

THE RED MAN'S GREETING.†

This tiny booklet, called forth by our Columbian anniversary, is reasonable, and in its rusticity characteristic of the child of the forest.

*** "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." By H. M. Stowe (Eleve). 1p. 192; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Purdy Publishing Company, 160-170 Madison Street, Chicago.**

† "The Red Man's Greeting." By Simon Pokagon, chief of the Pottawattamie Indians. Published by C. H. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

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Printed upon white birch bark, in its natural state, is an account of the cruel betrayal of this hunted race, dating from the advent of the white man to these shores up to the present time.

The author is sixty-three years of age, of pure Indian descent, has profited by a fair English education, and is the acknowledged chief, by the United States, of the "Pokagon Pottawattamie Band." His father was chief of the band forty-two years, and signed a number of important treaties with the United States.

The son has journeyed many times to Washington to insist on the fulfillment of the promise of one million dollars of compensation, made to his father. After laborious years of weary waiting, fraught with weariness, anxiety, and over battling with heartless antagonism, he has succeeded at different times in obtaining payments in part, but the entire debt is not nearly cancelled. One reads with unutterable sadness this voicing of the outraged spirit of a race, eloquent in its pathos, yet entirely free from wild vindictiveness. He says:—

In behalf of my people, the American Indians, I hereby declare to you, the pale-faced race that has usurped our lands and homes, that we have no spirit to celebrate with you the great Columbian Fair now being held in this Chicago city, the wonder of the world. No; sooner would we hold high joy-day over the graves of our departed fathers than to celebrate our own funeral, the discovery of America. And while you who are strangers, and you who live here, bring the offerings of the handiwork of your own hands, and your hearts in admiration rejoice over the beauty and grandeur of this young republic, and you say, "Behold the wonders wrought by our children in this foreign land," do not forget that this success has been at the sacrifice of our homes, and a once happy race. . . .

But alas! the pale-faces came by chance to our shores, many times very needy and hungry. We nursed and fed them,—fed the ravens that were soon to pluck out our eyes, and the eyes of our children. . . . Turkey-like they gobbled in our ears, "Give us gold, give us gold. Where find you gold?" We gave for promises and gowgaws all the gold we had, and showed them where to dig for more. To repay us, they robbed our homes of our fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters; some were forced across the sea for slaves in Spain, while multitudes were dragged into the mines to dig for gold, and held in slavery there until all who escaped not, died under the lash of the cruel task-master. It finally passed into their history that "The red man of the West, unlike the black man of the East, will die before he'll be a slave." Our hearts were crushed by such base ingratitude and, as the United States has now decreed, "No Chinaman shall land upon our shores," so we then felt that no such barbarians as they should land on ours. . . .

Nor was this all. They brought among us fatal diseases our fathers knew not of. Our medicine-men tried in vain to check the deadly plague; but they themselves died, and our people fell as fall the leaves before the autumn's blast. To be just we must acknowledge there were some good men with these strangers, who gave their lives for ours, and in great kindness taught us the revealed will of the Great Spirit through his Son Jesus. . . .

You say of us that we are treacherous, vindictive, and cruel. In answer to the charge, we declare to all the world with our hands uplifted before high heaven that before the white man came among us, we were kind, outspoken, and forgiving. Our real character has been misunderstood, because we have resented the breaking of treaties made with the United States, as we honestly understood them. Our sad history has been told by weeping parents to their children from generation to generation, and as the fear of the fox in the duckling is hatched, so the wrongs we have suffered are transmitted to our children, and they look upon the white man with distrust as

soon as they are born. Hence our worst acts of cruelty should be viewed by all the world with Christian charity as being but the echo of bad treatment dealt out to us.

This wail of anguish from a fast vanishing people is a justifiable complaint. It seems that our nation's record of shame, inflicted torture, bloodshed, and sweeping despoliation, can only as a natural sequence be followed by such a cataclism of horrors as will draw our people into its dark vortex and for a period overwhelm us. The aborigines have ever been notable for their inborn poetic and oratorical powers. A bit of literature so clearly indicative of this phase of their natures, is worthy of careful preservation.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

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