

36. Fort Smith

THE LITTLE ONES continued to paint their faces with bluff-paint and chant to *Wah'Kon-Tah*, "I go to learn if I shall go on to learn of Grandfather if I shall go on," and they did go on almost continually. They cried their prayers to the Morning Star and to the Sun every morning at dawn, then dried their tears, and each gens under their chieftain rode over their domain hunting for immigrant Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Delawares, Shawnees, Miamis, and Peorias and the ubiquitous free men, and they could not see the invisible line running from Fort Osage on the Missouri River to the Arkansas at the mouth of the Poteau River, called Frog Bayou and Belle Pointe any better than the Cherokees and free men hunters could see it.

The Cherokee organizers called a meeting in January, 1817, in Arkansas on the banks of the Arkansas River in Cherokee country, and they dispatched messages to their tribesmen of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia urging them to come and join them in an all-out war on the savage buffalo Indians, the Osages. They planned to make an attack in May since the grass would then sustain their horses. There would be many horses and many men, and there would be glory and land for all. Many of the eastern Cherokees came on the call of their brothers, but the War Department got the information and ordered Colonel Meigs to stop the movement of the eastern Cherokees, but he was able only to stop the departure of some of the excitement-suffused warriors. They came by boats down the Tennes-

see to the Ohio, thence to the Mississippi and down it to the mouth of the Arkansas, thence up the Arkansas to the agency near the modern Russellville, Arkansas.

They must have swarmed there waiting for the members of the other tribes who were to join them, especially the harlequin fragments who would be ready for anything, especially a war on the mighty Osages. The attack failed to come off when scheduled. The tribes were ready apparently, but May happened to be the month when the Osages would be on their buffalo hunts on the high plains, and Grant Foreman suggests in *Indians and Pioneers* that "either from the influence of Colonel Meigs or from the fear of finding the Osage warriors at home, the campaign was delayed."

In July, *Tah-Lon-Tes-Kee* and another Cherokee chief, *Tah-Atoka*, sent word to the Governor of Missouri Territory that they would attack the Osages because they had stolen all their horses, and now the Cherokees, devoted to agriculture, had to work their land with only their hands; and, what's more, the Osages had only recently, "horrors," killed two young Cherokee warriors.

The War Department took this well-timed and well-worded threat seriously. Natives so dedicated to agriculture who could employ such dramatic phraseology should be encouraged and above all protected from the wild buffalo Indians. They decided to build a fort on the spot where the line drawn by the treaty of 1808 as the eastern boundary of the diminished Osage domain touched the Arkansas River.

On August 19, General Andrew Jackson communicated his orders to General Thomas A. Smith, commandant at Belle Fontaine on the Missouri, and the next month he ordered Major William Bradford and Major Stephen H. Long to descend the Mississippi to assume command of the detachment of eighty-two recruits who had taken boats at Pittsburgh on the Ohio River and were at the mouth of the Arkansas. Then they were to ascend to the point where the eastern boundary line of the Osages touched the river, and there build a fort. General Jackson then ordered, among other things, that Major Long was to remove any portion or all of the intruders from the public lands in that section of the country, and . . . take suitable measures for its accomplishment."

On the high ground near where the Poteau flows into the Arkansas, called by the French "Belle Pointe," the United States government built Fort Smith. Major Bradford could not arrive at his command before Christmas Day of 1817; and before he could reach his command, the Cherokee leaders launched their war against the Grand *Hunkah* of the Little Ones, Arrow-Going-Home. They made for his village in the valley-canyon up the Verdigris. They had six hundred warriors and eleven free men.

They had got together the fragments of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Shawnees, Peorias, the band of marauders of the right bank of the Mississippi, as well as recruits from the Koasatis, Tonkawas, and the Little Ones, old enemies the Padoucas who had no objective except to fight along with their allies the Caddoans. There was even a bona fide captain, one McLamore who had fought as a company commander of the Cherokees against the Creeks under General Jackson in the Creek War. He was now commander of the eastern Cherokee contingent.

If Mr. Foreman had been right in his suggestion that the May attack had been postponed because Arrow-Going-Home's warriors might have been in the village, the time chosen for the later attack might reveal much also. The time was October, and everyone knew the habits of the Plains hunters: that they had a summer hunt which ended in August, and an autumn hunt which ended in November or December; but there was always the likelihood that the hunters might find a canyon or a timbered bottom for protection against the Arctic winds of the plains and stay there all winter. Arrow-Going-Home and his warriors might have been at home during the Yellow Flower Moon and the Deer-Hiding Moon, August and September, but during the Deer-Mating Moon, October, the month of the attack of the motley army, they were on the plains hunting buffalo.

The Cherokee leaders stopped their army on the Neosho at a saline springs called the Lick, then sent a letter to the village of the Grand *Hunkah* inviting him to send representatives to the Lick to talk about peace. The Cherokees wrote that only ten or fifteen of them had come all this way into the Osage country to make a treaty of peace.

Arrow-Going-Home had left the village in charge of an old chieftain, a leader of one of the gentes of the *Tzi-Sho* Division, the peaceful Sky People. Such a guardian was called *Ea-Eh-Keh* (Stays Home). This old man received the message and set out alone to meet the Cherokees to tell them that they must wait for the return of the Grand *Hunkah* and the warriors. He could make no treaty with them, since he was only a chieftain of a Sky Lodge gens. This information was apparently what they had been waiting for. They murdered him "in a species of barbarity and treachery unknown among Indians of the most uncivilized kind; this also under the eye of their chiefs Tulentuskey & Tuckatochee, the Black Fox and Bowls the latter gave him the first stroke, immediately aided by several whites, Isaacs, the Chissoms and Williams, Isaacs and King, the whites among them, is more savage than the Cherokees themselves. The Choctaws and Chickasaws that is incorporated with the Cherokees together with the whites that live among them is a set of the most abandoned characters ever disgraced a gallows."

This is part of what Major Bradford reported. Major Bradford had only just arrived in the country. He was obviously shocked.

The able-bodied men had gone to the Salt Fork on the plains with their Grand *Hunkah* for the autumn hunt, and there were only old men, women, and children at the village. The attack was ferocious, and no doubt the harlequin fragments of Choctaws, Chickasaws, Peorias, Delawares, and Miamis were drunk, since that was their normal state. The old men fought valiantly, singing their war songs in their trembling voices, then fled toward the timbered mounds and the high limestone escarpments and tried to hide in the V-shaped canyons, but fourteen of them were killed. The women keened and tried to herd the children to the mounds and the canyons, and sixty-nine of the children and women were killed, and many wounded. On one mound, several of the older boys were brutally emasculated, and many died from the operation later.

The bloodthirsty army took 103 "or four" prisoners, mostly young girls and boys who could be sold as slaves by the eastern Cherokees. They set fire to the village and burned some of the wounded and the old men and women who were unable to flee, and they burned the

corn and the squashes and the stored lotus roots, and took the smoked and jerked meat. They left nothing. They took the robes and the deerskins and the things which were useful to them and loaded the plunder on Osages horses, driving the others with them. They found twenty-five white scalps and a great number of Indian scalps in the village.

It has been said that the Verdigris turned red with the blood of women and children, and the mound to which many of them fled and on which the young boys were emasculated and the girls raped is called Claremore Mound, and the slaughter is called the "Battle of Claremore Mound."

The last week in September, 1959, a woman of the Eagle gens of the Little Osages, said in her beautiful, low voice, that no young man dares to climb Claremore Mound. "There is something there," she said sadly, "*mi-ah-luschkas*, I guess, but a young man going up there will lose his virility, or maybe, he will become—what you call homosexual."

The eastern Cherokees were paid off in children captives, and they traded them among themselves, and those who had not been lucky at capture bought them from those who had captured them. A horse was the equivalent of a captive.

In this attack on the Little Ones, the Cherokees had several men wounded, and one of the Delawares was killed, and this was a boast for years. Often when skirmishes or battles took place between the Little Ones and the Cherokees or even between the Little Ones and soldiers, the English-speaking people always had the advantage and did very well in their boasts until they inevitably overstepped themselves and gave a one-sided casualty list, such as putting the number of the Little Ones killed and wounded at perhaps one hundred to only five of themselves, and casualties perhaps amounting to fifty Little Ones and only one of their party wounded. But this time they could boast of a one-sided victory since the whole thing was verified by August Chouteau the younger.

When the news of the great victory reached the eastern Cherokees as early as November, they joy-danced around great crackling fires. Even Joseph McMinn, governor of Tennessee, wrote to George

Graham, then secretary of war, about the brilliant attack of the Cherokees on the savage Osage. They attacked, he wrote, "with brilliant success—scalps, prisoners, horses (and eight) baggage are the trophies of this victory . . ." The news had been brought by a Cherokee runner. The Governor wrote, "Cherokee near to us have had several war dances in which there has been the strongest demonstrations of joy."

The participants were longer reaching their homes on their return, since they were now encumbered with stolen horses from the Osages, and many of them had to return by horseback. On November 15, 1817, a party of five missionaries came to the Caney Creek, south of the Tennessee River, and found it in spate. These men had been employed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions "to visit several tribes of Indians residing in the southwestern parts of the United States." They were to council with the Indians and obtain their consent to establish schools "and other institutions" among them, the purpose being to instruct them "in Christianity, and the most useful arts of civilized life."

They tried to ford the swollen creek but failed. They were meek before the will of God and made the best of things, and as they were doing so, a party of Cherokees late in the afternoon came to the opposite bank of the creek from the west. They didn't hesitate, but swam their horses over to the east bank and made camp on a gentle rise, building a fire under a tall tree. The leader of the missionary group, one Reverend Elias Cornelius, bethought him of this mission, seeing the dozen Cherokees and realizing they must be from the Arkansas country, and went over to their camp to talk with them about a school and "other institutions in the Arkansas country."

He noted the things scattered about the campfire: the sacks of corn (from Osage fields), skins of deer and wapiti and bear on which they slept, and he noted their guns leaning against the trees and "tomahawks" and bunches of arrows with the dark stains of Osage blood still on them.

He noted these things, but his attention was drawn to a little girl about five years of age, and he asked the warriors about her. They said they had taken her in a great victory over the savage Osages, and

when he asked where her parents were, one of the warriors went to his sack and took out two scalps, and holding them out toward the Reverend Cornelius, said in English, "Here they are."

The little girl could understand nothing of what went on around her. "The poor child gazed at them with an expression of mingled wonder and sorrow." The Reverend Cornelius thought she must have traveled five hundred miles with her captors without shelter from rain or cold for nearly a month. When he tried to take her in his arms, she began to cry, and the warriors smiled and said that her people hated the white people, and she was afraid of white people. He tried to make friends with her, and gave her a piece of cake "and a bright little cup," with which she seemed pleased, but apparently she didn't know what to do with the cake. "She was prettier than most children," thought Cornelius, and he immediately began to wonder how he could get her away from her captors.

The warrior who had taken her had sold her to another for a horse, and Cornelius tried to convince the owner that she ought to be sent to the Cherokee mission at Brainerd, assuring him that she would be clothed and instructed and the missionaries would bring her up as their own child, and payment to him would be arranged for her.

Cornelius noted that the warrior had an affection for the little girl and promised to send her to the school as soon as he reached home. In a letter to the superintendent of the mission at Brainerd, a Reverend Cyrus Kingsbury, he asked him to take the orphan and pay the \$100 which the warrior asked for her and worried that \$100 would be difficult for the mission to raise.

The next morning the waters of the Caney Creek subsided, the party rode across, and on the trail met several bands of Cherokees along the way with their Osage captives, but apparently they kept them hidden from the Reverend Cornelius and his party. When he reached Natchez, he was full of his story, and when a Mrs. Lydia Carter heard it, she offered to pay the \$100 ransom, but there was more trouble about the little Osage captive. Her owner wanted to trade her for a Negro slave about her age, and, of course, the missionaries were horrified at this proposal, but they kept trying and

Cornelius even went to the lodge of the Cherokee who owned the little girl to see her. She seemed happy in her new environment.

The rumor sprang up that the President of the United States was demanding that all prisoners taken in the Cherokee-Osage wars must be returned to their respective tribes; however, this proved to be only a rumor, and the good Cornelius renewed his hope. Mrs. Carter's \$100 was now at Brainerd ready to be turned over to the Cherokee warrior. The President of the United States ordered the Secretary of War to order Colonel Meigs, agent of the Cherokees, to place the little Osage captive in the school at Brainerd.

The missionaries searched for other captives and found the little girl's sister and a little boy, who had been sold to a white man. The little girl when placed in Brainerd was called Lydia Carter for the lady who put up the ransom money, and the little boy was called John Osage Ross because the Cherokee John Ross had found him.

Then there was a letter from William Clark stating that at a council with the Osages, a man had come forward to say that the little captive was his daughter. The conscientious William Clark had no proof that the man was not her father, but he thought the little girl ought to be brought back to her tribe and family. The story was likely, since the man who claimed to be her father was youngish and therefore would have been with the buffalo hunters on the plains at the time of the attack. Also, the little girl could remember the death of her mother. She told her foster parents that she and her mother were sitting in the bushes. Some men came and shot her mother in the breast, and the blood came out of it and dripped on the ground. The men then picked her up and put her on a horse, and she fell off the first time. Later she could stay on a horse even with the waters of the rivers about her as the horse swam.

William Clark said that the man who claimed the little girl as his daughter "seemed much flattered at the interest his child had excited." He had a right to be; he, and not the great men of the Osages, was discussed in the offices of the President of the United States, in the offices of the Secretary of War, and in the office of William Clark in St. Louis, and his heart could beat with self-esteem when Big Long Knives came to him and awaited eagerly his decisions.

Here in this concentrated interest of the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and the Governor of the Missouri Territory, not to mention a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was revealed at this early date in the history of the United States a remarkable example of excitement over small things, wherein the big heart of humanitarianism can display its fervency. The tragedy of this little girl spoken of by the soft voices of the missionaries was heard in Washington, and the situation had interested the President of the United States, while the crying in the wilderness of Major Lovely for law and order had scarcely been noted—this urgent voice which wanted to stop murder and marauding, and which wanted the government to bring justice to the area, or at least to control the free men who "have made their escape to this country guilty of the most horrid crimes."

However, Fort Smith was established at the point where the line drawn straight south from Fort Osage intersected the Arkansas River, and although Major Lovely was now dead, his "Purchase" was ratified by the treaty of 1818. No matter if there was at this time plenty of land within the boundaries of the old cession of 1808 for people who desired to settle down and build homes and communities, there was not enough space for the activities of the free men and the schemes of the Cherokees.

The Cherokee plan must have been quite obvious, since the new comer, Major Bradford, explained the situation quite clearly in a letter to General Jackson in 1818. He wrote that the Cherokees, looking for an excuse for the attack on Claremont's village the year before, dramatically shouted that the Osages had killed a Cherokee warrior called The Choctaw, shooting him from his horse's back, and this was the reason for their attack on Claremont's town.

Major Bradford wrote to Jackson that the facts he had uncovered were that a party of Cherokees had gone into the Osage land and had stolen some horses from the Osages, but were pursued by them, and in retaking their horses, they had shot The Choctaw from one of the stolen horses. He also saw through the Cherokee plan; he wrote that they would use any excuse to carry out their purpose to drive the Osages out and divide the country among themselves and their allies.

Tah-Lon-Tes-Kee had gone to see the Secretary of War about the matter, Bradford, being on the ground, they thought knew too much. This was in February, 1818. Governor Clark had been ordered to make peace between the tribes and had listened to the chief.

The Cherokees demanded what is now eastern Oklahoma for its wealth and as an outlet to the buffalo grounds, as had been promised by President Monroe, and Secretary Calhoun agreed.

Their clever leaders had much to do with the ratification of the agreement between Lovely and the Osages, which had not been authorized until 1818.

The treaty was made September 25, 1818, in St. Louis, with William Clark, governor of the Missouri Territory, acting as representative of the United States.

Article one states that the Osage Nations had been embarrassed by the frequent demands for property taken from citizens of the United States by war parties and other thoughtless men of their several bands [both before and since their war with the Cherokees] and their chiefs being ineffectual in recovering the property, conformably with the conditions of the 9th article of the Treaty of 1808 and deduction of annuities in conformity, would deprive them of any for several years."

So the Osages, in order "to do justice to the citizens of the United States and promote friendly intercourse, etc., etc.," ceded the "Lovely Purchase" to the United States legally this time. The north boundary was now designated as a line running easterly to the said Osage boundary line, at a point twenty leagues north from the Arkansas River, and with that line "to the place of the beginning."

Lovely was for paying the citizens who might have claims against the Osages as a consideration for the cession of the land, but the United States government put a limit on the amount for which they would be responsible. They would pay the citizens "the full value of such property as they can legally prove to have been stolen or destroyed by the Osages since 1814," provided the cost did not exceed \$2,000.

The Sac and Foxes had remained allied with the Little Ones since the War of 1812, or perhaps unevenly so since the peace effected by William Henry Harrison in 1804, even though Manuel Lisa had tried

to harass Pike by rumors of Sac and Fox attack. Just before the treaty of 1818, the making legal of the Lovely Purchase, the Cherokees, desiring a stronger argument for taking land from the Little Ones, got their rag-tag tribal fragments together and attacked them during the summer of 1818. They reported that the Osage party was larger than their attacking party, but since there was no claim of a victory and great numbers of slaughtered Osages, there was apparently no victory for the Cherokees.

The Osages recognized some of the Shawnee and Delaware fragments with the Cherokee party, and apparently for the first time called upon other tribes than their splinters, the Konzas and Quapaws, and their linguistic cousins the Missourias, who were now attaching themselves to the Little Osages, dividing themselves between the Little Osages and the Otoes. They became wise at last, and had begun to adjust their Neolithic, earth-struggle thinking to the Europeanized Cherokees' subtleties. They sent messages to the leaders of the Shawnee and Delaware fragments, knowing that they were always hungry, and especially almost horseless. They promised the leaders many horses and feasts if they would come to help them against the Cherokees. They sent messengers to the forks of the Kaw River to urge their Konza splinter to come to them holding the hatchet, and they sent for the disturbed Quapaws who had begun to wander toward the Red River to avoid the free men. They also appealed to the Creeks, who were still enemies of the Americans, and the Cherokees who had defeated them under General Jackson. These Muskogean came with pleasure.

All these tribes were of the woods and rivers, dugout and trace people, with the exception of the chivalric Konzas, and any horse would please them, they having use for pack horses and mules, so that this bribe would leave a pile of rawhide hobbles or empty rawhide nooses at the village of Arrow-Going-Home on the Verdigris. The Konzas had little need for more horses as did the Place-of-the-Many-Swans people, who must have been called in to aid the Arkansas Osages.

Governor Clark had been ordered to make peace, and when he heard of the Osage preparations and the horses they were giving and

the feasts and promises they were making to the Delawares and the Shawnee vagabonds, giving them permission to trap beaver on the Neosho, he decided to halt this strange war movement. They were supposed to have given away three hundred horses, one supposes of inferior quality, to their woodland guests. However, personal gifts from the Grand *Hunkah* would have been the best. Clark called the council for St. Louis in September, 1818.

After the treaty there were incidents. The Cherokees took twenty [forty] horses from one gens on White River as they returned from the treaty making in St. Louis. The trail from St. Louis to the Arkansas Cherokees crossed the White River about where Batesville, Arkansas, is today. And again the Osages prepared for an all-out war on the Cherokees. But this time Captain Nathaniel Pryor, trader, friend, and intermarried white citizen, counceled with them and asked them to wait until he returned from Fort Smith to talk with Major Bradford, and he urged the Major to visit the village of Arrow-Going-Home. He found the village full of Sac and Foxes, Iowas, Omahas, and Otoes, as well as Konzas and Quapaws—except for the Sac and Foxes, a Siouan family gathering, tense with Siouan preparation for the war movement. They sat about their separate fires eating the Little Ones' buffalo and deer and wapiti and skunk and passing the pipe which bound their agreements. There was Siouan emotion and Plains dignity. The Siouans were urging the Little Ones to attack immediately, their medicine made and all the rituals completed, and the modern Little Old Men say that only when it rained did the Sac and Foxes lose their war paint. Their muskets and vermilion and blankets and *wah-don-shas* hanging about their necks were British. These perennial raiders from north of the Missouri River were always ready for slashing and jumping back like the black wolf.

Major Bradford stopped this war movement with a promise that the Cherokees would return the Osage prisoners; and the next summer, in 1819, the Little Ones were informed that the Cherokees were ready to bring in the prisoners they had taken in the attack on Arrow-Going-Home's village (Claremore Mound) in 1817. Arrow-Going-Home himself, carrying the dignity of the Grand *Hunkah* to a meeting place where the undignified business was the reception of Osage

prisoners, was objective. He rode to the meeting place at the mouth of the Verdigris in July, and there they awaited word from Bradford to appear at Fort Smith to receive their captive people. The morning chant to Grandfather turned into mourning, and tears ran down their cheeks when they thought of the prisoners.

The Cherokees had an agricultural excuse, which was readily understood by Secretary of War Calhoun as a virtuous excuse, and it was also understood by Bradford but with a different interpretation. Naturally all must wait until the civilization-eager and co-operating Cherokees could get their harvest in.

The meeting was postponed until September, the time when the agricultural Cherokees would have their harvest in and the Little Ones would be impatient to be away on their annual winter buffalo hunt on the Kaw, the Republican, and the Salt Fork of the Arkansas and the Cimarron. The Pawnees or the Comanches, seeing no lodges of the Little Ones on the headwaters of the Salt Fork and the Cimarron, might come there and kill buffalo.

Since the Cherokees had killed or taken captive nearly all the women and children left at the village, missing only those mature and strong enough to accompany the men on the hunt in 1817, each gens and perhaps each family of the physical division *Co'n-Dse-U-Gth'n*, the Upland-Forest-People, who were now calling themselves simply *Sa'n Solé* and who were living at the village of the Grand *Hunkah*, Arrow-Going-Home, had lost members in the sanguine attack.

Arrow-Going-Home was short tempered and imperious, and hid his dignity in his robe again, and took many of his tribesmen to Fort Smith along with his counselor, *Ta-Heh-Ga-Xe* (Buck-Making-Horns), Tallai, and his son *Tse-To-Gah*, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, and the white friend Captain Nathaniel Pryor.

The party rode to Fort Smith with anticipation, but though they were punctual, the Cherokees did not show up, but sent a message that the prisoners were mostly women and were married to Cherokee men and were very happy and did not wish to come back and live with savages. The post commander ordered them to produce the prisoners within a period of ten days, and then when they failed to

show up, the commander, fearing the insulted dignity of Arrow-Going-Home, had them there by the following day, the twelfth from the day appointed for the meeting.

The English naturalist Thomas Nuttall who made it a point to be at Fort Smith during the council described the parting of one Osage woman from her captor husband, who wept and "pled with the chiefs to stay," but the Osages said that her mother and father cried each morning as the Morning Star rose, and that their heads were stained by the mud of mourning. The Little Ones went away angered since not all the prisoners had been returned, among them the little captive called Lydia Carter; and within twelve months this little Osage girl would become the concern of the President of the United States and the War Department and Governor William Clark again.

Nuttall had returned from the Salt Fork just in time for the council. He had suffered with what he called "intermittent fever" and had been under the care of the kindly French trader, M. Bougie, who had one of his trading posts at the mouth of the Verdigris.

Nuttall was ill, but he wanted to be present at the council at Fort Smith. This matter of the Cherokees' holding Osage captives had been dramatized by the story of little Lydia Carter.

People came to Fort Smith to gape at the renowned Arrow-Going-Home and the Bad-Tempered Buffalo, called Mad Buffalo, Nuttall was among them, taking in every detail.

He knew Arrow-Going-Home. There was dignity in the man, he thought, and perhaps "urbanity." He wore a hat ornamented with silver lace and a regimental coat. He was very proud, Nuttall thought, but he couldn't have guessed the profundity of that pride with all eyes upon him. He undoubtedly forgot in the warm suffusions of *amour-propre*, the former insults of the Cherokees in delaying the council and forcing him, the Grand *Hunkah*, to come in person to ask humbly for the Osage captives.

When Nuttall shook hands with him, and Arrow-Going-Home asked Nuttall if he had ever heard of him, he seemed pleased when Nuttall said he certainly had.

However, Nuttall was more impressed by Buck-Making-Horns, known as Tallai. He was chieftain of the Deer, and Nuttall seemed

to think he might be the power in the village on the Verdigris, though he was wrong in calling him the "hereditary chief." He wore no medals or other Heavy Eyebrows decorations. He told Nuttall that he needed no decoration. He was *Ta-Heh-Ga-Xe* (Tallai).

Nathaniel Pryor, their white friend and an intermarried trader, suggested that inasmuch as the Cherokees had not been strictly sincere about the Osage captives, the Osages ought to demand of the commandant at Fort Smith that they, the Osages, take the five Cherokees home as hostages. Bad-Tempered-Buffalo was opposed, saying that if they took the Cherokees as hostages, the women would see them and be reminded of the murdered loved ones or those held by the Cherokees. They would start weeping and keening, and soon the whole village might be incited to murder them.

The Poteau flows from the south-southwest into the Arkansas River near Fort Smith and was not within the area ceded in 1808 nor in that ceded by Lovely's Purchase ratified in 1818, but the Cherokees were coming across the boundaries to hunt and trap in accordance with agreements in the Lovely Purchase treaty, but they had not carried out their part of the agreement to return all the Osage prisoners. During the Light-of-Day>Returns Moon, February, Arrow-Going-Home's son, *Tse-To-Gah*, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo with his gens warriors went to the Poteau hunting bear. This was the moon when the bears' fur was at its best, and one could know the boars from the sows in the dark caves since the latter would have had their cubs during Baby-Bear Moon in December. They did not take the sows with cubs in the dens of hibernation. There were many caves in the Mississippi limestone and many writhing white roots of the sycamore trying to come out of the earth. Under these the boars liked to hibernate.

While they were inspecting the caves and probing under the roots of sycamores, they noted signs that the Cherokees were also hunting bears, but, like the new Heavy Eyebrows, they killed both sows with cubs as well as the boars. This angered Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and he set out to find the Cherokees, and did surprise them at their hunting, but his warriors were only able to kill three of them. They had short hair like the Heavy Eyebrows and wore bandeaus of trade

cloth. The Little Ones left a gens-marked arrow in the largest of the trees. The Cherokees would recognize this.

Bad-Tempered Buffalo and his gentile followers came along the southern bank of the Arkansas, which still belonged to them, and came to the mouth of the Verdigris and up it on the western bank, their side, until they came to the trading post of Nathaniel Pryor, one and one-half miles above its mouth. As they approached, they saw a large war party of Cherokees standing about the traders' store, but it was too late to turn back. They had only time to put on their bluff-paint and chant a prayer to *Wah-Kon-Tah* and take the *wah-hopeh* from its wrappings and hang it around Bad-Tempered-Buffalo's neck where it flapped on his back, as they put heels to their horses, but they now sang no songs as they rode boldly into the post.

Pryor noted the glee of the Cherokees when they saw that they greatly outnumbered the Bad-Tempered-Buffalo party, but he knew they would not attack them at the post; so he immediately had one of his men, David McGee, to call the leader of the Cherokees and his followers to the opposite side of the main building to show him some new shiny copper kettles which all tribes valued very highly for cooking their tremendous amounts of meats and vegetables.

While the Cherokees, who were somewhat Europeanized, wondered about the amount of beaver or bear hides it would take to own one kettle or how much of the precious bear or buffalo tallow they must bring to Pryor to trade for one, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and his warriors fled on their strong Pawnee horses, and they soon left behind the badly mounted Cherokees, who tried to overtake them.

The Cherokees were angered, and they left the post scowling at Pryor but they went only a short distance, then waited for darkness. They waited until the first barred owl boomed his before-dawn hunting call, then they slipped into the area around the post and very quietly broke into the store and stole 150 pounds of beaver fur.

These intelligent Iroquoians not only had many Scottish and English mixed-blood leaders and advisers, but even the common warriors and hunters, except those in the Smokies, had become partly civilized and knew all of the tricks of verbal evasion and could take refuge under the laws which they just as often flouted as cleverly as Euro-

peans. They were thoroughly versed in double-dealing through their association with white officials of their old home east of the Mississippi. Like white men, they didn't go to the trouble of denying the theft of Pryor's beaver, but under the aegis of the law, which recognized the fact that the Osages and the Cherokees were at war with each other and that this white man Pryor had not been neutral in the manner in which a citizen of the United States must be, but had aided the Osages. Pryor put in his claim to the War Department, asking for redress under the guarantee made when he was given a trader's license. The War Department agreed with the Cherokee contention. Under Secretary of War John C. Calhoun, the Department was interested, with General Jackson and Governor McMinna, in keeping the Cherokees well disposed toward full migration to Arkansas. Their lands were needed by the Amer-Europeans. The Secretary of War was typical of the period. He was an honest man. His rationalizations and his resulting firm stand on local matters, he could convince himself, were one with a patriotic stand on human rights.

The United States and Spain had finally settled on a boundary line running up the Sabine River to the Red, thence along the Red to the rooth degree of longitude and up this to the Arkansas, along this river, then north, in 1819, and in that year by an act of Congress on March 2, Arkansas Territory was established, and a man came from New Hampshire to govern it. His name was James Miller. The new territory embraced most of the modern states of Arkansas and Oklahoma, and most of the Little Ones, or perhaps half of them would be under Governor Miller, and his appointment was important to their interests.

About this time in the last month of 1819 the Cherokees were gathering their rag-tail fragments of Algonkian and Muskogean tribes again, to again attack the Little Ones, their slim excuse being the killing of the bear hunters trespassing on the Poteau. They had already collected the harlequins and had added to them the ever ready Caddos, who had fled south of the Red River some time before, as well as a harassed chief of the Quapaws and his half-hearted followers, searching for security in a chaotic world. The now Cherokee

agent, Reuben Lewis, brother to Meriwether Lewis, dissuaded them, asking them to wait until the new governor of the new territory should arrive.

Miller was strange to the chaos of the area and believed, as Lovely had, that differences could be resolved by conference. Obviously the Cherokees were showing signs of civilization, and would be reasonable, they both assumed. Miller got four Cherokee leaders to go with him to the village of Arrow-Going-Home, and at Fort Smith picked up a sergeant and seven enlisted men, as well as a man called John McElmurray, trader and justice of the peace from the Missouri Territory, carrying twenty pounds of tobacco.

Miller reported that the Cherokees seemed to him little different from white people, and "considerably advanced" toward civilization. He had noted their settlements along the Arkansas with a feeling of respect for virtue. Their deportment was very good, he had noted, but to a man from New Hampshire it might have seemed a bit overdone, since it was an imitation of the white men of quite another part of the country, with a touch of obsequiousness in it that might have been suspect to a New Englander. He thought their country very rich and very beautiful.

When he arrived at the village of the Grand *Hunkah*, he counted the lodges carefully and found that there were 150, large enough to accommodate, as they varied in size, from ten to fifteen people to the lodge. And then he noted what all European visitors had especially noticed, the warriors' height and their bull-wapiti dignity, and the fact that they saw you without staring at you, and listened with their eyes shut while you talked, never interrupting. He reported that the men were in average height "more than six feet," and he concluded that "they were entirely in a state of nature," and it was evident to him that very few white people had been among them, and "they know nothing of the use of money, nor do they use any ardent spirits." He didn't know that they had been in touch with Europeans for perhaps 150 years. They were simply imperiously resistant.

The Cherokees wanted the Osages to give up to them the killers of the bear hunters and the Osages wanted the remainder of their

people who had been taken prisoner in 1817. And here again the little Osage captive, Lydia Carter, and her brother, John Osage Ross, came into the consideration of this grave and tense council.

The Governor told the Cherokees that they must live up to their agreement and asked both tribes to meet him October 1, 1820; and between the meeting of August and the first of October, the Cherokees seem to have tried to carry out the behest of Governor Miller, since they took the little captives from the school at Brainerd and away from their foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, the missionaries, who wept and prayed and asked prayers from others for the softening of President Monroe's heart. At least one captive Osage woman wept when she was forced to go back to her people, but Governor Miller of Arkansas Territory, like Governor Clark of Missouri Territory, seemed to have a high sense of justice, no matter what the game might have been in Tennessee, the Carolinas and Washington, D. C., and wanted peace among the tribes for the sake of peace and well-being of the tribes.

Neither one of them knew, possibly not even Governor Clark, that the Little Ones were not so much concerned about the land taken from them as they were angered by the fact that the land was given to their enemy. This was not explained to them; this matter of pushing them west so that the Cherokees could have land equal to that which they had owned in Tennessee, etc. It was not wholly the ceded land which disturbed them, but very much the destruction of their game; the swollen carcasses of the holy ones given them by *Wah'Kon-Tah*, and through whom they prayed. These holy ones, the Big Animal, the buffalo, the Yellow Animal, the wapiti, and the Little Animal, the white-tailed deer, were given in trust to them by *Wah'Kon-Tah*. And the holy ones, the beaver, the bear, the panther, the lynx, were being destroyed as well.

And it must have seemed to the Little Ones themselves that they were not now strong enough to protect these holy animals, and as a result were losing the favor of *Wah'Kon-Tah*, and the Holy Ones seemed no longer to want to lend the Little Ones their powers.

Both grand divisions, the *Tzi-Sho* and the *Hunkah*, had cried to the Morning Star and Grandfather every morning since the descent

from the stars into the red oak tree, and had even appointed a special man in each physical division called *Wa-Si-Si-Kah*, who arose with the Morning Star, and called out, chanting as he walked through the ways, much as the muezzin of the Arabs called from the tower. He was instructed by the Little Old Men to allow none except the very ill or the very old to remain on their robes after he called, since the Little Ones must take no chances with *Wah'Kon-Tah's* anger.

But now both grand divisions not only chanted and mourned at dawn, but the *Hunkah* began to chant to the setting sun, since the West, *Mo'n-ha*, the Cliffs, was the direction of war and death and all the things with which the *Hunkah* had to do, and the *Tzi-Sho* began to chant to the first stars to appear in the evening. Later Pierre Chouteau, their indulgent agent on the Neosho, had to write to William Clark at St. Louis about this fervent attempt not really understood by him of the mighty Osages to make up for their feeling of being in disfavor with *Wah'Kon-Tah*. He wrote, "There are innumerable objections to the present agency particularly on account of family inconvenience . . . every morning and evening we are distressed with the lamentations of the Indians for their lost relatives (Which you know is a religious Custom among them)."

They took great care now when they made medicine to go on the war movement, and they painted their faces meticulously and guarded their fetish shields, and the people in charge of the pipe—the Chief's Pipe, the Little Ones called it, not "calumet"—guarded it jealously. The Little Old Men made a ruling that all women at the very beginning of menstruation must be banished from the village, now, in these times of *ga-ni-tha* and have special lodges built by their relatives a little way from the center of the village.

After the Little Old Men had made a ritual around *mo'n-ee*, metal, they believed that they had gained some of the power of the Heavy Eyebrows, but now it seemed that they must add to it, and they made rituals to white metal and black metal and metal of other colors. There was more of a hint of *ga-ni-tha*, chaos, again, the ancient *ga-ni-tha* of the Isolated Earth People. They had begun to understand the manners and methods of the woodland Indians and the free men, when they were outnumbered and came fawning, but their earth-

harmonized protective coloration and bluff and panther deceptions were inadequate against the agile chicanery of the Cherokees, which was beyond their mental grasp. It was like reaching out for something with only the hands *Wah'Kon-Tah* had given them; also, to whom could they pray for the lengthening of the outstretched arm and grasping hand of understanding of white-man subtleties?

In trying to describe mental grasp of anything, in their efforts to talk of abstract things, they used symbolical physical actions. When an idea was unacceptable to them, they would cup both hands, then push them forward as if they were emptying them of water or dust, then hold up the right hand with fingers spread and palm outward, to defend further from the cast-off idea. When they wished to grasp an idea or explain the evasive abstraction, they would extend the hand with fingers open and the palm upward, then close the fingers into a fist and bring it back to the body in such manner that they actually seemed to be grasping that for which they had reached, only to find that they had not grasped anything when they opened their fingers.

This was the way they explained what was happening to them. The physical fact of the American invasion, the razing of their forests, the slaughter of their "brothers," the buffalo, bear, wapiti, and deer and beaver they understood, since it was simply an invasion which they tried to repel. But the European chicanery, the evasions and convenient interpretations of the Europeans' own Christian standards were much more subtle than those of the bear and the panther and the lynx, and therefore their own evasions and deceptions, and their extended grasping fists came back empty. They could understand nothing beyond the primitive earth-struggle of which they were a part, and that they might some day reduce *Wah'Kon-Tah* to earth-terms.

Much of the wire-tangle of their ritualism came now, in the attempts of the Little Old Men to reinforce and strengthen the cage in which they tried to hold the Great Mysteries, and they seemed to be mourning in their prayers to the Sun, the Morning Star, the first stars of evening, the descending sun, and Grandfather the Sun as he came immediately above them each day. All this because the bluff-

paint, the Wolf Songs, the Crow Songs, the songs to *Wah'Kon-Tah* through the beaver, the deer, the wapiti, the panther, the bear, the buffalo, the otter, the red oak, the redbud charcoal, their seven days' fastings, and their hunger dreams, their fast and beautiful Pawnee horses, their dedication to the swiftness and ferocity of the falcon would no longer hold for them their *Mo'n-Sho'n* the Sacred One, Mother Earth. For the first time in their tribal memory, the Little Ones seemed to sense disaster, and in their frustrations, they were easily divided.

However, they remained resistant and stubbornly imperious, and the clever, adjustable Cherokees, and their Illini federation from across the Mississippi, and the Shawnees and the Delawares, as well as chain-pressed others—the Kickapoos, Miamis, Piankashaws, Weas, Peorias, Michigamans, and Wyandots, Ottawas, and Senecas—all under the process of Europeanization, wearing "citizens' clothes," thought the Little Ones were stupid, now, since the criteria for cleverness and ability had undergone a great change among the woodland red men. Stray members of these advanced tribes came to them now, and were fed and treated as guests under *Wah'Kon-Tah's* laws. They wore "citizens' clothes," often long-tailed coats and stovepipe hats, lingering nostalgia represented by a flicker primary feather in the band or the bronze tail cover-feather of a wild turkey. They took these hats off and laid them carefully aside, then reached in the tails of their coats for their Bibles. Inherently Indian and filled with a desire to be important, which their tribal organization had denied them or no longer nurtured in deterioration, they stood with ears turned to them at last, often ears of distrust and curiosity, but with eyes closed and heads lowered in courteous silence; but this affected not the *amour-propre* of the new Christian. No white circuit rider could have been more dedicated to the Word, even though he might emotionalize himself into croaking hoarseness and a heavy sweat.

But these saved ones had no effect on the crystalline Little Ones, and they feasted and boasted in their villages, talked glibly, and were comfortable, then waited for the fourth day of the social dance when a horse might be "smoked" to one.

While the Little Old Men were creating more labyrinthine rituals

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in their urgency, several gentes of the Little Osages had moved down from Fort Osage to the Neosho, and there were about twenty families of Missouriia with them. White Hair (the younger now) would come to the Neosho later with the *Wah-Ho-Ka-Li*, Thorny-Valley People, one of the physical divisions of the Little Ones. His village had about 400 people while the Little Osages could possibly count about 1,000. By this time Traveling Rain had become their chief. It would seem that there might have been three of the physical divisions, with all the gentes represented in each one, near the Three Forks. The Upland-Forest People had been on the Verdigris some time before Chouteau brought Makes-Tracks-Far-Away down, and now the Down-Below People and the Thorny-Valley People had moved there leaving only Sitters-on-the-Hilltops, and the Heart-Stays People at the Place-of-the-Many-Swans, both apparently in one village. Of these there were about 1,200. The Sitters-on-the-Hilltops were called by the French "Grosse Côte," and were already being called Big Hills in English, and their chief was *To-Wa-Ka-Heh*.

Thus because of many things—the disruption of the tribal organization, the invasions of the free men and the Cherokees, and the War of 1812—the tribe seemed to be gathering in one area again but the *Pa-Solé*, the Sitter-on-the-Hilltops, the Big Hills of perhaps 1,200 strong, and White Hair's 400 remained at the old villages at the Place-of-the-Many-Swans. There would be now, in 1820, about 4,500 of the Little Ones on the Verdigris and the Neosho rivers not far above the mouths of both rivers. The several villages of the Place-of-the-Oaks, called "Oua-Zha-Zhe des Chenes" by the French, and "Les Chenes," which Americanized became Chaneers and Shainers, were called by Sibley, in his report of 1820, "Chancers," who had been under Makes-Tracks-Far-Away, Walks-in-the-Night, and all under Grand *Hunkah* Arrow-Going-Home. The Little Osages were under their chief Traveling Rain, and the village of Great Osages under White Hair.

37. Rhythms of the Moon Woman

EVEN IN THIS PHYSICAL DISRUPTION of the organization, they clung to their old tradition just as they clung to *Wah-Kon-Tah*. During their time in the villages, the young men were not allowed to fall too much under the influence of the life symbols of their gentes in their idleness, the mischievous Bear especially, but their lives and traditions were still a part of the rhythmical earth, and they were ever in harmony. Also, during this time of constant gentile war movement, the energies of the young men were absorbed.

If there was jerked or smoked buffalo meat in the village and the pack rats had not found their way into the caches of corn and pumpkins and persimmon cakes and hackberry cakes, stored roots of the lotus and the poppy mallow and the blazing star, burr oak acorns, walnuts, and pecans and *do*, the wild potato, and the wild bean, and the white-tail deer were plentiful, which they were at that time near the Three Forks, there was little to do during Single-Moon-by-Himself, January. The bears were asleep, and this was the time of the year when the members of the Bear gens were supposed to be most tranquil. This was the time of year when the Little Old Men of the Bear taught the women and girls many of the things about the Great Mysteries that the women and girls of the other gentes were not allowed to know.

They taught them to wet the index finger of the right hand and point it at their enemies, saying "You will die," and the Bear women

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are not allowed to visit the sick. The Bear medicine is strong in the case of fainting spells, since the bear in hibernations "dies" and comes to life. However, like all "medicines," it must be used only by those who have the authority.

And this was the time for the grandmothers to gather the children around them and tell them stories, since the tale-bearing little people, the dragonfly, the swallow, and the snakes are not about to hear. The stories are endless, and one by one the children fall asleep, and the teller of stories knows that they are all asleep, and when there is not one voice responding, she stops her long, seemingly senseless tales, which are often the strange and very mystical experiences one may have in a dream. Some of these stories may have been the true dream of an ancestor of the teller, two hundred years before. The storyteller will stop in the telling suddenly and say, "*Hah'n*," and the children will respond. She does this periodically, and each time there are fewer and fewer responsive "*hah'n*" from the children until finally there are none. The emotionless little owls have fallen against each other, and must be carried to their bear skins.

And this is a time when the duennas must keep careful watch on their charges, seeing that they do not crawl out under the edges of the lodges and creep closer and closer in the moonlight to the flute player hidden in the shadows. But everyone in the village listened with delight to the flutes of the lovers. This was the idle time when a woman or a girl walked from the village or camp alone, the women sitting together talking and making beadwork designs on their tobacco pouches, parfleche moccasins, and trader's cloth, would say, "Ho, ho, where is she going?" There were white traders and trappers and others of the settlement of the Three Forks, and some of them had no women, but they had strange and fascinating presents to give.

The Grand *Hunkah* and the Grand *Tzi-Sho* would allow little idleness, and they had a ball made from buffalo hide and stuffed with the coarse hair of the bull buffalo's neck, and they had a ball made from the roots of the wild grape, and they would have the town crier go down the ways saying that they would play a game like hockey, but more like shinny. On one side would be the young men of the *Hunkah*, and on the other side the young men of the *Tzi-Sho*. The

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young women playing in another place would have the young women of the *Hunkah* on one side, and the young women of the *Tzi-Sho* on the other side. The *Tzi-Sho* to the left of Grandfather's daily path, and the *Hunkah* to the right.

Before the game started, everyone, even the oldest grandmother bent over her dogwood or hickory stick, would bet their most precious belongings. Horses and horsehair bridles, and even the four-strand buffalo-hair lariats, and special gypsum-rubbed skins, and soft buffalo robes. Piles of things piled up on the north of Grandfather's path, as well on the south side, the *Tzi-Sho* and *Hunkah* sides.

The players would line up on their respective sides, and the two sides would start a rhythmical chanting and counter chanting, and the game would begin.

After the game, even if the *Hunkah* side or the *Tzi-Sho* side had lost valuable property to the other, they would laugh and chaff each other and then sit down to a tremendous feast.

There were quieter games, nearly all of them gambling. Their daily lives were a gamble and so were their games, and their games were really training for their existence struggle. In the case of organized military training, which was for success in battle, the Little Ones were in constant struggle to attain old age, then enter Spiritland under the approval of *Wah'Kon-Tah*. The moccasin game was one of chance, of quick decision, upon which the warriors daily depended.

The players sat in two rows, and between them was spread a buffalo robe or a trade blanket. There were four moccasins. A stick or a buckeye nut (or perhaps by 1820 a hawkbell) was put into one of the moccasins secretly, then a rhythm was drummed and a chant begun, and the moccasins manipulated, then a player at a time was asked to guess where the stick or buckeye or bell was. This could go on for days, and a fevered gambler, losing steadily, would bet his most precious possession, but losing could rise to his feet, robeless and perhaps moccasinless, wrap his arms about him to protect himself from the sharp winds, and, singing to himself sadly, walk to his fireplace. There would be no woman there to scold him since she might be at the time in the same or another moccasin game or the hand game.

The hand game was similar to the moccasin game, but the buckeye was held in either the right or the left hand, and the hands held behind the back as the chanters chanted and the drum beat softly. A player on the opposite side would indicate with pursed lips the hand which he believed contained the nut and win the stakes.

When there was no war movement or no mourning dance at this time, and there was plenty of food and deer near for the taking, the people's energy was absorbed by such amusements, but in the next moon, The-Light-of-Day>Returns Moon [February] there was much to do. The black bear and the grizzly, for that matter, were some of the most important brothers which *Wah'Kon-Tah* had given the Little Ones. The bear's hide was used for bedding, and his tallow was used for many things, including torches. He had no sinews running down each side of his spine like the buffalo, but he furnished meat and tallow and hide and the sacred bear-claw necklace. And now, during The-Light-of-Day>Returns Moon, was the time for taking him in his den. This was not sport, as hunting him later in the woods might be, but this was the time when his hair was at its best and his claws at their longest and most attractive as ornaments. Later in the autumn they would hunt him for tallow, at which time his claws would be ugly and broomed and his hair brittle and broken, but his meat rich and less stringy.

They explored the caves and under the roots of great trees and windfalls. In the dark caves they dipped sycamore splinters in tallow and set them afire, the better to see the slumbering bear.

If their villages had consumed their corn and squashes and other things from their caches and their meat was growing small, parties of hunters must go for deer and wapiti. The bulls and bucks were beginning to lose their antlers now and were still emaciated and scarred from the last autumn's rut, so they must kill cows and does, and the foetus in either was a delicacy.

During this moon, the light of day was noticeably returning after the dark days of winter. It was quite apparent here, between the thirty-eighth and the thirty-seventh parallels, on the waters of the Neosho and the Verdigris. The frogs might sing tentatively, but *sho-*

mi-kase, the coyote, would drown out the flute players with his own love song.

And this was the time to take the beaver, because his fur was at its best. And now they had the traps of the Heavy Eyebrows, and they need not sit for hours waiting for the beaver to come out. The beaver had many traditional uses other than as food and fur, and he who had beaver medicine was very important. Sometimes even a woman of the Beaver gens of the *Wah-Sha-She* subdivision would have beaver medicine, and she would come to the newly put-up lodges in a new camp and walk around them four times singing. Thereafter they would be strong like the lodge of the beaver and no enemy could come into them or destroy them.

Then, when the next moon came, the little people, the frogs, would sing in full volume at the Three Forks, and the great horned owl would do silly things in his love-making, and the barred owl would frighten the little people of the grass roots and among the cane stems, and the children of the Little Ones would stop their play and come casually to their lodges. Only the screech owl was the embodiment of the evil spirit, the voice of the lost soul whose face had not been painted or had died in the war movement without the war paint, and had not been recognized in Spiritland. He wandered about during the autumn and winter moons, weeping softly, asking pity, but the bravest of the warriors didn't want to listen to him.

However, the children were afraid of *wah-pokah*, the great gray owl of the Place-of-the-Many-Swans, because he was held up to them as an evil one who sat in the trees at night and listened to all the things they said and spied on them if they did not come to their lodges after nightfall. Here, near the Three Forks, the barred owl took his place and the children were afraid of him, and certainly his booming was much more dreadful than that of *wah-pokah*.

When the little people, the frogs, sang strongly, the barred owl boomed and gurgled and talked and bowed in the moonlight, and the great horned owl also became drunk and silly with love. It was a witches' moon now, but the Little Ones called March Just-Doing-That-Moon. Walks-on-wings, the wild turkey, strutted, and the noise

of their strutting sounded like far-away thunder, just as their mad gobbling sounded like Padouca warriors charging.

Now the hunters could sit at the heads of the ravines, where, putting their lips to the backs of their hands and sucking, they could make the gobblers come to them, and thereafter the women would be busy making awls from their wing bones and needles for the trader's cloth, and dusters from their tail-feathers, and with their wings they made brooms to keep the fireplaces clean. They used the hairs of the gobbler "beards," along with the tail hairs of the deer, to make the roaches which the dancers and the warriors wore. Also the wing bones of the walks-on-wings could be used for tweezers if split properly, to be used in pulling the scraggly face hairs of the warriors. Some liked them better for this purpose than the two halves of pecten shells.

The winds from the Gulf blew now, carrying the leaves far over the treetops and making little piles of them dance round and round the Osage fires like the dance of the Creeks. The limbs of neighboring elms and sycamores, scraping against each other, complained pettishly, and the squirrels rode the swaying limbs, hugging them tightly, and little boys tried to shoot them with their blunted dogwood arrows. This was a good time for the gentle war movement. The woodland Indians found it more difficult to ambush the Little Ones now, since the leaves had been blown from the oaks and the grasses and weeds and canes had been bent and broken. You could see the light of the Heavy Eyebrows' campfire a long way through the leafless trees, and you could come from the north and had to "drink" the high south winds of Just-Doing-That Moon, but even the scouts of the enemy couldn't hear you. Only *ca-xe*, the crow, might give you away when you came upon him down wind and he screamed murder and shouted, "*Nee-kahl nee-kahl*" "man, man!" Everyone listened to the alarm cry of *ca-xe*, even the stupid Heavy Eyebrows.

Then the first grass of spring came up in the bottoms and on the backbone of the ridges. The winter-starved horses of the enemy would have their "noses in the earth," eating greedily, and there would be no crazy lead mare to see or smell you and warn the guard boys. Just-Doing-That Moon referred to the whimsicalities of March, but the Little Ones might be just doing that as well, with time heavy

on their hands. Only the women were busy, stretching the beaver hides to be traded to the Heavy Eyebrows, working the hides of the bears, rendering tallow, making needles and awls and magnificent roaches for the men, but there were always the games for all.

During the next appearance of Moon Woman, mad clouds would begin to race across the skies, as ragged as an old buffalo robe, and tassels would come to the oaks, and the elms would scatter their samara, which hid in the folds of your blanket and got into pots. Your horse might prick up his ears as if he saw deer, and sometimes snort when he came upon the dogwood or the plum, thinking them ghosts. Their white flowers startled even the warriors.

When these things happened and the chuck-will's-widow and the whippoorwill called monotonously from the dusky woods, it would be *Wah-Pi*, Planting Moon. April was the woman's moon. She planted the corn and the squash and the other things, but among all the things she planted the corn was the most sacred. It was the gift to the Little Ones by the most sacred of all the animals, the buffalo. He had given the yellow, the red, the blue, and the speckled corn just after they had descended from the red oak and had set out on their quest over the roads of the earth. Here was the female secret of life giving, the understanding among the three: *Mi-Ompah*, the Moon, *Moh-Sho'n*, the Earth, and *Wa-Cu*, the Woman.

For the corn, the woman made little hills far apart, after she had scraped away all the debris from the weeds and had cleaned the grass away. She did this with the shoulder blade of the wapiti attached to a handle of hickory or dogwood, but by this time she might be using a trade tool, if there was no taboo. This was a sacred procedure. No man was allowed about unless he was necessary to lift heavy things; then he must work only under instructions from the woman.

After she made the hills, she used a sharpened stick and poked a hole in the south or sunny side, or the Grandfather side, of the hill, then dropped from four to seven grains of corn into the hole. If she was *Tzi-Sho*, she covered the hole with her left foot, and if of the *Hunkah*, she covered it with the right foot, all the time singing and keeping the rhythm with her stick, as she looked at the sky.

She planted as many hills as she desired, taking the grains from a

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woven sack flung on her back, woven of the nettle or buckbrush runners. She formerly, and at least ceremonially, painted her forehead with one red and one blue line across the breadth, and one red and one blue short line running vertically on each cheek.

Her song as she planted, beating the rhythm with her feet and the planting stick, was the most beautiful of all the many songs of the Little Ones.

*I have made a footprint, a sacred one.
I have made a footprint, through it the blades must push upward.
I have made a footprint, through it the blades radiate.
I have made a footprint, over it the blades float in the wind.
I have made a footprint, over it the ears lean toward each other.
I have made a footprint, over it I pluck the ears.
I have made a footprint, over it I bend the stalks to pluck the ears.
I have made a footprint, over it the tassels lie gray.
I have made a footprint, smoke rises from my lodge.
I have made a footprint, there is cheer in my lodge.
I have made a footprint, I live in the light of day.*

In the villages at the Place-of-the-Many-Swans, where the Big Hills remained and where all had lived up to the first decades of the nineteenth century, the horses had sometimes to eat elm and cottonwood bark during very hard winters, but at the Place-of-the-Oaks, there was always grass to be found under the weeds and the sere grasses of the preceding season, and the horses were nearly always ready for the spring buffalo hunt. While the women planted, the men guarded their horses carefully and drove them to places where the grass was advanced, and at night brought them close into the village. To interfere with the buffalo hunts of the Little Ones was a part of the strategy of the clever Cherokees, who, by stealing their best horses just before the Little Ones set out for the Salt Fork and the Cimarron and the upper Arkansas, might effect their own meat supply. Later they would make bluff-invasion to keep the Little Ones from the hunt. However, these activities were left mostly to the drifters and vagabonds, since the Cherokees were true planters and this was the time of year when they must be busy with their own plantings, upon

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which they were much more dependent for corn and squash and other things than the Little Ones. Also the trespassing hunters and trappers were taking their furs to market during the season.

But this was the season of madness. The jungle moisture from the Gulf turned into ragged clouds, which sailed over from the south. When the cold air of the Arctic met them and caused swirling clouds to come out of the sky, the greening trees were shredded, and pulled up by the roots. Then the Little Ones would watch the tail of a tornado swing like a lariat to the earth, hissing loudly like a snake disturbed in spring, and they would run to the cane stems, the running oaks, or the sumac, to lie flat on their stomachs and hug tightly to Mother Earth. But they ran only if the swinging tail dropped south-west of them; otherwise they watched it until the hail came with the rain. Then they ran to their lodges or held flint buffalo hides over their heads. If the lightning came, they sang. It has been said that sometimes a few very frightened young warriors of the Thunder gens (the Mystery gens) would take their trade rifles to a high spot and there, throwing their robes off, challenge the lightning, singing their death songs, but no one remembers this now.

During May, the Little-Flower-Killer Moon, the women cultivated their plantings, then made ready to go with the hunters on the spring buffalo hunt. Little-Flower-Killer Moon was thus named because during this time the little earth-hugging flowers disappear, and the tall spiderworts and cone flowers and other tall flowers wave in the winds of the prairie.

The grass was greening the prairie now and the horses become fat and strong again, and each physical division organized its buffalo hunt with leaders and soldiers and whippers, and they set out for the plains. Along the trail to the plains they had special spots where they camped, each named for some incident, a tree, a large stone, a foot race or a horse race that might have occurred there, or a death, an accident, or for some topographic or geological feature; even for the prank of some young men. These places had been chosen carefully years before, and were chosen with water and fuel and grass and their enemies in mind. They didn't mind, they said, if their enemies knew about these traditional camps, since when they went to the plains for

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buffalo, they traveled in physical division groups, or even in a tribal body.

The boys would play at buffalo hunting, pretending the camp dogs were buffalo, and they played "rescue" on their ponies. In the woods, when the streams stood in deep holes of water, they played "otter," slicking a slide, and no otter had more fun.

They might consume eight days, more or less, on their travels to the great herds. The final camp in several of the hunts of the Little Osages had the name, Bed of Big Lakes, evidently the environs of the Great Salt Plains. As a matter of fact, in 1811 George Sibley had gone there to meet Beautiful Bird of the Little Osages.

There was a camp at the spot where Coffeyville, Kansas, now stands, which was called Medicine-Man Creek, the first camping spot on the buffalo trail. The Little Ones found a strange Indian dead in a cave near there, and one of them with special power (medicine) fanned away evil. Beyond that was another camping place, where they camped the second night out, called Fire-Medicine Creek. Smoke was once seen rising from this creek and the horses were frightened. Far out on the headwaters of the Cimarron was a camp (the fifteenth from the Neosho) called *Mo'n-I'n-Ku-A-Ha*, where a man of the Buffalo gens died, and his importance called for a mourning dance. There was the camp on the creek called *Mi'n-Kshe-Ska*, which might have been the original of the modern Chikaskia. Another camp, called Waters-of-the-Cedars, might have been on the modern Cedar Creek, a branch of the Caney River. There was a camping place near the spot where the modern Elgin, Kansas, now stands. Here an important woman called Hawkwoman died. And a camp where the Little Ones had to dig a trench and put up breastworks against stampeding buffalo. This was the Place-Between-Two-Waters, and could have been the modern Arkansas City, Kansas, between the Arkansas River and the Walnut River, or a spot in the modern Oklahoma Panhandle on the Beaver River, between the Cimarron and the North Canadian. They had had to dig a trench around both spots at different times.

Then there was a camp where a visiting Konza won a race, named in his honor. And at the spot where the modern city of Bartlesville,

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Oklahoma, now stands, the Little Ones had a buffalo-trail camp, and called not for a death, an incident, or creek, nor yet a topographic feature, but called *Ka-Wa-Shinkah*, which means "Little Horse" and refers to the stick horses which the children pulled up, a species of large cane which they rode about the camp playing Osage and Pawnee.

There was a camp, the sixth on the third trail, where a horse was castrated, which they called Pride-Taken, which was two camps westerly of the creek called Bear Creek, because there were always many bears there. However, both the sows and the boars might still be emaciated from their long hibernation, and their tallow not plentiful or good and their meat stringy and strong, but they might not have lost the sheen of their winter coats, even though they might have begun to shed their long silky winter hairs.

There was a Dog-Dies-of-Thirst camp, which implied some long-ago tragedy of Neolithic survival struggle with temperamental nature. There was the camp where the Papaws-Grow, and, far out on the plains, a camp which they reached in seventeen days, they called Door, because here there was a gap in the plains swells.

Each gens in the permanent camp had a Fire Lodge, where any member could go to get an ember, and this fire was supposed to be eternal, and there were especially appointed men to keep it going. When they reached their hunting camps, each gens established a Fire Lodge.

Each unit of hunters was organized according to the old tribal hunting organization of the Little Old Men, except in the physical division units, the chief of the divisions took the place of both the Grand *Hunkah* and the Grand *Txi-Sho*, and if the hunting unit were gentile, of course, they were under their chieftain, but the organization of the hunt was the same.

Many of the hunters attached stag beetles to their shot and wadding pouches, since the stag beetle brought good luck. The children often took with them to the plains from the oak forests the insect called walking stick. When they reached the last camp and were settled for the hunt, the children would hold the walking stick up and squeeze it slightly, asking, "Where are the buffalo?" Under pressure,

the insect would turn his head about and hold it in a certain direction.

And this was the time to gather the seeds of the *mo'n-pi-ha*. They would gather them before they left sometimes, and at other times they could find them on their way. They gathered the little black seeds and then chewed them. Then they blew them on their clothes, which they kept in the long, highly decorated bags called *parfleches*, possibly from the French *pour les fleches*, "for the arrows." They did make these bags for their extra arrows and especially for their sacred red and black ones. They picked the leaves of the *xho-hia* for scent, and ate the leaves of the sheep sorrel. They took along with them at all times the bark and twigs of the slippery elm, tied in little bunches, and when they killed fat buffalo, they could put this elm into the tallow and it would be preserved. They met with few bears on the plains, so they must carry bear tallow with them, into which they had put slippery elm as a preservative.

Sometimes they met grizzly bears on the headwaters of the Arkansas and even on the Walnut-Grove River, the North Canadian, and the Cut-Salt River, the Cimarron. They left the *wah-sabe*, the black bear, behind them in the woodlands, but *mi-tzo*, the grizzly, would come down the streams hunting the wapiti and the buffalo that had died the winter before in the screaming blizzards. He would stand and look at them, with dead flesh of the wapiti hanging from his closed mouth. If they didn't need his tallow or his great hide, they would go on about their business, but if they saw that his winter hair had not yet formed balls and tangles and he seemed fat, the hunters would lie in the grass and crawl toward him, moving the long bottom grasses; and he, in order to see better, would stand on his hind legs, then they would shoot him between the paws which were close together for balance over his heart.

But *mi-tzo* sometimes killed a hunter. If only wounded, he would scream and rush toward any movement, but before he could overtake the running hunter, another would wave his robe like a picador and the nearsighted one would go for the robe waver. Another would attract him by robe waving, and soon the wounded, bewildered beast would stand and give the hunters another chance; and arrows would fly from several directions, entering under the forelegs, crashing the

shoulder, or seeking the jugular, but they never gut-shot *mi-tzo*. This would make a screaming maniac of him, so that he would not even stop to bite at the arrow.

They hunted *mi-tzo* afoot. Their horses were crazy with fear when they smelled him.

Some time after they arrived in camp, the Buffalo-Pawing-Earth Moon would make the lodges of the camp into spirit lodges, and the low trees bent by the winds and whipped by the sand along the strings of water in the sand-choked beds of the Salt Fork or the Cimarron were Shoshoni women, they said, looking for lizards. *Ca-xe*, the crow, was not there on the plains, since he did not dare follow the Little Ones so far away from the forests, but the vultures circled and *ca-xe-tonkah*, big crows, the ravens, came and angrily shouted, "Ku-wak, ku-wak," as they banked above the butchers of the buffalo.

The wolves and the coyotes sang seldom now, but the buffalo bulls had begun to paw the earth and roar. They became ill-tempered and stood looking at the Little Ones on foot away from the camp, as if they would challenge them.

The fires of the Little Ones must be made of cottonwood and elm and buffalo chips, unless for its merry crackling they had brought with them some mulberry wood, which they might save for some special occasion. The wind was ever present, and often even in Buffalo-Pawing-Earth Moon, it lifted the sand from the river beds and carried it like smoke from a prairie fire. Also the clouds with tails like the lariat would come, and the Little Ones must go to the thickets on the bottoms and cling to the stems of the bushes and resilient trees, covering their heads with flint buffalo robes. And often now the Tree-Splitter, the lightning, would come, and they must ever be listening for the earth pounding of the stampeding buffalo. Always they dug trenches about their semipermanent hunting camps. When the Tree-Splitter came, they dared not use the wood of the tree he had touched.

When they came to the plains hunting each May and September, the Little Ones brought many of the things of the woodland which they might need on the plains. They brought squash and persimmon

cakes, yonkopin for food and medicine, but they didn't need the yonkopin for malaria out on the plains. They brought corn with them from their cache near their permanent village. They brought materials for dyes which they might need: the dodder (love vine), which they boiled for their much used yellow dye, and the bark of the maple for black dye. They had no need to bring walnut bark with them since they could go across drainage to Walnut-Grove Waters, the North Canadian River, to obtain it. They used the walnut bark for black-staining and also for a fish lure. On the plains there was little fishing to be had, but they sometimes fished on the way to the plains, in the feeder streams of the rivers. They made seines from buckbush runners and dragged the waters, first having baited the shoal end of holes of water with crushed leaves and stems of the black walnut. This, they say, lured the fish to a certain spot.

The hunting camp was ever busy. The women had brought dogwood limbs with them from the woodland, and with these they made conical structures, almost the shape of the frame of their lodges, but more conical and, of course, much smaller. These small limbs they bound together with sinew from the pawpaw, just as they did with the hickory of the lodges. They constructed these miniature lodges over foot-deep pits in the earth, in which they had built a fire of hickory. They had to carry the sinew and the hickory with them. They had many pack horses and mules now.

When the coals were ready, they placed the sheets of buffalo meat over the framework, exactly as if they were covering a lodge with skins. The meat had been sliced off the carcass in thin slices by the butchers, not in cuts. When the meat was sufficiently cooked, they took it off and laid it on a clean buffalo robe from which the hair had been taken, then they placed another robe exactly like the first one over the meat.

They danced on the covering robe and often became unbalanced on the uneven meat under the robe, but they laughed and made jokes and sang ridiculous songs to the rhythm of their handclaps. There was nothing sacred about this phase of food preparation.

When they had danced on it, they removed the top robe and put

tallow over the meat, mixing it in well, then stored it in specially made parfleches.

The first thing to be done, even before the hunters came in with the buffalo meat and the hides, was to take care of the paunches and the heart sacs, which the little boy messengers called *xi-he-ki* brought up from the hunt. Little boys were eager unofficial messengers and ran here and there to deliver their messages.

The women filled the paunches with hot tallow and placed them in holes formed as perfectly as possible in the earth clay, then when the hunters came with the hides they staked them out, flesh side up, on the ground, and fleshed them.

While the women were doing this, the men cooked the ribs. The meat that was not to be preserved by smoking and cooking was cut into thin ribbons and hung on the drying racks. They could jerk much more meat on the semiarid plains than they could in the humidity of the Place-of-the-Oaks and the Place-of-the-Many-Swans. They often waited to tan the hides until they had arrived in the permanent villages again.

In the Buffalo-Pawing-Earth Moon they could harvest the roots of the plant which the French called *pomme blanche*. They could eat the roots raw or cook them, and they spent much time in their prairie camps collecting these roots and drying them for winter. There was also the prickly pear cactus, which was abundant on the plains and rather rare in the woodlands, and since it was very important, they gathered it during this moon especially for its peeled stem, which they used as sizing for their painted designs on robes. It was also very important for arrow wounds.

And there were the young sprouts and floral buds of the milkweed, which were delicious food. And if they stayed long enough, they could also have the matured fruit, which when boiled was delicious. It was like cabbage, they say. The stem of the young cattail they must also bring with them from the woodland. They boiled it.

The Little Ones were busy in their buffalo camps on the Cut-Salt Waters and the Low-Forest Waters and the Red Waters, and they must watch their horses carefully, and warn the boys who guarded

them in the daytime to remain in sight and watch the plains swells where the sentinels were. If they saw a sentinel running toward camp zigzagging like the Tree-Splitter, they would know that he had seen Pawnee or Padouca or Comanche scouts or hunters, and they must bunch the horses and run them into camp. Where the buffalo were, there the Little Ones would find their enemies, but these were chivalric enemies whom they understood, since they fought and hunted under a common code, and whose cleverness was the cleverness of the panther, the wolf, the bear, the coyote, the eagle, and the raccoon, and not the cleverness of the Iroquoian Cherokees, which was like lightning when there were no clouds, and like floods when there had been no rain, and was detached and strange to the animal world.

It was sportive to ride out under a gentile leader and appear on some plains swell so that a Pawnee hunting party might see you, then watch them to see what they might do; or if the party was small, engage them in a short skirmish and try to count coup on their leader, avoiding the giving of the death stroke with spear or hatchet, as well as avoiding his counter stroke, then ride off singing a song you had just made up for the occasion. And when your song was finished, your companions would say, "Ha-ha-ha-HEY," and purse their lips toward you and call you Saucy-Calf. Saucy or playful buffalo calves did not always escape from their merry adventures unsullied; they sometimes butted a skunk or a porcupine.

The sentinel and scouts were ever on the alert watching every movement through the plains heat dance. All things which moved on the plains now since the European had brought *mo'n-ce*, metal, were referred to by the Little Ones as *Si-Mo-I'n*, Walking-Glint. Now in the sun of the plains you could see the glint of metal for miles, even if it were only a *wah-don-ska* worn about the neck or a trade ear pendant, and certainly you could see the glint of a war hatchet and gun. It was for this reason that the Little Ones called all visitors either friends or enemies, *Si-Mo-I'n*. The least bit of metal worn by an approaching party would be as a heliographic signaling but talking like an idiot.

One of the first European metals the Little Ones saw were bullets brought up the river to the Place-of-the-Many-Swans by Heavy Eye-

brows during the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and they could think of only one thing which they resembled: in both shape and color they were like the nipples of a woman's breasts, which they called *mo'n-ce*, and thus did the first bullets become *mo'n-ce*, like-nipples-of-women's breasts, and later all metal was thus called, the word *mo'n* being the word for arrow. The bullet actually called *mo'n-ce-mo'n*, *mo'n-ce*, any metal, and *mo'n*, arrow, hence "metal arrow."

During the next moon, the Buffalo-Mating Moon, no sound could live where the buffalo gathered except the roaring of the bulls. They walked up and down challenging, they pawed the dust into pale smoke and wallowed like horses in special spots devoid of grass. Soon the Little Ones came upon solitary bulls standing in the shade of river bottom cottonwoods or standing with heads to the wind, as immobile as boulders, defeated and outcast from the herds.

By the time the herds had passed the headwaters of the Arkansas and the Cimarron and the Salt Fork, the Little Ones of the Place-of-the-Oaks were ready to move back to their permanent villages, and the Little Ones from the Place-of-the-Many-Swans were ready to leave the Republican and the Konza and the headwaters of the modern Marais des Cygnes and the Neosho to return to their corn and squash patches. This was the Yellow-Flower Moon now, August. The goldenrod had come and the compass weed, the broomweed and the partridge pea and the bluestem of the prairie was yellow-washed. The yellow butterflies floated over the tall bluestem of the prairie-plains, "just doing that," and the goldfinch bounced over the trees at the edge of the woodland, twittering, and there were the yellow-headed blackbirds beginning to flock.

For fifteen or sixteen days the Little Ones traveled along their well-known buffalo trails back to the villages, and along the way they gathered the fruits and the roots of plants which they used as food and medicine. Many of their plants grew on the prairie, and Yellow-Flower Moon was harvesting time for some of them, especially the seeds of the columbine, which were perfume for clothing when chewed and blown upon finery, as well as making a very good drink when powdered and dissolved in hot water. Young men prized it highly. They stole the powder from the women who were pounding

the seeds in an elm mortar, and secretly rubbing it on the palms of their hands, they tried to get the girl of their fancy to shake hands with them. If she did, they believed she would be bewitched and fall in love with them.

This was the Peacemaker Moon, as well as the Yellow-Flower Moon, the symbol of a sub-gens of the *Txi-Sho*. The earth was full of the young of animals and birds and the four colors of corn were ripe, and their ears bent over the footprints of the women, the sacred gift of *tho-xe*, the bull buffalo. The pumpkins would soon turn and the squashes lay waiting. The cone flower was symbolical of the Peacemaker Moon, and nodded in the soft-talking winds to the Little Ones as they strung out across the prairie in a long line coming home, their parfleches full and the pack animals groaning under their loads of buffalo hides and heads and hooves.

But when they arrived at the villages the Peaceful Days did not enter with them, and they must look back over their shoulders to the prairie-plains, when they thought of the Peacemaker.

38. The Grizzly Bear Lunge

BUT EVEN THOUGH THERE WAS NO PEACE for people who controlled so desirable a domain, the peace of the plains they could understand. They could understand the border-line struggles and the chivalric invasions as they had always understood them, even though now the Pawnee-*maha* (Long-Hair [Lodges]-from-River-Bank) seemed to be coming down in great numbers especially to attack them. In April, 1818, sixty miles north of the Arkansas, on the buffalo plains, a party consisting of members of the Wapiti gens of the sub-*Hunkah* and the Spider gens of the Grand *Hunkah* were looking for Pawnee buffalo hunters in order to run them back toward their old hunting grounds on the Republican River. There were forty-eight warriors in the party, and they seemed to be an advance party scouting for the tribe before they moved out in May.

They saw several Pawnees sitting their horses on a plains swell, and they rode toward them. The Pawnees seemed to have great fear and would not wait for the Little Ones to approach, so they fled precipitately, lying along their horses' backs. The Little Ones, numbering forty-eight, felt secure and gave chase, but in their exultation they fell into a trap. There were four hundred Pawnees waiting for them just over a plains swell at the head of a gash canyon, and only one of the Little Ones rode back to the Place-of-the-Oaks. The Pawnees had forty-seven guns and forty-seven scalps. The Wapiti and Spider scouts were young men.

This, however, they understood: the Pawnees had ambushed them by decoys just as they had ambushed the Pawnees many times, but it changed nothing. The Pawnees went back to their villages on the Platte after hunting buffalo on the head of their river and on the Republican, and the women of the Wapiti and the Spider set the dogs to howling with their keening.

There was one mourning dance for all the slain warriors. The women put the blue clay of mourning on their heads, and the *Tzi-Sho* danced to the left and the *Hunkah* danced to the right, and they danced for four days, fasting. The Wapiti lifted their knees high as they raised their war hatchets and emotionalized themselves into a species of frenzy. They painted their faces yellow and black and blue, and the Spider painted their faces black with white and yellow lines here and there like the lines on some species of spider, although the symbol of their gens was in reality a black spider. The Spider dancers lifted both arms like the spider in defense-bluff as they danced.

On the fourth day the mourning party, starved and fervent, would ride out for Pawnee scalps, one for each scalp they had taken. This would take many days and there would be many mourning dances before they could take the forty-seven scalps to compensate for the scalps of the Little Ones, and some of the dead young warriors of the Wapiti and the Spider must wait for some time before they could enter Spiritland to be recognized by *Wah'Kon-Tah* as people of the Wapiti and the Spider of the sub-*Hunkah* and the Grand *Hunkah* of the Little Ones.

But warfare with the Cherokees and the free men was different. They would not go back to their villages across the Big Waters, the Mississippi, but wanted *Mo'n Sho'n*, the Mother of the Little Ones, for themselves. And this is why the Little Ones looked back over their shoulders to the prairie-plain for pleasant, peaceful thoughts and prepared their ears for more unpleasant things as they approached their village.

In this period of the early 1820's, the Cherokees seemed more and more intent on taking their land, and the Little Ones were still kept constantly busy taking horses and killing the hunters and trappers, both Cherokees and free men, when they trespassed on the land

which Chouteau and Sibley and Lovely and Clark and Miller and Bradford had said would be theirs forever when they touched the feather.

They tried to understand why they must return horses which they had taken from the trespassers or pay with bodies of the killers of such trespassers, and whenever a *Mo'n-I'n-Tonkah*, a Heavy Eyebrows of importance, came along who would listen, they would ask the question. They had faith in Major Bradford of Fort Smith, and they had had some faith in Lovely, and part of the tribe had faith in Chouteau. Apparently both Bradford and Miller saw the justice in their position and even said so, and what Governor Miller saw, the new Protestant missionaries, who had just come up the Arkansas River to establish Union Mission on the Neosho and Harmony Mission on the Osage River after establishing Dwight Mission among the Cherokees, also saw and could write about in their journals.

In commenting on Governor Miller's attempts to bring about a lasting peace between the Cherokees and the Osages, the missionaries could employ with him the criteria of the European, which they thought of as Christian justice: "He [Miller] expects to hold a council with the Cherokees; designs if possible to induce them to comply to the terms of peace which the Osage propose, which are these: That the Osage do not deliver up the murderers, and that the Cherokees retain their captives. These terms will appear reasonable when we consider the fact that most if not all the Cherokees who have been killed, were killed in consequence of their encroaching on the Osage hunting ground, contrary to the former treaty."

The Little Ones naturally had no such criteria for Christian justice, but they were befuddled, and could not come out of the deep groove of natural-balance struggle and could not cope with the new force of reasoned aggressiveness and power and property greed of the European. The leaders of the Cherokees were for the most part mixed-bloods, of British and Scottish descent, and there was one leader, Tom Graves, who had not even one drop of Cherokee blood. These men were ambitious and much cleverer than the bearded barbarian, the free man in general, who had a racial memory of the gibbet and the debtor's prison. These mixed-blood men had a pur-

pose, and their objective was an empire in the beautiful and well-favored land of the Little Ones ruled by themselves, under special understanding with the United States, and living as an Indian nation in some category outside of territorial restrictions and statehood. They also had their racial memories of social stratification in England, and in racial memories they could feel the ingrained pressures. They would be as princes and dukes and knights in this new land.

They were relieved when they found that the just-arrived Protestant missionaries were not sent especially to make peace between the Cherokees and the Osages. They intended to get possession of the Osage land and, like canny Europeans, attacked from every angle.

They organized like Europeans and wrote letters to the President and to the Secretary of War, and they talked with those at the fort and at the missions, Dwight of the Cherokees and Union of the Osages, always putting themselves in the position of the innocent and demonstratively Christian agriculturists, who were being constantly harassed by the plains pagans and savages, "buffalo Indians"—a term of contempt. They drew to them with grand promises of land in the lush Osage domain the displaced Delawares, the Shawnees, the pressured Chickasaws, the Piankashaws, Peorias, Weas, Michigamans, Kickapoos, Senecas, and Oneidas, but all their advances across the boundary line were under the aegis of retaliation for some killing or horse-taking by the Little Ones. By 1821, Agent Graham was directed to locate fragments of the Kickapoos, Shawnees, Miamis, Piankashaws, and Weas as far west as possible, along the Osage line. The game had been killed off by the white men east of the Osage boundary, and these tribal fragments were starving.

The Little Ones, of course, were silent, inarticulate in their own defense. They knew nothing of justice or fairness; they knew only the primitive basis for all earth relationships. They could not put things like an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth into words, nor put into words the fact that might is right and weakness is wrong, or do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

These laws were the laws of the earth, and they felt them and were completely under their influence, or they never could have survived. The effects of the distortions of these primal laws by the

European for his own self-illusionment now faced them, and they were lost.

The Christian had really believed that he had invented the Golden Rule, when as a matter of fact he had only emasculated it and had said that "might does not make right," but he could never quite explain "right," even to himself. In force in the grass roots, on the desert, in the sea, in the forests, and on the plains where existed the perfect law in the balance of nature, it could be translated as do *not* do unto others that which others are equally able to do unto you.

Governor Miller tried energetically to bring about peace between the Cherokees and the Osages and the Algonkian fragments the former had inspired. He left his post at Arkansas Post and made difficult trips upriver to the Cherokee agency and on upriver to Fort Smith. He talked with the Osage chiefs and learned from Arrow-Going-Home that the Osages were tired of holding thumbs on the hammers of their rifles and wanted peace. Arrow-Going-Home told Miller he wanted to leave the old men and the older women and many of the younger children in the villages on the Verdigris when he took his people to the plains for buffalo hunting, and wanted his heart to swell as they came running to meet the hunters on their return in August and in December. Now he must take the whole village with him, and the Song of Death was sung many times before they returned. He told Major Bradford that his people did not ask for peace because their medicine was small. The Cherokees must be ignorant if they thought the medicine of the Little Ones small. He said he could send an army of fifteen hundred warriors to the Cherokee villages if they wanted to fight. But he did not want to fight, and the Cherokees would see no more moccasin prints of the Little Ones on their side of the magic line. When his warriors could come back to his village and say to him that they saw no footprints of the Cherokees on the Osages' side, then there would be peace.

During the spring and summer of 1821, there was tenseness, and everyone knew that the Cherokees intended to wait for a propitious moment to carry on with the war, and everyone knew that as long as the Osage warriors remained in the villages of the Place-of-the-Oaks, along the Verdigris and the Neosho, the Cherokees would not attack.

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But they also knew that the Osages, fearing an attack by the Cherokees, would not go on their buffalo hunts, and this meant near starvation for the nomads.

The silence of the Little Ones and their Bear-Panther, Eagle gentes a-prowl from the Neosho to the Red River, taking arms and horses and scalps from the trespassers both Cherokee and Heavy Eyebrows, must have finally given Governor Miller a feeling of injured innocence, especially after a man who called himself Big Soldier, of White Hair's village at the Place-of-the-Many-Swans, had come to the Neosho and had lured young men from Arrow-Going-Home's village and from the village of the Big Hills on the Verdigris to follow him to the Red River looking for Heavy Eyebrows hunters. They found the trespassers and came back with five scalps.

Miller had exposed his health to the malaria and the storms and the hardships of the Arkansas, and in his "Well, my conscience is clear; I've done about all any human can do to reason with the Osages," he could actually find logic in the glib hypocrisies of the Cherokee chief *Tak-Atoka* and the mixed-blood and white leaders; and especially could he find reason in the great Cherokee scheme to obtain Osage land west of the Mississippi for the harlequins and the organization of Indian nations. To their voluble protestations of Christian virtues and agricultural innocence, he finally gave in. Naïve Lovely had salved his conscience by his famed purchase, but Miller threw up his hands and said go ahead. Trudeau back in 1793 in St. Louis, surrounded by the several tribesmen who would have the blood of the Little Osages and who had taken refuge in the barracks, reminded one of Pontius Pilate scornfully looking down upon the circling Judeans, but Miller was Pontius Pilate washing his hands. He left almost immediately for his home in New Hampshire on leave, but Major Bradford and Matthew Lyon, the factor at the Cherokee agency, induced the Cherokees to postpone their attack. This was not difficult since the disturbed Little Ones had not yet left for their spring buffalo hunt and the warriors were ready and riding up and down the boundary line. The Cherokees had been urgent in March of 1821 when they wrote to Major Bradford, warning him that "in a very short time" they expected to go to war with the Osages and

The Grizzly Bear Lunge

stating that they certainly didn't want to do anything wrong concerning the white people living between themselves and the Osages. That would be wrong, and they wouldn't want to do anything wrong. "... there is a good many of you people in our way we do not wish to injure the persons or property of any Citizen of the United States and for that reason we wish them out of the way; you know very well that it is very hard to govern an army, there is wild young men among our people that is hard to govern which it is the case in all other armies. . . ."

Theoretically there were no white people on the Osage side of the magic boundary line, and except for those who had special permission, they had no right to be there. There was an agreement in the treaty of 1808 between the United States and the Osage tribe that the white trespassers on the Osage side of the boundary must be arrested by the Osages and turned over to the authorities, without harm to them. This didn't work, since the authorities could do nothing about the free men expressing their freedom, and they were back across the line as fast as the Little Ones could escort them out. Cutting off their heads or taking their scalps seemed to be much more effective.

So the Cherokees were warning the fort that the veterans of the War of 1812, who had been given grants in the Arkansas country, and the serious settlers, along with the wild, barbaric free men, must clear out; but Major Bradford seemed to be impressed only with the fact that the Cherokees were acting in a very civilized manner.

He made another attempt to discourage the Osages from killing free men and Cherokees, and the only answer he got from the savages was reports of gentile killing of citizens and Cherokees, and he too seemed to begin to forget his own words that many of these men "were a set of the most abandoned characters ever to disgrace a gallows." At least he might have remembered that they were slaughterers of the Osage game and wanton trespassers.

After warning Major Bradford, the Cherokees sent a delegation to Washington to lay before President Monroe the story of their abused innocence. The Little Ones were silent, and the Cherokees thought them uncivilized and obtuse. The Little Ones watched the faces of the new missionary neighbors on the Neosho and the face of Major

Bradford to find an indication of what might be wrong. Little-Flower-Killer Moon was approaching, and it was time for the spring buffalo hunt, but they remembered 1817, when Arrow-Going-Home's village had been burned and his old men and many of the women killed and taken prisoner. They had no idea whether it was fair or unfair for the Cherokees to attack their semideserted villages; their reason would tell them that such times when the warriors were gone would be the proper time for such attacks, but the Cherokees didn't go on buffalo hunts to the plains and the whole thing was out of rhythm. The Little Ones always left their villages and left their corn and squash growing in the fields and their caches full when they went on the winter hunt. They had put a flint buffalo skin over the doors of their lodges, so that the bears couldn't get in searching for prehibernation delicacies. The Pawnees and the Siouans would be hunting as well, and only the Potawatomis and the Sac and Foxes might, rarely, attack such a defenseless village, and the Caddoans never, since they were afraid of terrible retaliation.

So now Little-Flower-Killer Moon of 1821 was approaching, and the Little Ones had to have peace so that they could leave their villages. Either that or they must have war now and get it over before the Pawnees and the Padoucas scattered the buffalo on the headwaters of the Cut-Salt Waters, the Cimarron, and Red Waters, the Arkansas.

There is nothing to indicate that the Grand *Hunkah*, Arrow-Going-Home of the Verdigris, or the chieftain of the Little Osages, Traveling Rain or White Hair of the Place-of-the-Many-Swans, or any other of the Little Ones' leaders planned to frighten the Cherokees by an invasion of their country, but it was good strategy, since they must go on their annual spring hunt and they knew that the Cherokees were waiting for them to leave before they made an attack. The invasion of the Cherokee country by the Little Ones was the lunge of the grizzly to frighten away the prowling panther from his wapiti carcass, or the rush of the wolf with raised hackles and bared fangs at the coyotes sitting about waiting for him to quit the deer he had killed. If they made a bluff rush now, the Cherokees might not attack

their villages when they were gone on the hunt; it might frighten them or throw them off balance.

Thus in April, 1821, the Little Ones of the Place-of-the-Oaks, four hundred strong, made a war movement. The *Do-Do'n-Hunkah* was appointed and the pipe was brought out by the proper gens of the *Wah-Sha-She* subdivision, and the *Do-Do'n-Hunkah* smoked the sacred pipe and went out to fast and pray, singing his prayers to Grandfather asking if he should go. The ceremony of the hawk, the *wah-hopeh*, was carried out, and when he was taken from his shrine and dropped, his head was toward the west, the direction of war and death, despite the fact that they must move easterly to attack the Thing-on-Its-Head People, the Cherokees, and all was propitious.

Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, the son of Arrow-Going-Home, was leader, and the young men set out for the mouth of the Neosho, where they hunted so that they would have plenty of meat, then they set off along the well-worn trail along the Arkansas River. When they had left, the clever Arrow-Going-Home rode to the Union Mission on the Neosho just twenty-eight miles east of his village on the Verdigris, and there pretended that the young men had escaped from his control and were on their way to attack the Cherokees in their own country. He warned the missionaries that they must keep their cattle and horses out of sight, since some of his young men might need them. He told them there were gentes from other villages and his control over them would not be strong; therefore, the missionaries must keep their livestock in. Otherwise, harm might come to them.

The wily *Ki-He-Kah Tonka* was interested in only one thing: getting away to the buffalo hunt. He wanted no trouble which might make necessary counseling with Major Bradford and others, thereby delaying his hunting. Bad-Tempered-Buffalo's thrust was the wolf lunge, the grizzly-bear charge, the closed-wing dive of the eagle, in order to have peace. He had no intention of attacking the Cherokees and he had no fear that the Cherokees would attack four hundred warriors of the Osages.

This was always happening since the people with That-Thing-on-Its-Head had come across the Big Waters. His young warriors would

stop before reaching Fort Smith and apply their bluff-paint, then they would show themselves at the fort so that the Heavy Eyebrows there could see them and be impressed and tell the 'Thing-on-Its-Head' People that many warriors of the Little Ones were on the war movement. There would be 'That-Thing-on-Its-Head' People there at the fort also, and they would tell the chiefs.

When they arrived at the fort, they sat their horses across the Poteau River in their war paint, singing. It was Planting Moon, April, and the wind was chilly and they had their robes pulled well about their heads. Then Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and He-Sees-Far and Not-Afraid rode across the river to the fort. They said they wanted to hunt on the north side of the Arkansas, since the Cherokees came across to their side to hunt. This was denied them, but of course they had no desire to hunt and expected to be rebuffed. They asked if the others might cross over, but this would not be allowed by the nervous officers at the fort. The leaders had refused the outstretched hands of the officers and had refused to eat and would not take drink, but their faces were as pleasant as their bluff-paint would allow them to be. They examined everything and missed nothing with their black, darting eyes. The effects of their bluffing on the soldiers pleased them, and they could scarcely appear haughty and thunder-angry as they had intended.

The three Little Ones, He-Sees-Far and Not-Afraid under their leader Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, stalked about the fort, watching the faces of the officers. They pretended that they were seeking out the weaknesses of the defenses, although they certainly had no thought of attacking. There were miles of undefended stretches along the river, between the fort and the agency of the Cherokees. They were bluffing, so that the officers might tell the 'That-Thing-on-Its-Head' People that the Osages were four hundred strong and were preparing to attack them.

When they left and recrossed the Poteau River to their own companions near its mouth, they made a great show of bringing timbers to the edge of the water, as though they would raft across to the foot of the fort. The officers in command at the time, one Lieutenant Martin Scott, immediately called their bluff and had two six-pounders

brought into position. He had soldiers standing ready with lighted spills to discharge them, and the Little Ones could see all this quite well. They were very proud that the Heavy Eyebrows chief had been frightened.

They stayed along the Poteau and Lees Creek, and plundered the settlers along the Poteau, which was still Osage territory since the magic line of 1808 ran along the Arkansas. The settlers fled in panic across the river to the fort, and when the Little Ones came upon some subdued Quapaws trapping for a Heavy Eyebrows, one Étienne Vaugine, they killed three of the four and chased Vaugine across the river to the fort side. They even tried to intercept him as he paddled across looking back over his shoulder and shouting for Lieutenant Scott to fire.

They were probably emotionalized by this time and were really experiencing a grizzly-bluffed panther's angry frustrations. They came upon three Delaware hunters on Lees Creek and killed them.

It seems rather strange that, since the Poteau River was on the south side of the Arkansas River which divided the land ceded by the Little Ones both in 1808 and by Lovely's Purchase in 1818 and since this land south of the river was recognized as Osage domain, no one reporting to Secretary Calhoun and no mission journalists or letter writers in general seemed to remember this fact nor that the settlers whom the Little Ones plundered, as well as the trapper Vaugine and the Delawares, were trespassers. Even *Niles' Register* for June 30, 1821, and the *Arkansas Gazette* of May 12, 1821, stress only the claims filed with the government and name the claimants. Some of the claims were for horses taken, bacon, tools, corn, destruction of a salt works, pewter plates, and at least four stands of bees. It is not likely that Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and his warriors carried the bee-stands very far, even though they loved honey as much as *wah-sabe*, the black bear.

Apparently the bluff, the grizzly-bear rush, was successful, and even though the Little Ones did little more than clear the Poteau of trespassers rather definitively in some incidents, their objective was bluff.

They must have been well pleased by the great excitement which

they created among the settlers both white and Cherokee above and below Fort Smith, without even crossing to the Cherokee side of the Arkansas. The rumors were dramatic, and people sought refuge in the fort or fled down the river, and like Chicken Little magnified the rumors, creating more dramatic ones. Rumor had it that there were eight hundred Osages, who were divided into eight groups; one group was coming down the river, another from the north out of the mountains, and a third was killing everyone they found in the more settled parts of the Cherokee country. It was rumored that they had broken into the garrison and plundered it.

Women and children were concentrated in a group of houses, and men had come to the factory for powder and lead. However, Matthew Lyon, the Cherokee factor, had loaded his 113 kegs of powder and 50 rifles on a boat and sent them down river.

Crittenden, who was acting governor, asked Calhoun, secretary of war, for "swords and pistols for two hundred troopers," who had not yet been raised.

But there seemed no good reason for killing Vaugine's humble Quapaws, since they were not actually trespassers, even though in the treaty of 1818 they had been pushed from their original domain, where they had lived by sufferance of the Little Ones. Later it was discovered, much to Arrow-Going-Home's chagrin, that his son, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, had allowed a chieftain, *Mo'n-I'n-Pishche*; Does-Not-Walk, or Walks-Badly, referring to the eagle on the ground, to kill the three kinsmen Quapaws who might have been useful in war later. Some Cherokees had killed this young man's wife and child, and he said that he had mistaken the Quapaws for That-Thing-on-Its-Head People, since they had red trader's *wah-don-shas* on their heads, just like those of the Cherokees.

Apparently to soothe his might-be-useful-in-the-future kinsmen, Arrow-Going-Home made a great show of punishing the young man, possibly even handing him over to the Quapaws for punishment, but he fled the village, and could not be found.

How much the Little Ones had heard of the excitement they caused on the Cherokee side of the river is not clear, but if they had known of the dramatics and the fear they inspired without even crossing to

the Cherokee side, they would have been puffed with pride and very happy. And they apparently did think that their grizzly lunge was highly successful. Arrow-Going-Home with more confidence but with misgivings led his village to the hunting grounds on the upper waters of the Salt Fork and the Cimarron Rivers for the summer hunt in May of that year.

When Chapman of the Union Mission family on the Neosho rode the twenty-eight miles to the village of Arrow-Going-Home on the Verdigris to ask the Grand *Hunkah* if he might accompany the Little Ones on their summer hunt, he found the village deserted. He was a man of some culture, and like the early French missionary-explorers, he was trying to learn the Osage language. He followed their broad trail for some distance west of the Verdigris, then had to turn back. The trail led slightly south of west and would cross the Arkansas River just below the mouth of the Cimarron.

The Little Ones were perhaps fifty or sixty head of horses ahead of the Cherokees in the game of horse-taking, and these they, of course, took with them, although the Cherokee horses were not much at running buffalo.

When they were about twenty miles out from their villages, a white man came into their camp with upheld hand. He was unarmed and he went immediately to Arrow-Going-Home's lodge. After being fed, he said that he had come for his horses which the Cherokees had taken from him and which the Osages had taken from the Cherokees. He pointed them out, and the young men helped him catch them and sent him on his way back to the Cherokee settlements.

But the wily Arrow-Going-Home would use him as a messenger, and he knew the grateful man would tell of the great chief's generosity in allowing him to have his horses. The Grand *Hunkah* was nervous and afraid that the Cherokees would come when he and his people were absent and destroy the villages on the Verdigris and burn the caches; and he knew that Bad-Tempered Buffalo's bluff would not stand long. He sent a message to the mixed-blood chief of one band of Cherokees who had been most dedicated to the hit-and-run war, one Walter Webber. He asked Webber for a three months' armistice, stating that three months would give the Cherokees time in

which to make up their minds whether they wanted war with the Osages or peace. He implied that it would make little difference to him which they chose, but there must be peace or war; and if the Cherokees wanted war, the Osages would see that they got it. However, if the Cherokees wanted peace, they could send an agent to the hunting camp of the Osages, along with a chief who could carry with him his people's thoughts, and they would make a peace that would stand. He stated in the message that he could not talk for Traveling Rain of the Little Osages or for White Hair of the Thorny-Valley People, and not for *To-Wa-Ka-Heh* of the Big Hills, nor for the Heart-Stays People, but only for the Upland-Forest People. This is what had happened when the Heavy Eyebrows and the Cherokees had crossed the Big Waters, the Mississippi, and the Grand *Hunkah* could talk only for his villages.

This was only simple primitive cleverness. Three months would end during the Yellow-Flower Moon, August, when he and his people would be back from the summer hunt with their pack animals loaded with meat, and they would find their caches of corn and pumpkins and squash intact. Then on their return from the hunt he knew the Cherokees would not dare come on the war movement. Also, about the time the white messenger reached Union Mission, there was a strange rumor that the Little Ones were about to invade Cherokee country north of the Arkansas River, but no one seemed to know the source. Arrow-Going-Home had instructed his white messenger to stop at Union Mission and tell the people there about his proposal to Walter Webber, and perhaps might have implied that other physical divisions of the Little Ones, the Big Hills or the Thorny-Valley People, were preparing to invade the Cherokee country, especially the latter, since he disliked White Hair very much.

Since the Cherokees did not attack during the summer of 1821, this might indicate that the bluff was effective, and just as Arrow-Going-Home had thought, they would wait until a future absence to attack.

There were many interpretations of the actions of Bad-Tempered-Buffalo in not invading the Cherokee country the April before. One interpretation was that he or one of the chieftains under him had

had a dream which was unpropitious. This was probably put forth by the Union Mission or the Dwight Mission "family," since they were anxious to have the savages guided by spiritual power—Christian, of course. This could have been a legitimate reason for the turning back of the Little Ones, but it would have had to do only with their own concept: the voice of the early frogs in the bayou or the actions of a bear.

It was also said that the Little Ones lacked powder and ball, and that they were poor and miserable and sick of war. This was clever mixed-blood Cherokee propaganda to inspire their anchored agriculturists to action. No one except the Little Ones knew that it was a successful bluff which allowed them to leave for the plains on their summer hunt.

Webber did not accept the proposal by Arrow-Going-Home, but the results were the same as if he had. He made little forays into the Osage country and stole horses and plundered mixed-blood Osages and French intermarried citizens, and talked much about invasion. He and his band attacked the trading post of Chouteau and Revoir and killed the latter, causing his family to flee into the woods. Revoir was a very kindly man and was well thought of both by the Osages and the missionaries. He was in effect a member of the tribe, despite the fact that his mother had been a Pawnee. When the Cherokees arrived back at their agency lower on the Arkansas, they joy-danced around Revoir's scalp, while his family came from the woods to Union Mission, bringing along their pet wapiti calf.

However, quite seasonably a rumor was born to the effect that several hundred warriors from the Neosho, the Verdigris, and the Place-of-the-Many-Swans on the Osage River were on their way to invade the Cherokee country. This set the Cherokees to preparing fortifications. This was in July when Arrow-Going-Home and Traveling Rain and White Hair and *To-Wa-Ka-Heh* from the Place-of-the-Many-Swans were actually out on the plains in hunting camps with their people.

The Cherokees in their preparation to receive this attack got together the harlequin remnants of the Delawares and Shawnees as allies, and they came to camp near Dwight Mission at the Cherokee

agency, and blacksmith hammers rang on anvils making horseshoes for the war.

There is no reason to believe that the Little Ones had anything to do with the full blooming of these rumors, but they could have planted the seed of rumor as a protective psychology slightly elaborated over the trickery of coyotes.

The people of the three mission "families" of Dwight down the Arkansas River, Union on the Neosho, and Harmony of the North Fork of the Osage, now called Marais des Cygnes were dedicated humanitarians, a bit smug about their God-concept, and the very nature of their calling made them susceptible to and appreciative of dramatics. Arrow-Going-Home and perhaps the adjustable White Hair seemed to know this, and when they wished to plant a seed, they planted it at their missions, Union and Harmony, and they realized that the fullblood Cherokees were as cautious as they themselves were. However, the Cherokee mixed-blood and white leaders with titles of captain and major from Jacksonian wars against the Creeks and from the War of 1812, and with the white man's greed and dreams of power, they feared and could not understand. They used the people of the missions as liaison.

The military people like Major Bradford of Fort Smith and the factor Major Sibley of Fort Osage, Governor Miller of Arkansas and William Clark of Missouri, seemed to be dedicated to justice and fair play and had pride in their sense of justice, even if the Little Ones wore no shirts and sometimes ate with their fingers and yowled to the morning star and the rising sun. Miller traveled under all sorts of adverse conditions up and down the Arkansas from Arkansas Post, trying to settle the differences between the Cherokees and the Little Ones, so that there could be peace. But the constant stories of Osage atrocities, given him by the intelligent and glib Cherokees, and the taciturnity of the Osages and their imperious stubbornness and prideful unreason finally injured his vanity in being just, and he threw up his hands. He was like a devout woman filled with self-approval of her own Christianity, who made an appointment with God each day to pray for the safe return of her husband or son from the war and

who, on receiving the telegram that he had not survived a battle, might raise her face to the sky and say, "I'll never pray again."

Major Bradford's report on the incident of the vicious Cherokee attack on Arrow-Going-Home's town in 1817 was probably the strongest indictment of barbarism that can be found in the documents of that period. He was profoundly moved to have used such bitter words, yet his tidy military mind could not comprehend the killings and the scalping of trespassers by the Little Ones, not so much to protect the Sacred One as to save the "brothers" *Wah'Kon-Tah* had given them, the wapiti, the deer, the buffalo, and the bear. Their existence depended on these "brothers," and they were fighting for existence, both spiritual (*Tzi-Sho*) and material (*Hunkah*).

Finally he, too, would find his vanity in his own military justness injured by the stupid reticences of the Osages and their "depredations" in the face of white-man logic.

While it might seem that Governor Miller might have had his change of heart through injured vanity, there is the possibility that Major Bradford's change was not wholly personal. He was an officer in the United States military service and Andrew Jackson was his superior, and Andrew Jackson's policy was to keep the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles flowing across the Mississippi to relieve the pressure in Tennessee and Georgia and North Carolina and make room for voters. The eastern Cherokees and the Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws were afraid to come into the country of the mighty Osages, and the Osage power and activity were still playing their roles as deterrents to invaders as they had always done, though now the pressure was irresistible since it was created by transplanted Europeans on the move. This might be indicated through an incident of September, 1821, when the Little Ones had gone on their winter hunt.

During the summer of 1821, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo's grizzly lunge and his father's circling from the trail, up-winding the Cherokees, growling as he moved away like the bluffing grizzly, may have kept the Cherokees from attacking the villages in their absence.

