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# the SOU'WESTER

Published Quarterly By  
The Pacific County Historical Society - State of Washington

*What? Masked Bandits on our Museum Door-step?*

*No.*

*Druggists and Clerks During the Spanish Influenza  
Epidemic of 1918-1919.*



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# SOU'WESTER

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*Mrs. Harold C. Dixon, Editor*

MEMBERSHIP SOLICITED

*"Any person interested in the history of Pacific County may be enrolled as a member of the Society upon receipt by the secretary of the first payment of dues." (\$1.00 per calendar year.)*

## THE CENTERFOLD:

We salute the Shoalwater Bay Indian Tribe on its Centennial, and print an exact copy of the original "Chief's Paper" issued to Light House Charley Ma-tote on August 10, 1876, and upon his death, endorsed over to his son, George A. Charley on November 29, 1889, then passed on to Roland Charley, all deceased. Mrs. Roland Charley and her daughter, Myrtle Charley Landry, with their families, have established a fine historical museum on the Shoalwater Indian Reservation in the Bicentennial year of 1976.

## THE COVER PHOTO:

The joy in America at the closing of World War I was overshadowed by the heartbreak caused by the Spanish influenza epidemic. In January of 1919, the commissioners closed the entire county by their "flu ban" which applied to schools, churches and public gatherings of all kinds. Sufferers were quarantined in hospitals and homes, and Doctor George A. Tripp was appointed Health Officer. Those who were required to serve the public wore gauze masks. The lady in white in front of our present Museum is Freda Frederiksen Bell.

--Richard Layzell photo

*Pacific County's*

## **Pioneer Frederiksen Family**

First of Three Parts

by

Lillian Ehsanullah nee Pedersen

My grandmother was Olga Marie Frederiksen, born in Copenhagen, Denmark in 1877. She first married Morten Simon Pedersen, my grandfather, who died young in an accident. She then married Lauritz Guldager (meaning golden acre), who has a famous namesake, perhaps a relative, in the Danish immigrant Christian Guldager (1759-1823), who painted President George Washington, and who was also the originator of the American national symbol, the eagle.

When my grandmother died in 1963, I found in one of her trunks a packet of old letters which she had promised me. They were mostly letters from my father, Fritz Pedersen, when he was in China where I was born. But there was also a small packet of letters, ten in all, written to her by her father's eldest brother, Frederik Ole Frederiksen, his wife Louise, and two of their six children, Frederik, Jr., and Sahra. These letters were all sent from South Bend, Washington, between 1892 and 1896, with one letter undated. After reading through them, I felt I must find my grandmother's first cousins and their descendents. Frederik, Jr., had written on December 3, 1895: "We must be friends and not lose sight of each other, even though the old folks pass away." His mother died in 1899 and his father in 1900, and they are buried in the G.A.R. Veteran's Plot in the I.O.O.F. Cemetery near South Bend. The four daughters were raised by various families in South Bend, and since the children could not write Danish without their parents' help, the connection with relatives in Denmark was lost.

My letters of search, mailed to South Bend, produced no result. Other letters to the Danish newspapers in America brought no reply, either. Meanwhile, I had travelled around the world from Denmark, to India, to Nigeria, and to England. Here, a friend who was going to Seattle, Washington, promised to help me in 1967. He procured two addresses, the first grandmother's cousin Frederik, Jr., but he had passed away in

1949. Richard Frederick, of Raymond, was not a relative but fortunately was very much alive, and through the Pacific County Historical Society traced a grandson of F.O. Frederiksen, Richard Layzell, then of Astoria, Oregon. Mr. Frederick was also assisted by the former postmaster of South Bend, Daniel F. Coulter, whose wife's sister was a girlhood friend of Freda Frederiksen Bell, the only one of the six children of the F.O. Frederiksens still alive. Unfortunately, by the time my letter to her arrived, she had just passed away in February of 1968. I felt very disappointed at having gotten so far in my search for grandmother's first cousins only to lose the chance to hear from the last one alive. However, I have now been corresponding with two grandsons, Richard Layzell and William B. Dawson, and one great grandson, David Dawson, who, in July 1974, visited "the old country" -- Denmark, and also me, in England. It was a unique experience for the descendents of the two Frederiksen families to meet after so many years of broken connection.

#### The Frederiksen Family History

This three-part account of the pioneer life and history of the Frederiksen family has been based on the old letters to my grandmother, the reminiscences written by Mrs. Sahra Louise Layzell in 1955 and 1957, and other information.

Frederik Ole Frederiksen was the eldest of four children born to Ole Frederiksen and Karen Marie Frederiksen nee Nicolajsdatter. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on September 18, 1838, followed by a sister Louise Marie born April 8, 1845, a brother Hans Fritz (my great grandfather), born December 15, 1848, and lastly Jens Ferdinand, born September 17, 1851. Before the end of 1851, their parents died in the cholera epidemic which was sweeping over Denmark; the orphaned children were raised by kind people.

Around the time of his parents' death, Frederik left home and made his way to the great seaport of Hamburg, Germany, where he took berth as a cabin boy on a freighter plying between the Argentine and Europe. In 1855, aged 17, he joined the United States Navy and later fought in the Civil War, taking the place of a drafted man named Frank Smith. He was in a number of famous battles, including the Battle of Mobile Bay, on August 5, 1864, where he fought under Admiral Farragut on his flagship the USS HARTFORD.

On January 11, 1868, he tried unsuccessfully to save the life of Admiral Henry H. Bell in the China Seas near Osaka, Japan, after the admiral's barge had capsized.

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Admiral Bell had served as Fleet Captain of the Gulf Squadron under Admiral Farragut during the action leading to the capture of New Orleans and Vicksburg, and presumably F.O. Frederiksen was there, too. For his bravery in attempting, with other men, to save Admiral Bell, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in 1868. Unfortunately, the citation for the medal was made in the name of "Frank Smith", the man for whom he was serving, and this made it difficult for him to obtain the pension which went with the medal. This medal was lost after his death in 1900, but proof of its existence is its appearance on his lapel in a family photo.

F.O. Frederiksen left the navy in 1875, and went on a visit to his brothers and sister in Denmark, and a group photo was taken of them; afterwards, he returned to



1875 Group Photo (from left): Hans Fritz Frederiksen, grandfather of Lillian Ehsanullah; Jens Ferdinand Frederiksen, who, with his wife and unborn child, were murdered on his tideland farm on Frederiksen Slough in 1890; Frederiksen Ole Frederiksen, Congressional Medal of Honor holder, pioneer of Bruceport, who died in 1900 at South Bend; their sister, Louise Marie Frederiksen.



Ane Marie Louise Maintz  
and  
Frederik Ole Frederiksen  
September 8, 1880  
Wedding Photo by Davidson,  
corner First and Yamhill Streets,  
Portland, Oregon

America. On his voyage to Europe, F.O. Frederiksen had met his future wife, Ane Marie Louise Maintz. She was born in Nykbing, on the island of Falster in Denmark, on January 30, 1851; her parents were Ane Sofie nee Otterberg and Frederik Christian Maintz. When she was two and a half years old, she lost her mother of cholera, and two years later her father died from consumption. When she was twenty, in 1871, she went to America in the cholera ship FRANKLIN and was the only one out of 300 people on board who recovered, after a life and death struggle of hunger, cholera and, lastly, erysipelas. The others died in all directions after they were let out of quarantine, but she returned to Denmark to take up nursing at Frederik's Hospital in Copenhagen, now used as a Museum for Decorative Art.

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But the wife of a commodore insisted that she return to America, so she came, then travelled the 3000 miles across America, married F.O. Frederiksen on September 8, 1880, in Portland, Oregon, and went to Astoria to live. Here their two eldest children were born: Frederik Ole, Jr., on June 9, 1881, followed by Frank Ferdinand, born on June 26, 1883. As adults, Frederik, Jr., worked for a fish canning company in Nushagak, Alaska, and later became a painting contractor. He married Hazel, and they adopted a son, Billy, and lived in Portland, Oregon. Frank never married and worked on tug boats and in the lumber industry.

Three children were born in Bruceport, namely: Sahra Louisa, born on July 27, 1885. She married Oliver Layzell, born in Stutton, Suffolk, England on July 11, 1884. They lived in Astoria where he was a river boat captain. Sahra died May 7, 1966 and he died on July 19, 1970. Their son, Richard, was born in Astoria on March 7, 1912, and now lives in Seaside, Oregon.

Malfreda "Freda" Johanne, was born on July 22, 1887, lived in South Bend, where she was employed in the drug store which now houses our Pacific County Historical Museum. She married Arthur Bell who was born in South Bend on March 7, 1880. He was a tug boat captain, and they owned oyster beds. She died on February 11, 1968, and he died in 1976.

Karen Sophia was born on July 16, 1889. She first married James Berry, a railroad conductor, and later Loren Rogers, who worked in mining in Alaska. She passed away in Seattle in 1944.

The sixth child was Anne Harriet Dorothea, who was born on July 29, 1891, on the former Jens Frederiksen ranch, three miles by water from South Bend. She first married Sidney Max Dawson, a farmer who later worked in oil drilling, and they have a son, William Byron Dawson, born in Kingsburg, California on December 16, 1919. She later married Roy Orr, a dairy rancher and oil driller born in Portersville, California. She passed away in January 1967. William B. Dawson first married Alberta Oliver, with whom he had two sons, William and David. After her death, he married Mabel Bonilla, and they had a daughter named Anne Marie after her great grandmother. All three children are married, and William has two children while Anne Marie has three, and these five children are the only great-grandchildren of F.O. Frederiksen and Anne Marie Louise Frederiksen.

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#### Bruceport 1884 - 1890

In the summer of 1884, the Frederiksen family moved from Astoria to Bruceport, where they joined later by F.O. Frederiksen's youngest brother, Jens, who had first been a soldier in the Danish army and afterwards went to sea. Jens married Nielsine Lauritzen on August 3, 1887 in Astoria. She was born in Horsens, Denmark on March 21, 1866. Her sister Laurine, born on December 6, 1859, was married to Harry Julius Wiegardt on March 15, 1884 and they lived at Bruceport, also. (Refer to THE SOU'WESTER for Summer 1971)

The Frederiksen family lived next to Captain John Riddell's house and store, and his brother, Valentine's home, while on the other side lived Jens and Sine, as she was called for short. Then came the Fishers, and a house to which Jens and Sine later moved, when it became vacant, next to the Wiegardt's. After this came the school house built in the yard belonging to a Danish family with four children, including a daughter born in 1885. Next to the Danish family lived the widow Hawks and Joe McBride. Further up the beach lived Joe De Roos with a grown family, and beyond them the Popes who later moved to Oregon. Now Mrs. Sahra Layzell continues the story:

Sandwiched between the cottages were the houses of the Indians. Mary Hawks had moved over from Hawk's Point, near North River, and she gave a little red chair to us children, and it is now in California, well over the century mark in age, still in excellent condition in 1957, waxed to a high degree and used by the grandchildren of my youngest sister, Anne. The Cape Cod cottages faced the windward and the open bay, and were oblong in shape, having a porch extending across the front and a window which was long and narrow. The living room ran back to the lean-to kitchen where the red brick fireplace joined the flue. The two bedrooms were on the East side with a connecting door, and let in the summer sun. A woodshed to the rear of the place had a raised platform that led to the kitchen. Another door led to the back yard, lush and green and filled with fruit trees of many years growth.

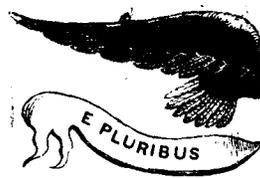
Along the whitewashed picket fences separating these trim homes were planted gooseberry and currant bushes. The bay was one's front yard, each man's oyster beds extended directly out from in front of his house to the rim of the bay. There were clams the size of a man's fist. The world's finest salmon choked the bay in silver hoardes as they headed for fresh water and their spawning grounds, where once again



Proudly wearing his Congressional Medal of Honor, Frederik Ole Frederiksen poses for the camera of Alex Gylfe in South Bend in 1894. In the front row are daughters Anne and Karen, and his wife, Ane Marie Louise; standing in the back row are Frank, Freda, Frederik, Jr. and Sahra.

they would reproduce their kind. One more delicacy that the good Lord provided for his "Children of Chance" was the Irish Moss or Carrageen (*Chondrus crispus*, a red algae) a variety of seaweed found growing in the bay. It was cleaned, dried, and then steeped in warm milk. When cold, it was thick and creamy and a perfect dessert, which was even fed to babies. In the hills were berries of many varieties, and deer, elk and bear were plentiful.

The ghosts of yesteryear creep white-robed and silent across the path of your dream world. Slowly and daintily, like some butterfly your memory flits here and there through the years, and lingers momentarily on some object of your choosing, separating it from all others as a thing apart. Mama wanted to bring down forever the curtain of suffering as she vainly, heroically tried to bring me into the world, but I balked like a wild steer in a Western rodeo. The young Indian woman helping Mama went for help. A lone figure on the oyster beds at the crack of dawn was Mary Armstrong Riddell, Indian wife of the "Boss Man." Stoic like others of her race, she



**TO ALL PERSONS W**

WHEREAS, *Light House Chief*, otherwise called *Light House* Tribe, living in the Territory of WASHINGTON, has been this is given to him that he may be known and treated accordingly.

The said Chief is responsible for the good behavior of his people, Agent, of all offences committed by the Indians against the citizens. In so doing he is to be assisted by the Sub-Chiefs, and will be supported.

He is also, on behalf of his people, to make complaint of injuries done to Indians. In this the faith of the Government is pledged to him, and the same will remove.

In witness whereof, I have hereto set my hand and seal this *twelfth* day of

*The authority hereby  
deceased is hereby  
until a new one*

*Puyallup Agency Wash  
Nov. 29, 1889.*

Issued by

*R. H. Wilson*

*U.S. Ind. Agent*

UNUM.

**WHICH IT MAY CONCERN.**

*White* ..... an Indian of the *Shoal Water Bay* .....  
is recognized as HEAD CHIEF of the same; now, therefore, this paper

and is required to inform the ~~Superintendent of Indian Affairs~~ of the  
Territory, and to deliver up, on demand, all persons accused thereof.  
by the ~~Superintendent and Agents~~.

by citizens or others against them, and particularly of the sale of  
to him and do their duty  
make another Chief.

*request. A.D. 1876.*  
*to the above person now*  
*to his son George a clerk P.H. Wilson, late*  
is issued

*Edwin Cull*  
*U.S. Ind. Agent*

Superintendent of Indian Affairs.



This Photo, taken approximately sixty years ago, looks much as our Museum appears today. Carlton C. Comfort stands beside the cigar case we use for display; George Nelson is near another case we have; John L. Myers is the owner; Dr. Albert L. Mathieu is a visitor; and, Freda Frederiksen Bell leans on a case which today holds a stand with PhotO'Neil scenic postcards.

--Richard Layzell Photo

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possessed a good sound mind and fine judgment; one could always rely on kindly Mary.

Papa was over in the state of Oregon, paying homage to his former Commander-in-Chief, General (and ex-president) U.S. Grant, lying dead in the East. Papa had done Mama's bidding before he left, by bringing our good Swedish friend, Johanna Johanson, down the bay from her home on the Willapa river, where she and her family ran a dairy ranch. Now, there she was, beside my mother without a trick left in her midwife's bag. Mary, being a child of nature, knew instinctively what to do: "Give strong black tea." The black iron kettle had steamed and sang the long night through as my arrival was awaited momentarily. After the tea was poured into Mama, they wrapped her body in the blankets which were discarded earlier in the painful ordeal. Mary said she must perspire and relax. And before long, there I was, out in the big, wide world. In the summer, babies born at high tide were assured of one good dousing, for they were taken immediately to the bay and swooshed around in the seaweed like some hapless fish. I was out of luck, as the tide was far out to the bay's edge, a mile or so.

When Mama and I were made snug and comfortable, my two brothers in the adjoining room awoke and demanded attention. Now Swedes mostly have coffee early in the morning, being unfamiliar with cereal that demanded cooking under long and low conditions to be edible and fit for human consumption. Poor and confused "Tanta" was to be excused for just barely simmering the powerful stuff and feeding it to the youngsters, then turning them outdoors to fend for themselves while she wooed a bit of rest. The boys were not gone long when they came screaming into the house, holding their stomachs, which were swollen to twice their normal size. But two years later, "Tanta" Johanson was back again, assisting at the birth of another baby daughter and the newcomer was named Malfreda Johanna, to reward her in part for her loyalty.

Mama was going to have another baby in the summer of 1889, and in the spring she wanted to sail up the Willapa river to visit a Danish family living on a hillside farm above the little mill on the bend of the river. So, bright and early, we were off on a big adventure, perhaps the first in our lives, and we youngsters were in our seventh heaven. Now, it cause for alarm when a family of six descends on a householder without notice. But in the old days things were different. Victuals came by the sack or barrel, and nearly all meats were salted or smoked, so all one had to do was drag out a

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bit more, or put a bigger hunk to soak, and that was that. This Danish family had a sort of combined dairy and chicken ranch, half on the low hills above the little town, then sloping gradually down to the tideland of the river, where on the other side the mountains' deep blue stretched to a mere blur as they tapered off toward the bay, then down to the sea. People in those days had plenty of nothing in the way of material things, but of food and such, there was a super abundance, and whatever they had was shared with friends and strangers alike. This was sort of code of the sparsely settled places of the far Pacific Northwest. It was also a time when few people married but had large families; now, many people marry but have small families, or none at all.

There were four children born to this middle-aged Danish couple: a son about twenty and daughter engaged to a giant of a Dane who came stalking into the house with the older brother. He was over six feet tall and towered above the ordinary person like a swan above a duckling. This daughter sat on a low stool watching a huge batch of bread brown in the old fashioned oven of the shiny cast-iron stove, for Danes as a rule are fastidious housekeepers. She was as neat and clean as her surroundings. Her mother was a frail sort and pioneering was not much to her liking.

The forthcoming marriage was looked upon as a very solemn affair. In mid-afternoon, the bridegroom and the best man rowed down the river to get the preacher; being Lutheran, they wanted the knot tied by a man of their own faith. This minister held together a small congregation in South Bend. While awaiting their return, the women folk prepared a wedding dinner of chicken and all the trimmings. In time, the skiff hove into sight, and its three occupants jumped onto the landing float and headed for the house.

All was a bustle of excitement, the bride was donning her wedding finery, which consisted of a white home-made dress and her mother's veil brought all the way from Denmark. They stood under the bower of the parlor window, her brother was the best man and her younger sister her bride's maid. She held a spring bouquet of wall flowers. When it was all over, the minister went with the bride and groom in the boat and left them in the town. The newlyweds tied up at the houseboat where the young giant lived and fished on the river. We pulled out the next day. Hearts in the old days were lonely a great deal of time, as settlers were few and far between and visiting days were a great event. Mama had a big bouquet of wall flowers to take home with her, and was she pleased! I remember her placing them in the front window, their tawny bright colors in full sight for all to see.

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*Echoes from the past*

## **Booze in Pacific County**

*By Ruth Dixon*

In 1792, George Washington was president of the United States, and the "land where rolls the Oregon" was a vast area inhabited for thousands of years by a cultured, self-sufficient people we refer to as American Indians. In 1792, Captain Robert Gray, an American trader, undertook a daring project. He sailed into breakers he suspected of concealing the entrance to the Great River of the West, emerged on a waterway which he named in honor of his ship, COLUMBIA, and claimed it for the United States. In 1792, the Chinook Indian nation was invaded and doomed: doomed by white man's diseases, by destruction of the native culture, and by liquor.

### **Lewis and Clark Found Natives Tranquil**

Arriving at the mouth of the Columbia river in November of 1805, Lewis and Clark found the natives mild and peaceful, their tranquility "scarcely ever interrupted by disputes." They lived in houses made of cedar boards, well suited for their needs. They were comfortable. The women, children and old people were treated with kindness and consideration. These superior qualities the explorers attributed to "their ignorance of spiritous liquors, the earliest and most dreadful present which civilization has given to the other natives of the continent." This situation was soon to change, though firmly resisted by the elders, who regarded liquor as poisonous and its effects humiliating and disgraceful. But the "Bostons" worked through the children, and one of Astor's clerks, Gabriel Franchere, recorded in his journal an incident in which "some of the gentlemen" of the company had amused themselves by making the son of a local chief drunk. "The old chief came to reproach us," Franchere related, "saying that we had degraded his son by exposing him to the ridicule of the slaves."

### **First Booze in Pacific County?**

In January of 1853, James G. Swan, then living in Russell's house in the cove just north of Stony Point, had visitors: "a party of Indians arrived, consisting of old Carcumcum, sister of the celebrated Comcomly, the Chenook chief mentioned in Irving's "Astoria" and also by Ross Cox, and her son Ellewa, the present chief of the

Chenooks, with his wife (Winchestoh) and two or three slaves. Old Carcumcum related to me the fact of her remembering the first time that any liquor was given to the Chenook Indians, and, from her description, I should think it was when (Lieutenant William) Broughton went into the Columbia river, for she said the Tyee, or chief of the vessel, had gold dollar things, meaning epaulets, on his shoulders, and was in a man-of-war." HMS CHATHAM stranded on what is now Peacock Spit, on October 20, 1792, but was freed on the next change of tide. "They drank some rum out of a wine glass, how much Carcumcum did not recollect. But she did recollect that they got drunk, and were so scared at the strange feeling that they ran into the woods and hid until they were sober. The rest, who did not get any rum, thought they had gone crazy, or had turned foolish. Old Carcumcum said they had but a very little rum from the traders until the settlement of Astoria (1811, by Americans), when they began to get a little more used to it; and as the country has become settled, they can get it readily from all quarters."

This same fact generally applied to the white settlers, too, until January 1, 1916, when the State of Washington "went dry". Nearly five years later, on October 28, 1920, the National Prohibition Act, called the Volstead Act, in pursuance of the 18th Amendment, was passed over President Wilson's veto. A more unpopular law would be difficult to imagine, and outwitting the "Feds" became a favorite pastime.

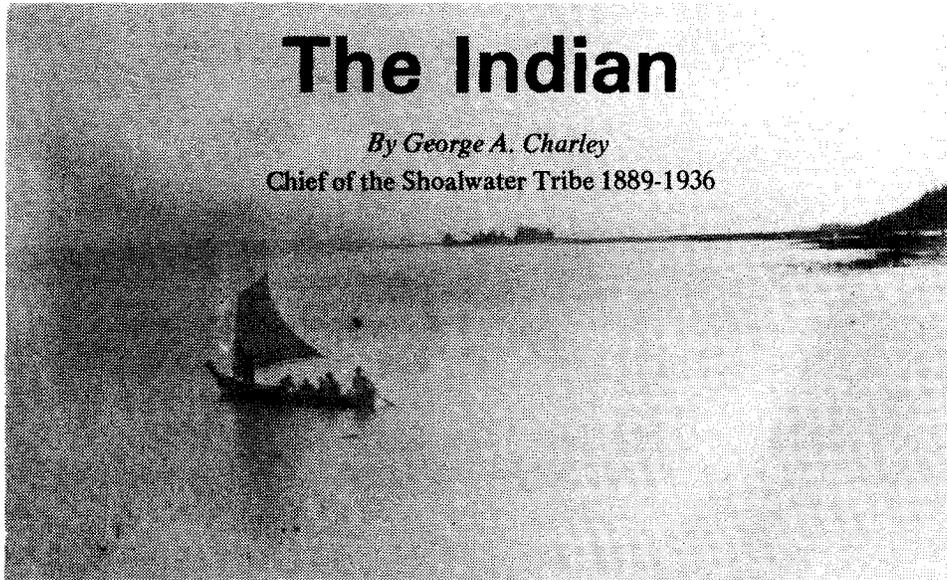
#### Some Early Booze History Recalled

There was once a merchant of Bruceport who amassed a fortune said to be upwards of a quarter million dollars, mainly from selling penny pencils for a dime! There was a gimmick, for with the sale went the privilege of a trip to the back room where a barrel was kept containing a concoction referred to as "tangle-foot". For the white men, capacity was a status symbol, for a beginner could take but a sip at a standing. But it was not only the white settlers who came, either, for there was no law against selling pencils to the Indians, though sales of liquor had been banned. Another old story concerns the cannon down on the Point and when it boomed, the parched throated ones listened and reckoned. Each shot indicated that a barrel of whiskey was ready and waiting. Later, there was "local option", with adjoining wet and dry districts, causing much visiting about, though one druggist in a dry area reportedly thrived mightily on bottled "cures."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# The Indian

*By George A. Charley*  
Chief of the Shoalwater Tribe 1889-1936



--Photo from the late Willie George

I have travelled o'er the country that once was our domain,  
Seen the rivers and the mountains, the broad and fertile plain  
Where the Indians chased the duck, the elk, the deer,  
When the smoke from Indian wigwams rose from far and near;  
Seen the lovely Shoalwater where our council fire would burn  
And all the tribes and warriors would gather there to learn  
The wise teaching of the chieftains and the traditions old,  
So as to tell their children as to them it had been told.

## THE PROPHECY

Once many thousand moons ago, to the dancing house there came  
All the tribes and warriors from the forest, hill and plain,  
And while they were assembled there, a young man rose to say  
What the Manitou had shown him in a vision on that day:  
From afar a huge canoe with pinions spreading wide,  
Coming o'er the waters from across the sunny side,  
And in that huge canoe were people strange of dress,  
All were armed as warriors though peacefulness professed.



Chief George A. Charley holds his infant grandchild, the son of Mitchell and Pansy Wakenas Charley. From left, his wife, Caroline Matel Charley and their tiny daughter, Jessie, who died young; Nina Charley McCrory Bumgartner, daughter of Chief Charley who lives at Taholah; Pansy Charley, wife of Mitchell Charley, and Lizzie Charley, deceased, eldest daughter of Chief Charley.

--Merrill Bochau Photo

They told them of their God, who came and died for men,  
And they were messengers from Him, to save them from their sin.  
But, first, they said they must have land and thus a home prepare,  
Then they would teach them truth and Heaven with them share.  
The young man to the warriors old his visions further told,  
And prophesied that from that day these strangers would grow bold;  
That each would have a different creed to teach a different tribe  
And when one told another, each would think the other lied.  
The young man for his people lamented loud and long;  
He saw the friendships broken that always had been strong;  
Dissension, war, and trouble, their happiness succeed,  
Tribes rise against each other, their warriors die and bleed.

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At last, their faith all shattered, home gone and country gone,  
Defected, broken-hearted, he saw them westward roam.  
The Manitou was sorrowful that they should faithless be,  
And now, where's the Heaven the strangers promised thee?

#### THE COURSE OF EVENTS

The white man gave his promise, to lead us on to light,  
And in Heaven we'll be rewarded, they say, for doing right;  
For there, the Bible teaches, our treasures we should store,  
If our rights are here established, we need for nothing more,  
And Christians will gladly show us the path the Pilgrims trod,  
To lead us to Eternal Joy, in Paradise with God."  
So we gave close attention to their actions one by one,  
And this, as we have found it, is part that they have done:

#### AN INDIAN VERSION

They took with pious gratitude the land that was our own,  
They killed our buffalo and deer and drove us from our home.  
Some of our people plead with them our country to retain,  
While others did contest our rights with arms, but all in vain.  
With sorrow, grief and suffering, we were forced at last to go  
From the graves of our forefathers to a land we did not know  
Which then was guaranteed to us, long as water shall run,  
Yet on they pushed us, toward the setting sun.



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And when the Indian to the white man makes complaint about his land,  
He is told with solemn gestures "seek the government, not the man;  
"He will be your good, great father and adopt you as a child.  
He knows better what you need, and will protect you all the while."  
But the father was forgetful of his foster children's care,  
So the Indian, thus discouraged finds relief not any where.  
Will a nation, for its action, have to pass the judgment bar,  
Or will God excuse the people if the deeds the nations are?

"This is a Christian nation" they oft with pride maintain,  
And even on their money, their faith they do proclaim,  
And cannot hold an office here in this Christian land  
Unless we believe in Heaven and the future state of man.  
In every town are churches, God's word is everywhere;  
E'en legislation good or bad, begin each day with prayer.  
"This is the home of freedom where justice rules the land,  
And all (save Indian people) their rights may here demand."  
When on the day of judgment, their records there to see,  
As God turns o'er the pages, who will the bravest be?  
For one was called a savage, whose simple faith applies,  
The other one was a white man, very highly civilized,  
And should they be together long enough to treat  
Do you suppose the white man the Indian there would cheat?  
Of, if the chance be given, when judgment is handed down,  
Would the white man take his Heaven, or our happy hunting ground?

#### HIS PLEA

Give us place, or trust, or honor. Let us feel this still our home.  
Let us use our mind and muscle. Let our actions be our own.  
Pay us what is justly due us. Let your government be ours, too.  
We will battle with each problem just as faithfully as you.  
One who proves himself a warrior, and of danger knows no fear,  
Surely can find ways to master each problem that draws near.