

39. Hunger Stalks the Little Ones

THERE WAS MUCH TALK and much counselling among the Cherokees during this summer, and Major Bradford, still trying to keep intact his fair-mindedness, went to the Cherokee country accompanied by the trader friend of the Little Ones, Captain Nathaniel Pryor, trying to dissuade them from renewing the war.

The two went to Arrow-Going-Home's camp when he returned in August from the plains. This was during the time when his people were harvesting their corn and squashes, and gathering lotus fruits and roots, the red, bitter wild plums, digging blazing star roots and *do*, the wild potato, and they decided that this would not be a propitious time for the council.

They returned in September just before the Little Ones would set out for the plains on their winter hunt, and they asked Arrow-Going-Home because he was the Grand *Hunkah* to restrain the gentes from his village and the gentes from the White Hair village and those from Traveling Rain's village from making the war movement.

The Little Ones, because of their stubborn and imperious reticence and their dogged scalping and plundering of trespassers, were thought to be primitive minded and even stupid, by both the Cherokees and the whites, but they could express themselves rather impressively and even with glory in war and in oratory, and in the latter art they were far superior to the Amer-European, who was redundant and flowery.

On this fifteenth of September, 1821, Arrow-Going-Home, in all

his Grand *Hunkah* dignity, stood up, and with his roach seemed taller than his six feet plus. Characteristically, he arranged his robe over his left shoulder in such a manner that his right shoulder and arm were bare.

He spoke much faster perhaps than a European could have spoken the same words, but he did not raise his voice, and his only gesture would be the raising of the hand, then letting it fall. In conversation the Little Ones often used descriptive gestures, but unless they were aroused and angered, their orations were in the manner of Cicero. He told Bradford and Pryor that he realized that his people had turned over *Mo'n-Sho'n* (Earth) north of the Red Waters (the Arkansas River) to them, but they did not turn over their "brothers," the buffalo, the wapiti, the deer, and the bear. How could they give away those things which were not theirs to give away? These "brothers" did not belong to them, but were from *Wah'Kon-Tah*. He said that the Little Ones wanted these "brothers" for themselves, and the Cherokees had no right to come across the magic line and take them and leave their bodies for the vultures and the coyotes.

These "brothers" are our meat, he said, and we have not yet learned to raise hogs and cattle and do things as the That-Thing-on-Its-Head People do. If these people come across the magic line and kill the "brothers" of the Little Ones, then the women and the children of the Little Ones must go naked and hungry.

When *Mo'n-In-Tonkah Ki-He-Kah*, Long Knife chief in *Wah'-She-Ton*, sent the That-Thing-on-Its-Head People across the Big Waters and gave them our Mother Earth, the Sacred One, he did not give them all the bears, the beavers, the buffalo, and the deer. There was nothing on the talking paper about this thing. Now we must have trouble and talk many times because these people come across the magic line to kill our "brothers" and steal our horses, and our young men must kill them.

We made peace with these people and now that peace has fallen to the earth and is broken. We made this peace at *Sho'to To-Wo'n*, St. Louis. We will say that it is all right if the Long Knife chief will kill all these things that have happened since we made that peace in *Sho'to To-Wo'n*, and make another peace between us and the That-

Thing-on-Its-Head People. We will not make the war movement on the That-Thing-on-Its-Head People if they do not make the war movement across the magic line. From this day until peace is made again, these people will not see the moccasin prints of the Little Ones on their earth across the magic line, if we do not see their footprints on our earth.

Major Bradford thought this a fair proposal and assured Arrow-Going-Home that their "Great Father" in Washington would hear of it, and he would further assure him that he would prevent the Cherokees from coming up the Arkansas to attack the Osages.

Their confidence restored by the assurances of Bradford, who sent the speech of Arrow-Going-Home and his proposal to Calhoun, the secretary of war, the Little Ones prepared to leave on their winter hunt on the plains. But this time they took their women and children and old men with them. They were late—it was September 20—and they feared that the Long-Hair [Lodges]-from-River-Bank People, Pawnee-*maha*, from the Platte or the *Ci-Ci-Ka A-Ki-C'i'n*, Republican Pawnees, might have run the buffalo from the environs of their old camping places. As a matter of fact, Arrow-Going-Home's scouts had reported that not only the Pawnees but the *Wi-Tsi-Ta*, Lodges-Far-Away Pawnees, the Wichitas, and the Borrows-from-Others People, the Kiowas, hearing mysteriously that the Little Ones were having trouble with the Cherokees, were running buffalo on the headwaters of the Cimarron and the Salt Fork.

At the crossing of the Arkansas just below the mouth of the Cimarron the Little Ones divided, the eager warriors going up the Arkansas to find the Pawnees, the Wichitas, and the Kiowas, and the others traveling along the old familiar hunting trails. When they reached the old camp near the mouth of the Little Arkansas River, the war party found that the report of the scouts had not underestimated the numbers of Pawnees, Wichitas, and Kiowas; and even though they were not hunting together, they sent messengers back to the main party, who had moved only one day's travel from the crossing, to have more warriors join them. This left old men, women, and children in the slow-moving hunting party, with only a few warriors to guard them.

Arrow-Going-Home was the supreme leader of the whole party, but the warriors who went to meet the Pawnees and others were under gentile leaders, whose names seemed to have been forgotten. Not even Bad-Tempered-Buffalo is mentioned in tribal memory, and the only information about this incident is gentile memory, and from a member of the *Tzi-Sho Wa'no'n* gens at that. Thunder Fear, the late *No-Pa-Wa-The* (Nopawalla), who was not even of the Plateau Forest physical division but of the Little Osages, could not recall the gentile leaders of the warriors, but thought that Traveling Cloud might have been one and Walks-in-the-Firelight another, and he thought that Standing-Brown might have been one of the gentile leaders who left the hunting party to bluff the Pawnees away from the herds. Traveling Cloud referred to the cumulous clouds floating swiftly over the prairie-plains, and Walks-in-the-Firelight referred to the deer who approach the campfires out of curiosity, and the last named, Standing-Brown, referred to the lone bull buffalo, standing on the plains facing the gentle winds and cutting the sky line. He was a glowing brown during the Buffalo-Breeding Moon, the July sun having bleached his hair.

The leaders readily left the camp of the hunters with the old men and women and children without much protection since they believed that Major Bradford would keep his word to them. Also, they were by now far away to the west from the Cherokee land, and they apparently knew where their plains enemies were.

The Little Ones had set out on their winter hunt immediately after Arrow-Going-Home's council with Major Bradford, some time in the latter part of Deer-Hiding Moon, September; and as soon as the Cherokees heard this, they gathered three hundred warriors together. They called the harlequin remnants of the Delawares, Creeks, and Choctaws: ten of the first, twelve of the second, and twelve of the third, and fifteen Shawnees, along with a number of free men.

They were not ready to ride until the Little One's Deer-Breeding Moon, October; and when Major Bradford heard that they were on the march, he went downriver to meet them in their camp about fourteen miles from Fort Smith, and there urged them to turn back and accept the armistice of the Little Ones. They said they had started

and they would go on and destroy the village of the Little Ones, but Major Bradford told them that this time Arrow-Going-Home had taken the women and children with him, and that White Hair and Traveling Rain would send delegates to meet in St. Louis with Richard Graham, Indian superintendent, for a peace treaty, while their people were on the winter hunt, and that they also had taken their women and children with them to the plains.

This seemed to anger the Cherokees, and the free men became too arrogant for Bradford's military concept of citizens' behavior, so he ordered them to return to the agency. However, he seemed unable to do anything about the Cherokees and one white leader, Tom Graves.

When the army of the Cherokees passed through Fort Smith, he not only seemed unable to stop them but seemed disinclined to do so. He had written to Calhoun of Arrow-Going-Home's logical proposal on October 1, and it wouldn't seem likely that he could have received orders so soon, but he did an inexplicable thing: he gave the Cherokees a barrel of gunpowder, according to Graham. It is true that Graham was deeply chagrined when he had to report to Calhoun that only delegates from the Osages had appeared in St. Louis to make peace, while the Cherokees had been contemptuous, and Bradford's allowing the Cherokee army to pass upriver through Fort Smith placed him in a very embarrassing position. How could a conscientious man trying to carry out instructions and do his duty know definitely what Calhoun and Jackson wanted?

The Cherokees were not only not stopped at Fort Smith on their way to make war on the Osages but were apparently encouraged, even to the extent that they didn't stop at the empty Osage villages but took the trail of the Little Ones when they found it where it crossed the Cimarron.

The signs were print highly illustrated to them. They saw the narrow hoofprints of the pack mules and the tracks of the dogs, and even the small moccasin prints of the women and boys, along the old hunting trail and read them perfectly.

And here at the crossing below the Cimarron the Cherokees also divided, and part of the warriors followed the hunting party and part followed the Osage warriors. The Cherokees who followed the hunt-

ing menage soon overtook them, and they saw from the hills that there were only twelve running horses in the remuda. It was Buck-Rattling-Horns Moon or Coon-Breeding Moon, the first of November, and the women were gathering cattail stems to make the bottom walls of the lodges or wading the shallow waters of river-abandoned lakes with their poles, feeling for lotus roots. It is said that the dogs didn't know they were near.

The Cherokees charged suddenly and began killing the old men and women and children. That night there was no sound of keening. The Cherokees had made their camp as far away as possible from the slaughter, and the women and children were hidden in the bushes, in the bottom of ravines, as silent as the grass roots after the owl's booming. The Cherokees baited and maltreated their thirty prisoners, who were salable boys, strong young women, and young girls; they killed and scalped the old men and the older women they had taken.

There were about one hundred Cherokees and their allies in this party, and they hurried back to their agency as fast as they could ride with their horses and their prisoners; and when they reached Fort Smith, they boasted that they had taken seventy horses, had killed forty Osages, and had thirty prisoners. As Major Bradford listened, he could see that the majority of the scalps were long haired, and not warriors' roaches. He immediately began to discover the facts while he awaited the larger party who had followed the trail of the Osage warriors.

When the two hundred more or less came onto the plains on the Osage warriors' trail, they became worried. They felt that even their thoughts might be seen where the horizon came down to meet the earth on all sides and one could see the white buttocks of the antelope for miles or the movement of the sound-screening ears of a rabbit a rifle-shot away. Woods-Indian-like, they found a feeder of the Arkansas, and screened by elms and cottonwoods and undergrowth, they prepared to make camp.

Being Iroquoian, the Cherokees were brave and effective warriors, but they now had assumed the caution of field-anchored people, and many had put their old religion behind them. There was no religious urgency to follow the warriors of the Little Ones onto the unfamiliar

and fear-inspiring plains, and certainly the agriculturists among them must have had thoughts of their corn and hogs and their log cabins back in Arkansas Territory. It is likely that the barbarous free men and planning mixed-bloods urged them on. At least one white man was with them, the Osage-hating Graves. He might have slipped by Major Bradford at Fort Smith quite easily since he dressed as a Cherokee and spoke the language.

It would seem that the Little Ones had seen the Cherokees' woodland thoughts revealed here on the illimitable plains. They watched them make camp, and just when their horses were unsaddled and unburdened, and before they could place guards, they charged. The Cherokees stood and fought bravely, but they were no match for the fantastically painted giants, and darkness came as an ally.

When this badly defeated army came through Fort Smith on their shattered return, they could only boast vindictively that they had killed five Osages and exhibit several scalps, but only two of them were Osage roaches; the others were long haired and belonged to their own fallen. When accused of this, they couldn't very well deny it, since everyone knew that the Osage warriors wore roaches. They then said that they had scalped their own dead to keep the Osages from scalping them and carrying them back to their villages to dance the victory dance over them. Bradford believed that the Osages didn't need these few scalps since they had plenty of others from the battle. In his investigations to "arrive at the truth," he noted in his report to Calhoun that the Osages charged so ferociously and fought at such close quarters that many of the dead Cherokees were powder-burned.

This ruined the winter hunt of the Little Ones of the Verdigris for the year 1821, and during the winter 1821-22, they were hungry, and they visited often the villages of the Neosho and even the Place-of-the-Many-Swans. They visited their relatives of those villages in groups and stayed long and depleted the food of their relatives of these villages.

The Union Mission *Journal* in reporting the attack on the hunting camp said: "The very few who were at the Osage camp when it was attacked, kept the enemy at bay till the women and children could get off, but the resistance of 19 or 22 warriors against a large body of

Cherokees was small, and 100 of the Osage people are supposed to have been killed and taken prisoners. Several of the prisoners have returned, some have been killed, since they were taken. It may be a greater number are missing than they have yet known. How distressed their situation at present. They have returned with no provisions and are very poor. Their situation called for our prayers and for the prayers of all good people."

The writers in the Dwight Mission *Journal* at the Cherokee agency were not quite so moved by the plight of the Osages and assumed a matter-of-factness about the affair in a sort of news item: "The warriors of this nation [Cherokee] with a few allies have for about six weeks been in pursuit of the Osages. Today, a party of Cherokees returned from the campaign. When they separated from the main body of the Cherokees they were within one day's march of the main body of the Osages. This party consisting of about eighty fell in with a party of Osages about 75 in number all of whom were killed and taken prisoners without the loss of a single man on the part of the Cherokees."

This was the story of the triumphant party who attacked the defenseless hunting camp, and there was no comment on the disastrous defeat of the larger party.

However, later, when the people of Dwight Mission heard the details from Bradford and heard through a Mr. Scott of some of the atrocities committed by some of the free men, mixed-bloods, and full-blood Cherokees, Dwight Mission *Journal* carried the following: "They killed 29 women and children, three of whom a woman and her child and a young girl they most barbarously murdered after their arrival at their village . . . and threw their bodies to be devoured by the hogs which was seen by Mr. Scott on his way to this place . . . this murder was perpetrated by one Graves a white . . ."

Why this Tom Graves was arrested and taken later to Little Rock, by this time the capital of the territory, is not quite clear, but the reasons for his acquittal were obviously three: first, the murders were committed on Indian land and the court had no jurisdiction, although actually, since the jury disagreed, it must have assumed jurisdiction;

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secondly, Graves was a white man and was tried by his peers; and thirdly, the Little Ones were bad "Injuns."

Now, knowing the Osages, everyone began to fear the terrible retaliation. Mixed-blood settlers began to bring their children to the missions to be taught, chiefly because they would be an encumbrance to flight when the painted giants should appear. The mission "family" were given a feeling of success, but by the early part of January they had more children than they could accommodate.

These were Cherokee mixed-blood and fullblood children thrust by their parents upon the missions in their fright. The Osages took the view that the missions were bad medicine for their children, and the few who had been given into the care of the Union Mission "family" on the Neosho and Harmony Mission on the Osage River were called for by their bluff-frowning parents. The word of the Long Knives had fallen to the earth, and they said That-Thing-on-Its-Head's hogs were always hungry for Osage children.

Buck-Rattling-Horns or Raccoon-Breeding Moon, November, was cold and dreary for the Little Ones of the Verdigris. The women gathered the cattail stems for their lodges and hunted skunks and opossums, and the hunters could not supply the hungry camps where there was no buffalo meat.

While the women worked at sewing the cattail stems together, one would suddenly remember her child or the child of her sister or brother or all the children who had been murdered by Graves and his Cherokees, and who would be compelled to wander restlessly over the earth as lost souls, unrecognized by *Wah'Kon-Tah* because their faces had not been painted. She would let the stems fall to her lap and cast her eyes to *Tzi-Sho*, the Sky Lodge, and sing the Song of Death, another would join her, and then another, until the whole group would chant:

*O-hoooooo, it is I who cause them to lie yellowing
on the earth.*

It is I who attack them thus.

A-e the he, Ah-he the he

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*It is I who take from them their remaining
days,*

Ah, hOOOooooooooooooooooooooo.

Tears would stream down their faces as they mourned, and soon the village dogs would join them in long wolflike howls, but the babies on their boards hanging from tree limbs or on the ground by their mothers would stare complacently like little owls. The wailing would stop suddenly as if snapped, much like the barometric chorus of the coyote, and with it the howling of the dogs. The women would dry their tears, and pick up their dropped cattail stems and their needles of pecan wood.

And during this Bucks-Rattling-Antlers Moon of 1821, the women must save the roots of the cattails as they waded in the marshes to collect stems. They could make a sort of salad from them, or they were grated and then boiled and the starchy material was strained off, and they were then eaten as a vegetable.

They had elm bark left over from the spring for the making of their lodge coverings, and they must make many lodges for the winter. They first cut young hickory trees and trimmed them, then stuck butt-ends into the ground in an oval pattern of from thirty to forty or twenty to twenty-five. They used hickory saplings for the transverse parts, a foot or more apart. They then bent the hickory poles over until their little ends met, and they tied them together with hickory bark.

For the sides of the lodge they used the elm bark they had cut in the spring. The tree was cut and the bole cut to the desired length and split, and the bark taken off intact. This bark was fastened to the hickory-pole framework, running up to a certain height from the ground, then the cattails sewed together with the pecan wood needle about two feet long, carrying the thread made from the inner bark of the pawpaw. After taking this inner bark fiber, they boiled it, and transformed it into twine by rolling it on their naked thighs. They placed the big end of the cattail stem against the little end of another stem and sewed them together until they had a large piece of water-

tight matting. These pieces were attached to the sloping sides of the curving hickory framework beginning at the top of the elm bark, which stopped at the point where the poles began to curve. The cat-tail stems had the effect of shingling, since water would roll off them.

There were two fireplaces in each domestic lodge, one at each end, which was a depression dug to a depth of several inches and cemented with ashes and clay. For draught, a piece of wood was laid across the hole, then the other pieces laid at right angles to it, so that one end rested on the first log and the other end on the bottom of the hole. And there was a fire hole for each, covered by a buffalo hide. The door was always toward the east and Grandfather's coming each morning, and was covered by a buffalo hide stretched on a hickory frame, with a hole for the thumb or forefinger, and was pulled up and fell back into place as the person entered or left the lodge.

Usually they were on the plains hunting during this Bucks-Rattling-Antlers Moon, but during this one of 1821 they were busy in their struggle against starvation. The women gathered white oak and red oak acorns, and boiled the tannin out of them, then prepared them for food,¹ and they waded the marshes probing for lily roots with their poles. The wild grapes were gone by now, and they must hurry to beat the migrant robins, bluebirds, and flickers to the hackberries. They gathered pecans and black walnuts and red haws and, after the first frost, persimmons. The hackberries were mashed in a stone mortar, then as a pulp mixed with buffalo tallow, and thus could be preserved all winter.

The persimmons were gathered by the women and the boys and girls. If there were no great groves close to the villages, several women would take their children and go with their camp equipment perhaps thirty miles away to a large grove. They fashioned a flat piece of hickory or post oak. They spread buffalo tallow on the board, then placed a layer of seeded persimmons on it, spread tallow on this layer, then placed a second layer of seeded fruit on the first. This process was repeated until they had four layers on the board. The wood had been so designed that it had a handle, and one would hold the flat

¹ They put ashes into the boiling water and then cooked the boiled acorns until they could be eaten like crumbs of modern crackers.

wood over the coals until the first layer of persimmons was cooked, at which time the cake was removed and put away to cool. When it was thoroughly cooled, it was placed in a *parfleche*. When the *parfleches* were filled, they were put away for future use. This food would last all winter.

Sometimes the persimmons were seeded and placed on a rack made of buckbrush runners or of very young dogwood saplings and allowed to dry slowly. Dogwood resisted fire longer than many other saplings, and sticks of dogwood were used for roasting meat and about this time for baking dough. They stuck the meat on the sharpened end of a dogwood stick, then stuck the other end into the ground near the fire or coals, slanting it to the fire and turning it when necessary. When they first traded for flour, they made dough balls and stuck them on the sharpened dogwood sticks. This was their first attempt at making bread.

During this moon of 1821, the women and children gathered wild-rose fruits. The warriors made no raids on the Cherokee farmers for food. The latter had many hogs, and they ran semiwild, living on mast, but the Little Ones became nauseated when they smelled them, and they hated them. They called them *ni-du*, which name they gave to the bones of the mammoths which they found in the Cretaceous outbanks in the western part of their range.

There is little in tribal memory of this period, and therefore little of the Little Old Men's augmentation of ritualistic curlycues and ornamentations to counteract the misfortune which had befallen the Little Ones, but they must have spent many hours in the Lodge of Mystery talking about these things. Starvation was practically unknown among them, at least having its source in enemy actions. There had been hard winters and life-shriveling summers, but in their calendar there was no Hunger Moon. Single-Moon-by-Himself, January, was sometimes called Frost-on-Inside-of-Lodge Moon, but there apparently had been no period of starvation severe enough to warrant the naming of a certain moon for it.

40. The Little Ones Protect Their "Brothers"

AFTER THE WAR OF 1812 ended in 1815 with the famed Battle of New Orleans, there were jobless soldiers and restive people who really wanted to settle somewhere, and seemed especially bent on settling where they were not allowed to settle, on Indian land. Bearded men drove their wagons down the trail from Missouri or came overland from Tennessee and Kentucky or upriver in keelboats. Besides their wives and children, they had their cattle and their horses, and some had swine and chickens. Union Mission was on the Neosho, on the old Osage trail from their villages on the Osage River to the Three Forks, and since the mission was the only civilized spot in the wilderness, those from the north stopped there. Some of them wanted to trade for provisions or medicines or they simply asked for food and medicines or for the services of Dr. Marcus Palmer.

They went down the Neosho and picked up another Osage trail along the north bank of the Arkansas. This was the old Osage trail to the Quapaw villages near the mouth of the Arkansas. On this side of the Arkansas they were not trespassing on Osage domain, since the north bank was within the Lovely Purchase. They kept on this trail to Fort Smith, then they crossed the river, and seeing the bottom lands of the Poteau, the Blue, and the Washita rivers, they stopped, built their cabins, and put in crops, knowing quite well that this was and would remain Indian domain. They had heard about the im-

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perious Osages, but they seemed to think that they were sufficiently far away from the "bad Injuns" raiding.

The Blue River was noted for its beaver, the Poteau for its bears, and, of course, there were deer and wapiti almost everywhere. These rivers attracted trappers and hunters from downriver, and an outfitting establishment was set up at Arkansas Post.

"These people knew they were trespassing, but there was no law enforcement, and they took advantage of this. Besides the trappers and hunters and settlers, those who might be called honest, there were the cutthroats and back-stabbers and rapists whose barbarism was incredible. Almost as shocked as Major Bradford and Agent Lovely had been at the vicious barbarism of the free men was the English botanist, Nuttall. He said: "These people, as well as the generality of those who, till lately, inhabited the banks of the Arkansas, bear the worst moral character imaginable, being many of them renegades from justice; when a further flight from justice becomes necessary, they passed over into the Spanish Territory toward San Antonio."

As they did on the Meramec in Missouri, many of these honest settlers set up stills in their houses and divided their time between distillation of spirits and killing buffalo for their tongues and hides and bears for their hides and tallow. But here in the Arkansas and Red River country the free men were preceded by the murderers, vagabonds, and cut-purses, brought over by John Law, and their descendants were still here in great numbers, as barbarous as their progenitors and no more civilized than when De Mézières, lieutenant-governor of Natchitoches during the Spanish authority, described them, a half century earlier: "[They] have committed robberies, rape, or homicide, that [the Arkansas] river thus being the asylum of the most wicked persons, without doubt, in all the Indies."

With these free men were fragments of the Cherokees, Delawares, Shawnees, Choctaws, Creeks, and Coschattahi, backed by the Caddos. These Governor Miller in his letter to the Secretary of War, June 30, 1820, had called a "banditti of outlaws" from whom he expected trouble. Not only this, but a chief of the Caddos actually held a commission as colonel from the Spaniards. It was believed that the pres-

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ence and activity of these people, who always fled to the south of the Red River after their depredations, "was largely responsible for the incursions of the Osage with whom they were continually at war."

In the same year in which Cantonment Gibson was established on the Neosho, troops were removed from Natchitoches to the mouth of the Kiamichi, and Fort Towson was established.

From this fort the military attempted to enforce the laws about hunting on Indian land and to destroy the white trespasser's stills. They not only failed, but there was a citizen-military conflict, and in one instance the free men citizens congregated to attack the fort. This was February 2, 1825.

Commandant Cummings of Fort Towson gave United States district attorney of Arkansas the names of ten of the leaders of the white men hunting west of the Kiamichi River. The district attorney refused to prosecute, but instead would have Cummings and some of his staff indicted at Little Rock, and succeeded.

The facts that the Spaniards were undoubtedly encouraging the Red River harlequins, the United States Army was weak and challenged by the free men, and the Osages were protecting their "brothers" created a condition almost of chaos.

Both the Little Ones and Andrew Jackson, backed by the United States government, were trying to drive these people out, the Little Ones with much more enthusiasm than Jackson since their reasons were quite different. The Little Ones were protecting their "brothers," which *Wah'Kon-Tah* had given them, and Andrew Jackson wanted to remove the free men because he had a plan for removing the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and others from east of the Mississippi, where they were not wanted by the voters of the several established states, to this land west of the Mississippi.

As commanding officer of the Southern Division, he had given orders to Major Bradford of Fort Smith to remove all settlers whom he might find west of a line drawn from the source of the Kiamichi River to the Poteau—this, of course, after the ceding of this land by the Quapaws in 1818, who had held it by sufferance of the Little Ones. Actually, after this treaty with the Quapaws, the land was really public land but was blazed for Choctaw and Chickasaw occu-

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pancy; and those free men who settled on it after the treaty did have some logic in their contention that it was public land. Their stubbornness in settling on it was not totally unreasonable, just consciously unlawful.

Thomas Nuttall accompanied Bradford on the military junket. There were about two hundred families in their cabins, growing crops and attached to the land, whom he asked to leave; but he apparently did not come in contact with the trappers, hunters, and murderers, since they could easily avoid his dozen soldiers.

On the other hand, the Little Ones made it their business to find the killers of their "brothers," and apparently did not molest the settlers consistently. However, the gentile chieftains of the sub-*Hunkah* and the *Wa-Sha-She*, under direction no doubt of Arrow-Going-Home, the Grand *Hunkah* who remained in his villages on the Verdigris, rode often along the Poteau, the Blue, the Kiamichi, the Washita, the Red, and the Arkansas and the Canadian River looking for free men, Cherokees, and Caddos, and even Choctaws. When they found them, those who escaped told their story of the "massacre," and made it more dramatic and bloody at each telling, making of their own escape a heroism.

And during the hunger winter of 1821 and 1822, the Little Ones were hunting almost constantly. The winter was very cold, the snow beginning to fall as early as November 23, and scattered families of Little Ones would come to the Neosho and stand about the unfinished buildings of the mission, but the members of the mission, having only just begun their building at their location on the Neosho in February, 1821, had little to give them. The panthers had begun to find the mission pork much to their taste, and the wolves had a special fondness for shoats and pigs, and the prairie chickens were destroying their small grain.

When the new Long Knife chief came to Fort Smith, many of them went down river to stand and watch from the south bank. In February, when a gentile party of hunters went to the Poteau to hunt bears in their caves and under the roots of trees, they frightened the settlers on the north side of the river and the Cherokees became nervous.

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The new chief at Fort Smith was Colonel Arbuckle. He had been ordered to the post by General Gaines, along with four companies of the Seventh Infantry to bring a stronger medicine to bear on the lawless situation and the war between the Little Ones and That-Thing-on-Its-Head People, the Cherokees.

Many of his soldiers died on the way up the Arkansas from the mosquito-infested swamps and marshes of the lower river. They had been delayed there by low water, and Colonel Arbuckle arrived at the post in February, 1822. He was depressed. The men at the post had malaria and many were chronically ill from the bad whisky which the white settlers near the fort made and sold to the soldiers. But he strengthened the fort by 250 men, and Arrow-Going-Home was one of the first to learn of this. The glib Cherokees were bringing their children to Dwight Mission now, saying they wanted them in a safe place when the soldiers and the Cherokees attacked the Osages and wiped them out. The Osages, on the other hand, came for their few children at Union Mission, saying that the hogs of That-Thing-on-Its-Head People must be hungry, so they would take their children home.

Major Bradford was relieved of his command and sent to Natchitoches.

Colonel Arbuckle apparently knew something of red man psychology, and he immediately set rumors going that there would now be peace between the Cherokees and the Osages, since there were many white soldiers who would see that this peace was made. Governor Miller came upriver again to meet with Colonel Arbuckle, and they planned to meet with the Osages and the Cherokees in January, 1822, and Nathaniel Philbrook, subagent, had been asked to go to the Osages to feel out the people at Arrow-Going-Home's village.

In their hunger the main village had been broken up into gentile villages, and each was maintaining themselves, and all had to move from the wind-screaming prairie to the sheltered bottoms of the river. They were difficult to find, but Philbrook had with him a young Osage, a boy who had been at the mission. He had been given the name of Phillip Milledolar by the missionaries, but his real name was *Mo'n Piche*, Bad Arrow (son of Tallai).

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He could read the signs which the hunters and the warriors left the trails. The hunters carried little sticks with them, perhaps willow painted red and black, and on leaving the trail or at a turning they set one of these sticks in the ground, leaning to the direction they had taken, with the hickory bark stuck on the top end pointing in the direction the party had traveled. From this stick, Bad Arrow could know by the notches in it how many there were in the party—that if they were hunters or warriors; but if they were in family group they made little rings around the stick with pebbles, concentric little circles, with each circle representing a family, the circle of the pebbles representing the circle of the lodge.

The Little Ones marked their trails and their boundaries to warn invaders; and in the old balanced earth-struggle before the Hear Eyebrows came, each tribe knew the markings of the others. They warned each other by leaving an arrow sticking in a buffalo carcass or by trimming trees near or on the periphery of their ranges. That was their way of warning possible invaders, and was much like the grizzly bear standing on his hind legs and scratching high up on pine or a Douglas fir to mark his domain. The tom panther left musk scent, then scratched the earth with his hind feet, and wolves and coyotes left musk messages on isolated rocks and trees, and mockingbirds and cardinals and thrushes and other birds sing for the same purpose.

Charlevoix wrote of "*les sauvage Osagien*" that "everyone is an enemy found in the warriors' path," and when Thomas Nuttall accompanied Major Bradford into the Red River drainage country to remove the settlers from lands meant for the Choctaws and Chickasaws, he wrote of the Osage domains and their trails: "These particular routes which they pursue are recognized by beacon, painted post, and inscribed hieroglyphics near the boundaries of their range."

Tallai knew all about the Long Knife soldiers, and he was read for a treaty with That-Thing-on-Its-Head People, before Little Flower-Killer Moon if possible, so that they could go to the plains for hunting and fill their caches and parfleches again. He said he was tired of living with his thumb on the skunk leg of it-makes-things-cry-out.

Arrow-Going-Home was not interested, according to Philbrook, but he didn't like Philbrook and didn't want to listen to him. Later, he casually told the people at Union Mission that his people had made peace with the Sac and Foxes and the Kickapoos, and they were coming to help the Little Ones drive the Long Knives and the That-Thing-on-Its-Head away from their Mother Earth.

This inspired fear in the settlers and the Cherokees alike, and they began to prepare for an attack. The settlers came with their valuables to Dwight Mission for safekeeping, knowing that the Little Ones had never threatened any of the missions. After everybody was stirred up, it was reported that the Little Ones were planting and the men were getting their horses ready for the hunt the following month, and there were no Sac and Foxes or any other Algonkian tribesmen in the villages of the Osages. The Osages even proposed an armistice until after their hunt.

In Little-Flower-Killer Moon, Philbrook went to see them again. He urged them to make peace with the Cherokees. He said that war was bad for the Osages, since they had been cut off from trading for powder and the Cherokees had much powder. Also he said that it caused Governor Miller to have a heavy heart when he saw Osage women bringing water and wood to the cabins of the Cherokees. When the interpreter had finished, Philbrook was startled by the crying of a man. This man had just heard that his wife and children, taken prisoners, were still alive, and were carrying water and wood for That-Thing-on-Its-Head People. Philbrook, like many others, had believed that Indians never showed emotion.

When he arrived back at Union Mission, he said that the Osages had "nothing to eat besides a little corn" and they must go on their spring hunt, but "had waited in suspense in their villages" until they could make an agreement with the Cherokees. Philbrook, like every one who listened to Osage oratory, was impressed, and he proposed to the commanding officer at the garrison that the Cherokees be stopped from "distressing these people any further."

An armistice was agreed upon, and Philbrook brought the written agreement up the Verdigris, and the Little Ones "touched the feather," and now they could make their hunt to the plains, feeling that

the armistice would be honored until the "big talk" with the Cherokees at Fort Smith July 30. If either party to the agreement violated it, they agreed that that party should be punished by the Long Knife soldiers.

One hundred and fifty of the Little Ones appeared at Fort Smith July 30 to meet the Cherokees, and by August 9 the treaty of peace was concluded and the Osage prisoners were returned to them.

Before this, on May 6, 1822, Congress had decided to discontinue the factories. This was due to the jealousy of the traders; they objected very much to their government's being in business as rivals to themselves.

The chieftains and the Grand *Hunkah* and the Grand *Tzi-Sho* were called to the Place-of-the-Many-Swans to "touch the feather" again on August 31, 1822. There were twenty-two marks made to the treaty that day. *Paw-Hiu-Skah*, White Hair, was there and signed. This was White Hair the younger, the young man who had volunteered to go with Zebulon Pike to the Pawnees in 1806, and who after White Hair the original's death in 1808 had inherited the title of Grand *Ki-He-Kah*.

For the sum of \$2,329.40 paid to them in merchandise, the Little Ones were to give up all claims on the United States concerning the second article in the treaty of 1808, wherein the government was to maintain all through the year a trading post or factory at Fort Osage, where they could trade their hides and get supplies for the buffalo hunt.

Now Colonel A. P. Chouteau and the other traders would have no competition from the government, and almost immediately Chouteau persuaded White Hair to leave the Place-of-the-Many-Swans and come to the Place-of-the-Oaks, bringing with him two physical divisions, the *Wah-Ho-Ka-Li*, the Thorny-Valley People and the Top-of-the-Tree-Sitters, the *Pa-Solé*, called "Big Hills" by the English-speaking people and "Gross Côte" by the French. These two divisions would join the Upland-Forest People, the *Sa'n Solé*, who had established their villages there long before, and the *U-Dse-Ta*, the Down-Below People, the Little Osages, who had just preceded them and had established their villages on the Neosho. Also part of the Big Hills

had migrated to the Neosho-Verdigris country previously. What happened to the fifth physical division, the *No'n-Dse-Waspi*, the Heart-Stays-People, no one seems to know.

Colonel A. P. and P. L. Chouteau opened up the old trading post which the former and Revoir had operated before the Cherokees had killed Revoir the year before. This was at the saline springs, and soon a boatload of merchandise from St. Louis came up the river to the trading post. A. P. Chouteau had come down to the Neosho with White Hair and a small party of his people to aid them in locating villages conveniently close to his trading post. This was in the autumn of 1822.

The soldiers at Fort Smith had been augmented by the Seventh Infantry and a commandant who apparently meant business and must carry out the urgent orders of his superior, Andrew Jackson. But so had the Little Ones been augmented by White Hair's removal to the Neosho. However, Colonel Arbuckle soon saw he had little to fear from the recent arrivals from the Place-of-the-Many-Swans. Not only was White Hair the Grand *Ki-He-Kah* but he was Chouteau's man, and peace was imposed upon him both by his being of the Sky Lodge and by the fact that Chouteau's boats from St. Louis must get through and he didn't want the Cherokees coming up the Neosho to burn his post and merchandise.

However, White Hair the younger was a usurper's heir and was not of the *Tzi-Sho Wa-Shta-Ge*, also called They-Who-Do-Not-Touch-Blood gens, the traditional gens from which the Grand *Tzi-Sho* must come; therefore, it is likely that he did not have the effective control over the Place-of-the-Many-Swans Osages that Arrow-Going-Home had over the Place-of-the-Oaks or Arkansas Osages. This was evident when some gentes of the Big Hills under their chief, *To-Wa-Ka-Heh*, said that they would not be bound by the treaty of August between the Cherokees and the Osages, since they were not a party to it. They said the new Heavy Eyebrows were killing their "brothers" on the Missouri and the Osage rivers, and they had come here to the Neosho and the Verdigris to get away from the killing there, and now they must protect their "brothers" here as well.

The treaty between the Osages and the Cherokees at Fort Smith in

August, 1822, stipulated that the Cherokees might cross the magic line and hunt in the Osage country if they did not establish commercial camps and hunt for the market, and the Osages could cross the line into the Cherokee country to hunt, and to them this meant protecting their "brothers" from commercial butchery. This was good, but the Little Ones asked that Tom Graves, the white man leader of certain bands of the Cherokees, should be punished for murdering the children and women of the Little Ones and feeding them to the hogs. He was very influential among the Cherokees of the west, and naturally they refused to turn him over to the Little Ones along with their Osage captives.

The Little Ones seemed to know Graves and his habits as well as his deeds, and they had scouts watching his movements. They finally located his large hunting camp on the North Fork of the Canadian River, and the relatives of the people who had been murdered were called together. Under a leader they put on the charcoal and limonite, hung the *wah-hopeh* around the neck of the leader, and set out. Apparently they failed to surprise the camp since the wily Graves knew he must keep an alert guard in this territory, far across the boundary in Osage country. The emotionalized Little Ones ran the illegal hunters back across the line and managed to shoot a nephew of Graves called Red Hawk. They cut off his head and brought it back to the village in triumph. This paid for only one of the Osages who had been mutilated by the whites. Only one of those murdered could now enter Spiritland. The war was not over.

A bitter old chief of the Cherokees was *Tak-Atoka*. He decided to leave the Arkansas Cherokees, and with fifty or sixty warriors he went to settle in the Kiamichi Valley, and from there he would make forays against the hated Osages. He made an attack on a village on the Verdigris and took one hundred Osage horses, and then he made a woodland Indian ambush for the Osage warriors who followed his broad trail. The ensuing battle was a draw perhaps, but the dramatic Cherokees made a great thing of it, and they sent a number of warriors to the vindictive old chief's relief.

This was Yellow-Flower Moon of the Little Ones, August, and their attack on Tom Graves' hunting camp had been in Baby-Bear Moon, January, both in the year 1823.

This must have been quite disturbing to Arbuckle's military mind. He heard the very logical, very glib Cherokees out, and he was convinced that the Osages "are extremely ignorant and faithless; their chiefs are without authority, and their warriors are encouraged in dishonesty from their infancy." Then he would go to Arrow-Going-Home's village, and there listen to the tall, dignified, handsome man with his Ciceronian gestures explain in classical logic his position and his desire for peace. He would then come back believing with Major Bradford that the Cherokees were liars and with Governor Miller that they were keeping alive a "marauding, thieving, cowardly kind of warfare."

Also the Big Hills were active from their village above the villages of Arrow-Going-Home, but on the west side of the Verdigris River in the modern Nowata County, Oklahoma. White men were always coming by the mission on their way to this village to recover stolen horses. One of the gens of this Sitters-on-the-Hilltop physical division, the *Pa Solé*, now called Gross Côte and Big Hills, seemed to have been under a chieftain named *Shinkah Mo'in*, Little Walker, but it is more likely *Shonkah Mo'in*, Walking Dog, which really means "Walking Horse," since before the Little Ones had named the horse *ka-wa*, they had, along with most of the other Siouans, called him at times dog, perhaps *shonkah tonkah*, big dog. This writing of *Shinkah* for *Shonkah* was one of the very slightest mistakes in trader, soldier, and missionary phonetics.

But the Cherokees had convinced Arbuckle that *Tak-Atoka's* attack on the Osage village was in revenge for a man of his band killed by the Osage the autumn before, a man who was making an innocent visit to the Three Forks, and Arbuckle's military sense of rightness finally had something it could grasp and hold on to. Something had to be done about this sort of thing. Here was a man, even though an Indian, who was killed when he was not hunting or trapping commercially on the Osage domain, and he was alone and not with a war party. Something had to be done.

The commandant sent the Osage subagent, Philbrook, to the Verdigris villages to get the murderer. This was in the Buffalo-Making Moon and the man who was supposed to have done the killing

was on the buffalo hunt on the plains, but the Little Ones in full council and after some moving oratory decided to give him up in accordance with the treaty terms.

In the meantime, the Little Ones didn't think their enemy *Tak-Atoka* ought to be living in their domain on the Kiamichi River, so they sent parties down to harass him, and finally after several attacks and counterattacks and much horse taking, he left and joined his people in the Arkansas country.

When the accused man got back from the buffalo hunt, two hundred Osages started with him to Fort Smith to carry out the provisions of the treaty by delivering him to the authorities. This was pure exhibitionism. When this party of two hundred were camped on Greenleaf Creek, their prisoner escaped.

There were rumors and excitement, and this upset the military mentality. Arbuckle, like all knowing ones, which did not include the missionaries, realized that one prisoner would not likely escape from an army of two hundred, so he hurried to Arrow-Going-Home's village accompanied by Walter Webber, Black Fox, and James Rogers of the Cherokees.

He and his companions stayed in the village three days, but he must have come away under the influence of Arrow-Going-Home's classical oratory and his personality, and at the mission where he stopped he said that they had accomplished nothing "as the Osage people complain of injuries from the Cherokees since the treaty was made." He said he would investigate their complaints.

The old Osage trace between their villages on the Osage River and the mouth of the Neosho and the old trace from the Osage River to St. Louis were filled with emigrants now. A man by the name of Austin was establishing a colony in Texas, and people were passing along the trace on their way there, and there were the usual restive freemen and their families and their stock, and traders and military detachments and stray groups of Algonkians from east of the Mississippi and they all stopped at Union Mission to rest or be treated by Dr. William Palmer for "bilious fever" and "ague," "intermittent fever" and wounds by bear.

But the missionaries themselves were periodically sick from ma-

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laria and typhoid, as were the soldiers from Fort Smith. Colonel Arbuckle had sent to the mission for "Jesuite Bark," but they had used up their scant supply. One sister became demented.

For the Little Ones, 1823 was a good year. It was terrifically cold, according to the mission's thermometer reading, but there was plenty of game close to the villages; perhaps the unusually low temperatures had driven it there for shelter. There were buffalo during the winter of 1822-23 within fifteen miles of Fort Smith. The temperature reading by the mission thermometer was of December 1, 1822, "6 below cypher."

Game was so plentiful that year that some Delawares came to the Chouteau trading post to ask the Little Ones if they might trap and hunt on the Neosho, and the people of the mission knew later of a band of Kickapoos camped just fifteen miles from the mission. They kept themselves quiet and their camp well hidden, and they were off the well-worn trails of the Little Ones and not in the direction of their raids. Besides these, hundreds of whites and Cherokees were coming into the Osage domain, or at least that area which they had always claimed and dominated. By 1824, Colonel Arbuckle would state that there were two thousand French, American, Cherokee, and Delaware hunters between the Red and Arkansas rivers.

It would be only a matter of time until there would be battles between the Osages and the white hunters as there were between the Osages and the Cherokees.

There were two Frenchmen who lived at New Orleans who had had a thriving business during the War of 1812, but the war had ended unexpectedly and they were left with merchandise on their hands and no market. That is, there was no more lax, indifferent United States government represented by speculating buyers, so they moved their goods to Arkansas Post with the idea of trading with the trappers and hunters of the Indian country. They would be as careless as the government, and the Indians themselves even more so. These two men, Frederick Notrebe and Antoine Barraque, established an outfitting store at Arkansas Post.

Soon they wondered why they shouldn't get some of the profits which went to trappers and hunters by establishing their own hunt-

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ing-camp in the middle of the best beaver country. They got up a party of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four which was led by Antoine Barraque.

The large party of commercial hunters and trappers found a spot on the Blue River, about thirty miles above the mouth, a spot which is in the modern Bryan County, Oklahoma. The party was composed of Americans and Frenchmen and mixed-blood Quapaws. They believed they were sufficiently far away from the Little Ones' warriors and hunters; and to make sure that they would not be attacked, even though trespassing, they hoisted the American flag, and they sounded the bugle every morning in simulation of military practice. When their trappers or their hunters set out, usually up the streams, one or more of the Quapaw mixed-bloods paralleled them on the ridges, constantly on the lookout for Osages.

There was an American army officer with them, who was either on leave and was having a little sport or sharing in the profits, or who was retired. Anyway, they were having wonderful luck on this great beaver river called by the French *De L'eau Bleu*.

Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, who had a reputation for his savage raids and his daring, was feared by all, and led several gentes on raids if he ordered them to follow. The gentile leaders were afraid of him as well, and he was called *Tse-To-Gah Wah-Shi'n-Pische*, which literally means Buffalo-with-Bad-Temper and refers to a buffalo bull in Buffalo-Mating Moon.

He and Walks-Badly of the Eagle had made a raid on the Pawnees sometime in October. They had been joined by a gens from White Hair's village, and they had come back with fifty horses. They said they killed nine Pawnees and lost only one warrior. This should have had much meaning to any enemy who noted the incident.

Bad-Tempered-Buffalo had apparently located the camp with the American flag, possibly astride a buffalo trail, since he was more angered than usual. There must have been the usual noise when white men got together: shooting matches, loud laughter, whistling and shouting to each other, and axe strokes and bawdy songs.

He got together two hundred warriors, since, when you went toward the Red River now, you might meet large numbers of Caddos

and Cherokees and Choctaws, led by white men, and you could often bluff them back across the line with large numbers.

The large hunting party was camped where there were cane-brakes, and the Little Ones had chased the Caddos through these many times. They knew every twist of the river, where the buffalo and the wapiti trails crossed, and Bad-Tempered Buffalo and his scouts were highly pleased to find that the careless white men had established their camp in the cane-brakes. This was perfect for the Little Ones. They crept through them as quietly as the buck deer who lays his antlers on his back and with his nose straight out in front of him steals his way through the canes without even causing their tops to move.

There is no tribal or gentile memory of this battle with the white men, because, as one supposes, it was conveniently forgotten, and one is not sure whether *Mo'in Fische*, Walks-Badly, or Bad-Tempered-Buffalo led the attack, but whoever did lead it had bad luck, since of the five hunters killed, one was Major Curtis Welborn. The following took part in the battle: *We-T's'a-She*, Little Rattle Snake; *Wa-Nah-Sha-She*, Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants; *Mi-Tsiu-Shi*, Little Grizzly; *He-Who-Strikes-the-Padouca*, *Heh-La-Shi-She*, Curved Antlers; *Nika-Bra'n*, Smells-Like-a-Man; *Xu-Tha-Shinkah*, Little Eagle. The others killed were just ordinary men from the military point of view, Americans and some of less importance, Frenchmen, and some of no importance, the Quapaw mixed-bloods, although it is doubtful if any of the last were killed. The Little Ones apparently killed four white men and one Negro slave belonging to Barraque and known as Ben, and the others scattered like the striped-headed one, the quail, in the cane-brakes, which favored the escape of the hunters as it had favored the attack of the Little Ones.

There might have been talk about Bad-Tempered-Buffalo's giving up the guilty ones, and several visits to the villages on the Verdigris by Colonel Arbuckle, and in general some military bluffing, but the savages had actually killed an officer of the American Army, and not only that, they cut off his head along with the heads of the others.

This attack occurred on November 17, 1823.

These men were not only trespassing but were violating the agree-

ment their government had labored so long to obtain with the warring Cherokees and Osages, the agreement of August, 1822. Ordinarily, one supposes, not much would have been done about the matter, with the exception of visits by Colonel Arbuckle and Major Cummings to Colonel A. P. Chouteau and Arrow-Going-Home, if Major Welborn had not been killed and decapitated. The army became indignant and bloodily vindictive, and it might seem that this was more a manifestation of loyalty to an organization rather than loyalty to the white race and the championship of "citizens."

When the army became excited about the affair, the free men and the honest settlers soon took up the cry of "outrage," and great pressure was put on Colonel Arbuckle. Excited men, many of them attached to their little geometrical bits of earth in the Arkansas Territory, organized a cavalry troop in Crawford County, and another group organized in Miller County and there was a company of infantry organized.

There was plenty of ammunition for them at Little Rock. When Miller came to Arkansas Territory in October, 1819, to become the first governor, he had brought with him four hundred muskets, forty thousand rounds of ammunition, and "fifty horsemen pistols," and in 1820 the government sent two hundred cavalry sabers, "four hundred horsemen pistols," twelve drums, and twelve fifes.

The "citizens," both the honest settlers and the free men, were quite ready to "chase the Injuns clean outta the country" if the army gave the word.

Arbuckle sent Major Alexander Cummings to Colonel A. P. Chouteau to demand the surrender of the "murderers" by the "Shainers," and Arrow-Going-Home, Walks-Badly, and Bad-Tempered-Buffalo. In return at the trading post with twenty-one horses they had taken from the hunters and later delivered the beaver skins they had taken and then five more of the horses.

The foxy Arrow-Going-Home made a few lame excuses for not having called a council as the military had suggested or, as a matter of fact, demanded. He said that the gentile leaders who attacked the hunters thought they were Cherokees violating the agreement of 1822 and when he saw in the manner of the Major and Chouteau

that this was not adequate, he said that he had a "heavy heart" over the "mistake," but this seemed to affect the army officers very little also. Then he said that he couldn't very well discuss the matter with the gentes, since most of them were on the plains hunting.

He had heard that the Cherokees had volunteered their aid to the Heavy Eyebrows soldiers. (The Little Ones had dropped the term Long Knife for the Americans and were calling them Heavy Eyebrows.) Was this true?

The Cherokees had done just this, but had been turned down. The Major told the Grand *Hunkah* that the army would take care of the thing very well, and anyway the Cherokees had "their own axe to grind."

The visitors wondered about the many horses about the villages. Many of them acted strange, raising their heads suddenly and whinnying as horses in a strange place often do. Would these be the rest of the white hunters' horses? No, *Shonka Mo'in*, Walking-Dog, had taken them from the Cherokees and from the Pawnees on his recent raids.

The settlers and the free men and the Cherokees and the Choctaws kept shouting "outrage," and kept the pressure on Arbuckle. He wrote to his superiors that if the United States were considering war against the Osages, they must bring a great number of horses to the Verdigris, as well as ordnance and stores, and take the matter seriously, since the Osages were masters in warfare, the kind that would later be referred to as "guerrilla warfare."

In the Baby-Bear Moon, December of 1824, when all the gentes were in the villages, Captain Nathaniel Pryor, Tallai, and Arrow-Going-Home went to Fort Smith to talk with Colonel Arbuckle about this thing. Captain Pryor, a trader friend of the Osages, wanted the matter of the white hunters settled so that there would be peace, but possibly in the mind of the shrewd Arrow-Going-Home was the idea of determining the strength of the Heavy Eyebrows and evaluating their bluff.

During this visit he tried one more of his excuses, by saying that the gentile leaders of the attack on the Blue River tried to stop the young men but failed. Now, these headlong young men who could

not be controlled by the gentile leaders ought to be punished. When he saw the disbelief in the eyes of Arbuckle, he then addressed himself to determining if, like the French and the Spaniards, the new Heavy Eyebrows, the Americans, would "assemble the Nations," to fight them. Besides the Miamis, the Potawatomis, the Kickapoos, the Delawares, the Caddos, and those chain-pressured Indians settled by Graham on their eastern border, there would now be the chain-pressured Cherokees and Choctaws, but the Osages would not give up the leaders of the attack. They would fight all these people as they had done before, since all of these people still fought like red men—all except perhaps the Cherokees, who fought in their own way, and this was not even the way of the Heavy Eyebrows nor yet the way of the plains.

But Arrow-Going-Home could see that since Colonel Arbuckle had turned down the Cherokees' offer of aid, he would not allow the others to fight, but the United States Army would fight the Little Ones. However, he also noticed that Colonel Arbuckle was not too abrupt or arrogant or demanding, and he sensed that they, the Americans, were not ready for war just yet.

Arbuckle, on his part, was afraid that in the meantime the Osages would attack; there were rumors of activity against the background of prayer-singing in the villages on the Verdigris.

Colonel Arbuckle had apparently conveyed his fears of an Osage attack to his superior, General Winfield Scott, in command of the Western Division at New Orleans. General Scott ordered him to remove five companies from Fort Smith to the mouth of the Verdigris River, but before he received this order, he was still trying to keep the Osages from attacking and had sent Nathaniel Philbrook to the falls of the Verdigris to meet with Major Cummings and the Little Ones. He wanted the talks to continue until the army could prepare itself for an attack and perhaps a long war. Philbrook never reached the falls of the Verdigris, but his horse was found at the mouth of the Neosho. It was supposed that he was drowned, but since his body was not found, Arbuckle was suspicious and perhaps was happy when orders were received to move his companies to the mouth of the Verdigris.¹

¹ Philbrook's body was found later.

Major Cummings had given him an estimate of what might happen and an estimate of the strength of the Osages. He was sure that the Big Hills physical division would not come into the war and that the Grand *Ki-He-Kah*, White Hair, would not bring his people into war with the Americans. This, Cummings estimated, would leave the "Shainers," Arrow-Going-Home and his Arkansas Osages, with five hundred warriors.

When Colonel Arbuckle arrived with his force and selected a site on the east side of the Neosho, just three miles from the mouth, the Osages were impressed and completely bluffed. The women must have keened for days and must have fled from every messenger sent by Arbuckle.

Arbuckle's men had come by water and by land from Fort Smith, and they began to build their camps astride the old trail of the Little Ones where they had crossed for generations. The soldiers named their encampment "Grand River Arkansas," and this would later be called Fort Gibson, then Cantonment Gibson, but it would have been effective to bluff the Little Ones under any other name.

The site was selected April 20, 1824, and by June 7 of that year the Little Ones had delivered six men to Arbuckle as the leaders and perpetrators of the "massacre" of the white trespassers. The Little Ones had been urged to do so both by Nathaniel Pryor and by their new agent, David Barber. Thus, on June 7, they came to Cantonment Gibson. The bluff had worked beautifully. Five hundred of the Little Ones came to Cantonment Gibson. They came with the tamed spirit of the mustang; the wild, unconquerable spirit of the plains, which once captured, thrown, tied, and rope-burned, would after further handling be ready for the halter. The six men gentle leaders who had led the attack were ready for death by command of the Little Old Men and the Grand *Hunkah*.

There was *Tse-To-Gah*, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, son of Arrow-Going-Home, possibly the leader of the Star-That-Came-to-Earth gens. There were *Wa-Na-Sha-Shi'n*, Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants, of the Eagle, and *Wa-Cabe Shinkah*, Little Bear, of the Bear, and Little Rattler (Snake), possibly of the one gens of *Hunkah*

Grand Division, and *Hi-Sha-Ki-Hi-Ri*, Caddo Killer, gens unknown, and the sixth very likely of the Panther, whose name was never recorded, since panther-like he escaped the first night after leaving for Little Rock.

Some of the missionaries paddled a canoe downriver, spending one night camped on its banks, in order to witness the surrender of the prisoners. Despite the fact that they attributed quixotic nobility to the incredible dignity of the prisoners, and to those who gave them over to be hanged, their description of the scene is interesting.

But there was poignant tragedy there that Tuesday afternoon on June 7, 1824, on the Waters-like-the-Summer-Cow, the Neosho, that neither the army people nor the Union Mission witnesses could possibly understand. It wasn't death of the prisoners that made the five hundred hearts cold and leaden within them. What was death to a warrior? It was always present; it came out of the sky, it peeped under the edges of the lodges, it howled over the white world of winter, it came as *wa-lu-schkas* into the lungs with throat-rattler the frost, and came in the semen of the Heavy Eyebrows and from his breath. It lived in the heart of *mi-ixo* the grizzly, and on the points of the arrows of the Pawnees, the Padoucas, and the Sac and Foxes, and came with the *mo'n-ce* out of the guns of Heavy Eyebrows. It came from *shi-ku*, the snake, and it sometimes lived in the form of *wa-lu-schkas* on the points of the claws of the panther and the black bear.

At death the spirit was released, and reached Spiritland, but the spirit of the man who was hanged by the Heavy Eyebrows could never escape. The rope that choked off his breath also closed the spirit's exit from the body.

The missionaries, in their report which appeared in the *Union Mission Journal*, seemed almost sorry that "It would exceed the usual limits of a Journal to notice in detail the interesting transaction." They were deeply impressed "to see six brave men come forward, and voluntarily submit to become prisoners; to be put in irons; and sent away to be tried for their lives; to see this done with firmness and decision, by the unanimous consent of the Nation, and without

a single sigh from their affectionate wives . . . to see the sense of honor manifested on the part of the criminals, and the desire to do justice in the Nation, was indeed affecting to every spectator."

Colonel Arbuckle must have been nervous among this horde of Little Ones under such tense circumstances, and he delivered to them beef, pork, and flour.

The five remaining prisoners were delivered to Acting Governor Crittenden at Little Rock on June 25 under military guard. They were brought to trial in November in the Superior Court of the United States for the Territory of Arkansas, charged with the "murder" of Major Curtis Welborn, but only Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants were sentenced to be hanged; the others were acquitted. The date for the hanging was December 21.

Colonel Arbuckle, whose sense of justice could now come into play, asked the War Department to "extend clemency," but Acting Governor Crittenden opposed this recommendation, albeit the date for execution was postponed to February 24. The War Department asked Crittenden to supply the Secretary of War the statement of evidence on which the two Osages had been convicted, and the date of execution was again postponed.

Then Alexander McNair, the new agent for the Little Ones, got busy and tried to get them to agree to move from the Verdigris and join the other members of the tribe on the Neosho, these villages being the Big Hills and Arrow-Going-Home's villages. He had been directed to effect this removal. Naturally they refused.

He felt deep sympathy for them, and this seems laudable in the former first governor of the new state of Missouri who had listened to the free men. He became quite active and wrote to President Monroe, informing him that "there was a very general sentiment among the army officers and the better class of white settlers that the two Osages should not be executed at all."

President Adams pardoned Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and Little Eagle on March 21, 1825.

The mere fact of being imprisoned was tragedy to the Little Ones, and they seemed dispirited and perhaps felt that their *amour-propre*

was tarnished. Bad-Tempered-Buffalo had tried to commit suicide while in prison.

Literate people with an academic interest were on the side of General Bradford, McNair, and the officers and others, not so much through a sense of justice or a feeling of sympathy but from admiration. This attitude was expressed by *Niles' Register* of July 9, 1825: "Mad Buffalo and Little Eagle, the two Indians who were condemned to death for the murder of Major Wellborne and others in November 1823 have been pardoned by the President, and set at liberty. The magnanimity with which these Indians gave themselves up, to save their tribe, was not inferior to the famous self devotion of certain citizens of Calais, when that place capitulated to Edward the Third."

The excitement stirred up by the army over Major Welborn's "murder," and the dramatic unreason of the "better class of white settlers," along with hatred expressed by the free men and the Cherokees, was truly an American manifestation, as was the later evidence of sympathy for the convicted ones, even though Crittenden, the free men, and the Cherokees felt no reversal of feeling. What part conscience played in the attitude of the officers and "the better class of white settlers" can be found in the charge of "murder," perhaps.

There had been Fort d'Orléans on the Missouri, Fort Carondelet on the Osage, Fort Osage on the Missouri, Fort Smith on the Arkansas, and now Cantonment Gibson on the Neosho, all inspired by the activity of the Little Ones in protecting their "brothers" which *Wah-Kon-Tah* had given them, so that they themselves might attain old age.

41. *Mo'n Sho'n* Becomes a Shriveled Old Woman

DESPITE THE FACT THAT the Americans were not able to control the relations of their citizens west of the Mississippi with the Little Ones and the Cherokees under their beautiful Constitution and Bill of Rights, or even control their own military and the civil officials of Arkansas Territory, they characteristically tried to place the mantles of this highly civilized form of government called democracy onto the Neolithic Little Ones. The result was ridiculous.

The Arrow-Going-Home people called "Shainers" and Arkansas Osages were assembled at the Verdigris Falls to hear about a new thing which Colonel Arbuckle had to tell them. There might be more presents, also, but they felt they had better listen to the Heavy Eyebrows chief since his men were hammering and shouting and swearing three miles above the mouth of the Neosho, and there were log cabins and other buildings going up there, and it looked as if the Heavy Eyebrows warriors would stay there in the very heart of their country. So it was good if they listened to their agent, David Barber, and to Colonel Arbuckle.

When the Colonel asked if they approved of the thirteen men he had named to be national councilmen, they said it was good. Of course Arrow-Going-Home must become "president" and Tallai (Buck-Making-Horns), "vice-president." The council was to legislate on all important matters, and there were forty warriors appointed to carry out the laws of the council. On the council and the "national

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guard" there were a few obsequious Nobodies who had impressed both Barber and Arbuckle with their "spirit" of co-operation. Their strutting and the "government" lasted about as long as it took Barber and Arbuckle to arrive home.

About the time they were arranging the robes of democracy on the giant-bodies of members of the new government, which they hoped would control the young warriors who kept worrying Colonel Arbuckle, he received a report from one of his lieutenants, one Richard Wash, concerning the situation on the Red River: "... the laws of the United States relative to the introduction of slaves and to trading with the Indians are set at perfect contempt and daily and extensively violated. In addition to this, a band of lawless marauders have established themselves on the Red River above our post and are in habits of committing the most outrageous acts of robbery, violence, and murder."

These were Governor Miller's "banditti of outlaws." The Little Ones had proved that they were quite capable of keeping the area stirred up in protecting their "brothers" and needed no further incentive to make incursions into this country, but they received this added encouragement in the horse stealings, rapings, and murderings by these people who continually made raids north of the Red River. Thus when General Winfield Scott ordered troops from Natchitoches to the mouth of the Kiamichi to protect the citizens and established Cantonment Towson, another fort had been built because of the activities of the Little Ones, albeit the primary reason being the protection of serious citizens and Indian land and game from tribal fragments and free white barbarisms.

The personnel of the fort seemed to be almost immediately occupied in trying to destroy the citizens' stills, so that they could keep their soldiers alert and sober. And within seven months after Barber and Arbuckle were presenting the Revolutionary gentlemen's creation in the form of a government to the Little Ones, the free men were organizing to attack new Cantonment Towson because it interfered with their distilling of spirits for the soldiers' consumption and with their hunting on Indian lands. Later they actually attacked the cantonment.

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The Little Ones of the Place-of-the-Many-Swans had a very much better reputation than the Little Ones of the Place-of-the-Oaks. This was possibly due in part to the Chouteaus' control over White Hair and occasionally over the Big Hills, and partly due to the fact that the hairy ones of the lower Missouri and the Osage River were not burdened with Miller's "banditti of outlaws" and fragments of the Red River Cherokees, Choctaws, and rum and Spaniard-inspired Caddoans. The hairy ones of the Missouri, Meramec, and Osage and Gasconade rivers seemed to be more serious about settling and making homes, even though they were just as jealous of their fancied rights as free men and perhaps more land-greedy, since many of them were planters.

Further, the Missouri was the highway to Santa Fe and Taos, and the big fur companies helped keep it tidy. There was no need yet in the years between the end of the War of 1812, and 1815 and the closing of the American "factory" system in 1822 for the "Northern Osages" to cross the magic line extending from Fort Osage to Fort Smith, which represented their eastern boundary according to the treaty of 1808, in order to protect their "brothers." The hairy ones and the chain-pressured red men from the east had made this unnecessary; the "brothers" that had not been slaughtered had actually fled up the rivers to the contact line of prairie and woodland and were taking their refuge in the timbered bottoms and in the canyons of the prairie feeder streams of the Osage domain.

It was the eastern red man's pressure on the Little Ones with the pressure of the hairy ones, the same as it was on the Arkansas, that kept the Little Ones of the Place-of-the-Many-Swans agitated, as were the Little Ones of the Place-of-the-Oaks, and much of this activity was also inspired by the Cherokees. The Cherokee leaders were still dreaming of an Indian state, wherein the Cherokees would rule, but which would be made up of eastern tribes. There was not room in this state for the Little Ones, but their domain was a necessity and this kept the situation tense. Even when Indian agent Graham and William Clark and Colonel Arbuckle were listening to the Cherokee leaders telling of their plans for confederation, they were constantly agitating the Osages to another attack like that of Bad-Tempered-

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Buffalo, Arbuckle, Clark, and Graham would, after listening to the voluble Cherokees, snap their mental fingers and say to themselves that the project was a perfect solution of the Indian problem. The Cherokee leaders would mention that all the eastern Indians and those south of the Great Lakes had been exchanging wampum and messengers about the confederation, and they would name to Clark the Shawnees, Delawares, Kickapoos, Piankashaws, Weas, and Peorias, the Miamis, Wyandots, Ottawas, Oneidas, and Potawatomis, but failed to mention that it would be necessary to drive the savage Osages from their ancient domain. Not even Clark seemed to be thinking of the "bad Indians" now. It was the creaking wheel again, and the need of axle grease.

Clark was impressed and immediately got in touch with Secretary Calhoun. Naturally the "object" met the approval of the government. But no one seemed to consider the Little Ones until Clark had heard a new chorus of "outrage" from the trespassers both red and white. And this only annoyed the government as represented by Missouri Senator Benton, and they began to wonder what they must do with the "buffalo Indians," the savage Osages.

The scarcity of game east of the magic line—the boundary of 1808 between the Little Ones and the hairy ones—became a national problem when the eastern Indians the government had collected through Graham east of the line upon this ceded Osage land began to starve, and the hungrier they became the more trespassing there was by their hunters on the Little Ones' side of the line, and the more "outrages" committed by the savages (the Osages).

The Osage domain had been patrolled by them like a great game refuge, and here the game was plentiful still, and the eastern red men on the boundary soon built up the same attitude of injured virtue as the free men had done. Earlier these displaced tribes had been ready to join the Cherokees to invade the domain of the Little Ones, but the government had stopped them. War was imminent for several years, and Agent Graham listed their potential in warriors available against the Little Ones. He figured that the Cherokee could put 600 warriors into the field; the Kickapoos, 400; Delawares, 600; and since the Potawatomis and Sac and Foxes had through the years de-

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pleted the people of the Illini confederation, the Weas, Michigamans, Piankashaws, and Peorias plus the Shawnees could field only 500. This would make a force of 2,100. He thought they might get the ancient enemy of the Little Ones, the Pawnees, to join them with perhaps 2,000 warriors. The Sac and Foxes would not take action against their old enemies.

Graham believed that the Osages could bring into the field about 1,250, with the Konzas. This would be only the Shainers, led by Arrow-Going-Home, if he had not by now grown too old, the Place-of-the-Many-Swans Osages remaining aloof because of the enmity between the Grand *Hunkah* and White Hair, called Great *Ki-He-Kah*.

William Henry Harrison, when he was governor of the Indiana Territory, made a treaty with the Sac and Foxes in 1804 in which they "promise and agree that they will put an end to the bloody war which has hitherto raged between their tribe and the Great and Little Osages."

According to the great warrior chief of the Sac and Foxes, Black Hawk, who gave his name to a war between the Americans and his tribe later, he himself had led his warriors across the Missouri to attack the Osages when he had only a handful of men and had attacked hundreds of Osages, of course defeating them, killing many and losing himself only a few men or none at all at times.

It was notable how the Algonkians and the Iroquoians exaggerated their own prowess in totting up the number of enemy they had killed and the number of their own losses; it was always so one-sided that it was incredible; but many of the chroniclers believed them, just as the impressionable magazine writers and travelers in the West of the 1860's and 1870's were impressed by the histrionics of professional buffalo hunters and American soldiers in their war with the Plains Indians. The Plains Indians themselves were either more chivalrous in their reports or the woodland Indians had been so long associated with the white men that they considered this exaggeration as quite natural. The Plains Indians, at least the Osages, seemed always to give their enemies full credit, being untrustworthy only when each gens talked of their own prowess.

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The year 1822 was an important year in the history of the Little Ones. The Place-of-the-Oaks people had made a treaty with the Cherokees, which would not last, but at least it freed them to go on their necessary buffalo hunts to the headwaters of the Cimarron and the Salt Fork without fear of Cherokee warriors attacking their defenseless villages. Now if they saw the boot tracks of the Cherokees on their side of the magic line, they need not trail them if they were hunting; only to fill their bellies and not hunting and trapping to sell the hides to the Heavy Eyebrows. However, they did trail them, and when they found bloated carcasses of deer, buffalo, or wapiti or bear, they tried to overtake the party before they got across the line. They could cross the line into the ceded land which now belonged to the Cherokees and the Shawnees and the Delawares, the last who sang their talk like *sho-mi-kase*, the coyote, but there was little game there, and they chose to stay on their own side most of the time in order to keep the Shawnees and Delawares from killing their "brothers." Lovely's Purchase line they almost never respected anyway.

A steamboat came to Fort Smith in the Planting Moon of that year, April, 1822, but there is no tribal memory of it, nor is there any tribal memory of the steamboat that passed the mouth of the Osage River, *The Yellowstone*, in 1819.

In this year (1822) they touched the feather again with the Heavy Eyebrows, and there would be no more *wah-don-skas* to be had from Fort Osage or from the "factory" established on their river just the year before. This was close to the meeting of the two forks, the Place-of-the-Many-Swans, in fact. It was just up the north fork which the French had called in near translation of Place-of-the-Many-Swans, *Marais des Cygnes* River. The little settlement of Papinville is all that is left of this "factory."

It was in the autumn of this year that White Hair moved from the ridge above the Place-of-the-Many-Swans with his villages, which probably included the People-of-the-Thorny-Valley, the Big Hills, at least part of whom also moved. However, they moved to the Verdigris above the villages of Arrow-Going-Home, and White Hair moved with his people to the Neosho above Union Mission.

The first European influence to divide the tribe was the rivalry of

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the fur traders Chouteau and Lisa. And now the move from the old village sites of the last of the Little Ones was occasioned by rivalry between the now powerful fur companies and the United States government, led by the powerful fur trader John Jacob Astor of the American Fur Company. He had lobbied in Washington against the "factory system," and Congress had acted. This left the private trading post at Côte sans Desein just below the mouth of the Osage River, as the place closest to the Missouri Osages where they might get *wah-don-shas* in trade for their furs. This was in the country ceded by the treaty of 1808, and the free men of Missouri often waited for a chance to kill and scalp a small number of Little Ones when they crossed the magic line. If they went in great numbers to trade with the friendly Frenchman, Baptiste Louis Roi, and his Osage wife, the free men would say that they were a war party and the troops might even be called out. There was nothing for them to do, they who by now must depend upon the trade goods of the Heavy Byebrows since they had become accustomed to them.

Under the factory system, there was a superintendent of Indian trade with his headquarters in Georgetown, D. C., but after May 6, 1822, there was a superintendent of Indian affairs with headquarters in St. Louis. This office was given, quite properly, to General William Clark of the old Lewis and Clark adventure.

In 1825 when Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants were pardoned by President Adams, there was much discussion about again moving the Little Ones farther west, and especially away from the areas of their ancient domain overrun by Cherokees and free men. The logic seemed to be that the east-of-the-Mississippi tribes had no homes, and since they were starving in southwestern Missouri and elsewhere because the free men had killed the game for the market, they ought to be moved into the Osage domain where there was still game to subsist them and where there were yet few free men to shout and disturb the government about the rights of free men. Also, to continue with the logic, since the Cherokees and the free men could not be kept out of the Osage domain and since by their invasions they disturbed the whole region, the government would punish the Osages by removing them.

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A treaty was made at St. Louis, Missouri, June 2, 1825. William Clark, superintendent of Indian affairs, represented the United States, and it was signed by a long list of chiefs of the Great and Little Osages.

According to the government the treaty was made "In order more effectually to extend to said tribes that protection of the Government so much desired by them, it is agreed as follows": To cede all lands lying within the state of Missouri and Territory of Arkansas, and "all lands lying west of the said state of Missouri and Territory of Arkansas, north and west of the Red River, south of the Kansas (Konza or Kaw) River, and east of a line to be drawn from the head sources of the Kansas, southwardly through the Rock Saline, with such reservations, for such consideration, and upon such terms as are hereinafter specified, expressed, and provided for."

The second article assured the Little Ones that "within the limits of the country, above ceded and relinquished, there shall be reserved, to and for the Grand and Little Osages . . . as long as they may choose to occupy the same, the following tract: Beginning at a point due east of White Hair's village and twenty-five miles west of the western boundary of the State of Missouri fronting on a north and south line, so as to leave ten miles north and forty miles south of the point of said beginning, and extending west with the width of fifty miles to the western boundary of the lands hereby ceded and relinquished by said Tribes or Nations."

Teachers and persons attached to the Nation would be allowed to come into the reservation, and the United States reserved the right to navigate all waters on navigable streams. The United States were to pay annually for twenty years, in money, merchandise, or provisions, amounting to \$7,000. They were to furnish 600 cattle, 600 hogs, 1,000 domestic fowls, 10 yoke of oxen, 6 carts, and farming tools. They were to furnish a blacksmith and advisers necessary to build "comfortable and commodious dwelling houses" for the four principal chiefs.

The United States would assume the debts to trading houses to the amount of \$4,125.80 if the Osages would release them from the first, third, and fifth articles of the treaty in 1808, in which they, the United

States, had agreed to station troops in garrison at Fort Osage (referred to as Fort Clark) for their (the Osages') protection, furnishing a blacksmith and delivering merchandise at Fire Prairie.

The United States would take over the claims of the Delawares against the Osages to the amount of \$1,000 as part consideration for the signing of the treaty.

In Article 9, the United States agreed to assume the responsibility toward its own citizens, in paying to them damages which they claimed were perpetrated by the Osages; "to quiet animosities, which at present exist between a portion of the citizens of Missouri and Arkansas and the Osages in consequence of lawless depredations of the latter, the United States do, furthermore, agree to pay, to their own citizens, the full value of such property as they can legally prove to have been stolen or destroyed . . . since the year 1808 which has not been paid under former treaties . . . the sum not to exceed \$5,000."

Merchandise was to be delivered to the Osage villages to the amount of \$4,000, and \$2,000 was to be paid before the delegation departed from St. Louis, plus horses and equipage to the value of \$2,600.

Lands in the just-ceded part of the old domain were to be given to mixed-blood children on the Neosho and on the Marais des Cygnes, and the United States paid A. P. Chouteau \$1,000, Paul Ballio, \$250, and William Shirley Williams, \$250 in liquidation of debts of the Osages to these traders.

This treaty was signed by some sixty chiefs, chieftains, and warrior leaders of the Grand and Little Osages, some of them being, Arrow-Going-Home, White Hair, Big Bear, He-That-Sees-Far, Not-Afraid, Little Chief, Big Soldier, Traveling Rain, and Little Soldier.

By this treaty the Little Ones were pushed into a region which lies within the southern part of modern Kansas. This strip had its eastern boundary twenty-five miles west of the modern Kansas-Missouri boundary and was fifty miles wide. Its western boundary was the international boundary between the United States and Mexico.

Witnessing the treaty that second day of June, 1825, at St. Louis were Edward Coles, governor of Illinois; A. McNair; Osage agent Pierre Chouteau; W. B. Alexander, sub-Indian agent; and P. L. Chouteau, subagent.

For some reason this treaty of 1825 seemed to William Clark to be a farce, or perhaps the hypocrisy of which he had been a part as agent was just becoming clear to him. He had no way of realizing that a tribe of nomadic people could not long stand in the way of energetic European expansion, and that one day or another this resistant Neolithic people would be pushed farther and farther west, or destroyed completely. No one who had official or other relations with them realized that there was any law except that which had been handed down to the white man from Palestine through Rome and England. If they had known something of earth-struggle and the laws of biology, they might have felt no need to hide behind chicanery and lies which they turned into comfortable Christian truths, hypocritical or humanitarian urges to "protect" the Little Ones.

When Ethan Allen Hitchcock was traveling in the Indian country in 1842, he talked with Clark. Everybody came to see Clark, since he was considered a noble soul and a man of high standards and quite the best authority on Indians.

Hitchcock wrote: "I have heard General Clark say that he offered to take the conditions of the treaty himself, pay the money and own the country, and he said at the time it was the hardest treaty on the Indians he ever made and that if he was to be damned hereafter it would be for making that treaty. It really seemed to weigh upon his conscience."

The new state of Missouri (admitted in 1820) had come into rather difficult times. The depression which followed the Napoleonic wars had just reached Missouri about 1819, and a year after statehood the legislature had declared a moratorium on debts. This was in June, 1821. The people were barely saved from the barter system after the failure of the banks, and there was more restlessness than ever and more invasions of the domain of the Little Ones, which were very much like crossing into a game refuge by hungry men.

This constant struggle between the Little Ones and the free men and the suspicious and restless settlers would have been a sufficient reason for the treaty of June, 1825, but soon after the depression of the early 1820's, steamboats began to ply the Missouri, and the fur trade expanded and the western terminus of the trade was pushed

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upstream from Franklin to Independence. Then there was the road to Santa Fe over which the people of the United States traded with Mexico. This had to be kept open between Independence and Santa Fe, but the Little Ones and tribes west and southwest owned the land through which the trail ran, and there had to be another "touching of the feather" between the Little Ones and the United States government this same year of 1825.

There were some beautiful oaks on the upper waters of the Neosho River growing in a gash of the limestone of the high prairie, and the travelers from the "States" to Santa Fe made this beautiful spot a stopping place, since there was plenty of both water and shelter from the summer sun and the mad winter winds.

Here in this gash in the limestone prairie, a party of men met to make a treaty, so that the travelers to Santa Fe could have tranquility of mind as they traveled with their goods between the mouth of the Konza River almost to the Big Bend of the Arkansas. The new trail of Heavy Eyebrows commerce would run through the country which the Little Ones had controlled and which they claimed along with their splinter, the Konzas. This was the beautiful land which even inspired the military-minded Zebulon Pike to poetic expression, stiff though it was.

Here where the wind waved the tall bluestem and there was still the roar of the bulls in Buffalo-Mating Moon, and bull wapiti challenged on moonlit nights in Deer-Hiding Moon, where the Little Old Men say the Padoucas were afraid to come, and the Pawnee-*maha* came only in large numbers and on very fast horses. There were no free men here yet; they were too easily seen here on the high prairie, and the Cherokees dared not come here either.

During the Yellow-Flower Moon, August 10, 1825, perhaps sixteen chiefs and leaders of the Little Ones came with their old factor, Major George C. Sibley, Commissioners Benjamin H. Reeves and Thomas Mather, and William Shirley Williams, formerly of the Harmony Mission, as interpreter.

The Osages-of-the-Oaks were not present. White Hair led the delegation, and there were Beautiful Bird and No Ears and others of the Little Osages. They were mostly Little Osages.

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The party sat under a large oak and agreed that since the Congress of the United States was anxious to promote a direct commercial and friendly intercourse between citizens of the United States and Mexico, the United States needed a road to connect the two countries.

The road would be free to citizens of the United States and the citizens of Mexico and the Osages must promise not to molest them as long as they kept to the road, and they even agreed to aid them. The road was to extend to a "reasonable distance on each side," so that travelers might leave the trail to find subsistence and proper camping places.

For permission to use this trail without molestation, the United States would pay to the Grand and Little Osages \$5,000 in money or merchandise, "at such place as they may desire."

Naturally the commissioners had brought about \$300 worth of presents to produce the right frame of mind for the signing. They seemed to think that chiefs and leaders representing only part of the tribe, would make the agreement legal.

Of course, the treaty makers had ever in their thoughts the Osage resistance to the government's plan to resettle the immigrant Indians on their old domain, where they would aid the free men in killing off the remainder of their "brothers." The government believed that they might create a buffer between the settlers of the state of Missouri and the Osages represented by a rectangular area fifty miles from north to south and running parallel to and twenty-five miles west of the western boundary of the state of Missouri. On the west it would be one with the eastern boundary of the reservation of the Osages. This buffer was to be called "neutral lands" and left without inhabitants white or red.

Consequently it was soon being settled by free men, and they were soon crying that the Osage devils were taking their horses and traps and guns. Later, just ten years later, in 1835, this Neutral Land became Cherokee Neutral Land, when the Cherokees had begun to demand more land west of the Mississippi, fearing that they might become crowded there. This land was sold to them, not given.

It was a perfectly naïve idea of the far-away government, since an old Osage man could walk across the twenty-five miles and back in a

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day, and he could ride it in much less time. Also, by this time the men in Washington must have known that they couldn't control the free men, whisky making, theft, and murder.

42. The God of the Heavy Eyebrows

HARMONY MISSION HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED on the Marais des Cygnes just above the spot where the "factory" would be established later, in 1821. It was the third of the string of missions established by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions under the Congressional act of March 3, 1819, which carried an appropriation of \$10,000 a year for the purpose of teaching the Indian children agriculture, reading, writing, and arithmetic. The President, being empowered to select the agency for this purpose, chose this organization. The "brothers" and "sisters" of these three missions—Dwight in what is now Pope County, Arkansas, established for the Cherokees; Union in the modern Mayes County, Oklahoma, just above (about five miles) the little town of Mazie; and Harmony on the Marais des Cygnes River in Bates County, Missouri—were stark enthusiasts. Their journals of that period are extremely interesting and quite revealing. They put down such details as the Little Ones' surrender of Bad-Tempered Buffalo and other little gleanings which light up the dark corners which were untouched by the military and official reports. Their entries are revelatory in that they bring out a severe humanitarianism along with a darkness of mind into which little light concerning the God-concept of the Little Ones could penetrate. They were interested in the manner in which the Little Ones cooked their food, and what they ate, and the manner in which they dressed and how the women set up the lodges, and they were swayed by the