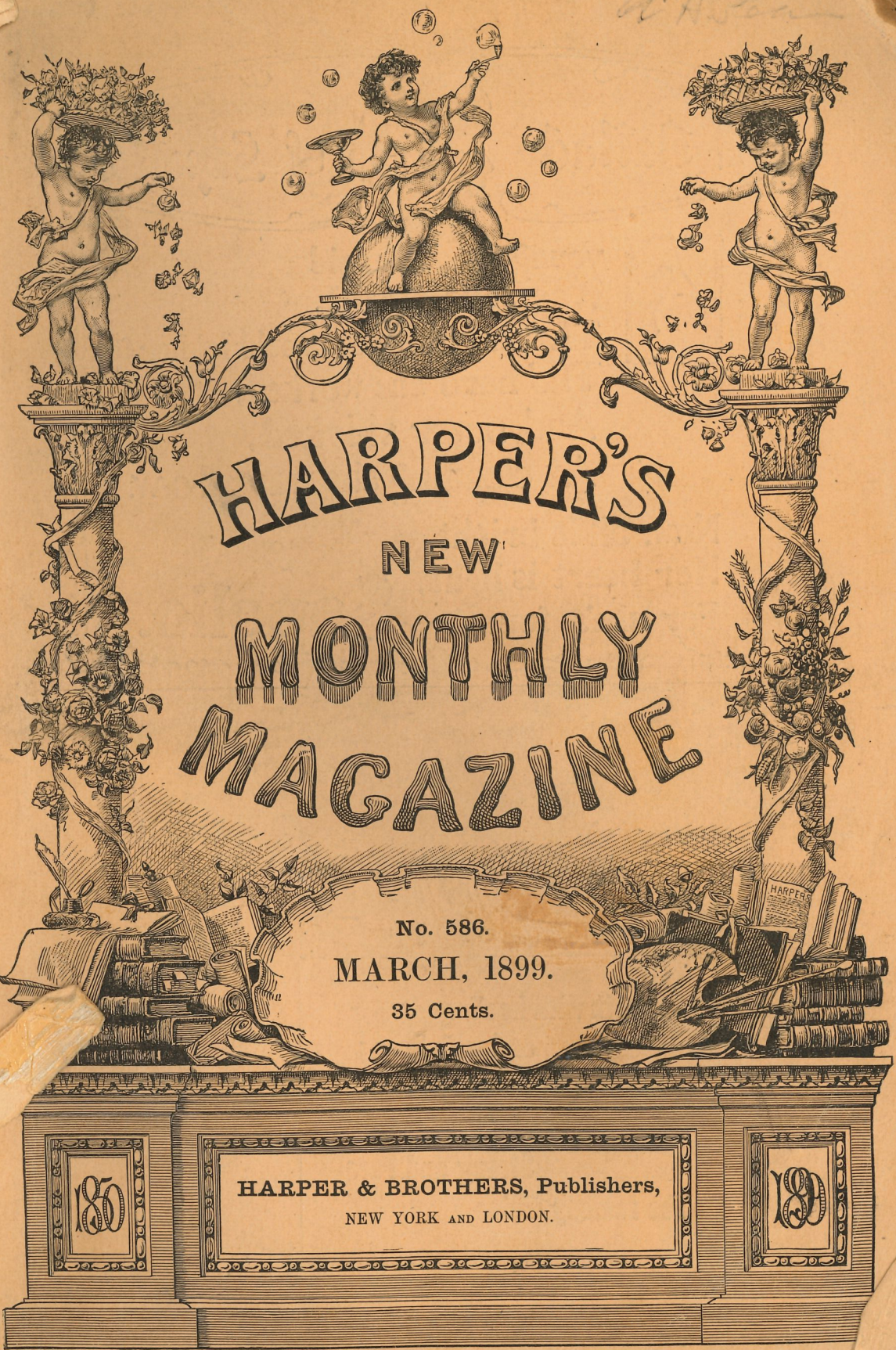

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. 586.

MARCH, 1899.

35 Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

"What is the matter?"

The girl looked piteously at Susy. "If you'd let me tell Mrs. Martin, she'd tell you. Oh, *don't* go in till you know. It was by mistake, and the doctor's telephoned what to do, and he's coming. And we got Mrs. Ogden, and she's in there. She thought it was medicine."

Kenneth and Susy broke away from her and ran into the house, into the library, where Pansy lay on the lounge, with two or three women bending over her.

Susy's first glance showed her that their efforts would be in vain. Pansy's eyes were closed, her lips set in a smile. They could not arouse her or induce her to swallow. Kenneth knelt beside her, his arm under her neck. Suddenly, without warning, she opened her eyes, her every feature distorted with terror. Mrs. Ogden hastily thrust a sponge exhaling an acrid odor at her nostrils.

"It will keep off the spasms," she explained. "Here, dear, this will help."

With all her weak strength Pansy repulsed her. "Keep off!" she moaned. "Let me die in peace. I'm not—afraid."

Mrs. Ogden's eyes flashed a terrified intelligence into Susy's, and Susy's answered it with a sombre assent. They both knew that it was not to any one visible that the dying woman spoke. But almost in the passing of that glance a change came. Evelyn's eyes looked at them, and Evelyn's lips tried to speak. They framed one sentence: "It was while I was gone." Then she looked at Kenneth. "My dear husband," she said, with a supreme effort, "only a little while." Then, being past more speech, she smiled feebly, and the smile remained.

A few minutes later Kenneth lifted his ghastly face, and looked at Susy and Mrs. Ogden weeping beside him. They were the only ones in the room, but little did he care for that.

"You know," said he, "it was Evelyn came back, but it was Pansy did this. And now where is Evelyn? How shall I find her?"

"Oh, you will find her," sobbed the women.

But in the two years that have passed no hint of her presence has come to him.

So far Pansy's revenge is complete.

THE MASSACRE OF FORT DEARBORN AT CHICAGO.

GATHERED FROM THE TRADITIONS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES ENGAGED IN THE MASSACRE, AND FROM THE PUBLISHED ACCOUNTS.

BY SIMON POKAGON,

CHIEF OF THE POKAGON BAND OF POTTAWATOMIE INDIANS.

MY father, Chief Leopold Pokagon, was present at the massacre of Fort Dearborn in 1812, and I have received the traditions of the massacre from our old men. Since my youth I have associated with people of the white race, and sympathize with them as well as with my own people. I am in a position to deal justly with both. Whatever I may say against the dealings of white men with the Indians, I trust no reader for a moment will think that Pokagon does not know, or does not appreciate, what is now being done for the remnant of his race. He certainly does, and with an overflowing heart of gratitude and pride he reviews the lives of those noble men and women who in the face of stubborn prejudice have boldly advocated the rights of his race in the ears of politicians and government officials. In order to present the facts as nearly as possible, I shall rely on the written history; but the earliest detailed account I have been able to find was written by a woman, who claimed the story was told her by an eye-witness twenty years after occurrence, and she did not publish it until twenty-two years later. Thus the account was traditional when first published.

In considering the real causes we must bear in mind that during the settlement of this country, up to the time of the Chicago massacre, the great Algonquin tribe, with others, were slowly but surely being pushed before the tidal wave of civilization towards the setting sun. Our rights were not respected; we saw no sympathy

Evelyn shook her head. "I didn't know but I was, too. Actually they were on the train. I *just* did get there. Well, I don't think we shall have any trouble with Mr. Thomas Lawrence. I took the house. I can't keep it *all* the time, but Pansy, and not I, is the tenant in use from this day. I can come when I please, almost as often as I please. Oh, that little cad! But it was great fun. He was so scared when Pansy fell over on the seat —he thought she had fainted! And when *I* lifted my head!—my dear, it was lovely! He was the most utterly dazed man at my new attitude. Truly I think he believes I was crazy, and he has had a tremendous escape. He was so scared that he let me out at the next station, and I took the down train on the other road to town, and at once chased after you. Oh, Susy dear, I feel so happy! I'll take Pansy home and give her a settling. Oh, I'll be kind, don't fear. I can afford to be kind, now; I've conquered. Then I want to leave her to go and see how Ken is getting on. Come over to luncheon, won't you, after you have pacified poor Aunt Green?"

Mrs. Green made no difficulties. Pansy's calm front she attributed not to bravado, but to her diseased mind. "I dare say she thinks she's Evelyn, *now*"—thus she daunted Susy. "If she does, you humor her, Mrs. Martin, and git her home. I'll run in after dinner, if you could jest keep an eye on her till then."

Susy perceived another complication in the future; but for the present the way was clear. So they followed the bicycle until it turned down the drive of the Bartons' house.

Kenneth had built the house himself before he married. He was a rich man and a man of taste. The pretty house, with its colonial lines, its beautiful shadows, and its air of ample rooms and high ceilings, retired like a gentleman behind the old elms. Susy, halting for a minute at the gate, saw Evelyn wheel to the piazza steps and enter the house. At the door she paused, she looked back. How lovely she was! how dear! Susy's heart dilated with an inexpressible, grateful tenderness. She forgot Pansy.

"I guess I best git out and walk back home," said Pansy's aunt; "then you could go right in. Someway I hate to think of her being alone, poor child. I wisht she could have a nurse who'd watch her without letting her know. She *ain't* responsible, Mrs. Martin."

"I'll come back as soon as I've left you, Mrs. Green," said Susy; "though I'm not sure she will care to see me."

She left Mrs. Green at her gate, grateful but still apprehensive, her last words being a reminiscence that Mr. Green once said she could do more worrying to the square inch than any woman he knew; and Mrs. Martin wasn't to mind her, but wouldn't she hurry back to Pansy?

Not at all sure of her reception, and a little disposed now to be irritated with Pansy—the horse really was in a lather —Susy drove back. Midway, to her surprise, she saw Kenneth with his gladstone in hand, walking briskly. Hailed and placed beside her, he explained that the man whom he went to see was to be away, and a telegram to that effect had reached him on the train, so he had stopped at a way station, and luckily caught a return train.

"Glad I was, too," he added, "for things are in a mess at home. I mean between Pansy and Evelyn."

"Evelyn has won, Ken," said Susy. "I saw her this morning."

"That's good news," said Ken. "Really, finally—won what she was trying to get?"

Susy never knew exactly his meaning, but she assured him that Evelyn was happy and triumphant.

"Well she may be, and I too," cried Ken. "Oh, Susy, it's been such a pull! Thank God!"

He was not a religious man, and she glanced at him curiously. He did not seem to see her, and she had never dreamed of seeing such a look of humility and thankfulness on her cousin's cool, keen face as it wore then. Silently they drove the remainder of the way. Susy did not proffer any tale of the morning's events. Her imagination had veered around to Pansy's point of view, and she felt an immense reluctance to expose the full measure of a weak, tormented creature's folly. They turned down the avenue between the elms. Kenneth made some trivial remark about the canna beds on the lawn; it was smitten from his lips half spoken. Out of the doorway (where Evelyn had smiled in her victory a little while ago) a maid came to stop them, and her pallid face and trembling hands made Kenneth fly out of the buggy, demanding,

being shown for us, for our love of home; no respect paid to the graves of our fathers. At the close of the eighteenth century numerous tribes, numbering many thousand people, found themselves crowded into what is now known as western Ohio, northern Indiana, northern Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Our tribe, the Pottawatomies,* occupied western Wisconsin, the country around Chicago, and the valley of the river St. Joseph in Michigan and Indiana. While we were being pushed westward another tidal wave of pale-faced humanity came moving against us from the south, driving before it the red man, like buffaloes before the prairie on fire. Our fathers saw it, and trembled at their fate. Anxiously they inquired of each other, If we stand still with folded arms until the two advancing columns meet, where will our country and the red man be? In our ignorance we did not comprehend the mighty ocean of humanity that lay back of the advance-waves of pioneer settlement. But being fired by as noble patriotism as ever burned in the hearts of mortals, we tried to beat back the reckless white men who dared to settle within our borders—and vast armies were sent out to punish us. We fought most heroically against overpowering numbers for home and native land; sometimes victory was ours, as when, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, after having had many warriors killed, and our villages burned to the ground, our fathers arose in their might, putting to flight the alien armies of Generals Harmar and St. Clair, hurling them in disorder from the wilderness across our borders into their own ill-gotten domain. But only four years after, while yet we were rejoicing over our success, the white man, under General Wayne, with "wasplike venom," swept our land. During 1803 our jealousy was aroused almost to the war pitch by the building of Fort Dearborn, strongly garrisoned and equipped, in the very heart of our territory. We looked upon it as a dangerous enemy within our camp.

About this time Tecumseh, a great orator and hero in war, visited the different tribes, unfolding to them his plan to unite them as one nation and make a desperate effort to regain and hold their ancient lands. He sent out runners before him to announce the time he would meet each tribe at their council fires and make known his plans. He and two other chiefs went from tribe to tribe, riding spirited black ponies finely equipped, and themselves gayly dressed. When he arose in the council-house his bearing was so noble that cheer on cheer would be given before he would open his mouth to speak. My father and many others who listened to the speeches of Tecumseh many times repeated to me his words when I was a boy, but it was impossible to give an idea of their spirit and power. He generally spoke as follows:

"Before me stands the rightful owners of kwaw-notchi-we au-kee [this beautiful land]. The Great Spirit in His wisdom gave it to you and your children to defend, and placed you here. But, ä-te-wä! [alas!] the incoming race, like a huge serpent, is coiling closer and closer about you. And not content with hemming you in on every side, they have built at She-gog-ong [Chicago*], in the very centre of our country, a military fort, garrisoned with soldiers, ready and equipped for battle. As sure as waw-kwen-og [the heavens] are above you they are determined to destroy you and your children and occupy this goodly land themselves.

"Then they will destroy these forests, whose branches wave in the winds above the graves of your fathers, chanting their praises. If you doubt it, come, go with me eastward or southward a few days' journey along your ancient mi-kan-og [trails], and I will show you a land you once occupied made desolate. There the forests of untold years have been hewn down and cast into the fire! There be-sheck-kee and waw-mawsh-ka-she [the buffalo and deer], pe-nay-shen and ke-gon [the fowl and fish], are all gone. There the woodland birds, whose sweet songs once pleased your ears, have forsaken the land, never to return; and waw-bi-gon-ag [the wild flowers], which your maidens once loved to wear, have all withered and died.

"You must bear in mind these stran-

* There are now a few Pottawatomies in Wisconsin, Nebraska, Michigan, and the Indian Territory, but a majority of the tribe are on a reservation ten miles square in Jackson County, Kansas, where the United States sustains an Indian school.

* Chicago is derived from She-gog-ong, the locative of the Indian word she-gog, meaning skunk. Example.—Locative case: She-gog-ong ne-de-zhaw (I am going to Chicago.) Objective case: She-gog ne-ne-saw (I killed the skunk).

gers are not as you are—they are devoid of natural affection, loving gold or gain better than one another, or ki-tchi-tchag [their own souls]. Some of them follow on your track as quietly as maw-in-gawn [the wolf] pursues the deer, to shoot you down, as *you* hunt and kill mé-she-bé-zhe [the panther]. But a few years since I saw with mine own eyes a young white man near the O-hi-o River who was held by our people as a prisoner of war. He won the hearts of his captors with his apparent friendship and good-will, while murder was in his heart. They trusted him as they trusted one another. But he most treacherously betrayed their confidence, and secretly killed not less than nech-to-naw [twenty] before his crimes were detected, and then he had fled. After this, when Chief Harmar [a United States general] invited some of our head men to meet him at Fort Harmar to try and settle our war spirits, that same young man lay in wait, and secretly shot down me-no au-nish-naw-by [a good Indian man] just as he reached the treaty grounds; and yet for that outrageous crime he went unpunished, and to-day is being *petted* by wau-be au-nene-eg [white men] as you pet him who kills mé-she-bé-zhe [the panther].* I speak of this case—and there are many of them within my own personal knowledge—that you may know our enemies are cunning, crafty, and cruel, without honor, without natural affection.

"When we were many and strong, and they were few and weak, they reached out their hands for wido-kaw-ké-win [help], and we filled them with wie-aus and maw-daw-min [meat and corn]; we lived wa-naw-kiwen [in peace] together; but now they are many and strong, and we are getting few and weak, they waw nendam [have forgotten] the deep debt of mawmo-i-wendam [gratitude] they owe us, and are now scheming to drive us towards ke-so [the setting sun], into desert places far from ke-win [home] and da-na ki aukee [our native land]. Eh [yes], they come to us with lips smoother than bi-me-da [oil], and words sweeter than amose-póma [honey], but beware of them! The venomous amo [wasp] is in their odaw [heart]! and their dealing with us, when we have not tamely submitted, has ever been maw-kaw-te and ashki-koman [powder and lead]; against such mau-tchi au-nene [wicked men] our only pagos-seni-ma [hope], our only inin-ijim [safety], is in joining all our tribes, and then, and not until then, will we be able to drive the soulless invaders back! Fail in this, and awak-ani-win [slavery] and ne-baw [death] are ours!

"And lastly, do not forget that what peace you have enjoyed the past fifty years in your homes and on your hunting-grounds you entirely owe to the brave Pontiac, who, at the risk of his own life, destroyed the forts of your enemies around the Great Lakes, driving the white invaders back."

Not one tribe refused to unite in the great Algonquin confederacy. While Tecumseh was at work night and day preparing for the inevitable struggle between the two races, General Harrison, quiet as the wolf, invaded our territory with a vast army, defeating Elks-wa-ta-wa, an Indian prophet and twin brother of Tecumseh, at Tippecanoe, Indiana. He slew many warriors, women, and children, burned our villages and supplies, leaving us and our little ones naked and destitute. This was the fourth time, in a few years, our country was invaded in autumn-time, near cold weather, and all our supplies for winter's use burned or destroyed, which created a feeling of revenge in the hearts of our people.

These outrages portrayed by the eloquence of Tecumseh, who was holding daily councils with the different tribes, fanned the slumbering embers of the war spirit into a blaze that could not well be quenched.

In June, 1812, war was declared by the United States against Great Britain. One year before, and during that summer, British emissaries came among our fathers, enlisted sympathy, and stirred up their prejudices against the United States by telling them it was the intention of the government to destroy them and take their lands for their own children. They said that their King, who ruled beyond the ocean and the Great Lakes, would defend them and fight for them from generation to generation. They said that his warriors outnumbered the stars in the hea-

* This young man referred to in Tecumseh's speeches must have been Lewis Wetsel, whose father was killed by the Indians in the Ohio Valley in about 1780. It appears that about that time sons of the Bradys and Wetsels, because their fathers had been killed by the Indians, swore vengeance on the race, taking their lives wherever found, in war or peace.

vens, and that when the sun rose and set red, it was but to remind them of the King's warriors. Our young men confided in these emissaries, and calling to mind the long death-roll of the warriors killed at Tippecanoe the previous autumn, many of them began to talk of driving the white men out of the Indian territory.

On August 1st of that year a white man who had formerly been a fur-buyer, and could speak our language well, came among us from northern Michigan. He appeared much excited, saying that he was a messenger sent by the British chief to inform the Pottawatomies * that he had joined his forces with their brave Tecumseh to help save their native land. He also informed us that Mackinaw Island, the fort of Mackinaw and its garrison, had surrendered to the British and Indians the day before he left; that in all probability Detroit and the United States fort there had shared the same fate; and that it was necessary, in order to secure our ancient lands and liberty, Fort Dearborn, the only stronghold remaining in the Northwest, should be taken at once. He admonished us, furthermore, that if we had one spark of sa-ka-i (love) for our homes and hunting-grounds, we should consider it a duty we owed ourselves, our wives, and children to sound at once the war-whoop and besiege the fort.

A few days after this, Captain Heald, commander at Fort Dearborn, called the head men of our people together to meet him in council. To their surprise, he told them he intended to evacuate the fort the next day, August 15, 1812; that he would distribute the fire-arms, ammunition, provisions, whiskey, etc., among them; and that if they would send a band of Pottawatomies to escort them safely to Fort Wayne, he would there pay them a large sum of money. To this the Indians agreed, apparently well satisfied. Some goods were given them, but the fire-arms and ammunition were secretly destroyed, and, worst of all for some, the whiskey too, which was poured into the river. Some of the Indians, finding the whiskey was being poured into the river, rushed in, drank the water freely, declaring it was more groggy than fire-water itself. Under the influence of the strange mixture a war-dance was gotten up by the young men and some of the reckless older ones.

The day before the massacre a white man came to the fort with twenty Miami Indians to escort the garrison to Fort Wayne. This aroused the jealousy of the Pottawatomies, who took it for granted their services would not be appreciated. Furthermore, the white man was a Captain Wells,* who, having been brought up with the Indians, and having fought with them several years against the white man, afterwards joined his own race and fought against the Indians most desperately; many of the Pottawatomies knew him, and regarded him as a base traitor.

I have heard it said that when the fort was evacuated the Pottawatomies pretended to be acting as escorts for the soldiers, when, in fact, they were luring them to their death. This I regard as untrue. I have many times heard old warriors say that they were led by this Captain Wells and his Miami Indians, some in front and some in the rear. This seems probable, in view of the fact that on the day before the evacuation they gave Captain Heald to understand they were dissatisfied because the whiskey, fire-arms, and ammunition were destroyed, and in view of the fact that Captain Heald was informed the night before that there was serious trouble ahead, under which circumstances Captain Heald would not have dared to trust them.

On August 15, 1812, the fort was evacuated, and the line of march commenced

* The Pottawatomies must have learned of the surrender of Fort Mackinaw to the British and Indians at least a week before Captain Heald received the news from Detroit, by way of General Hull, commander-in-chief of the Northwest Territory. Detroit was surrendered to the British and Indians the day after the evacuation of Fort Dearborn of Chicago, and Fort Meigs the day after, which points to the fact that there must have been an understanding between the British and Indians to take all the forts of the Northwest as near the same time as possible.

* Captain Wells was kidnapped by the Indians when a boy, and adopted by Chief Me-che-kau-nah-qud (Little Turtle)—so called by the whites—whose name should be Great Turtle. He married the old chief's daughter, and fought for the Indians against General Harmar and General St. Clair in 1790 and 1791; afterwards, being identified by his relations, he was persuaded to join [his own people. He was a captain in General Wayne's army, who defeated the Indians in 1794. Captain Heald's wife was his niece. It appears he went to Fort Dearborn on his own account, through fear of trouble there. He was well known by many of the Pottawatomie Indians at the fort, and known as a desperate fighter.

southward along the shore of Lake Michigan. The Indian warriors stationed themselves about two miles south of the the fort, and on the right of the line, placing it between themselves and the lake. When they were discovered, a halt was made, and an order given by Captain Wells to charge them on the right of the line of march. Then, more like a herd of buffaloes at bay than trained soldiers, headlong they plunged through the Indian line on the right, which was broken. They fought most desperately, on right and left, what old warriors called a rough-and-tumble fight, until hemmed in on every side by overpowering numbers. They finally surrendered, with the proviso that their lives should be spared.

Captain Wells was forsaken by his Miamis, who fled at the sound of the first war-whoop; but he fought one hundred or more single-handed, on horseback, shooting them down on right and left, in front and rear, until his horse fell under him and he was killed. I have many times heard old warriors say that during the battle a rush was made to secure the baggage in the rear. This was guarded by several white warriors, who shot down many of the attacking Indians, and having no time to reload, used their guns as clubs until they were all killed. I have further heard that a young Indian, infuriated by drink and the death of so many of his comrades, killed several children with his tomahawk, for which he was hated by the tribe ever after. Out of nearly one hundred of the garrison, two-thirds at least were killed or badly wounded, while the Indian loss must have been twice as great.

Turning from the slaughter, where the Angel of Mercy seems to have been asleep, let us recall individual efforts made, showing that pity and mercy yet lived in some of our race. The night before the massacre, Chief Maw-kaw-be-penay (Black Partridge) came into the fort, and in tears said to Captain Heald: "Great Chief, I have come here to give you this medal that I wear. It was given me by your people, as a token of good-will between us. I am sorry, but our young men declare they will shed the blood of your people. I cannot restrain them. And I will not wear this medal as a friend while I am forced to act as an enemy." As the captain reluctantly received the medal in silence and surprise, the old chief said: "As you march away from here, be on your guard. Linden-birds have been warbling whispers in my ears to-day." Captains Wells and Heald both personally knew the old chief as an honest, truthful man, and it would seem such timely and pathetic warning as that, from such a reliable source as that, couched in such heart-eloquence as that, should not have gone unheeded by any reasonable, sober men. During the fighting around the wagons, the young Indian who murdered the children, being upbraided by Mrs. Helm,* the young wife of the lieutenant of the fort, he struck at her with his tomahawk. She grabbed him about his neck, and tried to take his knife from his belt; in the struggle an old Indian grasped her in his arms, ran to the lake, and plunged her in. She soon saw it was the same old chief, in war-paint, that gave the warning of danger the night before to Captain Heald, and that instead of trying to drown her, he was trying to save her life. The old chief must have realized he was liable to be shot down by those he sought to save, as an enemy, or by his own people as a traitor. But he saved the woman's life, and she was restored to her friends.

My father, Leopold Pokagon,† chief of the Pottawatomie Pokagon band, was not informed of the war spirit existing among his tribe around Fort Dearborn until within twenty-four hours of its evacuation. He had a great reputation among the tribe as a wise counsellor, and his influence over mi-gas ag-i-ma (the war chief) Sa-naw-waw-ne at other times had been accepted; and he felt in his heart if he could reach Chicago in time, he could prevent the conflict which he knew could only result in evil to his people. But he was then at his summer home in Michigan,

* "The Massacre," in bronze, presented to Chicago by George M. Pullman in 1893, shows, in statuary, Black Partridge saving the life of Mrs. Helm. It is supposed to stand where the tragical affair took place. The address given by E. G. Mason, president of Chicago Historical Society, at the unveiling of the memorial monument, is a masterpiece of eloquence, setting forth the tragical affair.

† My father, Pokagon, at this time had been chief twelve years, and so continued until his death in 1840. He visited Washington before the days of railroads, made many important treaties with government, and sold millions of acres, including the site of Chicago, in 1833, for about three cents per acre, all of which has not yet been paid for.

one hundred miles away. He at once informed my mother's father, Saw-awk, and Chief To-pa-na-bee, an uncle of mine. The three started in great haste on horseback around the head of Lake Michigan, and by riding all night reached Chicago the next morning, just before the battle began, but too late for counsel or advice.

At the close of the fight, my father and the two chiefs who were with him from Michigan were counselled regarding the terms of surrender. The lives of the survivors were all to be spared except the officer of the fort. With regard to him, Sa-naw-waw-ne, the war chief, and his warriors, most of whom were from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and many of whom were Winnebagoes, declared "that if he did not die of his wounds before a-bit a-tib-i-kad [midnight], his life should be taken." The war chief revengefully charged the officer with breaking his pledge in not turning over the provisions, fire-arms, and whiskey in the fort, which he maliciously destroyed. He protested emphatically that it had not been their intention, or even desire, to take the lives of any of the garrison, but only to take them as prisoners of war, that they might control Fort Dearborn, and Chicago as well, believing that, against such overpowering numbers, the garrison would surrender without fight, as did that at Fort Mackinaw a few days before. Others charged the wounded man with having acted on the advice of the arch-traitor Captain Wells, who rushed headlong through their lines before a bow was bent or gun was fired, shooting their warriors, who fell like leaves before the autumn blast. It was therefore through his fault that so many Indian warriors were lying dead on wad-ge (the mound) about him. My father tried in vain to persuade the war chief to spare the life of the wounded officer.

While the victorious braves were holding a powwow, my father and his two friends, under cover of darkness, quietly stole away the wounded officer, carried him down the terrace to the shore of Lake Michigan, where he and his relatives, with some other friendly Indians, put him into a boat, where they had secured some more of the unfortunates, and rowed them across Lake Michigan to St. Joseph, thence up the St. Joseph River to the old Pokagon village, near the present site of the city of Niles, to my father's wigwam, where they were kindly cared for until their wounds were nearly healed.*

A few days after their arrival, an Indian came across the lake and reported that the Winnebago warriors were coming to the Pokagon village to retake the prisoners, whereupon they were taken down the lake in a boat to Mackinaw Island, three hundred miles away, and delivered over to the British as prisoners of war. This was done by the advice of the wounded officer, who told the friendly Indians that was the safest course. All the prisoners promised before their God that they would reward us richly for our kindness, but they were never heard from after.

I have read several times in history that the Indians treacherously killed several men after the terms of surrender were consummated, and in after-years my father was charged by white men with having done this. He declared to the day of his death that the accusation was false; and that the only charitable excuse he could surmise for the whole story was that the survivors of the battle who reported it thought the terms of surrender were agreed upon before they were, or else that some Indian warriors, having no knowledge of the surrender, may have pressed the fight at some point of the battle-field. This was the case of the last great battle fought between the English and Americans, at New Orleans, which was fought weeks after the two powers had signed a treaty of peace.

Nearly all the rest of the prisoners were taken north to Green Bay, Wisconsin. In order not to shield my own people from blame, I give the following account of their usage and final disposal. We must fancy ourselves at the Pottawatomie village on Green Bay, Wisconsin, two hundred miles from Chicago. Ten days have passed since the battle. There comes along the winding trails from the south a long line of dusky warriors on their return home. They have in guard several white prisoners. Among them is a fair young pale-faced mother,† carrying an infant

* It is supposed the wounded officer and others taken care of by the elder Pokagon and his friends were Captain Heald, commander of the fort, his wife and another woman, and three or four men whose names they did not know. The wounded officer was called by the band Bim-waw-gan-wi Waw-be-o-gi-maw (the White Wounded Chief).

† The young mother referred to was Susan M. Simons, wife of John Simons, who was on duty at the fort as a soldier. They came from Miami County,

child about five months old. The inhabitants of the village have been informed they are coming, and are swarming out to meet them. They learn from them that many of their friends have been killed on the war-path. Hark! hear their wailing and cursing; and see—they now seek revenge by pulling the prisoners' hair and cuffing them. The women and children of the village come marching out of the camp with sticks and clubs. They are forming in two long single lines, facing each other a few feet apart. They have ordered the prisoners to run the gauntlet. One by one they rush down between the two lines of the women and children, while savage blows are rained down upon them thick and fast, amid laughing, yelling, and cursing. There stands near the head of the lines, apparently unmoved, the young mother with her child. Is it possible they will compel her to run the gauntlet too? Yes, see, they are ordering her forward now! She looks down between the long lines of uplifted sticks and clubs, folds her blanket close around her child, and breathes a silent prayer. There she goes, running between the lines while the blows fall thick upon her head and shoulders. The race is run; she passes the goal bruised and bleeding, but the child, thank Heaven! remains untouched. There she stands, without a sigh, without a tear, expecting no pity and asking no mercy. But look once more! An elderly Indian woman goes running towards her, puts her arms about her, and whispers in her ear, "Come, go with me." They two go into a wigwam; the Indian feeds her, binds up her wounds, kindly cares for her, and saves her life.

During the fall and winter that young mother, carrying her child, accompanied by several other prisoners and the Indian warriors, set out from the village on Green Bay with the promise of being delivered over to the Americans under the regulations of war. They went south around Lake Michigan, then north through the wilderness of Michigan to Mackinaw Island, which she found in the hands of the English and Indians. From there she was taken through deep snows, half starved and less than half clothed, still carrying her child, to Detroit. To her disappointment, that place was found in the hands of the English, the race to whom she belonged. Instead of receiving and taking care of her, they allowed her to go away with the Indians to Fort Meigs, where General Harrison was in command of the United States troops. She was delivered to him, and was finally sent home to her parents in Ohio. This young mother and the other prisoners travelled over nine hundred miles on foot, carrying her child through a wilderness of deep snows and fierce blizzards. No reasonable excuse has ever been given by the English at Mackinaw for forcing her to be dragged three hundred miles through the woods; and again, no reasonable excuse has been given by those at Detroit for suffering her to be dragged to Fort Meigs. She was held as a prisoner of war by the allies of the English, and should have been rescued and taken care of at the first English military station. It does not seem possible that any woman could live through what that mother endured.

They who call themselves civilized cry out against the treachery and cruelty of savages, yet the English generals formed a league with Tecumseh and his warriors, at the beginning of the war of 1812, with a full understanding that they were to take the forts around the Great Lakes, regardless of consequences. The massacre of the Fort Dearborn garrison was but one link in the chain of civilized warfare, deliberately planned and executed. Disguise the fact as the pride of the white man may, when he joins hands with untutored savages in warfare he is a worse savage than they.

In a book published at Chicago in 1893, entitled *The Chicago Massacre of 1812*, I find this statement: "Here was the native savage (not ignorant of wiser ways, for he had the thrifty white man under his eyes for four generations) still showing himself in sense a child, in strength a man, and in cruelty a fiend incarnate." The author certainly must have been ignorant of the fact that those white men with whom our fathers had to deal were

Ohio, about two years before. He and their two-year-old son were killed, while she with her infant daughter escaped, as above stated. To the honor of Indian men, Mrs. Simons testified that while a prisoner among them no insult was ever offered her. In speaking of the Indian woman who befriended her, she always called her "my Indian mother." Her daughter, whose life she preserved through such great perils, is now Susan Winans, of southern California, being the first white child born in the first Chicago. I am informed she is the mother of a large, respectable family, and is still living.

generally of the basest class. All our traditions and the accounts published by the dominant race show conclusively that the white man's dealing with our fathers was of such a character that they were made much worse, instead of better; and Pokagon calls on Heaven to witness that in many battles before and after the Chicago massacre there was far less mercy and justice shown our race than our fathers exhibited towards the garrison of Fort Dearborn.

I find it recorded in history that the year after the Fort Dearborn battle, the Este-mus-ko-kee (the Creek Indians) in the State of Alabama, feeling themselves aggrieved by the white race, who were swarming into the country the government had assigned to the Indians, destroying with their superior weapons the buffalo, deer, and fur animals, arose in arms against the invaders, as they supposed they had a right to do. General Coffee was sent out by the United States with nine hundred warriors, and, like mousing cats, they sprang upon the Indian village Tal-lu-shat-che, and burned the town, leaving not a man, woman, or child alive. Then, by forced marches, surprised the Indian villages Tal-la-de-ga and Au-tos-seea, and they met a similar fate. In March following, General Jackson with a large force stormed the breastworks of their last retreat, driving the half-starved savages into a river, where, huddled together, one thousand warriors, with their women and children, were put to death. The historian adds: "These battles completely conquered and subdued the Indians—almost exterminated them." The Fort Dearborn battle has been denounced by the dominant race as a brutal massacre, regardless of its many individual acts of mercy and kindness. In this wholesale slaughter not one white man stretched out a hand to save a single soul.

Your own historians, true to their trust, have recorded the cruelty of their own race, that unborn millions might read it as a testimony against them. In the name of all that is sacred and dear to mankind, tell Pokagon, if you can, why less love, pity, or sympathy should be required of civilized and enlightened people than of untutored savages.

My father always declared, to the day of his death, if there never had been ash-con-ta-nebesh (fire-water), there never would have been a Fort Dearborn massacre. And I believe it. There was no sober, intelligent excuse for evacuating the fort under the circumstances; it was criminal recklessness. If the garrison had remained there, they could have held out against all the poorly armed Indians that could gather at such a point. Father frequently said that when shipments were received at the fort, ish-kot-e-wabo (the whiskey) was far in excess of all other goods, and traders would frequently boast that whiskey is legal tender for the red men. He often said, with a sigh, "I have seen du-zhawsk [musk-rat] hides sold for a swallow of it; waw-goosh [fox] skin for a gill of it; du-mick [beaver] skin for a pint of it." Not long since I examined the old account-books of the American Fur Company, kept for inspection as relics at the old Astor House on Mackinaw Island, Michigan—the invoice of goods received, in books dated 1816 and 1817, and so on. I found the entries of whiskey to nearly correspond with what my father said about it at Fort Dearborn. I do wish that all who visit the island would examine those books for themselves. They were well kept. I think the writing the plainest I ever saw. While examining them the Great Spirit whispered in my ear: "Pokagon, you can rest assured, if these books are required in evidence against the white man in the supreme court of the world beyond, no expert will be called for to read them."

VIOLET.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

'TIS not a flower to wear,—and fade and show;—
Nor signify as bolder blossoms do,
Meeting and parting,—love or faith,—ah no!
'Tis but a tear that rose at thought of you.