

Grade(s): 9-12

Module: 8



Norman B. Leventhal  
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**Topic:** Building the Local American Empire: Mapping Indigenous Peoples and Westward Expansion

**TEACHERS:** [READ THIS FIRST](#)

Task #1	Task #2	Task #3	Task #4
<p><b>Essential Question and Task Focus Question:</b> How do we evaluate sources and <i>ourselves</i> for reliability of information?</p> <p>Where did Indigenous people live in North America before the arrival of Europeans?</p>	<p><b>Essential Question and Task Focus Question:</b> What are some ways to close-read historical maps?</p> <p>What are some ways Euro-Americans mapped Indigenous presence in North America in the 1800s?</p>	<p><b>Essential Question and Task Focus Question:</b> In what ways can two different kinds of sources (maps and first-person narratives) inform our understanding of each?</p> <p>What is the connection between the creation of Indian boarding schools by the United States government and its taking of Native lands?</p>	<p><b>Essential Question and Task Focus Questions:</b> In what ways are maps more and less useful in learning about a historical topic?</p> <p>What do the sources in this unit tell us about the ways Euro-Americans created a local empire in North America, particularly between 1800 and 1900, and what does our definition of empire have to do with it?</p>
<p><b>Student Task(s):</b> Students explore two sources to determine who created them, when they were created, and to reflect on their own level of buy-in to the information provided. Students also explore each source to determine points of content information they can trust.</p>	<p><b>Student Task(s):</b> Students reflect on Task #1. Students use a guided process to examine one of four historical Euro-American maps that show Native people in the 1800s, mostly west of the Mississippi.</p>	<p><b>Student Task(s)</b> Students reflect on Task #1 and #2. Students use a guided process to examine a map of reservation lands and Indian boarding schools. Students read and annotate two first person narratives related to Indian boarding schools. Students reflect on how the map informs the narratives and vice versa.</p>	<p><b>Student Task(s):</b> Students consider a government-produced map of how the United States acquired its territory. Students write a response to the map based on the sources in Tasks #1-3.</p>
<p><b>Source 1:</b> <a href="#">Native-Land.ca   Our</a></p>	<p><b>Map 1:</b> <a href="#">Map of the Western Territory &amp;c</a></p>	<p><b>Map:</b> <a href="#">Map showing Indian reservations within the limits of the United States</a></p>	<p><b>Map:</b> <a href="#">Territorial Acquisitions: NationalAtlas.gov, 2014</a></p>

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<p><a href="#">home on native land</a></p> <p><b>Source 2:</b> <a href="#">Linguistic families of American Indians north of Mexico</a></p> <p><b>Process Materials:</b> <a href="#">Task #1: Worksheet</a></p>	<p><b>Map 2:</b> <a href="#">Map of an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842 and to Oregon &amp; north California in the years 1843-44</a></p> <p><b>Map 3:</b> <a href="#">Mapa de los Estados Unidos de Méjico</a></p> <p><b>Map 4:</b> <a href="#">A map of North America, denoting the boundaries of the yearly meetings of Friends and the locations of the various Indian tribes</a></p> <p><b>Process Materials:</b> <a href="#">Task #2 Worksheet</a></p> <p><a href="#">List of Tribal Nation Names</a></p>	<p><b>Narrative 1:</b> <a href="#">Speech by Captain Richard Henry Pratt, 1892</a></p> <p><b>Narrative 2:</b> <a href="#">Autobiographical short stories by Zitkála-Šá</a></p> <p><b>Process Materials:</b> <a href="#">Task #3 Worksheet</a></p> <p><b><i>This task takes the most time of the four.</i></b></p> <p><b><i>An interesting comparison can be made here with W.E.B. DuBois's critique of Booker T. Washington's education approach and with <a href="#">DuBois's concept of "double consciousness"</a>.</i></b></p>	<p><b>Process Materials:</b> <a href="#">Task #4 Worksheet</a></p>
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## ***For Teachers of **Building the Local Empire: Mapping Indigenous Peoples and Westward Expansion*****

This unit is designed for four to five days. Task #3 is probably a two-day assignment.

The unit requires students to make copies of the worksheets in their GoogleDocs/Drive accounts in order to rename the documents, type in their responses, and submit to you. A couple of the activities require drawing, highlighting and annotating. If students do not know how to annotate with comments, highlight text, or use the drawing feature they will need instructions from you about how to do that. You are welcome and encouraged to make your own copies of the tasks and materials in order to edit and adjust according to your objectives.

Our hope is that you will read through the tasks, try them yourself, and look for points in which conversation will contribute to deeper connection with the content and themes. Teachers are using different approaches to group interaction in this period of remote learning, and we know it is difficult. However, we are hoping you can find some way to have students talk together about what they are seeing and thinking in this micro-unit. Debriefing and reflecting on the previous task at the start of each new task will be particularly productive.

Please let us know if you have any problems with accessing the content or materials or if you have any questions.

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## ***Building the Local American Empire: Mapping Indigenous Peoples and Westward Expansion***

### **Task #1**

**Essential Question:** How do we evaluate sources and *ourselves* for reliability of information?

**Task Focus Question:** Where did Indigenous people live in North America before the arrival of Europeans?

You will explore two sources that provide possible answers to the **Task Focus Question**. Answer the questions on each source in the table below. To answer the questions fully, you will need to click around the pages, read **a lot** of the information available—especially in the “About” sections of the websites, even Google a name or two. You need to act like a detective. Be sure to answer all parts to each question.

You have **three** goals:

- 1) to learn some things about where Native nations lived in the land that would be called North America before the arrival of Europeans,
- 2) to really examine these sources for reliability (*Remember if a source is reliable you can trust the information in the source*),
- 3) to examine yourself and be able to say what kinds of information you are more likely to believe and what kinds you are more likely to question.

#### **Source 1**

<a href="#">Native-Land.ca   Our home on native land</a>
1. Who created this source? Explain in detail.
2. When was the source created? Does this affect its reliability? Why or why not?

#### **Source 2**

<a href="#">Linguistic families of American Indians north of Mexico</a>
1. Who created this source? Explain in detail.
2. When was the source created? Does this affect its reliability? Why or why not?

<p>3. On a scale of 1 to 5, rank this source for reliability, with 1 being the least reliable and 5 being the most reliable:</p> <p>Explain your ranking.</p>	<p>3. On a scale of 1 to 5, rank this source for reliability, with 1 being the least reliable and 5 being the most reliable:</p> <p>Explain your ranking.</p>
<p>4. What are three pieces of information this source shows you about where Indigenous people lived in North America before Europeans arrived that you feel you can trust?</p> <p>1)</p> <p>2)</p> <p>3)</p>	<p>4. What are three pieces of information this source shows you about where Indigenous people lived in North America before Europeans arrived that you feel you can trust?</p> <p>1)</p> <p>2)</p> <p>3)</p>
<p>5. What is one way the accuracy of this source's information about Indigenous people could be improved?</p>	<p>5. What is one way the accuracy of this source's information about Indigenous people could be improved?</p>

**Final Question:** *Self-reflect.* What is true about **you** (e.g. your ethnicity, your belief system, your education, other lived experiences) that you think has an effect on how reliable you find these sources?

## ***Building the Local American Empire: Mapping Indigenous Peoples and Westward Expansion***

### **Task #2**

**Essential Question:** What are some ways to close-read historical maps?

**Task Focus Question:** What are some ways Euro-Americans mapped Indigenous presence in North America in the 1800s?

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**I. Reflect on Task #1:** Based on the two sources you explored in Task #1, what were the boundaries of Native communities like in North America before the arrival of Europeans?

### **II. Looking at maps made by Euro-American cartographers**

For this task you will either be assigned or you can choose one of four maps to explore in depth. All of the maps can be found on the Norman B. Leventhal Map & Education Center website, and you can click on the map image to see a version you can zoom in and out of. To answer the questions you will have to read the information about the map on the website, take in the map as a whole, and explore all areas of the map by zooming in closely to look for symbols and labels. If you don't know what a term means, look it up.

**Map Basics**

Title of the Map: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Cartographer (Mapmaker)/Creator: \_\_\_\_\_

Did the mapmaker use color to share information?	Yes	No
Is there a legend or key?	Yes	No
Are there illustrations/decorations?	Yes	No
Is there a scale to show distances?	Yes	No



What do you think the purpose of the map is? \_\_\_\_\_

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**What do you notice?**

What was important to the mapmaker to include on this map? Consider what you think the purpose is. Write down six things that stand out to you as important parts of this map's story.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.

**Where IS this?**

On this map of the United States as they are today, draw a rectangle that shows the territory covered by your historical map.



## Native Nations

Using the list of Native nation names attached to this unit, highlight any names of Native nations that you see on your map. Remember, these are the names Euro-Americans gave these nations, not the names they gave themselves. Once you find as many as you can or are able to identify ten names, you can stop. One of the maps has A LOT of names!

### III. Making Connections

Write at least three connections or relationships you notice between the sources in Task 1 and the map you explored here. Do you see any similarities, inconsistencies, contradictions, changes?

1.

2.

3.



## ***Building the Local American Empire: Mapping Indigenous Peoples and Westward Expansion***

### **Task #3**

**Essential Question:** In what ways can two different kinds of sources (maps and first-person narratives) inform our understanding of each?

**Task Focus Question:** What is the connection between the creation of Indian Boarding Schools by the United States government and its taking of Native lands?

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**I. Reflect on Task #1 and #2:** Thinking back to the maps in Task #1 and Task #2, what are two conclusions you have come to regarding Native lands as Euro-Americans moved westward across North America?

1.

2.

In what way does using maps as sources, as opposed to other kinds of sources like diary entries or photographs, support learning about this topic? In what way might using maps deceive or interfere with learning?

What was the date of the map you explored in Task #2? \_\_\_\_\_



## II. Explore a map from 1892: [Map showing Indian reservations within the limits of the United States](#)

To answer the questions you will have to read the information about the map on the web page, take in the map as a whole, and explore all areas of the map by zooming in closely to look for symbols and labels. If you don't know what a term means, look it up.

### Map Basics

Cartographer (Mapmaker)/Creator: \_\_\_\_\_

Did the mapmaker use color to share information?      Yes      No

Is there a legend or key? (look closely at this!!)      Yes      No

Describe three symbols and their meaning here:

1.

2.

3.

Are there illustrations/decorations?      Yes      No

Is there a scale to show distances?      Yes      No

### What do you notice?

What was important to the mapmaker to include on this map? Write down six things that stand out to you as important parts of this map's story.

1.

4.

2.

5.

3.

6.



**Connecting**

Write at least three connections or relationships you notice between the sources in Task #1 and #2 and the map you explored here. Do you see any similarities, inconsistencies, contradictions, or changes to the way Indigenous people are perceived or represented ?

1.

2.

3.



### III. Read two first person accounts about the time of the map

Read the two text excerpts, digitally annotating with the goal of looking for **connections**, to the map you have just explored and to the other text.

<p><a href="#">Excerpts from a speech by Richard Henry Pratt given in 1892.</a></p>	<p><a href="#">Excerpts from a collection of autobiographical stories by Zitkála-Šá in 1921.</a></p>
<p><b>Richard Henry Pratt</b> was a U.S. military officer who believed that Native people should not be segregated on reservation lands, but should be assimilated into Euro-American culture. He founded what became the most well-known boarding school for Native children, the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania. The document included here is a speech he gave at a convention arguing that Native children should learn the ways of European-descended people and leave behind Native ways.</p>	<p><b>Zitkála-Šá</b> (Ihanktonwan Dakota Oyate/Yankton Sioux) was a political activist, writer and educator. She attended Indian boarding schools as a child and continued her later education in non-Native educational institutions, including the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston where she studied violin. In 1899 she became a teacher at <b>Pratt's</b> Carlisle School, but she came to criticize <b>Pratt's</b> assimilation project due to his belief that Native culture was inferior to Euro-American culture, a view often based on degrading stereotypes. She also disagreed with many of the schools' emphasis on preparation for manual labor as opposed to more academic subjects. She left the school and went on to advocate for Native people's right to U.S. citizenship and the right to vote. She also was a supporter of the women's suffrage movement.</p>
<p>Read and digitally <b>annotate</b> the excerpts from the speech.</p>	<p>Read and digitally <b>annotate</b> the excerpts from the story collection.</p>
<p>What are three take-aways you have about <b>Pratt's</b> ideas regarding Native culture, Euro-American culture, and/or education.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1.</li> <li>2.</li> <li>3.</li> </ol>	<p>What are three take-aways you have about <b>Zitkála-Šá's</b> ideas regarding Native culture, Euro-American culture, and/or education.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1.</li> <li>2.</li> <li>3.</li> </ol>



**IV. Reflect on how different kinds of sources can inform each other.**

Reflect on the map and the two first-person documents.

In what way is the map useful for understanding one or both of the documents?

In what way is one or both of the documents useful for understanding the map?



# ***Building the Local American Empire: Mapping Indigenous Peoples and Westward Expansion***

## **Task #4**

**Essential Question:** In what ways are maps more and less useful in learning about a historical topic?

**Task Focus Questions:** What do the sources in this unit tell us about the ways Euro-Americans created a local empire in North American, particularly between 1800 and 1900, and what does our definition of empire have to do with it?

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**I. A definition:** The title of this unit is “Building the Local American Empire”. Often the word ***empire*** is used to describe a situation in which there is a government of some kind, usually headed by one leader who has all or most of the power, like a queen or emperor, and that government has extended its control over places where other people live who do not see themselves as *of* that government. Sometimes the places where the people live, those who find themselves under the control of a system that is not *theirs*, are far away from the place where the controlling government is based. Often the government gets control of those places through war or other kinds of violence.

For example, the Ottoman ***Empire*** was led by sultans (rulers) in Istanbul in what is now Turkey, but they controlled land in North Africa and other places where people lived who did not consider themselves to be Ottoman. Now the definition of the word ***empire*** has expanded. The central government of an ***empire*** does not need to be controlled by one person as it reaches out, often violently, to control areas away from where the government is based.

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II. Exploring a map: [This map](#) was published by the United States government in an online atlas from 1997 to 2014, when the atlas was retired and taken offline. The map is labeled “Territorial Acquisitions” and shows how the United States got the land that makes up what we are used to seeing as the outline of the United States.



With Tasks #1 - 3 in mind, list six observations about what is included (via line, symbols, colors, word choices, and so on) and what is not included, that tell us what was important to the mapmaker to show and not show.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.



**III. Taking a position:** Respond to the following questions referring to at least one of the sources in this unit to support your point of view.

1. Do you think the United States as represented in the “Territorial Acquisitions” map can be called an *empire*?

2. In what ways is this map more and/or less useful in learning about how the United States acquired its territory?

3. If *you* were teaching about how the United States expanded westward across North America, what is one resource from this unit you would include and why? How would you use it?

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These are the names of Native nations labelled on the maps as Europeans understood them. The same tribe may be labelled differently on different maps as European people struggled with Native languages and often did not correctly transcribe the names tribes called themselves. And sometimes Europeans made up their own names for tribes that became commonly known among settlers. Often these names were superficially, and sometimes mistakenly, descriptive. The names in the second column are names given to Native tribes by Spanish-speaking Europeans. This is not a complete list of Native peoples living in North America!

Algonquin	
Apache	Apaches Tontos/Apaches Gilenos/Apaches Chiricaguais/Apaches Mescaleros
Arapahoe/Arrapahay	
Aricara	
Assiniboin	
Ayutan	
Beaver	
Blackfoot	
Blood	
Byawa	
Callimix	
	Cajuenche
Carrier	
Cathlapooya	
	Chemeguaba
Cherokee	
Cheyenne/Shienne	
Chickasaw	
Chimnahpuum	
Chinook	
Chippewaw/Chipewyan	
Choctaw	Chocatau
Choppunish (actually Nimiipuu, the Nez Perce)	
Comanche/Cumanche	Cocomaricopa
Copper	
	Cosnina
Cowlitsick/Cowlitz	
Cree	
Creek	
Crow	
	CuayEIF
	Cucapa
Delaware	
Dogrib	
Eskimaux	
Fall	
Fox	
Glatsop/Clatsop	
Gros Ventre	
	Guemgueche
Hare	
Huron	
Ioway/laway	
Iroquois	
	Jalchedum
	Jumas
	Jutas Tabeguachis
Kanivavish	
Kansa/Konza	
Kaskia/Kaskaskia	
Keawa/Kiowa	
Kickapoo	
Killamuck	
Kootanie	
Llahtan Band	

Mandan	
Menominee/Menomonie	
Miami	
Minnetare	
Mississauga	
Missouri	
Mohave	Mohahve
Mohawk	
Moketto	
	Moqui
	Monqui
Mountain	
Navajo	Nabajoa
	Nijora
Nena Wohok	
Omaha/Omawhaw	
Osage	
Oto/Otto	
Ottowa	
Paduca	
Pankeshaw/Piankeshaw	
	Papagos
Pastanowna	
Passamaquaddy	
Pawnee	
Penobscot	
Peoria	
	Periques
Pisquitpah	
Pokah	
Ponca/Punca/Puncah/Panca	
Potawatamie	
Quapas	
	Quemeyas
Sac	
Saugee	
Seminole	
Senica/Seneca/	
	Seris
Shawnee	
Shoshonee	
Sicaunie	
Sioux, Yankton Sioux/Yongton	
Skilloot	
Snake	
Solkulk	
Strong Bow	
Stone	
Teton	
Utah, Pah-Utah	
Wakash	
Wallaolla, Walla walla	
Wahowpum	
Wea	
Whelpo	
Winnebago	
	Yubipias
	Yumaya

**NOTE: The word “savage” is used by the speaker in this document to describe Native people’s culture and, by extension, Native people themselves. It was not unusual for Euro-Americans to use language like this to describe Native people in the 18th and 19th centuries, yet it is essential for us to acknowledge that it was a negative stereotype.**

**Source:**

***Official Report of the Nineteenth Annual Conference of Charities and Correction (1892), 46–59. Reprinted in Richard H. Pratt, “The Advantages of Mingling Indians with Whites,” *Americanizing the American Indians: Writings by the “Friends of the Indian” 1880–1900 (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1973), 260–271.****

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A great general has said that the only good Indian is a dead one, and that high sanction of his destruction has been an enormous factor in promoting Indian massacres. In a sense, I agree with the sentiment, but only in this: that all the Indian there is in the race should be dead. Kill the Indian in him, and save the man.

We are just now making a great pretence of anxiety to civilize the Indians. I use the word “pretence” purposely, and mean it to have all the significance it can possibly carry. Washington believed that commerce freely entered into between us and the Indians would bring about their civilization, and Washington was right. He was followed by Jefferson, who inaugurated the reservation plan. Jefferson’s reservation was to be the country west of the Mississippi; and he issued instructions to those controlling Indian matters to get the Indians there, and let the Great River be the line between them and the whites. Any method of securing removal - persuasion, purchase, or force - was authorized.

Jefferson’s plan became the permanent policy. The removals have generally been accomplished by purchase, and the evils of this are greater than those of all the others combined. . . .

A public school system especially for the Indians is a tribal system; and this very fact says to them that we believe them to be incompetent, that they must not attempt to cope with us. Such schools build up tribal pride, tribal purposes, and tribal demands upon the government. They formulate the notion that the government owes them a living and vast sums of money; and by improving their education on these lines, but giving no other experience and leading to no aspirations beyond the tribe, leaves them in their chronic condition of helplessness, so far as reaching the ability to compete with the white race is concerned. It is like attempting to make a man well by always telling him he is sick. We have only to look at the tribes who have been subject to this influence to establish this fact, and it makes no difference where they are located. All the tribes in the State of New York have been trained in tribal schools; and they are still tribes and Indians, with no desire among the masses to be anything else but separate tribes....

Indian schools are just as well calculated to keep the Indians intact as Indians as Catholic schools are to keep the Catholics intact. Under our principles we have established the public school system, where people of all races may become unified in every way, and loyal to the government; but we do not gather the people of one nation into schools by themselves, and the people of another nation into schools by themselves, but we invite the youth of all peoples into all schools. We shall not succeed in

Americanizing the Indian unless we take him in in exactly the same way...Purely Indian schools say to the Indians: "You are Indians, and must remain Indians. You are not of the nation, and cannot become of the nation. We do not want you to become of the nation."...

We make our greatest mistake in feeding our civilization to the Indians instead of feeding the Indians to our civilization. America has different customs and civilizations from Germany. What would be the result of an attempt to plant American customs and civilization among the Germans in Germany, demanding that they shall become thoroughly American before we admit them to the country? Now, what we have all along attempted to do for and with the Indians is just exactly that, and nothing else. We invite the Germans to come into our country and communities, and share our customs, our civilization, to be of it; and the result is immediate success. Why not try it on the Indians? Why not invite them into experiences in our communities? Why always invite and compel them to remain a people unto themselves?

It is a great mistake to think that the Indian is born an inevitable savage. He is born a blank, like all the rest of us. Left in the surroundings of savagery, he grows to possess a savage language, superstition, and life. We, left in the surroundings of civilization, grow to possess a civilized language, life, and purpose. Transfer the infant white to the savage surroundings, he will grow to possess a savage language, superstition, and habit. Transfer the savage-born infant to the surroundings of civilization, and he will grow to possess a civilized language and habit....

The school at Carlisle is an attempt on the part of the government to do this. Carlisle has always planted treason to the tribe and loyalty to the nation at large. It has preached against colonizing Indians, and in favor of individualizing them. It has demanded for them the same multiplicity of chances which all others in the country enjoy. Carlisle fills young Indians with the spirit of loyalty to the stars and stripes, and then moves them out into our communities to show by their conduct and ability that the Indian is no different from the white or the colored, that he has the inalienable right to liberty and opportunity that the white and the negro have. Carlisle does not dictate to him what line of life he should fill, so it is an honest one. It says to him that, if he gets his living by the sweat of his brow, and demonstrates to the nation that he is a man, he does more good for his race than hundreds of his fellows who cling to their tribal communistic surroundings. . . .

Indian schools must, of necessity, be for a time, because the Indian cannot speak the language, and he knows nothing of the habits and forces he has to contend with; but the highest purpose of all Indian schools ought to be only to prepare the young Indian to enter the public and other schools of the country. And immediately he is so prepared, for his own good and the good of the country, he should be forwarded into these other schools, there to temper, test, and stimulate his brain and muscle into the capacity he needs for his struggle for life, in competition with us.

When we cease to teach the Indian that he is less than a man; when we recognize fully that he is capable in all respects as we are, and that he only needs the opportunities and privileges which we possess to enable him to assert his humanity and manhood; when we act consistently towards him in accordance with that recognition; when we cease to fetter him to conditions which keep him in bondage, surrounded by retrogressive influences; when we allow him the freedom of association and

the developing influences of social contact—then the Indian will quickly demonstrate that he can be truly civilized, and he himself will solve the question of what to do with the Indian.

**Source:**

***American Indian Stories* by Zitkala-Ša [aka Gertrude Simmons Bonnin] (1876-1938). Washington: Hayworth Publishing House, 1921. Reprinted at <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/10376>.**

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***Impressions of an Indian Childhood: VII. The Big Red Apples***

The first turning away from the easy, natural flow of my life occurred in an early spring. It was in my eighth year; in the month of March, I afterward learned. At this age I knew but one language, and that was my mother's native tongue.

From some of my playmates I heard that two paleface missionaries were in our village. They were from that class of white men who wore big hats and carried large hearts, they said. Running direct to my mother, I began to question her why these two strangers were among us. She told me, after I had teased much, that they had come to take away Indian boys and girls to the East. My mother did not seem to want me to talk about them. But in a day or two, I gleaned many wonderful stories from my playfellows concerning the strangers.

"Mother, my friend Judéwin is going home with the missionaries. She is going to a more beautiful country than ours; the palefaces told her so!" I said wistfully, wishing in my heart that I too might go.

Mother sat in a chair, and I was hanging on her knee. Within the last two seasons my big brother Dawée had returned from a three years' education in the East, and his coming back influenced my mother to take a farther step from her native way of living. First it was a change from the buffalo skin to the white man's canvas that covered our wigwam. Now she had given up her wigwam of slender poles, to live, a foreigner, in a home of clumsy logs.

"Yes, my child, several others besides Judéwin are going away with the palefaces. Your brother said the missionaries had inquired about his little sister," she said, watching my face very closely.

My heart thumped so hard against my breast, I wondered if she could hear it.

"Did he tell them to take me, mother?" I asked, fearing lest Dawée had forbidden the palefaces to see me, and that my hope of going to the Wonderland would be entirely blighted.

With a sad, slow smile, she answered: "There! I knew you were wishing to go, because Judéwin has filled your ears with the white men's lies. Don't believe a word they say! Their words are sweet, but, my child, their deeds are bitter. You will cry for me, but they will not even soothe you. Stay with me, my little one! Your brother Dawée says that going East, away from your mother, is too hard an experience for his baby sister."

Thus my mother discouraged my curiosity about the lands beyond our eastern horizon; for it was not yet an ambition for Letters that was stirring me. But on the following day the missionaries did come to our very house. I spied them coming up the footpath leading to our cottage. A third man was with them, but he was not my brother Dawée. It was another, a young interpreter, a paleface who had a smattering of the Indian language. I was ready to run out to meet them, but I did not dare to displease my mother.

With great glee, I jumped up and down on our ground floor. I begged my mother to open the door, that they would be sure to come to us. Alas! They came, they saw, and they conquered!

Judéwin had told me of the great tree where grew red, red apples; and how we could reach out our hands and pick all the red apples we could eat. I had never seen apple trees. I had never tasted more than a dozen red apples in my life; and when I heard of the orchards of the East, I was eager to roam among them. The missionaries smiled into my eyes, and patted my head. I wondered how mother could say such hard words against him.

"Mother, ask them if little girls may have all the red apples they want, when they go East," I whispered aloud, in my excitement.

The interpreter heard me, and answered: "Yes, little girl, the nice red apples are for those who pick them; and you will have a ride on the iron horse if you go with these good people."

I had never seen a train, and he knew it.

"Mother, I am going East! I like big red apples, and I want to ride on the iron horse! Mother, say yes!" I pleaded.

My mother said nothing. The missionaries waited in silence; and my eyes began to blur with tears, though I struggled to choke them back. The corners of my mouth twitched, and my mother saw me.

"I am not ready to give you any word," she said to them. "Tomorrow I shall send you my answer by my son."

With this they left us. Alone with my mother, I yielded to my tears, and cried aloud, shaking my head so as not to hear what she was saying to me. This was the first time I had ever been so unwilling to give up my own desire that I refused to hearken to my mother's voice.

There was a solemn silence in our home that night. Before I went to bed I begged the Great Spirit to make my mother willing I should go with the missionaries.

The next morning came, and my mother called me to her side. "My daughter, do you still persist in wishing to leave your mother?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, it is not that I wish to leave you, but I want to see the wonderful Eastern land," I answered.

My dear old aunt came to our house that morning, and I heard her say, "Let her try it."

I hoped that, as usual, my aunt was pleading on my side. My brother Dawée came for mother's decision. I dropped my play, and crept close to my aunt.

"Yes, Dawée, my daughter, though she does not understand what it all means, is anxious to go. She will need an education when she is grown, for then there will be fewer real Dakotas, and many more palefaces. This tearing her away, so young, from her mother is necessary, if I would have her an educated woman. The palefaces, who owe us a large debt for stolen lands, have begun to pay a tardy justice in offering some education to our children. But I know my daughter must suffer keenly in this

experiment. For her sake, I dread to tell you my reply to the missionaries. Go, tell them that they may take my little daughter, and that the Great Spirit shall not fail to reward them according to their hearts."

Wrapped in my heavy blanket, I walked with my mother to the carriage that was soon to take us to the iron horse. I was happy. I met my playmates, who were also wearing their best thick blankets. We showed one another our new beaded moccasins, and the width of the belts that girdled our new dresses. Soon we were being drawn rapidly away by the white man's horses. When I saw the lonely figure of my mother vanish in the distance, a sense of regret settled heavily upon me. I felt suddenly weak, as if I might fall limp to the ground. I was in the hands of strangers whom my mother did not fully trust. I no longer felt free to be myself, or to voice my own feelings. The tears trickled down my cheeks, and I buried my face in the folds of my blanket. Now the first step, parting me from my mother, was taken, and all my belated tears availed nothing.

Having driven thirty miles to the ferryboat, we crossed the Missouri in the evening. Then riding again a few miles eastward, we stopped before a massive brick building. I looked at it in amazement and with a vague misgiving, for in our village I had never seen so large a house. Trembling with fear and distrust of the palefaces, my teeth chattering from the chilly ride, I crept noiselessly in my soft moccasins along the narrow hall, keeping very close to the bare wall. I was as frightened and bewildered as the captured young of a wild creature.

### ***The School Days of an Indian Girl: I. The Land of Red Apples***

THERE were eight in our party of bronzed children who were going East with the missionaries. Among us were three young braves, two tall girls, and we three little ones, Judéwin, Thowin, and I.

We had been very impatient to start on our journey to the Red Apple Country, which, we were told, lay a little beyond the great circular horizon of the Western prairie. Under a sky of rosy apples we dreamt of roaming as freely and happily as we had chased the cloud shadows on the Dakota plains. We had anticipated much pleasure from a ride on the iron horse, but the throngs of staring palefaces disturbed and troubled us.

On the train, fair women, with tottering babies on each arm, stopped their haste and scrutinized the children of absent mothers. Large men, with heavy bundles in their hands, halted near by, and riveted their glassy blue eyes upon us.

I sank deep into the corner of my seat, for I resented being watched. Directly in front of me, children who were no larger than I hung themselves upon the backs of their seats, with their bold white faces toward me. Sometimes they took their forefingers out of their mouths and pointed at my moccasined feet. Their mothers, instead of reproofing such rude curiosity, looked closely at me, and attracted their children's further notice to my blanket. This embarrassed me, and kept me constantly on the verge of tears.

I sat perfectly still, with my eyes downcast, daring only now and then to shoot long glances around me. Chancing to turn to the window at my side, I was quite breathless upon seeing one familiar object. It was the telegraph pole which strode by at short paces. Very near my mother's dwelling, along the edge of a road thickly bordered with wild sunflowers, some poles like these had been planted by white men.

Often I had stopped, on my way down the road, to hold my ear against the pole, and, hearing its low moaning, I used to wonder what the paleface had done to hurt it. Now I sat watching for each pole that glided by to be the last one.

In this way I had forgotten my uncomfortable surroundings, when I heard one of my comrades call out my name. I saw the missionary standing very near, tossing candies and gums into our midst. This amused us all, and we tried to see who could catch the most of the sweetmeats.

Though we rode several days inside of the iron horse, I do not recall a single thing about our luncheons.

It was night when we reached the school grounds. The lights from the windows of the large buildings fell upon some of the icicled trees that stood beneath them. We were led toward an open door, where the brightness of the lights within flooded out over the heads of the excited palefaces who blocked the way. My body trembled more from fear than from the snow I trod upon.

Entering the house, I stood close against the wall. The strong glaring light in the large whitewashed room dazzled my eyes. The noisy hurrying of hard shoes upon a bare wooden floor increased the whirring in my ears. My only safety seemed to be in keeping next to the wall. As I was wondering in which direction to escape from all this confusion, two warm hands grasped me firmly, and in the same moment I was tossed high in midair. A rosy-cheeked paleface woman caught me in her arms. I was both frightened and insulted by such trifling. I stared into her eyes, wishing her to let me stand on my own feet, but she jumped me up and down with increasing enthusiasm. My mother had never made a plaything of her wee daughter. Remembering this I began to cry aloud.

They misunderstood the cause of my tears, and placed me at a white table loaded with food. There our party were united again. As I did not hush my crying, one of the older ones whispered to me, "Wait until you are alone in the night."

It was very little I could swallow besides my sobs, that evening.

"Oh, I want my mother and my brother Dawée! I want to go to my aunt!" I pleaded; but the ears of the palefaces could not hear me.

From the table we were taken along an upward incline of wooden boxes, which I learned afterward to call a stairway. At the top was a quiet hall, dimly lighted. Many narrow beds were in one straight line down the entire length of the wall. In them lay sleeping brown faces, which peeped just out of the coverings. I was tucked into bed with one of the tall girls, because she talked to me in my mother tongue and seemed to soothe me.

I had arrived in the wonderful land of rosy skies, but I was not happy, as I had thought I should be. My long travel and the bewildering sights had exhausted me. I fell asleep, heaving deep, tired sobs. My tears were left to dry themselves in streaks, because neither my aunt nor my mother was near to wipe them away.

## II. *The Cutting of My Long Hair*

The first day in the land of apples was a bitter-cold one; for the snow still covered the ground, and the trees were bare. A large bell rang for breakfast, its loud metallic voice crashing through the belfry overhead and into our sensitive ears. The annoying clatter of shoes on bare floors gave us no peace. The constant clash of harsh noises, with an undercurrent of many voices murmuring an unknown tongue, made a bedlam within which I was securely tied. And though my spirit tore itself in struggling for its lost freedom, all was useless.

A paleface woman, with white hair, came up after us. We were placed in a line of girls who were marching into the dining room. These were Indian girls, in stiff shoes and closely clinging dresses. The small girls wore sleeved aprons and shingled hair. As I walked noiselessly in my soft moccasins, I felt like sinking to the floor, for my blanket had been stripped from my shoulders. I looked hard at the Indian girls, who seemed not to care that they were even more immodestly dressed than I, in their tightly fitting clothes. While we marched in, the boys entered at an opposite door. I watched for the three young braves who came in our party. I spied them in the rear ranks, looking as uncomfortable as I felt.

A small bell was tapped, and each of the pupils drew a chair from under the table. Supposing this act meant they were to be seated, I pulled out mine and at once slipped into it from one side. But when I turned my head, I saw that I was the only one seated, and all the rest at our table remained standing. Just as I began to rise, looking shyly around to see how chairs were to be used, a second bell was sounded. All were seated at last, and I had to crawl back into my chair again. I heard a man's voice at one end of the hall, and I looked around to see him. But all the others hung their heads over their plates. As I glanced at the long chain of tables, I caught the eyes of a paleface woman upon me. Immediately I dropped my eyes, wondering why I was so keenly watched by the strange woman. The man ceased his mutterings, and then a third bell was tapped. Every one picked up his knife and fork and began eating. I began crying instead, for by this time I was afraid to venture anything more.

But this eating by formula was not the hardest trial in that first day. Late in the morning, my friend Judéwin gave me a terrible warning. Judéwin knew a few words of English, and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judéwin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered.

I watched my chance, and when no one noticed I disappeared. I crept up the stairs as quietly as I could in my squeaking shoes, – my moccasins had been exchanged for shoes. Along the hall I passed, without knowing whither I was going. Turning aside to an open door, I found a large room with three white beds in it. The windows were covered with dark green curtains, which made the room very dim. Thankful that no one was there, I directed my steps toward the corner farthest from the door. On my hands and knees I crawled under the bed, and cuddled myself in the dark corner.

From my hiding place I peered out, shuddering with fear whenever I heard footsteps near by. Though in the hall loud voices were calling my name, and I knew that even Judéwin was searching for me, I did not open my mouth to answer. Then the steps were quickened and the voices became excited. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Women and girls entered the room. I held my breath, and watched them open closet doors and peep behind large trunks. Some one threw up the curtains, and the room was filled with sudden light. What caused them to stoop and look under the bed I do not know. I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

### III. *The Snow Episode*

A short time after our arrival we three Dakotas were playing in the snowdrift. We were all still deaf to the English language, excepting Judéwin, who always heard such puzzling things. One morning we learned through her ears that we were forbidden to fall lengthwise in the snow, as we had been doing, to see our own impressions. However, before many hours we had forgotten the order, and were having great sport in the snow, when a shrill voice called us. Looking up, we saw an imperative hand beckoning us into the house. We shook the snow off ourselves, and started toward the woman as slowly as we dared.

Judéwin said: "Now the paleface is angry with us. She is going to punish us for falling into the snow. If she looks straight into your eyes and talks loudly, you must wait until she stops. Then, after a tiny pause, say, 'No.'" The rest of the way we practiced upon the little word "no."

As it happened, Thowin was summoned to judgment first. The door shut behind her with a click.

Judéwin and I stood silently listening at the keyhole. The paleface woman talked in very severe tones. Her words fell from her lips like crackling embers, and her inflection ran up like the small end of a switch. I understood her voice better than the things she was saying. I was certain we had made her very impatient with us. Judéwin heard enough of the words to realize all too late that she had taught us the wrong reply.

"Oh, poor Thowin!" she gasped, as she put both hands over her ears.

Just then I heard Thowin's tremulous answer, "No."

With an angry exclamation, the woman gave her a hard spanking. Then she stopped to say something. Judéwin said it was this: "Are you going to obey my word the next time?"

Thowin answered again with the only word at her command, "No."

This time the woman meant her blows to smart, for the poor frightened girl shrieked at the top of her voice. In the midst of the whipping the blows ceased abruptly, and the woman asked another question: "Are you going to fall in the snow again?"

Thowin gave her bad password another trial. We heard her say feebly, "No! No!"

With this the woman hid away her half-worn slipper, and led the child out, stroking her black shorn head. Perhaps it occurred to her that brute force is not the solution for such a problem. She did nothing to Judéwin nor to me. She only returned to us our unhappy comrade, and left us alone in the room.

During the first two or three seasons misunderstandings as ridiculous as this one of the snow episode frequently took place, bringing unjustifiable frights and punishments into our little lives.

Within a year I was able to express myself somewhat in broken English. As soon as I comprehended a part of what was said and done, a mischievous spirit of revenge possessed me. One day I was called in from my play for some misconduct. I had disregarded a rule which seemed to me very needlessly binding. I was sent into the kitchen to mash the turnips for dinner. It was noon, and steaming dishes were hastily carried into the dining-room. I hated turnips, and their odor which came from the brown jar was offensive to me. With fire in my heart, I took the wooden tool that the paleface woman held out to me. I stood upon a step, and, grasping the handle with both hands, I bent in hot rage over the turnips. I worked my vengeance upon them. All were so busily occupied that no one noticed me. I saw that the turnips were in a pulp, and that further beating could not improve them; but the order was, "Mash these turnips," and mash them I would! I renewed my energy; and as I sent the masher into the bottom of the jar, I felt a satisfying sensation that the weight of my body had gone into it.

Just here a paleface woman came up to my table. As she looked into the jar she shoved my hands roughly aside. I stood fearless and angry. She placed her red hands upon the rim of the jar. Then she gave one lift and stride away from the table. But lo! the pulpy contents fell through the crumbled bottom to the floor! She spared me no scolding phrases that I had earned. I did not heed them. I felt triumphant in my revenge, though deep within me I was a wee bit sorry to have broken the jar.

As I sat eating my dinner, and saw that no turnips were served, I whooped in my heart for having once asserted the rebellion within me...

#### *V. The Iron Routine*

A loud-clamoring bell awakened us at half-past six in the cold winter mornings. From happy dreams of Western rolling lands and unlassoed freedom we tumbled out upon chilly bare floors back again into a paleface day. We had short time to jump into our shoes and clothes, and wet our eyes with icy water, before a small hand bell was vigorously rung for roll call.

There were too many drowsy children and too numerous orders for the day to waste a moment in any apology to nature for giving her children such a shock in the early morning. We rushed downstairs, bounding over two high steps at a time, to land in the assembly room.

A paleface woman, with a yellow-covered roll book open on her arm and a gnawed pencil in her hand, appeared at the door. Her small, tired face was coldly lighted with a pair of large gray eyes.

She stood still in a halo of authority, while over the rim of her spectacles her eyes pried nervously about the room. Having glanced at her long list of names and called out the first one, she tossed up her chin and peered through the crystals of her spectacles to make sure of the answer "Here."

Relentlessly her pencil black-marked our daily records if we were not present to respond to our names, and no chum of ours had done it successfully for us. No matter if a dull headache or the painful cough of slow consumption had delayed the absentee, there was only time enough to mark the tardiness. It was next to impossible to leave the iron routine after the civilizing machine had once begun its day's buzzing; and as it was inbred in me to suffer in silence rather than to appeal to the ears of one whose open eyes could not see my pain, I have many times trudged in the day's harness heavy-footed, like a dumb sick brute.

Once I lost a dear classmate. I remember well how she used to mope along at my side, until one morning she could not raise her head from her pillow. At her deathbed I stood weeping, as the paleface woman sat near her moistening the dry lips. Among the folds of the bedclothes I saw the open pages of the white man's Bible. The dying Indian girl talked disconnectedly of Jesus the Christ and the paleface who was cooling her swollen hands and feet.

I grew bitter, and censured the woman for cruel neglect of our physical ills. I despised the pencils that moved automatically, and the one teaspoon which dealt out, from a large bottle, healing to a row of variously ailing Indian children. I blamed the hard-working, well-meaning, ignorant woman who was inculcating in our hearts her superstitious ideas. Though I was sullen in all my little troubles, as soon as I felt better I was ready again to smile upon the cruel woman. Within a week I was again actively testing the chains which tightly bound my individuality like a mummy for burial.

The melancholy of those black days has left so long a shadow that it darkens the path of years that have since gone by. These sad memories rise above those of smoothly grinding school days. Perhaps my Indian nature is the moaning wind which stirs them now for their present record. But, however tempestuous this is within me, it comes out as the low voice of a curiously colored seashell, which is only for those ears that are bent with compassion to hear it.