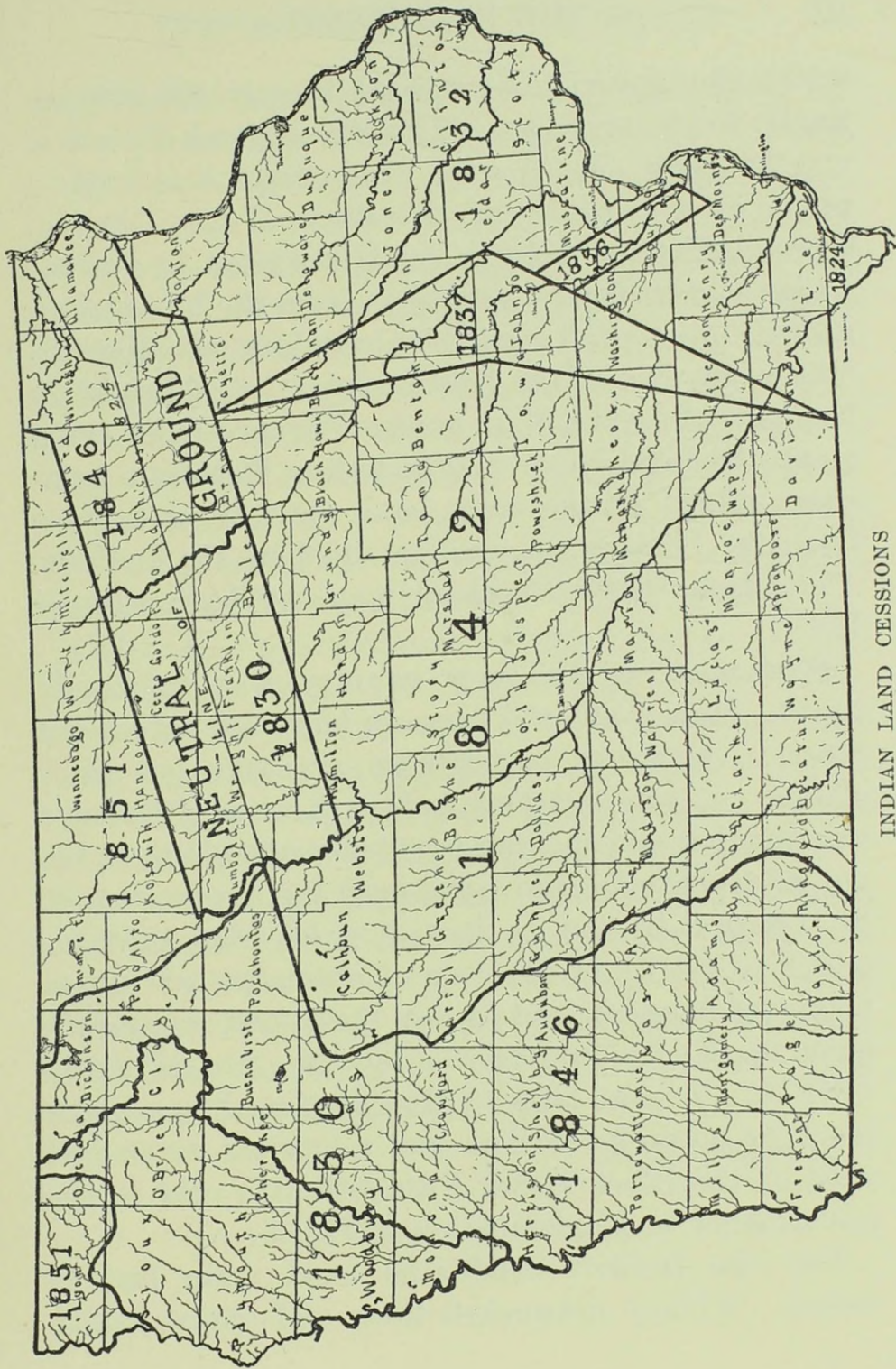
For many years the Indians in the Iowa country had waged continual warfare with the hostile Sioux to the north. In 1825 the government decided to intervene and fix definite boundaries for the hunting grounds of the various tribes. To this end a line was drawn from the mouth of the Oneota (Upper Iowa) River to the upper fork of the Des Moines River dividing the Sioux from the Sacs and Foxes. But how could an Indian brave, hot on the trail of deer or elk, be expected to halt at an imaginary line? The pledge to hunt at home was often broken.

Finally, in 1830, the tribes were summoned to another council at Prairie du Chien and, on July 15th, they concluded a new treaty whereby the Sioux ceded to the United States a strip of territory twenty miles wide north of the line of 1825 while the Sacs and Foxes relinquished a similar strip south of the line. Thus the Neutral Ground was established. But even this zone forty miles wide proved inadequate to keep the implacable foes apart. Two years later the government prevailed upon the Winnebago of southern Wisconsin to occupy the Neutral Ground as a buffer, though it was not until 1840 that they were actually moved across the Mississippi.

At the same time and by the same treaty that the Neutral Ground was established, the Omaha, Ioway, Oto, Missouri, and various bands of Sioux gave up their claim to the western part of Iowa. This cession included the whole Missouri slope in Iowa except the territory lying north of Rock River and Otter Creek in Sioux, Lyon, and Osceola counties. The Neutral Ground and the Missouri slope together cost \$190,000 in cash annuities. In accordance with the policy of the government to use the Iowa country for Indian reservations, the treaty stipulated that the President might assign the territory to the tribes then living thereon or to other tribes. For several years the native Indians retained undisputed possession of their relinquished hunting grounds. In 1837, however, some Pottawattamie were located on part of this tract in compliance with a treaty made in 1833.

Within two years after 1830 all thought of giving Iowa to the Indians was swept aside by the turbulent Black Hawk. Whatever may have been the merits of his grievance, however futile his rebellion, the results of the Black Hawk War served to hasten the day when the settlers would demand the right to make their homes west of the Mississippi.

In September, 1832, General Winfield Scott at a great council held on the site of the present city of Davenport concluded a treaty of peace with the Sacs and Foxes. As reparation they were required to surrender about six million acres in Iowa for



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which the government agreed to pay \$20,000 annually for thirty years. The Black Hawk Purchase was bounded on the west by a direct line from a point on the southern boundary of the Neutral Ground fifty miles from the Mississippi to a point on the Cedar River forty miles from the Mississippi and thence to the northern boundary of Missouri fifty miles west of the Mississippi. Out of this tract Keokuk's Reserve, four hundred square miles lying along the Iowa River and including Keokuk's principal village on the right bank about twelve miles from the Mississippi, was retained by the Indians. The Black Hawk Purchase was the beginning of Iowa.

Settlement of the new country was unusually rapid. Merchants and farmers hastened across the river to start up in business or stake out their claims. It was not long before Keokuk's Reserve was coveted and the more venturesome pioneers began to feel the urge to move even farther westward. So it happened that on September 28, 1836, the Sacs and Foxes, "being desirous of obtaining additional means of support, and to pay their just creditors", gave up Keokuk's Reserve for the sum of \$178,458.87½. A year later at Washington they ceded a tract containing a million and a quarter acres just west of the Black Hawk Purchase at a cost to the government of approximately \$377,000.

For the Indians conditions went from bad to worse. Whisky debauched them and unscrupulous

traders sold them trinkets at outrageous prices. In a few years their debts mounted into the hundreds of thousands of dollars: the traders demanded payment and the settlers wanted their land. The Sacs and Foxes particularly were loath to sell their last possessions, but how could they resist? After days of negotiation in October, 1842, while only the son of Black Hawk stood aloof, the confederated tribes surrendered all of their lands west of the Mississippi (central Iowa south of the Neutral Ground, valued at \$800,000) and agreed to move to a reservation in Kansas at the end of three years. So passed the Sacs and Foxes out of the "beautiful land".

Only the Pottawattamie, Winnebago, and Sioux remained on Iowa soil. With the advent of Statehood they too were destined to be dispossessed. In June, 1846, the Pottawattamie ceded their reservation, which included all of the Missouri slope east of the Little Sioux and Missouri rivers. In October of the same year the Winnebago gave up their claim to the Neutral Ground and agreed to move to Minnesota. And last of all, in 1851, the government secured the remaining Indian territory in northern Iowa from the Sioux for ten cents an acre. Thus Iowa was bought and paid for.

F. R. AUMANN

The Indian at Home

The American Indian is associated with the war-path, the chase, and the council rather than with the home, yet he probably spent more time in or near his home than most civilized men do. To get an idea of Indian home life, let us visit in fancy the village of Chief Keokuk which in 1840 stood on a terrace on the west bank of the Des Moines River not far from the present site of Ottumwa.

Between six hundred and a thousand Indians live in this village. Scattered higgledy-piggledy about the terrace are probably a hundred wigwams or wickiups — the dwellings of the primitive Sacs. There are no streets, no factories, no school buildings, no taxes, no business section, no traffic regulations, no lighting system except the camp fires. Below the village along the river are the gardens in which the squaws raise corn, beans, and pumpkins.

Keokuk's wigwam stands in a commanding position overlooking the village and the river. It is built like the others, but is larger — two hundred feet long, it is said. Perhaps even this is not too large for his seven wives. The houses in this village are made by bending light poles over to form a framework and then covering this with sheets of bark or mats of woven grass. The bark makes the summer home; the mats are used for the winter when more

warmth is required. In shape, a wickiup resembles a haystack.

There is a door at one end (in summer there may be one at the opposite end also). We must stoop to enter, for the opening is not high enough to admit an adult standing upright. It is smoky inside and dark, for there are no windows; but as we get used to the gloom we see that we are in a good-sized room. A fire is burning in a shallow pit scooped out in the center and the smoke rises lazily to escape from a hole in the roof. Around the room are the sleeping places of the various members of the family — not beds like ours, to be sure, but piles of skins or blankets, raised above the earth floor on mats of woven twigs.

At the side opposite the door is the place of the warrior and master of the lodge. It is the place of honor and guests are conducted there if they are respected and welcome. Both master and guests sit on mats or on a blanket or deerskin spread out on the ground. There, too, are the belongings of the Indian — his war club, bow and arrows, scalping knife, pipe, blanket, gun, jars of paints, and any thing else he may claim as his personal property.

In a separate place are the belongings of the wife — or the wives, if this is a plural family. Here she has stowed her household utensils, such as the mortar in which she grinds the corn, the loom on which she can weave coarse cloth or the mats which cover the wigwam, earthen jars for water and food, a bowl

or two in which food may be served, some knives, a hoe, and any other objects she may be fortunate enough to possess. Food supplies are packed away in jars or baskets or in sacks made of some part of an animal.

The children likewise have particular places allotted to them where each is expected to keep its belongings, to sit, and to sleep. At one side a cradle is fastened to one of the poles. In it a fat, dark-eyed, stolid baby is securely fastened, safe from the fire and from the dogs which swarm in and out of the wickiup. A litter of puppies occupies another corner in the room, unconscious of the possibility that at any time they may be knocked on the head and cooked in the pot.

A squaw comes to the door, throws in a bundle of wood, crawls in after it, drags it over to the fire, and proceeds to stir the contents of an earthen pot set in the midst of the coals. What she is cooking gives forth a pleasant odor and if we are invited to dinner we will be glad to know that to-day the pot contains venison with corn and beans from the garden. Another day it might be fish, dog, pork, or almost any kind of meat, for the Indians were not particular when they were hungry. Sometimes the squaw rolled a fish or a piece of meat in clay or in leaves and baked it in the coals. Potatoes, green corn, and some other vegetables were cooked the same way. It is difficult to say whether the meal now being prepared is breakfast, dinner, or supper. An Indian had no

regular time for eating; he ate when he was hungry and when he had food to eat. Usually the Indians had only one cooked meal a day.

When the food is ready the man and his guests are served first, each receiving a bowl of the meat and vegetables. Spoons of horn or of some other material are the only articles used in eating. After the men are served the women and children eat what is left. There are no chairs and no table. The children take pieces of the meat in their hands and run out doors where they dispute possession of the food with the hordes of hungry dogs. The only dessert of the Indian menu was honey, maple sugar, and wild fruits, such as plums, strawberries, and grapes.

When the meal is over the master of the wigwam takes his pipe and joins some friends under the trees where they play games of chance or recount their heroic deeds. The boys set out on some expedition to shoot squirrels with their bows and arrows or go down to the river to play. The young men gamble or race horses just outside the village. Many of the horses are small and unkempt, for though the Indian liked a good horse he paid no attention either to breeding, food, or care.

The smaller children, fat, naked, and greasy, tumble about the wigwam with the puppies or roll about in the dust outside, for the constant tramping of the dry prairie sod has worn it thin. The mother and older girls gather up the remnants of the meal, leaving the food in the pot by the fire where it will

be ready whenever some one is hungry. It is not clear that the bowls and spoons were washed, but perhaps they were.

Then the squaw goes out under a tree where she has a deerskin in the process of being tanned. Her family will soon need moccasins and leggings for the winter. All morning she had worked in the cornfield with her dull hoe, struggling with the prolific prairie grass and weeds. It did not occur to her that the men might help with the hoeing. The distribution of labor is definite and inexorable: the men go to war, hunt, and fish; the women raise the crops, take care of the meat, look after the wigwam, and do all the hard work.

In warm weather the men wear little clothing — perhaps a breech clout and moccasins suffice. In cooler weather or on occasions when they want to be dressed up they don leggings of deerskin, ornamented by fringe, beads, and quills. Over this may be a sort of blouse of deerskin also ornamented according to the artistic skill and industry of the squaw. A blanket draped over his shoulders completes the costume. No primitive Indian ever wore a hat. His hair was cut short except for the scalp lock in which he wore various feathers and decorations. A warrior might have an ornate war bonnet trimmed with eagle feathers.

The women wear moccasins, leggings, a two-piece costume made up of a slip or dress coming below the knees and a short blouse, both usually of deerskin.

The woman's blanket might be looped across her shoulders in such a way as to provide a snug nest for a baby old enough to be out of the cradle but not old enough to walk far.

The Indians never whipped their children: they thought it was a cruel custom. Indeed, the love of their own children was a marked characteristic of most Indians. The baby's cradle was padded with the softest materials which the Indian mother could procure and elaborately ornamented. An Indian mother usually nursed her child longer than is customary among white people, for the Indians had no cow's milk and small children had to eat soup, meat, corn meal mush, or whatever there was. It does not appear, however, that the infant mortality among the primitive Indians was exceptionally high. Neither was the birth rate high.

The children did not, of course, go to school. They were taught what they needed to know by their fathers, mothers, and others of the tribe. In addition to this vocational training the children were taught the legends of the tribe and trained in the social regulations. Old men and women, perhaps placated by a present, related to the boys and girls the stories of long ago. "And then I came home" was a formal ending of a story just as "Once upon a time" is considered the proper beginning of a fairy tale.

All Indians were extremely sensitive to the opinion of their own group. So powerful was this force of public opinion that usually no other form of co-

ercion or restraint was provided. Murder, however, was punishable by death, unless the family of the murdered man agreed to accept presents, which they usually did. Disputes were taken to the old men who acted both as judges and jury.

Before the white man came with his fire water and his guns, existence in the Indian villages was not extremely hard, although with no assured supply of food, there were frequent periods of famine, especially during the long winters. Much as the Indian father loved his children he would not raise corn for them, or give up his wandering life. Hardest of all was the life of the Indian women, who had first place in the work and second in the distribution of food.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

Indian Amusements

The Indians had a good time in Iowa. And why shouldn't they? Nature was kind to them here. There was an abundance of game in the woods and on the prairies, while the lakes and streams furnished a plentiful supply of fish. Wild plums, crab-apples, and wild grapes were found in the thickets. Hickory nuts, walnuts, and hazelnuts could be had for the picking. The rich soil of Iowa made it possible to raise gardens and fields of corn without much effort.

Sometimes in the heart of winter when cruel blizzards howled around their lodges and snow lay deep in the ravines and on the prairie there was suffering in the Indian camps. But when spring came this was forgotten. It must have been a joy to the Indians to watch the prairies change from the dull brown of winter to a riot of green and pink in the springtime. Summer, though, was the season which the red men liked best. Then all the Indians — men, women, and children — had great fun. This was a time for war, for feasting, and for making love.

Then the Indian boys had plenty of time to practice shooting with their little bows and arrows, or to kill birds with their sling shots. The Indian girls had their dolls. Sometimes these were carved out of blocks of wood, sometimes they were made of deer-

skin stuffed with moss. Both boys and girls liked to play forfeits, a game in which the loser gave up something to the winner, and cat's cradle, which was played with a piece of string looped over the hands.

Although the Indian women had to do all the household work and tend the gardens as well, nevertheless, they too found some time for play. Shinny was one of their popular games. For this sport they used a club much like those used to-day, but the ball was made of deerskin stuffed with buffalo hair or moss. Such a ball did not hurt a player much if it hit her.

Another favorite game for women was a sort of ball play. In this game two balls attached to the end of a string about a foot and a half long were used. Each woman had a short stick in each hand, and with these she tried to catch the string with the two balls and throw them over the goal.

George Catlin tells of such a game on one occasion at Prairie du Chien when Wabasha's band of Sioux came over from Iowa to get their annuities. After a grand carouse the Indian braves, feeling generous, laid out a great quantity of ribbons, calicoes, and other items calculated to arouse the cupidity of the squaws, as prizes. The women were divided into two equal groups and the play began. The men, who were more than half drunk, took infinite pleasure in rolling about on the ground and laughing to excess while the women were tumbling about in all attitudes and scuffling for the ball. Sometimes the play, wax-

ing hot, brought the struggling contestants immediately over the heads of the sprawling braves.

Women also liked to play a game called bowl and dice. Six of the eight thin, flat, bone dice were circular and two were carved to represent horses or turtles. All were white on one side and dark on the other. The dice were shaken in a wooden bowl but not turned out. Among the Ioway, two whites counted two, one white counted three, all dark or all white counted eight, two turtles or horses of one color and the rest reverse ended the game and the opponent won.

Other games of chance were as much in vogue among the Indians as the white men. Guessing which of several moccasins concealed a bean or some other object was closely akin to familiar carnival shell games.

The Indian game of lacrosse was played quite generally by the tribes in Iowa. In this game the ball used was made of some hard substance covered with leather. The racquets or bats were about three feet long with a small net-covered loop at the end. Goal posts at a distance of half a mile or so were erected on a level stretch of prairie.

Zebulon M. Pike described such a game played at Prairie du Chien by a group of Sioux on one side and a combined team of Foxes and Winnebagoes on the other. Naked except for a breech clout and a curious adornment something like a horse's tail, two or three hundred savages battled for hours to

win the game. The ball was thrown up in the middle and each side tried to drive it to the opposite goal. Sometimes a player caught the ball in his racquet and attempted to run with it to the goal, but if he was too closely pursued he tossed it to a flanker on one side or the other. Seldom did the ball touch the ground so skilled were the players in tossing and catching it. Whenever a player made a goal he received the shouts and plaudits of his friends. On this occasion the Sioux were victorious, more, Pike thought, from their superiority in throwing the ball than by their fleetness, for the Winnebagoes and Foxes seemed to be the faster runners.

Another favorite game was played with a hoop and a bow and arrow or javelin. Players contended in pairs, one running and rolling the hoop ahead of him while the other tried to spear it with a javelin or to shoot an arrow through it. Sometimes the hoop was thrown into the air instead of being rolled on the ground.

Dancing was as characteristic of the Indians as of any other people. Sometimes they danced in the evening merely to entertain one another, but more often they danced as a part of their religious or social ceremonies. The steps, postures, and participants depended upon the nature of the occasion — whether it was the ritual of a tribal society, preparation for war or hunting, merely a form of entertainment, or the enactment of some ancient myth. Indian dances were usually symbolic and executed with

much pantomime and mimicry. The different tribes did not all have the same dances, yet there was much similarity. The medicine dance was common, though performed with variations, as were also the buffalo dance, scalp dance, calumet dance, and various feast dances. Catlin described the slave dance, smoking horses dance, begging dance, dance of the brave, and the discovery dance. Women joined in some of these dances, but most of them were for the men alone.

The principal musical instruments used at these dances were the drum, the rattle or tambourine, and a kind of flute or flageolet. The Indians also had a number of chants or songs for such occasions, expressive of joy, grief, love, courage, reverence, and admiration. Most of their tunes were characterized by a melancholy strain and had few variations.

When Pike and his men stopped at Wabasha's village on their way up the Mississippi the Indians entertained their visitors with their famous medicine dance, the ritualistic procedure for obtaining immortality. The performance, said Pike, was attended with many curious maneuvers. Men and women danced indiscriminately. They were dressed in their gayest costumes. Each dancer carried in his hand a small skin of some description. The Indians would run at each other, point the skin, and give a puff. Then the persons blown at, whether men or women, would fall, and appear to be almost lifeless, or in great agony. Then they would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance.

The discovery dance witnessed by Catlin at Keokuk's village in 1835 impressed him as an "exceedingly droll and picturesque performance". It was acted out with a great deal of pantomimic effect, without music or any other noise than the patting of the dancers' feet, which came simultaneously on the ground in perfect time. In groups of two or four the braves danced forward in a skulking posture, scanning the horizon with shaded brows for the approach of animals or enemies. Pretending to discover one or the other they would scurry back to signal their discovery to the leader.

Although games and dancing made up no small share of the amusements of the Indian, story telling, too, was a favorite pastime. Chiefs, warriors, and medicine men all had wonderful tales to tell. The story might be of some brave deed, or of some long ago event in the history of the tribe. It might be about the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or about trees or animals. These stories were handed down from father to son, and told over and over again so that they were never lost or forgotten by a tribe.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

On the Warpath

“We are going to war, we must be brave, as the Great Spirit is with us.” So sings the war chief as, with medicine bag on back, he leads his men from the village. And the painted warriors shout “Heugh! heugh! heugh!”

Love of war came naturally to the Indian. His childhood plaything was the bow and arrow. His early memories were of the scalp dance, of returned warriors bounding into the circle about the council fire and recounting, each in turn, the story of the conflict and the glories that were his. He heard the cries of acclamation, and saw the favors bestowed by the squaws — ornaments of feathers and stained porcupine quills, bead-entwined wreaths, adulation. Taught to believe that his happiness here and hereafter depended upon his prowess on the battle-field, it is no wonder that he longed for the time when he, too, might follow the bloody trail.

This desire for personal distinction upon which standing in the tribe was based, coupled with revenge (there could be no peace until an injury was satisfied), and the want of territory in which to hunt, constituted the chief causes of war. The very mode of life which exposed the Indians to the wilful deprivations of hostile neighbors made necessary the cultivation of warlike habits.

The Sacs and Foxes for instance had a definite military organization, the men of the tribes being enrolled at birth in one of two war societies, each having its own chief, ceremonials, and so forth. The Kishko, or long hairs, carried a red standard and wore white paint to war, while the Oskush, or braves, painted themselves black and had a blue standard. The purpose of this division was to so stimulate rivalry that the members of each moiety would outdo themselves in order to bring home more scalps than the other.

Most tribes had a system of ranks and degrees, generally six, each with its own insignia and duties. A youth entered the lowest, winning promotion by deeds, and wearing his marks of honor only after they had been publicly accorded to him. Among the Sioux, a red hand painted on a warrior's robes indicated a wound. A black hand or an eagle's feather with a red spot meant that the wearer had slain an enemy, while a notch cut in the feather and the edges painted red added the implication that he had cut his victim's throat. The chiefship, seldom hereditary, might be won by skill in battle, eloquence, or personal popularity. Thus the war chief must be constantly alert to maintain his preëminence. The bravest, he. Watchful of the welfare of his men, for it was a disgrace to lose any, every battle-field saw his reputation as well as his life at stake.

A grave council of chiefs, braves, and medicine men preceded the decision to go on the warpath.

Perhaps one of the tribe had been found slain, a challenging blood red hatchet in his head. Revenge! Or youths, eager for renown, had reported trespassers on their hunting grounds. To war! Among the Ioway the war-bundle owner issued a general call for volunteers, addressed to "all those who consider themselves men enough to face the enemy."

Elaborate preparations followed, "ceremonials of fasts, ablutions, anointings, and prayers to the Great Spirit to crown their undertakings with success." All intercourse with the other sex was prohibited. Sacrifices were offered — even strips of flesh cut from their own breasts, arms, or legs. They took the purifying medicine sweat and smeared themselves with bears' grease, while the priests besought the gods and smoked the sacred pipe. Their dreams during this period of personal privation were fraught with significance, and, if unlucky, were sufficient to diminish enlistment or even to break up a war party.

The climax was reached in the war dance, designed to stimulate themselves and to intimidate the enemy. From dark to dawn, hideous with paint — red, usually, or black, though Keokuk's band wore white — the braves imitated the feats of battle, yelling, leaping, working themselves to frenzied furor. Then at daybreak, hoarse and weary, led on by the feathered head-dress of the chief, they began the march to the cadence of the shouts, songs, and prayers of the men, women, and children who

usually attended them a short distance on their way.

Cunning and surprise constituted the strategy of Indian warfare, though courage and skill were by no means lacking. Since the aim was to strike a swift and unexpected blow, escaping before the enemy could recover for retaliation, the war party travelled silently and at night, skulking in the ravines and hidden ways, employing a watchful sentry system, communicating by secret signs such as the cry of the fox and the hoot of the owl. Arrived in hostile territory, they held a whispered council, then separated, secreting themselves where they awaited the signal for attack, though it might be days before the propitious moment arrived. During the fight, the leader of the war party stayed in the rear with his sacred war bundle and sang and rattled to help his men. He himself took no part in the actual fighting, but got great credit if his party was successful.

The typical plains Indian went into battle stripped to breech clout and moccasins. His weapons, before the white man supplied him with guns and powder, were the scalping-knife and tomahawk formed from flinty rock, the bow and arrow, lance, and war club; his only defensive weapon being a circular shield of buffalo hide. Upon this, the most prized of warlike possessions, he lavished care and thought, attaching to it his "medicine" and scalps, and pinning his faith to the powers decoratively symbolized thereon.

Noncombatants were not recognized. What prisoners were not killed were adopted, particularly if

they were women or children. Every man was free to take all the honors he could, to strike and scalp where he pleased, but only the leader might divide the spoils.

The return of the war party was the occasion for additional ceremonies. If unsuccessful, the warriors stole noiselessly into the village, covered with shame and confusion. Mourning lasted for days, the men being morose and gloomy, the women extravagant in their expressions of grief. If successful, however, the braves returned with pomp. Upon approaching the village, they set up the shout of victory, repeating the death whoop as many times as they had scalps and prisoners. All rushed tumultuously to meet them, the women gay in their gaudy best. The whole party freshly painted themselves, then, with red scalps aloft on poles, dancing, singing, and beating the drums, they triumphantly entered the camp. Upon an oak war post painted red the exploits of the party were drawn with charcoal, and around this stake they danced the gruesome scalp dance.

HELEN WYLIE

The Realm of the Spirit

Belief in spiritual beings is well-nigh universal: both the highest and lowest forms of religion usually include a god or gods — some good and some evil. The sense of dependence varies with the degree of intelligence, knowledge, and training of the people. Among highly civilized people it is restricted largely to the moral realm and to the future life. Primitive people, lacking scientific explanation of physical phenomena, such as the seasons, wind, floods, plagues, earthquakes, thunder, disease, and death, ascribe them to supernatural forces.

Of the highest concept of religion, ability to grasp the infinite and the eternal, the Indian had little appreciation. He did, however, believe in a Great Spirit, known by many names, who was the creator and ruler of the universe. This Great Spirit, Getci Munito, was a good spirit, and the Indians both feared and revered him. There were also good and evil spirits which inhabited the woods, waterfalls, winds, animals, and nearly everything which the Indians saw or felt.

Since the Indians relied entirely upon oral narratives, it is not surprising that there were numerous creation stories among the various tribes. The main points in these stories, however, are surprisingly similar. The Great Spirit created the world as an

island in a great sea. This world was inhabited by a race of giants, called Aiyamwoy, by monsters who dwelt under the sea, by great snakes, by fierce submarine panthers, and by the Thunder Birds, called Nenemikiwuk, who were the gods of war and of storms. Lightning was caused when the Thunderers blinked their eyes. Between these monsters there was constant warfare. The Nenemikiwuk preyed upon the serpents with thunderbolts. That is why snakes were not desired about the lodge, because lightning often strikes places where they lurk.

In the course of time the Great Spirit created the earth, the grandmother of all living things. The grass and herbs were the hairs of her head. Then animals were created and finally the Great Spirit took clay and made man, but the first men were both wicked and foolish. According to the Winnebago, the Great Spirit then took a piece of his own heart and made a heart for man, who thus became wise above all the other animals, but he made a heart for woman out of a piece of ordinary flesh and she therefore remained foolish.

Of the warfare between men and the evil creatures which inhabited the world there are many stories. Most of them agree that Grandmother Earth gave birth to a daughter and that this daughter became the mother of a son. The name given to this boy, who was also the son of the Great Spirit, varies, a common form being Wisaka. When this semi-divine youth grew to manhood he waged incessant war on

the evil monsters. Again and again they tried to kill Wisaka but succeeded only in slaying his younger brother who became the ruler of the land of the dead. Ice covered the earth, but Wisaka survived, together with plants, animals, and men. The monsters likewise sent a flood upon the earth, but again failed to destroy Wisaka. Finally, the evil powers decided to compromise with him and inducted him into the Medicine Lodge, giving to mankind long life and immortality. It was Wisaka, too, who brought fire and tobacco to man from the abode of the gods. Having taught people how to live, he withdrew to the North where he still resides; but some day, they say, he will return.

Around these events the Indians gradually developed a great many myths. Some of them resemble our fairy tales, a favorite hero being some poor young man who, by the assistance of some supernatural power, is enabled to perform magic feats, such as supplying game in great abundance to a starving village. As a reward he marries the chief's daughter. Other stories have a more sinister implication. The chief character may be an evil spirit who goes about the world either in human form or in the guise of some animal. This puckish hero delights in performing tricks, most of which are malicious. A favorite device is tricking people into eating the flesh of their relatives. Sometimes these stories were of an obscene character.

In nearly all these mythological tales, animals

played an important part. Indeed, the whole religious life of the Indians was strongly animistic. Like children, who see nothing unreasonable in Peter Rabbit or Brer Fox, the Indians believed that not only animals, but trees, rocks, the sun, rivers, mountains, and all other things were sentient beings.

Perhaps it was this conception of existence which was responsible for the clan or gens system of the Indians. In the former, inheritance was on the mother's side, while in the gens descent devolved through the male line. Practically all the Indians who lived in Iowa had the gentile system. This was partly religious and partly social. The founder of the gens was supposed to be some animal such as the owl, bear, or wolf in the form of a man. The Sacs, for example, were divided into twelve gentes, the Foxes into eight. Marriage within the gens was prohibited. Each gens held certain ceremonies in common and had sacred packs or bundles containing objects which had magic power to protect the members. In addition children born into a tribe were generally assigned alternately to one of two bands. The Sacs called these the Kishko and the Oskush.

The Indians believed that men could influence the spirits by fasting, by concentration of mind or meditation, by sacrifices, by ceremonial rituals, and by incantations. An Indian boy was taught that he must fast until he secured a sign from the Great Spirit, usually in the form of a dream. Sacred bundles with magic objects were usually carried on

the hunt or warpath, much as the Children of Israel carried the Ark of the Covenant. If the signs were unfavorable, a war party would return home, saying the "medicine was bad".

Sacrifice might take the form of giving away personal belongings, self-mutilation, or the killing of a prisoner or an animal. During the winter of 1842-1843, for example, the Sac and Fox Indians suffered from the extreme cold. They were told by their medicine man or prophet that they were being punished by the Great Spirit because they had sold their lands to the white people. To placate the offended deity, the Indians tied a live dog to a tree, leaving his legs free. To the toe of each foot was suspended a medicine bag, and the poor dog was left to die and the body to waste away. Probably by that time the weather warmed up.

The Indians believed implicitly in a life after death, though their idea of the future existence never got much beyond a land where game was plentiful. For certain favored individuals, such as the shamans or medicine men and the warriors, the Indians believed in the reincarnation of the spirit, although this might be in the form of an animal. The soul of a dead person was supposed to linger about the body for at least four days. Sometimes this period lasted until a person was adopted in the family to take the place of the dead.

Funeral ceremonies included a feast and the sacrifice of certain animals. A horse was sometimes

killed, that it might bear the spirit to the happy hunting ground. Dogs also were frequently sacrificed at the grave to accompany the spirit. Tobacco, the smoke of which was incense to the Great Spirit, was left at almost every grave. Some thought that little children could not find their way to the land of the dead and therefore their spirits remained where they were buried.

Of course the Indians had no written account of their religion. The stories were handed down by the old men and women. Special power dwelt in the "medicine men" who were at the same time, magicians, priests, teachers, sorcerers, and physicians. Women sometimes occupied this position. Such persons were envied, respected, and feared but were generally disliked by most of the Indians.

The religion of the Indians went very little into the field of morality as we know it. Their social standards were simple: do good to the people in your tribe and especially those of your own gens. All others were to be treated as possible enemies — and there was no commandment to "love your enemies".

RUTH A. GALLAHER

Comment by the Editor

CONFLICT OF RACES

The law of the jungle is to hunt and be hunted. To the swift and the strong is the victory. In the savage strife for life or the means of living there is no place for the weak, no quarter for the vanquished. The rule of tooth and claw is cruel, relentless, final. Only the fittest survive. That is the way of nature.

In human relations the grim law of the jungle is modified somewhat. Reason has shown the advantage of mutual concession, and the consequences of defeat are not often fatal. But complete abrogation of the primitive code has never been possible. Whenever two races of different culture representing separate stages of civilization come into conflict, the stronger is certain to triumph. The sharper the conflict, the more decisive will be the result. For the defeated peoples there is only sorrow, resentment, rebellion — and the end is always surrender. Either they must acquire the culture of the dominant race or decline to the status of vassalage. It was ever thus: when the Children of Israel went into bondage; when Rome ruled the world; when the Goths swept over Europe. The conquest of the American Indian was inevitable from the beginning.

Between the white race and the red the differ-

ences were irreconcilable. To the Indian the white man appeared in the rôle of despoiler; while the white man regarded the Indian as an irksome impediment to progress. Neither comprehended the ways of the other. There was little in common between them. The Indian cared nothing for commerce or empire, for schools or churches, for cultivating the soil or clearing the forests. And the white man was no less blind to the deep spiritual nature of the Indian, his healthful habits, sense of justice, and carefree existence.

Perhaps the lack of understanding was partly because each saw the worst of the other on the frontier. The white men whom the Indian met either robbed him or tried to convert him to their way of living — and those who robbed him first gave him whisky. Travellers and settlers, being indifferent or hostile, noticed only the sullen, barbarous, and dirty savage, debased by the vices and diseases of the white men. In their natural environment the Indians were happy, generous, and moral people. Some of their customs were repulsive, their tools were crude, and their religion was immature, but they possessed virtues that the white men lacked. In racial development they were children: their ideas and conduct were childish.

Now the period of conflict is over. The desperate struggle for three centuries to stem the tide of a dominating civilization, to withstand the ravages of alien diseases, and to repel the attacks of resource-

ful grafters has ended. "In the great drama enacted in the American wilderness these bronze stoics have played every rôle, — hero and villain, hunter and hunted, victor and vanquished; yesterday defiant, imperious, battling victoriously with naked hands against storm and wind and snow and cyclone, against man and beast and hunger and pestilence;" to-day servile and broken-spirited, feebly endeavoring to make the best of their fate, a beaten remnant passing into the twilight of their race.

J. E. B.

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