The PALIMPSEST

INDIANS KILLING BUFFALO

The Ioway Indians

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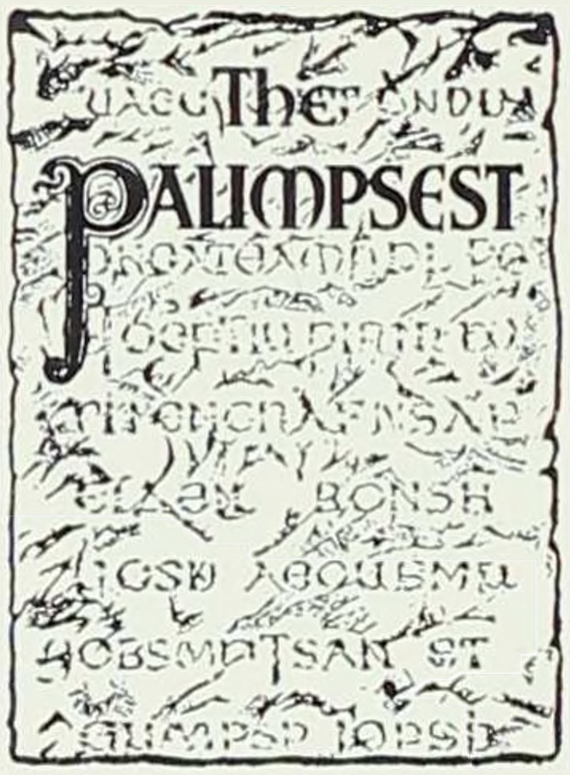

The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material 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 record 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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Illustrations

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

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The Ioways

Stalwart wanderers of plain and woodland were the Ioway Indians: they had fished in the waters of Lake Michigan, trapped game in the forests along the Minnesota and Blue Earth rivers, quarried red pipestone in southwestern Minnesota, hunted buffalo beyond the Missouri, basked in the valley of the Platte, and tarried for awhile on the Nishnabotna, the Nodaway, the Chariton, and the Grande. They had dwelt so long on the banks of the Iowa River that their name became forever associated with that stream.

The Ioways were of Siouan stock, like the Winnebago, the Omaha, the Oto, and the Missouri. They were included by J. O. Dorsey in his Chiwere group of southwestern Siouan tribes. Traditional and linguistic evidence, however, proves that the Ioway sprang from the Winnebago stem, which appears to have been the mother stock of other southwestern Siouan tribes.

The Winnebago and their kindred tribes seem to have originated in the region north of the Great Lakes. When their migration began, the Winnebago appear to have stopped in the Green Bay area of Lake Michigan because of the good fishing. The Ioways lingered in their wandering on the Mississippi near the mouths of the Iowa and Rock rivers while their kinfolk — the Missouri, Omaha, Oto — continued in a southwesterly direction to the banks of the Missouri and beyond.

It was while near the mouth of the Iowa River that the Ioways may have received one of their names — Pahoja, or Gray Snow. They have also been called the Pahuchas — or Dusty Noses — which has led to such nicknames as "Drousy Ones," or "Sleepy Ones."

The Ioways first came to the attention of the French in 1676 when Father Louis Andrê recorded the presence of seven or eight families of "aiaoua" living among the "puants," or Winnebago.

> Their village, which lies 200 leagues from here Toward the west, is very large, but poor; for their greatest Wealth consists of ox [bison]-hides and of Red Calumets. I preached Jesus Christ to them. They say that they have no knowledge of the Western sea, although they live at a distance of 12 days' journey beyond the great River called Missisipi.

Nicholas Perrot visited with the Ioway at his

camp on the Mississippi below Trempealeau.

The Ioways approached Perrot "weeping hot tears, which they let fall into their hands along with saliva, and with other filth which issued from their noses, with which they rubbed the heads, faces, and garments of the French; all these caresses made their stomachs revolt."

Perrot then visited the Ioway camp.

> Twenty prominent men presented the calumet to Perrot, and carried him upon a buffalo-skin into the cabin of the chief, who walked at the head of this procession. When they had taken their places on the mat, this chief began to weep over Perrot's head, bathing it with his tears, and with moisture that dripped from his mouth and nose; and those who carried the guest did the same to him.

The calumet was then passed and the chief fed Perrot pieces of almost raw buffalo meat that had been cooked in earthen pots. According to Perrot:

> They have a very artless manner, also broad chests and deep voices. They are extremely courageous and good-hearted. They often kill cattle [buffalo] and deer while running after them. They are howlers; they eat meat raw, or only warm it over the fire. They are never satiated, for when they have any food they eat night and day; but when they have none they fast very tranquilly. They are very hospitable, and are never more delighted than when they are entertaining strangers.

Although Perrot and Father Hennepin placed the Ioways across the Mississippi in Iowa, Le

Sueur failed to find them on the Blue Earth River in 1700 and was told by the Sioux that they had moved on the west side of the Missouri near the "Maha," or Omaha Indians. This is confirmed by William Delisle's map of 1718 which shows an "Aiaouez" village on Lake Okoboji and another near a Maha village on the Big Sioux River.

The Ioway originally were divided into eight gentes, or blood-kindred groups, 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 Black Bear, Eagle, Wolf and Elk formed one group while the Buffalo, Beaver, Snake and Pigeon formed the other. 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.

The Ioways were great travelers, the sixteen village sites at which they have been located would require a circle of approximately five hundred miles if drawn from the mouth of the Iowa River.

In addition, the Ioways visited Montcalm in Montreal in 1757 where they "enchanted" the great French Governor and his ladies with their wild dances. In 1845 the Ioways visited the eastern seaboard cities with George Catlin, the noted American Indian artist, and even crossed the Atlantic with him to London and Paris. In these cities they met such notables as Disraeli, Baron Von Humboldt, Victor Hugo, and George Sands.

The rights of the Ioway Indians to a part ownership in the land that is now Iowa was recognized by the confederated Sauk and Fox tribes in the Grand Council of 1825. The Ioways agreed to the arrangement of drawing the Neutral Line between the Sauks and Foxes and the Sioux. The Sauks and Foxes in turn admitted that the Ioways had a "just claim to a portion of the country" below this line. It was agreed that the three tribes should "peaceably occupy" this area.

Meanwhile, in 1824, the Ioways had journeyed to Washington and ceded all claims to their land in Missouri except the Platte District. Twelve years later, in 1836, in a treaty signed at Fort Leavenworth, the Ioways gave up all claims to this triangular piece of land, which lay between the Missouri River and the line running a hundred miles due north from the mouth of the Kansas River. They agreed to move west of the Missouri and settle with the Missouri band of Sauk and

Fox Indians on a small reservation between the Kickapoo Reserve and the Great Nemaha River. The title to their old hunting grounds in central Iowa was thus of no use to them.

The treaty whereby the Ioways gave up their possession of territory in what is now Iowa was signed at the Great Nemaha sub-agency on October 19, 1838. Thirteen Ioways made their marks on the treaty which was negotiated by Indian Agent John Dougherty, and witnessed by Subagent Anthony L. Davis, Vance M. Campbell, James M. Crope, and Jeffrey Deroin, interpreter. Frank White Cloud, the dissolute son of Mahaska and Rantchewaime, was the first to sign the treaty for the Ioways. No Heart, who was second in authority and had high regard for the welfare of his fellow-tribesmen, next made his mark. Older than Mahaska, No Heart was an excellent speaker, the real business head of the tribe, and a firm friend of the white man. Next in order came the Plum, the Great Man, He-that-has-no-Fear, Blistered Foot, Little Pipe, Little War Eagle, Cocked Nose, Heard to Load, Speckled Rib, the Iron, and Pile of Meat.

By the terms of the treaty the Ioways gave up their claim to all land lying north of Missouri between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. In a report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs dated October 23, 1839, Governor Robert Lucas de-

cared this region was "not surpassed by any lands in the United States" in fertility of soil.

In return for their rights to this land the Ioways received $157,500 to be invested by the United States at a guaranteed interest of "not less than five per cent, thereon during the existence of their tribe." Each year such an amount was to be set apart as the chiefs and headmen required for the support of a blacksmith shop, agricultural assistance, and education. After allotting $50 annually for Jeffrey Deroin during his natural life, the treaty provided that the balance of the income was to be delivered, "at the cost of the United States, to said tribe of Ioway Indians in money or merchandise, at their own discretion, at such time and place as the President may direct, Provided always That the payment shall be made each year in the month of October." The government also agreed to erect ten houses "at such place or places on their own land as said Ioways may select."

Such were the provisions of the treaty whereby the Ioways said farewell to their beautiful land.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Mahaska

The most distinguished chief of the Ioway Indians during the last years of their sojourn in the State which takes their name was White Cloud, or Mahaska, as he was called in their own tongue. Son of old Mauhawgaw, the Wounding Arrow, the great man who led his tribe into the valley of the Iowa River, Mahaska was distinguished by his physical preëminence as well as his hereditary rank. Six feet and two inches in height, he was said to be a man "of perfect symmetry of person, and of uncommon beauty", characteristically broad of shoulder, deep chested, and muscular yet active like the best warriors of his tribe. Although he was a handsome, personable man, his stern, relentless gaze was at times forbidding. Always purposeful and determined, inured to hardship, disciplined to ignore pain with steely indifference, these qualities imparted a rather grim cast to his countenance in later years.

Like many Indian chiefs of his day, Mahaska found a very formidable foe in John Barleycorn. While he never became a sot like his son, he did sometimes indulge much too freely in the fire-water of the traders.

One of these occasions was on his visit to Washington in 1824. Inflamed by whisky he was engaged in beating his wife when he recognized the voice of the Indian agent outside the room. Wishing to avoid the reprimand he was about to receive, he opened the window and stepped out, forgetting that he was two stories from the ground. The result was a severe shaking up and a broken arm.

This misadventure, though painful, did not deter him from riding at least two miles the next day over rough roads and pavements. A broken arm and a few bruises were things of no great moment to a man accustomed to the wounds and rough surgery of the war party. It was at this time that he sat for his portrait by C. B. King, and his pain, it is said, was responsible for the rather stoical, frowning aspect of his countenance.

Wounding Arrow did not long survive his entrance into the Iowa country. Shortly after establishing his village on the Iowa River, he was visited by a band of Sioux. A pipe was passed around and the Ioway chief was invited to attend a dog-feast, made in honor of the Great Spirit. Mauhawgaw accepted the invitation of the Sioux in good faith, but in the course of the ceremony he was set upon

by his perfidious hosts and slain — not, however, before he had succeeded in killing one man and three women.

The indignation of the Ioways at the outrage was expressed in immediate action. A war party was raised. Mahaska, by virtue of heredity, became the chief of this party, but being young and never having distinguished himself in battle, he refused the command, choosing to take part in the expedition as a common warrior rather than as a leader. Until he gained experience and earned the approbation of his tribe by his individual prowess and achievement on the war-path, he was content to repose the leadership in an older man tried and experienced by many war parties.

The result was a hasty march into the country of the Sioux, a surprise attack, and a decisive victory, as victories were reckoned in such engagements. Ten of the enemy's scalps were taken and Mahaska himself brought home the scalp of the Sioux chief in whose lodge his father was murdered.

In this manner continual warfare was waged between the Sioux and the Ioways. Mahaska, having demonstrated conclusively his ability as a warrior, assumed complete and active command of his tribe, and for many summers thereafter his life was crowded with warlike adventures. In fully eighteen battles he led his warriors and was never defeated. His huge form and mighty war-hatchet were in the thick of every fight. The Ioways, formidable be-

hind the driving force of his powerful attack, gained the respect of all their savage neighbors. Most of these forays were against their inveterate foes, the Sioux and the Osages.

On one occasion, while engaged in an expedition against the Osages, Mahaska camped for a short time with some of his followers on the north bank of the Missouri River. A canoe with three French trappers swept by his leafy resting place. Wishing to cross the river he called out to the Frenchmen to turn back and assist him and his party. For one reason or another, through misunderstanding or fear, the Frenchmen refused. They not only refused but fired upon the Indians, wounding one of Mahaska's braves. Instantly the shot was returned and a Frenchman was killed. Mahaska himself then seized his own gun, remarking "You have killed one of the rascals, I'll see if I can not send another along with him to keep him company to the house of the Black Spirit."

A great outcry followed this act, the news spreading like fire along the border that the Ioways were on the war-path against the settlers. An expedition marched against the Indians. Mahaska was captured and thrust into prison, where he remained many months. He made no resistance as he seemed to feel that he had done no wrong. Finally escaping, he returned to his own country. In later years, when he had settled down to a life of peace, he was prone to express his great regret at having per-

mitted his warriors to fire upon the Frenchmen in retaliation for their assault.

Among the Ioways it was the custom when a husband or brother fell in battle for another brave to adopt their wives or sisters. Upon his return from a campaign Mahaska found four sisters who had lost their protection in that way, so he married all of them. Of these, Rantchewaime became the mother of Mahaska the Younger. She was a woman long remembered by her people for her great beauty, her exemplary life, and her tragic death. In 1824 she accompanied Mahaska to Washington where she attracted much attention for her beauty. Upon their return she helped her husband put into practice the good advice he had received from the President to cultivate the land and follow the path of peace. But this comfortable régime was brief. One day, while riding across the prairie, Rantchewaime was thrown from her pony and instantly killed. Mahaska and all of the Ioways mourned deeply over the tragic death of this generous and noble woman.

At the council in Washington, Mahaska received a medal from President Monroe and signed a treaty whereby the Ioways ceded all their land in Missouri to the United States in return for fifty-five hundred dollars in annuities, blankets, farming implements, and cattle. The government also promised to assist the Indians in their agricultural pursuits.

Mahaska took these negotiations very much to

heart and upon his return to his native prairies he began the task of cultivating his land very earnestly. He built himself a comfortable double log house and adjusted himself to his new life with dispatch and thoroughness in compliance with the wishes of his Great Father.

In the month of August, 1825, a great council was held at Prairie du Chien, composed of the chiefs and warriors of the Sioux, Sac and Fox, Ioway, Chippewa, Menominee, Winnebago, Pottawattamie, Ottawa, and Chippewa nations. The purpose of this conclave was to reconcile these Indian tribes residing on the Mississippi who had been for years involved in constant and destructive wars among themselves over their hunting grounds. General William Clark and Governor Lewis Cass represented the government.

At the head of the Ioway delegation was Mahaska. He had awaited General Clark at the Des Moines Rapids and, supplied with government provisions, proceeded up the Mississippi in a canoe borrowed from the American Fur Company. Having deserted the war-path the year before, he used his influence to establish peace among the tribes.

"My fathers", he said, "I claim no lands in particular. The land I live on is enough to furnish my women and children. I go upon the lands of our friends the Sacs and Foxes — we alternately go upon each other's land. Why should we quarrel about lands when we get enough on what we have?

"My fathers: the Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Menominees, and Pottawattamies are links of the same people. I speak for them as well as for myself.

"My fathers: you see people here apparently of different nations but we are all one. You Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, and Menominees, we are but one people. We have but one council fire and eat out of the same dish."

Mahaska, the man of war, the victor in eighteen battles, the inveterate foe of Sioux and Osage since early youth, pleaded the cause of Indian unity. Passing through the land of the white men on his visit to Washington, observing on every hand evidences of their numbers, power, and wealth, Mahaska realized the futility of any resistance. He also seemed to understand the weakness of the red men, and to feel the need of conserving such strength as they might still possess. Further depletion of their numbers by wars among themselves, this man of many war-parties could not condone. Ever after, Mahaska turned his back upon the tomahawk which he had wielded so well in his youth.

In 1833, the son of Crane, one of the subordinate chiefs of the Ioways, was killed by the Omahas. A war party was immediately organized, but when the warriors went to their great chief to secure his leadership in their expedition, Mahaska refused to go. "I have buried the tomahawk", he said, "I am now a man of peace." Nine years had passed since his visit to Washington but the promises made there

were still fixed firmly in his mind. "The treaty made with our Great Father provides for the punishment of such outrages", he declared.

His tribesmen were not of the same mind, however, and an incursion was made into the land of the Omahas, with the result that six scalps were taken. On their return the usual victory feast was prepared and everything was made ready for the scalp dance. Mahaska refused to take part in any of these activities.

His lack of culpability did not prevent him from becoming embroiled in the affair however. The murders having been reported to the government, General William Clark, who was Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, ordered the arrest of the Ioways. The agent of the Ioways, to whom the "Red Head Chief", as he was called by the Indians, assigned this duty, called upon Mahaska and explained his mission. Mahaska, still acting in the spirit of the treaty of 1824, assented. "It is right," he said, "I will go with you."

The guilty Indians were arrested and taken to Fort Leavenworth. While imprisoned there, one of the members of the war party called Mahaska to the window of his cell and said, "Father, if I ever get out of this place alive, I will kill you. A brave man should never be deprived of his liberty, and confined as I am. You should have shot me at the village." The freeborn, prairie-bred Ioway was not comfortable in those close quarters. Chafing at con-

finement, his whole being revolted against his plight and his heart turned against his old leader who had brought him there.

When he escaped at last, true to his promise he forthwith sought out the object of his revenge with a party of others. He found Mahaska encamped on the Nodaway River, about sixty miles from his village. Setting upon their erstwhile leader with "guns, tomahawks, and clubs", they slew him, but not without difficulty. Mahaska, like his father, the old Mauhawgaw, parted with his life dearly. One of his murderers remarked that "he was the hardest man to kill he ever knew."

This unhappy event occurred in the year 1834, when Mahaska was about fifty years old. In such fashion "the greatest man who ever made a moccasin track on the Nodaway" passed from the land of the Ioways, a victim of his loyalty to the pledge made to his "great white brother" to lay down the tools of war and take up the instruments of peace. Ushered into manhood and his career of warfare by the tragedy of his father's death, losing his beautiful and devoted Rantchewaime in an equally tragic accident, his own end was in keeping with this dominant note of his life. The story of Mahaska, the Ioway, is not lacking in the dramatic requirements of an old Greek tragedy.

F. R. AUMANN

MA-HAS-KAH,

AN IOWAY CHIEF

HANT-CHE-WAI-NE.

TOTTO MAHASKAH,

AN IOWAY CHIEF


ATHAPASCAN
ESKIMO
PACIFIC OCEAN
ALGONQUIAN
SIOUAN
SHOSHONEAN
ATHAPASCAN
PIMAN
KOLUSCHAN
SKITTAGETAN
CHIMMESYAN
BALISHAN
WAKASHAN
SALISHAN
CHIMAKUAN
ATHAPASCAN
KITUNAHAN
SHAHAPTIAN
WAILLATPUAN
YAKONAN
KUSAN
ATHAPASCAN
TAKILMAN
KALAPOOIAN
CHINOOKAN
SAHAPTIAN
WAILLATPUAN
QUORATEGAN
WEITSPEKAN
WISHOKAN
ATHAPASCAN
YUKIAN
KULANAPAN
YUKIAN
MOQUELUMNAN
COPEHAN
PUJUNAN
WINTUNIAN
MOQUELUMNAN
COSTANOAN
ESSELENIAN
SALINAN
CHUMASHAN
SHASTAN
YANAN
PUJUNAN
WINTUNIAN
MOQUELUMNAN
WAPPOSAN
WINTUNIAN
CADDOAN
CADDOAN
ATHAPASCAN
KIOWAN
TANOAN
SHOSHONEAN
KERESAN
ZUÑIAN
TANOAN
TANOAN
PIMAN
SERIAN
ARCTIC OCEAN
CANADA
White Albert Land

LINGUISTIC FAMILIES
OF
AMERICAN INDIANS
NORTH OF MEXICO
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ESKIMAUAN

ATHAPASCAN

ALGONQUIAN

SHAHAPTIAN

SHOSHONEAN

CADDOAN

IROQUOIAN

SIOUAN

MUSKHOGEAN

KUSKOKWIMIAN

CHIMMESYAN

SKITTAGETAN

WAKASHAN

BALISHAN

SALISHAN

KUTENAIAN

YAKONAN

KUSAN

TAKILMAN

QUORATEGAN

WEITSPEKAN

WISHOSKAN

SHASTAN

YUKIAN

KULANAPAN

COPEHAN

ROGUEAN

MOQUELUMNAN

COSTANOAN

ESSELENIAN

SALINAN

CHUMASHAN

WAILATPUAN

NEZ PERCEAN

KIOWAN

TANOAN

KERESAN

ZUÑIAN

PIMAN

SERIAN

TEPEHUANAN

TARAHUMARAN

CORAHUICHOLAN

NAHUATLAN

TARASCAN

OTOMIAN

MANGUEAN

TAPACHULTECAN

MAYANCHIAPANECAN

HUAVEAN

MIXEAN

ZAPOTECAN

CHINANTECAN

MAZATECAN

CHIBCHAN

CUSTENIAN

HUASTECAN

TONKAWAN

ATAKAPAN

CHITIMACHAN

KARANKAWAN

TONIKAN

BIDUAN

TIMUQUANAN

ARAWAKAN

UCHEAN

NATCHEZAN

BEOTHUKAN

ARCTIC OCEAN

PACIFIC OCEAN

ATLANTIC OCEAN

HUDSON BAY

JAMES BAY

HOT-CHE-WIT-TY-E,

AN IOWAY CHIEF.

MUS-KA-MON-GO,

Sacred Medicine

AN IOWAY CHIEF

WE-O-MON-IE,

AN IOWAY CHIEF

Rantchewaime

One evening in the spring or early summer of 1824, Mahaskah, or White Cloud, a chief of the Ioway Indians, made camp for the night near the mouth of the Des Moines River. Around him was the prairie with its grassy carpet figured with bright-colored flowers, but Mahaskah, hungry and tired from his journey, was intent upon some venison he had just finished cooking. Suddenly he felt a blow upon his shoulders and turned in astonishment and alarm to see standing there — not a hostile warrior, but one of his wives whom the Indians had named Rantchewaime, meaning Female Flying Pigeon.

"Am I your wife? Are you my husband?" she demanded of the surprised Mahaskah. "If so, I will go with you to the Mawhehunneche [American big house], and see and shake the hand of Incohonee [great father or president]."

Now Mahaskah had started out alone on a business trip to Washington and other eastern cities and was on his way to join the party of chiefs and warriors who had been invited to visit the President; but Rantchewaime was a beautiful woman and the favorite wife of the chief, so he replied: "Yes, you are my wife; I am your husband; I have been a long time from you; I am glad to see you; you are my pretty wife, and a brave man always loves to see a pretty woman."

Thus did Mahaskah prove himself gallant in love, as he had already proved himself brave in battle, and Rantchewaime, like many another pretty woman, succeeded in getting what she wanted. She was permitted to accompany her husband to Washington, while her three older sisters, also wives of Mahaskah, and his three other wives remained at home on the Des Moines River to plant and harvest the corn, beans, and pumpkins and to care for the children.

The party which Mahaskah and Rantchewaime joined for this trip included General William Clark, Lawrence Taliaferro, George H. Kennerly, Maurice Blondeau, B. Vasquez, Pashepaho, Keokuk and his wife, and Taimah and his wife and daughter. Altogether there were nineteen chiefs and warriors, six interpreters, and four Indian women. These Indians were strangers to life in the cities and the duties of the agents and interpreters who were acting as chaperones were not light.

One night, for example, while the party was stay-

ing in Washington, the agent heard a disturbance in the room assigned to Mahaskah and Rantchewaime. Upon investigation he found that Mahaskah, who had indulged too freely in the white man's fire water, was beating Rantchewaime. When the agent appeared, Mahaskah lifted the window sash and stepped out, forgetting that he was two stories from the ground. The result was a broken arm.

Further details of the trip, so far as Rantchewaime is concerned, apparently were not recorded. On August 4, 1824, Mahaskah and Mahnehahnah, another Ioway chief, signed a treaty with the United States government whereby the Ioway tribe was to relinquish their claim to certain lands in Missouri in return for five hundred dollars in cash and five hundred dollars a year for ten years. Provision was also made for farming utensils, blankets, and cattle.

Rantchewaime, of course, had no part in making this treaty, but it is probable that she saw the "Great Father", for President Monroe held a "talk" with the Indian party and Rantchewaime was not one to miss her cherished desire of meeting "Incohonee". We know also that the beautiful wife of Mahaskah attracted much attention. Her portrait was painted by C. B. King and copies of this painting justify the title, Beautiful Female Eagle That Flies in the Air, occasionally given to Rantchewaime by the Indians although her name signified Female Flying Pigeon.

Upon her return to the Des Moines Valley, Rantchewaime doubtless had much to tell her admiring

and envious friends concerning the wonders she had seen. She did not hesitate to express her disapproval of certain customs of the pale faces and warned the Indian women to avoid these evils.

Indeed, Rantchewaime seems to have been wise and good as well as beautiful. An agent for the Ioways is quoted as saying that she was chaste, mild, gentle, generous, and devoted to her husband. Mahaskah said of her that when the poor came her hand was like a strainer, full of holes, letting all she had pass through. She would give away her last blanket, all the honey in the lodge, the last bladder of bears' oil, or the last piece of dried meat. But even these virtues failed to satisfy the conscience of Rantchewaime, and she frequently blackened her face and retired to some solitary spot to fast and pray to the Great Spirit whom she feared to offend.

After his return to his home Mahaskah built a double log house and determined to follow the advice of the President and cultivate the land. His comfortable existence, however, was soon interrupted by a tragedy. One day, not long after their return from Washington, Mahaskah and Rantchewaime were making a journey across the prairie on horseback, Rantchewaime carrying with her on her horse a young child about four years old. Mahaskah, fearing the presence of hostile Indians, and perhaps also by habit, rode ahead, turning now and then to see whether the woman and child were following. As he crossed a high point at one place on the trail

Mahaskah was surprised to find that Rantchewaime was nowhere in sight. He rode back five or six miles and there found her horse grazing on the prairie. Near-by lay Rantchewaime with her child resting its head upon her body. Mahaskah hurriedly dismounted; but he saw at once that Rantchewaime was dead. Apparently the horse had accidentally thrown his rider at a small precipice and the fall had instantly killed the woman, though the child was unhurt.

When Mahaskah realized that his beautiful wife was really dead he expressed his horror and grief in words which have been translated into English somewhat as follows: "God Almighty! I am a bad man. You are angry with me. The horse has killed my squaw!" Just then the child lifted its head from the mother's dead body and said: "Father, my mother is asleep!"

Mahaskah was alone on the prairie with his child and the body of his dead wife. It was four days before he could reach his lodge and prepare for the funeral. His first duty was to collect the presents which had been given to Rantchewaime at Washington and all her other belongings and put them in the rude box with the body. Then the box was placed on a high scaffold, according to the Indian custom. This method of disposing of the dead had a two-fold purpose: it elevated the body as near as possible to the Great Spirit who lived in the sky and also safeguarded it from the wolves. Mahaskah then killed a dog, made a feast, and called his braves to-

gether. A second dog and a horse were killed. The body of this dog was fastened to the scaffold, head upwards. On its head was placed a little tobacco. The body of the horse was placed with the tail near the part of the scaffold on which the head of the dead woman lay.

The Ioway Indians believed that the Great Spirit would approach the scaffold, seeking the spirit of the dead. Upon his appearance, the dog was supposed to address him, show him where the body lay, and invite him to smoke the tobacco. This offer, the Indians thought, would be accepted and the Great Spirit would then reanimate the bodies of the woman, the dog, and the horse. The horse was to bear the woman with her trinkets and other property to the happy hunting ground, where game was plentiful, while the dog was to hunt deer for her.

Thus passed from the world of the living to the land of the dead Rantchewaime, an Iowa matron who typified, without knowing it, the words of the Psalmist: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Years afterwards, when the elder Mahaskah was dead, the younger Mahaskah, a son of Rantchewaime, was in Washington on an errand for the tribe. One day he was shown a group of Indian pictures including that of his father whom he at once recognized. In this collection was the picture of a beautiful Indian woman called the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse. The young chief at once

exclaimed, "That is my mother." Nor could he be persuaded otherwise, saying: "Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped, and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast that had given him life?" So convinced was young Mahaskah that the picture represented his mother that he refused to leave the room until the name of Rantchewaime was affixed to the picture. "If it had not been for Waucondamony" — Walking God, the name he gave the exhibitor of the pictures — "I would have kissed her", said the son of Rantchewaime, "but Waucondamony made me ashamed."

Later, however, young Mahaskah was taken to the King gallery containing Indian portraits, and there he saw pictures of both the Eagle of Delight and Rantchewaime. At once he realized his mistake. "*That* is my mother", he exclaimed, pointing to Rantchewaime's portrait, "that is her fan! I know her now. I am ashamed again." He asked for a copy of his mother's picture and also for a copy of the portrait of the Eagle of Delight, saying of this, "The Ottoe chief will be so glad to see his squaw, and he will give me one hundred horses for it."

RUTH A. GALLAHER

An Ioway Village

"Comment messieurs? But yes, certainment! We will arrive at the Ioway village this afternoon. Me, Antoine Roubideux, bourgois of these bateaux, engage that it will be so. See, there it is now. Voila! Just around the bend of the Riviere Des Moines. That beegest lodge, that is chez mon belle pere — where my fathaire-in-law leeves. No-heart-of-fear, they call heem."

Already the little flotilla of log and bark canoes from the northern country is grounding on the beach. Wolfish dogs set up a clamor of howling, for, wolf-like, they bark little or not at all. Children, naked as the day they were born, run screaming to hide, or peep furtively from points of vantage. Men and women, clad largely in dresses of tanned deer-skin, with here and there a glint of color, lent by the trade strouds, broadcloth, or calico, and here and there a painted buffalo-robe, throng the beach to crowd and stare pleasantly at the newcomers. A fine-looking woman, dressed wholly in trade materials, comes running down with many exclamations of delight. To her dress and hands cling a brood of pretty half-breed children, and a new baby, fastened to a cradle-board, is on her back. It is Mrs. Roubideux, wife of our erstwhile genial guide, and she is surely accompanied by the promise that her hus-

band's name will not die out in Ioway annals for many a generation.

And now a new commotion arises! A tall, elegantly dressed man, wearing a stately war-bonnet, surrounded by a guard of splendidly-built, half-naked men, upon whose shaven heads is left a standing narrow roach of hair from which rises an ornament of dyed deer hair and turkey bristles, reminiscent of the horse-hair plume of a Roman helmet, breaks through the crowd. The people fall back to give the newcomer room, for it is the famous chief, No-heart-of-fear, himself, with his Indian police, or band of trained warriors. To these men he now assigns the duty of guarding the traders' canoes and holding back the crowd, a task that is quickly and good-naturedly performed. And now, while Antoine's engagés are carrying the goods to the chief's lodge on their backs, and there stowing away the coarse "pony-trader" beads, calicoes, strouds, cheap weapons, silk ornaments, kegs of powder, and, alas, "eau de vie", let me turn the tables and stare at our Ioway friends, who have been staring at us long enough now, surely.

A tall, dark, heavy-set people, we find them, good-natured, and more than ordinarily intelligent, although the bone-strewn condition of the ground, and the garbage reek from the village, both combine to tell us that they are a less cleanly people than the neighboring Algonkian Sauk. Antoine has told us already that his Ioway relatives speak a dialect of

the Siouan tongue, and that he who can converse in it has the key to the minds of the Oto, Missouri, and Winnebago tribes as well. We are struck, after having heard the soft Algonkian of the Sauk and Foxes, by the guttural quality of the Ioway, its oft repeated and sometimes rolling *r*, not heard in Algonkian at all, and the frequent nasal grunts that signify, "what you will", says Roubideux, with a shrug.

The dress of the people is both tasteful and elegant. On their feet are moccasins with separate soles of stiff leather like the prairie tribes, but otherwise resembling those of the woods Indians in general appearance. The ornamentation on the insteps of these is either floral or angular designs in bead or quillwork, and the dandies and such warriors, who have had time to don their "brave" clothes, have large ankle flaps attached to their shoes, heavily adorned with solid bead or quill embroidery in scroll or flower motives.

Most of the men wear tight deerskin leggings, deeply fringed, and some have scroll or floral embroidery on the flap. The warriors go in for a dangling pendant at the knee, while the fringe of their leggings is made of dark locks of hair taken from the scalps of slain enemies. Only a few are thus distinguished, however, and these men also wear a curious ornament on the back of their belts, the bustle, or "crow", a raven skin, entire, as the badge of their prominence and authority, for these

be chosen men, selected to govern the camp because of their tried and proven valor.

Ornamental breech cloths of leather or broadcloth are worn by all the men. A few have elegant and graceful shirts of white tanned doe or antelope skin, in plains Indian style, but most are naked above the waist, and a close observer may see here and there the delicate blue lines that are the tattooed honor marks awarded the brave and generous by their clans. Yes, even the wives and daughters of brave men and of chiefs wear tattooing on the backs of their hands or on their foreheads — a diamond, a heart, a circular dot, a five-pointed star, to proclaim to the world their social station — for the Ioway are great sticklers for social rank.

Here and there among the throng we glimpse a brawny chest that supports a huge and beautiful necklace of grizzly-bear claws and otter fur, with a trailer of otter skin down the back. There are not many of these striking ornaments, for these are the badges of chiefs and warriors. To obtain one, one must slay his own bears, "and messieurs, eet is more hard than kill a man, hein?" shrugs Roubideux.

The head-dresses of the men are various. Some simply wear their own hair roached, with a small thin braid, the scalp-lock, at the crown, and the bare gleaming skull rubbed with vermilion. The small boys wear their hair roached also, but with a different cut for each clan, according to an ancient custom. A very few wear an eagle feather war-bonnet of true

prairie style, but most have fillets of otter fur, often the entire skin, wrapped around the head, with dangling tail adorned with beads, and bead rosettes abound on the fur circlets themselves.

The women are as well dressed as the men. Their moccasins are the same. Their leggings, which are fringeless, reach only to the knee, and two distinct types of dresses may be seen — one, a one-piece kimono-like gown, of softest doeskin, in plains style, the other, and older, of forest type. This is a two-piece dress, composed of a square piece of deerskin or broadcloth, lapped about the waist and falling midway below the knee. It is left open at one side, and the sides and lower border are ornamented with quillwork, beads, or silk or leather appliqué. Some of the women wear a short calico, or even a silk, waist of some solid bright color, covered with silver brooches; others, mainly old crones, are naked above the belt, like the majority of the men. Both sexes have an abundance of well-dressed buffalo-robes, often with the flesh side, which they wear turned outward, beautifully garnished with quills or painted with some warrior's daring exploits. The women braid their hair in two plaits, one over each shoulder, in plains fashion, or let it hang loosely down their backs, well aware of its beauty.

And now let us turn to the village to examine the lodges and their furniture.

The settlement has a different appearance from the villages of the Sioux or Sauk, for the greater

number of buildings of which it is composed are of a peculiar type more common among the Pawnee, or the Mandan, Hidatsa, and Arikara of the Upper Missouri, but found also among the Omaha, Ponca, Oto, and Missouri, kindred of the Ioway. They are large round earth-covered lodges, fifty to sixty feet in diameter and twenty feet high. They face the east, and the entrance is a covered passageway, made in the same manner as the houses and commonly used as storage place for firewood.

Inside the earth lodges it is dark and cool. In the center of the one which Antoine Roubideux has pointed out to us as the residence of his father-in-law, and which we feel less hesitancy about entering although the hospitable Ioways would welcome our presence uninvited anywhere, we find a fireplace directly under the center of the room, so that the smoke can more easily ascend to the smoke-hole overhead. A bench, made of willows, encircles the lodge from either side of the door. It is five or six feet wide, and is shut off at intervals by hangings or curtains of buffalo hide. Behind these curtains are the bunks or sleeping apartments of the inmates.

An old woman is busy fumbling under the bench over at one side. Removing a cover of bark she exposes a deep barrel-shaped hole, lined with bark slabs, in which are stored the dry corn, squashes, and meat which she is about to cook in an earthen kettle for our entertainment. There are other cache pits of this nature close to the fireplace, we observe.

Having taken out what she needs, the old woman replaces the cover, and proceeds to pound up some corn in a log mortar which, unlike the mortars of the Sauk or the Dakota, is furnished with a spiked or pointed base, which is firmly fixed in the ground. Her pestle is a long, dumb-bell shaped, wooden club, narrow at the middle, but swollen at the ends. Not far away, near several globular earthen vessels of native make, is a round discoidal-shaped stone lying on another, similar in appearance. These stones are likewise used to crack corn and to pulverize dried herbs for medicines.

About the lodge we see, stored where they will not be in the way, round and oval bowls carved by burning and scraping from the knots of trees, and broad-bowled spoons with carved handles, made of wood or occasionally of jet-black buffalo horn. Soft square woven bags, fashioned from string twisted from the inner bark of the basswood and bearing designs interwoven with buffalo-hair yarn, are common, and others, of the fibre of nettles or Indian hemp, lie or hang about in profusion. There are also some pouches of buffalo hide and gaily painted oblong trunks of the same material, the latter mainly used to hold the garments and ceremonial paraphernalia of the family.

Hanging in the rear of the lodge are various age- and smoke-blackened oval bundles and packages, some wrapped in tanned deerskin, others in panther-hide, and some in mats, woven of reeds,

similar to, but smaller than, those which are scattered over the bench that circles the wall. These bundles, Antoine tells us, are "Grand Medecin"; those with hide covers and with war-clubs and flutes and rattles of gourd tied to the outside being collections of charms carried to bring success in war, while the mat-covered objects contain the clan tattooing outfits, or the paraphernalia of the society of Buffalo Doctors used to heal the sick and wounded. The buffalo bundles hold rattles of deer dewclaws, buffalo tails, felted buffalo hair, and packets of medicines. The tattooing bundles merely contain needles, stamps, pigments, and herbs. Some cylindrical cases of buffalo hide, each about four feet long, attract our notice, and these, we learn, are the sacred clan pipes, of which there are seven or more in the tribe. These are the most ancient and sacred possessions of the Ioway that have been handed down from father to son in the family of the chief of each clan from time immemorial. They are used to make peace between clansmen of the same clan or tribe, and even between other tribes, and are also brought forth to stem pestilence by prayer and invocation, or when a member of the clan is to be publicly tattooed. The bowls of these treasured pipes were carved with stone tools when the world was young, and the stems are gorgeously ornamented with dyed porcupine quills.

As we go out of the lodge we see other sacred bundles and even round shields of buffalo hide hang-

ing on posts or tripods in the rear of the lodges, exposed to the revivifying rays of the sun.

Besides the earth lodges we note some large square buildings with willow and clay walls — wattle-and-daub — and sod roofs, and some oval wigwams of bark and mats, like the winter lodges of the Sauk and Fox. "When these Ioways pass out on the prairie pour le chasse des bouefs", volunteers Antoine, "then messieurs may see ze tipis of buffalo hide as well."

"Messieurs, you will laugh. Oui, c'est pour rire! When I tell you that these sauvages have social ranks, how you say? Royalty, that is the chiefs, and la noblesse — the nobles — that is the warriors, and then the common people, like in my country and court of Europe. A warrior may marry a chief's daughter, but a poor man, nevaire! And the chief of the tribe, ah, they select the chief of the Bear Clan for winter, and the chief of the Buffalo Clan for spring and summer.

"Messieurs, I might spend the rest of the summer to tell you about my Ioway relatives. . . . Maybe, if messieurs come again, in ze wintaire time he might be induce to tell the legends of his tribe, for that you will have to wait, for c'est tres droll, but these sauvages will not tell those story in warm weather.

"Allons, messieurs! Vite! How you say — ah — queeck!"

ALANSON SKINNER

ADVENTURES

OF THE

OJIBBEWAY AND IOWAY INDIANS

IN

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM;

BEING NOTES OF

EIGHT YEARS' TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE IN EUROPE

WITH HIS

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN COLLECTION,

BY GEO. CATLIN.

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