

THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL
AND SHORT STORY.

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PREFACE

The American Indian as a figure in American fiction has not been generally recognized as an essential feature, notwithstanding the fact that in almost every American novel before nineteen hundred, the Indian occupies a more or less important position.

The present is an attempt to show the position of the American Indian in the American novel and short story, and to show the change in treatment of the Indian as subject matter for fiction, from the idealized Indian of James Fenimore Cooper to the realistic Indian of the present day. That much of popular feeling has been, and is, owing to the United States Indian policy cannot be denied; and I have tried to show to what extent this feature has been reflected in works of fiction in America.

In the preparation of this monograph an exhaustive study has been made of American novels and short stories, from the time of the first truly American novel to the present. Several books that cannot be classified as either novels or short stories have been included, because they contain so much material valuable to the subject in hand. Chateaubriand, the French novelist and dramatist, has been studied in relation to this subject because of his recognition of the

American Indian as new and interesting material for prose fiction.

Many of the Western short stories studied are of slight literary value, and some are of doubtful authenticity, but because they are so generally read by a large part of the American public they cannot be ignored, and because of the prevalence of the Indian as a character they have a place in this work.

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CHAPTER ONE
INTRODUCTION

New Material for the Novel. A purely American Subject.

Writers of school histories are fond of the significant statement that "the history of America is the history of Europe in the new world". It might with equal truth be said that the literature of America is the literature of Europe in the new world. Especially is this true of early American literature. However, it would be as impossible to write an American history or to think of an American history, without the American Indian as it would be to think of a Greek tragedy without the chorus; and American literature, in spite of European models, could hardly be called American without the dark, silent figure of the native Americans that glide through its pages.

Although historians have from the beginning realized that in an American history the Indian could not be ignored, more than two hundred years were to elapse before the Indian came to be recognized as a subject for American literature.

Anything that brings about a change in the life of a people, whether it is a movement that contributes to the world's civilization, or destroys what has already been accomplished; leaves an impress upon the lives and culture,

and eventually upon the literature alike of victor and vanquished. In the case of conquest, if the victorious already boasts an established literature the effect is immediate, and poetry, drama and story pay tribute to heroes and deeds of valor. A few years and that which is unworthy a place in literature is forgotten, but the part that is of universal interest lives on. Time further increases the glory and blots out the ugly and commonplace.

When the change involves the enslavement or destruction of a whole people the effect is different. If the vanquished have enjoyed the higher civilization, then literature as well as civilization is retarded, or perhaps thrown back many centuries, and the lost glories live only in tradition. If, on the other hand, those who go down are weaker and lower in the social scale, the effect of conquest is that the victors enjoy the spoils without thought of the race which they are to absorb and generations come and go before the tragedy of a vanquished race finds a place in the literature of the conquerors.

When the settlement of English colonies began in North America, England was just passing out of the most brilliant period in the history of her literature. Englishmen with homesick hearts, turning their backs upon home friends and all that Elizabethan England was, could not conceive the idea that there would grow up in that savage wilderness to which their faces were turned, a literature that, owing its origin to its English background, was still distinctly national,

and American. The first American writers were, therefore, English writers away from home. The few who essayed to write poetry might have written the same verse in England. The thought, the spirit, the scenes were English. This first period was, however, productive of little poetry. The stern Puritans found it necessary to record the events that transpired in their colonies, and these early histories, written in the straightforward, simple but convincing language of the first governors, constitute our first American literature. Through these pages the dark forms of the Indians stalk, a menace to the safety and peace of the English settler.

The first settlers in the south, those of the Jamestown colony, being closer in blood and sympathy as well as in point of time to those who shared in the glory of Elizabethan England, wrote a different story. The novel had not yet appeared and the records of Virginia as well as those of New England belong to history rather than to fiction, but the histories of Virginia breathe a spirit of hope and promise, and they are adorned with the exaggeration that characterizes the Elizabethans. In these accounts the Indian is a different creature from the savage of the northern woods. John Smith's, emperors, kings, and princesses seem unrelated to Bradford's hostile Indians, and the story of Pocahontas could hardly have been credited in New England. Colonel William Byrd's witty comments on the Indian, and his happy acceptance of them are in as cheerful contrast to the Indian stories of

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, John Williams and other white prisoners who suffered at the hands of Indian captors, as they are to the more faithful interpretations of Indian character as they are revealed by John Elliot and Daniel Goodlin.

Notwithstanding the frequency with which the Indian appears in these accounts, he appears in an unimportant part, or as a hindrance to the progress of the European whose duty it was to subdue as much as possible the wilderness. He moves silently through these stories, a part of the background with the wild beasts, the forests and the storms of the wild new country.

He is a figure ever present and ever a menace, but never at any time the important figure on the stage. It was not until the beginning of the national period that the Indian received recognition as an important subject for literature.

When in 1740 Samuel Richardson published "Pamela", he gave to England and to the world a new form of literature which immediately became popular. Silly and affected as these eighteenth century novels seem to present day readers, it is difficult to realize the enthusiasm which greeted them in their own day. With the demand for this interesting type of story, came a demand for new material, and eventually for new treatment. It was to satisfy this demand that the so called "Gothic" novels began to appear in England.

These English novels found ready admirers in America as well as in England, and many of them were published in the colonies a year or two after their first appearance in England. As was to be expected, imitators as well as admirers began to appear, and the English novel was an inspiration for American writers.

The first American novels were poor enough and expressed the same sort of sentiment as that of "Pamela", "Clarissa Harlowe" and others. There was, however, in America a growing feeling of nationality, which refused to be satisfied with patterns set by England, and this feeling found expression in a demand for literature that was distinctly American.

Some European writers had already made the American Indian subject for romance, drama and poetry. Dryden had written of the Mexican Indian, Chateaubriand, who has been called "Father of the Romantic Movement", had given the world an idealized picture of the American wilderness and Indian life. Kotzebue had written of the South American Indians in his "Spaniards in Peru", before Cooper had written any of his romances in which Indians figure so prominently. Influenced by the work of Kotzebue Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in the last year of the eighteenth century, departed from the old spirit of the century, which is the spirit of most of his plays, and published "Pizarro", a play which shows the influence of the Romantic Movement, and which

has for its theme the Spaniards of Peru. Several writers had also used the Indian as a figure in poetry.

It is to Charles Brockden Brown, who may justly be called the first American novelist, that credit is due for the first recognition of the Indian as suitable material for subject matter in fiction. Brown felt that American writers should write from the point of view of Americans and should write of American subjects. In the preface of the one of his novels he declared it to be the duty of an American writer to "for^ego the use of ancient and gloomy castles in writing stories of mystery and horror. No more suitable material can be found than that which resulted from the hostility of the Indians and the dangers of the Western Wilderness".¹

Cooper, whose genius has created in literature a figure of the Indian, undying as long as interest in poetry and story shall endure, did not write an American novel until he had failed in his attempt to portray English social life in a novel. Then he realized that strictly American novels were of interest to the world. Robert Montgomery Bird wrote American stories in which he used the Indian as material; not so much because the Indian appeared to him as an important factor in American life, but because he felt that Cooper's Indian was too much idealized, and his desire was to present a picture of the Indian that would counter-

¹ Brown, Charles Brockden, - Preface to Edgar Huntley.

act Cooper's over-romantic portrayal of Indian character. William Gilmore Simms, who, next to Cooper, has made most use of the Indians as central figures in fiction, resorts neither to the idealism of Cooper nor the exaggerated brutality of Bird in his portrayal of Indian character. His pictures are probably more nearly true to life than are any presented by other writers of Indian stories.

It would be impossible to speak further of the Indians in literature without making some mention of the government policy of expansion and its attendant effect upon the Indians. Very early in the history of the colonization of America, the most forward thinking of the Indian leaders realized that the rapidly increasing white population and the settled habits of life with the methods of agriculture employed by the whites, must sooner or later prove a menace to the existence of the Indian. Some Indian leaders made friends with the white settlers and sought by means of treaties to establish a dividing line between the two races and still maintain amicable relations. The record of broken treaties, broken in every case by the white man when they interfered with his acquisition of land or stood in the way of the fulfillment of his desires, show the futility of this hope. Other Indians with more prophetic vision foresaw the inevitable struggle for supremacy, and contested every foot of ground with the oncoming whites.

It was not trouble with the Indians, or fear of the Indian, that determined the Indian policy. It was simply

that the Indians were in the way of white expansion, and the hunting grounds that were necessary for the nomadic existence of the Indians were coveted by white men who wished to make settlements on the frontier.

It was not always possible for those in control at Washington to know the true situation of the Indians, and it was not always wise for political reasons for them to inquire too closely into the condition of affairs. The interests of the farmers and the cattlemen who wished to extend their holdings on the frontier, as well as those of the promoters of the frontier towns, were best served when the government was made to believe that the depredations and atrocities of the neighboring Indians were menacing the lives and property of American citizens, and that the interests of peace and safety required that the Indians be removed to some more remote place. Local politicians and local newspapers did not hesitate to create this sort of propaganda for the purpose of throwing open more western land for white settlement. Those who framed the Indian policy may have been honest, but the demand for more western land was insistent, and when their constituents demand a measure it is not policy for politicians to inquire too closely into the motives that prompted this demand.

There were many among those more immediately associated with Indian affairs; Indian agents, superintendents, doctors,

and others, thoughtful conscientious men in many cases, who saw in the Indian a wronged American, an American without the rights of citizenship, without the protection of United States laws, without the right to protect the sanctity of his home, without the kind of freedom that has been the boasted foundation of American liberty.

These two views of the Indian situation have resulted in two widely different presentations of Indian life and interpretations of Indian character in the American novel. Writers, whose sources or whose sympathies have been influenced by the propaganda of the expansionists, portray the savage, wily, cunning, cruel, bent only on the satisfaction of that savage delight derived from the torture of victims. These tales of horror, coupled with newspaper accounts of Indian atrocities influenced the public mind and augmented the feeling of hostility against the Indian. The Indian character of these tales was also the prevailing interpretation of Indian character presented in most of the novels which appeared in America from about 1820 to the close of that turbulent period in the '70's and '80's that witnessed the disappearance alike of the frontier and the Indians as a disturbing element in American life.

Opposed to this general version of the Indian and the problem which he presented, was a minority, divided in itself into two small groups, one composed of the realists who attempted to show the Indian as he really was and is,

and the other composed of those who saw only the tragedy of the Indian, and portrayed in Indian character only that which was noble and brave. Among those of the first of these two groups were army officers stationed at far western posts, or sent with their troops to guard the building of western railroads. These men had ample opportunity to see both sides of the situation and to judge impartially. That many of them did so honestly and with clear insight into the problem is shown by the considerable amount of writing, both of historical account and novels based upon facts, dealing with the Indian situation, which they have left to us.

The other group, which also includes a number of military men and statesmen, are those whose sympathies go to those whom they know to be fighting a losing fight. Although the literary value of such work must suffer to some extent because of the authors sympathy, yet the historical accounts, in the case of the Indians, remain to establish the facts of much that is tragic in the stories.

Whether or not any great book will ever be written portraying the tragedy of the Indian, yet remains to be seen. It has not yet been done, and probably will not be done until some writer recognizes that hope and fear, love and sorrow and ambition are not attributes exclusively white or red, and that the Indian is neither a fiend in human form, nor a god-like creature cast in bronze.

CHAPTER TWO

The Idealized Indian - the Cooper Indian.

The reaction against the coldness and preciseness of the classical period of the eighteenth century which found expression in the Romantic Movement, with its attendant revival of interest in nature, humanity, and the emotions of the common people, was nowhere more noticeable than in the variety of subjects which were developed in works of fiction, and especially in the novel.

The American Indian in his native setting seems scarcely to be a suitable subject for eighteenth century literature. The change from the old to the new romantic spirit expressed in the literature of the century brought the need for new material, and the American Indian found an accepted place in the literature of both Europe and America. Founded on Kotzebue's Spaniards in Peru, Sheridan wrote his last play, which is a tragedy purporting to portray the heroic character of the leader of the Incas and the tragic fate that befell these Indians at the hands of the Spanish conquerors.

The reaction from classicism brought about the result that may be expected when the pendulum swings too far in any direction and, with the exception of a few outstanding

names, the first "Romantic" novels were sentimental tales of fainting heroines and remorseful heroes.

It may have been after the reading of such a novel that James Fenimore Cooper was moved to exclaim that he could write a better one himself. Whether the story, that he began to write on the challenge to do so, is true or not, he certainly demonstrated the fact that he could write a better story than any that had been written by an American author up to that time. Cooper's first novel, Precaution, was about English social life, a life of which Cooper knew very little, and was as tiresome as the novels of "sensitivity" which preceded it. His second, however, written the same year as Precaution, dealt with subjects with which he was familiar, and became immediately popular.

It was in this book, The Spy, which is his historical novel of the Revolution, that Cooper first entered that field in which he became so unquestionably the master - the description of life on the American frontier, the wilderness, and the portrayal of Indian character and Indian manners and customs. Unquestionably, the Cooper Indian is idealized, but then Cooper was a poet, a poet at heart and in creative imagination, and it is the poet's function to idealize. Julian Hawthorne says of Cooper:

"Coopers best books are epics, possessing an almost Homeric vitality. ~~As a result~~ The hero is what the reader would like to be, and the latter thrills with his

perils and triumphs in his success." 2

The Spy is a story of the Revolutionary war and centers around Harvey Birch, who allows himself to be thought an English spy in order to aid Washington. Indians do not appear as characters in The Spy but they are mentioned as a source of danger although this mention does little to suggest Cooper's later treatment of a subject that was to be the field of his greatest success.

Two years after the publication of The Spy, The Pioneers appeared. The scene of this story is Cooper's boyhood home on the banks of Otsego, and here he introduces two characters that are to live through the five of Cooper's greatest and most distinctive works. They are the character of the old scout, variously known as Natty Bumppo, The Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Pathfinder and Leatherstocking, and that of his Indian companion, Chingachgook or The Great Serpent, as he is often called.

Interest in The Pioneers lies chiefly in the pictures which are presented of pioneer life in Western New York. The characters of Leatherstocking and Chingachgook are not so strongly drawn as they are in the later books which deal with these two characters. Criticism is made that in The Pioneers, Cooper's interest in the scenes of his youth has carried him into too much description, and the characters and action of the story are weak. 3 However his description

2 Julian Hawthorne, James Fenimore Cooper, in Library of the Worlds Best Literature, p. 3988

3 Bronson, A History of American Literature, p. 135.

of backwoods scenes are vivid and strongly realistic. A more admiring critic says of The Pioneers:

"In the course of the narrative the whole mode of life of a frontier settlement from season to season appears before us, and the typical figures which constitute it. It is history, illuminated by romance and uplifted by poetic imagination." 4

Indian John, as The Serpent is called in The Pioneers, is little more than a shadow of the great chief as he appears in The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, and The Pathfinder. He is old, sorrowful, alone but for the friendship of white men, Hankeye and The Young Eagle. He has accepted the white man's religion, and walks no more in the way of the Delawares. He seems a broken man and with head bowed in shame admits his slavery to run.

"When John was young, eyesight was not straighter than his bullet. The Mingo squaws cried out at the sound of his rifle. The Mingo warriors were made squaws. The eagle went above the clouds, when he passed the wigwam of Chingachgook; his feathers were plenty with the women. But see," he said, raising his voice from the low, mournful tones, in which he had spoken, to a pitch of keen excitement, and stretching forth both hands, "they shake like a deer at the wolf's howl. Is John old?"

4 Julian Hawthorne, James Fenimore Cooper, p. 3989

When was a Mohican a squaw, with seventy winters!
 No! the White man brings old age with him - rum is
 his tomahawk!"⁵

And again, when his white friend upbraids him for his
 weakness,

"Beast! is John a beast?" replied the Indian
 slowly; "yes; you say no lie, child of the fire-
 eater! John is a beast. The smokes were once
 few in these hills. The deer would lick the hand
 of a white man, and the birds rest on his head.
 They were strangers to him. ***** Then John was
 the man. But warriors and traders with light eyes
 followed them. One brought the long knife and one
 brought rum. They were more than the pines of
 the mountains; and they broke up the councils, and
 took the lands. The evil spirit was in their jugs,
 and they let him loose. Yes, yes - you say no lie,
 Young Eagle; John is a Christian beast."⁶

There is little here to remind one of the high souled
 young Delaware, bounding into the circle of Huron enemies
 to save the life of his friend. Quickly cutting the cords
 that bound Deerslayer and restoring Killdeer to its right-
 ful owner, he proudly faced his enemies and spoke to them?

⁵ Cooper, James Fenimore, The Pioneers, p. 170

⁶ Ibid., p. 170

"Hurons", he said, "this earth is big. The great lakes are big, too: there is room beyond them for the Iroquois; there is room for the Delawares on this side. I am Chingachgook, the son of Uncas: the kinsman of Tamenund." 7

Little, too, is there in the mutterings of the old man, that is suggestive of the few words of the haughty Sagamore as he appears in The Last of the Mohicans.

Fortunately, however, Cooper gives something of dignity to the old chief, in the end, for as he sits on the burning log, waiting for death, the Indian's ears are closed to the words of white men's gospel, and his friend, more discerning than the minister of the Christians, marks a change in the eye of the Delaware:

"Though all you say be true, and you have Scriptur' gospels for it, too," said Natty, "you will make nothing of the Indian. He hasn't seen a Moravian priest sin' the war; and its hard to keep them from going back to their native ways. I should think 'twould be as well to let the old man pass in peace. He's happy now; I know it by his eyes, and that's more than I would say for the chief, sin' the time the Delawares broke up from the head-waters of their river, and went west." 8

The old chief, with a last glimmer of life, proclaims his

7 Cooper, James Fenimore, The Deerslayer, p. 486

8 Cooper, James Fenimore, The Pioneers, p. 392

Indian faith:

"Hawkeye! my fathers call me to the happy hunting grounds. The path is clear, and the eyes of Mohican grow young. I look, but I see no white skins; there are none to be seen but just and brave Indians. Farewell, Hawkeye! you shall go with the Fire-eater and the Young Eagle to the white man's heaven; but I go after my fathers. Let the bow, and the tomahawk and the pipe, and the wampum of Mohican be laid in his grave; for when he starts 'twill be in the night, like a warrior on a war-party, and he cannot stop to seek them," 9

The enthusiasm with which The Spy, and The Pioneers, were greeted, showed to what extent a novel dealing with purely American subjects might be a success. Not only in America, and in England, were Cooper's books immediately popular, but on the continent of Europe they were translated into many languages. The Scandinavian, the Frenchman, the German, read these stories of heroism in the great wilderness, and saw in the vigorous characters, the chivalry and daring of their own pioneers.

Although the death of Chingachgook may have been fitting for the end of one who was the last of his tribe, it is the young warrior, the youth, who, surrounded by his

9 Cooper, James Fenimore, The Pioneers, p. 392

foes, "turned and showed the astonished Hurons, the noble brow, fine person, and eagle eye of a warrior, in the paint and panoply of a Delaware", that is Cooper's greatest creation. In Chingachgook, is shown the highest conception of a great Indian chief, as in Hist, his wife, is the gentleness and sweetness of the most approved type of Indian girl.

In The Deerslayer, which is the story of the youth of Leather-Stocking and Chingachgook, many Indians play important parts. There are the Hurons, enemies of the English and allies of the French in the many intercolonial wars, who bring death and desolation to the beautiful valley of the Glimmerglass; there are the Delawares, friends of the English since the days of William Penn; there is The Serpent in the pride and glory of his youth; there is the gentle Hist; and fifteen years later, when Leather-Stocking and Chingachgook again visit the Glimmerglass, there is with them the boy Uncas, the young Delaware chief of a later day, in the creation of whom, Cooper reached his greatest power in portrayal of Indian character.

In The Last of the Mohicans, which is generally conceded to be the greatest of Cooper's Leather-stockings tales, Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, son of Chingachgook and Hist, is the leading character. In Uncas is seen the embodiment of youthful dignity, nobility of character, strength, courage, manly beauty and even much of the gentleness and courtesy

supposed to belong to the most manly of those of a higher civilization. Like a picture thrown against a background of forest and sky, the romantic figure of the youth as he stands sentinel upon the rock, stands out in bold relief.

"At a little distance in advance stood Uncas, his whole person thrown powerfully into view. The travelers anxiously regarded the upright, flexible figure of the young Mohican, graceful and unrestrained in the attitudes and movements of nature. Though his person was more than usually screened by a green and fringed hunting-shirt, like that of the white man, there was no concealment to his dark, glancing, fearless eye, alike terrible and calm; the bold outline of his high haughty features, pure in their native red; or to the dignified elevation of his receding forehead, together with all the finest proportions of a noble head, bared to the generous scalping tuft." 10

The most dramatic scene in the book is the one in which the Delawares, having taken Uncas prisoner, find tattooed on the breast of their captive, the emblem of the highest of the Mohicans; and Uncas proclaims his descent:

"The eyeballs of the Delaware seemed to start from their sockets; his mouth opened and his whole form became frozen in an attitude of amazement. Raising his hand with a slow and regulated motion, he pointed with a finger to the bosom of the captive.

10 Cooper, James Fenimore, The Last of the Mohicans, p 47

His companions crowded about him in wonder and every eye was, like his own, fastened on a small tortoise, beautifully tattooed on the breast of the prisoner, in a bright blue tint.

For a single instant Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then motioning the crowd away with a high and haughty sweep of his arm, he advanced in front of the nation with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude."

"Men of the Lenni Lenape!" he said, "my race upholds the earth! Your feeble tribe stands on my shell! What fire that a Delaware can light would burn the child of my fathers", he added, pointing proudly to the simple blazonry on his skin; the blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames! My race is the grandfather of nations!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, rising at the startling tones he heard, more than at any meaning conveyed by the language of the prisoner.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the captive modestly, turning from the nation, and bending his head in reverence to the other's character and years; "a son of the great Unamis." 11

Another almost equally dramatic scene is the one in

11 Cooper, James Fenimore, *The Last of the Mohicans*, p. 329-330

which is shown the inviolability of the laws of the Delawares, and something of the character of the Huron chief. The ancient Tamenund[^] to depart with "the Wampum and our love". The Huron answered:

"Nothing hence but what Magua brought hither."

"Then depart with thine own. The Great Manitou forbids that a Delaware should be unjust."

Magua advanced, and seized his captive strongly by the arm; the Delawares fell back in silence; and Cora, as if conscious that remonstrance would be useless, prepared to submit to her fate without resistance.

When the English friends of Cora attempted to bribe the Huron to release her:

"Magua is a red skin; he wants not the beads of the pale faces."

And again:

"Le Subtil is very strong," cried Magua, violently shaking the hand which grasped the unresisting arm of Cora; "he has his revenge!"

"Mighty ruler of providence!" exclaimed Heyward, *****

"- To you, just Tamenund, I appeal for mercy."

"The words of a Delaware are said, "returned the sage, ***** "Men speak not twice."

His (Magua's) parting gibes were listened to in a dead silence, and, with these biting words in his mouth, the triumphant Magua passed unmolested into the forest,

followed by his passive captive, and protected by the inviolable laws of Indian hospitality. 12

In *Magua*, Cooper draws his master picture of an Indian fiend. *Magua*, or *Le Renard Subtil*, as the Huron preferred to be called, is cruel, treacherous, revengeful, possessing every evil quality beneath a calm and cold exterior.

In *The Pathfinder*, Cooper again introduces the Serpent, who is once more his principal character, for *Uncas* appears no more, having met death at the hands of *Magua*. In this book other Indians come and go; *Arrowhead*, the traitorous *Tuscarora*, and his wife, *Dew-of-June*, a gentle creature, much like *Hist*, play important parts. *Dew-of-June* warns the white heroine of an attack on the blockhouse on Lake Ontario. This Indian raid forms the most exciting incident in the story.

It is not usual for Cooper to employ Indians and Sailors in the same story, but he has done so successfully in this tale of conflict on Lake Ontario, during the French and Indian war.

To know that Cooper was ably fitted to tell stories of the great forests and lakes of the then American frontier, one has but to remember that Cooper had spent his boyhood on the shores of beautiful Otsego Lake. The tourist of today who visits the Mohawk valley and leaves the beaten path long enough to visit Cooper's early home, must still

12 Cooper, James Fenimore, *The Last of the Mohicans*, p. 334

be thrilled by the majestic beauty and cathedral like grandeur of the quiet lake and the heavily timbered hills that surround it on every side and are mirrored in its glassy surface.

It requires little imagination to picture what this place must have been when Cooper was first taken there by his father. The Indians had but lately been a terror to the few settlers; only eleven years before Cooper's birth, had occurred the Cherry Valley massacre, a few miles from Cooperstown. This story Cooper heard as a boy as well as many others, for tales of adventure and Indian warfare and stories of the Revolution were told by hunters and trappers who gathered about his father's fire side on winter evenings, or who came out of the woods, stopped for a brief rest and then passed on into the illimitable wilderness. These stories together with the influence of the trees, mountains and wild life that were a part of his own life, fired the poetic imagination of the boy, and Cooper "felt the fascination of the trackless forest before he communicated it to his hearers."

Cooper's next story carries the reader far from the shores of the Otsego, in to the lands beyond the Mississippi river. In The Prairie, which appeared immediately after The Last of the Mohicans, new Indian characters are introduced for Uncas and Chingachgook have been gathered to their fathers. The scout now grown old and nearing his end is the central character, and again his friends, and the

characters in whom the reader feels most interest, are the Indians.

Hard-Heart, the young Pawnee chief, who reminds one of Uncas, is made to possess all the attributes of an ideal hero whether white or red. That he should be skilled in all the arts of Indian warfare and all of those things which are necessary to make a man a leader among primitive people, the reader is prepared to expect but this young Indian is also accredited with the sense of honor, delicacy and chivalry that are commonly supposed to distinguish only the best of those belonging to an older civilization. Hard-Heart reveals himself less through speech than through his attitude and bearing and the admiration which he arouses in those who observe him.

Little attempt is made by Cooper to reproduce Indian speech beyond the customary "Wagh". Whether or not it is customary in Indian languages for the speaker to make use of the third person, omitting entirely the first and second, Cooper's Indians habitually do so, nor is Hard-Heart an exception to the rule. The young chief's longest and most impressive speech is at the time he is introduced into the story and charges the white men with encroaching upon the lands of the Pawnees.

"And where," he asks, "were the chiefs of the Pawnee Loups when this bargain was made?" "Is a nation to be sold like the skin of a beaver?" He further speaks of the prevalence of white settlers in lands that belong to the Indians,

and adds before leaving the company of his new acquaintance, "Your warriors think the master of life has made the whole earth white. They are mistaken, They are pale and it is their own faces that they see. Go! a Pawnee is not blind that he need look long for your people." 13

The next meeting of Hard-Heart and the group of white adventurers occurs after the prairie fire, and from this time on the Pawnee and his tribe are friends of the white men.

Mahtoree, the leader of the hostile Sioux, is more carefully drawn than is the Pawnee hero. Crafty, cunning and cruel with all an Indian ferocity, Mahtoree is yet gifted with statesmanship and diplomacy rather than military genius. The most dramatic situations and those which tend most to reveal his character are those in which he invites Hard-Heart to enter into a treaty with the Sioux; the scene when he renounces his wife and proposes to take the white women in her place, and the scene of the combat with the Pawnee.

With diplomatic skill the wily chief says to Hard-Heart: "Now, let not the mind of my brother go on a crooked path. If a red skin strikes a red skin for ever, who will be master of the prairies, when no warriors are left to say, they are mine? Hear the voices of the old men. They tell us that in their days many Indians have come out of the woods under

13 Reference is made to the Louisiana Purchase.

the rising sun and they have filled the prairies with their complaints of the robberies of the Long-knives. Where a pale face comes a red man cannot stay!" 14

Inconsistently forgetting his prophetic observations of the same nature "Hard-Heart listened like one in whose train of novel ideas had been excited by the reasoning of the other. But he rejected the chief's proposal for a council. Then Mahtoree taking advantage of the opportunity he had evidently sought, treacherously sent an arrow with sudden and deadly aim into the naked bosom of his generous and confiding enemy."

His cold selfishness is shown in the scene in his lodge where his young wife with their infant son patiently awaits his coming, but he ignores or entirely forgets her, and in her presence proposes to give her away and to take in her place the two white women who have become his prisoners.

Less like an Indian than an ancient Roman seems this great chief. When mortally wounded he plunges to immediate death into the river rather than to fall into the hands of his victorious enemy.

Cooper's explanation of Mahtoree and the seeming inconsistencies of his characters is given in a summary of this interesting savage:

"We have every where endeavored to show that, while Mahtoree was in all essentials a warrior of the prairies,

14 The Prairie, p. 327

he was in advance on his people in those acquirements which announce the dawning of civilization. He had held frequent communication with the traders and troops of the Canadas, and the intercourse had unsettled many of these wild opinions which were his birthright without perhaps substituting any others of a nature sufficiently definite to be profitable. His reasoning was rather subtle than true, and his philosophy far more audacious than profound. Like thousands of more enlightened beings who fancy they are able to go through the trials of human existence without any other support than their own resolutions, his morals were accommodating and his motives selfish. These several characteristics will be understood always with reference to the situation of the Indian, although little apology is needed for finding resemblances between men who essentially possess the same nature, however it may be modified by the circumstances." 15

Two other figures in The Prairie, stand out in relief from the group of Indians that forms the massed background for the pictures of savage life. The most appealing is Tachechana, the slighted wife of Mahtoree, who divests herself of all her ornaments, when she is cast off by her husband, and lays them, with the more precious offering of her infant son, at the feet of her white rival, and gives

15 The Prairie, p. 386

herself up to her grief:

"Tachechana pressed a kiss on the lips of her son, and withdrew to the further side of the lodge. Here she drew her light calico robe over her head, and took her seat, in token of humility, on the naked earth. All efforts to attract her attention were fruitless, she neither heard remonstrance nor felt the touch. Once or twice her voice rose, in a sort of wailing song, from beneath her quivering mantle, but it never mounted into the wildness of savage music. In this manner she remained unseen for hours, while events were occurring with out the lodge which not only materially changed the complexion of her fortunes, but left a lasting and deep impression on the future movements of the wandering Sioux."

The other character is the coward, Weucha, despised alike by the Sioux and their enemies. Le Balafre, father of Tachechana, whose attempt to adopt Hard-Heart gives the reader a glimpse of a well known Indian custom, is not a convincing character; albeit he compels attention and the reader feels satisfaction when the author disposes of him and his daughter into such good hands as those of Hard-Heart.

Cooper's Indians are doubtless idealized and their like have not lived in fact; it is enough that they live in the books in which they appear; and they move through the dim

aisles of the forests and glide their canoes upon the lakes for us, as for those who were before us and for those who will come after us.

CHAPTER THREE

The Indian on the Frontier.

The spirit of adventure, the unexplored and the unknown ever hold a charm for those who would tell a story, as well as for those who wish to hear one told. Strength and courage in men and women and the keen, fresh breath of the wilderness awake admiration and interest, and make an appeal to the imagination and the eternal love of the primitive. That many American romances should be based upon pioneer life and the men and women who were pioneers, is not surprising when it is remembered that America was settled by the most adventurous from Europe's full grown civilization, and that Americans of today are so little different in feelings from the hardy pioneers who pushed the frontier from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Almost every story that has to deal with Indians, must to some extent deal with pioneer life, for with the disappearance of the frontier the Indian as a character to be reckoned with, disappeared. James Fenimore Cooper, pioneer writer of stories of frontier life, found his readers first because he brought to them with the enthusiasm of one who knew his field, the pathless woods, the beauty of timber locked

lakes and the strange calls of wild forest creatures. For these alone he would have been great without the further achievement of creating a type, in his portrayal of the Indian, that will bear his name, whenever or wherever Indian character is discussed.

Charles Brockden Brown, who first used the Indian in American novels, also wrote of pioneer life, depicting Western Pennsylvania in somewhat the same way that Cooper wrote of Western New York. But when Brown wrote, anything west of the Atlantic seaboard was the frontier, and his Indians are introduced not to show life on the frontier, but to add an element of horror, an element that was a necessary part of the successful "Gothic" novel.

One writer, whose greatest achievement is the portrayal of the Indian in historical novels, is often spoken of as distinctly a Southern writer, although he is national, rather than sectional, in his appeal. This national tendency is the more noteworthy because he wrote at a time when "literary centers" were sectional. There was a New England school, a Knickerbocker school and a Southern school, but William Gilmore Simms can be classed with none of these. Simms has sometimes been called the Cooper of the South, but Simms, like Cooper, can be called neither Northern or Southern; both are American.

The Yemassee, which is generally conceded to be Simms best novel, gives an excellent presentation of early Carolina

that compares well with Cooper's representation of Western New York. The story is based upon the Memassee war of 1715, and gives an impartial view of the conflict; the situation from the point of view of the Indians is made quite clear. The descriptions of Indian haunts and Indian warfare compare well with Cooper's descriptions of similar things, but Simms seems to possess to a lesser degree the ability to tell a good story.

In the matter of characterization Simms is not so successful with white men as he is with Indians. In The Yemassee there is no strong central character; at least there is no white character in whom the interest centers as it does in Cooper's Natty Bumppo. For the Indians, however, the reader feels sympathy and understanding. It is in his revelation of Indians that Simms is at his best; his Indians live, struggle and suffer, and the reader feels that here there is nothing weak and nothing that is overdone. Strong and clear are the pictures of Sanutee, the chief who sees the fate of his race in the encroachments of the English; of Matiwan, who in spite of Indian submission to her husband, is first of all a mother where her child is concerned; of Oconestago, the son of Sanutee and Matiwan, who tries to live up to the traditions of his race, but has become demoralized by contact with the settlements and is too weak to resist temptation.

In Sanutee, the Yemassee chief, one sees the father's grief for the demoralization of his son, submerged beneath

the chief's broader concern for the welfare of his people; the husband's sympathy for a mother's love and sorrow, which also must be suppressed or the weaker parent will not be able to endure the casting off of her son; the chief's indignation at the injustice of the white man's claim for the deer, and the proud effort to endure what he cannot change.

Matiwan, loyal, loving, suffering, is a more appealing representation of the Indian woman, than any that Cooper has left us. In her, to a greater extent than in any of Simms' creations, there is nothing wanting. Sensible as she is of the right of her husband's strong justice, yet she cannot deny the promptings of her heart, and she rises to the highest possibilities of her loving nature when she raises the tomahawk against her beloved son. Her grief and her Spartan courage, which causes her to kill her son rather than to see him dishonored, are the most dramatic features of the book.

In romantic scenes Simms, as well as Cooper, is weak, and the situation, in which two white lovers have a dramatic meeting and Ooconestago, the Indian, has killed a snake, is saved from being ridiculous, only because the scene helps to emphasize the character and the tragedy of the young Indian. But in more dramatic scenes, with all of Cooper's power to thrill, Simms tells of the midnight massacre, the fight at the blockhouse, and the blood curdling ceremony of the dishonoring of the chief's son.

Although The Yemassee is usually considered Simms' best novel, The Partisan, Katherine Walton, and The Kinsman show unusual understanding of Indian character, and the ability to use the events of Revolutionary history in tales of thrilling adventure.

In the relating of historical situations and in the descriptions of forest scenes, Simms does not suffer by comparison with Cooper, although he lacks Cooper's poetic power. He appears inferior to Cooper in other points, except in the portrayal of Indian character; there he excels and presents a truer picture than is found in Cooper's idealized Indian.

Robert Montgomery Bird wrote stories of pioneer life in which he made frequent use of Indians. Nick of the Woods shows most strongly the author's purpose, which was to correct Cooper's dramatic presentation of the Indians. Like any figure that is created to counteract the impression made by some other character, Bird's Indians are unconvincing. In their overdrawn brutality they fail in their purpose and are forgotten, while Cooper's brighter Indians live on for the youth of each succeeding generation.

Colonel Henry Inman, whose stories rightly belong with the stories of the army, also wrote many stories of pioneer life, that were based on his observations as commander of army posts on the frontier. Colonel Inman presents a more accurate picture of the Indians than those which usually

come from the pens of writers of Indian stories. With a soldier's love of fair play he tries to show the Indian as he is; a savage with no respect for the white man's code of war, but one who does not break faith until faith has been broken with him.

In a volume of short stories which for the most part relate incidents connected with army life, Colonel Inman describes a typical Indian raid. The Tragedy at Twin Mounds tells of the massacre of an innocent family of settlers, in which men, women and children are slaughtered without mercy. The raid is attended by all the horrors of Indian barbarity.

The Ranch on the Oxhide is a novel by Colonel Inman, in which he portrays the life of a pioneer family in Western Kansas during the Indian troubles in the late sixties. The name of the story is taken from the place setting, Oxhide creek in Ellsworth County, Kansas. An Indian massacre had occurred at the white settlement, twenty miles from the ranch, and the Indians are mentioned as a source of trouble to the settlers. A daughter of the Thompson family, owners of the ranch on the Oxhide, is taken captive by the Cheyennes, in the memorable campaign of 1868, and is held for five months when, at the close of the campaign, General Custer compels her return, and the Indians move peaceably to the reservation.

Courtney Riley Cooper, in Oklahoma, makes brief mention of that terrible page in Kansas history, when Western Kansas was the battle ground between red and white, and the

result of the campaigns was uncertain. He also shows, indirectly, one of the forces that did much to shape the Indian policy.

"While upon his desk lay the news that the Indian campaigns had failed, and that the Cheyenne and the Sioux and the Arapahoes held Kansas in their bloody control and that a railroad might die as a result of it."

Molly McDonald, by Randall Parrish, is an adventure story that depends for much of the excitement upon fights between the white men and the Indians, during the days of border troubles. In this book the author accepts the propagandist's view of the Indians, and pictures them as base and treacherous, without any redeeming qualities.

The Border Rover, by Emerson Bennet, is another adventure story that makes use of Indians for pure adventure's sake. This story is a romance in which Indian raids lend excitement to the adventures of the lovers, who are the principal characters of the story.

In The Kansan, Mack Cretcher tells a story of pioneer life in Southwestern Kansas. Indians are mentioned as a source of apprehension to the settlers, and one Indian raid is described in detail. No attempt is made to go into the Indian problem or to give an interpretation of Indian character, or an understanding of the motives of the Indians. The fact that the settlers were invading territory, that the Indians felt was rightly their own, is not mentioned, nor is

any mention made of historical battles, or tribes of Indians. The raid on Bison City, the frontier town, is brought in incidentally; like the drouth, the blizzard, the grasshoppers and the prairie fire, it shows something of the difficulties encountered by the pioneers, and it also helps to reveal the bravery of the boy hero, Jim Brandon.

To name all of the American novels that have made use of the Indian to further adventure in stories of pioneer life, would require more space than this treatment will permit. Many authors who employ the Indian in this way, show by their treatment of the subject that they know little, or nothing, about him; he is simply an element of danger with which the pioneers had to contend; and as such, he is worthy of mention. Some of these writers seem to care little whether their representation of the Indian is at all in keeping with facts.

Countless volumes of stories for young people contain accounts of the Indians more accurate than the accounts given in some of the books mentioned here; but anything more than a most superficial discussion of those books would require a separate treatment of the subject. Among the most popular of these authors who present facts of American history under the guise of delightful stories of youthful pioneers are: Noah Brooks, William O. Stoddard, Everett T. Tomlinson, James Willard Schultz, Alice Turner Curtis, Knipe, and Grace Moon.

A story of pioneer life, better in its treatment of the Indian than the average adventure story, is John Fox, Jr.'s Erskine Dale, Pioneer. The scene of this story is on the James river in Virginia, and on the frontier in Kentucky, in the period just before, and during, the Revolutionary war.

The hero, whose name gives the title to the book, is a young man who, with his father and mother, is captured by the Indians when he is a very small child. He is separated from his parents, and is adopted by the chief of the tribe. He is taught all the things that a young Indian should know, and is trained to succeed his foster father as chief. The white boy surpasses even the Indians in skill and speed; he runs the fastest, shoots the straightest, and throws the tomahawk most accurately; thus he arouses the jealousy of Crooked lightning, a powerful warrior of the tribe. The boy is so persecuted by Crooked Lightning that he finally runs away to the white people.

The rest of the story recounts the boy's adventures among his own kind after he discovers his identity and tells of his influence with the Indians and his return to them on several occasions.

Many Indians are brought into the story, their characteristics are well portrayed, and their manner of life described. Pontiac and Cornstalk and several other historic Indians are mentioned in connection with the British alliance with the Indians, against the Americans, in the

Revolutionary war.

The story is interesting, but the characters are all idealized, and as a portrayal of Indian life little actual knowledge of the subject is shown.

Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, a pioneer of Kansas, has written a number of books dealing with frontier life in Kansas. These books are chiefly of interest to Kansans because they so well describe scenes and conditions that are, or have been, so familiar in the lives of many Kansans. Although her settings are given with realistic vividness, because they are so familiar to her, Mrs. McCarter's books are decidedly romantic. That she appreciates the romantic and poetic value of the Indians is evident, for there is hardly a book of hers that does not, in some way, make mention of the Indians. In some of her books, as The Price of the Prairie, the principal plot centers about an Indian; in others the Indians are mentioned as a source of danger, or, as in The Wall of Men, Indians help to lend mystery to the story.

Vanguards of the Plains is a story of the old Santa Fe trail, and Indian fights are some of the perils that a little band of pioneers encounters in freighting between Fort Leavenworth and Santa Fé. Pawnee Rock, scene of many battles, is of course prominent in the story, and several thrilling incidents occur at that fateful spot. Little Blue Flower, a Hopi Indian girl who has been stolen by some Mexi-

cans and sold as a slave to the Kiowas, escapes from her captors and joins Clarenden's band at Pawnee Rock, just before a cyclone strikes the place and destroys the Indian's camp.

There is much talk of Indians and Indian hostility throughout the story. There are several battles with the Indians described, with the contrast drawn between Indian and white methods of warfare; but there are but two attempts made to portray Indian character. Little Blue Flower is an important and attractive figure throughout the story; and Charlie Bent, half breed son of Colonel Bent and a Cheyenne squaw, is a power for evil to the chief characters of the story; but neither character is at all convincing.

Another and somewhat better story by Mrs. McCarter, is The Price of the Prairie, which depends for its chief merit upon its story of territorial days in Kansas, and the account of the Indian troubles in the Western part of that state just following the Civil war.

The Indian who is most prominent throughout the story is, like Charlie Bent, a half breed, and a potent force for evil. This character is introduced in the first chapter, and it is he who brings about most of the catastrophes in the plot, as well as creates the mystery, which, next to the historical interest, is the chief interest of the story. Jean Pahusca was the offspring of a renegade Frenchman of noble birth, and a Kiowa squaw. He is handsomer, quicker, and stronger than any one else in the story - except the hero. Mrs. McCarter's

heroes can never be excelled. Possessed of all the charm and all the intellect that might be inherited from his French father, Jean is yet more Indian than French, and all the vicious qualities of his aboriginal ancestors find outlet in this remarkable young person. There is another Indian, Satanta, a Kiowa chief and uncle of Jean Pahusca, who rivals in ferocity his infamous nephew; but Satanta is an Indian of historical importance.

In this book Mrs. McCarter tells the story of the battle of the Arickaree, and follows quite closely the historical account. She follows also the historical account of the rescue by General Custer of two white women held captive by the Cheyennes, through the winter of 1868 and 1869.

There are no good Indians in this story, for Mrs. McCarter tells the story of Indian warfare in Kansas, and the deeds of horror that filled those terrible days find no voice to excuse their barbarity - unless it might be the voice of one who had followed the history of the Indians from the time of the first broken treaty to this their last stand on the plains, when with all the merciless fury of their savage codes, the Western Indians sought to draw the line beyond which the white man might not pass.

Very different from the hostile savages in The Price of the Prairie, are the Indians which Mrs. McCarter describes in Widening Waters. There are only two who play an important part in the story, Saffa, the young Navajo sheep herder, who has been away to school and cannot recon-

cile what he has learned and must renounce, with the life of a sheep herder that he must lead in New Mexico; the other is Doli, the Hopi girl, his sweetheart.

The story deals with the beginning of the irrigation project in New Mexico and shows something of the conflict between the sheep and cattle interests, and the small farmers who were attempting to plant homes in the Southwest. There is no question of conflict with the Indians; that was over long ago, and the young Navajo wonders at the happy laughter of the young man from Kansas; in the Navajo village the young men never laugh.

In Widening Waters, which is perhaps the best written of this author's books, Mrs. McCarter creates a somber atmosphere about her Indian characters. Saffa has all the desirable Indian qualities, loyalty, courage, truth, and an impenetrable stoicism. He is always at hand to help the hero, and to protect the heroine, or to give any other faithful service; but the reader feels that he is out of place and unhappy, and wonders what the author is going to do with him. The tragic end, when in the blinding snow storm the Navajo and his Hopi sweetheart are swept to death, with the sheep, over the rimrock of the Mesa of Fire, settles the question, and fulfills the premonition of impending doom.

Narrow and partisan as Mrs. McCarter's presentation of the Civil War tragedy is, yet her Wall of Men is of more interest for its historical value than for any literary

merit or portrayal of character, because it shows a good picture of pioneer life in Kansas, and because of its local color which Mrs. McCarter knows so well how to use.

There were still many Indians in Kansas after the Civil War, and doubtless those on the reservation across the river from Lawrence were frequently in evidence during the troubled times which that city endured.

Mrs. McCarter refers to the Indians of the Delaware reservation, in twenty-four different places in this book; although the story is primarily a story of the conflict between Free-State and Proslavery men for the possession of the territory of Kansas.

Portrayal of character is not one of Mrs. McCarter's strong points, and her Indians, as well as her Galahadian heroes, suffer at her hands. The Indians in The Wall of Men, however, are not so much overdone as are many of her original Americans. Loyalty to those who have befriended them, is generally conceded to be one of the virtues that Indians in common possess, and this loyalty is the chief motive that moves the principal Indian character in all of his actions. He is aided in some of his good work by a young Shawnee, whose motive seems to be one of general goodness of heart.

White Turkey, a Delaware, is the Indian who does not forget the white woman who let him sleep in the house one cold, wet night. His return for this service is constant watchful care over her and her children. White Turkey and

Pelathe, the Shawnee, are reservation Indians, and both render valuable service to the city of Lawrence.

White Turkey is inconsistent in that he speaks at one time like a college Indian and the next moment he is hardly able to form a simple sentence in English. Pelathe, who makes an heroic though futile effort to save Lawrence from Quantrell's band, is usually made to speak in the guttural monosyllabic language of the Indian, but when he undertakes his dangerous mission he tells the officers at the Union headquarters, in words that the Quaker hero might have used, "I will try if you will let me".

There is not much description given of either of the Indians; frequent reference is made to White Turkey's "still black eyes" and Pelathe is spoken of as a tall, fine looking Shawnee; and with that the author leaves the reader to imagine the Indians to be picturesque, or otherwise, according to his own ideas of what Indians should be.

Reference is made on several occasions to the hostile Indians in Western Kansas, and some apprehension is felt by the Free-state people that the Delawares may rise against them, if Civil War breaks out. White Turkey's oft repeated promise;

"While winds blow and the Wakarusa flows down to the Kaw, the Delaware braves will not lift hands against Lawrence," does much to allay such fears.

In Old Quivera, another of Mrs. McCarter's books, the story is largely about Indians. A priest interested in the

welfare of humanity has brought together two Indian lovers, and devotes his life to work among the Indians. This story follows closely the story of Father Padilla as given in histories of Kansas.

Two other Kansas stories by Mrs. McCarter mention the Indians. A Master's Degree makes an Indian legend connected with the Kikapoo Corral, a whirlpool in the Walnut river, provide that delightfully weird feeling that Mrs. McCarter uses so well in creating interest in Kansas scenes.

In The Peace of the Solomon Valley, Waconda Springs, the Great Spirit Springs to which the Arapahos brought their sick and offered their sacrifices in former times, provides the local color that lends so much to Mrs. McCarter's stories.

In Stealing a White Squaw, J. W. Lawton tells a story of Indian raids in Kansas during pioneer days, that bears resemblance to Colonel Inman's accounts and to Margaret Hill McCarter's description in The Price of the Prairie. The historical account of the two white women of the Solomon Valley who were taken captive by the Cheyennes, is again used here. The long heroic march of the Kansas troops, and the masterful play of General Custer to compel the Indians to return the captives, are dramatically described.

A Son of the Plains by Arthur Paterson, is a story of frontier life in 1873, when to be a pioneer meant to be in constant dread of the Indians. In this story the hero, Nat Worsley, a sheep owner, had in his youth been captured by the Indians, and for five years been held in captivity. The

basis for the romance in the story, is Worsley's rescue of two white girls who have been taken prisoners during an Indian raid, and his courtship and marriage to one of them.

Other writers who have treated the theme of the Indian campaigns in the West, and the terrors of Indian raids to the settlers in Western Kansas are J. W. Steel, in Sons of the Border, Lulu R. Fuhr, in Tenderfoot Tales, and Elizabeth Robert, in Navgedy Squaw. All of these writers tell much the same story of Indian raids and Indian cruelty, and emphasize the hazards of life on the plains.

A book that is different, is Gleanings from Western Prairies, in which Rev. W. E. Youngman shows a happier picture of the Indians. Indian legends, the lives and work of Catholic Missionaries among the Indians, and life on the Karwin ranch are subjects which Mr. Youngman uses, to show a condition of peace and good will that existed between the Indians and the white men.

W. H. Ryus's A Second William Penn also attempts to prove that it is possible for the whites and the Indians to live peaceably together. The book, while not primarily an Indian story, shows that the methods used by the great Quaker were as potent to win the friendship of the Indians in later days as they had been in the days when Penn's Woods was a great wilderness.

The books of Mary Johnston might properly be called stories of frontier life, inasmuch as they deal with early

life in Virginia. The chief emphasis is not, however, placed upon the phases of frontier life; it is placed more upon the romantic side of many situations in early Virginia history.

To Have and to Hold pictures the glorious natural setting which early Virginia made for romance or epic. It portrays something of the home life of the early Virginians, but it makes prominent more of the historical background that brought about the social order. With the exception of one Indian uprising, in which many settlers in their far cabins were massacred and Jamestown itself was threatened, there is little that reveals anything of the relation of the pioneers to the Indians.

Another of Mary Johnston's books, Prisoners of Hope, reveals something of the relation of the Indians to the early Virginians. It is, however, the possibilities of a servile insurrection that causes apprehension to the Virginians, rather than the fear of an Indian uprising. One of the most thrilling episodes in the story, is the occasion when the Indians and the blacks join forces to overthrow the whites; but the principal Indian of the story is one who does not forget a kindness, and so he befriends the hero, even at the sacrifice of his own life.

A writer of delightful stories of Old Louisiana, George W. Cable, has featured Indians to some extent in his best novel as well as in some of his short stories. The Grandissimes is primarily the story of a prominent Creole

family, but the tragedy of the Quadroon is strongly emphasized as is the more cheerful pictures of gay Creole life.

There is a tradition in the family of the Grandissmes of the origin of the American branch of the family; and among the shadows of their ancestors an Indian princess appears.

In Old Creole Days, a volume of short stories by George W. Cable, there is one that presents a situation which was not uncommon in Colonial life. Belles Demoiselles Plantation relates the incident of a titled representative of a noble French family, who had married a Choctaw squaw; but who forgot to take her with him when he returned to France. The story tells the experiences of the two branches of the family in America, one branch represented by the owner of Belles Demoiselles Plantation, proud spirited but in financial difficulties; the other is represented by Indian Charlie, a rather pitiable object but after all lovable and true. In the end the Indian relative, who owns considerable property, takes care of his sorrowing and impoverished kinsman.

There are many other tales, both novels and short stories, that in their accounts of pioneer life make some mention of Indians. In most cases the Indian is painted in a lurid light because he has brought suffering to the brave settler whose heroism it is the romancer's function to extol.

The most impartial and just accounts are usually those of the members of the United States army, who were able to see both sides, and who wrote of what they saw; but their stories belong to stories of the army, or stories of the Indian and the Government.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Indian and the Government.

The close of the French and Indian war, which caused the expulsion of the French from America, was a sad blow to the fortunes of the Indians. Not only had the French been more friendly than the English to the Indians, but while both nations were struggling for power on the continent, the Indians were an important factor, for by throwing their strength to the side of either they might determine the balance of power. For this reason, while both nations were on the ground it was the policy of French and English alike to treat the red man well. But with the withdrawal of the French, the English had little need of the aid of the Indians and their good will was a matter of little concern. Even before the close of the French and Indian war the tribes of the Ohio Valley had seen their best hunting grounds invaded and settled by the English. It was, then, with the utmost alarm that they witnessed the expulsion of the French, for they knew that even as the English had conquered the French, they would conquer the Indians and drive them from their lands.

When George III, wishing to pacify the Indians, issued

the proclamation reserving for their use all the territory west of the sources of the rivers that flow into the Atlantic, there was much dissatisfaction in the colonies. With the French out of the way, were the English colonists still to be barred from settling in the fertile valleys west of the Alleghanies? It was unthinkable that the Indians should be allowed to retain all of this desirable region.

The King's proclamation, however, failed of its purpose, for the growing discontent of the white men and the apprehension of the Indians led to conflict between the two, before the proclamation went into effect. The treaty of Fort Stanwix, which resulted from the failure of Pontiac's Conspiracy, opened for settlement the territory south of the Ohio river, and left the Indians in possession of the lands north of the river. Other transfers of land, very favorable to the English, were also made by this treaty.

The Revolutionary War delayed for a time the abrogation of this treaty of Fort Stanwix, but with the independence of the United States began a policy of expansion which continued until all of the land between the Atlantic and Pacific was held under white control.

"The advance of the white frontier may be likened to a wedge driven into the heart of the Indian Country. The point of this wedge pushed down the Ohio Valley, reaching the Mississippi River early in the century, and soon after began a period when

this wedge spread northward and southward, crowding the Indians further and further apart, until about 1830 a policy of general removal of all tribes to the territory west of the Mississippi River was determined upon. While this process was going on west of the river, a second wedge was being driven up the valley of the Missouri River as far as the present western boundary of the state of Missouri. The spreading of this wedge was slower because it could not take place until the general removal from east of the Mississippi was pretty well carried out. *** The same process was being carried out in the other western states as the pressure of population demanded. As these Indian tribes were removed from the eastern states, new locations had to be provided either by consolidation on reservations or by removal into the Indian Country to the west." 16

It would not be logical to suppose that a national issue that carried as much bloodshed as the Indian policy, could fail to have some influence upon literature. While the Indian was a menace, most of those who wrote about him had little good to say of him. There were, however, a few who saw in this wholesale relocation of tribes, a situation little less tragic than the episode of Acadia.

Those who saw most clearly the suffering involved in the

16 Mallin, James C., Indian Policy and Westward Expansion, pp. 15-16

removal of Indians originally from a climate such as that about the Great Lakes to a dry hot climate like that of the southwest, were the soldiers sent by the government to see that its policy was carried into effect. The soldiers, too, were the men who saw most clearly the frauds practiced by many of those put in charge of the red men when they became wards of the Government. The official reports of some of the officers of the Fifth Cavalry and other troops that were stationed in the west, might well be the source of some of these stories which deal most sympathetically with the Reservation Indian.

Courtney Riley Cooper in The Last Frontier tells the story of the battle of the Arrickaree and gives a very good idea of the status of troops in Kansas during the building of the Union Pacific railroad. It was at this time that Indian reservations were located in the Indian Territory, and widely separated tribes were taken there, without any regard to their former location or to whether or not their previous condition of life made possible existence in such a climate.

The author shows a tragic picture of the long lines of Indians walking from their northern homes to the reservation in the Indian Territory; he shows that many Indian agents who were given supplies to issue to the Indians robbed them and set up trading posts with the stolen goods. These illicit traders for the sake of the profits derived, supplied the Indians with guns and ammunition with which to fight the

whites.

The Last Frontier gives a convincing revelation of the relation of the Indian to the government and of the unfairness of the government in Indian affairs. It also shows clearly the possible opportunities for fraudulent profits to be gained by Indian agents and others connected with the reservations, and the extent to which these officials embraced such opportunities.

Hamlin Garland also uses the same theme in his stories dealing with Indians. He, however, entertains a more optimistic opinion of the employes of the government. He shows that in many cases the Indian agent sincerely tries to do his duty, and be just to his charges. If he is a weak man, the chances are that forces will prove too strong to resist and he will be either obliged to resign or to adopt the measures of his less scrupulous colleagues. Political preferment was also to be reckoned with; and the agent or superintendent, or doctor who failed to retain favor with his congressman was likely to find himself in the same situation as the congressman who failed to listen to the voices of cattlemen and settlers on the frontier.

The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop is a story based on the conflict between the Indian Agent, Captain George Curtis, of the Fort Smith reservation, and the pioneers, especially the cattlemen, backed by the politicians at Washington who for personal interests and political pull wished to drive the Indian from the reservation, or if failing in that to

exterminate him. Mr. Garland is intensely sympathetic in his treatment of the Indian. He shows that the Indian is not different from other human beings in his loves, hates, and fears. That he is moved by the same ambition, the same resentment of wrong, the same instinct of self-preservation, the same thirst for vengeance, and the same paternal affection as that which is felt by the white man.

In *Crane's Voice*, Mr. Garland represents the faithful Indian messenger, who gave valuable service to the agency and the government. In *Crow*, he represents the Indian Chief who would not lie to save the son of his sister or even his own son. In *Cut Fingers*, the Indian desperado, is depicted the result of the coming of the whites. Even in this character there is something beautiful and noble in the love of the young warrior for his wife and child. The reader cannot fail to feel sympathy and respect for the slayer, who, though hopeless of justice from the white man, goes stoically to meet his death, but thinks less of his own fate than that of his young wife who follows him on her pony, and of the young baby that he carries so tenderly in his strong arms.

Mr. Garland gives his interpretation of what the average white man thinks of the Indian in the conversation carried on between his principal characters.

"Savage! That's a fine word. What is a savage?"

"A man who needs converting to our faith," said Jennie.

"A man to exercise the army on," said Maynard.

"A man to rob in the name of the Lord," said Parker.

In this story Garland shows how little the government at Washington and the people of the East knew of the actual situation on the frontier, and how prejudiced and unjust were the accounts given by local papers of any affairs that took place on the reservation.

The frontiersmen and pioneers who are usually pictured as heroes fighting the forces of nature and holding in check the murderous redmen, are here represented as border ruffians, outcasts from society, respecting no man's rights, respecting neither law nor order, and when they have goaded the Indian to desperation, relying upon the U. S. Army to fight their battles for them.

A very different picture from that showing the reckless, daring cowboy, and the patient law abiding pioneer, is that presented by Mr. Garland of the mob of settlers demanding from the lone Indian agent a life to satisfy their savage lust for blood:

"The mob that had been so loud of mouth now sat in silence as profound as if man had been smitten dumb. It was easy to threaten and flourish pistols in the face of an Indian agent with a dozen women to protect but this wall of Uncle Sam's blue was a different barrier - not to be lightly overleaped. The cowboys were not used to facing such men as these when they shot up towns and raced the Totongs across the hills." 17

Garland does not use extravagant language in describing his Indian characters. He describes them as being like the rest of humanity, at their best when in their native dress, at occupations which are worth while and not beneath the dignity of a warrior or chief. He usually emphasizes their ragged clothing and the resigned, hopeless expression on their faces. In the passage where the Indian messenger reported to the Chief the coming of the mob, the situation is dramatic and the character description is in keeping: "The stern almost haughty face of the young man was in keeping with his duties." He stresses the degrading effect of compelling a free wild people to become dependent drudges.

The Book of the American Indian is a volume of stories exclusively devoted to the Indians; some of them are Indian legends but many are stories based upon historical facts.

"Wahiah - A Spartan Mother" is a story of the Indian Agency at Darlington. The Cheyennes and the Arapahoes in the Indian school and the difficulty of the school teachers in making the Indian see the advantages of education from the white man's point of view, are the basis of this story. The story shows the breaking of Indian spirit and the struggle of Indian parents who are compelled to allow their children to conform to the white man's rules.

"Nistina", another story of the conflict between the conquerors and the Indians emphasizes the injustice of the

government in dealing with the Indians. The severity of the punishment inflicted upon some young Indians who had retaliated against the ruffianism of the encroaching white cattlemen by organizing a raid, is entirely out of proportion to the mischief that had been done. A love story showing the faithfulness of an Indian girl, ends happily; the lovers being reunited.

The Iron Khiva is an extremely tragic story of the Pueblo Indians of Arizona. The blindness and blundering injustice of well intentioned but unsympathetic white men brings untold suffering to these peaceful people. These simple people, who live high up on a mesa, away from all contact with white men do not understand the white man's religion, and the white man's system of education that is being forced upon them. Because the white men too, fail to understand but must be obeyed, two of the finest and most loved of the young Indians go to their death. The theme of this story is a revelation of the extent to which these quiet Indians possess racial characteristics of silence, indifference to white man's teaching, simplicity, and fear of captivity. Deeply pathetic is the grief of the parents at the death of their sons, which the remorse of the uncomprehending white men cannot assuage.

Another story portraying the patient docility of Indians who came to the reservation but were still prejudiced against white men's ways, is The New Medicine House. The government had established hospitals but because the

doctors and attendants were unsympathetic, the Indians could not be made to appreciate their value. Williams, a good Indian, and Tah-You, the old medicine man, recognized the value of contented faith in healing the sick and they came off best.

Rising Wolf - Ghost Dancer is a monologue in which Rising Wolf, the chief medicine man of the Ogallala Sdous, tells of the Indian religion and mystical practices of the medicine men; he tells of the customs and habits, home life, food, health and freedom of the Indian before the coming of the white men. He then tells of the coming of the white men and the destruction of the buffalo, the chief food of the Indian; he tells of the subsequent poverty of the Indians after their enclosure on reservations. The Indians sickened and died and the Medicine man was forbidden to visit them, while the unwelcome white doctors forced their medicines upon the suffering Indian; he tells the story of the coming of the Snake messenger and the calling of a council of the many tribes: "The Snakes were there, the Big Bellies, the Blackfeet, the Magpies, the Weavers, the Cut Throats, the Burnt Thighs."

The story continues, giving the account of the ghost dance to bring back the buffalo and to drive away the whites; and it ends with the failure and futility of their attempt and the patient resignation of the Indian to the inevitable.

The Rivers Warning gives an excellent account of the

social characteristics of the Indian: "The Indian is a social being and naturally dependent upon his fellows. He has no newspapers, no posters, no hand bills. His news comes by word of mouth, therefore the "taciturn red man" does not exist. They are often superb talkers, dramatic, fluent, humorous. Laughter abounds in the camp. The men joke, tell stories with the point against themselves, ridicule those who boast and pass easily from humorous to the very grave and mysterious in their faith. It is this loquacity, so necessary to the tribe, which makes it so hard for a red man to keep a secret." 18

Big Elk, the old chief of the Cheyennes gives a more cheerful picture of the Indian agency than is usually presented. He tells of the work of the Quakers as government agents, and of the influence of their teachings of peace.

Two other stories in this volume contain accounts that stress the difficult relations that usually existed between the Indians and their guardians on the reservation. Lone Wolf's Old Guard tells how Lone Wolf, chief of the Kiowas, comes in contact with the Consolidated Cattle Company. This story also has to do with the agency at Darlington, and gives a pathetic account of the trickery of government agents and the patient submission of the Indians to the stealing of their lands. Big Moggasen is a story that takes its name

18 Garland, The Book of the American Indian, p. 67

Although Mr. Garland made an extensive study of the Indian before writing The Book of the American Indian, he is almost alone in saying it is difficult for an Indian to keep a secret.

from a Navaho chief who visited an agency to get relief for his suffering people, but who returned as he came rather than receive aid at the price of liberty.

Stories which deal primarily with Indians characteristics and Indian customs reveal the author's sympathetic attitude toward the red men, and his conviction that Indians are fundamentally little different from whites. In The Storm Child the gratitude of the Tetongs to a white man who returned a lost Indian baby to its widowed mother is the central theme. Though the whites and the Indians were at war, the chief and all the warriors were ready to make peace because of a kind deed done to one of their weakest. The Blood Lust pathetically reveals the love of an Indian chief for his little daughter, and his implacable thirst to avenge her murderer. Little Robe, a Cheyenne chief, tells of a raid made by the Cheyennes into Mexico after ponies. The Remorse of Waumdesapa shows the remorse of an old chief who in a flash of anger had slain his treacherous brother. The story also gives a good character portrayal of an Indian who was peaceful, just, and ruled by the force of his personality. 19

A Decree of Council is a story showing a different side of Indian character and the lengths to which an Indian will go in his love for gam^bling. Big Nose, a plains Indian of the

19 A substantially true account of an incident well known to bordermen. Garland, p. 113

tribe of Shi-an-naw, gambled away everything he owned, his wife being included in the stakes. The story gives a good idea of the social characteristics of certain tribes of Indians.

In Drifting Crane Mr. Garland tells another story of the conflict between the cattlemen and the Indians. The discussion between Henry Wilson, representing the cattlemen, and Chief Drifting Crane, representing the Indians, ends in the inevitably futile protest of the Indians against the encroachment of white settlers. Garland emphasizes that the breaking of the sod and the coming of the settlers meant the destruction of the buffalo and starvation to the Indians.

The Silent Eaters is a story in fourteen chapters giving the history of the Sioux tribes and the powerful position held by Chief Sitting Bull. The battle of the Big Horn in the Spring of 1876, better known to us as the Custer Massacre, is described from the Indians' point of view. The causes, the outbreak, the progress of the battle and the numbers involved, as well as the treatment of the dead, are shown in a light very different from that thrown by white historians over that fateful event.

In this story Sitting Bull is depicted as a great leader as well as a powerful warrior, holding by the power of his personality the loyalty of the Indians and the respect and fear of the whites. He is portrayed as being wise in council, proud but fair and just in his dealings with the whites, willing to trade but refusing gifts flung by a contemptuous hand,

or offers that he felt were degrading to a liberty loving people.

This story presents the Indian situation from the beginning, showing the breaking of the proud spirit of an independent and peaceful people. It shows in review, the free life of the tribes, and how their hunting grounds were gradually encroached upon until at last the Sioux, reduced to a small hopeless band facing starvation and death, were fighting with their backs to the wall to keep to themselves a remnant of their once great empire. This story might be a summary for the defense in the case of the whites against the Indians. The following paragraph presents the situation:

"How can I make you understand? Can you not see that we were facing the end of our world? My chief was confronting captivity and insult and punishment. His bright world of danger and freedom and boundless activity was narrowing to a grave, and only the instinctive love of life kept him and his Silent Eaters from self destruction. In all the history of the world there has been no darker day for a race than this when mid winter fell upon us in that strange land of the North."

The tribes mentioned in this story are, the Uncapappas, a branch of the Sioux located northeast of the Black Hills, the Yanktonaise and Minneconjous; "North of the Cannon Ball lived the Rees and Mandans. Northwest across the Powder River lived the Crows, enemies of the Sioux. On the head border of the Arkansas the Utes, the powerful mountain people,

dwelt. The Comanches lived far, far to the south." 20

In The Vanishing American Zane Grey has presented the tragic picture of an educated Indian trying to readjust himself after eighteen years of "white man's learning" in the East, to the mode of life of his people. Possessed of the mysticism and poetry, nature worship, strong sense of justice, and deep faith, that Mr. Grey gives as the inherent qualities of the Indian, Naphaie, the hero, suffers constant conflict between his white man's brain and his Indian heart. With love and understanding he longed to be of service to his people, yet with clear foresight he saw the hopelessness of their situation. To the end that he might help his people he renounced the life, the customs and habits of white men, yet he could not become completely an Indian. He loved a white girl and his deepest thoughts were in English.

"How immeasurably far apart he felt from the people who lived there. (Indians) Every day brought more bitter proof. When he conversed with Indians he used their language, but when he thought, his ideas were expressed in his mind by words of English. For long he had striven to conquer this. But it was impossible. Any slow, deliberate thought expressed in Indian words was intelligible to him, even natural, yet never did it convey the same meaning as the white man's language. That was Naphaie's tragedy - he had the instincts, the

20 Garland, The Book of the North American Indian, p. 159

emotions, the soul of an Indian, but his thoughts about himself, his contemplation about himself and his people were not those of the red man. As he saw the beauty of the wild, lonely land, and the rugged simplicity of the Indian, his marvelous endurance, his sustaining child like faith in the supernatural and the immortal, so likewise he saw the indolence of this primitive people, their unsanitary way of living, their absurd reverence for the medicine man, their peculiar lack of chastity and a thousand other manifestations of ignorance as compared with the evolutionary progress of the white man."²¹

Naphalo did not easily yield the supremacy to the white man. There were many ways in which he believed an Indian superior. He thought of Mashenesies resignation to death and how he had lain down to meet it. "My son," he had said to Naphalo, "do not stand over me to obstruct the sunlight. Go out with the sheep. My day is done. Leave me alone to die."

How incalculably more selfish and ignoble the custom of the white man.

"Naphalo remembered a time in the East, at Cape May, when he was playing base ball and living among white people - how a dying man was kept alive by nitrate of amyl five days after he should have been dead. Five days of intolerable anguish forced upon

²¹ Grey, The Vanishing American, p. 114

him by loving but misguided relatives. The Indian knew better than that. He had no fear of death, the mystic future held its promise." 22

This story also deals with blundering work of the government in handling the Indian situation. The author presents his subject fairly, showing how easily an unprincipled and selfish missionary or Indian Agent, might rob both his wards and the government and inflict untold injustice and suffering upon a simple, helpless people. In Morgan he depicts the criminal who under cover of Christianity destroyed both body and soul of those he was sent to serve. In Blucher he portrays the dishonest Indian agent, who only a step less wicked than the missionary, worked for the same vile ends.

In the story of Gekin Yashi, he stresses the tragedy of the Indian school girl helpless in the hands of the white man who pretending to instruct her mind destroys her soul.

This novel shows the tragedy of the Indians' problem but offers no suggestion for its solution.

William Justin Harsha wrote novels which claim less for their literary value than for their forceful portrayal of conditions that existed on the American frontier during the building up of the West.

A Timid Brave is a novel by Mr. Harsha describing life on an Indian reservation during the settlement of Western Nebraska. The author does not attempt to disguise the fact

22 Grey, The Vanishing American, p. 114

that he is making a plea for justice to the Indians.

The book was written in 1886 when there was still within the United States a frontier, where the encroaching cattlemen and settlers were trying every means fair and foul to get the Indians removed from their reservation so that white settlers might gain possession of the land. This story is based upon the conflict between the cattlemen and the Indian farmer upon the reservation. The story shows the government policy that placed the white man in entire control of the situation, with the Indian helpless to defend himself. The Indian was obliged to buy from the post trader and pay the price asked, although the goods were often inferior and the prices exorbitant. The Indians as wards of the government were to receive a certain sum of money yearly, but notwithstanding the fact that large appropriations were made by the government, the Indian seldom received any money and he had no means of collecting it. The facts show that though the Indian agent was supposed to receive a salary of \$1500 a year, he actually received about \$10,000. The money that was appropriated for the Indians was used for the comfort of the white government employees on the reservation. Thus robbed alike by the cattlemen, the agent, the trader, the carpenter, the blacksmith, and the farmer, the Indian had recourse only to violence to redress his wrongs.

A Timid Brave, like Uncle Tom's Cabin and other novels that are written to aid a cause, shows through the lives of

fictitious characters, the evils of a system of government. The hero of the story is an educated Maha Indian living on the Nebraska reservation, ambitious to better his condition and adopt the white man's civilization. He tries to farm and raise cattle, but the law does not protect him when the white rancher's cattle destroy his crops, and the cowboys drive off his stock. His only means of recovering his cattle is by stealing them back. But the ranch man has already put his own brand on all but one milk cow and when the Indian succeeds in driving her home he is captured by Faver's cowboys and is hanged for stealing cattle. The lynching is not completed for the Indian is rescued by some of his friends.

The result of this outrage is an uprising of the Mahas who have long brooded over their wrongs. The Indian agent is killed, together with several other government employees. The women are taken captives and the agency buildings are burned. The Indians under the leadership of the hero, Noah, send their women and children to the mountains for safety, and cover their retreat. They know, however, that their victory is only temporary and when winter comes the United States troops will make terms and send a few Indians back to their reservation, which has been cut down to about one third of its former size in order that the white settlers may have the better land. The greater number of the Indians, with the leaders of the uprising, in irons, were sent to the Indian Territory, the Land of Fire, as it is called by the Northern Indians.

In the fate of Kathewana and Wattena the author shows the tragedy of the Indian woman under the white man's law. Kathewana, fearful of disobeying the white man, becomes the half crazed plaything of the American soldiers. Wattena, the wife of Noah, wandering alone on the prairie, wailing for her dead baby, kills herself rather than become the prey of the young officer who overtakes her.

The author is unsparing of the American government and of the white men in general for the policy that has been adopted toward the Indian. He blames this policy for the deplorable and degraded position of the Indian today:

"The traveler can see no sadder picture on the American continent than the group so common at the railway station on the plains; a crushed, melancholy Indian, his lazy, indifferent pony, and his starved snarling dog. Possibly a squaw with her papoose crouching in the background. It is a thrilling tableau of the effect of a long policy of exaction and treachery upon a once proud and independent race."

In speaking of the Indian's lack of legal protection under the government the author says: "The Hottentot, the Swede and the Englishman may appeal to our United States law for protection in life and property, but this Indian and his fellows, the original owners of the soil we now possess, can lay no claim to legal justice. He must fight or die - or fight and die."

In the description of the movement of the Indians, the

author conveys an impression of the history of the race:

"You see all their races history in that silent advance. You see their sufferings upon their faces, and their enforced poverty in their garments and effects. You see the pride into which, as a last resort, they have been driven. You see their love of the wide prairie which has been their home, and their tender attachment for their children, ponies and dogs. You see a despoiled manhood, a debased but still tender womanhood, and a crushed civilization."

Again Mr. Harsha's description is vivid and realistic:

"Admit him to be repulsive, and, when aroused, bloodthirsty, there is something in his face, and, above all in his attitude, that appeals to your sensibilities and your instinctive respect. Cooper's poetic admiration of him is not further wrong on the one side than the Western ranchman's jocular contempt is on the other."

Mr. Harsha shows that he is not only sympathetic in his view of the Indian, but that he is thoroughly acquainted with the Indian situation and the Indian problem, from the point of view of the Indian, and from that of the white man who is not actuated by motives of greed. He believed that the only solution to the Indian problem was a change in the government policy.

Alfred Henry Lewis, whose works of fiction are primarily stories of the cowboy, nevertheless brings the Indian many times into his books. His many pithy comments on the policy of the government in its dealings with the Indians, show a keen insight into the complicated affair. The conflict of Bill Conners, the Osage youth who had been taken to school by a philanthropist - " - one of these sports who's allers improvin' some party's condition in a way the party who's improved don't like.", shows the humor and pathos of trying to reconcile white man's schooling with Indian customs and reservation life.

While Lewis makes criticism of the government for its policy of issuing annuity to the Indians, he shows that it encourages laziness and lack of independence in the Indians, and an inducement for unscrupulous white men to marry Indian girls for their annuity that they and their children may draw.

General Charles King does not overlook the fallacy of a government that at once made the Indian a menace and a slave, a creature protected from the Army but abused in all his private rights, and at the mercy of any individual not clothed in "Uncle Sam's Blue." That the government policy was to blame for much of the suffering of both Indians and whites during the years between the opening of Kansas for settlement, and the close of the nineteenth century was the belief of not only General (then Captain) King but of many

officers who served in the campaigns of those years. 23

Ramona

A Swift or a Voltaire might have seen the ironical aspect of a situation such as prevailed in the United States from 1850 to 1860. The northern leaders in Congress felt that they had secured a victory for freedom, when in the Compromise of 1850 California was admitted to the Union as a free state. The fact that immediately after this admission, an act of Congress extinguished the titles not only to thousands of acres of land owned by Mexican ranchers, but also denied outright the legality of transfers made by Mexico or Mexicans to Indians; was a matter of little concern to them. This meant that the Indians of California - Indians far more advanced in civilization, through three hundred years of association with Spanish missionaries, than the Indians of the Northwest, - were rendered homeless. As if, this injustice were not enough, not only the wild cattle of the west, but also thousands of unbranded cattle belonging to the Indians, were claimed and branded by the Americans who brought from Washington titles to the land. These same warm hearted abolitionists who viewed with such hostility the enslavement of the Africans and saw with such satisfaction that the soil of California would never be stained by African slavery, were worried not at all, that by their act they had made homeless and destitute a people far superior to the

23 King, Gen. Charles, See Fort Frayne, Warrior Gap, A Daughter of the Sioux.

African for whom they were so much concerned. The Indians had no great voice to speak for them; Helen Hunt Jackson did the best she could.

Ramona is a story of Spanish-American life in southern California in the period just following the acquisition of California from Mexico. The story is a portrayal of the sufferings and wrongs endured by the Indians, as they were driven from their lands by the incoming Americans.

In the coarse agency doctor and the Indian agent are seen the types of men who were employed by the government to guard the interests of the Indians; and in Farrar and Merrill are seen the border ruffians who held cheaply all life except their own.

The devotion of the Indians as well as the Mexicans, to the Franciscan fathers, is a dominant characteristic and shows the extent of the influence of these early missionaries in southern California.

The story is a powerful plea for the Indians; but the chief characters, Ramona and Alessandro, are not representative Indians.

Helen Hunt Jackson, William Justin Harsha, and Zane Grey are novelists whose books, though far separated in point of time, portray the tragedy that may arise from a government policy that gives one man the mastery of another, and denying the right of citizenship to one group of its people, extends the protection of its laws to all others, citizens or aliens, that come within its jurisdiction.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Indian and the Cattle Industry.

Life on the great cattle ranches, with the big ranch house, the miles of unfenced range, the mammoth unenclosed herds and the picturesque cowboys, has like everything peculiarly distinctive lent itself to literary abuse. Many who see only the romantic and picturesque in the wild, free life of the cowboys, have written as though that were all of life on the ranch. Others show only the hardness and apparently brutal disregard of life that must necessarily be a part of any endeavor that embraces so vast a scale of operation. Few have shown to any extent the great organized system, and the steps in the development of the enormous industry that has held for its field of operation more than one third of the territory of the United States. Few, likewise, have realized or taken pains to show that the shouting cowboy who rides at full gallop down the street of the little frontier town is not a desperado out for a good time, but a man of fortitude and resolution with vast interests in his care; a man with another side to his character not shown in his hour of relaxation; a man too daring for deceit and too independent for dishonesty.

Those who show pictures of the cowboy "spinning yarns" with his pals or p~~l~~aying jokes on the tenderfoot do not always care to recall that when on duty the cowboy may be for days without companionship other than his herd, the wide prairie and the sky above him; that if a "norther" or blizzard overtakes him, he follows the drifting herd and his body with those of many cattle, may be found frozen somewhere along the trail. Alfred Henry Lewis, whose stories are not at all an attempt to show the hardships of the cowboy's life, has one of his characters make the following comment in telling about a "drift".

"It's a great ride, says you? Son, I once attends where a lecture sharp holds forth as to Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. As was the proper thing I sets silent through them hardships. But I could, if I'm disposed to become a disturbin' element in another gent's game have showed him the French experiences that Moscow time is Sunday school excursions compared with these trips the boys makes when on the breath of that blizzard they swings south with their herds. Them yooths, some of 'em, is over eight hundred miles from their homeranch; an' she's the first an only time I over meets up with a Yellowstone brand on the Canadlan."

How many who write of the cowboy songs, as a type of American poetry, know that those songs are not an outlet for the cowboy's exuberance of spirits, but are his assur-

ance to his brute charges, of human presence and protection, and are sung most often in darkness and storm when the quivering herd, excited by the electricity in the air, start at any unusual thing, sound or sight, ready to spring into maddened flight. There is little time here for the cowboy to think or care what he sings, it may be, often is, some typical cowboy song; it may be words sung to any air, the inspiration of the moment, or it may be a hymn learned long ago in a far away Sunday School, whatever it is the only purpose is to quiet the restless herd and prevent if possible the dreaded stampede. The same songs are still sung in the face of death, as the cowboy rides madly through night and storm beside the stampeding herd, in an effort to turn the cattle from impending death over bluff or bank into rocky canyon or stream. A false step of the pony in the darkness or a prairie dog hole, and horse and rider go down to death beneath the hoofs of the maddened herd.

To the unthinking, the swift justice given to the horse thief, must show men to be merciless, hardened and indifferent to human life. But in the cattle country the horse means (or meant) life. When men ride fifty or a hundred miles from any habitation and often almost as far from water, the loss of the horse meant death, if not from the wild cattle that respected the cowboy on horse back but failed to recognize him on foot, then from starvation, or worse still, from thirst.

The growth of the cattle industry, from the time when the first Spaniard from Mexico drove his longhorned herd across the

Rio Grande, and conceived the far reaching idea of writing the insignia of his house upon the hides of his cattle, to the present when this western enterprise, like everything else, is largely controlled by capitalists on Wall Street, has been attended by many problems. The questions of "free grass" and water, and the laws regarding these which underwent changes as state after state was admitted into the Union; the question of sheep range and cattle range, for the two can not exist together; the question of brands and Mavericks - unbranded cattle which have escaped the roundup - and the more vital questions of the relation of the great cattle ranch to the small holdings of the settler who attempts agriculture, have been questions that might determine the life or death of the industry.

Any enterprise as far reaching as the cattle industry, with the long trail extending from the Rio Grande to the grass lands of British Columbia, and from the Rocky mountains to Missouri and Illinois, could not fail to have not a little influence upon the Indians of the west. Of the relation of this great western industry to the Indians there are necessarily many angles, and writers have viewed and written of it from all of these points.

Emerson Hough, who has written as intelligently and as impartially as any one, presents more than one point of view. In this book "North of 36" Mr. Hough presents a vivid and interesting review of the cattle industry in the Southwest, and of the extending of the trail to the towns of Kansas

that offered markets for the Texas beef, when the prostration of the south, following the close of the Civil War, threatened the destruction of the Texas cattle industry. Mr. Hough makes numerous references to the Indians whose lands are crossed by the cattle trails, and he shows members of the various plains tribes, Osages, Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, who begged cattle of the drivers along the way. He also shows a more tragic picture in the killing of defenseless Indian women, by an unprincipled cattleman, and the awful justice that was meted out to the murderer by the outraged Indians.

Mr. Hough evidently felt that the building of the cattle industry, as long as the ranges were left open, was not in itself a serious menace to the Indian, but that the building of the railroads, the planting of towns, and the reclamation and fencing of land for agricultural purposes, were the attendant factors that threatened the Indians' existence.

But more intolerable, and often the feather that turned the scales and brought about war between the cattlemen and the Indians, was the arrogance and brutality of the followers of the cattlemen. Sometimes these followers, men who lived from the bounty of successful cattlemen, were overseers; more often they had no authority but affected an importance they did not possess. In either case they were intolerant and were ever ready to trample those who were unable to protect their rights.

In The Covered Wagon, Mr. Hough presents another phase of the building up of the West - that is the immigration of Americans from the lands east of the Mississippi to the Pacific Slope. He tells of the friendly tribes of Indians, The Otes, the Kaws, the Osages, and how they came to West Port landing to trade with the white men and wonder at their ways. He shows how along the trail of the covered wagons, the Indians were at most only curious, until driven to violence by some outrage at the hands of an unscrupulous white man.

Ten Years a Cowboy by C. C. Post, is as its name would indicate a story of life on the cattle range. Indian raids form part of the dangers that are ever a part of the cowboy's life; and the vanishing of his herd during an Indian raid was one of the losses sustained by the ranger. Caldwell, Kansas, the wild frontier town of early days, was the scene of part of the story.

Courtney Riley Cooper in Oklahoma, a story of the opening of the Indian territory for settlement, shows a phase of the situation arising from the relation between the cattlemen and the Indians. While the story is an account of the settlement of Oklahoma and the hardship and courage of the homesteader, and Indians are mentioned but incidentally, yet the basis of the plot is the situation in Oklahoma when the cattlemen were leasing land from the Indians to use as ranges for their herds. There is no conflict between cattlemen and Indians; in fact it is a distinct

advantage to the cattlemen for the Indians to remain in possession of the territory because with the passing of the buffalo the Indians had no further use for the Cherokee strip, which had been granted to the Cherokees when they were placed in Eastern Oklahoma, as an outlet to the hunting grounds of the west.

The cattlemen were able to lease this land at almost their own price from the Indians and the Cattlemen's Association was strong enough, or so Mr. Cooper believed, to influence legislation at Washington to the extent of preventing the opening of the territory for settlement.

The author is decidedly sympathetic toward the poor man who is seeking cheap land to homestead, and who looks to Oklahoma as the "Promised Land". He is equally antagonistic to the cattle men, or the Cattlemen's Association, whose interest it was to keep homesteaders out of the territory. Of the Indian and his rights, or the disregard of his rights, he speaks laconically²¹ as one would speak of an inevitable result:

"There was the name, Oklahoma, coined during a meeting on Indian affairs in Washington, and descriptive of a general stretch of country which lay within what was known as the Indian Territory, where by a general system of migration, the United States had stationed various Indian tribes, who by their presence in other states had hampered the progress of commerce - the Sacs and Foxes, the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, the Comanches and

Kiowas and Apaches, the Kickapoos and Potawatomies and Osages, the Cherokees and Pawnees, a sort of melting pot of the Red Man, sent by civilization to an allotted district like aged folk to an infirmary, where they would be 'out of the way'. But civilization had followed them even there."

In speaking of the relation of the cattlemen to the Indians he points out that with the Indians subdued and supported on reservations by the government, the cattlemen had nothing to fear from their red neighbors, but on the contrary they had much to gain. The author makes one of his characters explain the situation:

"Them cattle men. They can lease that there land for next to nothin', and they won't let it go. They're the ones that's hidin' behind all this here dust and smoke every time some Injun Chief goes to Washington to protest to the Great White Father."

Although in Oklahoma, Mr. Cooper is impersonal in his attitude toward the Indians, he shows that he has not forgotten the situation depicted in The Last Frontier. Usually by some terse remark of his homely characters he reveals a situation no less tragic because it is taken so much as a matter of course.

"Truth is, when the government began shoving Indians in there, it gave one of those solemn promises to the Cherokees: that they could have

this land forever as an outlet to the buffalo hunting grounds over in the west of the territory. But of course the buffalo are gone now, so the Government doesn't have to worry so much about its promises."

Of what must inevitably follow he says:

"In a day more, the domain of the Sacs and Iowas and Foxes and Potawatomies would be occupied by whites, in the beginning of a development such as the original Oklahoma country had seen. In a year more, the same would be true of the vast regions, now uselessly occupied by the Wichitas, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, to the west, while two years following would see the race of the white man for the riches of the Cherokee strip."

The only allusion to Indian character is made by the newspaper man, who in speaking of the Mobray gang, desperados of Oklahoma's territorial days, says - "Worst of it is Grad isn't going to forget. He's got some Navajo blood in him."

William Justin Harsha's view of the relation between the Indians and the cattle men is far more tragic than are the pictures of the situation in the south west; but without doubt, the relations were not the same in all sections where the cattle industry dominated. The first cattle men,

the Spaniards, who crossed the Rio Grande, got along very well with the Indians. In case of conflict he sometimes killed, and sometimes married them. In either case amicable relations were soon restored. To some extent the Anglo-Saxon who drove the Spaniard from the more desirable water fronts adopted the same policy. In the north, however, the situation was different, and in those states where the laws held the cattle man responsible for damage done to the homesteaders' crops, every means was employed by the ranch man to bring more land within the enclosure of his all embracing fence. Homesteader, squatter and Indian, all must give place, and be driven out or killed to satisfy the greed of the cattle king.

Mr. Harsha, who wrote at a time when Indians still held some desirable land in Nebraska, shows to what lengths the cattle men would go in their fight for land. In his intense sympathy for the Indian Mr. Harsha makes no discrimination - perhaps there was none to make - between the cattle men and the settler in the brutality of their attempts to rid the land of the Indians; both fought the Indian then fought among themselves for the booty.

With few laws to protect the white man in a land where each was a law unto himself, there were no laws to protect the Indian. The white rancher had a registered brand; the Indian had none. What recourse had the Indian if the rancher stole his cattle and branded them with his own brand?

If the Indian took back again his own cattle and succeeded in driving them home, they bore now the rancher's brand, and of little value was the life of the Indian found with branded cattle in his possession. If the ranch man's stock overran and destroyed the Indians' crops, the Indian had no protection before the law, but might count himself lucky if he were not hanged because branded cattle were found on his place.

Such is the picture presented by Mr. Harsha of the Indian's life on the reservation in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Cheerless and wretched, indeed, is the picture, and there can be little wonder that the Indians rose in wrath, and intrenched themselves in the mountain fastnesses of the northwest, and that the streams of Wyoming and Montana ran red with blood, before the unequal contest was ended. That the tragedy was great there can be no doubt, but the picture presented would be more convincing if the Indians of Mr. Harsha, like the negroes of many abolitionist writers, were not too good to be true.

Alfred Henry Lewis' stories of cowboy life in the southwest are told in reminescent vein by the old cattleman. They show the lighter side of cowboy life as incidents are recalled by the old man, nights in camp, stories told around the camp fire or the gambling table in the saloon, with occasional glimpses into the deeper, more serious and tragic side of life on the plains.

Of conflict between Indians and cattle men there is no

mention. Indians appear, usually like the Mexicans, engaged in enterprises of their own, tolerated and despised by the cowboy who has to the last degree the Anglo-Saxon feeling of superiority. The best the old cowman can say for the Indian is: "They're natural-born long horns, uncomplaining and savey the west." There are a few references made to Indian customs but no attempts to analyze Indian character.

In The Luck of Hardrobe the author, through the old cattle man, shows the fate that must inevitably fall to the Indian when his interests come into conflict with those of the whites.

"And talking of luck, I'm here to offer odds that the most poignant hard-luck story on the list is the story of Injuns as a race. And I won't back-track their game further than Columbus at that. The savages may have found life a summer's dream prior to the arrival of that Italian mariner and the ornery Spaniards he surrounds himself with. But from the looks of the tabs, the deal since then has gone against them. The Injuns don't win once. White folks, that a-way, is of themselves bad luck incarnate to Injuns. The savage never so much as touches them or listens to them or imitates them, but he rots down right there. Which the pale-face shorely kills said Injuns on the nest."

Half apologetically the old fellow explains how he came

to show hospitality to Hardrobe, the educated Indian, who dressed - "like folks, with big hats, blue shirts, trousers, cow leggings, boots and spurs" was "fit and ready to enter a civilized parlour".

"I yields the more pleasant for fear, - since I drives through the Osage country now and then - this Hardrobe and his heir plays even by stampedin' my cattle some evenin't'if I don't. Thar's nothin' like a dash of se'f-interest to make a gent urbane, an' so I invites Hardrobe and Bluejacket to make my camp their headquarters like I'd been yearnin' for the chance,"

Another, and more amusing, angle to the relations that existed between cowboy and Indian, is shown by a statement of the old cattle man in his explanation of his dislike for Indians.

"Most likely them antipathies of mine ag'in Injuns is a heap enhanced by what I experiences back on the old Jones and Plummer trail, when they was wont to stampede our herds as we goes drivin' through the Injun Territory. Any little old dark night one of them savages is liable to come skulkin' up on the windward side of the herd, flap a blanket, cut loose a yell, and the next second thar's a hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of property skally-hootin' off into space on frenzied hoofs. Next day, them same ontootered

children of the woods and fields would demand four bits for every head they helps round up and return to the bunch. It's a source of savage revenoo, true; but plum irritatin'. Them Injuns corrals sometimes as much as a hundred dollars by sech treacheries. An' then we-all has to rest over one day to win it back at poker."

In the course of Lewis' cowboy stories Indians appear in the tales told by the cowboys; not stories that relate to the cattle industry so much as accounts that show the habits of life on the reservation, as well as on the plains. The old cattle man tells much about the life of the Osages, as he saw it in excursions from his range on the Texas side of the Red River, to the Osage reservation in what was then the Indian Territory. The war dance, which was used on many occasions beside that of going on the war path; the choosing of a wife by the family of the young man, who has probably indicated the direction of his desires, and the payment of the marriage dowry by the families of both parties. Dan Boggs tells of his life among the Utes, of the "Tea Dance" where the "star feature" is a feast of roast dog.

Contrary to common opinior, about the Indian women, the Indian squaw, among the Osages at least, according to the old cattle man, controls her own property and is in no sense a slave. 24

²⁴ George Bird Grinnell is authority for the truth of this practice among many Indian tribes.

"Sure! the squaws has as much to say as the bucks among Injuns. They owns their own ponies and backs their own play and is as big a Injun as anybody, allowin' for that natural difference between squaw duties and buck duties - one keeps camp while the other hunts, or during war times when one protects the herds and plunder while the other faces the foe. You hears that squaws is slaves? However is anybody goin' to be a slave where thar's as near nothin' to do in the way of work as is possible an' let a human live? Son, thar ain't as much hard labour done in a Injun camp in a week - ain't as much to do as gets transacted at one of them rural oyster suppers to raise money for the preacher!"

In The Mills of Savage Gods the cattle man relates a story that he says would be romantic only - "them benighted savages never tumbles to such a thing as romance being possible".

The story displays the swift course of savage justice, and proves that love with an Indian as well as with a white man may help to play the hand of fate. In the story, the principal feature is a duel between two medicine men, in which a third Indian kills one of the duelists because he fears vengeance will be taken from his own hands. The narrator explains the Indian's stoic submission to fate, and his coolness in face of death:

"No, son, no one gets arrested; Injuns don't have jails, for the mighty excellent reason that no Injun culprit ever vamoses and runs away. Injun criminals, that a-way, allers stands their hands and takes their hemlock."

Hamlin Garland, in The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, the book in which he so forcefully shows the injustice of so much that the nation has done with the Indians, touches upon the question of the cattle industry and its influence upon the Indian. He points out how the cattle men, backed by others politically interested, used every means fair or foul to drive the Indians from the reservation and secure the land for themselves. The Indians were goaded to desperation, for the sole purpose of making them go on the warpath, then propaganda was made of the uprising and the plea went to Washington for the removal of the hostiles that had "massacred" the struggling homesteader, or scalped the daring cowboy. Much of the glory is stripped from the brow of the cowboy in Mr. Garland's presentation. This hero of the plains is as mute and crest fallen as any other scared human, when he is brought face to face with United States troops, determined to protect the Indians.

In The Book of the American Indian Mr. Garland discloses how the rushing to the north, of hundreds of thousands of cattle, and the destruction by "skinnners" of the vast herds of buffalo, brought the Indians face to face with starvation, for with the coming of the white man's alien herds, the

Indians' native herds disappeared. It was not the white man's superior strength, it was not United States troopers, it was the destruction of his "cattle", the buffalo, that since time immemorial had been the food supply of the northern tribes, that at last conquered the Indian.

The buffalo are gone, those herds that made possible the wild free life of the Indians, and with them are gone the Indians of the plains; the great open ranges have given place to the enclosed holdings of individual ownership; the long trails are overgrown or have been replaced by automobile roads; the cowboys and Indians alike are passing, and the conflict between the Indian and the guardians of the cattle industry is a story that has been told.

CHAPTER SIX

The Indian and the Army.

The settlement of the Oregon boundary question brought new problems to the government. Homeseekers with their trains of wagons were slowly moving toward that unsettled territory; Indians viewed with alarm the long lines of settlers passing through their country; and railroad builders saw in a dream the joining of east and west. The building of the Union Pacific, the first railroad to cross the continent, was looked upon by the Indians as the death blow to their independence, and the laying of every mile of steel was attended with bloodshed. As the work progressed the Indians became more and more hostile until at last it had to be carried on under military protection.

The official accounts of the conflicts, and treaties, and agreements, that attended the building of this road fill volumes, and these with the personal accounts of officers in the western campaigns are the sources for many stories of the Indian and the army. These stories are the most thrilling because they are the most truthful and tragic; and are the most simply told.

Colonel Henry Inman, for many years a Commander in the campaigns against the Indians of the west, has written many stories of the frontier, the army, and the Indian. His stories might well belong to that fund of material that goes into history but the author himself prefers to call them fiction.

While Colonel Inman's stories naturally dwell more upon the relation of the army to the Indian, and are given from the point of view of a soldier, many of them relate Indian legends, stories of Indian superstitions, and throw much light upon Indian customs.

Colonel Inman had seen too much of the suffering of women and children, innocent victims of the Indians' wrath at white invasion, to admit of any optimistic belief in Indian virtues. His stories for the most part tell of the tragedy that Indian warfare brought to the settlers on the border, of hot skirmishes between United States soldiers and the Indians, or of national tragedies such as the Custer Massacre. He does, however, admit in fairness to the Indian, that much of the hostility of the Indians was due to the white man's insatiable greed, and the policy of the government.

Tales of the Trail by Colonel Henry Inman can hardly be called a novel or a short story, although the subtitle Short Stories of Western Life is given to the book. These stories are based upon experiences which happened in the life of the author, but in the writing Colonel Inman has

emphasized the romantic element and has, perhaps, idealized some of the characters to a certain extent.

The first story of this volume gives an account of the Battle of the Arrickarce, closely following the historical record; while the description of the great Indian charge, and of the superb appearance of the fearless leader in his barbaric splendor presents a thrilling and dramatic picture. The description is said to be given in the words of General Forsyth who commanded the United States troops besieged on Beecher's Island. The Cheyenne chief, Roman Nose, who led the company of Brules, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes is pronounced "the greatest of all warriors". The Indian character is not a subject of this story. Only the picturesque and dramatic element of the Indian as personified by one great Indian chief is shown in this historic tragedy.

Another story, Medicine Bluff, in this volume recounts an Indian legend and shows something of the mysticism and superstition of Indian beliefs as well as the bitterness of suppressed feeling between rival chiefs. The personal bravery of the old Comanche chief is shown by his fearless leap from the top of the bluff; and the remorse of the out-cast who failed to make good his boast is at last put to rest by the chief's suicide on the grave of his rival.

The Wooing of Ah-key-nes-ton is the story of a young white man who came as a doctor among the Mandan Indians, and fell in love with a beautiful daughter of the tribe.

The young Indian girl was promised in marriage to the old and ill natured chief, to be his fifth wife. The alliance was hateful to the girl, but since the word of her father had been given, - and the Indian code of honor forbade the breaking of a given word - there seemed no hope for the young lovers. At last, during a council called by the old chief, the doctor recognized in the blanket upon which the Indian is seated, an embroidered Mexican blanket upon which a trader infected with smallpox had died a few days before. The doctor's prophecy of the dread disease brought to him permission to marry the Indian girl in reward for his efforts to save the old chief's children. The scourge wiped out almost all of the Mandan tribe, but the white doctor and his Indian bride were spared.

Another book by Colonel Inman, The Old Santa Fe Trail, which is primarily a history of that great highway, relates many incidents in which Indians figure prominently. In one story he tells of the murder of a white man by an Indian and the wanton cruelty with which his friends shot down the next band of Indians which they met, in revenge for their comrade's death. He says - "These Indians were probably not only innocent but ignorant of the outrage that had been committed or they would have hardly ventured to approach the caravan." Speaking further of the attitude of white men to Indians he says - "The author of this book, although having but little compassion for the Indians, must admit that, during more than a third of a century passed on the plains and in the mountains,

he has never known of a war with the hostile tribes that was not caused by broken faith on the part of the United States or its agents." 25

The stories by Colonel Inman, for the most part, lie in point of time, within the decade immediately following the Civil War.

The period between the close of the Civil War and the disappearance of the frontier is prolific in the making of material well deserving a place in story and song. No more dramatic incidents stand out from the pages of history than those which mark the advance of United States troops into the great Northwest, the Sioux country, which was for many years the battleground of the wars for the extermination of Indian independence, the battleground where the Indians took their last stand in defense of the wild strip of land that still remained to them of the great continent that had once been theirs.

Writers of fiction have made use of this field in weaving into their tales, historical facts that reveal stories of heroisms, of tragedy, and of pathos unexcelled in epic poetry. Several officers of the United States Army have written novels based upon the events of these stirring times.

General Charles King, who served as Lieutenant, Captain, and General with the Fifth United States Cavalry in the campaigns against the Indians, has written more than fifty novels and short stories, based upon this eventful period in

25 Inman, The Old Santa Fe Trail, p. 53

the development of the west. General King's stories are interesting, rapidly moving and romantic, but many incidents in them are gilded versions of incidents that happened under his own observation; and the books give a fairly true picture of things as they were.

Warrior Gap is a story based upon the Sioux outbreak of 1868. The scene of the story shifts quickly from West Point to that great theater of Indian warfare in northern Wyoming and Montana. The Sioux Chief Red Cloud is an ever hovering menace to the peace and safety of the army and the settlers in the territory. Historical facts give a touch of realism to the story. Several types of Indian character are presented. In Lisette is shown the faithful Indian girl, who though loving hopelessly, yet protects the life of her former lover from the revenge of her own people. In Burning Star, the rejected lover, and Chaska, the brother of Lisette, who have sworn to avenge the slight to the sweetheart and sister, are shown two young braves who cannot tolerate even a fancied offense to their honor.

John Folsom is the old trader who better than any one else understands the Indian character. He sees the Indian's side of the situation and because of his honesty in dealing with the Indians he is able to influence them more than any other man.

Campaigning with Crook and Stories of Army Life are stories that tell of the beginning of the Indian War of 1876.

The first chapter relates to the order received at Fort Hays, which sent the Fifth Cavalry into the far west to fight the Indians. The story tells of the situation in the Indian country and of the first conflicts between troops and Indians. Marvins Faith and The Colonel's Daughter are two novels by Captain King that mentions the Indians in much the same way as do these earlier stories.

In Captain Blake, Captain King makes very little use of Indians as plot material. The story is laid in a north-western army post (Black Hills of South Dakota) during the Indian troubles in that region, and the danger of Indian attacks and a campaign against the Indians are incidents that help to bring out the character of the hero and to further the progress of the plot.

Fort Frayne is another of those romances which the busy soldier wove about the scenes of his activities in the wilds of the Northwest. The mention in the first chapter of the Platte, the Big Horn mountains, Laramie Peak, and the Laramie plains, give promise that Indians or wars against the Indians will be one of the features of the story.

Captain King speaks familiarly of Red Cloud, and his followers, Red Wolf, Crow Knife, and Kill Eagle, and of the various tribes and their divisions, of the Minneconjous, the Uncapapas, the Brules. In this story Captain King gives as the motives for Indian troubles, those that so frequently were actually the causes:

"The old, old story told again, and just as it had been time and time before. Absurdity in the Indian policy; mismanagement in the Indian Bureau; starvation in the Indian villages; murmurings of discontent among the old warriors; talk of summary action among the young braves; emissaries from disaffected bands; midnight councils, harangues, dances, threats, an arrest or two, escape, and then a general rush to join the hostiles in the field." 26

Ever the soldier, and upholder of the white man's code in warfare, Captain King tells a story that is not unfair to the Indians. In this story of the Old Wyoming Fort he tells of its early history and the purpose which it served as a resting place and refuge for immigrants before the Union Pacific was built. Of the Indians, and their attitude to the immigrants of those earlier days he writes:

"Once it was the boast of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies the Absarahas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Settlers of the old days used to tell how the Sioux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this, when resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux being

26 Colonel Charles King, Fort Frayne, p. 21

fired upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan Massacre beyond old Laramie there had been no real peace with the lords of the Northwest." 27

Without idealizing his characters Captain King shows, by the things that they did, that Indians are not without the qualities that make for greatness. Crow Knife, a young Indian scout, leaves the post in the dead of winter because his father and mother had joined the hostiles. In a fight with United States troops, he "seized his mother in his arms and shielded and saved her" then after the fight was over he returned to the United States Cavalry and was a trusted and faithful scout.

A Daughter of the Sioux, as its subtitle A Tale of the Indian Frontier indicates, is another of those stories based upon the last stand of the Indians in the Northwest. Old Fort Frayne is again the scene of the story and General King speaks familiarly of those scenes of conflict, the Platte, the Powder River, Wind River, the Big Horn mountains, those wild spots that for so long rang with the war cry of the Sioux, while United States troops sought to subdue those fierce wards of the nation. He also speaks familiarly of many braves well known for their part in the conflict - Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull and others whose names will live in the history of the Northwest.

27 Colonel Charles King, Fort Frayne, p. 52

This story is a romance purporting to show the faithfulness of an Indian woman's love and the extremes to which she will go for the sake of her accepted lord. The Indian girl, or rather, Indian, English, French Canadian girl, for she is a mixture of all those races, displays very few of those characteristics which are supposed to belong to the Indian woman, the exception being her devotion to the renegade who is her husband.

While General King's purpose in writing this story is neither propaganda against the Indian, nor an attempt to create sympathy for them, but only to weave a romance about a situation and setting that were admirably suited to romance, yet he does show a true and regrettable situation in more than one instance; and he seems to hold an impartial view.

In speaking of an uprising of the Sioux, one of the troopers asks what started the trouble and the Major's answer is significant - "The arrest of those two young bucks on charge of killing Finn, the sheep herder, on the Piney last week. I don't believe the Sioux began it. There is a bad lot among those damned rustlers. But no matter who starts, we have to finish it." - and again, when the Major was interviewing an old Indian left at the village of Red Cloud's nephew, and the Indian, feigning not to understand the officer, watched the latter ride peacefully away. Although he had every evidence that the young braves, instead of being hunting were preparing for war, the major could do

nothing. His observation is characteristic: "The rule of the road, as prescribed by the civil authorities, to which the soldiers had sworn obedience, being practically, 'Don't defend until you are hit. Don't shoot until you are shot'."

At another time in speaking of the Indian troubles of that period General King says - "And at this moment the situation was grave in the extreme. There had been bad blood and frequent collisions between the cattle men, herdsmen, "rustlers" - especially rustlers, - and the hunting parties of the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne, who clung to the Big Horn Range and superb surrounding country with almost passionate love and with jealous tenacity. There had been aggressions on both sides, then blood shed, then attempts on the part of frontier sheriffs to arrest accused or suspected red men, and equally determined and banded effort to prevent arrest of accused and identified whites. By due process of law, as administered in the days whereof we write, the Indian was pretty sure to get the most of every difference, and therefore, preferred, not unnaturally, his own time-honored methods of settlement." 28

General King does not try to idealize the Indian character, or to defend the Indian method of retaliation. He shows the nice distinction between the attitude of the American soldier and that of the Indian in warfare, but he

28 Colonel Charles King, Daughter of the Sioux, p. 77

is fair to the Indian and simply states that the Indians had scalped the sheriff's posse "that had shot two of their young braves who had availed themselves of a purposely given chance to escape."

General King gives in his story an account of Indian courage similar to that given in the military records of General Wheeler.

"Disdainful of the coming troopers and of the swift fire now blazing at them from the pit, the two mounted warriors lashed their ponies to mad gallop and bore down, straight for their imperilled brother, crouching behind the stricken "pinto", never swerving, never halting, hardly checking speed, but bending low over and behind their chargers necks, the two young braves swept onward and with wild whoop of triumph, challenge and hatred, gathered up and slung behind the rider of the heavier pony the agile and bedizened form on the turf; then circled away, defiant, taunting, gleeful, yes and even more. -"

In speaking of the Indian's military tactics General King uses Stabber, a supposed nephew of Red Cloud, to furnish example - "Stabber knew that to attack the troopers now entrenching at the cottonwoods meant a desperate fight in which the Indians, even if ultimately triumphant, must lose many a valued brave, and that is not the thoroughbred Indian's view of good generalship."

Opposed to Stabber is the principal Indian of the story,-

and he was partly white - the renegade husband of the daughter of the Sioux. This character is made to possess most of the bad qualities that a lawless man, whether Indian or white, might be supposed to have. A former student at the Carlisle school, he speaks correct English, but usually specializes in profanity; an 'ex-employee' of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, he has learned all that could be learned in that capacity, and returns to the Indians of Wyoming to lead them in their resistance to the whites. Of superb physique, absolute fearlessness, an expert rider, he proves a dangerous leader of the younger Sioux braves. Although he is an outlaw, a brutal husband and a murderous foe, he yet awakes some admiration for his physical perfection and for his unconquerable and daring spirit. His violent death is in keeping with the life he had lived.

Frederic Remington, who is a recognized authority on the subject of Indians, as well as a skillful artist in perpetuating them upon canvas, has written several books on Western life in some of which Indians play the most important part.

How the Law Got into the Chaparral is a story told by Colonel "Rip" Ford describing the activities of the old time Texas Rangers. The southwestern Indians are necessarily characters in any drama enacted upon that stage during the period from the beginning of Western expansion until the disappearance of the frontier. The old Colonel tells of several conflicts between the Rangers and bands of Comanches,

in which the result was always the same - victory for the Rangers.

One of the old Colonel's stories tells of a fight between one hundred Texans with one hundred and thirteen friendly Tahuahuacan Indians and a band of Comanches who had been raiding the settlement on the Deer Fork of the Brazos. This was in 1858. These Tahuahuacans were about as savage in their practices as it is possible for humans to be. They even went to the extent of enjoying a cannibal feast after the battle with the Comanches.

The old Colonel describes the Mexican practice of "decimation" of prisoners, which meant that every tenth man was to be shot, their fate being determined by the drawing of a black bean from a bag of white ones.

The Sargeant of the Orphan Troop is a story chiefly describing the daring exploits of Sargeant Carter Johnson of the Third Cavalry, but it also tells a pathetic story of the suffering attending a fight between the troop and Dull Knifes band of Northern Cheyennes, around Fort Robinson, Nebraska. The victory was, of course, to the United States troops, but the Indians bore themselves bravely and won for themselves the title of "The Spartans of the plains." Women and children fought and suffered with the braves and endured a similar fate in the unequal fight.

Massai's Crooked Trail is another story by Frederic Remington in which the Indian is the chief character.

Massai was what is called bronco Chiricahua. He had been a Chiricahua warrior who was arrested after the Geronimo war and sent East on the railroad. He had escaped and became an outlaw, making his way by night to Arizona which had been his old home. The story is about the stealing of an Apache girl and the murder of her mother. The story is mainly a relation by the old chief of scouts of the Apaches, and relates what he knew personally of Massai and what was told him by the girl. The principal part of the story is the description of a really bad, but very crafty and fearless Indian, who is not so very different from any other man of the same classification.

The Spirit of Mahonqui is a story of the Canadian Indians. It is supposed to be based upon an old document left by a Frenchman, Chevalier Bailloquet, who was engaged in the fur trade in the middle of the seventeenth century. The chevalier was captured by the Iroquois, and lived among them for a long time, learning much of their customs and superstitions.

The story is of the fight in which the Chevalier and some Hurons are taken captive, along with a French Mastiff dog. The Hurons were tortured and killed and their heads were carried about on poles. The Frenchman lost a few finger nails, and was then adopted by an old chief of the tribe who had lost a son. The dog was regarded with superstitious awe, because he was different from the Indian mongrels. The dog was supposed to be possessed of the spirit of some dead chief.

The narrative goes on to relate how the Indians conducted themselves in council and how the chief went out into the forest and held conference with the Spirit of Mahonqui which was reincarnated in the body of the dog.

Richard Harding Davis, while not primarily a writer of Indians stories, occasionally uses Indians to put thrills into the adventures of his heroes. Ransom's Folly is one of the stories which does this. This story brings Indians in as an unimportant part. The scene is laid at Fort Crocket during the Indian wars, and the Indians are mentioned as a source of danger to those living at the army post.

Hamlin Garland, in his books dealing with the Indians, has much to say about the relation of the Army to the Indian situation. He, however, blames neither the Army, nor the Indian agents, so much as he blames the greed of the white cattle men and settlers, and the mistaken policy of the government, for the deplorable condition of affairs.

The accounts of General Homer Wheeler, in The Frontier Trail, and of Major General O. O. Howard, in Famous Indian Chiefs I have Known, read like stories of fiction and relate much that shows truth, loyalty and heroism, as well as savagery, in the character of the average Indian.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Indian as the Agent of Adventure.

Almost all stories of pioneer life are at the same time stories of adventure. Stories of the army, too, are necessarily stories of adventure. Many of those who have read the typical "Indian" story would say that all Indian stories are stories of thrilling adventure, and that no other classification would be necessary. There are, however, many stories dealing with Indians that are so different from the pioneer stories that they must fall into a class by themselves, and since they are so wholly devoted to adventure they may be called adventure stories.

Charles Brockden Brown's weird romance Edgar Huntley is a story of marvelous adventures in the forests of Pennsylvania. The hero wakes from a fit of sleep walking and finds himself in a rocky cavern in company with a panther. He kills the animal but finds that his position is but little improved. A band of Indians, who have taken captive a young white girl, lie sleeping about the opening of the cave. The hero after much reflection kills an Indian, rescues the girl and plunges into more hair raising adventures. At length, after surviving many dangers, Huntley and the

girl arrive at a cabin in the woods where they take refuge for a time. They are attacked by three Indians, all of whom are killed by the hero. These Indians seem to be placed here for the sole purpose of giving the hero an opportunity to kill them. They are as much lacking in personality as the panther, or the rocky cliffs that impede the progress of the hero. Still another crime must be laid at the door of these impersonal creatures, for the mystery of the story, the death of Waldegrave, is cleared up by the explanation that a band of hostile savages in the neighborhood, had killed him.

Brown's description of Indians is lacking entirely in the idealism that characterizes Cooper's Indians; Brown's Indians are all cruel, crafty and ferocious. There is no connected story of Indian warfare, nor is there any attempt to portray Indians as individuals. The effect produced is that of Indians simply having been brought into the story to bring action and adventure to the hero, and to fulfill Brown's self imposed duty as an American writer - to make use of distinctly American material.

Compared with Cooper Brown's description of the woods as well as of Indian character, lacks vividness and the poetic insight that makes Cooper's wilderness with its savage habitants the fitting scene and characters for an epic. Of Brown's presentation of the Indian Martin S. Vilas in his critical analysis of Brown's novels says:

"He realized vaguely that in the American Indian there is a creation different from the ordinary and so something that we call "original" for treatment, but the thought became a fancy before it could be fairly comprehended. It slipped from him ere he could write it down in vivid colors, and he remained sombre and desolate trying to write himself into a great writer and philosophize himself into philosopher, though he never yet had reached the life he thought to describe save by fleeting moments, and he existed ever apart from what was and is in the highest form the true, the beautiful and so the good." 28

Very different from Brown's unreal Indians is the Indian of Herman Melville's wild story of adventure in the south sea. In this remarkable book, "Moby Dick", Melville introduces a North American Indian as one of the harpooners on a whaling voyage. These Indians, the few that remain of a once strong tribe of Gayhead near Nantucket supplied the Island of Nantucket with some her most daring whalers. Melville's Indian is not idealized, he is simply a successful whaler, taking his place among other men, doing the work that he could do best because it appealed to his love of adventure, and utilized his physical strength and endurance:

"Tashtego's long, lean sable hair, his high cheek bones, and black rounding eye - for an Indian oriental

28 Vilas, Charles Brockden Brown, p. 60

in their largeness, but Antarctic in their glittering expression - all sufficiently proclaimed him an inheritor of the blood of those proud warrior hunters, who in quest of the great New England moose, had scoured, bow in hand the aboriginal forests of the Main. But no longer snuffing in the trail of the wild beasts of the woodland, Tashtego now hunted in the wake of the great whales of the sea; the unmerring harpoon of the son fitly replacing the infallible arrow of the sires." 29

It is a remarkable and not generally recognized fact that Edgar Allan Poe made use of Indians in a story of adventure. In The Journal of Julius Rodman, a story more nearly resembling The Gold Bug, than any of his mystery stories or tales of pseudo-science, Poe speaks of the Assiniboin Indians of the west. The story tells of the adventures encountered by the first white men - and a negro - to cross the Rocky mountains. The negro servant rather than the white men arouses the curiosity of the Indians who "had never before seen or heard of a blackamore." And for the sake of a closer acquaintance with the peculiar black man the Indians attack the party. Poe's treatment of the Indian is, of course artistic, but Poe seems to have little serious interest in the Indians as characters for a story.

In the class of adventure stories, should be placed the novels of Edwin L. Sabin, who writes of that interesting

29 Melville, Moby Dick, p. 149

period in our history when the United States was still young and unexplored, and the spirit of adventure and love of exploration, more even than the love of gold, drove men to leave the Atlantic seaboard and the settlements east of the Mississippi, leave home and kindred and the comforts of civilization to penetrate far into that untrodden wilderness known as the "Indian Country". The powerful British Hudson Bay Company, and the American Fur Company, because of their kindred interests, had caused their respective governments to agree to a joint occupation of Oregon. This laid an excellent foundation for possible future difficulties between the two Anglo Saxon nations, and created a situation likely to bring about immediate difficulties with the Indians.

Mr. Sabin writes familiarly of scenes and places of historical importance in the building of the west or more particularly of the highways and the lonely forts that laid the foundation for the building of the west. Since the country west of the Mississippi river was by act of Congress in 1830, designated as the "Indian Country" given in exchange for the extinguishment of the Indians' title to lands east of the Mississippi, the Indians naturally viewed with apprehension and hostility - this encroachment of the whites into their country. It was not that they objected to the fur trade and the fact of the white men's trapping along their rivers. The Hudson Bay Company had long carried on a brisk

trade with the Indians and many Indians and half breeds were employed by the company. But the Indians felt that the Americans were too close to them and they knew from previous experience that settlers soon followed the hunters and that when a white man wanted land an Indian's title was easily extinguished. Therefore although the Americans frequently lived among the Indians, and although, they, as well as the British trappers and traders, usually married Indian wives, the Indians were a constant menace to those hardy adventurers.

In White Indian published in book form in 1925, Mr. Sabin gives an excellent picture of Indian village life during the winter in the north. He tells of the raids made by members of one tribe upon those of another in order to replenish their larders - and to supply themselves with ponies, often to replace those taken in a previous raid upon their own village; and sometimes in order to supply themselves with wives.

White Indian is the story of a younger member of the British nobility, who because of a unhappy love affair, came to America to live a life of freedom in the Indian Country. He is not a member of the Hudson Bay Company but is an independent trapper. He has married an Indian girl and is living temporarily with a company of the Crow tribe. Their Indian enemies are the Blackfeet, who make an early morning raid on the Crow camp while the Crows are out on a like mission to the Blackfoot camp. The story describes

the life of a trapper and how trapping is accomplished, and the "Rendezvous" where the trappers gather annually to turn their pelts into supplies for the coming year and dispose of the surplus, if there is any. Well known names, both white and Indian, in frontier history are familiarly mentioned in the story.

Jim Bridger and Kit Carson are as daring and skillful in this story as they are in the historical accounts. Indians and half breeds of the Hudson Bay Company mingle with lawyers, doctors and decayed aristocrats, as well as representatives of all the northern Indian Tribes, Nez Perces, Flat Head, Pend' Oreille, Koutenay, Cayuse, Crow, Snake, Ute, Arapaho, Delaware, Iroquois, Shawnee, at the Rendezvous. The Rendezvous must have been in 1836 because the two American Missionaries Whitman and Spalding with their wives were present and the white women caused great excitement in the camp.

The story ends happily - for the white man and his first love. The Indian wife is drowned after being run down by a horse while she is trying to attract attention from her husband to herself. The two most important Indian characters are Dawn Star, the wife of the Englishman, and War Eagle, invincible Blackfoot chief, who never forgives and who keeps his word.

Honore Willsie Morrow makes use of the same historical situation in her novel We Must March that Sabin wrote about

in White Indian, but her novel is of more historical interest since it is primarily a story of the winning of Oregon for the United States.

Another novel of Sabin's that is full of thrilling adventures but is not such a good novel as White Indian is the Rose of Santa Fé. This is a story of the early days on the Santa Fé trail when a brisk trade was carried on over that highway between the United States and the south west which then belonged to Mexico. The opening scene is at Independence, Missouri, a dirty, busy, rough frontier trading post where caravans were fitted out to make the long trip across the plains, and where the trappers and voyagers from the Oregon country came to dispose of their furs.

The first introduction to Indians in this story is made at Independence where "Osage, Oto, Sioux, Kickapoo, Missouri, Kansas, standing silently like statues, seeing every thing and saying little", are a part of the picturesque background of the scene. The rest of the story takes place on the Santa Fé trail and at the city of Santa Fé and the mine near by.

The story is of a young Ohio University graduate who goes to the prairie for his health and after many hardships secures employment as a guard to a wealthy Mexican Don, who with his daughter Rosa and her cousin Don Antonio are retiring with a freighters caravan to their home in Santa Fé. The

romance is between the young American who acquits himself very creditably as a marksman, buffalo hunter and Indian fighter, and the Senorita whose father owns a valuable mine in the Apache country, and of course it ends happily.

The first encounter with the Indians occurs at the Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas, where a band of Comanches attack the caravan and the young American gets his first experience in Indian fighting. The Indians method of attack is characteristically described. After the party reached Santa Fe the Senorita and some Americans visit the mine, and are captured by a band of Apaches. The older man, called the long American, seems to be familiar with many tribes of Indians, and he makes some clever comparisons between the Comanches and Apaches. The Apache lodges are described, and some description is made of the Indians manner of life. The author brings out quite clearly the fact that, at this time at least, the Apaches were much more friendly to the Americans than to the Spaniards. The racial characteristics of the Indians and of the Spaniards are contrasted.

The novel is of little value as an Indian story although the Indians furnish all the important adventures. The author seems familiar with the vernacular of the trail, and that he is authentic in this, is borne out by the fact that other novelists and soldiers who have written true accounts, use the same terminology. A sinister incident is the description of El Palacio, where a row of dried Indian

ears are hung along the wall. The Long American explains that where a Mexican kills an Apache or a Comanche he brings in the ears of his victim and receives a reward.

The Romance of the Martin Connor is a story recounting the adventures of a group of Americans and Englishmen who are interested in the rubber industry. Their field of operation is along the Amazon river which they are exploring in the ship, the Martin Connor. While the plot of the book deals primarily with the characters of these men, and with their adventures, Indians of South America have a place in the story. The first Indians are mentioned as the River Indians, which the party encountered in the wilds of the tropical forest. The white men wish to buy fresh fruit and vegetables, and it is significant that the Indians are unable to comprehend the fact that the white men wish to pay for what they take. The Indians had evidently had previous experience with white traders, and they are hardly able to believe the evidence of their senses when the men give a goodly number of pots and kettles to an old woman in exchange for the food they needed and which she was too weak to defend, had they wished to take it from her without pay. These river Indians prove to be kind and loyal to the men who had treated them fairly and their friendship turns almost to worship when one of their tribe who is suffering from gangrene in a broken leg, is doctored successfully by the Captain of the ship. Another tribe of Indians are encountered as the white men proceed up the river. These Indians locally

called the Blowgun Indians, are reputed to be ferocious savages who frequently practice cannibalism. The white men have been warned of these Indians, and their greatest dread is that they come into conflict with them.

As the Martin Connor approaches the upper reaches of the Amazon, she is hailed by a naked creature who resembles the savages except for his color and the fact that he speaks English. This man proves to be a man formerly belonging to the Martin Connor who had fallen into the hands of enemies. These enemies, members of a rival rubber company, turned the man loose in the jungles bordering the Amazon, where he wandered about half crazed until he was picked up by the Blowgun Indians. Thus the Martin Connor and her crew come into contact with the dreaded Blowguns. The white men hardly know what to expect but they determine not to be the first aggressors, so treat the Indians fairly and honestly. They are believed to find that the Indians respond with like treatment. These Indians are possessed of great quantities of gold, for which they have little use and they readily exchange kettles of gold for knives and other articles of practical value.

Mr. Kendal does not idealize the Indians but simply speaks of them as primitive people free from guile, for whose enmity the white man is largely responsible.

In The Blazed Trail stories, a volume of short stories dealing with episodes of the early life in the west, by Stewart Edward White, are two stories that deal with Indians.

The Girl Who Got Rattled, is a story of a party of Eastern people who are riding to Deadwood during the time that the Indians of that country were hostile to the whites. The story is mainly about a scout who is a favorite character with the author, but it tells something of the Indians method of attack, in skirmishes, and gives a description of a fight which the scout and a girl had with a band of Indians.

The other story, The Two Cartridges, tells of a similar experience with Alfred, the scout, and a bandit as the chief actors against a band of Sioux. Neither story is of any value in depicting Indian life or characteristics, or the relation of the Indian to the white men or the government. For that matter, the stories are not very convincing in their portrayal of any phase of western life.

In The Boy Settlers by Noah Brooks a party of boys and two older men leave their home in Illinois to take up claims in Kansas. The boys are eager to see Indians and think they will acquit themselves bravely in a fight with them. However, the only Indians which they encounter are the Delawares on the reservation and the Indians which were to be seen at the trading posts. There is one instance when a real conflict is threatened. A party of Cheyennes are reported to be moving down the north fork of the Republican, and the settlers in that vicinity are arming themselves in expectation of an attack. The Indians, however, move on and make no trouble, so the boys have no opportunity to display their skill as

Indian fighters.

Spinning Wheel Stories is a volume of short stories for young people, by Louisa M. Alcott. One of the stories, Onawandah, is about an Indian boy who is befriended by a white man who lives with his two children, in the Connecticut valley. This is at a time when the Indians of that locality are hostile to the whites, but in spite of this fact the man gives the half starved boy a home, and trusts him with the care of the children. The boy, Onawandah, proves faithful to the trust and becomes deeply attached to the children. At last there is an uprising and after quiet is restored the children are not to be found. Onawandah is regarded with suspicion by all but the stricken father, who still believes him faithful. Onawandah after searching for the children disappears into the forest, and after many days returns bringing the children unharmed to their father. But the faithful boy is severely hurt; after delivering up his charges he sinks to the ground and dies.

Miss Alcott's ideas of the Indian were probably colored to a considerable extent by Cooper's interpretation of Indian character.

Many writers whose stories are chiefly stories of adventure have placed the setting in localities that are in themselves sufficiently important to determine the classification of the stories.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Indian in the Historical Novel

American history is a matter of such recent beginnings, that there is no romantic period like the medieval period of older nations; therefore there is no historical novel, like the novels of Sir Walter Scott. America, however, is not without historical novels. Cooper's Spy is an historical novel pure and simple; and all of his novels are to a certain extent historical novels. If it were not that Cooper is of more consequence here because of his creation of Indian types, he would doubtlessly be discussed as the first American writer of the historical novel.

William Gilmore Simms is also an author who deserves mention as a writer of historical novels as well as a writer of histories and biographies; but he too has been discussed elsewhere.

Omitting the works of Cooper and Simms, there are still enough historical novels in which Indians are important figures, to require a separate chapter for their discussion.

Among these books which in their treatment of the Indian may well be called historical novels, those of Mary Johnston

are worthy of mention. In the time setting and place setting, her stories adhere closely to facts, as well as do the parts played by the well known characters of history. The plans and exploits as well as the characters of such men as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edwin Sandys, Governor Dale, Governor Berkeley, and other early colonial governors are faithfully reproduced. The central characters of the story are fictitious figures created by the author, with the heroic or lovable qualities needed to make a romance fitted to the wild barbaric beauty of the natural setting.

The Indians in Mary Johnston's stories are rarely the leading characters, although Indians of historical importance are introduced and their characters carefully portrayed according to historical accounts of them. The Indians and the threat of impending danger from them color the atmosphere and furnish a background. The nature of the country is in itself a source of terror, and the Indians play in the novels somewhat the same part that is played by the chorus in a Greek tragedy.

In Croatan Mary Johnston has woven a fanciful story upon the imagined fate of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony. The scene shifts from Plymouth, England, from which the little party of colonists set sail in 1587, to the wilds of Virginia.

The story follows the historical account until the departure of Governor John White from the Island, then imagination and conjecture must take the place of fact. The little group of English, alone of all their kind on that vast conti-

ment, survive for a year, then looking vainly for the return of a ship, they are attacked by the Roanokes, whom they had offended. Meshava, a young chief of the friendly Croatans, urged the leader of the few surviving English to go with his band into the mountains where they will be safe from the more numerous and warlike Roanokes. The story is essentially centered in the characters of the English children Miles Darling and Virginia Dare and a shipwrecked Spanish boy whom they have saved. Nevertheless, Young Thunder, an Indian youth, plays no small part in the story; and Indian customs, characteristics, and superstitions are important factors in the narrative. The author has evidently made a careful study of the history, customs, and ultimate fate of the Indians who once inhabited the lands bordering on the Atlantic.

To Have and to Hold is another novel by Mary Johnston, in which the Indians of Virginia play an important part. The scene of the story is laid in Virginia in the year 1621. Jamestown is a well garrisoned town; the English have come in numbers; John Smith has gone to England; Powhatan is dead as is his daughter Pocahontas. Opechancanough, the prophetic, ever an enemy of the English, is emperor of the Powhatans. The romance follows the fortunes of Ralph Percy and the King's ward whom he has married as one of Sir Edwin Sandy's maids. Thus in its chief characters the novel is not historical; although in the main incidents, the narrative follows the early history of Virginia, and the situation is

representative.

The relation of the colonists to the Indians corresponds to that which prevailed in Virginia at that time. The character of Opechancanough and his policy toward the English as well as his influence over his subjects is carefully reproduced. The Indian attack upon Jamestown may well have been enacted, and the massacre of the unprotected settlers in the outlying hundreds might have been one of the many that actually took place.

John Roff, the English husband of Pocahontas, is one of the leading characters, and among the Indians who stand out prominently are Nantenguas, brother of Pocahontas, and Opechancanough, brother and successor of Powhatan.

Prisoners of Hope is another story that shows much of the customs of life in Virginia during colonial days. The principal character is a bond servant, imprisoned for participation, on the side of Cromwell, in England's Civil War. The story shows the tragedy that often attended this system of bondage. The Indians of Virginia hover in the background of the story and the constant fear of an uprising shadows the life of the settlement. The most prominent Indian character is, however, a good Indian and faithful friend to the hero.

In The Great Valley, which transports a Scotch Presbyterian minister and his family over the Virginia mountains into the Great Valley, Indian raids and captivity form the same sort of background that they furnish in most of Mary

Johnston's stories.

Although she shows little first hand knowledge of Indians or Indian customs, the author shows a careful study of historical sources in the portrayal of nationally known Indians; and she presents convincing pictures of representative situations.

John Esten Cooke, better known as a writer of biography than as a novelist, used Indians to some extent in his novels of "Old Virginia". My Lady Pocahontas, and The Last of the Forresters use the Indians as characters; though the principal Indian character in the last named eventually turns out to be a white man. Cooke's works do not show much familiarity with Indian characters, but they do present highly colored, romantic pictures of the cavalier society of the old South.

Notwithstanding that it has been discussed to a certain extent as a novel portraying northern Indians, Mrs. Morrow's We Must March, deserves mention here, because it is primarily a historical novel. Mrs. Morrow shows a careful study of historical facts in recounting the adventures of the missionaries in the Indian country. The book is based for the most part upon the Journal of Narcissa Whitman; and the accounts of meeting the Indians and the manner of reception accorded white men by them are without doubt close to the facts as given by Mrs. Whitman. The difficulties encountered by those early missionaries in their attempts to better the conditions of the Indians, the hostility and suspicion of the natives and the narrow escapes of the white women from Indian captivity

are also doubtless true. Mrs. Morrow used unquestionably authentic sources for the material for her study of Indian character, although she shows little first hand information.

The romantic incidents connected with George Rogers Clark's memorable campaign on the Wabash in the winter of 1779 was the inspiration for Maurice Thompson's novel, Alice of Old Vincennes. The story gives a vivid and authentic impression of the strenuous life of the French in Indiana during the Revolutionary War.

There are few Indians in the story, only Long-Hair and the band of savages whom the English Governor, Hamilton, had hired to set upon and kill Beverly; but there is frequent mention of Indians, and of the English practice of buying American scalps from them.

Long-Hair presents a vivid and convincing picture of what a savage of that country well might be. Without idealizing, the author presents a commanding picture of the savage:

"Long-Hair was not a young man; but it would have been impossible to guess his age. His form and face simply showed long experience and immeasurable vigor.*** Romancers have made much of their Indian heroes, picturing them as models of manly beauty and nobility; but all fiction must be taken with a pinch of salt. The plain truth is that dark savages of the pure blood often do possess the magnetism of perfect physical development and unfathomable mental strangeness; but

real beauty they never have."

Long-Hair is continually spoken of as being a man perfectly proportioned but of gigantic build, with corresponding physical strength:

"Beverly had always thought himself a master swimmer, but Long-Hair showed him his mistake. The giant Indian, with but one hand free to use, fairly rushed through that deadly cold and turbulent water."

The interpretation of Indian character is usually in keeping with popular conceptions, but one admirable trait is attributed to Indians in general and to Long-Hair in particular. When Long-Hair, who had found Alice's locket in Beverly's possession, learned of the love affair between the two, he saved Beverly's life at no small cost of labor and at the risk of his own life:

" 'Little girl save Long-Hair's life. Long-Hair save warrior for little girl', he explained. A dignity that was almost noble accompanied these simple sentences. Long-Hair stood proudly erect, like a colossal dark statue in the dimness. The great truth dawned upon Beverly that here was a characteristic act. He knew that an Indian rarely forgets to repay a kindness or an injury, stroke for stroke when opportunity offered. Long-Hair was a typical Indian. That is to say, a type of

inhumanity raised to the last power; but under his hideous atrocity of nature lay the indestructible sense of gratitude so fixed and perfect that it did its work almost automatically." 30

In The Crossing, Winston Churchill tells a story of the Revolutionary War period and emphasizes George Rogers Clark's march to Vincennes. Indians are not of primary importance but they could not be entirely omitted from a narrative of that time and place.

Narratives of Indian Captivity

It has already been said that in nearly every book written during the colonial period and depicting anything of colonial life there is some mention of Indians. Among those books which can neither be called entirely historical nor purely fiction are a number of narratives written by men and women who had been at one time captives of the Indians. It is largely owing to these accounts of savage atrocities that the popular mind became so thoroughly convinced that the Indian character was a compound of all that was evil without an extenuating virtue. 31

One narrative giving an account of the sufferings of captives in the hands of savages appeared under the long title God's Protecting Providence in the Remarkable

30 Thompson, Maurice, Alice of Old Vincennes, p. 276

31 W. J. Long says in his History of American Literature: "Even at the present day it is difficult to make the average American understand that the Indians were often actuated by noble motives and possessed some admirable native virtues."

Deliverance of Robert Barrow, faithfully related by Johnathan Dickinson. (1699) This is a story of the trials and tribulations of Dickinson, his wife and baby, Robert Barrow and others, while they were in the hands of the Indians. Dickinson and his wife and baby with some others were driven ashore on the Gulf coast of Florida in September, 1696; six weeks later they reached St. Augustine. Robert Barrow survived and reached Philadelphia where he died April fourth, 1697.

Probably the best known narrative of Indian captivity is that of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, the wife of a minister of Lancaster, Massachusetts. When the Indians burned the town during King Phillip's War, Mrs. Rowlandson became a captive. She vividly describes the horrors that followed the burning of the town, the slaughter of the defenseless inhabitants and her long weary journey with her captors. She describes the night after her captivity as - "The dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh! the roaring, and the singing, and the dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night made the place a lively resemblance of hell." 32

The Redeemed Captive by John Williams tells much the same kind of a story. Williams was carried into Canada by the savages when Deerfield was attacked and burned in 1704.

John Gyles of Pemaquid is another story of Indian captivity. John Gyles was captured in 1689. He lived for

32 Mrs. Rowlandson, Narrative of the Captivity.

many years with the Indians along the Penobscott River and with the French in Canada, and gives a thrilling account of his experiences.

The Journals of Daniel Goodkin are more literary and of greater historical value than are any of these other narratives, and they are far more sympathetic in attitude toward the Indian.

During the upbuilding of the West, there have been many white captives who have attempted to give accounts of their captivity and life among the Indians. One of these narratives by Mrs. Sarah L. Larimer, tells of her life among the Sioux, and also throws much light upon the customs, practices, and superstitions of the Indians among whom she lived. Although her book is written in the ornate, sentimental style of half a century ago, it gives a clear and convincing picture of Indian customs; but on some points she is entirely at variance with such authorities as George Bird Grinnell and others. ³³ Mrs. Larimer's savages are usually described as ferocious and cruel, although she shows that in some cases they are moved by motives of kindness. ³⁴

The narratives of Colonel Henry Inman, and of General Homer Wheeler might also be classed in this chapter, although those of Colonel Inman belong more properly with the stories of the army, and those of General Wheeler are so strictly accounts

³³ Noticeably in the status of women among the Sioux tribes.

³⁴ Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp also gives an account of captivity among the Sioux.

of facts, unadorned by any romantic additions, that they cannot be used in a discussion of fiction.

CHAPTER NINE

Modern Realistic Treatment of the Indian

Probably the most noticeable characteristic of present day fiction is its tendency to realism, and the effort to depict things as they are. This effort seems to meet the hearty approval of the public, for if a writer would avoid an avalanche of ridicule from the critics let him avoid all that tends toward the romantic.

This tendency toward realism excludes the possibility of any extensive employment of the Indian as a subject in the modern novel. There are several reasons for this; modern realism deals, not with broad situations or external objects, but rather with things within the narrower limits of the study of the human complex, and analysis of psychological motives; and the wily savage does not lend himself to such a study. That which is different and which we do not understand is always viewed romantic,^{any} and lastly realistic treatment of a subject presupposes some little knowledge of that subject.

For the simple reason that so few are able to know the Indian as he really is, or as he ever was, a barrier is

raised between the writer of realistic fiction and the Indian as a subject. The Indian is himself supposed to be taciturn, cold, and uncommunicative, and those who have lived among the Indians long enough to know anything about them, have either themselves fallen into the ways of the Indian or are over loquacious and bring in so much that is romantic about the Indian that we must discredit much of what they say, or else believe that the Indian really is a creature primarily romantic.

Many of the writers who may be said to depict the Indians most nearly as they are, are those men of the army who have presented the Indians as they appeared to them. But these Indians were then living under abnormal conditions. An individual cannot be said to be living at normal when his tribe is under the shadow of the army of a powerful conquering foe.

The legends and tales of superstitious ceremonies of the Indians, which are related by these soldier writers, are a part of the ritual of the savage, and can no more be taken as representative, than our legends and religious ceremonies can be taken as representative of American life today.

The missionaries and priests who have written of the Indians, have earnestly tried to picture the red man as he really is or was, but such writers are upheld by the enthusiasm of their holy calling, and their work falls far short of being a realistic novel or story.

Perhaps the writer who most nearly represents the

Indian as he was after his removal to the reservation, is Alfred Henry Lewis. Lewis has not made any definite attempt to portray Indian life, in a novel, but in the several volumes of his short stories, he gives many intimate pictures of the Indian in his everyday life on the reservation, as he is seen through the tolerant, if indifferent, eyes of the cowboy. That this life on the reservation is no more representative of the Indian as he was in the days of his freedom, than are his legends and stories, goes without saying; but it at least shows one phase of Indian life. Here the Indian is seen at his native dances, which he enjoys with childish abandon; here he engages in the pony race, where his pride as well as his pony's reputation is at stake; and here he tries his fortune with cards, at which he is rarely successful.

Lewis does not claim that his Indians may not be romantic, in fact some of his stories show a romantic side to Indian character and the author evidently agrees with his Old Cattleman that - "Indians would be romantic, only they are so plumb ignorant they never once saveys. There's no Indian word for romantic; them benighted savages never tumbling to such a thing as romance being possible."

Many other writers have attempted to depict the Indian in a faithful light, and have undoubtedly shown the Indian as he appears to them; but this presentation is only of the Indian as he appears under certain conditions, and cannot be said to be a realistic treatment.

The Blood of the Conquerors is a novel in which Harvey Fergusson attempts to portray life as it is in a little boom town in New Mexico. But human nature, he shows, is the same whether in New York or in New Mexico. The principal character is a young Mexican who boasts of the proud blood of Spanish nobility, but he does not boast, although it is just as apparent, of the Navajo blood that is mingled with that of the conquerors. The young man, Ramon Delcasas, has been educated for the law, in St. Louis; but his Latin blood refuses to make any sustained effort to remedy his fallen fortunes. Ramon reveals the influence of his Navajo ancestry as well as his Spanish and French, but in the end he shows that he is the product of mixed blood, and he is thoroughly Mexican.

This book is not primarily a story about Indians, although Indians and mixed blood figure prominently. Old Archulera also boasts of his ancestry, although he is more Indian than Spanish and lacks only a blanket and feathers to look like a pure Navajo, while his daughter, Cataline, reverts still further to the Indian in her blood.

No attempt is made in this book to present the Indian as a picturesque character. Some qualities which unquestionably belong to the Indian are accredited to him by Mr. Fergusson. In the description of old Pedro Alcatraz, some Indian characteristics are mentioned. Pedro Alcatraz is described as a - "tall bony old man of nearly pure Navajo Indian blood". He was simple and direct like an Indian, too, lacking the Mexican

talent for lying and artifice."

Of the Indian, however, as a subject of the typical modern novel, there is no conception. He does not exist for the present day realist.

CHAPTER TEN

Conclusion

The Tragedy of the Indian

American novelists and writers of short stories who have chosen for the central figures of their narratives the American Indian, have usually been influenced by one of two movements. The first of these was largely the result of propaganda spread by those Americans who, from selfish motives, had sought to have the Indians removed from all desirable location within the United States. Writers who have followed this movement have created, in fiction, an Indian who is a merciless savage.

The other movement which claimed followers among statesmen as among novelists was the outgrowth of an over sympathetic attitude toward the Indian. This sentiment was, without doubt, owing to the injustice that was so frequently practiced upon the Indians. The characters of the red men as portrayed by these more sympathetic novelists, possessed only such attributes as belong to heroes. Little attempt was made to present an Indian that was representative.

Between these two extremes were authors who, like Cooper and Simms, have succeeded in creating types of Indians worthy

a permanent place in literature, and other writers who have employed Indians as characters in fiction because they felt that the Indian was an inseparable part of the background of American life.

It has been said elsewhere that the Indian has never yet been used as the theme of a great tragedy. That is not to say, however, that there are not in this subject, possibilities for tragedy. It is not to say that writers have not already attempted to portray the tragedy of the Indian.

Cooper, the great creator of Indian character, in nearly every one of his books, has cast about his principal Indian characters, an atmosphere suggestive of impending doom. Hamlin Garland has shown the tragedy that resulted to the Indian from the passing of the buffalo; he has shown the suffering and discomfort that the Indians endured when they were first located on reservations, and he has shown to what extremes the white man went in his efforts to compel the government to cut down even these allotments of land. William Justin Harsha portrays the tragedy that lies in the loss of self respect such as results from lack of independent self support. Zane Grey shows the tragedy of a people living under the jurisdiction of a government that might punish them but would not give them the right of citizenship, nor extend to them the protection of its laws.

Helen Hunt Jackson saw the unspeakable sorrow that came to the more gentle Pueblo Indians, when the Americans, bringing with them a religion alien to the teachings of the

Franciscans, drove the Indians from lands that the red men firmly believe to be their own, by right of deed as well as by right of settlement.

While none of these writers has succeeded in producing a great book, each has succeeded in portraying some phase of the tragedy to the Indian which has followed in the footsteps of white expansion.

The tragedy of the Indian, unlike that of the African, is not a tragedy of mixed blood but a tragedy of race. There are some who would say that there is no tragedy of the Indian, that he is simply being absorbed by a superior civilization and a stronger race. Perhaps this is true; certainly it is what has happened to every nation, through the long course of history - and before. The Egyptians, as they were when Thebes was young, have passed away. The Babylonians, the Greeks, the Romans have followed them, and their tragedies have furnished much of the best literature of the world.

The Indian had never known the civilization of these older races; but is the tragedy of a lost racial identity less because it is unwritten? Perhaps when America has ceased to revel over her gains, she will write the tragedy of the conquered.

APPENDIX

The Indian Outside of the United States.

A

The Indian in South America and Mexico

There is little in the Indian who stalks silently into the Mexican towns and as quietly steals away, or who hovers about the outskirts of the American settlements in Mexico, to remind one of the Aztec of Mexico or the Inca of Peru who once preserved in those luxuriant lands the lights of an ancient civilization. A knowledge of picture writing, a religion, an architecture, a use of metals that proclaimed a civilization old as that of the Egyptians, met destruction at the hands of those invading Spaniards whose knightly deeds fill the pages of the epic of Spain.

During the last decade there have come to light records of the enslavement, torture, and destruction of a brave, simple, but liberty loving people, records heretofore suppressed by the Spanish government because of the terrible truths they revealed. The most valuable of these records were written by that nobleman and one time slave owner, Las Casas, who eventually became a reformer.

The records of Las Casas, which now furnish much of the source material for the history of that brilliant period when Spain reached her highest glory, and when the natives of

South America and Mexico, with their civilization, were disappearing from the earth, tell a story of oppression and horror, that is sickening in its details.

Prescott, in his history of the Spanish Conquests, presents a picture, dazzling in the romance of adventure, but it was a native of Spain who told the story of the vanquished.

Las Casas, Champlain, Prescott, and the other historians who have written of the Spanish conquests would hardly have a place here, were it not that they furnish the background upon which the patterns of romantic novels and stories have been woven.

Writers of other countries than America were the first to make use of this field for material for fiction. The English dramatist Sheridan shows the first influence of the romantic movement in respect to Indian subjects when, in 1799 he wrote his tragedy, Pizarro.

In America, Lew Wallace has written a monumental book which many feel they ought to read but few ever finish, in which he tells of the Montezumas, and their conquests by the knights of Spain. The Fair God attempts to revive in story the ancient civilization of the Aztecs. Their primitive religion, half the worship of idols and half worship of the sun; the practice of offering human sacrifices to appease the wrath of savage gods; their loyalty to their king and resistance to his enemies all are pictured in the pages of this remarkable book.

Richard Harding Davis has also used the Indian of the

south in his novels and short stories that take their heroes into South America and Mexico. His treatment is, however, scarcely worthy of mention for he makes no attempt to outline the history of the Indian, to describe his daily life, or to portray anything of his character. Davis's Indians are usually servants in the families or on the plantations of wealthy Latin owners, and are nothing more than figures on the stage.

Another writer of romances and adventure stories speaks of the Indians in much the same way as does Richard Harding Davis, and is of about equal importance. Rex Beach, usually makes the heroes of his novels seek their adventures in the primitive north, but in his novel The Ne'er-Do-Well he chooses for his setting, the Panama Canal Zone during the building of the Canal. In this story the natives, those of mixed blood, are the prevailing types; and with his usual disregard for race prejudice the author makes the hero fall in love with a girl of this class. However, there are a few Indians supposedly of pure blood, introduced into the story.

In a volume of short stories by Zane Grey, there are two stories that deal almost exclusively with Indians. The Great Slave is a story of a vanishing tribe of Crows, and their young chief Siena. The story is fanciful and romantic. Building upon traditional characteristics of Indian braves, the author has idealized the character of the young chief. The qualities of patience, faithfulness, love, and honor are

emphasized in the character of the chief of the Grows, while in that of Baroma, the Cree chieftain, those of cruelty and cunning are most prominent. This is a story of the northern Indians and the origin of the Great Slave Tribe on the Athabasca River.

Yaqui is a tragic story by Zane Grey, which shows how this tribe of southwestern Indians have been pushed back across the deserts and into the mountains, persecuted and hunted, alike by the Americans who seek for gold and the Mexicans who hunt for slaves.

The scene of Yaqui is laid in Sonora, Mexico, while Mexico was waging a war of extermination upon these unfortunate Indians. The story begins with the little tribe, having passed through terrible hardships and sufferings, at last settled in a valley in the mountains where they hope to be free from molestation. Because of a surrounding desert, the valley is safe from invasion on all sides and at all times except on the south during the winter rainy season. The chief watches anxiously this side of their little settlement and at last, he sees a troop of Mexican soldiers approaching. The Yaquis make a valiant stand but are overpowered and carried off into slavery.

The rest of the story takes place in the henequen fields of Yucatan where the Mesa Indians are forced to work out their lives in the sweltering heat under the lash of cruel masters. The Indians' qualities of patience, endurance, and undying hate with love and sorrow for his wife and child from

whom he is separated, although all are sold into slavery, are the dominant characteristics of the Yaqui chief. The Yaquis are described as able bodied and intelligent, possessing aboriginal customs and beliefs. The braves made better miners and laborers than white men. Moreover they possessed singular gifts and quickly learned to operate machines more efficiently than whites. 32

In some of his more important books dealing with life in the southwest, Zane Grey uses as characters the Yaqui Indians of Mexico. These Indians are usually represented as being tall, well formed and muscular, and physically superior to the Mexicans with whom they are in constant conflict. Zane Grey places less emphasis on these physical qualities, however, than he does on the more important traits of character which writers of fact as well as of fiction are willing to credit to the Indian.

In Desert Gold, the Yaqui is a loyal retainer of the American ranchman, and in faithfulness to his trust he suffers torture and death rather than prove unworthy. The characteristics with which Mr. Grey endows these Indians is consistent with the generally accepted opinion of the Yaquis. Mr. Grey says that they make the most faithful and capable workers when they have learned how to do a given task. Inquiry discloses the surprising fact that many Americans who have employed them are ready to corroborate this statement.

³² Colonel Wheeler makes a similar observation in speaking of the ability of the Indians of the Northwest.

That these Indians are brave, liberty loving, unconquerable, willing to die rather than suffer enslavement, is revealed by the fact, that even to the present day they persist in their unequal contest with their Mexican oppressors. That they are formidable foes and relentless in battle needs no further testimony than that of the Mexican of the present, who if unsupported by numbers, trembles at the formidable word "Yaqui".

What the outcome of the Yaqui's struggle for tribal independence and the right to hold land will be, needs no prophet to foretell. In the result of our own conflict with the North American Indians, we may read the fate of the Ysqui.

B

The Indian in Alaska and Canada.

When Alaska came into the possession of the United States little was known of the inhabitants, or of the value of that far, frozen land. Many saw in the purchase only an attempt to repay the friendship shown by Russia during the Civil War, and little interest was displayed in our new possession.

With the discovery of gold in the Yukon came an awakening, and there was a surge of prospectors, only less sweeping than that to California in "The days of '49", to the gold fields of Alaska. As Bret Harte discovered romance in the mining camps of California, so writers of a later day found romance among the snow covered wastes of Alaska.

The Alaska Indian was little known by those early adventurers who sought gold or furs, or the wealth of the salmon fisheries, as he is little known today; but notwithstanding the unobtrusive habits of his life, he was a factor which made itself felt in the lives of the white adventures. So, too, these quiet Indians, struggling against the bitter cold and the starvation that often faces them, uncomplaining and deeply impressionable to the teachings of the priests, are well deserving of a place in literature.

Jack London was perhaps the most important of those who wrote stories about Alaska. A typical vagabond in literature, he rejected no field that invited his untamed spirit. His most significant work, however, is contained in those stories that present wild life and the primitive passions of men.

Among those stories of the north that have animals for their central figures, The Call of the Wild and White Fang are probably the best. The stories are primarily important for the way in which the author conveys a deep sense of the elemental forces of nature, with a pathetic touch in the personality of the dog. These stories present Indians in much the same way in which they are presented by James Oliver Curwood, in his stories about animals. They are present, usually, as tamers or drivers of the dogs, and are important only as they understand, or fail to understand, the dogs. In The Call of the Wild the drivers or trainers of the dogs are "breeds", the cross of French Canadian and Indian, but in White Fang the men who have most to do with the dogs are Indians. White Beaver, the Indian who is handling dogs along the McKenzie river near the Great Slave lakes, is stern and rules by force rather than kindness, but he shows some sense of justice, and an understanding of his dogs.

Smoke Bellew is another story of the North in which Jack London portrays the primitive passions in a fresh and powerful way. The principal character is an educated young

man in whom the instincts of the ~~wave~~ man are tempered by a genuine tenderness toward those who are weaker than himself. The hero's name gives the title to the book. Smoke Bellew is a story of the days of gold hunting about Dawson. Bellew and Shorty secure a good dog team by trading, at various times, food to the half starved Indians for equally half starved sled-dogs.

At one time Smoke and Shorty meet a band of two hundred or more starving Siwash Indians. There are men, women, and babies in the band, and their pitiable condition is presented in a gripping and vivid picture. The two white men are forced to fight off the famished creatures, whose glittering hollow eyes gloat over the sled, as their weak, nerveless claws strive to grasp a morsel of food. The young men are not proof against the sufferings of these pitiable humans and Shorty divides equally their six weeks rations, as well as those of the sled-dogs, among the Indians, reserving only one meal for Smoke and three for the dogs, which go back over the trail for more food.

Rex Beach is another writer who finds in the educated man of the world who has reverted to the primitive, an interesting type to employ in stories of adventure in the north. In most of Rex Beach's stories he makes but secondary use of Indians. His stories are primarily a presentation of the conflict between man and the elemental forces of nature. In The Spoilers, Indians and 'breeds' stand in the background of the stage on which the powerful young hero is the central

figure.

The Silver Horde is the story of the salmon canneries in Alaska, and the fight a man of small means made in competition with big business. The suffering, and danger, and sacrifice, and above all the cruelly hard work, that a man must endure in conflict with the forces of nature in the cold North, are vividly presented.

The Indians in The Silver Horde are minor characters, usually employess of the canneries or of Cherry Melotte; but they serve to further the plot, and make a dramatic denousment. In Constantine is presented an attractive figure of the half Russian Aleut Indian, and in his sister, Chakawana, the timid Indian girl torn between her fear of disobedience to the white and her terror of threat of eternal damnation to herself and her illegitimate child.

In The Barrier, Beach again uses Indians to furnish the dramatic element. This time the conflict is between the prejudice of the Virginia Lieutenant, with all the pride of the "Old South", and his overwhelming love for a girl with Indian blood in her veins. The story is a romance of little value and shows no knowledge of Indian character.

James Oliver Curwood, like Jack London, centers many of his stories about the personality of a dog, often a dog that has in him some wolf blood. Curwood's stories reveal a thorough knowledge of the north woods on the part of their author as well as a deep sympathy with wild life. In nearly

all of his books Curwood brings in some Indian characters; more often these are not pure blood Indians but those interesting descendents of the early French "voyageurs", although some full blood Indians appear. Usually these Indians are but minor characters and no special effort is made to treat them comprehensively; but they are nearly always treated sympathetically. Curwood's Indians are often idealized creatures magnified in order to fit properly into their heroic setting. There is also variety in the type of Indian presented, for Curwood does not make all his Indians good Indians; some of them are as ready to stab their white friends in the back as others are to help to bind his wounds.

In the Valley of Silent Men a family of Cree Indians take excellent care of a youth whom they find freezing to death in the snow. Unfortunately the story becomes commonplace when the hero falls in love with a Cree girl whom he later finds to be a descendent from French nobility, and the pair live happily ever after.

In White Indian there is also mention of Canadian Indians and a description of life in the Hudson Bay country, with a few important characters who are half breeds.

Honore Willsie Morrow also tells much of the life of officials of the Hudson Bay Company, at the time Whitman and Spaulding with their wives went to Oregon. According to Mrs. Morrow, there were well marked divisions in the ranks of society of the British company, but in all ranks from the highest to the lowest, it was the common practice, accepted

because it was so prevalent, for white men to have Indian wives. The wife of the English baronet, the highest official of the Hudson Bay Company, was a woman of Indian blood. She is represented as being ill at ease in the presence of the wife of the missionary. Mrs. Morrow portrays something of the tragedy of the Indian woman married to a white man. Although she seems to have little first hand experience with Indians she presents a picture that shows careful study of them.

The White Blackfoot is a story that is classed as fiction, but in the matters of detail, and clear understanding of practices among the Indians, it might well be an authentic personal record of experiences among the Indians. It is the story of a young man who left eastern Canada at the age of fifteen, and in company with officers of one of the great fur trading companies went to work in one of the far western posts of the Company. Because the boy quickly learned the Indian languages and because he seemed to be so well liked by the Indians who came to trade, he was sent by the company for a term of a year into the Blackfoot country with a trusted Indian employee and his band of Indians who annually brought furs to the company. The boy, though homesick at first, learned to like so well his Indian host, who soon adopted him into the tribe, that he decided to remain with the Indians another year. The result was that he never returned to the haunts of civilization, and until in his old age, when the tide of civilization swept over even the Indian

country, he saw very little of people of his own race.

The story is an account of everyday life among the Indians, the friendships, and jealousies, loves and disappointments, that come into an Indian's life as well as into the life of the white. The boy tells how the Indian built his lodges, how he ate and slept, how he hunted, and fought, and prayed.

The story is such a clear and unadorned portrayal of Indian life and customs that it bears an unmistakable stamp of truth.

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