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Article Summary: Pioneer Reminiscences: Historical recollections in and about Otoe county; Historical letters of Father DeSmet; First white child born in Nebraska; Father William Hamilton on traditional origin of Omahas and other tribes; Robert W Furnas on the same; Some historical data about Washington county; Relics in possession of the Society; First female suffragist movement in Nebraska; Autobiography of Rev William Hamilton; Father Hamilton on derivation of Indian names; Henry Fontenelle on derivation of Indian names; History of Omaha Indians; Anecdotes relating to "White Cow" or "White Buffalo"

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HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS IN AND ABOUT OTOE COUNTY.

To James Fitch, of Nebraska City, the Society is indebted for the following recollections, reminiscences, and records. A portion are papers read before the Otoe county Old Settlers' Association, and others as furnished and published in the local newspapers.

The following is a paper read by Mr. Fitch, at an Old Settlers' meeting:

On the 19th of May, 1855, I left Muscatine, Iowa, in company with Mr. John Hays, Mr. Raymer, and Mr. Gates, together with their families, bound for Nebraska. When about half way across the state of Iowa we met families returning, who assured us if we went into the territory we would not get out alive.

Our small party paused to hold a council and the majority were inclined to recede. I was consulted as the senior. My reply was, "On, Stanley, on, we are this far, let us see the elephant." Had my family been along, my decision might have been different.

I have always looked on that moment as one upon which hinged our weal or woe; especially when I look around upon the numbers it brought into this place, you would scarcely believe, were it possible for me to enumerate, and all due to my "elephant speech" on the bleak prairies of Iowa.

On the 6th of June, '55, I first put foot on Nebraska soil, guiding the near ox by the horn off the ferry boat at Florence. Oh, how warm, and the river so muddy; it seemed thick enough to make slapjacks. I asked the pilot what made the water so dirty. He said 'twas the last river in creation, and when the Almighty finished all the rest he gathered up all the slops and made the Missouri.

We camped in a ravine where now stands the beautiful and wealthy city of Omaha.

LOOKING FOR SHELTER.

The next day, in company with Mr. Hays, I started for Tekama.

The first night out we experienced a terrible thunder storm, and not a vestige of shelter; not even a glimmer from a shanty to cheer the lonely night. The second day the heat was excessive, and doubly oppressive for want of water. Toward evening we struck a trail leading to timber which we followed, thinking to find water, but not a drop to moisten our parched lips. Upon entering the timber we saw a large tree with a chip taken out, and on close inspection noticed an arrow or finger pointing the direction we came, under which was written, "Four miles to Tekama." To the heart and hand that placed that small though potent inscription there we might attribute the preservation of our lives. It is needless to say we took courage and retraced our steps. About 12 o'clock at night we reached the city, consisting of one tent and two small cabins covered with bark. Here we found Mr. John Young, an old acquaintance, who gave us tea and refreshments which revived us greatly. After a sound sleep and hearty breakfast we each laid claim to a section of land, after which we returned to camp, feeling so rich. Go away with your small eastern lots. I would not take one as a gift. We have never since viewed our possession; for aught we know they have been sold for taxes.

We again hitched up "Buck" and "Berry," and our party recrossed the Muddy, traveled down the Iowa side, and pitched our tents opposite this place. Mr. Hays and myself crossed in a flat boat. Was kindly received by Mr. John McMecham and family, at whose house good square meals were dished up by a young boy who grew up to be the good man Edward Henry.

AT NEBRASKA CITY.

Wending our way up, not Main street, but a ravine where now stands Pinney & Thorp's mill; the hot sun scorching us suggested something to take, and had we known that Wallace Pearman could have slaked our thirst, gladly would we have patronized him, for we were "orful dry."

After viewing for several days the beautiful limpid streams skirted with timber, the undulating prairies dotted all over with choice flowers, and comparing all with the country surrounding Omaha, we concluded to make this our future home. Accordingly, on the first of August I started back to Muscatine, Iowa, for my family, on foot, a distance of over three hundred miles, with a little "grub," a quart canteen, and

two and one-half dollars in my pocket. On one occasion I traveled six miles out of my way to get a canteen full of water. Two nights, being unable to reach a house, I lay on the prairie with no covering but the starry decked canopy of heaven, with nothing to break the monotony save the buzz of the mosquito, who, like a hungry creditor, insisted on presenting his bill. I made the night short for fear Mr. Wolf would find lawful prey. The only weapon I had was a one bladed knife to sharpen my pencil—the only dangerous weapon I ever carried was when, in our country's need, Col. Ivers, some others, and myself, in order to show the blood of our forefathers and the ambition of our mothers, carried an old rusty musket and drove the Indians into the Rocky Mountains, where Col. Channington put his foot on them. If my own gun was ever loaded some other person fired it off, or the load is in her yet.

Please excuse the divergence. To resume, I arrived home after about three months' absence, and when nearing my house two little boys seeing me ran in trembling with fright, and said to their mother, "here comes a crazy man."

TO JOHN BOULWARE'S MEMORY.

Soon again I turned westward with my family, and on the 10th day of October, 1855, again set foot in Nebraska, taking up our abode in a most dilapidated shanty situated on Kearney Heights, and known as Christy's college, where we were visited soon after by Mr. John B. Boulware, and on casting his eye around he said, "This will not do, I have a better house near the landing, move into it." And gladly we accepted the proffered kindness. Moving was easy, a few wheelbarrow loads and we were comfortably situated in the new quarters. The next day Mrs. Boulware called, and in her we found a friend indeed, only equaled by her husband. The memory of all their kind deeds will ever be cherished by our family, and so far as dollars and cents could repay them, John was remunerated with both principal and interest in after years when he visited us at Camp Creek.

ONLY A PORTION.

Mr. President, these are but the outlines of the initiatory steps over the threshold of Nebraska. I suppose every one here remembers too well their own checkered path. In those days I considered myself a

pretty good carpenter, but unfortunately my tool chest, together with some other things shipped from Muscatine, did not arrive until the following spring. Then the all important question arose as to how I was to support my family, with cruel winter staring me in the face, no tools to work with and no acquaintance with the only firm that kept them. One morning I plucked up courage—did I say courage, not I, for I had none. However, I got to the store by the ground not complying with my foolish wishes to open and swallow me up. What a task for me to ask an entire stranger to trust me for a set of tools. One of the proprietors was pointed out to me, who proved to be Mr. Nuckols, of the firm of Nuckols, Hail & Vandorn. I approached him with a bow and the salutation of the morning, and commenced to tell my story; that I was a carpenter with a large family; then come the tug of war; he surveyed me a moment from head to foot, then said, "do you intend to remain here?" "Yes." It was easily answered for we could not get away. He turned and said, John, let this man have what he wants. That sounded good, and after selecting such things as I stood most in need of, John said, is there anything else? That sounded still better. I have always thought John was the nearest "white" of any man I ever knew, when gathering up my tools. Mr. Nuckolls asked me if I could do a job for Judge Bradford. It was a small one, for which he paid me a five dollar gold piece. Oh! how large it looked. And just here I claim to have made the first window sash by hand that was ever made in this city.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

But, Mr. President, I find neither time nor space will permit giving in detail the vicissitudes of our early days in Nebraska. A trip to Sidney for a little salt, thence to Sonora with a grist of corn, making the trip with oxen, taking several days. Our daughter's marriage to S. B. Davis, being the first wedding in Kearney; the cake being a sad affair—no eggs to be had and flour scarce. Our moving to the claim in mid-winter, with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, the poverty stricken oxen sticking in a snow bank, two children shivering in the sled, and my hazardous tramp several miles for Mr. F. Simms to help with his team. Then our cabin with its dirt roof leaking for several days after a rain, the occupants sitting up in bed with a bucket

or pan to catch the drops, and after the sleepy holder was drenched with the contents, dozing off, perhaps to dream of shingle roofs and board floors. The trial of having a grist ground at Jamison's mill, which only made six revolutions a week, as the old logs lying around will testify to this day. Necessity being the mother of invention, I made a grater of enormous size, on which we ground our corn, often at the expense of skinning our knuckles; the marks I now carry.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF MINISTERS.

Once a minister came, and after addressing the few settlers, all dispersed without inviting him to dine. Perhaps they all felt like ourselves, too poor and proud to offer the man of God what would hold soul and body together. At all events, I invited him home, all the while pondering over in my mind what we could set before him; the clouds were somewhat removed when I thought of the plate of butter in the root house, which was a great luxury those days. I felt easy until the table was being set, when, alas! vain hopes. Our dog "Trusty," so untrue to his title, had stolen the butter, and sorrowfully we watched the preacher wash down the dry corn bread with the familiar beverage, corn coffee; and that was the last Camp Creek ever saw of Mr. Preacher.

THE OLD COW GONE.

Then the cattle died, the loved cow was long on the lift, and, like a funeral procession, every morning the family gathered around the prostrate form, lifting, steadying, and caressing her, fully impressed that a cow was a good thing in a family where milk was scarce.

In conclusion, Mr. President, you may think, to contrast eighteen years ago with the present, I am going to tell you that I am rich; but I cannot say that. but if we could have been half as comfortable then as now, would have felt rich. I have occupied too much of your time and the half is not told.

SUMMARY.

Well, it gives me pleasure to look around on not only our own children but our grandchildren. I do not like to be profane, but I could live in this healthy Nebraska until I saw the third and fourth generation, for this is my place, here will I stay, for I do love it well.

LETTER FROM S. F. NUCKOLLS.

Read before the Old Settlers' Picnic on June 17, 1874.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

June 10, 1874.

Maj. J. W. Pearman, President Old Settlers' Association:

I thank you kindly for the honor done me in your letter of the 26th ult., in behalf of the Old Settlers' Association of Otoe county, Nebraska, extending to me an invitation to deliver the annual address before your Society at the fourth reunion, to be held this present month.

I would most gladly accept your invitation, but now is the busy mining season, and I have other and pressing duties that prevent, so that I must decline this opportunity of meeting my old friends in Otoe county—the best friends that man ever had.

It was October 1, 1846, when, being just twenty-one years of age, I left my native Virginia and traveled two hundred miles on foot to Wyandotte, on the Ohio river. There I took passage on a steamboat to St. Louis as a deck passenger. I have before me my passage ticket, which read as follows:

STEAMBOAT SWATARA.

Trip No. 4.

1846.

S. F. NUCKOLLS

Paid Deck Passage to St. Louis.

To Wood and Coal.

From St. Louis I made my way by land to what is now called Civil Bend, but which was then known as Hog Thief Bend, about five miles from Nebraska City. On the steamer Swatara I had made the acquaintance of William Lambert, who lived there. When I arrived at his house he told me I could board there gratis, as long as I pleased, if I would help "grit;" as there was no mill in the country and all the corn meal had to be made in that way.

The next day there was a horse race, and as every one present had bets on the race except A. A. Bradford, Deacon Lambert, and the writer, we three were elected judges of the races. Judge Bradford was then county clerk of Atchison county, and he persuaded me to go down with him to Linden, Mo.

In a few days there was a wedding to take place at Mrs. Cornog's in Hog Thief Bend, to which all Linden went, ere the sun was low. But lo! the Methodist circuit rider, who was to tie the knot, did not come because the Tarkio river could not be crossed. The impatient guests arranged with B. M. George, sheriff of that county, to perform the ceremony between Wm. Wells and Miss Cornog. Mrs. Cornog was opposed to this proceeding, but every one else said it was all right; so the ceremony was performed, turkey and pigs eaten, and there was dancing on the puncheon floor of that log cabin "till daylight did appear." Two days thereafter the minister arrived and learned of the circumstance, and insisted that they should be remarried according to the forms of his church, which was duly done.

Judge Bradford, who was prominent at this wedding, some years afterwards was connected with Hon. J. S. Morton, Hon. J. F. Kinney, and Horace H. Harding in inducing Joseph Murphy, of Iowa, to give a grand oyster and champagne supper at the Nuckolls House, Nebraska City. At this social gathering there were present such eminent men as Gov. S. W. Black, A. J. Hopkins, E. A. Des Long, Dr. J. C. Campbell, John B. Boulware, W. R. Craig, Wm. McLennan, Geo. E. Crater, W. R. Sroat, C. H. Cowles, Dr. Wm. Dewey, J. H. Decker, Wilson M. Maddox, Gideon Bennett, Dr. Henry Bradford, H. P. Bennett, Gen. H. P. Downs, N. S. Harding, Thomas Morton, Judge Edward R. Harden, of Georgia, M. W. Riden, Mills S. Reeves, and many others. Hon. J. F. Kinney presided, and, after all the wine in town had been drank, at the expense of Murphy, the following resolutions were introduced by Hon. J. S. Morton, and unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, We are convened here this evening, at the invitation of a distinguished and eminent member of the high and honorable profession of the law—a bright particular star in that firmament of legal erudition, whose effulgence illumines the fertile and magnificent valley of the Missouri river—Joseph Murphy, Esq., of Fremont county, Iowa; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That in the intellectual economy of Joseph Murphy are all the elements and acquirements appertaining to the sound, practical, and profound lawyer, the ever reliable, staunch, active, energetic, and sagacious Democrat.

2. That the said Joseph Murphy, for his honesty, integrity, and indomitable industry and sobriety, is peculiarly fitted for a seat upon the supreme bench of the supreme court of Utah, for which place he seems to us *the man*—the man furnished at this crisis in the affairs of that polygamous commonwealth, as Napoleon was to France, by the hand of a never erring destiny.

3. That we earnestly, solicitously, anxiously, and prayerfully petition His Excellency, James Buchanan, the President of the United States, to nominate and, by and with the advice and consent of the United States Senate, confirm our friend and host as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah. And furthermore, be it

Resolved, That we wish Joseph Murphy, Esq., long life, honor, happiness and prosperity in this world; that we thank him for this entertainment; and that when late he may be called to *return* to heaven, his ecstatic psychological essence may evaporate to sing forever and ever beneath the ambrosial palm trees of that viewless world, where the Hesperian oligarchy blooms perennially forever and aye.

A newspaper printed up the river, called the *Bugle*, in 1854, published the following:

The Military Reserve on which Nebraska City is situated has not been publicly abandoned. What assurance have settlers that the War Department will not order the whole Reserve—six miles long, three broad—upon which the pleasant town site of Nebraska City is situated, to be sold to the highest bidder? The public buildings are yet unsold, and the people may at some future day find their happy homes subject to the auctioneer's hammer.

During the fall of the same year the first foot race took place, in which Wilson M. Maddox was beaten by the writer.

In 1855 the first legal "mill" occurred, before Judge E. R. Harden, of Georgia. Hon. O. P. Mason and H. P. Bennett engaged in physical combat, but no blood was shed. The court was much astonished at western habits.

During the same year Hon. J. S. Morton became interested in the *Nebraska City News*. Upon his first arrival with his estimable wife they visited the printing office, then in the second story of the old Block House, in company with the writer, finding Shack Grayson the sole person in charge, who afterwards—owing to his early associations—became a distinguished member of the Mississippi legislature.

In 1856 the proprietors of Nebraska City, fearing that the town of Wyoming would eclipse Nebraska City, concluded to buy that town, and did so, but they did not pay much for it.

Later in the same year Riden & White published the following statement of the stock market:

Nebraska City lots, \$50 to \$300. No choice ones offered.

Omaha scrip, no inquiry.

Omaha lots, no sales.

Wyoming lots, heavy transfers to capitalists.

Hamilton, ten shares for a brass watch and a little black dog.

Otoe, Gideon Bennett reports that no sales made except to those who will build.

Delaware, no inquiry.

Powhocco, 20 shares for an old blind horse and two Peter Funk watches.

Fairview, 36 shares for a big white dog and an old gun.

Xenia, 50 shares for a gilt watch chain and ten cents *cash*.

Fredonia, 20 shares for a pewter watch and a pair of boots.

Brownville, lots donated to any man who wears store clothes.

Kearney, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, too high (on the hill).

In January, 1857, the Otoe County Lyceum was established, and the following officers elected:

President—W. R. Craig.

Vice-President—Wm. E. Pardee.

Recording Secretary—Philip K. Reily.

Corresponding Secretary—H. H. Harding.

Librarian—H. M. Giltner.

Treasurer—Francis Bell.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. O. B. Dunning.

Trustees—Joshua Garsiele, M. W. Riden, Henry Bradford, S. F. Nuckolls, M. K. Kay.

In 1858 the great firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell commenced freighting for the government from Nebraska City to Utah, New Mexico, and military posts in the West. During that year they started out 4,000 teamsters, with 3,000 wagons, and over 30,000 head of oxen. Their business was managed by Alexander Majors, Esq., in a manner that gained the admiration of the country and gave the city an impetus in every branch of business.

The writer and other old settlers were invited to go out to camp to see the first train started, upon which occasion Mr. Majors addressed the "Outfit" as follows:

OX TEAMSTERS: I am a moral and religious man, and feel it my duty as a member of society to carry out and enforce so far as possible a wholesome moral influence; therefore I give every employe one copy of the Holy Bible to defend himself against moral contaminations, and also a pair of Colt's revolvers and a gun to defend yourselves against warlike Indians; and each of you are required to sign a contract to the effect that while in our employ you will not use profane language, nor get drunk, nor gamble, nor treat animals with cruelty, nor interfere with the rights of citizens or Indians; nor do anything ungentlemanly towards

any one; and a violation of this agreement shall make you liable to a discharge and a forfeiture of your wages.

We pay the highest prices that are paid for the services that you are now about to engage in, and your good behavior is a part of the value that we receive for what we pay you.

If it were right to take a man's labor for nothing, which it is not, I would not allow any one of you to travel with one of our trains if you would board and find yourselves and work for nothing, and at the same time violate the rules of propriety just laid down to you.

It is my desire that our firm shall be a means of largely benefiting our employes while they are associated with us. To do this, we must have rules and discipline for your government, which must be obeyed, otherwise there will be confusion, and your standard of morality would be lowered. There are two distinct kinds of influence that affect the children of men—what we call the bad and the good. If men enjoy the genial and wholesome influences desired, they must be practically right in their lives. Otherwise the bad influence will take hold of them.

I desire you, wagon masters, to be kind and gentle and dignified toward the men in your care, and for this your reward will be the respect and gentlemanly deportment of your men toward you.

I want you young men who are placed under these wagon masters to obey them, and shall anything then go wrong they will be held accountable for any blunders. Now, young gentlemen, you will observe by the rules established that I do not require you to sign a temperance pledge, but to keep from getting drunk. I will, however, suggest that the only sure way to keep from getting drunk is not to drink at all.

If I had a weakness of that kind, and a man calling himself my friend invited me to drink, I would consider him more an enemy than a friend. There are some here who may say that they cannot refrain from the habit of swearing. Perhaps you have not thought of what a wicked thing profane swearing is.

Many young men have mistaken notions in regard to this practice. I may think it an accomplishment, while it is a shameful disgrace. It carries with it other evils that you would be ashamed to acknowledge that you were guilty of.

Many say that it is the only bad habit they have—that they hate a liar or a coward. They forget that it is next to impossible to swear without commencing with a lie. The greatest cowards in the world are the most profane and vulgar swearers. No man who calls upon the Almighty to damn his soul means what he says. If he did he would not be guilty of such blasphemy. Now, young gentlemen—you who think that you cannot refrain from swearing—I will now tell you of three positions where it would not be possible for you to swear. I will call with you upon your mother sitting at her center table with the old family Bible on it, and two or three other ladies with her. Could you introduce me to them and wind up with an oath? Not one of you is so degraded as to be guilty of doing so.

I will now go with you to church. We will place three Christian ministers in the pulpit, fill the pews with fathers and mothers with their little curly headed, blue eyed, and rosy cheeked boys and girls. Is there a gentleman among you that could bring out a profane oath with such surroundings? The next situation

in which we will make the test will be in the position in which we are now associated. We are here in our rough costumes, we have the ox yoke, the huge wagon and log chain, and our situation is one that gives us nothing to bolster up or restrain us, but the manhood and remembrance of our good mothers and their advice. Now, young gentlemen, I will say to those who assert that they cannot help swearing I will cease speaking for two minutes, so as to give time for any man who is now present who says that he cannot refrain from swearing to deliver himself from some of those huge oaths. [A pause.]

So now, not one of you seems burdened with a desire to swear. I thank you, young gentlemen, for standing the test, and pray that you may always maintain true integrity and refrain from profane practices. If perchance I meet one of your mothers I pray that she will not say to me that while you were in our employ you lost your good name, and my aim shall be to send you back to your homes with your habits and business qualifications bettered instead of lowered. Now, young gentlemen, in time of peril remember your fathers and mothers who raised you, and the God who sustains you.

And now, Old Settlers,
Farewell. I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love to thee.

F. S. NUCKOLLS.

OTOE COUNTY IN EARLY DAYS

By E. H. COWLES, One of the Oldest Settlers.

Thinking a sketch of the early history of good old Otoe county would be a readable article in your columns and at the same time be appropriate to the times, I will give a few items of the many incidents that fell under my observation at an early day in the organization, settlement, and progress of the territory; more particularly that which refers to the then Pearce, but now Otoe county.

As my books and papers referring to transactions which happened in those days were all burned when my house was burned, I can only speak from memory and approximate as to dates. It should be remembered that this whole country bordering on the Missouri river, including Kansas, was called Nebraska territory, or the Great American Desert, supposed to be an uninhabitable waste; not until about from '50 to '54, during the great California emigration, which passed over nearly every portion of this wild country, was the fact generally known that this vast country possessed agricultural qualities unsurpassed by any portion of our wide-spread country. Stimulated by these facts a few adventurous individuals put a practical test to the productiveness of the soil by planting different kinds of grain and

vegetable seeds, with the happiest results. Conspicuous among these is the name of General Southerland, an exile leader of the Canadian rebellion. His writings and lectures, fortified by his experimental knowledge, contributed no little in kindling the fire of excitement which soon after swept along the other side of the river, until even the women seemed to excel the men in enthusiasm, even the very chickens as they crowed seemed to hurrah for Nebraska.

During the summer of 1853 communications with Indians disclosed the fact that the Kickapoos, half-breed Missouris, Otoes, and Omahas were not only willing but anxious to sell their lands to the government. In order to facilitate business we determined to call a convention to meet at St. Joseph, Mo., during the winters of '53 and '54, for the purpose of memorializing the President and Congress in regard to the necessity of taking early steps to treat with the Indians, organize the territory, and open it up for settlement.

The convention was called, the delegates from this part of the country were: H. P. Bennett, from Glenwood, Iowa; A. A. Bradford and W. McEwen, from Sidney, Iowa; H. P. Downs, from old Fort Kearney, Nebraska; S. F. Nuckolls and C. H. Cowles, from Linden, Mo.

In starting from Linden nothing unusual occurred to disturb our happiness until near Savannah, Mo. Mr. Nuckolls and myself being in a buggy behind the rest, in hurrying up we drove astride a stump which proved a little too high for our buggy tongue, breaking it in several pieces, compelling us to switch off for repairs. But it is better to be born lucky than rich; Mr. Nuckolls having a lumber wagon a short distance behind, which soon came to our relief, taking us in tow for St. Joe, where we landed all right.

The convention being organized the next thing that occurred to interfere with our harmonious action was in the committee room of the committee on resolutions, Charles F. Holley, chairman. We played mock-congress from "dusky eve until early morn," the committee being nearly equally divided on a resolution substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the emigrants in the territory ought to receive the same protection to property that they enjoyed in the states from which they emigrated.

Of course property, in the resolution, meant slaves. We finally *compromised* by agreeing to report nothing on the subject, little dreaming that we were making a small ripple in the tidal wave which was

so soon to sweep over the bloody plains of historic Kansas and finally culminating in a national wide-spread fratricidal strife, forming an epoch in our history both humiliating and degrading to the morality and intelligence of a people possessing all the advantages of a high state of civilization in the nineteenth century. But the convention closed harmoniously with the best feeling over a champagne supper provided by the wide-awake and enterprising citizens of the then village, but now the city of St. Joe. Next morning we all took our leave, McEwen and myself in a buggy, Downs on horseback, (Bradford and Nuckolls going another road on business). Here again I was doomed to more bad luck; just as we were entering a long unsettled prairie we not only broke our buggy-tongue, but an iron axle. Here again we were compelled to switch off for repairs. Downs, seeing our misfortune, said he never forsook a friend in trouble, stuck by and assisted us like a brother until we were fully repaired and on the track again. We could only make headway against the drifting snow and wind by letting down our buggy-top and taking the full benefit of the storm, with the thermometer from 18° to 20° below zero. We stood it however, until we arrived at my home in Lincoln, Mo., a little frost-bitten, otherwise all right. Here we rested a little and partook of such refreshments as the landladies (my wife and her sister, then a young girl, now the widow Jasen) had provided. Excitement being on tip-toe, a goodly number of our friends visited us to hear our report, which we proceeded to give that night over a box of cigars, etc. For the condition of the room and the amount of manual labor necessarily expended on it next day I will refer you to the landladies aforesaid.

The early settlement of Nebraska seemed to be a fixed fact, treaty or no treaty. The objective points for town sites and towns was the first thing to be taken into consideration. In order to get ahead of any one else, one Green, Johnson, and myself agreed to locate forthwith at Table Creek, or old Fort Kearney, as it was then called, but we agreed to call it *Nebraska City*, and to build and to take a stock of goods there as soon as navigation opened in the spring, provided we could get the consent of H. P. Downs, a sergeant in the regular army detailed to take care of the military reservation and government property at old Fort Kearney, the fort having been moved to where it now is.

Next morning after the arrangement I started for the purpose of seeing Downs and getting his permission; this was about the first of February 1854. Not being very well posted in such matters I concluded to go by Sidney, Iowa, and let A. A. Bradford know about the enterprise, for the purpose of getting his advice as to the safety of the movement. So far as the B mile reservation was concerned, Downs was supposed to be monarch of all he surveyed, except the ferry, of which Boulware had enjoyed the exclusive right for many years. Bradford went over with me to see Downs, who cordially received us on our arrival; I think we found Charley Pearce and Charley Bearwagner there. We soon let Downs know our business. He, Downs, proposed that if I would take him in as partner in place of Mr. Johnson, that we would proceed at once to make a show for a town; that seemed to be the only safe course, I agreed to it at once. I went to work forthwith to build a store-house and a dwelling for myself. We were to buy a stock of goods to be shipped as soon as navigation opened. As Mr. Nuckolls was soon to start for St. Louis to buy goods, we agreed to see him for the purpose of getting him to buy our goods for us. For this we agreed to go to Linden the next day; as I had to go by Sidney with Bradford, we were to meet at Austin for dinner. While there we saw Mr. Nuckolls passing, so we all went to Linden together; we told Nuckolls our plans and asked him to buy our goods, which he readily agreed to do without any extra charges, saying that he thought it would pan out well and proposed to make it a third larger and go in with us, which we readily agreed to while at Linden. Nuckolls bought of Downs an undivided half interest in the prospective town site, paying Downs enough to enable him to furnish his quota in buying the goods. This much being arranged the paramount object now was to provide ourselves with customers; for this purpose an early treaty with the Indians became a necessity.

For this purpose runners were sent out to convene the Otoe Nation at a point near the mouth of Platte river, for the purpose of signing a preliminary treaty and to make arrangements for the chiefs to go to Washington. The delegates selected to assist in drafting the preliminary articles of the treaty between the Otoe Nation and the United States of America were H. P. Downs, C. W. Pearce, with Hon. A. A. Bradford as minister plenipotentiary extraordinary, to form alli-

ances, conclude peace, and make treaties. Upon meeting, the Indians eating dog-supper, smoking the pipe of peace, they at once proceeded to business. The necessary papers were soon made out, and signed on the part of the Otoe Nation by Artakeeta, principal chief, and Big Buffalo, White Water, and Kickapoo, chiefs of bands. In order to make the thing effective at Washington the signature of Major Gate-wood, the legally appointed agent of the United States, became an imperative necessity which there was no getting over. For that purpose he was sent for (found at Glenwood, Ia.) and his services soon procured. The chiefs were to start for Washington immediately, with Maj. Downs as escort. The programme now was that Downs was to go to Washington with the Indians to assist in the final ratification of the treaty; Nuckolls to St. Louis to buy the goods, and myself to keep making a show for a town, by building my houses, etc. Here matters took a turn which were not as favorable as we desired. The excitement in Congress over the slavery question prevented the ratification of the treaty at an early day as we had expected. Downs wrote from Washington that the Secretary of War had informed him that if the whites settled over here on the Indians' land he should feel that it was his duty to order them off and to remove them by force if necessary. Under this state of facts Mr. Nuckolls very prudently thought it best not to take the risk, and came home (after having waited in St. Louis several weeks) without buying the goods, thus bringing the enterprise to an abrupt termination at least for the time being.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable news a goodly number of us had to move over during the spring of '54 and commenced a permanent settlement. Having completed my buildings, and being out of employment, I concluded to take the risk alone, and in June started for St. Louis in company with Messrs. S. F. Nuckolls, Columbus Nuckolls, and Mr. Hall, Mr. Nuckolls rendering me every needed assistance in buying and shipping my goods, which were safely landed about opposite where the elevator now stands. I soon had my goods in position to accommodate my customers, nearly all of whom were Indians. I had not been in operation long before sure enough as had been expected Major Hepner, the newly appointed agent, received instructions to order all the whites to leave this side of the river. This of course was a little trying on me, as all that I had was hourly in danger of being confiscated.

To make the situation more critical and alarming, the Indians having become in possession of the facts and taking advantage of them, they soon formed themselves into a war party and came upon us, painted in a manner most hideous to behold, frightening men, women, and children, ostensibly for the purpose of driving us from their land, but the real object was to levy a tribute upon the inhabitants. In this they were successful, as many of the old settlers can testify, to the tune of from five to forty dollars. But the order from the War Department was to go. Major Hepner requested us to call a mass meeting and pass resolutions that we would go and he would send them on with his report. This was done in order to stay proceedings, thinking that before Major Hepner could make his report, and the War Department learn the real state of facts (which were that we didn't intend to go) that the treaty would probably be ratified, and the territory opened up for settlement. Fortunately in this our hopes were well founded.

HISTORICAL LETTERS FROM FATHER DE SMET.

The following letters were written by Father De Smet, a Roman Catholic Missionary among the Northern Indians in a very early day. One was written to the St. Louis Historical Society, and the other to A. D. Jones, Secretary of the Old Settlers' Association of Omaha. They are valuable historical data:

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, December 9, 1867.

Mr. N. Ranney, Secretary of the Historical Society of St. Louis:

DEAR SIR—I received your kind favor of the 5th instant. Your kind invitation of the 16th ult. I intended to answer by attending your meeting of the Historical Society of St. Louis, on the 7th; this being Saturday, I was much occupied at St. Francis Xavier's Church, and I regret I was unable to accomplish my desire on this occasion.

The question of locality which has arisen about old Fort Atkinson, or Council Bluffs, built in 1819, I think I can answer satisfactorily. During the years 1838 and 1839 I resided opposite what is now called the city of Omaha. In 1839 I stood on the bluff on which the old fort was built in 1819; some rubbish and remains of the old fort were all visible, and some remaining roots of asparagus were still growing

in the old garden. Fort Atkinson was located where now stands the town of Fort Calhoun, Nebraska territory, about sixteen miles, in a straight line, above the city of Omaha, and forty miles by river; Mr. Cabanne's trading post was ten miles, by land, above where now stands Omaha city. Manual Kisa had a trading post one mile above Cabanne's. I met Captains Joseph and John La Barge, and proposed the question of the former site of Fort Atkinson, in order to test the accuracy of my memory, and they confirmed it in every particular.

Most respectfully, dear sir, your humble servant,

P. J. DE SMET, S. J.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, December 26, 1867.

Mr. A. D. Jones, Secretary Old Settlers' Association, Omaha, Nebraska:

DEAR SIR—My absence from St. Louis has delayed my answer. You have the kindness to inform me that we are still entitled to a reserve of land, on which the old mission house and grave-yard were located in New Council Bluffs. All I could learn on the subject is: several years after the last missionary among the Pottawatomies left that location he was applied to by the Catholic bishop of Dubuque, and ceded to him all the right to the mission claim. How the bishop has acted upon this cession in his favor I have never been informed. I would feel obliged to you to obtain further information on this subject.

To the best of my own personal knowledge, and assisted by Capt. Joseph La Barge, the old explorer of the Missouri river, I will here answer your various queries: First. "Where was old Fort Calhoun located?" Fort Calhoun was never located; it took the name of Fort Atkinson, which was built on the very spot where the council was held by Lewis and Clarke, and was the highest and first military post above the mouth of Nebraska river. Second. "Where was old Fort Crogran?" After the evacuation of Fort Atkinson or Calhoun, either in 1827 or 1828, or thereabouts, the troops came down and made winter quarters on Cow Island—Captain La Barge states it was called Camp Crogran. The next spring the flood disturbed soldiers and they came down and established Fort Leavenworth. Col. Leavenworth was commandant at the breaking up of Fort Atkinson. Third. "There is an earthen remain of fortifications on the east bank of Omaha; do you know who built or occupied it?" The remains alluded to must be the site of the old trading post of Mr. Heart.

When it was in existence the Missouri river ran up to the trading post. In 1832 the river left it, and since that time it goes by the name of "Heart's Cut-Off," having a large lake above Council Bluffs city. Fourth. "Do you know of either soldiers or Indians ever having resided on the Omaha plateau?" I do not know. A noted trader by the name of T. B. Roye had a trading post from 1825 till 1828, established on the Omaha plateau, and may be the first white man who built the first cabin on the beautiful plateau where now stands the flourishing city of Omaha. I cannot call to memory the signification of the word Omaha.

My time is much occupied at present. Should I find later any point worthy of communication in reference to our old mission, the New Council Bluffs, the early history of Omaha and Nebraska, I shall take great pleasure in forwarding it to you.

Very respectfully, dear sir,

your humble servant,

P. J. DE SMET, S. J.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN NEBRASKA.

The following correspondence relating to the first white child born in Nebraska was published in the *Omaha Herald* at dates indicated therein:

BROWNVILLE, NEB., January 29, 1880.

Dr. Geo. L. Miller, Omaha:

DEAR SIR—The enclosed letter I have just received. Being of a historical character, I hand it to you for publication, hoping by that means Mr. Harnois may be able to obtain desired information.

I would ask, too, that any one being able to communicate any facts, would do so either through *The Herald* or direct to me, as President of the State Historical Society, that we may have them for file.

As Father Hamilton, now of the Omaha Indian agency, was, in an early day, connected officially with the Indian tribes named, he will be more likely to know of the matter referred to than any other person. Send him a copy of *The Herald* containing this correspondence, "marked," please.

Yours,

ROBERT W. FURNAS.

The letter of Mr. Harnois is as follows :

St. JOSEPH, MO., January 23, 1880.

R. W. Furnas, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I have for quite a while past thought I would write you inquiring who were the first whites (of whom you have any knowledge) born in your State. My father, Mr. Peter Harnois, thinks that my sister, Mrs. Rosa Knight, of this city, has the honor, she being born in 1842, November 11th, and I in 1844, November 12th. My father at the time was a government blacksmith and was working for the Pawnee Indians. Think he worked for them five years, and five years for the Otoes and Omahas. My father and mother are both living and are here, have lived here over thirty years.

Very respectfully
your obedient servant,

JOHN HARNOIS.

BROWNVILLE, NEB., February 2, 1880.

Dr. George L. Miller:

Relating further to the question, "Who was the first white child born in Nebraska?" I have received the following letter from Father Hamilton, which I hand you for publication. Yours,

ROBT. W. FURNAS.

OMAHA MISSION, NEB., February 13, 1880.

R. W. Furnas, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Your favor was duly received, but in the pressure of matters relating to the mission school, was forgotten, till I accidentally picked up a fragment of the *Omaha Herald* (sent to Susette La Flesche), containing your letter and Mr. Harnois' letter also.

I answered a similar inquiry some years ago, when Judge Kinney, of Nebraska City, thought a child of his, born while on the way to Salt Lake, in 1833, was the first white child born in Nebraska.

I came to the Iowa mission at or near Highland in 1837 (Dec. 29), Mr. and Mrs. Irvin came out in the spring and met in St. Louis. Rev. Mr. Dunbar and Samuel Alice, who had spent some time with the Pawnees and had gone that far east to meet their future companions in labor, returned to the Pawnee mission on the Platte river that same spring of 1837. I do not know how many children

these men had. Mr. Alice had four grown up and still living as far as I know, and some I think died. Mr. Dunbar I think had several, one not long since in Topeka, Kansas, John B., I think professor in some institution there. He could give more definite information as to the time of their several births.

But these were *not the first* born in what is now Nebraska. Rev. Moses Merrill was missionary to the Otoes, Mr. Irvin thinks, for about ten years. He died near Bellevue, I think about the time Mr. John Harnois thinks his sister was born. Mr. Merrill had been laboring many years among the Otoes before Mr. Irvin and myself come to the Iowas. I saw an account of a missionary meeting in Maine a few years ago, at which a Mrs. Merrill made some remarks, an aged lady, and I have no doubt his companion in labor among the Otoes. They must have gone there in '32, '33, or '34, I think not later. I never saw them. Mr. Irvin did, and said they had several children.

I think a family by the name of Chase lived there about the same time. In the winter of '37 and '38 I met a gentleman who had been among the Poncas (it may have been the year following), who spoke of a missionary who was appointed to the Poncas, but resided some distance this side of their village with his wife.

Rev. Edmund M. Kinney went to Bellevue in 1846. I went there in 1853.

If any one wishes the honor of being the first white child born in Nebraska he will have to search records about 10 years before 1842.

Yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

Dr. G. L. Miller:

I will endeavor to throw some light on the subject of the early births of Nebraska, as propounded by John Harnois, through the solicitation of ex-Governor R. W. Furnas, President Historical Society. During the lengthy correspondence that I had with Capt. Bissel and General Ranney, some years since, in which I took issue with those eminent and worthy gentlemen in reference to the location of Council Bluffs, I obtained many historical and interesting facts, among which were the marriages and births of those early days. Mr. E. Luther wrote to me that he went to Fort Atkinson, afterward Fort Calhoun, and formerly Old Council Bluffs, in 1818, and remained there until 1823. During that time he said there were two

marriages and two births, but did not inform me as to what were their name or even the sex.

After Omaha had become a village of some importance, a young gentleman informed me that he was born at Fort Atkinson and was the first white child born in Nebraska.

Mr. Allison, who came to Bellevue in 1834 as a teacher and missionary, informed me that a Mr. Rentz, a blacksmith and married man, resided there, to whom was born the first male child of that agency, and that his, Mr. Allison's, daughter, afterward Mrs. Captain Holland, our former city marshal, was the first female born at that mission.

Fort Calhoun was abandoned and the troops sent to Fort Leavenworth about 1827. If the young man above referred to was born even up to the year of evacuation, he was ahead of Mr. Harnois. But we have at least two others. Mr. Rentz's son born at Bellevue previous to 1834, and Mrs. Holland, daughter of Mr. Allison, born at that mission in 1834, and others a few years later, were all older than Mr. Harnois.

ALF. D. JONES,

Secretary O. S. A.

The following letter is from Rev. Wm. Hamilton, who was a Presbyterian missionary among the north-western Indians, commencing in what is now Kansas, in 1837:

OMAHA MISSION, March 4, 1868.

A. D. Jones, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of February 22d is received. I would have replied at once, but thought I would enquire of Le Fleche, to see if the traditions of the Omahas was the same as that of the Iowas, from whom I first received the traditions. It is as follows:

A long time ago the Iowas (they call themselves Pa-ho-cha or Pa-hu-cha), Otoes, Omahas, and Missourians (called Ne-yu-ta-ca) were one people, and in their traveling they encamped in four bands on the river (perhaps the Missouri or Mississippi). The Iowas encamped on a sand-bar, and the dust blew in their faces, and they received the name of Pa-hu-cha, or "Dusty Men." They are called Iowas only by other tribes and the whites. Long, in his "Expedition," interprets it "Gray Snow." "Pa," or "pah," is used for the nose of the

human face, or for the head of an animal, but not for the human head. "Ho-cha" is "dusty," hence of a dirty gray color. "Pa," scarcely distinguishable from "pah," the nose, is the name for snow; hence Long's mistake, being ignorant of their traditions. Ne-u-tach, the Missourians, encamped at the mouth of a stream, "Ne-u-cha-ta," hence they were Ne-u-cha-ta—"at the mouth." But Le Fleche says the same men were in a canoe, and were drowned, "ne," "water," "o-cha-tan-ye," "died in;" ne-o-cha-ta, "drowned," or "died in water." The Omahas encamped above, on the stream "E-ro-ma-ha," contracted into "O-ma-ha," which means "above," with reference to a stream, or "above, on a stream." To understand the word, I must add that they have three words translated "above." "Mang-gre," with reference to height, "air;" "o-me-re-ta," with reference to a country, "bordering on" or "near a stream;" "e-ro-ma-ha," with reference to the stream where your position is. Literally, Omaha is "e-ro-ma-ha," with reference to Bellevue, but "u-re-ka-re-ta," with reference to this point. Le Fleche gives the same meaning to the word that the Iowas do. The way the Otoes get their name is hardly fit to be named. Otoes, Iowas, and Missourians speak the same language. Omahas, Poncas, Osages, and Thonges speak a kindred language, but far more guttural, the two last named especially so. Hoping the above may prove satisfactory, I remain,

yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

In connection with the letter of Father Hamilton, I desire to add the following facts:

During my term of four years as agent for the Omaha Indians, I took pains to learn all possible as to the origin, meaning of name, etc. From the oldest chief, Noise, or Muttering Thunder, I learned this tradition, and which I give as near in his own language as possible:

"A long time ago" (that is about as definite as time can be obtained from an Indian) "our fathers came from where the sun wakes up" (far east). "They were looking for a new home, where the sun goes to sleep" (in the far west). "They crossed the Ne-shu-da" (Missouri) "river way down below here, and out onto the sea land"

(meaning the western prairies). To abbreviate the interview, the chief proceeded to relate that, after wandering on the prairies for a long time, they became discouraged. Dissensions and differences of opinion prevailed, but all agreed to go back to the Ne-shu-da river. The tribe divided into four bands, as indicated by Father Hamilton, and started eastward to the river. What is now the Omaha tribe—their band reached the river farther north than either of the other three bands and for this reason were called the Ma-has. The interpretation of the word "Ma-ha," given me by Noise, was "farthest up the river," "up yonder," "up above the others."

As proof of the original name, "Ma-ha," I have now in my possession original documents, credentials of chiefship, given to the "Ma-ha Indians;" one, in Spanish, given in 1794 to "Wa-ging-a-sa-by, head chief nation Ma-has;" two given by "James Wilkinson, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the U. S., and Governor of the Territory of Louisiana, and Supt. Indian affairs," given on July, 1806, to Wa-ga-sa-by; one to Wash-co-ma-ni, chief of the Ma-has; and one to Wa-ho-ra-ka, a soldier of the Ma-ha nation.

Lewis and Clarke, in the narrative of their expedition in 1804-5-6, speak of the "Ma-ha nation" and "Ma-ha village."

ROBT. W. FURNAS.

SOME HISTORICAL DATA ABOUT WASHINGTON COUNTY.

W. H. Woods, of Fort Calhoun, Washington county, furnishes me with following data:

Hon. R. W. Furnas, President Nebraska Historical Society:

DEAR SIR—Agreeable to our promise to continue our investigations, we, last Tuesday, visited the site of the old village mentioned in Bell's History of Washington County, page 39, as the site of an old Mormon settlement of 1845; but thought by Mr. Grenell and others to have been of much older date, and probably a farm station or outpost of either Fort Atkinson, which lay about one mile east, or Fort Calhoun, four miles south.

The location is but a few rods north of the present De Soto P. O.,

near Mills station, in a cultivated field belonging to the Hon. T. M. Carter. The buildings were in two rows, running north and south, and the foundations were so well laid as to be a continual annoyance to the plowman yet. Here in company with Mr. C. we scratched around in the frozen earth with our feet, and were rewarded by finding an old butcher knife, a piece of a glass dish of an antique pattern, and a portion of a tombstone, with the letters O and N in perfect condition and an S partly gone, making the word "son," the same being the end of the name. The top was neatly chiseled and ornamented, and of a species of reddish sandstone. Four kinds of brick were found, from a very small variety almost as hard as granite to a very large one, each differing in hardness, yet all keeping good condition. The small ones are covered on one side with a species of cement, and we understand of these kind were made the floors in the houses of Fort Calhoun and then covered with a thin coating of this material to form a smooth even surface.

We next visited the cave of the De Soto "Light Horse Brigade," Bell's History, page 38. The entrance was too much closed by the caving in of the bank and a stream of melted snow water to obtain an entrance. We will try again. The boys in the neighborhood who were inside last summer think they passed about forty feet, when they found a depression in the floor, probably a magazine or rifle pit, and as the entrance was nearly closed and they had no torches, they did not investigate further. Mr. C. also kindly presented us for the society the lock and key to the door of the old Waubeek Bank, of De Soto, 1857, A. Castetter, now of Blair, teller. See Bell, page 38. The lock is a formidable affair, and apparently as good as new, and cost, Mr. Grenell says, twelve dollars and a half. The lock of the safe is in the possession of Mr. Grenell.

Mr. Carter has a five dollar bill of the old bank of De Soto that a few years ago could have been purchased for a few cents, now considered of more than face value.

This portion of Nebraska promises to open up a rich field for the antiquary, the dry-a-dust of those particularly interested in the early days of our now wonderfully prosperous state of Nebraska. Brick that have been buried in foundation and cellars for over half a century are being constantly exhumed and used, and they are in just as perfect condition as they were when first laid. Fire-brick, also in the

most perfect order, are also still here, the last remaining monuments of the old hearthstones, many of them, no doubt, as bright and beautiful in their surroundings as the joy and cheer that may pass around the hearthstones of to-day. They have left behind them also specimens of their handiwork, their arms, coins, metals, etc., many of which are now in the hands of our citizens. The site of the old blacksmith shop under the bluff has been established and a careful digging may reveal many things. A portion of the old dairy house still remains just west of town; the old spring still running, surrounded by the same stones, quarried and brought from Rockport hills probably more than sixty years ago.

The old grave-yard, too, on the highest point of the bluff west of the fort, may yet bring forth some treasures in names, dates, etc., as it is but a few years, I understand, since the last stone fell.

We have now added to our collection in addition brick, fire-brick, fragments of cement, a barrel of a flint-lock musket, a cannon axle weighing about fifteen pounds, of charcoal iron, hand-forged, the points turned in a lathe, but of inferior workmanship; also specimens of hand-made nails, used in the construction of their buildings, and three varieties of delf, all varying in color, design, and thickness, one with a green figure and the other blue.

For many years there has been a legend current here that two lieutenants from the South, stationed at Fort Calhoun, fought a duel here upon the point of the bluff about a half mile north of the fort, and that both were killed and buried where they fell. Mr. A. P. Allen reported a few years ago that a portion of one of the grave stones had been plowed up and thrown over against the timber, and in conversation with Mr. Frahm we learned that the stone was in the possession of his little seven-year-old son Otto, and that the other one had been for some time on the premises, but now mislaid, and that it bore the word "Hanson." The one in the possession of little Otto he kindly presented to the Society. It is of triangular form, evidently from the center of the monument, is six by twelve inches in size, two and one-quarter inches in thickness, of limestone, and bears the following part of the inscription complete, except the letter C, here noted, and other marks not strictly legible, ——— C—eniber, 30 years.

Mr. Frahm's son, Freddie, also permitted us to examine and measure the head of the femur and also a section of vertebræ of a mam-

moth found upon Mr. Frahm's farm. The former originally measured thirty and the latter fifteen inches in circumference.

W. H. WOODS.

To Hon. R. W. Furnas, President Nebraska State Historical Society:

Mr. Craig having called our attention to certain discoveries made at the dairy house and spring, already mentioned, while building his fish ponds, we again visited it, and found that after the stone had been removed that the extreme diameter of the well was about eight feet, of octagon form, a curb having first been made of three sided cottonwood posts with two-inch cottonwood boards, spiked upon the outside of these with a peculiar form of hand-made nails of various length and thickness, and so well preserved was the wood that we had hard work to secure good specimens of the spikes, although the latter were as good as though but recently driven. About two rods east of this, where some charred timbers had been exhumed, we found a portion of an oak framing timber 8x8, with the tenon and oak pin in good shape, also three-inch oak plank measuring about fourteen inches in width and mortised across the end to make a smooth joint. These were evidently a portion of the milk room, and by placing on edge on the outside of a frame and placing the earth back they would require no nails; no marks of nails could be found upon them, and they came from out of the side of a high bank. Mr. Grenell and others expressed doubts about the age of the well, and cited us to Mr. Daniel Franklin for information, but in conversation with the latter gentleman we think we are in the main correct.

Our attention has also been called to a ditch and earthwork half a mile south of the fort. But as it runs across a bend in the prairie with steep banks and timber on three sides, it was probably a sod fence for garden or corral purposes.

W. H. W.

Mr. E. H. Clark, now of Blair, in 1856, probably planted the first orchard in Washington county, which is now a portion of the residence property of Hon. L. Crouse. The next year two or three others were planted, and three or four years after the well known Stevens or Grenell orchard was planted. They have all made a good growth, and been more than ordinarily fruitful. We, to-day, measured one of the neatest, smooth-trunked apple trees it has ever been our

pleasure to examine, and found it to measure four feet and nine inches in circumference two feet above the ground. We also examined the deciduous trees planted by the roadside at the same time, and give the result with the same kind of measurement: White elm, 5 feet and 10 inches; hackberry, 5 feet 7 inches; black walnut, 4 feet 3 inches; coffee bean, 3 feet 6 inches; black locust, 5 feet 8 inches; while cottonwood planted by the late Col. Stevens at the present residence of S. N. Pennell in 1863 measures 6 feet 6 inches.

Mr. Hiram Craig thinks he has the largest transcendent crab tree in the state, three feet ten inches, while a Scotch pine planted by our venerable horticulturist, Dr. J. P. Andrew, measures thirty-two inches. And it may be a matter of surprise to many to know that by close observation of a number of years we can find less than a dozen trees now standing upon this plateau that were here at the time of the evacuation of the fort. At that time, said a trader at Fort Randall in 1853 to Mr. Chester Bannister, of this place, I was a soldier at Fort Calhoun, and the river ran where is now the old slough, and the timber on the other side of the stream was not larger than a man's thigh. This then is the hundreds of acres of large cottonwoods cut by the settlers during the past twenty-five years. The channel of the river would have been about seven-eighths of a mile from the present depot of the St. P. & O. R. R. The channel now lies, by recent government survey, a fraction over three and a quarter miles from the above building. This is from the surveyor's note book the day the line was run.

In 1856-'7 the steamboat landing was about half or three-quarters of a mile west of the present channel, supposed to be the exact spot where stands the cabin near the still water, known as Nichol's shanty.

For the benefit of travelers by railroad we would state that the camp of Lewis and Clarke was supposed to have been nearly east of the first railroad bridge north of Calhoun. This may have been the reason why this spot was chosen by the two unfortunate young men spoken of in a previous issue.

Mr. Woods, in a subsequent letter, referring to his previous communication, adds the following notes:

And here also remain the younger scions of the old black locust grove (probably the first artificial grove planted in Neb.), from which

hundreds of trees have been sold and planted in Iowa and Nebraska. Horseradish and asparagus still remain in the old garden, from which our citizens have supplied themselves for the past twenty-five years. Several varieties of plums are also supposed to have been brought here and planted at the same time.

In addition to which, Mr. Gideon, now of Iowa, states that in 1865 he first ploughed up the sod, and in so doing he came across a number of fragments of grave stones in two places at some distance apart. The one was of a white color, and the other much darker in color, and also differed very much in thickness, the white being the thicker; and that the stones lay in a line from N. E. to S. W., which would also agree with the shadow of the sunlight coming from the east and shining squarely upon both parties to this sad affair. We know that two kinds of tombstones were used by the soldiers, as we have the two kinds referred to here, but not both from the same place.

We have reason now to suppose that the plank used were barge plank, brought up from below with them, probably a portion of the boats used in coming.

Should you chance to pass here on S. C., St. P. & P. R. R., by a little study of this rough diagram you can have some idea of the points of interest. The plan is drawn for two city blocks for each section as numbered, streets included. The cemetery is upon the high point of bluffs north of the grove, five blocks west and four north of depot, and is at present marked by a large pile of manure hauled upon it. (*) is very near where Legerd states that an Indian chief was buried with his pony and trappings, and for several years his friends came to hold lamentations over his grave.

W. H. WOODS.

From Washington county papers I present the following data relating to death of old settlers in that county:

HUMPHRIES—On Saturday, March 16th, on a U. P. train, in Western Nebraska, Mr. Edwin Humphries, of this place, aged 64 years.

Ed. Humphries was well and favorably known to almost everybody hereabouts. He was one among the first settlers in this county, locating at De Soto in May, 1855, where he continued to reside until last fall, when he moved to Blair on account of failing health. He has been troubled with a dropsical affection, and has been steadily

declining for several months. On Friday last he started on a trip to Colorado, seeking relief in a change of climate, and this effort proved fatal, for on Saturday evening a telegram announced his death on the cars at a point near Julesburg. The remains were returned by express, arriving here on Monday, and the funeral was held on Tuesday from Germania Hall, services being conducted by Rev. Doherty, of Omaha, according to the faith of the Episcopal church. Ed. was a warm hearted, genial man, and a citizen of sterling integrity, who had many friends and no enemies. He leaves a wife and one son—Wm. Humphries, of this place—to mourn his loss. He served with credit during war times in the Second Nebraska Calvary, and has always been recognized as a progressive member of the body politic. His death is the falling of another landmark in the early history of this county.

WARRICK—At his home in Cuming City precinct, this county, April 25, 1883, Amasa Warrick, aged 58 years. Funeral at the Baptist church at 11 o'clock to-morrow.

The subject of the above notice was born in Clearfield county, Penn., Aug. 10th, 1825. *Coming to Nebraska in 1856*, he located where Watson Tyson now lives. The next year he moved to the spot where he died, and has lived there with his family ever since, respected by all who knew him. Only a few months since Mrs. Warrick died from an attack of small-pox, and now her husband has gone to meet her in that happier and better land. By honesty and frugality Mr. Warrick accumulated a competency, supplying each of his children with a home for himself or herself as they reached their majority. He leaves eight children, respected, highly esteemed young men and women, to mourn his death. No man who ever lived in Washington county was more thought of or more highly respected by his neighbors and acquaintances than "Uncle" Amasa Warrick, and certainly none were ever more entitled to it. He lived as he died, an honest, conscientious, Christian man, respected by the rich and beloved by the poor, whose friend he always was.

FRANKLIN—At the residence of her son, W. B. Franklin, in Fort Calhoun precinct, on Saturday, July 14, 1883, at seven o'clock A.M., Huldah Franklin, wife of Daniel Franklin, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

Mrs. Huldah Franklin, who died at her son's home near the village of Fort Calhoun last Saturday, was one of the oldest settlers of

Washington county. She came to Nebraska with her husband twenty-seven years ago the 23d day of the present month, and located near Fort Calhoun, where she has ever since resided. She was approaching her seventy-fifth birthday, and had been married about fifty-three years. Her husband, Daniel Franklin, and four children, Warren B., Monroe, D. L., and Mrs. Dean Slader, who are left to mourn her death—all reside in Calhoun precinct. Pioneers of the county who knew her as a kind and obliging neighbor years ago will join her friends and relatives in mourning her death.

RELICS.

The Society is in possession of the following valuable relics:

INDIAN DOCUMENTS.

A commission as chief of the "Ma-ha" Indians to "Wa-ging-a-saby." El Baron de Carondalet, Caballero de la Religion de San Juan, Mar de Campodelo Reals Exercistas Gobernador General, Vice Patrono de las Provincial la Louisiana, of Florida Occidental, Sub-inspector General de las Tropas of Milcias de las Mis Mas de," dated New Orleans, May, 1796.

A commission to "The-ro-chy" (two sides of a cow), "Chief Soldier of the Ma-ha Nation," dated July 27th, 1815. Given by "William Clark, Governor of the Territory of Missouri, Commander-in-Chief of the Military thereof, and Superintendent of Indian affairs."

Also two other Indian commissions given by same authority. One to "Wa-ho-ra-be," "Soldier of the Ma-ha Nation," of date August 4th, 1815. One to "Wash-ca-ma-nee" (The Hard Walker), as "Second Chief of the Ma-ha Nation," of date July 27th, 1815.

A commission to "Wash-com-ma-nii," a "Chief of the Ma-has," given by "James Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, Governor of the Territory of Louisiana, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs," dated July 27th, 1806. This com-

mission clothes the chief with a "medal" as a badge of special authority.

While the names "Wash-ca-ma-nee" and "Wash-com-ma-nii" are spelled somewhat differently, the two commissions, without doubt, refer to one and the same person.

Another commission, of same date as last named, and issued by same authority to "Wa-shing-ga-sa-be," "Chief of the Ma-has," and on him was "bestowed the great medal."

There is no doubt, too, but that "Wa-ging-a-sa-by," named in the first commission referred to, and this last named "Wa-shing-ga-sa-be," while spelled somewhat differently, refer to the same person. The name in our language is "Little Black Bear."

These documents were presented by Robt. W. Furnas.

An old Spanish coin of the value of six and one-fourth cents, "Hispan et ind. R. M. F. M. Carolus IIII, Dei Gratia 1798." This coin was picked up at old Fort Calhoun, Nebraska, and presented by W. H. Woods, of that place.

The gavel used by Gen. Bowen, President of that portion of the old Territorial Council at Florence, after the legislature split at Omaha. It is made of hickory wood, handle and body of gavel, both with bark on.

Autograph letters from Henry Clay, Horace Greeley, Horatio Seymour, Wm. Cullen Bryant, and P. T. Barnum.

The original and first telegraphic message received on Nebraska soil.

Douglas town shares, of date 1856.

Brownville hotel scrip, of date 1857.

Copy "*Newport Mercury*," a newspaper published "Newport, Tuesday, December 19th, 1758."

The Omaha Indian dialect, in manuscript, as prepared by Henry Fontanelle.

A small volume each of the Sioux and Creek Indian dialect, in print.

All items named after the Spanish coin donated by Mr. Woods, were presented by Robt. W. Furnas.

An Indian scalping knife, presented by F. J. Hendershot, Esq., of Hebron, was taken in a fight between Indians and whites in Thayer county at an early day.

FIRST FEMALE SUFFRAGIST MOVEMENT IN NEBRASKA.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, Council Bluffs, Iowa, under date of Dec. 26th, 1878, furnishes the following, relating to the first female suffragist movement in Nebraska. She prefaces with this historic note:

My first visit to Omaha was July 4th, 1855. The day was being celebrated. Omaha was then a small place. The Douglas House was the only hotel. The speaker's stand was erected in front of it, across the road. The dinner table was out doors, on the east side of the street. Acting Governor Thomas Cuming was the orator. Omaha was then but eight months old.

On the 29th Dec., 1855, I received an invitation, of which the following is a copy:

OMAHA, N. T., Dec. 28, 1855.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer:

The undersigned would respectfully invite you to deliver an address on Woman's Rights, or any other subject you may select, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on any evening that suits your convenience, during the sitting of the legislature.

B. R. FULSOM.	WM. LABIMER, JR.
C. B. SMITH.	J. STERLING MORTON.
H. C. ANDERSON.	A. D. KIRK.
WM. CLANCY.	L. HARSH.
A. F. SALISBURY.	J. H. DECKER.
THOS. GIBSON.	J. M. THAYER.
J. H. SHERMAN.	A. A. BRADFORD.
C. W. PIERCE.	T. R. HARE.
P. C. SULLIVAN.	M. W. RIDEN.
W. A. FINNEY.	W. E. MOORE.
E. B. CHINN.	C. McDONALD.
J. HOOVER.	S. A. CHAMBERS.
W. B. BECK.	

The following is my reply ; this correspondence was published in an Omaha paper, and from that I copy :

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Dec. 31, 1855.

GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the 28th inst., extending to me an invitation to lecture in your city during the sitting of the legislature, is received.

Feeling, as I do, the importance of the Woman's Rights movement, and its bearings upon the welfare of the whole human race—realizing most deeply the injustice done to woman by the laws of our country in relation to the property rights of married women, &c., I shall take pleasure in complying with your request by presenting for the consideration of your citizens generally, and the members of the legislature particularly, some thoughts on the question of woman's right of franchise. It will afford me especial gratification to bring this subject before you at this time, when your legislature is about adopting a code of laws for the government of the territory.

Should it meet your wishes, I will be with you on Tuesday evening, the 8th of January, or at such other time as will best suit your convenience.

Respectfully,

AMELIA BLOOMER,

To Wm. Larimer, Jr., J. H. Sherman, and others.

A correspondent of the *Chronotype*, of this city, wrote from Omaha of this lecture as follows :

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, who had been formerly invited by member of the legislature and others, arrived at the door of the State House at 7:00 o'clock P.M., and by the gallantry of Gen. Larimer, a passage was made for her to the stand. The house had been crowded for some time with eager expectants to see the lady and listen to the arguments which were to be adduced as the fruitage of female thought and research. When all had been packed into the house who could possibly find a place for the sole of the foot, Mrs. Bloomer arose, amid cheers. We watched her closely, and saw that she was perfectly self-possessed—not a nerve seemed to be moved by excitement, and the voice did not tremble. She arose in the dignity of a true woman, as if the importance of her mission so absorbed her thoughts that timidity or bashfulness were too mean to entangle the mental powers.

She delivered her lecture in a pleasing, able, and, I may say, eloquent manner that enchained the attention of her audience for an hour and a half. A man could not have beat it.

In mingling with the people next day we found that her argument had met with much favor. As far as property rights are concerned, all seemed to agree with the lady that the laws of our country are wrong, and that woman should receive the same protection as man. All we have time to say now is, that Mrs. Bloomer's arguments on Woman's Rights are unanswerable. We may doubt the policy for women to vote, but who can draw the line and say that naturally she has not a right to do so? Mrs. Bloomer, though a little body, is among the great women of the United States; and her keen, intellectual eye seems to flash fire from a fountain that will consume the stubble of old theories until woman is placed in her true position in the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges. Her only danger is in asking too much.

Respectfully,

ONEIDA.

So much interest was created by the lecture that a bill was drawn up and introduced into the legislature giving to woman the right of franchise. This bill, I think, was drawn and presented by Gen. Wm. Larimer, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa. It was not until the last day but one of the session that this woman suffrage bill came up, by special order of the House. A number of ladies were present to hear the discussion. Gen. Larimer spoke ably and eloquently in favor of the bill. On the vote being taken, it stood as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Boulwere, Campbell, Buck, Chambers, Clancy, Davis, Hail, Decker, Haygood, Hoover, Kirk, Larimer, Rose, Sullivan.—14. Nays—Messrs. Beck, Bowen, Gibson, Harsh, Laird, Miller, Moore, Riden, Morton, McDonald, Salisbury.—11.

Having passed the House, it was sent to the Council, where it was twice read, but failed, for want of time, of coming to a third reading.

The session was limited to forty days—it was drawing to a close—there was considerable wrangling and excitement over county boundaries, removal of the capital from Omaha, etc.—men talking to kill time until the last hour of the session expired, and the woman suffrage bill not again reached, and so was lost.

There was no little excitement concerning the matter, pending the action of the legislature on the bill and afterward. Gen'l William Larimer was the special exponent of the bill. The opponents presented him with a petticoat, over which there came near being a general melee.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Every old settler in Nebraska will remember "Father Hamilton," early and so long a missionary among the western Indians. I solicited his biography for this report from his own pen. The following letter in response I feel would be marred if it were changed, even in the "dotting of a single 'i,' or the crossing of a 't.'" I therefore present it just as it came to me.

DECATUR, BURT COUNTY, NEBRASKA,

May 22nd, 1884.

Robt. W. Furnas, Esqr., Brownville, Neb.:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your kind favour of March was duly received, and it was then my intention to comply with your request as

soon as I could. I had much on hand that needed attention, but a longer time has elapsed than I intended, ere I should make the attempt to reply.

Without further apology, I remark, I was born in Lycoming Co. (now Clinton), Pa., on the banks of the Susquehanna, West Branch, on the First of Aug., 1811. The house that my father built shortly before his marriage is still standing, and is the home of my youngest sister, now in her 78th year. I am the youngest of eleven children, all of whom, with one exception, lived till mature life, and five of whom are still living. My father was a farmer, and settled there before the revolutionary war, and was among the number of those who composed what was called "The Big Runaway." His father was killed by the Indians, while peaceably engaged on his farm; yet the Indians had no warmer friend than my father, one evidence of which was his anxiety, when I offered myself as a Foreign Missionary, that I should be sent to the Indians in our own country.

I worked on the farm till my eighteenth year, and part of the time till in my 21st year, studying and preparing for college with our Pastor, Rev. J. H. Grier, and, in part, privately. I went to college in Washington, Pa. (now "Washington and Jefferson College"), and entered the freshman, half advanced, and graduated in two and a half years, in the fall of 1834. Four of our class of twelve still live; one, the Hon. Wm. Russel, who has been in congress, who also received the first honours; the other two, with myself, are in the ministry. During my junior and senior year, I kept bachelor's hall, as more economical than boarding, though boarding could then be had for \$1.50 a week, and in the club it cost a dollar a week. It cost me thirty-seven and a half cents a week, during the first winter, when alone—coal, 31¼; light, 6¼; washing, 25; but when my brother, J. J. Hamilton, now also in the ministry, came from the plow to get an education, our boarding cost us seventy-five cents a week. I gained one year, and he gained two and half, going with two classes from the start. By boarding ourselves we had more quietness and more time to study, and needed less exercise, our principal food being bread and butter and milk, with occasionally a taste of meat, or some little delicacy, such as apple-butter. My brother, though keeping up with two classes, had no equal in mathematics, while he was doubtless the equal of the others in the other branches. At the request of the class,

no honours were given. Four in my class participated in the honours, the second honour being divided between two. If I may be pardoned for referring to self, as illustrating how some things were done, I may say that I told the one who got the third honour how to parse all his words in Greek, and wrote his Greek speech for him, which he drew by lot, and could not write one sentence in Greek correctly. Then, as a little amusement, I wrote my last composition in Greek Sapphic verse, and exchanged with the other member for criticism—S. L. Russel—but he did not go into the room to criticise, but asked me to exchange on the portico, and the professor readily excused him when I told him of the manner of exchanging. This was near fifty years ago, and is mentioned simply as illustrating how some things were done.

As my father was unable to do more for me I at once engaged in teaching in Wheeling, Va., but as the bully of Wheeling undertook to cowhide me for whipping his boy—quite a youth—and was laid up himself under the doctor's care, and it produced quite an excitement (those were the days of slavery), I did not stay long though all the virtuous part of the town sustained me. I left and went to the seminary at Pittsburgh, or Allegheny. Do not suppose I carried any *deadly weapons*, this I have never felt it necessary to do even in the Indian country. At the seminary I boarded in a private family and taught three children three hours a day for my board and a room in the attic. Having a prospect of a school in Louisburg, Pa., I went home in January, 1835, and taught school in Bellefonte, Pa., for over two years, studying divinity privately while teaching, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Northumberland in the spring of 1837, and returned to the seminary, resuming the studies with the class I had been with. During the summer I was accepted by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions as their missionary, and was married to Miss Julia Ann N. McGiffin, daughter of Thomas McGiffin, Esq., of Washington, Pa.; went back to my parents, was ordained in October, 1837, by the same Presbytery of Northumberland, and started west on my journey by stage, taking near a week to reach Pittsburgh. This we left on the 30th of October, 1837, and reached Liberty Landing on Saturday, November 18th, having been on the way nearly a month (from Pittsburgh), and more than a month from my home in Pennsylvania, and traveling from St. Louis to a point where Glasgow now stands, by stage. We had 86 miles yet to go to

reach the place of our future labors. Forty-five miles of that was on horse back to the old agency nine miles below East Black Snake Hills, where St. Joseph now stands. This we reached on the 27th of December, and were detained at the agency on account of there being no way to cross the Missouri River till it should freeze. From the agency to St. Joseph I footed it, while my wife and a little Indian girl and white girl in Mr. Ballard's family rode a-horseback. The ice was only strong enough to cross on foot, and we waited till the trader bought a mule from an Indian, and hiring it and an Indian pony, my wife rode the mule and the two girls rode the pony, while I took it afoot. We had twenty-five miles to go to reach the Indians on Wolf creek, and night overtook us at Musquito creek, still seven or eight miles from our place of destination. As it was intended for us to get through, no provision was made for camping out, or for dinner, supper, or breakfast. It was very dark, and knowing nothing of the road we encamped on that stream, and I spent most of the night in cutting wood, having an axe in my saddlebags, in which I fixed a temporary handle. The next morning we started breakfastless, and reached Wolf creek about eleven o'clock. The water at the ford lacked only three or four inches of coming over the pony's back and the bank was very miry, and not till near four o'clock did we get over, all getting wet. Fortunately, though it was the 29th of December, it was for the time of year moderate, or we might have perished. Mr. Irvin and wife were there in a log shanty, and we were most kindly received by them and shared their hospitality till we could fix up the other end of the log house for our home. He had a small quantity of flour and we got some corn and beef from the trader at Iowa Point, six miles away, when it was issued to the Indians. I walked this six miles on one occasion and ground corn on a hand-mill as long as it was prudent to stay, and carried the meal home on my back. On another occasion I went to Fort Leavenworth, fifty-one miles, to take the borrowed mule home, expecting to cross there and go thirty miles further to reach St. Jo. that now is, over eighty miles, to get to a place only twenty-five miles from the mission, and return the same way, but when I got to the fort the cold of the preceding night rendered the river uncrossable on account of the ice. About sundown, when I was near twenty miles from the garrison, though I then knew nothing of the distance, there came up

suddenly what would now be called a blizzard, and it seemed as if I must perish if I had not had a buffalo robe on my saddle which a trader, who traveled with us from St. Louis, when we left him at Fayette, gave to Mrs. H., saying we might need it. The next day I started back, having obtained a sack of flour at the garrison through the kindness of Gen. Kearney, and got home on the third night near midnight, having had to break the ice to cross Wolf creek. It was February before we got our trunks, and then I had to make another trip, which took ten days. During this absence my wife and Mr. Irvin and wife had the pleasure of trying to live on the siftings of corn meal. But I need not go further into particulars, as this is a specimen of much of a similar nature. The Iowas then numbered about 800 souls, and the Missouri Sacs about 500. I do not suppose fifty of those then living are alive now. It was a common thing for them to continue their drunken sprees for days together, or till they had killed some of their own number, when they would swear off, as it was called, for a certain number of days, but before the expiration of the allotted time some would break over the rule, and then it was like one sheep going to water, a signal for all to follow. I spent over fifteen years of my missionary life among them, and Mr. Irvin, who had kept a diary, told me some time before I left that they had then in their drunken sprees murdered about sixty of their own number, while not one was killed by any other tribe, though they killed others in cold blood. At first they were very jealous of us, thinking we came to trade, and when told that was not our object they told us we might then go home as they could conceive of no higher object. They, however, became our warm friends, and generally came to us when in a difficulty. I was once waylaid, as the interpreter told me, by the head chief, a very bad man, when I had gone to mill and was returning after night. I however took a different road near his house without knowing why, and thus avoided him. We had also been under their consultation when they wished to commit murder, but they crossed the river and shot a white man in the bottom. No-Heart, when a little drunk, told Mr. Irvin that we should not die—a remark not understood at the time—but plain enough when we heard of the shooting across the river. All this happened before the purchase of this country in 1854. I had a pistol and bowie knife drawn on me by a white man who had been blacksmith, and was then farmer, who

was burnt in Texas for shooting the prosecuting attorney in court, confessing at the stake the murder of several whites and Indian James Dunham.

I was transferred from the Iowa and Sac mission on Wolf river, to the Otoe and Omaha mission at Bellevue, Neb., in 1853, reaching Bellevue on the 6th of June, that year. During that summer Col. Many-penny visited them with a view to getting their consent to sell a portion of their lands. They had a long council and hardly seemed to know what was best for them to do, but they were all very particular to tell him that they were chiefs and that their fathers were chiefs. Their agent, Major Gatewood, was ordered to bring a delegation to Washington with a view to making a treaty. He at once proceeded to call councils and made treaties with the Otoes and Omahas, which I believe was noticed when he reached Washington. He was a man who felt the dignity of his office, and sometimes was ready to be advised, as was illustrated by his giving his report to the printer at St. Mary's to print him some copies for government to save the trouble of writing them. The printing was done, and as the type was set, it was much easier to make that report a part of his next issue, than to distribute it and set up new matter; so the public got the report of the agent before the agent reached Washington, who started to carry his own report to headquarters, being, I presume, called there on business.

Col. Peter A. Sarpy had much to do with making these Gatewood treaties, but to his credit be it said, that when they had made choice of their present reserve, he earnestly opposed the agents trying to get them to go the Blue with the Otoes. With all his faults he had a kind heart, and was a warm friend to the Indians, as is evidenced by his helping them when in need, and leaving to his faithful wife a legacy of two hundred dollars a year, while those who have inherited his wealth have for years tried to keep her out of her just dues. In fact, it has only been obtained for some years by employing a lawyer to collect it. This has been the case only since the death both of John B. Sarpy and his son.

After the treaty was made and the Indians supposed they had a home of their own choice at Blackbird Hills, they were kept in doubt for some time while efforts were made to get them to go elsewhere, and it was only when the facts were laid before the Hon. Walter Lowrie, Sec. of the Pres. Board of Missions, and he went to Washing-

ton and laid the whole matter first before the Commissioner of I. Aff., then before the Sec. of the Interior, then before the Sec. of War, and finally before President Pierce, that with a resolute stamp on the floor, he said, "I say they shall go there."

I could relate many things in connection with the treatment of the Indians that ought to make us, as a nation, blush, but it would require a book to tell all I have witnessed of fraud practiced upon them, and by many persons things that I have personally known to be true would now hardly be believed. Much has been written on the Indian problem, but there is only one way of solving the problem that has troubled so many wise heads; that is, to give them the Gospel, and if possible, in their own language, and civilization will follow or go along with equal pace. The policy of teaching them English is well enough, but the idea of driving their own language out of their minds may do to talk about, but will not be done in many generations. Even the few who seem to understand our language as well as we do ourselves (only a few) prefer speaking in their own. Their mode of thought is so different from the English, and I might say, from all modern European languages, that it is a great barrier to their acquiring our language perfectly. It must be a work of time, and while they are instructed in the English, the great truths of the Gospel must be heard in their "own language wherein they were born." With this instruction in religion and the education of the young, strict justice on the part of our government should be done to them. They have rights that seem to have been little respected.

Although I seemed to offend an agent forty-six years ago by saying the whites would have this country before long, and I could not believe what he so confidently asserted again and again, that they could not, for it was set apart *forever for the Indians*, yet time has shown that what he could not then believe has almost literally come to pass. When the treaty was ratified, it was not long till great numbers were seeking a home in what was thought, not a century ago, to be a desert country, and only fit for the huntings grounds of the Indians. When I came west in 1837 most of Iowa was unsettled and owned by Indians, and the buffalo roamed over it, there being a few settlements on the Mississippi. I have seen all west of the Missouri settled up, and I might say, as far south as Arkansas. When asked in an early day how far my diocese extended, I replied, I supposed

north to the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and west to the summit of the Rocky mountains, as at that time I knew of no other Presbyterian minister within these bounds. Rev. Dunbar had been among the Pawnees, but had left. The population of the United States did not at that time exceed fifteen millions of souls. Now what do we see? Churches and schools all over this then Indian country and a population of fifty-five millions.

In the early settlement of Neb. there was much excitement and some bloodshed, but the greatest excitement was about the location of the capital, as on that depended the future wealth of many, as they supposed. Had Governor Burt lived, it was his intention to examine the country, and then place the capital where it would be most beneficial to the territory, not to the individual or himself, though he was a poor man and in debt. I suppose I was better acquainted with him than any others, except those who came with him to the territory. He was remarkable for his kindness of heart and his sterling integrity, as those who came with him testified and as I could bear witness to, as far as I knew him. His kindness led him to listen to the proffered advice of those who came to consult about their own interest, when he should have enjoyed perfect quietness. His state of health required this, and I was anxious to secure it for him, but the people would not let him rest. I might almost say he was worried to death. I feared the consequences from the first, but caution was of no avail to those who hoped to get rich by his deciding according to their wishes. The end came, and it does not seem a harsh judgment to say, that to some it did not seem to be regretted. After his death, and before his remains had left the Mission, plans were made, and arrangements made to carry out those plans, to place the capital at Bellevue. These plans were talked over in the room where the corpse was lying, while I was opening the zinc coffin to fill it with alcohol and soldering it up again. The talk was intended to be blind, but I understood it well enough. It was between the acting Gov. Cumming, and a man called Judge Green, who had before asked me the price of the mission reserve, four quarter sections. The plan was to purchase it of the Board of F. Missions and then locate the capital there. Three or perhaps four were interested in this plan, the acting Gov., the afore-said judge, and a Mr. Gilmore. Judge Green was to ostensibly accompany the corpse to S. C., but to go to New York when the di-

verging point was reached and make the purchase. Judge Green had told me that he would give \$25,000 in gold for it, saying he did not wish me to think he was rich, but he could command the money in gold. I had asked fifty thousand for the reserve. He went to N. Y. and agreed with the Hon. Walter Lowrie to give the fifty thousand, but asked sixty days to consider. He was to telegraph at the end of that time. He did not telegraph as agreed, and Mr. Gilmore, who was then living in Omaha, told me it was at *his advice* that he did not telegraph, saying it was the *pressure*, the *pressure* meaning they could not borrow the money. The next move was to get bids, not from Bellevue alone, but from the different towns that wanted the capital. The Bellevue Land Claim Association promised liberally, but none had as yet titles to what they promised, only claims. Judge Ferguson then came to me and said everything was now arranged to secure the capital at Bellevue, except one thing. The L. C. A. had promised liberally, but acting Gov. Cumming asked one hundred acres of the mission reserve, and he assured me that if that was given, the capital would be placed at Bellevue. I replied without hesitation, not one foot to the man, but was willing to recommend the giving of it to the county or territory. This, I suppose, decided the matter. Some years after, when conversing with Judge Briggs about the amount Omaha was taxed for the capitol and R. R., I said, all of Bellevue could have been purchased for a trifle of what they had paid out to secure these things for Omaha, and then they would have been independent. He admitted the fact, and added, "we are not done yet." I have never regretted my refusal, though some of the citizens blamed me, but our Board never blamed me.

Though Bellevue is, I think, the most beautiful town site on the Missouri river that I have seen, and I have seen many, it is a very small place yet, though for years Omaha seemed to fear it; they have now grown beyond the fear of it, and, I think, are now taking a lively interest in the Synodical College located there. That, if successful, will be of far more advantage than the capital. It has lost none of its beauty or natural advantages, and if Omaha goes on according to expectations, it may soon be a part of Omaha. One wiser than mere man has ordered all things well. But I need not dwell on what is recorded elsewhere. This fall will complete fifty years since I graduated, and a great change has taken place in our country since

then. When a boy the mail was carried on horseback between Williamsport, twenty miles east, and Bellefonte, thirty miles west; now there is a railroad on each side of the river, and also a canal on one side. It was a winter's job to tramp out the grain with horses, taking a week to thresh and clean from 80 to 100 bushels of wheat. The first thresher in that country was built by one of the best farmers, and by hard work they could thresh 90 bushels in a day, and clean it the next day. Harvests were cut by the old-fashioned cradle, and mowing done with the scythe; often the old-fashioned Dutch scythe, which was sharpened by hammering instead of on a grindstone. Perhaps I should except the machinery of the whisky bottle, without which it was thought the harvest could not be cut. The first harvest of my father's cut without whisky, my brother and I told him if he would not have any whisky we would cut the harvest. We did it, and the bottle was never necessary after that. I need not speak of how these things are now done. Our school books were Webster's Spelling Book, the New Testament next, and at times the Old Testament, then Scotch Lessons, and afterwards Murray's English Reader. I think as good scholars were then made as they make now with all the change of books. We could not buy ruled paper, but ruled our paper with a hammered lead pencil. I never attended Sabbath school except as a teacher, as there were none in that part of the country. But if I may return to the early history of the Indians, near fifty years ago, the contrast is almost as great. I then saw a man riding a horseback, and his wife walking and carrying a load, and the little girls also carrying something, and boys, if there were any, carrying a bow and arrows. Before I left the Iowas, I saw the wife on the horse, and the man walking. The same may be said of the Omahas. Now it is quite common to see the man and his wife riding together in a wagon. Then, the women packed their wood, often three miles, on their backs—that was in summer; now it is hauled in wagons, the men generally doing the work when able. Then, when not on the hunt, they were, when sober, either playing ball or cards, or some other games; now they are engaged in farming. True, they keep up their dances, i. e. the heathen part, but generally take the Sabbath for them, as they pretend they work on other days, but they also work on the Sabbath. The members of the church attend meeting, and often others; and I have often gone from Decatur to the Mission through storm, when most

of the whites thought it too stormy to attend church, and found a house full of attentive listeners. The Omahas are on their farms, and a large portion of the potatoes and corn brought in to Decatur comes from the Reserve. They raise a good deal of wheat, many of them breaking each year about five acres of fresh prairie to add to their farms. The prairie breaking that I have seen I think is far ahead of what the whites do. One Indian told me that a white man offered him a half dollar an acre more than he was willing to give a white man, because he did it so much better. Some of them have built houses, purchasing the pine lumber and hiring Indian carpenters to do the work. And I must say that the houses put up by the Indians are better and more substantial than those put up for them by Agent Painter. The Omahas are also increasing in numbers, and are a sober people. I have seen but one drunken Omaha in over fifteen years, and he could talk English. Although a large part of them keep up their old superstitious habits, they always listen to me when I visit them at their homes, and seem often to be interested. Occasionally, some one may make some objections, but a few kind words overcome their objections, and they listen to the truth. Last Sabbath I stopped at White Horse's, and found the door shut and no answer to my knocking. I passed on a couple of hundred yards, and was talking to some Winnebagos, who were stopping there, when his wife came and inquired what I wanted, and when I told her I was teaching the Indians, she said her husband wanted me to go back and teach them. They were in another part of the house. There are over sixty members in the church now, besides a number have died and some in triumph of faith. It is over thirty years since I left the Iowas, and they have greatly diminished, as have the Otoes and Sacs. Whisky has been their ruin. The Pawnees, too, have greatly diminished, less than one-third what they were fifty years ago, perhaps not a fourth or even a fifth of their number. So have the Poncas. According to their history, when they first came to the Niobrara they encamped in three circles instead of one, on account of one circle requiring so much space—numbering not less than three thousand souls. The Omahas encamped in two circles. The Poncas were hunters while the Omahas cultivated some patches. The tradition is that the Omahas, Poncas, Iowas, and Otoes came from the south-east, from below St. Louis, and crossed the Mississippi near that; while

the Quapaw, tradition is, that they were also with them, but separated there, they going south or below (their way of expressing south), while the others went up or north—up signifying north, as the streams flowed from that direction. They traveled on till they reached the Vermillion. There they made a village, and after a time kept on north on the other side of the Missouri river, till they went some distance up that stream, and then crossed it and came down on this side, the Otoes and Iowas going before. When they reached the Ne-o-brara (the correct way of spelling it), the Poncas staid there, and the others came on down, and the others eventually went still further down, while the Omahas stayed at Omaha creek, and, at times, on the Elkhorn or at the Blackbird Hills, and eventually at Bellevue. They think it must have been as much as 300 years ago. When they first came to this country there were some other Indians roaming over it, but not Sioux. They did not hear of the Sioux for a long time. There were some battles among them; and the Omahas raised some vegetables, as corn and beans, and the Poncas traded meat for corn, etc., with the Omahas.

There is no doubt that the Osages, Kansas or Kaws, Quapaws, Omahas, Poncas, Otoes, Iowas, Winnebagoes, and the different bands of Sioux were formerly one people, and to these might be added the Mandans and Hedatse, and perhaps others, as their language shows, the Osage being the most guttural and the others as named less so, yet they need an interpreter to talk together, except the Iowas and Otoes, and Omahas and Poncas, and Osages and Kaws. The Chipewas, Pottawattomies, Kickapoos, Sauks (Sacs) and Foxes, Weas, Peorias, Peankeshaws, Kaskaskias, and, I think, Shawnees, show a common origin. No resemblance between the languages of this latter class and the former. The Pawnee is again different; but a mountain tribe, I think the Crees, show a resemblance; and a tribe far in the north, above the Yellowstone, in language resemble the Sacs. The Missourians were slaves to the Osages, but ran off and came to the Otoes, and became mingled with them, and have nearly lost their own language, only a few old people speaking it; but while they speak the Otoe, it is with a peculiar manner, showing it is not their native tongue, speaking very slowly, as if they were not yet familiar with it to speak it as the Otoes. The Pawnees seem to have come originally from the south-west, near Mexico.

The Indians do not worship idols as many heathen, that is carved idols or images, but are idolaters in the true sense of the word, but the idol is more in the mind and they apply the name of God to many things or ideas—different gods for different things. Wakanda in Omaha, Ponca, etc. Wakanta in Iowa, Otoe, and so forth. Waka-tangka in Sioux, which really is the great or war god, Tangka, Sioux, tangga, Omaha, tanra, Iowa, signifying great. Waka is snake in Iowa and Otoe, and uda is good in Omaha, perhaps good snake, as pe is good in Iowa, and peskunya is bad, or not good, while uda is good in Omaha, but pe-azhe in Omaha is not good, showing the pe retained in the negative. Great Spirit is introduced, I have no doubt by the whites, as the only idea of spirit is the spirit of a person. Moleto or moneto is the name of God in the Sac and kindred languages, and a Sac interpreter told me it meant big snake. Is there in this something handed down from the fall? I have discovered I think traces of the creation and flood among the Iowas. It is quite a long story. The Chippeways invented a system of writing and taught some Kickapoos, and a few Sacs learned it from them, but it must have been formed from the English, as the letters resemble the English considerably though the sounds are different, using sixteen letters, four of which are vowels. The Sac language is as musical as the Greek. The Winnebagoes use a term for God signifying the maker of the earth, but also the same nearly as the Iowas. There is a tradition that a part of the Iowas left the tribe and went off to hunt sinews and never returned, and lost their language, and that the lost ones are the Winnebagoes. But perhaps I have given you enough, or too much. If in any thing I have not been full enough, if you will ask questions I will try to answer them. I have printed down just such things as came into my mind, and as you will see not in very regular order, but you may get some ideas from this hasty sketch that will suit you. I do not write a plain hand unless I write slowly, and in the caligraph I sometimes get in a hurry. I often think of you and remember your kindness. Remember me kindly to your family.

Yours truly,
WM. HAMILTON.

I wrote without referring to the circular, and since looking at it find there are some things I can answer, as sources of streams, but may

not be able for a week or so. Though poor and often without a cent I would be ashamed to ask pay of you for contributing what I can.

Yours truly,

May 26th, 1884.

WM. HAMILTON,

INDIAN NAMES AND THEIR MEANING.

The following interesting paper concerning Indian names and their significance was furnished for this report by "Father Hamilton," long a missionary and teacher among our Western Indians.

NAMES DERIVED FROM THE INDIAN LANGUAGES.*

The name of the Kansas river is doubtless derived from the Kansas Indians, who lived on that stream. They were often called Kaws, and the river in an early day was called the Kaw river. The Iowas called the Indians Kantha, which means swift. Their own (the Kansas Indians) mode of pronouncing that word would be Ka-za, and this they called themselves, but whether they had another name I am unable to say. Most Indians speak of themselves by a different name from that by which they are known by the surrounding tribes. It is sometimes said that Kansas means a good place to dig potatoes. *This is a mistake.* The Iowas called the river To-pe-o-kæ, which signifies a good place to dig potatoes, from to, pota toe, pe good, and o-kæ to dig. The name is preserved in the town Topeka, as near as the whites get in pronouncing Indian names. Wolf river is simply a translation of the Iowa name for that stream, Shun-ta-Nesh-nang-a. Musquito creek took its name from the quantity of mosquitoes that troubled some who encamped on it. Its Indian name, eneshæ, signifies a ripple. The Platte, is as you are aware, a French word signifying broad, and is a translation of the Indian name signifying the same thing, Ne-brath-kæ or Ne-prath-kæ in Iowa and Ne-brath-kæ in Omaha, or as some speak it, Ne-bras-ka. I formerly thought that as the government interpreter could not sound th, but used s where it occurred, we were indebted to that fact for calling our state Nebraska, and think so still, though if it was derived from the Omaha, it would be Nebrathka or Nebraska according to some of their own people. The

*Æ as a in fate; a as a in far.

Ne-ma-ha keeps its true pronunciation, better than any of the others, signifying *muddy water*. The Tarkeo is from the Iowa, signifying full of walnuts, but the true pronunciation would be Ta-kæ-o-yu, from takæ walnut, and o-yu full. Neshnebotany signifies a stream on which a canoe or boat may pass: Nesh-na, stream; pachæ, a boat, o-wæ ne to make a way or passage, Nesh-na-pa-chæ-o-wæ ne, (or nyæ). Nodaway is Ne-a-ta-wæ, Iowa, a stream that can be jumped over, or it might mean jumping water. Chariton is from the Iowa, signifying an abundance of *some thing* of which there was an abundance there, in that stream or near its mouth. I never saw the English word but once and that was more than fifty years ago, or during the Florida war. It is a root that grows in wet places, and is as large as a cucumber and larger, and much resembles those cucumbers that have two or three holes running horizontally through them, the top bears a seed like a small acorn. It was said that the Seminoles when hardly pressed retired to the swamps and lived on these roots. The Indians gather them and boil them for food. Sha-ra is the Iowa name of the root, and to, plenty. It sounds like a French name, but it is Indian. Ne-o bra-ra is a Ponca word and signifies broad or shallow water, the same as Nebrathka. I may here remark that in giving names the French nation always give to i the sound of e and to e the sound of a, hence the common mode of spelling it Niobrara. Ne, is water. The Missouri I think derives its name from the Sioux language in which water is Me-ne; smoky or roily is suchæ in Iowa, zheda in Omaha, and something like it in Sioux, as all speak of it under a term signifying smoky or roily or foggy as the word often signifies. The spelling is after the European pronunciation of i as Minnehaha, Minnesota, etc. It is thus that the true pronunciation of many names is lost by not attending to the signification. Mississippi is almost pure Sac, signifying, *not Father of waters*, but *great or large water*. Ma-sha, *great*, and se-po, a stream. The Iowas call it Ne hon-ya, signifying the same thing; the Omahas Ne-tang-ga, great water. I do not think of others just now.

The tradition of the Iowas is that a long time ago the Iowas, Otoes, Missourians, and Omahas were traveling together, and the Iowas encamped on a sand bar and the wind blew the dust on their faces, and hence Pa-hu-che, dusty nose, or dusty face; as pa is not only the nose but the head of an animal, and is so applied at times to persons.

Long, in his expedition, translates it gray snow, as the difference between pa snow and pa nose is hardly perceptible. Ho-chæ, dirty, gray, etc.

The Omahas encamped above on the stream, Eromaha signifying up or above on a stream; hence Omaha, called Mahas formerly.

The Missourians encamped at the mouth of the stream, Ne-u-chæta, *at the mouth of the stream*, hence Ne-u-tach, the name they go by. But this seems to contradict the saying that they were escaped prisoners within the recollection of the older ones, unless it refers to previous history.

The Otoes derive their name from a transaction or love scrape between an Otoe chief's son and an Iowa chief's daughter, Watota. They call themselves Che-wæ-ræ.

The Omahas have a similar tradition about the Missourians, except that instead of encamping at the mouth of the stream, there were two persons drowned in the stream, and hence the name ne, water, and u-chæ, to *die in, i. e.*, to drown ta, at a place, as Ne-u-chæ-ta, to be drowned at.

The meaning of compound words cannot always be known from the several parts, and is only known from tradition, and many of their names have lost their original signification.

Though many of these tribes cannot converse with one another their language shows a common origin, as Osages, Kansas, Quapas, Omahas, Poncas, Iowas, Otoes, Missourians, Mandans, Hedatse, etc., and various bands of Sioux. So of the Chippeways, Ottawas, Pot-towattomies, Kickapoos, Sacs, Foxes, Peorias, Peankeshaws, Kaskaskias, or Miami tribes, and many others, as I think I mentioned to you in a former letter.

I wrote to you in the former letter in much haste, and forget whether I told you of my second marriage. We have three children, the oldest in her fourteenth year. Many thanks for what you enclosed. It may interest you to know what was done with it. We paid for some paper for our room and study, so we will think of your kindness when we see it. With kind regards,

Yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

P. S.—Mr. Fontenelle has been on the Logan Thomas claims for near two months.

W. H.

The following Indian names of streams and localities, is furnished by Henry Fontenelle:

Nebraska—Name of the Platte river, meaning flat river.

Nemaha—Name of the Nemaha river, meaning Omaha's river.

Neobrara—Niobrara or Leau qui court river, meaning wide river. Leau qui court is the French name of the running or Niobrara river, meaning the "water that runs."

The letter O was always annexed or prefixed to Mahas, Omahas is proper. The early voyagers, the French, abbreviated the word or name by leaving off the O and calling them "de Maha," instead of des Omaha.

Ohio—Although not in this state is an Omaha word, meaning come along. Ohie, or Ohahe, came by.

I cannot just now think of any more Indian names of streams or localities.

HISTORY OF OMAHA INDIANS.

At request of the editor of this report the following traditional history of the Omaha Indians is furnished by Henry Fontenelle, a reliable, intelligent, educated half-blood of that tribe:

DECATUR, NEB., Aug. 18th, 1884.

Robert W. Furnas, Brownville, Neb.:

DEAR SIR—I send you a brief tradition or history of the Omahas, as you requested, but I fear it is not all you want. Like other persons of limited means I have but little leisure to study or write, and have been away from home most of the time since last spring, and have had to improve what little time I could catch while at home to write it out, as you know my education is limited, and have not as fluent use of the English language as I would wish, and consequently I make a poor out at writing history or anything else. Had I plenty of time to study and write, and make researches I might have made it longer and go more into details, and it might have been more interesting and entertaining.

I once wrote a biography of Logan for the *Burtonian* (our county paper), which you will find in the last and largest history of Nebraska published in Chicago, which should you want you can find.

I send you the slip of paper containing the death of my aunt, etc. If you need it, or should you not, or at any rate, please send back to me when done with. I had the pleasure of seeing her while in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1873, also two of her daughters, one of whom a widow lady living now in Chicago.

Mr. Henry Allis will be at the State fair with the original manuscripts written by his father, to let you see, and hope to be there myself, if possible. I am

Very respectfully, etc.,

H. FONTENELLE.

The tradition of the Omahas handed down to this date is, that they were living at the mouth of the Missouri river in a destitute condition (no date is given), when by accident some one of them found an ear of corn in a mole hill, the kernels of which were divided among the different bands or families. From that time hence corn has been cultivated by them. The Quapaws, now of the Indian territory, go farther back. Tradition tells them that they and the Omahas were one tribe; that they emigrated down the Ohio river from its sources down to the mouth of it, where a controversy took place as to the direction they should take, when finally a part of them went down the Mississippi and called themselves "Ogoh pæ," meaning descending or going down. They settled on the west side of the Mississippi on that part of the territory now the state of Arkansas, and were there until they ceded the country to the United States, and moved westward. The other part of the tribe moved up the river and called themselves "Omaha," derived from the word "Kemoha," meaning against the current, against the wind. The Omahas, as stated, tradition takes them back only to the mouth of the Missouri river. In their migrations up the river nothing of importance is mentioned until they reached a point on the Big Sioux river, where they located their village, and lived many years in confederation with the Iowas, Otoes, and Winnebagos. In dissensions among the Omahas a part of them separated and went southward, and became independent tribes of the Kaws and Osages. After many years residence on the Sioux river, at or near the red pipe stone quarry, they went on up the Missouri with the other tribes mentioned, until they reached a point opposite the mouth of White Earth river where they crossed the Missouri to the west side and explored the country west of that point. The coun-

try being barren and soil poor they could not successfully raise corn. They lived there but a short time and moved down the west side of the Missouri river (still with the other tribes that started with them from the Sioux river), until they arrived at a place opposite the mouth of James river of Dakota, and lived there many years. The Iowas located at the mouth of Iowa creek, near the present site of Ponca, Nebraska. The Otoes went on south until they came to the mouth of the Elkhorn river where they settled on the east side of the river. No account is given of the Winnebagos after they left the Sioux river. How long the Omahas remained at their village opposite the James river we know not. When tradition tells us they moved on down the river to a place where the Omaha creek disembogues out the bluffs at the present site of Homer, Nebraska, and established a village there many years before a white man was known to them. It was at that place the Omahas first saw the white people. Some of the Indians were on the bank of the Missouri, and espied some strange beings on the opposite side building a boat, preparing to cross the river. The white people came over loaded with blankets, cloths, trinkets, and guns. It was then, and at that time, they first knew the use of firearms. A year or two afterwards five different traders established trading posts at the "cross timbers" (a belt of cottonwood timber stretching across the Missouri bottom about half way between Decatur and Tekama, Nebraska), where the Omahas and traders made their rendezvous semi-annually to trade.

Up to this no mention is made of any great chief until Blackbird comes into prominence with Ta-ha-zhouka, the father of "Big Elk the First." Blackbird was the first great chief known to white people, and his memory is held sacred by the Omahas for his rare intelligence and good traits. He held supreme command over his people. His words were law and obeyed as such. At the same time he is remembered as a good and gentle disposition, and loved by his subjects. Blackbird and Ta-ha-zhouka were the first Omaha chiefs that made a treaty of friendship and peace with the governor of the territory of Louisiana at St. Louis, where a recognition of his being chief of the Omahas was given him by the governor on paper, the date of which we forget. It is still kept by his descendants as a sacred relic. And at this time a portrait of Blackbird was painted, which at the present time hangs in the "Palace of the Louvre," at Paris, France. Not

many years after that time he returned from a visit to the Pawnees at their village on the south side of the Platte river opposite the present site of Schuyler, Nebraska. The Pawnees at the time were visited by that terrible scourge, the small-pox. He took the disease as soon as he arrived home, and died in a few days. His last request was, that he should be buried on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri, so that he could see the white people in their travels up and down the river, as he was very fond of them.

On account of their enemies, the Sioux, who made incessant wars upon them, and outnumbered them, they moved out to the Elkhorn river (named after Ta-ha-zhouka, meaning elk's horn), where they lived until the year 1832 or '33 when the small-pox broke out among them. In their consternation they scattered in every direction over the prairies. After a great many of them died the disease left them. They collected again, but abandoned that village and went back again to their former home on the Omaha creek, and lived there until A.D. 1845. Again, on account of their inveterate foes, the Sioux, making continual wars upon them, they moved down the river to a place four miles west of Bellevue. They lived there one year when their next great chief, Big Elk the First, died, and was given a Christian burial by the missionary at Bellevue, the Rev. Mr. McKinney, who preached the funeral sermon over the remains, and interpreted by Logan Fontenelle, U. S. interpreter. He was buried on the spot where now stands the Presbyterian College. In excavating the grounds preparatory to building the institution, no doubt the spot held sacred by the Omahas was desecrated by digging away his bones. What was done with them we know not. The memory of Big Elk is dear to the Omahas for his good traits, and is conspicuous for his executive abilities. He commanded respect among all the white people that knew him. His son and successor, "Big Elk the Second," was a man of natural abilities, but took to dissipating, and died from the effects of prolonged debauch at the foot of Blackbird hill, and was buried by the grave of Blackbird in 1852.

Contemporary with the last Big Elk was a conspicuous character by the name of White Buffalo, sometimes erroneously called "White Cow," a natural and gifted orator. For several years before he died the writer of this was U. S. interpreter, and it was with much regret I could not well enough use the English language to interpret and

convey the utterances of strong emotion in his eloquent speeches made before U. S. authorities, and upon particular occasions before assemblies. He was noted for his quaint, humorous pleasantries. It may not be amiss in this narrative to cite an incident when White Buffalo with other chiefs was in Washington in A.D. 1851, in council with the commissioner of Indian affairs. The year previous to that time the Indians of the plains had committed depredations upon emigrants traveling across the plains to California. The Omahas of course had to take the blame as well as other Indians west of the Missouri. The commissioner had occasion to speak of the depredations, and said to the Omahas that if they did not quit molesting the emigrants he would send out soldiers and big guns among them and kill them all off with one puff of his big guns. White Buffalo got up and straightened himself before the commissioner and said: "My Great Father, I fear not death. I have fought my enemies in many battles. I have courted death in the din of hot strife of battle with deadly foes, but death has thus far disdained me. Send out your soldiers, send out your big guns, and to prove to you, should I be your prisoner, I will crawl into your big gun and tell you to fire away!" The speech created some sensation among the white bystanders, but his colleagues took it as a good joke, as White Buffalo never merited the name of a "brave warrior" in any meritorious act in battle. During the winter of 1855 and 1856 agent Geo. Hepner issued provisions to the Omahas at Omaha City, at that time but an embryo city. After the provisions were all given out, the agent held a council with the chiefs. During the council, a Mr. Wm. Brown brought an account against the Omahas for hogs killed and taken by them. Sufficient evidence was given to prove that no Omahas were seen in the vicinity of Omaha City or Council Bluffs for four months previous to the time Brown lost his hogs. White Buffalo stepped up to Mr. Brown and said: "My friend, why do you charge us with a theft we did not commit. Your hogs were frozen to death." And in mock solemnity he puts his hand on Mr. Brown and pointing upwards, tells him to send his account to the Lord Almighty "who caused the snow and cold weather that froze your hogs." The jeers of the bystanders rather nonplussed Brown. He walked away and never mentioned hogs again to the agent or Omahas. White Buffalo was a great counselor to his people, and his counsels had effect by the argumentative and

convincing manner of speech he gave it. While sick, a few days before he died, he was visited by their agent in company with the U. S. interpreter, when White Buffalo made a few sensible and pertinent remarks; he was buried on a high bluff overlooking the river just above Decatur, Neb.

In September, 1853, the U. S. commissioner of Indian affairs visited the Omahas, and in council made overtures for the purchase of their country. The Omahas signified a willingness to acquiesce in the offers of the commissioner. In a council of deliberation on that occasion Logan Fontenelle by acclamation was created principal chief. All the chiefs of the Omahas were invited to Washington by the commissioner to make a treaty for their country, which was consummated and signed on the 16th day of March, A.D. 1854, the territory ceded by the Omahas embracing about one-fourth of the State of Nebraska, in the north-eastern part. The Omahas reserving for their home three hundred thousand acres where they now live, and are making rapid strides toward civilization.

In June, 1855, Logan went with the tribe as usual on their summer buffalo hunt, and as usual their enemies, the Sioux, laid in wait for the Omahas in vicinities of large herds of buffalo. The first surround they made on the buffalo the Sioux made a descent upon them in overwhelming numbers and turned the chase into battle. Four Omahas were killed and several wounded. In every attempt at getting buffalos the Sioux charged upon them. The Omahas concluded it was useless to try to get any buffalo and retreated toward home. They traveled three days and thinking they were out of danger, Logan, one morning, in company with Louis Saunsoci and another Indian, started on ahead of the moving village, and were about three miles away when they espied a herd of elk in the distance. Logan proposed chase, they started, that was the last seen of him alive. The same moment the village was surrounded by the Sioux. About ten o'clock in the morning a battle ensued and lasted until three o'clock, when they found out Logan was killed. His body was found and brought into Bellevue and buried by the side of his father. He had the advantage of a limited education and saw the advantage of it. He made it his study to promote the welfare of his people and to bring them out of their wretchedness, poverty, and ignorance. His first step to that end was to organize a parol of picked men and punish

all that came home intoxicated with bad whisky. His effort to stop whisky drinking was successful. It was his intention as soon as the Omahas were settled in their new home to ask the government to establish ample schools among them, to educate the children of the tribe by force if they would not send the children by reasonable persuasion. His calculations for the benefit of the tribe were many, but like many other human calculations his life suddenly ended in the prime, and just as he was ready to benefit his people and sacrifice a life's labor for helpless humanity. After Logan was killed the Omahas went to Bellevue instead of coming back to the reservation whence they started, and wintered along the Missouri river between Calhoun and the reservation, some of them at Bellevue. In the spring of 1856 they again went back to their reservation, where they have been since. The first years of their residence here they went on their usual summer and winter hunts and depended on the chase for subsistence. The game grew scarcer as the country settled up by the white people. When in the fall of 1870 they were obliged to go a long distance down on the Smokyhill river in Kansas, and found but few buffalo, they started homeward disheartened and in a destitute condition, and would have suffered was it not for the kindness of the commander of Fort Hayes, who liberally supplied them with bacon and flour. They arrived home satisfied that it was no longer any use to try and subsist upon the chase, as the buffalo and elk had disappeared from their usual haunts. They concluded to till the soil and emulate their neighbors, the white people, was their only alternative, from which time they have progressed rapidly, and have labored diligently in making themselves comfortable homes and take an interest in educating children. They have two flourishing schools that accommodate on an average eighty to a hundred children every year. They also have now about forty of their children at Carlisle, Pa., and Hampton, Va., schools supported by the United States government. Many of them have comfortable frame houses built by proceeds of their own earnings. They market surplus wheat and corn every fall. On the fourth of July, 1884, Ebohumbe, son of Chief Noise, died, after prolonged sickness, an exemplary and useful man for his emulative example in trying to live and labor like the white people and accumulating property. He owned at the time he died sixty head of cattle and forty or fifty head of hogs, three span of large horses, and

took to market every fall large surplus of wheat, corn, and hogs. White Horse, a descendant of the great chief Blackbird, who is living, is another among the Omahas who sets good example, by trying to live like the white people in farming and dwelling in a comfortable house, as well as by precepts given to his people at every opportunity; in turning them from their old habits to civilized ways of living; but these are only examples of many that try to better their condition; and should the Omahas progress as they have in the last ten years, another decade will see them competent citizens.

Some months after the foregoing had been handed me, Mr. Fontenelle wrote me as follows :

By invitation I was at the dedication of the Bellevue College, and the burial of the bones of the Omahas that were taken up in preparing the grounds for the building. I was entirely ignorant of what was done with the bones at the time I wrote the history of the Omahas for you, and I regret very much of having written the sentence of censure, in saying a desecration was committed in digging away the bones of "Big Elk." An apology was due Mr. Clark, the founder of the college, which I did offer. I now wish that that sentence in the History be erased, and substitute the following :

"Much credit and praise is due Hon. H. T. Clark for the kind, Christian act in carefully taking up the bones of Big Elk and others that were buried there generations ago, and put them in boxes and stored them until the appropriate and fitting time of the dedication of the College to its noble use, when they were reburied immediately in front of the building—upon which occasion eloquent and fitting expressions were given by the venerable missionary, the Rev. William Hamilton, and others."

HENRY FONTENELLE.

NOTE.—The editor of this report was, during the life-time of "White Cow," or "White Buffalo," agent for the Omaha Indians, and familiar with the peculiar characteristics referred to by Mr. Fontenelle. A reference to two instances may not be an unpleasant digression.

I was once sent for in great haste by "White Cow," on an exceeding bitter cold day in December, the messenger stating the old Indian was about to die, and desired to make his will, appoint his successor, and such like. I went at once, and found the old man stretched out on a buffalo robe before a blazing fire, in his tepee. He quickly as possible arose to a sitting position, greeted me, lighted his pipe and passed it around—a universal custom, and indicative of friendship and good will. He then proceeded to state his case. He was old, sick, and expected never again to get up and around. He wished a twelve year old grandson, then in the mission school, to succeed him as chief. He wished to be buried or rather placed in a sitting position, on the high bluff of the Missouri river, back a mile or so from the tepee, his face to the river, that the spirit might continue to see the steamboats passing up and down that stream.

I promised all his wishes should be complied with.

The old man thanked me for the promise I made him, then, exhibiting his tattered and not over cleanly, meagre wearing apparel, he said one of his standing ought not to be buried in such an outfit, and hoped I would see he had an entire new suit of clothes—blanket and breech-cloth. This too I promised him. He dropped his chin on his breast for a moment, in deep thought, then raising it, directed the interpreter to say to the Father—a name always given the agent by the Indians—that he was a very kind, good man to thus grant his requests; that he very much desired to thank in person the Father for the new suit of clothes he was to be buried in; that after he, the chief, was dead and buried he could not do so; therefore he thought it best he have the new clothes before he died, that he might have the pleasure of extending thanks in person. The real object in view in sending for me was at once unveiled. The old man wanted a new suit of clothes, and adopted this circuitous mode of obtaining them. The joke was considered so good that I complied with that request, as with others, and sent him next day a new suit. In about a week the old man came up to my office with it on, and thanked me very cordially.

At another time "White Cow" came bounding into my office with an interpreter, and in a very pompous manner threw back his blanket, lighted and passed his pipe, and at once proceeded to deliver himself after this style:

"Tell the Father," said he to the interpreter, "that I am the oldest

and most prominent chief in the tribe; I have traveled to see the Great Father at Washington; I have always been the white man's friend. I am going to visit my friends and relatives, the Ponca Indians, and must have presents to make them. I shall ask from him many things to this end, and expect to get them all."

My knowledge of the old man led me to suspect an African somewhere in the fuel pile, and I was disposed to humor the procedure. "Well," I said, "tell me what you want, and all you want." He said first, "he wanted tobacco, and plenty of it." "How much?" I enquired. "Ten kegs," he replied—that nothing less than that would suffice one of his rank. After talking the matter over for some time, I adopted a course always vexing to an Indian; I commenced to plead poverty, and beg of him. I reminded him that he was very rich; owned hundreds and thousands of acres of land he was not using; and horses almost without number, for which he had no use; and that he should make me presents, and not me to him. The old man assumed his favorite position when in thought, of dropping his chin on his breast. After a few minutes he raised his head, and looking at me very seriously, said to the interpreter: "Tell the poor man that I am old enough to be his grand-father; I have traveled much, and seen many thousand of men and women, white men and Indians, of all sizes,"—then placing his outstretched hand, palm down, to about two inches from the floor, added—"but tell him I never saw a white man no higher than that before."

All the old man wanted and came for was a single plug of tobacco, which, of course, he got.

Some months after this "White Cow" sickened and died. I had him buried as he desired, by having an improvised chair provided, the body placed in a sitting position in it, and surrounded by a stone and wood structure.