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WOMAN OF THE SOUND THE STARS MAKE RUSHING THROUGH THE SKY: A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY OF JANE JOHNSTON SCHOOLCRAFT

By

Tammrah Stone-Gordon

A THESIS

Submitted to
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in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

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Department of American Studies

1993

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ABSTRACT

WOMAN OF THE SOUND THE STARS MAKE RUSHING THROUGH THE SKY: A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY OF JANE JOHNSTON SCHOOLCRAFT

By

Tammrah Stone-Gordon

Jane Johnston Schoolcraft has been treated historically as the first wife of Indian Agent and ethnologist Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, while her position as the first known Metis woman poet and short story writer to participate in the Euro-American publishing tradition has been completely ignored. This thesis looks at the literary and personal lives of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft by recreating the cultural context in which Metis women of the Old Northwest were taught Euro-American ideals of literature and femininity in the decline of the fur trade in the first half of the nineteenth-century. It also looks at Henry Schoolcraft's adherence to the notions of "savagism" and his influences on her writing. The study finds that Jane Schoolcraft embraced the nineteenth-century Euro-American "cult of true womanhood" ideology. This and a desire to interpret Ojibway culture favorably to Euro-Americans were her primary motivations for producing written literature.

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INTRODUCTION

Jane Johnston Schoolcraft lived from 1800 to 1842, mostly in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. During her lifetime the indigenous people of the Old Northwest saw a great many changes: a population decline, a change in the economy, wars between the British and American colonial forces and the beginnings of and long and difficult official relationship with the United States government in the formation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In addition, the women of the Old Northwest saw a different set of changes. Sylvia Van Kirk, in Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur Trade Society, has shown how the Native and Metis women's work and place in society became devalued when the population went from being composed of mostly Indian to mostly Euro-American. The pressure to conform to Christian ideals of womanhood became increasingly powerful during this time in the Great Lakes area, as Carol Devens argues in Countering Colonization: Native American Women and Great Lakes Missions 1630-1900. Jane Johnston was subject to all these pressures, and in their midst (or *from* their midst) she produced written poetry and short stories, making her the first (known) female Native American poet to publish her works.

Jane Johnston Schoolcraft held another unique position in American history; she was married to Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, Indian Agent, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, ethnologist and geologist. Schoolcraft was a founding father of American Indian policy, a position of honor within an expansionist-minded young nation. But for Native Americans, the distinction meant Schoolcraft was the architect of dishonorable dealings,

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false promises and eventually removal. As an ethnologist, Schoolcraft pioneered the movement to make the Indian an object of study, a movement intended to preserve the "near-lost" Native American culture. Curtis M. Hinsley, in Savages and Scientists: The Smithsonian Institution and the Development of American Anthropology 1846-1910, sums up Schoolcraft's motivation by saying the "White man had superseded the Red in America, which obliged him to preserve the memory of the aborigine."[1] Jane Johnston Schoolcraft was crucial to Henry Schoolcraft's ethnological work. In The People Named the Chippewa, in a creative depiction of a conversation between characters (one in which "tall" becomes a grotesque metaphor for the colonizing mindset), Gerald Vizenor portrays Henry Schoolcraft as an opposite to the Euro -American version of him as an American ethnological pioneer:

> ". . . He was a giant then, and it was time to find a mixedblood wife from the wilderness. He did just that, in the daughter of John Johnson (sic), the fur trader from LaPointe. Johnson, who was Irish, married the daughter of Waubojeeg, or Chief White Fisher.
>
> "Schoolcraft gained back a few inches with his marriage, but he lost more than a foot when he became an expert on the 'red race' and when he invented 'Algic tribes,' as he called us out here. This copper hunter learned all he knew about tribal people from his mixedblood relatives, but he gives them no credit for his discoveries.
>
> "When Schoolcraft was the United States Indian agent at Mackinac he came to the island for another visit. We saw him down at the dock, eight to nine feet tall, white people all stood on stools and stilts to shake his enormous hand, as if his hand was a healing animal from a strange place.
>
> "When the tall man died. . . the tribe made a grave house for him about four feet long and put it out behind the mission in the weeds, but back East, we were told, the tall man was buried in a ten foot coffin. . . . Some tell that his coffin is two feet longer since his death, and still growing. . . . The grave house out here has become a bird nest, and even smaller."[2]

While Schoolcraft's writings brought Eastern sympathy to the "Indian problem," they also perpetuated the stereotype of the savage: child-like, innocent and unable to adapt to "white ways." As an official protecting government interests, he was intolerant of any but the Protestant faith, and condescending to the people whose existence made him

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Jane Johnston Schoolcraft rarely questioned the policies of the government, and tried eagerly to fulfill Euro-American expectations of middle-class womanhood. Only later in life, disillusioned with her marriage and hopelessly addicted to opium, did she question prescribed gender roles. What makes this even more curious is that her mother, Oshauguscodawaqua, was a respected leader in her tribe and, even though she eventually converted to Christianity, rarely fit Euro-American gender prescriptions. She refused to speak English or learn how to write, depending on Jane or other relatives to write for her in rare instances.

In this biography, I attempt to recreate the influences on Jane Johnston Schoolcraft that formed her literary talents and personality. I rely heavily on records of Jane's immediate society--her family members--to discuss possible influences. This method can lead to a great deal of speculation, particularly when discussing the life of Oshauguscodawaqua, who refused to write and therefore left few historical records. The surviving sources, mostly letters and travel narratives, reflect a (mostly male) expansionist perspective, which must be considered when conducting research on any Native American woman. Fortunately, the Henry Rowe Schoolcraft Papers in the Library of Congress contain a large collection of Jane's correspondence, journals and poetry. These types of sources are primarily what I use to detail Jane's responses to various familial, religious and literary influences.

This thesis is not intended to be a detailed study of Jane Johnston's literary works. Instead, I focus on the influences that shaped her views of writing, the fact that the writing happened and not the entire body of literary text. Before we can understand the significance of her writing, it is crucial to understand the forces that produced it,

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for half of Jane's ancestry never felt the need for writing in the Euro-American sense of individual expression. Because her writings are virtually unknown to the literary profession, I include her poems whenever I can within the text. I summarize several short stories, but if the reader chooses to peruse them undigested, I put a collection of them in the Appendix. Also included in the text are poems by Jane's father John Johnston. A recent biographer of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft notes that Jane was part of Henry's "complete train of horrors,"[3] but her writings demonstrate that Jane Johnston was instead the primary influence on Schoolcraft's literary career. The inclusion of excerpts from their letters will show that Henry's strict adherence to sexist and racist principles late in Jane's life proved to be no small "horror" of their own to Jane's creativity and sense of self.

My use of "Jane" rather than a host of other salutations, including "Mrs. Schoolcraft" and Henry Rowe's early favorite "the northern Pocahontas" stems from a familiarity with her private writings and letters, and not, by any means, from disrespect. Even though Oshauguscodawaqua was renamed "Susan" at her marriage, I use her original and full name to respect her distaste for anglicization. I sometimes use "Ojibway" interchangeably with "Anishinabeg" but use the latter most often because this is usually how this tribe's members refer to themselves, often rejecting the ethnologist's term "Ojibway." I have retained original spellings, most notably the convention of using "fs" where "ss" is usually used. I use "Metis" as a racial and cultural designation for a person, like Jane, who is of mixed ancestry. As Jacqueline Peterson so aptly notes, the "people who are born and grow up at the interstices of two civilizations or nations are almost always in motion, eluding facile identification. They are like weather vanes perpetually testing the winds."[4] I refer to Jane and her

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siblings as "Metis" simply because they have one Indian and one European parent. Even though Jane would have been seen in her community as "half-breed," "michif," "metis," or "mixed-blood," Euro-Americans at large saw her as an Indian, and because of this I also refer to her as "Native American."

It needs to be stated (sadly enough) here that Jane Johnston Schoolcraft was not the first Native American/Metis woman poet, but the first to partake in the written and published tradition of the society of American letters. In the first half of the nineteenth-century, Americans sought to distinguish their own national literature. As Arnold Krupat notes, "Americans tended to define their peculiar national distinctiveness in relation to a perceived opposition between the Europeans they no longer were and the Indians they did not wish to become."[5] Jane Johnston, while greatly influenced by the oral tradition through her mother and maternal grandfather, sought to emulate a Euro-American tradition of written literature, conforming to popular literary conventions. This should be stressed because, as Krupat argues, "the canon, like all cultural production, is never an innocent selection of the best that has been thought and said; rather, it is the institutionalization of those particular verbal artifacts that appear best to convey and sustain the dominant social order."[6] Jane learned and absorbed what was taught, namely the canon of the "dominant social order," and her writing styles reflect her adherence to Euro-American conventions. At the same time, she took subject matter from the oral tradition of her mother's people. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft's place in the American canon stems from her *interpretation* of an indigenous literary tradition, an interpretation influenced by the prescriptions for Indians and women in the cultural hegemony of early nineteenth-century America.

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CHAPTER I: THE JOHNSTON FAMILY

The centuries preceding the pioneer period of the Great Lakes region were characterized by the fur trade, a unique era in women's history. In "Separate Confrontations: Gender as a Factor in Indian Adaptation to European Colonization in New France" Carol Devens maintains that while the historical narrative of colonization focuses on the "confrontations" between men (red and white), the majority of Indian women's experiences have not been included in the narrative. In fact, Devens has found that Indian men and women "found themselves holding different expectations and faced with different options" in the fur trade and missionization climates.[1] Devens describes the seventeenth-century Indian gender system as one that contrasted greatly with that of Europe, in which women were devalued:

> The separate rituals and attributes of the sexes suggest that male and female had distinct spiritual identities in traditional ideology. This system recognized the autonomy of male and female by emphasizing their different needs and concerns. Such division was not disruptive, however, countered as it was by the complementary nature of women's and men's social and productive activities. Instead, the different aspects combined in a vital symmetry upon which the perpetuation of the community depended.[2]

While "interactions with Europeans through missions and trade disrupted this balance," the tradition of egalitarianism that remained in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-centuries still contrasted greatly with European systems of gender in which the value of women's work was much lower than men's. The fur trade marriages, as Richard White has suggested, forced Indians and Europeans to renegotiate their own notions of marriage and family.[3]

As Sylvia Van Kirk and White have shown, the absence of white women on the fur-trading frontier (both the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies discouraged bringing European women to the fur frontier) promoted a great deal of interaction

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between European men and Native women. Marriages between traders and Indians created economic advantages for tribes and fur companies and came to be known as marriages "a la façon du pays" ("in the custom of the country") that combined European and tribal marriage traditions. An Indian wife provided not only economic ties to her tribe but also survival skills, knowledge and crucial labor such as making snowshoes.[4] The marriages produced generations of Metis children who married other Metis or European traders. Van Kirk notes that as the fur trade declined (in the early 1800s in the Old Northwest) and Europeans settled in fur trade areas, Native and Metis women lost status in Euro-American/Canadian society because their skills were viewed by white society as less useful in the changing economy.[5] Racism also fueled the new scorn of marriages between Indian women and European men. It was in the context of change in the Great Lakes region--from British to American power, from a fur to an agricultural and merchant economy, in marriage patterns, social prescriptions and the status of women--that one of the most unique families in Great Lakes history lived: the Johnstons of Sault Ste. Marie.

Like many families of fur trade society, the Johnston family began with the union of an Indian woman and a European man seeking the financial success the New World promised. Even though Native parents sought European sons-in-law to create economic ties with the tribe, it was not without a modicum of apprehension. Many times European men, marrying "in the custom of the country," abandoned their Native wives and children when they tired of them or decided to return to Europe. It was this practice that held the thoughts of the respected chief Waubojeeg when he instructed the young Irishman John Johnston to return to Montreal for one year before he would allow him to marry his young and promising daughter Oshauguscodawaqua.

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Oshauguscodawaqua, or Woman of the Green Prairie,[6] was born around 1772 into a family of venerated Anishinabe war chiefs and civil leaders. Her grandfather Mamongeseda, or Big Foot, distinguished himself in battles between European nations as well as those between the Ojibway and their long-time enemies to the west, the Dakota. One oft-repeated recollection of Mamongeseda's bravery in battle involves his half-brother Wabasha who fought for the Dakota. The mother of these men was a Dakota woman who lived with the Anishinabeg but returned to her tribe when hostilities renewed between the tribes. During battle Mamongeseda stepped forward calling his name loudly in Dakota and inquired about his brother. The fighting ceased when Wabasha stepped forward to the extended hand of Mamongesda.[7] What follows is the first record of Mamongeseda's son Waubojeeg who grew to become even more famous than his father. During the battle the seven-year-old Waubojeeg sat perched on a relative's shoulders at the entrance of his father's wigwam. When Wabasha entered before his father could explain, Waubojeeg clubbed the Dakota over the head with a war-club, causing the man to take the child in his arms and predict the future greatness of the young warrior.[8] The historical personages of Mamongeseda and Waubojeeg came to play a major role in the works of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft and, and to a lesser extent, in the writings of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft.

Waubojeeg also had a reputation as a storyteller. He not only told stories, (some recorded by William Warren and Schoolcraft) but composed songs that concerned his major and most famous warring activities. John Johnston based some of his poems on the stories of Waubojeeg which were repeated by Oshaugusodawaqua.[9] Undoubtedly the young Oshauguscodawaqua was well impressed with her father's talents of creation and imagination and later crafted her own stories to entertain family and visitors.

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Little is known about the mother of Oshauguscodawaqua, the young bride of Waubojeeg named Young Girl of the Bear Totem. Like most Native American women, she was given little recognition by the Euro-American men who recorded their observations of Indians. She gave birth to six children, of whom Oshauguscodawaqua was the youngest. Because Oshauguscodawaqua and her mother were close in age (Henry Schoolcraft states that Young Girl of the Bear Totem was 14 at the time of her marriage[10]), and women worked communally, they must have worked closely presiding over the lodge of Waubojeeg, which was sixty feet in length and abundant with food and visitors with whom to share it.[11]

Oshauguscodawaqua spent part of her youth hunting, probably taught by her famous hunter-father. Although hunting was predominantly a male activity, there was no taboo against women hunting, especially if economic need necessitated the activity. She was "accounted the surest eye and fleetest foot among the women of the tribe." As an old woman she was greatly respected and hosted anyone when they came seeking aid, advice or medical attention.[12] Oshauguscodawaqua could have learned her counselling skills from her grandmother, who was her counsel and friend. After John Johnston's request for the hand of Oshauguscodawaqua, her grandmother advised her to fast for a vision to help her understand her heartfelt terror at the prospect of marrying a white man and perhaps seek the aid of a spirit guide. As Charles Cleland notes of the Anishinabeg culture, the practice of fasting to secure a vision is one of the most important sources of power and "may provide the dreamer with special control over some realm of human experience such as curing the sick or forecasting the future."[13] Oshauguscodawaqua fasted alone for ten days while her grandmother brought her water.

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Anna Jameson, an author and visitor to the Johnstons in 1837, recorded Oshauguscodawaqua's recollections of this fast and the dream and consequences that ensued in her Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. The dream has been recounted and reinterpreted many times and has even been adapted to historical fiction in Janet Lewis' The Invasion. The misinterpretation stems from the symbol of the white man in the dream that follows, as translated by Jane Johnston Schoolcraft and recorded by Jameson:

> Mrs. Johnson relates that, previous to her marriage, she fasted according to th universal Indian custom, for a guardian spirit: to perform this ceremony, she went away to the summit of an eminence, and built herself a little lodge of ceda boughs, painted herself black, and began her fast in solitude. She dreamed continually of a white man, who approached her with a cup in his hand, saying, "Poor thing! why are you punishing yourself? Why do you fast? Here is food for you!" He was always accompanied by a dog, which looked up in her face as though he knew her. Also she dreamed of being on a high hill, which was surrounded by water, and from which she beheld many canoes full of Indians, coming to her and paying her homage; after this, she felt as if she were carried up into the heavens, and as she looked down upon the earth, she perceived it wa on fire,and said to herself, "All my relations will be burned!" But a voice answered and said, "No, they will not be destroyed, they will be saved;" and sl knew it was a spirit because it was *not human* . She fasted for ten days. . . Wh satisfied that she had obtained a guardian spirit in the white stranger who haunted her dreams, she returned to her father's lodge. . . (italics mine).[14]

The misinterpretations of the dream probably stem from the next statement by Jameson, that Oshauguscodawaqua's "future husband and future greatness were so clearly prefigured in this dream. . . " How a non-human guardian spirit suddenly embodied itself in the figure of John Johnston could be due to several factors. First, Jameson was a travel writer for Europeans and Americans who were eager to justify their occupation of North America. The figure of the white man Johnston being the redeemer of the young Indian woman would have been very appealing to expansionist and missionary ideologies. Second, the story was translated by Jane, who at this time had been imbued with the biblical principles of women making men their" lords and redeemers." Regardless of

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the origin of the misinterpretation, the fact remains that the young Oshauguscodawaqua was still repulsed by the idea of marrying a white man.

When Oshauguscodawaqua married Johnston, she hid in his house and at first cowered from her husband. After ten days she ran away seeking her mother and father. She reports to Jameson that her father dreamed of her escape and returned to his lodge, angered that she "had not conducted herself, according to his advice, with proper wife-like docility." He took her back to Johnston, with whom she stayed at first out of respect for her father and later in genuine faith to Johnston and her children.[15] Jameson remarked that it "is to the honor of Johnston that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position. . . he treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect. . . and it was touching to see how tenderly and gratefully this was to be remembered by his bride after a lapse of thirty-six years."[16] It is not only to the "honor" of Johnston that he treated his wife respectfully, it was good business sense; his best customers were her relatives. Oshauguscodawaqua stayed with Johnston until his death, seemingly content in his home and with the eight children to whom she gave birth, but to her death she refused to speak the alien tongue, even though she understood it perfectly.[17]

What motivated a man to seek the companionship of a wife who was obviously terrorized by the thought of him as a member of "quite another species?"[18] As stated earlier, Indian women were crucial to the financial success of fur traders, providing contacts and knowledge. Also, as family legend states, "he resolved to marry in the Indian country, as he thought it undesirable, if not dishonorable to take a lady to those wild regions without a person with whom she could converse or associate."[19] Indeed, the trappings of "ladyship"--ornamental in nature-- were a liability on the fur-trading frontier, not an asset. Perhaps the idea of the "Indian

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princess" played a part in his choice, as well as economics, since he would become a kind of "New World Royalty." Whatever his reasons, he agreed to Waubojeeg to marry her "in the way of white men" (for life) and kept his promise, even though they did not marry by Euro-American law until 1821.[20]

According to Johnston, his first extended experience with the family of Oshauguscodawaqua occurred during his first venture in trading. He had secured some supplies and employees to begin his profession, but once in the thinly populated area near LaPointe all of his hired men but one stole his supplies and left him with little food. That winter the elderly Mamongeseda approached him for food, and Johnston reminded him of credit past due. Mamongeseda explained that he met a trader who offered him drink and then took Mamongeseda's furs, saying he had traded them for drink. His wives were unable to reach a store of rice because the snow was too deep to maneuver. Johnston wrote in his "Autobiographical Letters" that he "accepted his excuse, and continued to treat him all winter with great respect, as he showed me a large bugle belt, with which, and a silver gorget, he had been presented by Sir William Johnson after the fall of Fort Niagra to the British forces."[21] Johnston's reluctance to believe the "excuse" offered by a man who rarely in his life had ever the need for them shows that he probably heard and believed stereotypes of Indian men while in Eastern Canada and the United States, for he had not been dealing with the tribes long enough to develop his own opinions through experience. Nevertheless, Waubojeeg must have appreciated Johnston's kindness to his father (not all Englishmen on the fur frontier demonstrated this trait) and remembered it when Johnston asked for the hand of Oshauguscodawaqua.

Johnston's associations with the tribe of Waubojeeg placed him in a context for

which he was almost totally unprepared. John Johnston was born in Antrim, Ireland on August 25, 1762 to William Johnston and Elizabeth McNeil Johnston. His father was a midshipman in the British navy and later held the position of Surveyor of Port Rush. Elizabeth McNeil brought to the marriage a large estate. At seven John Johnston enrolled in school at Coleraine and attended until the age of ten, when his father died. With the death of Wiliam Johnston and the mismanagement of the family business (a water works), Elizabeth Johnston could no longer afford to pay for John's schooling at Coleraine. He was subsequently tutored by his aunt when she discovered that after three years of schooling he could barely script his own name. She taught him English grammar and ancient and modern history while another tutor directed writing and arithmetic. Johnston credits his aunt and mother for his love of literature as he describes some of the evenings of his youth:

> . . . and I read with them for two or three hours, which would have been very tiresome, but for intervals in which my mother and aunt pointed out the beauties of particular passages, and the virtues and vices of different characters which history presented to us, and the consequent effect on their lives and fortunes. But the British classics and our best dramatists were to our young and just expanding minds a source of the purest delight. This state of innocent enjoyment and consequent happiness continued,with little intermission, for five years, until I began to fancy myself a man,and that I ought to break through the trammels of female influence and control.

When Johnston tried to "break through the trammels of female influence," he took to "coursing with greyhounds, shooting, fishing, etc" at the encouragement of servants. Johnston's aunt and mother were female models of piety and learning, qualities he later sought to cultivate in his daughter Jane. His more "manly" pursuits, however, he came to regard as "debasing gratifications" and regretted them as wasted time.[22]

At seventeen he was sent to take charge of the family-owned water works. As the "corporation of Belfast now fixed their eyes on the water works as a means of

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greatly increasing their wealth and influence" and the young Johnston failed in his efforts to renew the family lease, he turned his attentions to the world abroad, his first choice being India. After discussing his plans with Lord McCartney, he decided that Canada would be a better choice, and he set about securing letters of introduction to Lord Dorchester, the Governor General of Canada.[23] Several years went by while Johnston fought to keep the water works and procured the means to travel to Canada. During that time, in "the midst of all (his) folly and extravagance (he) still retained a love of reading" and read almost anything he could procure. At the age of twenty -eight, after a rough voyage, he landed in New York. His brother William, having been indentured to a man in New York some years earlier, met with him for a short time. Johnston travelled through Albany and St. Johns where he hired a canoe to take him to Montreal. After a winter in Montreal socializing with the upper crust of fur trade society, the people Schoolcraft termed "the half-baronial class of north-west fur traders,"[24] he accompanied Andrew Tod in 1791 on a trading trip to Michilimackinac, mainly as a tourist. Despite his annoyance with the rowdy habits of traders, which if he chose to describe would be a "chronicle of scandal," he decided to attempt trading at LaPointe for a winter, set up by Tod. As stated earlier, his hired men abandoned him and he was "left in the midst of savages and Canadians." By hard work and sheer luck he survived the winter, but the union formed with the family of Mamongeseda produced one of the most unusual families in Great Lakes history.[25]

After their alliance in 1792, John Johnston quickly gave his wife the Christian name Susan. Waubojeeg died of tuberculosis in 1793, the year of the birth of Oshauguscodawaqua's first child, Lewis Saurin.[26] The family moved to Sault Ste. Marie on the St. Mary's River between Lakes Huron and Superior, which would be their home

for life. Originally named Baweting (rapids) until the French sought to honor The Virgin, it was a very small settlement of French families and an Anishinabeg summer village site. The abundance of whitefish in the St. Mary's River provided staple for the summer and most of the spring and fall. Technically the claim of the United States, the British fur traders of the Northwest company controlled the fur economy.[27] The Jay Treaty of 1794 was meant to diminish British power in the region, but it was not until 1796 when the Americans hoisted their flag over Mackinac Island that the British took the treaty seriously. Johnston took land near the St. Mary's behind the summer camping ground of the Indians and built a log home and some outbuildings and planted gardens. Here the couple hosted visitors and "kept up all possible of the ceremony and state of a noble house of Ireland," including a well-stocked library.[28] Johnston set himself up as an independent fur trader, relying on the labor of his Indian relatives and sending furs to David and David in Montreal.[29] The property he built up in the first decade of the nineteenth-century would soon fall prey to the destruction of the War of 1812.

The war proved costly for Johnston. As word of war reached the Sault in July of 1812, Johnston along with 400 Indians and 200 Canadians, stormed Mackinac Island and took the garrison for England on July 17. Two years later the Americans attempted to take back the fort (Jane was stuck on Mackinac with her father at the time of the attempt) but not before pillaging the Johnston property at the Sault. The Americans knew of Johnston's allegiance to the British, and insisted he was not an independent trader, but a Northwest Company trader, which would have made his participation in the American fur trade illegal. His financial situation never fully recovered from this $26,144 loss, and Johnston eventually sold his estate in Ireland. In 1817, when the American government sought to regulate the border fur trade, Johnston considered the

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pressures to change his citizenship status, but remained a British citizen: "The Americans are going to pafs a bill that will entirely seclude all British subjects from the Indian Trade so that what is to come of us in future--God alone knoweth--I fear there is no other alternative, but to become American Citizens." The last fourteen years of his life he devoted to filing spoilation claims on both the British and American governments to no avail. After his death, his son-in-law Henry Schoolcraft also devoted a great deal of time to the unsuccessful project.[30]

The house of Johnston was known for its hospitality to strangers and its literary and storytelling sessions. Johnston read to his children often from his collection (which was rivalled only by the garrison library) and was an important influence on Jane's literary development. Like Waubojeeg, Johnston crafted his own poetry, like this work called "Woman's Tears":

Woman's tears, are as the sunbeams,
Smiling through vernal showers.
Woman's tears are the rain descending
From the murky cloud, char'd with the tempest,
Ere the resplendent bow gives sign of safety,
And returning peace.

Woman's tears, are as the dew drops,
In the morning, warming to life,
The early buds of spring;
But woman's tears when meekly shed,
In resignation o'er the infant flower,
Untimely blighted; are drops so precious,
That attending angels collect them in their urns,
And at the footstool of the Savior's throne
With the bright, beauteous Babe, present them,
As a pure off'ring, worthy of Him alone--
Straight th'unfledg'd Cherub into Paternal
Arms is receiv'd and nourish'd to life
Eternal, in the warm bosom of Supernal love.

The poem was written in 1827 when Jane's young son Willy died suddenly of the croup. It shows more than just Johnston's knowledge of popular literary conventions;

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the first stanza shows how he ascribed to the notion of female suffering as melancholic beauty and the second relates the strong Christian devotions of the Sault patriarch. Jane came to emulate Johnston's poetry, while she modeled her prose presumably after the storytelling sessions led by her mother.[31]

From 1793 to 1816 Oshauguscodawaqua gave birth to eight children, all of whom were known by English names but were all given names in Anishinabeg. Lewis Saurin, was born in 1793 followed by George in 1796. Jane, born in 1800, was given the poetic name Obahbahmwawageezhagoquay which means The Sound That Stars Make Rushing Through the Sky. Anna Jameson, who was particularly fond of Jane, translates the name as "The Music of the Spheres."[32] Eliza was born in 1802 followed by Charlotte in 1806, William in 1811, Anna Maria in 1814 and John McDougall in 1816. The mothering skills of Oshauguscodawaqua were held in high regard by all the children as adults, even though some problems developed between her and Anna Maria as a young woman. Jane was very attached to her mother who often saw her through bouts of sickness when Henry was away on business, and when Jane moved to Mackinac Island she deeply missed the companionship of her mother. Jameson, on her visit in 1837 remarked that Jane, quite ill at the time, "speaks with fond and even longing affection [of her mother], as if the very sight of this beloved mother would be sufficient to restore her to health and strength."[33] In a letter to Jane, Lewis Saurin also expressed his affection toward Oshauguscodawaqua and at the same time revealed some of the things he believed his mother valued highly:

> . . . Should I succeed in getting the Gov. to sanction the grant of land which the Indians have given me on the River St. Clair, I shall try if possible to prevail them [his parents] to settle on it, the situation is beautiful and there is already 40 acres cleared on it, and I really think would please our Dear Mother. The natives pass and repass throughout the year, the river abounds with fish, and the

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Jane's eldest brother Lewis Saurin proved to be the most scandalous of the Johnstons to the more pious residents of Sault Ste. Marie. Lewis went to school in Montreal in his youth and returned to the Sault in 1809. After an affair with a married woman that produced a daughter, he joined the British navy as a midshipman. He was injured in 1813 in the Battle of Lake Erie and was taken prisoner by the Americans. In 1814 he took a position as lieutenant in the British Indian Department on Drummond Island. When Lewis returned to the Sault he continued his affair which resulted in the birth of a second daughter, much to the disappointment of John Johnston: "I should write to Lewis were it not for his having deceived me by his continuing his base connection with that abandoned woman. . . "[35] Lewis again left for Canada where he worked as an interpreter for the BID. He died in Ontario in the spring of 1825, mourned mostly by Oshauguscodawaqua, since few other family members mention his death in their correspondence, unlike Jane in this letter to her husband: ". . . My poor Mother weeps daily & I myself feel more sensibly the death of my Brother since your departure but time will heal the wounds of the heart & I hope my Mother will cheer up again."[36]

The second Johnston child, George, became known as an interpreter and for his part in the unsuccessful Sioux-Chippewa boundary survey meant to diminish hostilities between the tribes. Tall and handsome, he was proud of his distinctive heritage and disillusioned when others discounted it. George Blackburn, a George Johnston biographer, sums up the features of George's life as follows:

> . . . contact with people whom he did not consider his social equals, the fur trade, official activities with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, personal indebtedness, and his intimate relations with the French, Indian and American cultures. If these are added his official relations with the British government mining explorations, Indian language translations, and the gathering of Indian

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> lore and legend, it is obvious that George Johnston was a man of many interests.[37]

George, also schooled in Montreal, was present at the pillaging of Johnston property. He was also present when Oshauguscodawaqua met the Cass Expedition of 1820, which will be discussed later.[38] George became a subagent at LaPointe where he married an Anishinabeg woman, Louisa Raimond, who gave birth to three children. She died on December 23, 1832, and George hired Lewis Johnston's mistress as a housekeeper and caregiver for his children at the Sault. When funding was cut in 1829 for the subagency, George worked as an interpreter for Henry Schoolcraft and accompanied him on several expeditions. When a feud developed between the two, George engaged in the fur trade and married the Baptist missionary Mary Rice of Boston, who delivered four children to George during their marriage. In 1839 Schoolcraft appointed George carpenter at Grand Traverse, but he soon had to fire him in response to official charges of Schoolcraft's nepotism. After some failed copper ventures and a reputed habit of overindulgence in whiskey, George was forced to take in boarders at Sault Ste. Marie where he froze to death on a walk in 1861. George kept regular correspondence with his sister Jane, and was sometimes the object of her missionary tendencies.[39]

Eliza Johnston, two years younger than Jane, spent all of her life, exclusive of some time in Sandwich, Ontario around 1819, at Sault Ste. Marie. Not much is known about her because, like her mother, she disliked using the English language, which alienated the visitors who would later record their observations on the Johnston family. Said to look more like her mother than any of the other children, Eliza was particularly close to Oshauguscodawaqua until two years before her mother's death when she suddenly refused to speak to her. An Irish cousin visiting the Johnstons remarked of Eliza: "From

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what I have read of nuns, I think Eliza would have made a very strict one. . . I have been thinking of doing something to provoke her temper, that she may give me a regular blowing Up." Eliza never married, and became more and more eccentric as she aged until she died in 1883. She made a lasting impression on Angie Bingham, who remembered her peculiar appearance and kindness to children:

> In winter "Miss Eliza" wore a long blue pellise, or cloak with wing-like capes, a square of plaited folds at the back trimmed with black velvet; a copper-colored satin bonnet with round, high crown and broad front; a long green barege veil tied over the front with a ribbon, always drawn to one side. . . In Summer she wore a "blue-black" silk gown, a bonnet with a heavily embroidered black lace veil, drawn over her face and reaching nearly to her feet. . . she always carriec sprig of sweet-scented green, like egaltine, or a favorite bud or blossom, whict she twirled in one hand. . . she was kindness itself; and when left alone in the great homestead it was a great resort for "us children", who were fascinated with its air of state, the wonderful stories told with her own peculiar language, intonation and pride, and the sponge cake no one else could make so deliciously delicate as she.[40]

Charlotte Johnston was more like Jane in piety and social concerns. Charlotte must have felt close to Jane, for she often took care of her and her children in times of illness or Henry's absence. Indeed, Charlotte buried her sister at her death in Henry's absence. The sight of Charlotte as a young woman brought out a celebration of femininity in the War Department's Thomas McKenney:

> This interesting young lady has but little of the mother's complexion. She possesses charms which are only now and then seen in our more populous and polished circles. These are in the form and expression of a beautiful face, where the best and most amiable and cheerful of tempers-- the loveliest and most captivating ornament of the sex-- sits always with the sweetness of spring, and from whence the graces seem never to have departed even for a moment; and all this has imparted to it and additional interest in her own total unconsciousness of their presence, and of her powers to please. . . My opinion of Charlotte is that she would be a belle in Washington, were she there, as I find she is here.

Educated at home with the exception of some time at Sandwich, Ontario with Eliza, Charlotte developed missionary interests in her teens. Charlotte and Jane must have

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spent long hours discussing spiritual matters in the time they spent together before Charlotte's marriage, and around 1825 Charlotte sent an essay-sermon she wrote to Jane for her perusal. Charlotte also served as an interpreter for the Baptist missionary Abel Bingham at the Sault. In 1833 she married the missionary William McMurray to whom she gave five children. They lived on the Canadian side of the Sault teaching Anglican Christianity to the Indians until 1838 when they moved to Dundas, Ontario where McMurray became rector of the double parish of Dundas and Ancaster. In 1857 they moved to Niagara-on-the-Lake to take the parish of St. Marks, where Charlotte was buried in 1878.[41]

William Johnston spent most of his life as a fur trader. At the age of eight he spent a year schooling in Cornwall, Canada until his father moved him to a school southeast of Montreal for three or four years. He worked as an interpreter under Henry Schoolcraft until his father's death in 1828 when he worked with his mother on the fur trade under the American Fur Company. The largest body of his correspondence is a collection of letters addressed to Jane in 1833 in which he detailed the day to day activities of a fur trader at Leech Lake. When he returned from Leech Lake he worked as keeper of the Indian dormitory on Mackinac Island, but was fired because of charges of illegal trading. He lost his windfall from the Treaty of 1836 in an investment encouraged by Schoolcraft, which prompted him to sabotage the career of the Agent and Superintendent, and eventually succeeded. He married in 1837 on Mackinac Island to Susan Davenport and had eight children. He became interested in local politics and, among other positions, served as Clerk of Mackinac County. He died in 1863.[42]

Anna Maria Johnston was adored by her sister Jane. Young, full of life and health and feisty at times, she spent a lot of her youth with Jane, including an

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extended trip to Detroit and New York in 1824-25. McKenney wrote of her as a child that she "certainly bids to be handsome." Her strong will led to a clash between herself and her family around 1832 over her relationship with James Schoolcraft, the handsome and rowdy younger brother of Henry. Rumored that she was his "kept mistrefs," her family sent her to Hadley, Massachusetts to school in 1832. When she returned to the Sault, she married James Schoolcraft in 1834 and had four children, three of whom survived. Like Eliza, Anna Maria also made a lasting impression on the young Angie Gilbert, who admired her elegance: "When a child I used to think that if ever I grew up and could sweep the train of my gown in the same grand fashion Mrs. James Schoolcraft did as she walked with stately tread up the aisle of the little mission chapel, life would be worth living." In 1846 James was murdered (still unsolved to any satisfaction) and Anna Maria was alone with her children until she married the Reverend Oliver Taylor in 1850. Anna Maria died in 1856.[43]

John McDougall Johnston's life shared some commonalities with those of his brothers and male contemporaries. He was schooled for a short time away from the Sault (Mr. Taylor's Lowville Academy in Louis County, New York) and worked for Henry Schoolcraft in various jobs. His role as interpreter led him from the Sault on trips to Minnesota, Wisconsin and Missouri. When George Johnston was appointed carpenter at Grand Traverse, John was appointed the official U.S. Indian Farmer at that same post. Both were dismissed in 1841. In 1842, John married Justine Piquette in Sault Ste. Marie and together they raised ten children. Around 1849 John had a mistress named Catishe, a fourteen or fifteen year old Indian girl by whom he had two children. He basically ignored the children of this union. During his years at the Sault he clerked at the sutler's store at Fort Brady and helped negotiate

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government treaties with the Ojibway and Odawa of northern Michigan, and he served as paymaster for the government until 1876. In 1862 the family moved to Rains Island in the St. Mary's River where they raised food and smoked whitefish until they moved to Coal Pit Hill, also near the Sault. John had a reputation as an excellent host, and housed Eliza for a short time in her old age. John died in 1895, followed by his wife in 1913.[44]

Perhaps the one person in her large family circle whose behaviors and values most affected Jane was her husband Henry Schoolcraft, who first came to the Sault with the Cass Expedition of 1820. Because of strained relations between the Anishinabeg at the Sault and the American government, it is unlikely that the two became acquainted during this visit in 1820. It is more likely that Oshauguscodawaqua's actions at this meeting were the most lasting impression Jane had of this year. The Cass Expedition stopped at Sault Ste. Marie to "negotiate" a land cession for the purpose of erecting a military garrison which would help diminish British influence on the Indians. Led by Lewis Cass, then Governor of Michigan Territory, the party met in council with the Indian men of importance at the Sault, offering tobacco. Opinions varied among the men whether to accept the gifts or not. A young and somewhat eccentric chief named Sassaba kicked away the offered tobacco and thrust his knife into the ground before the Americans. The council quickly dispersed, and Sassaba raised the British flag before his lodge. Cass proceeded to the lodge, took down the flag and told Sassaba that the matter of the garrison was settled, and if the tribe tried to prevent its construction, the Americans would "set a strong foot upon their rock and crush them."[45] Cass ordered the expedition party to arm themselves.

George Johnston, acting as host to the party in the absence of his father who

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was in Ireland at the time, describes the effects of weapons being drawn:

> The jingling of the ramrods in the muskets soon reached the ears of the women and children at the village, and the affrighted began to fly to their canoes lying on the beach, and which were shoved off; and the women and children rushing promiscuously and screaming, in to the canoes and paddling off; the lamentations of the screaming women and the brawling children set the dogs howling and the river side became aperfect scene of confusion.

The young George, seemingly unaware of the seriousness of the situation, soon found out that not all women had left the scene when he met Oshauguscodawaqua, "appearing much agitated, (and who) accosted me saying: 'For God's sake, George, send instantly for the elder chiefs, for that foolish young chief Sassaba, will bring ruin to the tribe, and get them assembled here." George, now impressed with the danger of the situation, assembled the chiefs in the Johnston home and addressed them to comply with the Americans, saying that the "firing of one gun will bring ruin to your tribe and to the Chippewas, so that a dog will not be left to howl in your villages."[46]

The primary influence on the chiefs during that meeting, however, was Oshauguscodawaqua, who was probably remembering the pillage done to her home by the Americans in 1814 and possibly the dream during which she obtained her spirit guide and saw her relations being burned. George wrote that she "came in and with authority commanded the assembled chiefs to be quick, and suppress the follies of Sessaba. . . "[47] The way in which Oshauguscodawaqua took action demonstrates some of the characteristics of the gendered context of colonization. Faced with a Euro-American male party who were more interested in the ornamental attributes of women, Native or Euro-American, than their skills in diplomacy, she worked within the context of her own tribe to affect the safety of it. It is not so surprising that a woman "commanded" or advised the chiefs, because women often acted in that capacity in their own tribes. Because it was unlikely that the Cass party would honor an agreement with a woman (assuming she had

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no leadership role), Oshauguscodawaqua prompted George to assemble the chiefs so that she could address them in a context in which she was respected as a leader and advisor. She worked covertly, probably not wanting to reveal to the Cass Party that a woman held such a crucial role in the decision-making process. Oshauguscodawaqua's actions during the summer of 1820 gave her the reputation among Euro-American dignitaries as a person accomodating to white leadership and settlement; indeed Schoolcraft believed as late as 1855 that she counselled the chiefs because she was impressed with the bravery of Lewis Cass entering the lodge of Sassaba unarmed.[48] More realistically, Oshauguscodawaqua took action in the interest of the tribe, not in the interest of the expansionist-minded members of the Cass Party.

Such was one example of the ways in which Oshauguscodawaqua presented alternative examples of female roles to Jane, who had been schooled by her father and aunt in the Euro-American ideals of womanhood. The year 1820 was a turning point in Jane Johnston's life, not only because Henry Schoolcraft moved to the Sault after the expedition, but because the garrison brought many Euro-Americans to her home, including the "garrison ladies" who came to wield social power in the community over women like the strong and independent Oshauguscodawaqua. The Americans that came to the Sault reinforced the Euro-American ideals of womanhood that had been cultivated in Jane, which left her, as a Metis woman, the option of being a "lady" or a "savage" in the eyes of the new social circle.

CHAPTER II: YOUNG JANE JOHNSTON AND THE NEW INDIAN AGENT

When Jane Johnston was born on January 31, 1800, the settlement of Sault Ste. Marie was small enough that it required no streets. A few French families lived permanently at the site, and saw over one million dollars worth of Northwest Company furs pass through the settlement in a good year. The canoe-men, clerks, guides and interpreters passed through as well, but the largest portion of the population--the indigenous population--came seasonally to the Sault to trade, fish and make sugar from the maple tree sap.[1] Even though Jane Johnston was isolated from the centers of Euro-American culture and was taught the Anishinabeg language and cultural values, she early on sought to please her father by emulating his reading and absorbing his concerns for European-style education. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft described Johnston's influence on his daughter as follows:

> Her father naturally became her earliest instructor, and directed her reading and from him she derived, that purity of language, correct pronunciation, and propriety of taste and manners, which distinguished her. Under his direction she perused some of the best historians, the lives of Plutrarch (sic) the spectator and British essayists generally with the best dramatists and poets.[2]

Johnston paid special attention to the educations of his daughters as well as his sons, and was anxious for them to be educated as European children in grammar, literature, culture and be conditioned to their respective gender roles. In his early letters to Jane he communicated his concern for the education of his children, but Jane was the only one of the Johnston children excluded from formal schooling.[3]

Jane's education came at a unique time in women's history, a time preceding cultural victorianism when women's roles were debated in upper and middle class Euro-American society. As the middle class grew and the women became more idle without the need to produce goods in the home as in the pre-industrial era, their roles according to religious literature, gift annuals, and women's magazines became more

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focused on making the home a genteel haven from the evils of public life. Barbara Welter calls this phenomenon "The Cult of True Womanhood," and describes its character and pervasiveness in the Euro-American mind as follows:

> The attributes of True Womanhood, by which a woman judged herself and was judged by her husband, her neighbors and society could be divided into four cardinal virtues--piety, purity, submissiveness and domesticity. Put them all together and they spelled mother, daughter, sister, wife--woman. Without them, no matter whether there was fame, achievement or wealth, all was ashes. With them she was promised happiness and power.[4]

Even though Welter's study of True Womanhood begins in the 1820s, Nancy Cott has shown has shown that the redefining of women's roles began in the late eighteenth-century, with the burgeoning of the middle class:

> Housekeeping and childcare continued to require married women's presence at home, while the household diminished in population, kinds of business, and range of contacts. In an intriguing development in language usage in the early nineteenth century, "home" became synonymous with "retirement" or "retreat" from the world at large.[5]

Because True Womanhood was a hegemonic ideology, women of color and lower class women without the means to emulate gender prescriptions were at an immediate disadvantage in Euro-American society. This ideology must have seemed especially absurd to Native women, who took pride in the hard work they did for the tribe and would have been useless in a hunting-trading society if they took on the ornamental trappings of "ladyship." Native women were also at an disadvantage in Euro-American society because of the way they were fixed in the national psyche as "squaws." Rayna Green says this Euro-American cultural symbol of Native women depicts them as dirty, licentious, very dark-skinned and ugly, at opposite ends of the pure and pious True Woman.[6] As a young middle class Metis woman, Jane found herself between two ideologies of women's roles: tribal and Euro-American.

In 1809 Jane accompanied her father to England and Ireland where she spent one

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winter with her aunt Jane Moore, who was to be a lasting influence on her social and moral development. Indeed, Schoolcraft notes that "Mrs. Moore of Wexford" taught Jane "many lessons of female etiquette, of which, she always retained the most perfect remembrance."[7] Schoolcraft also writes that Jane Moore planned to adopt Jane, but this cannot be confirmed by the surviving correspondence between John Johnston and Jane Moore. Apparently Johnston decided to leave England because the young girl missed her mother. When they returned by way of Mackinac, they met a boat sent by Oshauguscodawaqua, who was obviously anxious to see them. Jane Moore corresponded with Jane throughout her childhood, and often wrote on the subject of female virtue and piety. In 1815 she wrote Jane, here showing that she subscribed to the notion of True womanhood:

> [a young girl should be the] seat of purity, gentlenefs & filial affections, those [illegible] ornaments of the Female character, these Graces my Dear are only to be obtained by a firm Faith, & fear of offending God & religiously observing all the Divine and Beautiful precepts of the Holy Gospel, in which I am sure you read a Chapter every day. . . I wish I had an opportunity of sending you Mifs Mores strictures upon female education. . . [8]

Like many nineteenth-century Euro-American women, Jane came to identify prescribed female social roles with religious devotion, which was taught to her first presumably by John Johnston and reinforced by the views of Jane Moore and Henry Rowe Schoolcraft. As noted in an earlier chapter, Oshauguscodawaqua married Johnston from a sense of filial obedience, which provided a model for Jane in her relationship to men, particularly her father. Perhaps Oshauguscodawaqua reiterated the view that a woman's worth was determined by her religious devotion and service to her husband, since she did eventually adopt Presbyterianism, but by example, Oshauguscodawaqua, and other Native American women, made lasting impressions upon Jane by exhibiting qualities such as diplomacy (as discussed in Chapter I),

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Anna Jameson's writings about Jane Johnston are particularly telling when read to examine how the young Jane observed the roles of Indian women. After Jameson acknowledges that Jane was the main source of her discussion on Indian women, she relates that "I should doubt, from all I see and hear, that the Indian squaw is that absolute slave, drudge and non-entity in the community which she has been described [in popular stereotypes]. She is despotic in her lodge, and everything it contains is hers; even of the game her husband kills, she has the uncontrolled disposal."[9] Jameson also relates, from her discussions with Jane, that Indian women when married believed their ties with their families to be stronger than those with their husbands.[10] In another instance Jameson is even more explicit about Jane Johnston's childhood memories, this time of a particular Indian woman who, after her husband died in battle,

> assumed his arms, ornaments, wampum, medal and went out with several war parties, in which she distinguished herself by her exploits. Mrs. Schoolcraft, when a girl of eleven or twelve years old, saw this woman, who was brought in the Fort at Mackinaw (sic) and introduced to the commanding officer; and retains a lively recollection of her appearance, and the interest and curiosity she excited . . . She was invited to dine at the officers' mess, perhaps as a joke, but conduc herself with so much intuitive propriety and decorum, that she was dismissed with all honor and respect. . . Heroic women are not rare among the Indians. . .

The fact that Jane related these notions and incidents to Jameson reveals her awareness of and interest in the varied roles of Indian women. Why she chose to align herself almost completely with Euro-American values and lifestyles could be due to her desire to please her father, or that Euro-Americans clearly held the majority of economic power, but the main reason was most likely religion.

As a young woman, Jane could extract moral lessons from the most trivial of incidents, rivalling the best of Puritans . In her late teens, Jane took fewer trips with

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her father to Mackinac and other locations, and her main occupations were household work, reading, writing, and gardening. By her eighteenth year, the population of Sault Ste. Marie had grown enough to offer the temptations of dances and other social occasions, of which her brothers partook. It is unlikely Jane participated in this society, consisting mainly of people of French and Indian descent, because of sickness and distaste, as she writes in this letter of July 14, 1818:

> Believe me, my dear Papa, the greater my knowledge is of the world, the more my heart is raised with gratitude to the Great giver of all good, for my immured situation where I can contemplate and reflect on the pleasures of the Fashionable crowd without one stifled sigh or wish to partake of their ideal happenings--[12]

Jane was often ill during childhood, as she was to be throughout her life, and in the company of her books, and her mother and sisters, she became well-read, imaginative, very attached to the society of her family, and unaffectedly pious, the latter being very convenient since her health often thwarted the means to follow up on any temptation her religion forbade. When the young and literary-minded Henry Rowe Schoolcraft arrived at the Sault as the newly appointed American Indian Agent, Jane Johnston met him with confidence.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft was born in 1793 in Albany County, New York into a glass-making family. His early schooling was sporadic, but Schoolcraft possessed an almost insatiable curiosity, a quality that marked his adult life also, and the activities of his youth ranged from rock-collecting to painting to editing a literary manuscript called "The Cricket." As a young man he seriously studied chemistry and the glass-making trade in general. His father arranged for him to supervise the Ontario Glass Company, and eventually Schoolcraft was dismissed from the position for reasons unknown. After several other unsuccessful glass-making ventures, he decided to visit the Missouri lead

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district to seek new sources of minerals to support the glass industry. The trip resulted in the publication of A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri. Schoolcraft used the book as a tool to seek a mining superintendency position, but found no more than an offer to accompany the Cass Expedition as mineralogist, which he accepted.[13]

The Cass Expedition, as mentioned earlier, was meant to survey the extent of British influence on the Native Americans of the Great Lakes region. Among others, a topographer (David Bates Douglass) and a scientist (Schoolcraft) also manned the expedition, proving that the Secretary of War John Calhoun had intentions of surveying natural resources on Indian land as well as seeking ways to diminish British influence on Indians. Following the expedition, Douglass and Schoolcraft planned to publish an account of the trip, but Schoolcraft worked furiously to publish the first account when he returned. A Narrative Journal of the Travels Through the Northwestern Regions of the United States was soon published and Schoolcraft now felt confident he would obtain a government appointment concerning mines. On May 8, 1822, after Senate confirmation, Schoolcraft was appointed to the position of Indian Agent, a loosely defined position created to oversee and carry out government interests in the affairs of the Indian population.[14]

Almost immediately after Schoolcraft's arrival at the Sault, he took up residence at the Johnston home. John Johnston quickly developed a liking to Schoolcraft, whom he considered a man of society and learning. Jane Johnston began borrowing books from Schoolcraft, and their relationship began with literary discussions. As early as October of 1822, the two began writing affectionate letters to each other, even though they lived under the same roof. Their early letters were often thick with literary allusions, sometimes bordering on the ridiculous, such as this

note, accompanying an unknown gift: "Titania, Queen of the Fairies, sends the largest [illegible] that would be procured within her dominion to the King of Metals, as proof of respect, and sincere esteem--"[15] Richard Bremer suggests that the literary character of the early romance was due to the anxiety both felt from their lack of formal education,[16] but, in the isolation of Sault Ste. Marie, Jane may have been anxious simply to discuss her reading with some one other than a family member and conveniently applied her literary thoughts to her romance.

Despite the pretentiousness of some of their letters, Jane often showed herself a match for Henry's intellect, and on one occasion was openly frustrated with his misunderstanding of a word usage. He subsequently accused her of basic flirting after she had termed him a "dunce." She went to considerable trouble to prove she felt herself above the pastime of flirting:

> If you had listened, dearest Henry, to the explanation I was going to give you of the etiology of the word I put to you, you would have seen at once, that I could not have had the most distant idea of giving offence, & for that reason I shall trouble your patience still farther, by enabling you to judge for yourself, by transcribing, word for word, as I read it myself--"Dunce is said by Dr. Johnson to be a word of unknown etymology, but Stanihurst, an old author, explains it. The term duns, from duns Scotus, so famous for his subtle scholastic questions, he says is so trivial & common in all schools, that who surpafseth others in caviling, sophistry or subtle philology, is forthwith nicknamed a duns or dunce. " You see my friend, that no word perhaps has been more changed from its original meaning than this, the derivation of it, conferred honor & applause instead of an improper epithet--[17]

Their courtship continued through 1823 by the exchange of small gifts, notes and books, and Jane sometimes wrote short critiques (usually favorable) of the books she borrowed from Schoolcraft.[18]

The trials of romance brought out a poetic voice in Jane Johnston, when in March 1823 she wrote "The Contrast, a Splenetic Effusion." This poem illustrates

how Jane often gave voice to her personal life through art, and "The Contrast" shows how she viewed her romance in the light of her previous friendly relationships. Its chief attribute is not metrical experimentation, for Jane uses almost perfectly regular metrical verse, here in couplets, in most of her poetry. The poem's attention to a specifically female rite of passage is its strength, in that True Womanhood ideology uses romance, particularly marriage, as the single most defining factor in a woman's growth. Jane recognizes that the first romance signals the end of "the morning of (her) days" and treats romance as anything but idyllic. Despite its "splenetic" nature, the poem exhibits an amount of reason and maturity uncommon to the love poems of the first-time romances of twenty-three-year-olds:

The Contrast, a Splenetic Effusion

With pen in hand I shall contrast,
What I have felt--what now has past!
Slights from my friends I never knew,
Serenely sweet my hours they flew--
Or if by chance one gave me pain,
The wish to grieve me not again;
Exprefs'd in terms endearing, kind,
Infused a joy throughout my mind--
That to have caused one moment pain'd,
Seem'd more like blifs but just attain'd,
With gratitude my heart had mov'd;
In fault--by them to be reprov'd:
So mild and gentle were their words,
To me more sweet than songs of birds:
For well I knew that each behest,
Was warm'd by love--convincing test!
        Thus pafs'd the morning of my days;
My only wish to gain the praise,
Of friends deserving of my love--
By actions kind, I strove to prove,
That all I did, was them to please,
The source from which sprang all my ease!
My efforts kindly were receiv'd--
My feelings ever were believed.
But oh! how soon the scene had chang'd,
Since I have in Love's mazes ranged.

Oft in tears I sigh and languish,
Forc'd to bear in silent anguish--
Looks strange--exprefsions often kind--
Without an intercourse of mind;
Constrain'd to bear both heat and cold--
Now shun'd--now priz'd above all gold:
In converse now, we take delight,
Oft joining in fair Fancy's flight.
Now state--with pleasure smiling;
Kindnefs mutual--time beguiling.
But how transient! Oh how soon,
Every blifs is turn'd to gloom![19]

It is unknown how Oshauguscodawaqua felt about the romance, but she did act as Schoolcraft's host and sometimes sent him gifts of maple sugar, which were reciprocated with gifts such as fruit.[20] Jane and Henry married on October 12, 1823, and continued to live mostly at the Johnston home until the completion of the construction of a two-story mansion to house his family and the agency, which was finished in 1827.

Another side of the courtship and early marriage of the Schoolcrafts was the attraction Henry felt for Jane as a Native American. Bremer notes that, along with a large dowry promised by John Johnston, Jane's "mixed-blood ancestry" presented "an exotic allurement as well," but because of "the degree of Jane Johnston's assimilation into white culture, however, such a consideration, if it operated at all, probably did so at a subconscious level."[21] But Schoolcraft's interest in Jane's Indian descent is hardly subconscious, for he openly refers to her in his <u>Personal Memoirs</u> and in <u>The Literary Voyager</u> as "the northern Pocahontas" and once states in an early letter that he was tempted to write to Jane on a piece of birch bark, the reason for which he did not state, but it certainly was not from the lack of writing paper.[22] The romance of her ancestry obviously allured him at a conscious level.

Rayna Green, in "The Pocahontas Perplex: the Image of Indian Women in

American Culture," explains that the actions of Pocahontas, as recounted by John Smith, "set up one kind of model for Indian-White relations that persists--long after most Indians and Anglos ceased to have face-to-face relationships. Moreover, as a model for the national understanding of Indian women, her significance is undeniable." The "Pocahontas Perplex" describes one stereotype of Native American women: self-sacrificing for her lover but not her tribe, noble and *always* having the ability to recognize the moral superiority of European men.[23] Schoolcraft, continuously concerned with social pretensions, recounted how popular Jane was when he introduced her to Detroit and New York society in 1824:

> A large part of the interest to others and attention excited arose manifestly frc the presence of a person of Indian descent, and of refined manners and educatio in the person of Mrs. Schoolcraft. . . There was something like a sensation in every circle, and often persons, whose curiosity was superior to their moral capacity of appreciation, looked intensely to see the northern Pocahontas.[24]

Even though Schoolcraft berates the bad manners of these onlookers, he includes a letter in his Personal Memoirs from Samuel Conant, a person Schoolcraft respected greatly enough to be proud of the attention Conant paid to Jane. The portion of the letter by Conant that Schoolcraft included in Memoirs demonstrates another stereotype:

> When I first visited Mr. Schoolcraft, I looked about for his Indian Girl. I carried such a report to my wife that we were determined to seek her acquaintance and were not less surprised than recompensed to find such gentleness, urbanity, affection and intelligence, under circumstances so illy calculated, a might be supposed to produce such amiable virtues. But all have learned to estimate human nature more correctly, and to determine that nature herself, not less than the culture of skillful hands, has much to do with the refinement and polish of the mind.[25]

Conant, knowing full well the influences of Jane's European father, attributes her "polished" qualities to some innate sense of refinement that shaped her despite the isolation of her childhood, where she faced unfavorable circumstances in which to develop prescribed social attributes. During the trip of 1824-25 to Detroit and New

York, Jane's rejection of Indian culture for European "polish" was positively reinforced by her husband, who showed her off as the "northern Pocahontas," and she was equally as trapped by the stereotype of her "innate" sense of "urbanity," a quality she worked on her whole life. She mentions nothing about this sort of attention in her correspondence from this trip, other than to say she was uncomfortable at times with the extreme hospitality of the Conants, with whom she and her sister Anna Maria were staying when Henry left on business.[26]

Schoolcraft in his early marriage enjoyed the attention given to his wife, for he had a "ready-made" Pocahontas to flaunt in society, a woman, according to Green's "Pocahontas Perplex," who was thought to have sacrificed her people and culture for the learned and morally superior Schoolcraft, even though Jane Johnston had already adopted Euro-American culture under the tutorship of her father and her aunt Jane Moore. Jane fully recognized that she was supposed to see Schoolcraft as her superior, and it may have been during these early years that she penned this short untitled poem:

> -- -- -- --the full sum of me
> Is the sum of something; which to term in grofs
> Is an unlefson'd Girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
> Happy in this, she is not yet so old
> But she may learn; & happier than this,
> She is not bred to be so dull but she can learn;
> Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
> Commits itself to yours to be directed
> As from her lord, her governer, her king.[27]

Schoolcraft's motivations for promoting Jane as a "northern Pocahontas" are not difficult to analyze. In his Narrative Journal of Travels, Schoolcraft showed that he abhorred the "savage state" and used Indian women as the barometer by which to measure Indians and the degree to which they had been "civilized":

> The savage state is universally found to display itself in the most striking degree in the situation, dress, personal accomplishments, and employments of females, and these evidences maybe looked upon as unerring idexes to the degree of civilization. . . Doomed to drudgery and hardship from infancy --without the elegance of dress--without either mental resources, or personal beauty--what can be said in favour of Indian women![28]

In the Narrative Journal, it seems as if the only thing an Indian woman could do to redeem herself to Schoolcraft was to commit suicide, for the only other extended reference to Indian women is the story of a young woman who jumped off a cliff rather than betray a secret vow to her lover. Schoolcraft included the story to immortalize the woman's name in print, since ". . . such an instance of sentiment is rarely to be met with among barbarians, and should redeem the name of this noble-minded girl from oblivion."[29] The story appealed to Schoolcraft because of its similarity to the Pocahontas metaphor of Indian-white relations. Since Jane demonstrated the "elegance of dress," the "personal beauty," and the "mental resources" prescribed by Euro-American standards, Schoolcraft accepted, even displayed proudly, his "Pocahontas" wife.

The years between 1823 and 1826 were that happiest of the Schoolcraft marriage. Jane gave birth to a son on July 27, 1824 whom they named William Henry. They worked together gathering Indian stories and compiling notes on the Anishinabeg language. During their time in New York and Detroit, Henry oversaw the publication of his Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley and travelled to Washington and Philadelphia conducting agency business and promoting himself.[30] Schoolcraft's letters to his wife (who was ill during the trip) are filled with descriptions of the country he saw, and Jane, always eager to learn of new things, appreciated his attention to travel description:

> I feel grateful to you for your kind solicitude about my health, & at the same time that you have not lost sight of what may tend to improve me, I mean the geography

> of the Country: for this I cannot boast of having seen with my own eyes, that interesting portion you have pafsed, yet I can form a pretty good idea of its richnefs, beauty & situation from your having so kindly described you route, & hope you will be pleased to find that your instruction is not quite thrown away--[31]

Their letters also reflect the excitement manifested in the notion of parenthood. Jane recorded the progress of "Sweet Willy," and Henry greatly regretted his absence from the two. His new station as father provoked religious contemplation and, as Bremer notes, changed his whole attitude toward Christianity, which he had heretofore "regarded . . . as a history of human events interspersed with moral axioms rather than the work of divine inspiration. The winter following his marriage he began receiving religious instruction" of the type that "emphasized the depraved nature of man and taught that only Christ could renovate the human heart. . . " Bremer also states that this religious epiphany made Schoolcraft realize that "his pursuit after the truths of science and language. . . had prevented him from properly contemplating and appreciating the nature of God."[32] Henry became as thoughtful of his familial situation as his religion after the birth of his son, a concern that reached its height during the life of William Henry:

> . . . a thousand. . . interrogations suggest themselves to me, when my thoughts lead me, as they perpetually do, back to you, and your little parlour in Basely Street. What an interesting chain of thoughts is connected with the idea of a home, & a wife, & a child. What a new source of feelings, pleasure & anxieties does it open to me; of all of which, I formerly knew nothing.[33]

Jane was equally thrilled with motherhood, reporting to the absent Henry all the details of his growth and once stating "I. . . find, more than ever, what a blessing he is. I don't know what I should do without him."[34]

When the Schoolcrafts returned to the Sault, they faced another separation when Henry left for ten weeks to attend to business at Prairie du Chien. Strained

relations between the tribes and the American government prompted Jane to warn Henry to be "as cunning as a serpent" but equally "as harmlefs as a Dove."[35] During the separation Jane kept Henry abreast of the local happenings, sometimes addressing agency business and the latest plots against him by the officers of the garrison with whom he held a perpetual feud.[36] Schoolcraft reciprocated her letters with an affection and sentiments that go unmatched in the following years of their marriage:

> That delicacy of sentiment, modest deportment, equanimity of temper, benevolence of disposition, engaging simplicity, correct taste and good understanding which did so much to captivate the father, will certainly suggest the best mode of directing the son. I know you will rule the one, as you have continued torule the other, by the [illegible] force of love, more powerful than authority of custom, or the power of law. Is not this a precious confefsion to make twenty-two months after marriage, and will you not owe one at least a dozen extra kifses on my return?[37]

Like many events in her domestic life, the absence of Henry prompted Jane to express her imaginations through poetry:

> Say dearest friend, when you light your bark
> Glides down the Mississippi dark?
> Where nature's charms in rich display,
> In varied hue appears so gay,
> To wrap your mind and gain your eye,
> As quick you sail and pafs them by.
>
> Say do thy thoughts ere turn on home?
> As mine to thee incessant roam.
> And when at eve, in deserts wild
> Dost thou think on our lovely child?
> Dost thou in stillness of night
> By the planet's silvery light
> Breathe a prayer-- to the Spirit above?
> For thy Wife, and thy child, my love.[38]

This poem, sometimes called "To Henry" reflects the dichotomy of home and travel, which Jane contemplated a great deal during her marriage, during which Henry was often absent and Jane left to take care of the home and the children and other family

members. The first stanza depicts how the explorer loses himself in new and wild lands that "wrap your mind and gain your eye," but the second asks the traveller to look homeward. Like many of her poems, "the Spirit above" is mentioned, but in this case is secondary, and a means to reach the domestic circle. When Jane's home life became increasingly difficult in the late 1830s, she would return to the theme of domesticity versus the outside world in a less romantic and sentimental way.

After Henry's return, the two renewed their earlier literary discussions, and the next year would be Jane's most prolific year in writing. She was encouraged by associates of Schoolcraft's, among them Thomas McKenney, who visited the Johnstons during the Schoolcrafts' early marriage. He was impressed with a song sung by Charlotte one evening, and asked Jane to transcribe and translate the song, which she entitled "The O-Jib-way Maid." It is one of the few poems written by Jane in the Anishinabeg language, and its original author is unknown. Jane's translation was reprinted in McKenney's Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes, presumably to add what he thought validity to his statement "When I look upon this group of interesting children, and reflect that their mother is a native of our wilds, I wish for the sake of the Indians, that. . . all who might have influence to bring about a complete system for their preservation and improvement. . . could see them too."[39] Jane's rejection of the "wilds" was reinforced by almost every associate of Henry Schoolcraft's, and this must have encouraged her writing, which was seen as an ornament of accomplishment toward civilization.

The O-Jib-way Maid
Original of the O-Jib-way Maid

Aun dush ween do win ane
Gitchy Mocomaun aince
Caw auzhaw woh do mode

We yea, yea haw ha &c.

Wah yaw bum maud e
Ojibway quainee un e
We maw jaw need e
We yea, yea haw ha &c.

Omowe maun e
We nemoshain yun
We maw jaw need e
We yea, yea haw ha &c.

Caw ween gush sha ween
Kin wainyh e we yea
O ugh maw e maw seen
We yea, yea haw ha &c.

Me gosh sha ween e yea
Ke bish quaw bum maud e
Tehe won ain e maud e
We yea, yea haw ha &c.

Jane translated the song literally, and McKenney included this and a poetic rendition by a "Major H. S----th" in his Sketches:

Why. What's the matter with the young American? He crosses the river with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Ojibway girl preparing to leave the place; he sobs for his sweetheart, because she is going away, but he will not sigh long for her, for as soon as he is out of her sight, he will forget her.

VERSION

That stream, along whose bosom bright,
With joy I've seen your bark appear;
You cross, no longer with delight,
Nor I with joy, your greeting hear.

And can such cause, alone, draw tears
From eyes, that always smil'd before?
Of parting--can it be the fears;
Of parting now--to meet no more?

But heavily though now you sigh;
And tho' your griefs be now sincere,
To find our dreaded parting nigh,
And bid farewell to pleasures dear--

When o'er the waters, wide and deep,
Far--thine Ojibway Maid shall be,

New loves will make you cease to weep,
Nor e'er again, remember me.[40]

Jane's translation of "The O-Jib-way Maid" reflects themes of love and loss, and provides a unique insight into an aspect of the gender dynamics of colonization. She probably learned the song from Oshauguscodawaqua, whose father at first refused to allow Johnston to marry her because of European men's often flippant attitudes toward relationships with Indian women.

The winter of 1826-27 was important to the literary career of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, for it was this year that Henry Schoolcraft provided her an outlet for her writings in the form of the manuscript magazine The Literary Voyager, later called Muzzeniegun meaning "printed document or book."[41] The magazines were devoted primarily to the study of Indians and were circulated around Sault Ste. Marie, Detroit and the East Coast.[42] Philip Mason, who notes that The Literary Voyager is the first magazine of Michigan, says that this publication "reveals Schoolcraft's dependence on the John Johnston family of Sault Ste. Marie for their help in assembling data on the Chippewa."[43] Its publication also reveals the interest Jane Johnston took in the literary traditions of the Anishinabeg people, for she contributes a variety of tales told to her by Indian relatives, most likely by Oshauguscodawaqua. Her poems also received more than a regional distribution through the medium of the magazine for which she wrote, transcribed and copied.

Her submissions to The Literary Voyager were written under the pseudonyms of "Leelinau" and "Rosa." Under these names, Jane Johnston, especially in the earlier magazines, played the part of the "good Indian," one who admits to the superiority of Europeans and their religion, as in this excerpt from the first letter from "Our Correspondent, Leelinau":

> My father was descended from one of the most ancient and respected leaders of the Ojibway bands--long before the white people had it in their power to distinguish an Indian by placing a piece of silver, in the shape of a medal on his breast. . . [He] taught me to esteem and appreciate white people. He often told me that you had a right knowledge of everything, and that you knew the truth, because you had things past and present written down in books. . . you white people say that there is but one true, great, and good God; then I feel a deep sense of regret that I do not know more of that good Spirit, and what I ought to do to please him.[44]

This letter sets up the personage of "Leelinau," created by Jane, as the model of the "civilized" Indian. Jane may have meant simply to portray a positive image to Detroiters and Eastern readers who were exposed to few positive images of Indian people other than this noble savage stereotype, similar to the "Pocahontas Perplex." She was also expressing her own views on Euro-American culture and religion, for she was always deeply devoted to written literature and Protestant Christianity.

The first of the poems under the name "Rosa" was introduced to readers by calling attention to the author's ancestry:

By an *Ojibway Female* Pen
To Sisters on a Walk in the Garden, After a Shower

Come sisters come! the shower's past,
The garden walks are drying fast,
The Sun's bright beams are seen again,
And nought within, can now detain.
The rain drops tremble on the leaves,
Or drip expiring, from the eaves:
But soon the cool and balmy air,
Shall dry the gems that sparkle there,
With whisp'ring breath shake ev'ry spray,
And scatter every cloud away.

Thus sisters! shall the breeze of hope,
Through sorrows clouds a vista ope;
Thus, shall affliction's surly blast,
By faith's bright calm be still'd at last;
Thus, pain and care,--the tear and sigh,
Be chased from every dewy eye;
And life's mix'd scene itself, but cease,
To show us realms of light and peace.[45]

Her poems also reflect the themes of sadness and/or sickness such as "Resignation," Lines Written Under Affliction" and "Lines Written Under Severe Pain and Sickness," but some achieved quite the opposite effect, celebrating life, nature, and religious spirituality, such as this one:

Lines
To a Friend Asleep

Awake my friend! the morning's fine,
Waste not in sleep the day divine,
Nature is clad in best array,
The woods, the fields, the flowers are gay;--
The sun is up and speeds his march,
O'er heaven's high aerial arch,
His golden beams with lustre fall,
On lake and river, cot and hall;--
The dews are sparkling on each spray,
The birds are chirping sweet and gay,
The violet shows its beauteous head,
Within its narrow, figured bed;--
The air is pure, the earth bedight,
With trees and flowers, life and light,
All--all inspires a joyful gleam,
More pleasing than a fairy dream.
Awake! the sweet refreshing scene,
Invites us forth to tread the green,
With joyful hearts, and pious lays,
To join the glorious Maker's praise,
The wond'rous works--the paschal lamb,
The holy, high and just I Am.[46]

Two of Jane Schoolcraft's most interesting poems are "Otagamiad" and "Invocation to My Maternal Grandfather On Hearing His Descent From Chippewa Ancestors Misrepresented." These poems signify Jane's literary association with the oral tradition of her Anishinabeg relatives, who passed down lessons and stories by recounting the experiences of older generations or the deceased. Jane pays homage to the memory of Waubojeeg in both poems, which are characterized by the respect accorded in this, the first stanza of the long "Otagamiad":

In northern climes there liv'd a chief of fame,
LaPointe his dwelling, and Ojeeg his name,
Who oft in war had rais'd the battle cry,
And brav'd the rigors of an Arctic sky;
Nor less in peace those daring talents shone,
That raised him to his simple forest throne,
Alike endow'd with skill, such heaven's reward
To wield the oaken sceptre, and to guard.
Now round his tent, the willing chieftain's wait,
The gathering council, and the stern debate--
Hunters, & warriors circle round the green,
Age sits sedate, & youth fills up the scene,
With careful hands, with flint & steel prepare,
The sacred fire--the type of public care.

The poem goes on to depict a council-fire debate over whether to war or not with some friends-turned-enemies in which Waubojeeg remarks "They pierce our forests, & they cross our lines,/No treaty binds them, & no stream confines."[47] The poem is significantly different from the rest of Jane Johnston's poetry, save the other one devoted to Waubojeeg, in that it attempts to present colonization and intra-tribal relations as having many more complexities than represented by the first letter of "Leelinau." It also draws from history rather than the personal life of the young poet, similar to the short stories Jane wrote for The Literary Voyager and Schoolcraft's other publications.

The main purpose of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft's prose writing seems to be the explanation of Anishinabeg traditions, particularly storytelling, to the popular reading public. This cultural mediation took the form of short tales, such as "The Origin of the Robin, An Oral Allegory" written by "Leelinau" in The Literary Voyager . It appears in the January 1827 edition and is a story of an over-ambitious man who forces his son to fast through a longer-than-normal (12 days) period of fasting, even though the son tells his father his dreams prophesy evil. The son, on the twelfth day, paints his chest vermilion, saying his spirit called on him to be a bird, and he flew to the top of the lodge

as a robin. He cheered his father, who lost the glory he was to have through his son, with the song of the robin. Following the story, the editor (Schoolcraft) writes that Leelinau descends from European and Indian parents, contrary to the earlier fictional character of Leelinau, who descended from two Indian parents. Schoolcraft proceeds to explain the moral lesson of the tale: "We should not seek for unreasonable honors, nor take unusual means to attain them."[48] Jane Schoolcraft wrote other short stories, usually of the morally instructive nature, such as "Moowis, the Indian Coquette, a Chippewa Legend," "Mishosha, or the Magician and His Daughters, a Chippewa Tale or Legend" (penned by Bame-wa-wa-ge-zhik-a-quay, Jane's Anishinabe name), and "The Foresaken Brother, a Chippewa Tale."[49]

One particular story stands out from her others, "Origin of Miscodeed, or the Maid of Taquimenon." The main character, called Miscodeed, is the only child of Ma Mongazida, and spends most of her time "revelling amid the wild flowers of her native valley." It was here she obtained her guardian spirit in the form of a small white bird, and she also began to take on characteristics of Taquimenon Valley itself: "Sweet Valley of the Taquimenon, thou didst bless her with the charms of thy fragrance, causing the most profound sensations of pleasure." Taquimenon (Tahquamenon to modern readers) was not the only place Jane sought to portray. When Ma Mongazida senses the presence of evil, "(w)hispers of the sign of an enemy on the lofty shores of the Pictured Rocks had reached his ears." Before the family can leave the valley, they are slain by the Outagamies. But as Miscodeed dies, she calls to her guardian spirit to keep her from the enemy, whereby the white bird asks the earth to swallow her. Because Miscodeed had exclaimed earlier "Oh that it were ever spring! that I could ever live and revel in the wild beauties of my native valley--the sweet valley of Taquimenon," her guardian spirit

insures that Miscodeed rises from the ground every spring as "a modest little white flower, bordered with pink border."[50]

The story differs from her others first because it is not didactic. Secondly, the story draws on the fame of Jane's own great-grandfather, Mamongeseda. By mythologizing her family member in a context of the supernatural aspects of guardian spirits, prophetic dreams and magic, the author leaves completely the realm of Christian morality in which she has so thoroughly immersed herself. "Leelinau" tells the story without comment or a moral lesson, and the product is a celebration of nature (particularly places familiar to Jane and Oshauguscodawaqua) and the supernatural. As we will see later, Jane Johnston Schoolcraft took a greater interest in the meanings of dreams than Christian theology allowed.

The March 28 and April 11 editions of The Literary Voyager, the final surviving editions, recorded a turning point in the lives of Henry and Jane Schoolcraft. The March 28 issue opened as such:

> DIED,
>
> On the 13th inst. at 11 o'clock at night, William Henry, only child of Henry R. Schoolcraft Esqr. AE 2 years, 8 mo. & 14 days. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.[51]

William Henry, the object of extreme adoration by his parents, died of the croup after one day of sickness. The loss was particularly difficult because Jane had suffered the miscarriage of a baby girl in November 1825. The death was devastating to Henry, who admired William in The Literary Voyager, saying "(w)ith a face of the purest Caucassian (sic) whiteness, eyes with the brilliancy of polished diamond, auburn hair, and features of the sweetest amenity of regularity, he became at once an object of the deepest love and affection."[52] This issue of the Voyager was devoted completely to thoughts, past and present, on William Henry, and included Henry Schoolcraft's "Lines of a Father on the

Death of His Son" and "Reminiscence of Domestic Scenes," John Johnston's "Woman's Tears," the unsigned "The Dead Son" and several poems by Sault Ste. Marie residents that addressed the death. Jane Schoolcraft contributed two poems under her own name and one under the name "Rosa." The first is a sonnet:

> The voice of reason bids me dry my tears,
> But nature frail, still struggles with that voice;
> Back to my mind that placid form appears
> Lifeless,--he seemed to love and to rejoice,
> As in the arms of death he meekly lay.
> Oh, Cherub Babe! thy mother mourns thy loss,
> Tho' thou hast op'd thine eyes in endless day;
> And nought, on earth, can chase away my grief
> But Faith--pleading the merits of the Cross,
> And Him, whose promise gives a sure relief.[53]

The second poem written under Jane's own name attracted admiration from Governor Lewis Cass and from Charles Trowbridge, who wrote to Schoolcraft that

> The lines composed by Mrs. Schoolcraft. . . struck me with such peculiar force, as well in regard to the pathos of style as the singular felicity of exprefsion, th I have taken the liberty to submit them for perusal to the Governer (sic) and one or two of our mutual friends. . . The Governer (sic) has advised me to publish them, and this would accord with my own wish. . .[54]

The poem, titled "To My Ever Beloved and Lamented Son William Henry," celebrates the mother-child relationship in eight stanzas, and the last three stanzas indicate that Jane felt the death was providential:

> My son! Thy coral lips are pale,
> Can I believe the heart-sick tale,
> That I, thy loss must ever wail?
> My Willy.
>
> The clouds in darkness seemed to low'r
> The storm has past with awful pow'r,
> And nipt my tender, beauteous flow'r!
> Sweet Willy.
>
> But soon my spirit will be free,
> And I my lovely son shall see,
> For God, I know, did this decree.

My Willy.[55]

Jane became seriously ill following William's death, and began to cling even more to her religion, seeking consolation in the explanation of divine will and turning the death into a moral lesson, as indicated by this excerpt from a letter to George Johnston:

> . . . it is a consoling thought to me that my Sweet Willy is rejoicing with exceeding joy before the throne of his Heavenly Father. . . O! My dear Brother, if we, who still remain on earth would strive with all out hearts to live, so as to become partakers of everlasting happiness, how gladly will the blefsed Spirit of our dear beauteous Willy meet & welcome us to Heaven, when we too shall be obliged to leave our earthly tabernacle--I cannot say more.[56]

Both the Schoolcrafts came to view the death, as Samuel Conant suggested in a letter of May 29, 1827, as an event in which the divine will took away their "idol" to force them to submit to their true god.[57] Willy's death marked the end of the sentimental and romantic outlook that characterized the early Schoolcraft marriage.

CHAPTER III: ELMWOOD DAYS

From 1827 to 1833 the Schoolcrafts represented the model couple according to the prescriptive "woman's sphere" ideology of Euro-American culture. As Barbara Welter and Nancy Cott have shown, didactic literature dichotomized the realms of men's and women's roles into public and private spheres, relegating men to the former and women to the latter. Henry Schoolcraft, in addition to his duties as Indian Agent and collecting information on the Anishinabeg, became active in the Michigan Territorial Council serving on various committees.[1] Both Jane and Henry participated in the revivalist fervor of the time, but Jane took on extra religious duties, as popular literature instructed. Barbara Welter found that, in magazines especially, " religion or piety was the core of woman's virtue, the source of her strength. . . Religion belonged to woman by divine right, a gift of God and nature."[2] While Jane immersed herself in the role of the guardian of morality as a woman, she regretted that Schoolcraft's public duties kept him from his family.

Despite the following of popular advice, the Schoolcraft marriage grew to be increasingly strained in the years following the death of William Henry. Jane became pregnant the following summer, and after a trip to Green Bay she was threatened with another miscarriage on Mackinac Island during Henry's absence. When she felt well enough to travel home to Sault Ste. Marie, she embarked in a canoe with George and two canoe-men who became so drunk during the trip that they missed Jane's stop on Drummond Island. She was forced to spend the night on the water and went back to Drummond Island in the morning, when she insisted on staying and refused to travel further with the men:

> I desired my Brother to proceed home without me, I thought that hiring a canoe & Indians to take me home when I should acquire sufficient strength would be lefs

> expensive in the end than detaining a worthlefs Canadian Crew--this is the fact -- judge for yourself & I hope you will not blame me for acting so independently & perhaps extravagantly--

Henry, writing from Butte de Mort, expressed distress over her situation. His anxiety was probably heightened by Jane's calls for him to return: ". . . your absence is indeed a constant source of the deepest inquietude & grief & though I strive to place all in the hands of a good & merciful being, yet my heart often fails and human frailty gets the ascendency--" Henry probably regretted his remarks of the previous month when he berated Jane for dwelling on their misfortunes, saying "if our happiness is not so complete as youthful fancy had anticipated, it is to be imputed in a great measure to our own imperfections." He wrote that Jane placed a great deal of emphasis on interpreting dreams for guidance and that his dreams of her had been "of a gloomy nature."[3]

In October of 1828 Jane gave birth to Jane Susan Schoolcraft [4] who was later called Janee. The Schoolcrafts moved into Elmwood, the fifteen-room mansion built with government funds to house to Indian Agency office and the Agent's family. The extravagant house must have been the picture of hypocrisy to local impoverished Indians who were told they were to be taken care of by the Agent. Bremer writes of Elmwood as an aberration in the frontier town:

> The house itself, a two storied mansion of about fifteen rooms, crowned the impressive grounds that stretched down to the wharf on the river. The elegance of its interior matched the imposing character of its exterior. The entrance hall contained several large cases of carefully arranged mineral specimens while Indian curiosities, animal skins and stuffed birds adorned the walls. As for the rooms, Reverend Porter wrote that the one he occupied with its wallpaper, carpet, and furnishings, was better than almost any in his native New England town. Dinners at Elmwood took on an equally sumptuous character. The Presbyterian minister reported that the menu offered by the Agent on two consecutive evenings included eight varieties of meat, half a dozen vegetables, and eight desserts in addition to bread and butter, water, cider, beer and wine. No doubt such gargantuan feasts helped to while away the tedium of the long winter evenings.[5]

Jane presided over the operations of the house and the agency during Henry's frequent

trips to Detroit, and the luxury of Elmwood must have presented her with a startling contrast to the conditions under which her mother's people lived. By the middle of the 1820s, the number of fur-bearing animals in the Upper Great Lakes had greatly decreased, which posed a threat to the tribes that depended on them for trade and food.[6] The inevitable side effect of starvation, disease, also took its heavy toll on Indians during the time Jane and Henry Schoolcraft prospered at Elmwood, especially in the cholera epidemic of 1831. Henry's public duties kept him somewhat detached from the distress of the community, but Jane, while still alienated because of wealth, took an active role in the daily workings of the community.

The "Elmwood Diary" that Jane wrote in April and May of 1828 describes the activities of women in Sault Ste. Marie, now a town of about 150 people. Written for amusement in the evenings, the diary tells of gardening, the progress of Janee, town events and reports to Henry of all his wife's daily activities. What is most interesting about the diary is that it describes the daily lives of Indian and Metis women who were the backbone of the fur trade community. Jane describes their lives as consisting of daily contacts with each other and a constant exchange of goods and services from whitefish, maple sugar, moccasins and petticoats to nursing and sickbed companionship. Jane and her mother and sisters comprised a very active part of this network of community service, which included teaching the Ojibway language to a lieutenant from the garrison. Jane wrote daily that she missed her husband, and summed up her state of mind as such:

> For some time I gave myself up to a pafsion of tears and vain regrets till Reason resumed her empire & Resignation calmly led me to Hope & a bright prospect, tho' perceived at a distance: but Imagination was busy and every <u>now</u> and <u>then</u> intruded itself, with sorrow in its train, & which alternately present themselves to me & will no doubt continue to do so until my beloved Friend & Protector returns, which the Almighty grant be soon--[7]

Despite the fact that her "Protector" was away, she found companionship in the entire community according to her diary. Henry comments little on the diary, which Jane sent to him in Detroit, except to thank her for the affectionate "journal domestique."[8]

Toward the end of May, Jane again became very ill and feared death. The absence of Henry in Detroit coupled with this fear of death made her regret she did not live in a more Christian-centered community. She lamented to Henry "you are rich & consequently happy in the enjoyment of the society of such Friends as you have in Detroit-Oh how much I feel the want of truly pious & religious Friends!"[9] Jane had continued to express her religious sentiments through poetry, and dedicated a whole volume of poetry to this subject matter. It may have been during this "Elmwood" period of her life that she penned this untitled poem:

> To trace Thee in Thy ways, Thy works, Thy word
> Be this my sole delight! My businefs Lord!
> To thee and the remembrance of Thy name
> May all my schemes, and plans & efforts aim--
> May my contrivances, and plots still be
> To bring poor weary travell'rs home to Thee!
> May all my arts, and my devices tend
> To lead poor wanderers to the sinners Friend[10]

A reading list Jane requested from Henry in Detroit in June of 1828 further illuminates her attention to religious matters: "Baxter's saints everlasting rest--Baxter's call to the unconverted--Hannah Adams' Letters on the Gospels--Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progrefs--Watt's Psalms & Hymns."[11]

Jane became more ill during the summer of 1828 following a string of family tensions and misfortunes. John Johnston, still pursuing the recovery of his losses from the War of 1812, had become ill and was involved in a squabble with neighbors over the exchange of services. Jane, who was hypersensitive about community

perceptions, distressed over the squabble in a letter to her brother: "Oh! George, my heart has been bleeding for my beloved, revered Father, when I see so much fraud, cunning & monopoly, practised against his honourable exertions to maintain his Family, but I hope truth will prevail in the end & there is no doubt [it] will."[12] Oshauguscodawaqua, in turn, feared for George for an unspecified reason and instructed Jane to write to him for her:

> She begs to advise you to be very circumspect in your conduct, & tho' she wishes you to be so at all times, yet more particularly so now, for reasons best known to herself, & hopes you will not repose too much confidence in persons you may suppose your Friends but are not so in reality.[13]

The family worries culminated in the death of John Johnston in September of 1828. He had just returned from New York and had to be carried from the boat to his home, sick with typhus. The loss of her father was detrimental to Jane's health.[14]

A year later Jane was pregnant for the fourth time and just as ill as when her father died. When Henry left in August of 1829 for another Territorial Council session, Jane was angered by his desertion of her, for she was now in an advanced state of pregnancy:

> Your brother James had been gone some time, & Mr. Hulbert & Maria will be of in a day or two at farthest & then I shall be left all alone, without one of my dearest Husband's Friends near me, I cannot help feeling as tho' I had been cast off by you and yours in the approaching terrors of ______. . .

Henry responded by saying that he dreams of her at night to enable them to be together, but also stressed the importance of his duties and justified his absence with divine will: "It is the order of providence that man should be active and woman quiescent."[15]

During this time, Jane exhibited an extreme lack of self esteem, something that had never surfaced before her marriage. When she sensed that death was near, she wrote

to Henry to "think kindly of me notwithstanding all my faults--." As the birth date came closer, she became more and more despondent:

> . . . the afsurance from yourself of your continued exclusive and undivided love for me, unworthy as I am, had indeed operated as the most precious balm to my heart & my prayer now is, that I may prove deserving of its continuance, for believe me earth contains nothing I desire half so much as your affection & regard, & since the death of my beloved, ever indulgent Father, I have naturally looked up with more dependence on you for all, all of the happinefs I ever expect in this world, & if I could only act as my heart & mind dictate, you would always be satisfied with me.

On October 2, 1829, Jane delivered John Johnston Schoolcraft, the last child she would have.[16]

Bremer attributes Schoolcraft's unwillingness to put his wife's problems over his professional position to "the recent Jacksonian revolution at Washington and the widespread belief that McKenney's days in the Department were numbered as he had opposed Old Hickory's election." Because the War Department's Thomas McKenney had written about the Johnston family in his Sketches on a Tour to the Lakes, Schoolcraft became uneasy about his position.[17] Another factor soon intruded itself upon his thinking of Jane Johnston. In November of 1830, Schoolcraft, after much contemplation, decided to make a public confession of faith under the direction of Reverend William Ferry on Mackinac Island. His letters to Jane change dramatically after this confession, for he no longer had much room in his letters for sentiment or material matters, these being subsumed by biblical lessons and Christian epistles. The autocratic power of the father, as preached by Ferry, appealed directly to Schoolcraft's sense of gender and family. After a Thanksgiving sermon by Ferry on Mackinac Island, Schoolcraft wrote to Jane to express his new-found interest in the gospels:

> And now before bidding you a final adieu, let me entreat you to institute an examination into your own heart and see whether there is nothing there adverse to Christian principles--whether there are not opinions which are improper

> weaknefses which ought to be strengthened, & hopes which ought to be abandoned. Well do I know that such must be the case, & that "there is no one that liveth, no not one" that regulates his daily domestic conduct by a strict regard to Bible doctrine. And it is the domestic conduct of the female that is most continually liable to errors both of judgement & feeling. Nothing is more clearly scriptural, that a woman should forsake "father & mother" & cleave to her husband, & that she should look up to him with a full confidence as, next to God, her "guide, philosopher and friend." Often have I felt, often have I said that this should be the case, but never more sincerely than at this moment.

Here Schoolcraft resorts to an earlier, Puritanical view of women: they were more likely than men to yeild to the temptations of evil. He also relies on the cultural notion that only through marriage can the woman be saved from evil, by putting her husband "next to God." These notions reflect more about the Puritanical teachings of Reverend Ferry than Schoolcraft's adherence to "woman's sphere" ideology in which the woman is to be the more pious of the sexes and the guardian of morality. One notion not given up as "woman's sphere" became popular was one that required the woman devote her entire self and source of identity to her husband. Since most Anishinabeg women took their main source of identity from their families rather than their husbands, Henry's entreaty for Jane to "forsake 'mother & father' & cleave to her husband" must have been at odds with the teachings of Oshauguscodawaqua and the rest of the Indian community at the Sault. It is obvious here that Schoolcraft defined his worth and his wife's by the way each adhered to Euro-American socio-religious prescriptions. In the light of Jane's recent feelings of vulnerability from sickness and pregnancy, it seems the above "entreaty" would be enough to enforce Schoolcraft's new-found doctrine on the Christian family, but he goes on in specifics, bordering on cruelty:

> While I am on this topic it may be proper for me to say more, to help thus to enable you to get past conceptions of yourself, & the various relations you sustain. Brought up in a remote place, without any thing which deserves the name of a regular education, without the salutary influence of society to form your mind, & without a mother, in many things, to direct, & with an overkind father, who saw everything in the fairest light, & made even your sisters and brothers & all about you to bow to you as their superior in every mental &

> worldly thing, you must indeed have pofsefsed a strength of intellect above the common man, not to have taken up some manners & opinions & feelings, as false & foolish, as flattery & self-deceit can be. What these things are, let your subsequent knowledge of the world decide, & when you have detected any thing of this kind, implore the father of Light, that he will enable you to expurge it from your bosom.[18]

Henry's dismissal of Oshauguscodawaqua as a proper mother indicates his inability to recognize modes of learning other than formal, Euro-American schooling. In his Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley in 1825, Schoolcraft mentioned a missionary school for Indian children which worked with difficulty "to conquer to apathy and inattention of children never habituated to restraint,"[19] but in the teaching of Christianity, he remained hopeful, as "no very strong barriers appear to stand in the way of the introduction of christianity among the northern tribes. Their institutions, moral and political, are so fragile, as to be ready to tumble on the application of the slightest power."[20] In the above passage, Henry approaches his wife with these notions of "Indian character," as she lacked "the salutary influence of society to form [her] mind." Just as Henry had seen Jane as a "Pocahontas" in their early marriage and courtship, five years later, as evidenced here, he saw her as he did many Indian people: raw material to mold into Euro-American standards.

Ironically enough, while Henry was writing to Jane about the lack of her mother's ability to "civilize" her, Henry's own brother James had stabbed a man at a dance while fighting over a woman. He was caught and jailed while the authorities waited to see if the man recovered from the stab wound. Jane was equally distressed over the conduct of her maid Harriet, who was pregnant and unmarried. The situation was even more distressing to Jane because the couple spent the nights together under her roof without her knowledge. Although Jane refers to the man as Mrs. Audrain's "black man," she concerned herself less with race and more with the unmarried state

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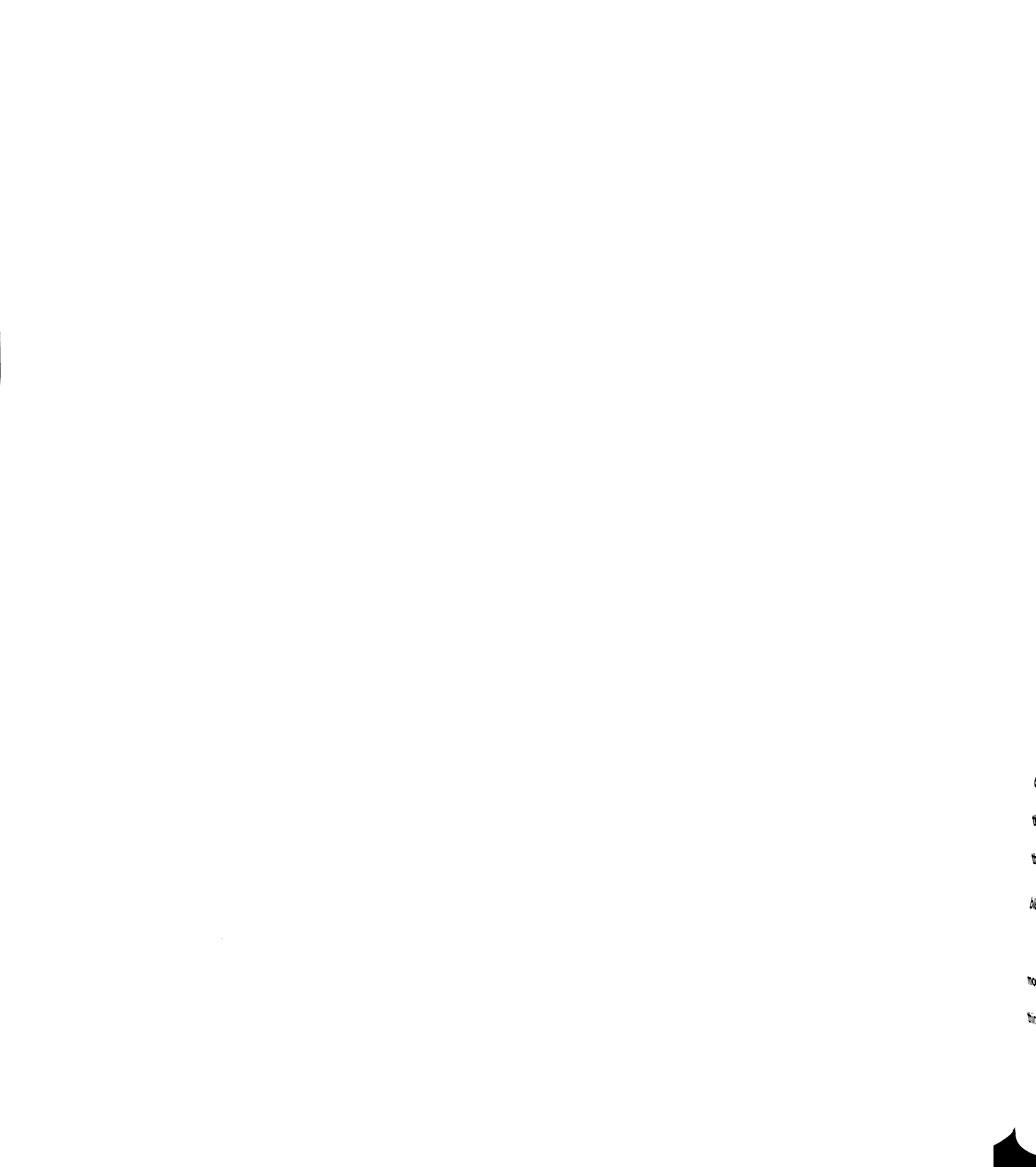
of the couple. Henry wrote to her that the two cannot be legally married, presumably because of race, although this seems an odd reason for Henry to use in a town where most European men married Native American women. Much to Jane's relief, Harriet decided to marry the man, and the Schoolcrafts took care of Harriet during her pregnancy. Jane eventually helped deliver her baby. These events, plus James eventually escaping from jail and seeking shelter at the Schoolcraft's house, tested Jane's nerves and led Henry to remark to her "I fear your inability to manage this matter" of household direction.[21]

The household events of November 1830 led Jane to lament "Oh why was I born with feelings so exquisitely alive to every feeling of Nature! Oh that I had been a stoic & my heart been as cold & hard as Marble!" But responding to Henry's letter on the state of her soul and her second-rate upbringing, she exhibits not only stoicism, she embraces his insults enthusiastically:

> I have received your two letters in one, left in Mr. Stuart's care yesterday, I can only say "Praise the Lord O my soul & all that is within me praise his holy name!" for now I shall indeed find encouragement & double inducement to proceed in "fighting the good fight of faith" for well I know & have long mourned, without sincerely struggling, against the foes that afsail me both within & without, but most particularly those of my own conjuring--and tho' you have probed deeply, yet I thank you, because I know it was intended for my good--I have indeed imbibed "false & foolish feelings as much as flattery & self-deceit could make me" but alas who has not! but that is nothing to me neither shall it, with the blefsing of heaven prevent me from striving to become "a new creature" in sincerity & truth--[22]

The religious reawakening of the Schoolcrafts was much like those experienced by many Euro-Americans at this time. Barbara Epstein has found that in the nineteenth -century religious conversions, man and women experienced the notion of salvation in different ways. Women usually focused on original sin and were more emotional in their self-debasement from the guilt inherent in the notion of depraved humanity.



Men, on the other hand, were led to a reawakening by pressure from society or family members and "they either disregarded the question of original sin or gave it much less weight than they did particular sins. . . Instead of seeing conversion as an affirmation of their worthiness, they often saw it as an assurance of entrance into heaven, relief from particular sins committed in the past. . ."[23] Henry Schoolcraft was no exception, as evidenced in this letter to Jane:

> God can give only spiritual gifts. . . We say that if men do not ask for favours, it would be unreasonable for them to expect favours. Yet we act as if it were reasonable to expect God would give what he is not asked to give. Such is the folly of mankind. I also believe that private prayer should be more specific & that God gives <u>what is asked for</u> & does not substitute <u>something else</u>. He has said, in the person of Christ, if children ask for an egg will the parents give them a scorpion &c. This whole passage seems to imply that God will actually grant what is asked for, always presuming the request to be reasonable.[24]

Bremer rightly concludes that the above philosophy demonstrates Schoolcraft's "striking ability to reconcile his faith with his own continuing pursuit of worldly goods and public approbation."[25] While Jane strove "to become a new creature,'" Henry used the conversion to justify his current pursuits. This exchange of thoughts following Henry Schoolcraft's public confession of faith mark a turn in the nature of the Schoolcraft correspondence. As noted earlier, their relationship had been characterized by literary discussions, but following this confession the Schoolcrafts wrote letters thick with proselytism and biblical doctrine. Their renewed mutual interest brought them closer for a short time, and on Christmas day, 1830, Henry sent Jane a pressed blue flower to represent "the hope of heaven."[26]

On that same day, Henry Schoolcraft wrote to George Johnston of the depraved moral state of the settlement of Sault Ste. Marie: "The prevalence of a very lax state of things in the society of St. Marys had not led me to anticipate <u>much</u> of its moral

attainments."[27] Schoolcraft, although he did not heartily approve of using liquor to gain the favor of local Indians, doled out alcohol occasionally. Fort Brady's custom of giving daily supplies of whiskey to enlisted men added to the intemperate atmosphere of the settlement. The main moral crusader of Sault Ste. Marie since 1828 had been Abel Bingham, a Baptist missionary who succeeded the Congregationalist Alvin Coe. Schoolcraft's disgust with the moral state of Sault Ste. Marie and his attraction to Reverend Ferry at Mackinac Island may have been strengthened by his 1830 feud with Reverend Abel Bingham.

As part of the Treaty of Fond du Lac in 1826, Congress agreed to pay $1000 a year for the education of Indian children (until Congress deemed it unnecessary in 1855). Congress hired the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions to assign a missionary and build a school, which was complete in the Sault in 1829. The Board assigned Abel Bingham, whose theory of Christianity depended on the innate depravity of humanity, and whose sermons "were heavy, dull, traditional tirades against the evil nature of mankind."[28] Bingham and his wife Hannah were initially received with cordiality by Schoolcraft, but after Bingham dismissed Charlotte Johnston from her interpreter position and hired John Tanner (another man with whom Schoolcraft feuded[29]), Schoolcraft initiated an ongoing argument that stirred the entire community. Schoolcraft wrote to the Board of Foreign Missions to complain that Bingham had enrolled Lewis Johnston's illegitimate daughter at the Mission School when Schoolcraft thought she should not attend because of previous moral infractions. The Board informed Bingham that he would now have to report any mission expenses to the Indian Agent and advised him to attempt to get along with Schoolcraft. Bingham insisted Schoolcraft was merely trying to slander him. After Schoolcraft used his influence to get some Methodist

chiefs to petition for a mission on Sugar Island (which would direct funds away from the Sault), Bingham was angered enough to accuse Schoolcraft at a public hearing of misusing his influence on the Indians to secure his own ends.[30] The issue went unresolved and for a time isolated the Schoolcrafts from a portion of the religious community.

In 1831 the fever of revivalism swept through Sault Ste. Marie. Reverend Bingham had formed a temperance society the year before and all that was needed to prime the residents for religious contemplation was the threat of death. This came in the form of a cholera epidemic during the summer. By October of 1832 Jane and Hannah Bingham together attended the "Female prayer meeting" and the moral state of Sault Ste. Marie had changed enough for Jane to remark "I think on the whole, that feeling in spiritual things has been exhibited, lately among Christians than all the past summer" but she attributed this observation to what she felt was her own spiritual improvemer

> . . . perhaps this idea may be cherished by me from a change in my own feelings however, be that as it may I am disposed to feel that every body else is doing a feeling better than myself in all things. I trust a more enlarged spirit of charity is gradually taking pofsefsion of me, which, if steadfastly perused will be cause of much hapinefs to myself & of joy to you no doubt, as you have been a faithfu one to me on that subject--[31]

The events that brought Jane to this new hope for her character were probably her "civilizing" efforts toward James Schoolcraft and the survival of the cholera epidemic of 1831.

In January of 1831 Jane felt overwhelmed with domestic duties. The town talked of the fiasco of her maid's childbirth circumstances and Janee, who was a very spirited child, seemed to have been discovering things Jane thought improper. When Jane wrote to Henry in Detroit, she asked for domestic help:

I wish it was in your power to bring along with you a good little Girl, who can

> speak English, for I do not see how I can manage during the Summer (if my life is so spared) without some afsistance in the care of the children. I feel anxious more particularly on Jane's account, for she is now at the age when children are apt to be biased by the habits of those they afsociate with, & as I cannot be with her all the time, the greater will be the necefsity of the person to whom she is entrusted. . . to be one who has been brought up by pious and conscientious parents. . .[32]

The young Johnston was also ill at this time, and Anna Maria moved into Elmwood to help Jane with Janee's education and other domestic duties.[33]

The event that eventually gave purpose to Jane's life was her newly-found interest in the soul of James Schoolcraft. In February, James escaped from the jail in Mackinac and in a few days arrived at Elmwood "very much exhausted." Jane wrote that "his fatigue &c had not in the least abated his natural vivacity & gaiety" and she broke into tears over his moral state when he showed up to Sunday dinner at Oshauguscodawaqua's house, which seemed to affect him enough to be open to her evangelism. Jane decided that she could reform him and wrote:

> I thought no time was to be lost in striving by all human means to reclaim him, & my promise to cooperate with you all I could for that desirable object, induced me to write a note inviting him to come & spend a quiet social evening with Sister Anna M. & myself. . . I was pleased that he came without hesitation. I conversed a long time with him pointing out, in the most gentle & affectionate means I could, where he had erred, & in what way he might have become, not only respected and esteemed, but Independent, where his excefses had brought him to embarrafsment & disgrace. . .

Jane was delighted by his visits to Elmwood, but she then began to suspect he was more interested in Anna Maria than in Jane's proselytising: "he comes oftener to Elmwood than I at first expected, but I perceive there is some other attraction besides my sage discourses that draws him so often to the now leafiefs shades of Elmwood, and he may fancy that either a Rose or a Lilly (sic) has taken shelter within its walls." Jane did not mind the relationship forming between her sister and James, and was glad for any opportunity for "the work of reformation." Jane explained her evangelical theories to

Henry:

> My ambition is not only to civilize him (if I may be allowed that exprefsion, which is not out of the way after all, as he has disposed the forms & restraint of refined society) but my ardent wish is to Christianize him in every sense of the word--he is alas! at present sceptical (sic)-- but let us only do out duty as Christians, & leave the rest in the hands of the Almighty.[34]

That Jane wished to "civilize" James as well as "Christianize" him echoes the missionary debate over the method of converting Indian people.[35] The Congregational-Presbyterian view was that Indians must first be "civilized" in order to be "Christianized," a view Jane probably held. Her work was cut short in March of 1831, when two men from Mackinac came to Elmwood to apprehend James, and despite Jane's need to "pluck [him] as a brand from the burning," she quickly sent James across the river to Canada where he stayed until the stabbed man fully recovered. James went back East and returned to Sault Ste. Marie in 1832.[36]

Jane's missionary yearnings were played out on another person in 1831. In January, an Indian named White-Headed Woman put her child in the care of Charlotte Johnston. The woman, whose impoverishment forced her to place the child at the mission after losing two other children, withdrew her daughter from Bingham's care for an unspecified reason. Jane took the child as a domestic, meaning to return her to Charlotte when Henry returned from Detroit. Charlotte never reclaimed the girl, and the Schoolcrafts, who renamed her Charlotte, cared for her until her death at age fifteen on Mackinac Island. Jane delighted in the fact that "White-Headed Woman sent her little daughter to me. . . to have her learn the White religion."[37] The attention Jane bestowed on this Indian child matched that of Jane Moore's attention to her: adherence to Christianity and Euro-American ideals of womanhood. As Jane became more pious in her religion, she became even more condescending to Indian people and

praised every "civilized" aspect of individuals, just as she had been praised by the social circles of New York and Detroit in the winter of 1824-25. Her interest in evangelism probably isolated her even further from the local Anishinabeg. As Carol Devens points out, missionary activity was received by Indians with curiosity at first, and most of those converted had family ties with the Euro-American community. And, as in the case of White-Headed Woman, "what excited Ojibwa interest about Christianity, however, was not the piety of converted Indians, but their prosperity." Devens writes that during the early nineteenth-century, Ojibwa communities "considered the clergy a menace to collective and cultural integrity."[38]

The Schoolcrafts spent the winter of 1831-32 together in Sault Ste. Marie where they worked to establish a Presbyterian church. In June Henry left on the expedition meant to discover the source of the Mississippi (he found and named Lake Itcasa). The unique part of the expedition headed by Schoolcraft was its adherence to Christian principles: no liquor would be taken and no one would travel on the sabbath. The revival during the winter informed Schoolcraft's decision to run the expedition on these principles.[39] Soon after Henry left, cholera took the lives of five people in three days.[40] Jane was resigned to the fact of death:

> . . . there is a feeling of [illegible] submifsion on the will of our Heavenly Father,which I think,I never experienced . . . before, & which keeps my mind easy &uncomplaining & which has kept me calm amidst the alarm & excitement of all around me. O! it is a happy, blessed thing to have so great, so glorious a Savior, who is able & willing to save all who put their trust in Him. . .[41]

She seemed, at times, to hope for death, as when she wrote to Henry "may we meet in the blefsednefs hereafter, where there will be no longer separation, or sighing, or tears, but joy unspeakable forever & ever."[42] The controversy surrounding the Expedition of 1832 must have further agitated Jane's condition, for Schoolcraft hurried through the

expedition, spent over his budget and left his military escort behind to fend for themselves on reduced rations and a hand-written map.[43]

By the middle of October, as Schoolcraft planned to move the Agency to Mackinac Island because of the restructuring of the Indian Department, Jane again questioned her own ability to run a household. Her illness, still unspecified in any of her letters, had almost completely debilitated her and led her to believe "I am gradually sinking into nonentity." She also felt an amount of guilt at not being able to fulfill her "duties as a Christian mother" and wished that Janee could be sent to school on Mackinac Island so she could get the education Jane felt she could not provide. This guilt could have been triggered by the revivalism in full swing now in Sault Ste. Marie and Jane's adherence to "woman's sphere" ideology which gave women the duty of educating children to be proper and pious. In a letter to George, Jane hinted at the severity of those converting, which fostered "a Spirit of enquiry. . . among the Soldiers of this garrison" but hoped the revival spirit "may not be grieved away by coldnefs of profefsors on the scorn of sinners."[44]

The years spent at Elmwood reveal several things about the character and development of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft and the social prescriptions she felt she had to fulfill. She transferred her romantic outlook from the literature she studied and produced in the late 1820s to religion as a means through which to obtain higher learning. The extreme dedication she showed to Christian principles of morality could have been her way of counteracting the stereotypes of Native American women as immoral, as some of her letters before her death indicate. When Schoolcraft underwent his religious epiphany, he held certain expectations to Jane--mainly that she should rely less on her parents and more on her husband--and appealed to her

sense of reaching a higher power through religion rather than literature and learning. She was enthusiastic about Schoolcraft's expectations because he encased his desires in the language of religion. Jane became less self-deprecating when she felt she was serving God through evangelism and reading theological papers and books, and it is certainly possible she took solace from Henry's expectations in sickness and the hope of a world beyond. In this context of the hope of an after life, she had the freedom to express her discontent with the mundane world, and if she expressed her discontent in religious terms, Henry did not berate her as he would if she complained of her "duties."

Henry Schoolcraft's attitudes toward Jane and her mother during the Elmwood period of the Schoolcraft marriage are the same he applied to all Indians in his public writing, and his views were growing even dimmer. That he dismissed the mothering skills of Oshauguscodawaqua because she was an Indian woman must have led Jane to doubt her own mothering skills, for she had few models of motherhood other than Indian and Metis women. Schoolcraft's dismal assessment of Jane's early education and subsequent abilities reveals that Schoolcraft, despite his reputation as a "Chippewa expert," had little faith in tribal peoples' abilities to govern and educate themselves. In the spring of 1833, Jane Johnston Schoolcraft moved to Mackinac Island, separating her from her mother and sisters. Despite Jane's resolve to rely more on her God and her God-figure (Schoolcraft), the separation from Oshauguscodawaqua eventually caused a great deal of anguish for both mother and daughter.

CHAPTER IV: THE FINAL YEARS

During the last ten years of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft's life, the Schoolcraft marriage deteriorated further. Jane began to express blatantly her discontent with the domestic sphere as Henry became increasingly involved with the public sphere. Her family also saw many changes. Oshauguscodawaqua distressed over the separation from her daughter and grandchildren; Anna Maria and James Schoolcraft initiated a family feud over their relationship; William Johnston made public accusations that led to a fall-out in Schoolcraft's career; Janee and Johnston left home for boarding schools, and Jane's hold on health became even more tenuous. During this time of sickness and upheaval, Jane turned back to literary pursuits, seeing her pen as her only faithful companion. More tragically, Jane became addicted to opium derivatives, an addiction that eventually ended her life in Ancaster, Ontario in 1842.

In making the move from Sault Ste. Marie to Mackinac, Henry was motivated by the educational opportunities at William Ferry's mission school and considered it to be of principal importance to the educations of young Janee and Johnston. The mission school had 104 students in 1829, mainly Metis children, and the average Sunday church service had 200 to 250 people in attendance.[1] Ferry shared anti-Catholic sentiments with the Schoolcrafts, and Henry thought highly of Ferry's preaching: "The reverential tone of his praying and preachings delight me. And he wears about him daily the dignified manner of a servant of Christ, never forgetting, for one moment, that he is the Lord's, whose service is above all price."[2] After a nervous breakdown in 1834, Ferry resigned. Jane told Peter Dougherty, who investigated the mission for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, that Ferry came to love

business more than religion. Dougherty also found out that Ferry sought sexual relations with girls at the mission school and was a harsh disciplinarian with boys.[3] Many parents withdrew their children from the school, as did the Schoolcrafts, defeating the main purpose of moving the family to Mackinac Island.

When Jane first moved to the Island, her religious ideology brought her to a low point. Despite a surprise visit from her mother that cheered her partly, she sank into a depression based on the guilt inherent in her religious views. In June 1833, feeling lonely and friendless, she described herself in terms of her own depravity:

> O! that I had some kind, faithful friend who would deal candidly & affectionately with my poor soul, I tremble in the long watches of the tedious night, when a holy & just God communes with my guilty conscience--guilty I find myself, deeply so in those silent hours of midnight meditation, yes guilty in a million ways from my youth up even untill (sic) now, of omifsion & comifsion (sic)--pray for me,my dearest of Earthly Friends, that I be not a cast-away in the end. I know--I feel--I deserve nothing at the hands of my Creator, but indignation & wrath, tribulation & anguish. . .

It was during this same summer she left the first evidence of taking laudanum, an opium derivative, used for the treatment of a variety of sicknesses and depression.[4] When Henry returned from Detroit late that summer, Jane left with her children to visit Sault Ste. Marie. In a letter to Henry at Mackinac, Jane found it difficult to mask the annoyance she felt for Schoolcraft's unappreciative attitude toward her, seeing her home as a prison from which she has been freed for a short time: "I was pleased to learn that you manage to live so well & contentedly in your widowed state & since you have so kindly extended my Furlough to the 1st of October I have consented to stay a few days longer." She contrasted the "formality" of the Island with the hospitable Sault where "all are sociable, desiring to please & be pleased with all around. I have never seen so much harmony prevailing in a Fort before." She also made sure Henry knew how different it was to be ill at the Sault as opposed to

Mackinac, saying her health was still "wretched," but "I have the consolation of having the affectionate attendance & sympathy of all my Family--"[5]

In the early months of 1834, events at the Sault shattered Jane's romantic views of her family. In January, James Schoolcraft sought to work toward definite career goals (something new to the free-spirited man) and asked Henry for his help in obtaining a sutlership at Fort Brady. About a month later a report began circulating around the town that James had not mended his former disreputable behavior, and James wrote that Eliza Johnston openly accused him of "amongst other things. . . whoreing (sic). . . drunknefs (sic) & all manner of lewdnefs & the like." Later, James attributed the reports to Charlotte Johnston, who told the "ladies of the garrison" that Anna Maria Johnston was his "kept mistrefs." Meanwhile, William McMurray, newly married to Charlotte Johnston, wrote to Henry on behalf of Oshauguscodawaqua who said she would disown Anna Maria if she carried on further with James, just as her father had threatened her if she left John Johnston. She also tried to ban James from her house.[6] The feud became increasingly ugly when what James Schoolcraft came to call the " blow-out of tongues & tongs" incident occurred:

> Charlotte after abusing Maria with the venom of her tongue. . . advises her mother to beat her. Seizing Maria by both armz (sic) she calls on her mother to strike her, which waz(sic), accordingly done by inflicting blows over her shoulderz (sic) with a paire (sic) of fire tongs! Thus you have some of the outlines of the slander and abuse brought about by our christian sister Mrs. MacMurray(sic).[7]

Jane wrote to James during the entire feud, but these letters have not been located or did not survive. James wrote to her thanking her for the letters and assuring her of his pious behavior, but according to James, Charlotte Johnston sought to create a rift between these two:

Charlotte haz(sic) said some things, which unlefs they also prove false, must

> render Jane's profefsion of friendship for me perfectly hypocritical. One waz(sic)--that the reason she would not speak to me on leaving last fall was because she waz(sic) "perfectly disgusted with me." Now this does not correspond with the feelings of friendship Jane exprefses in her letters to me.[8]

Jane, exhibiting the poise and maturity expected of an oldest sister, wrote to Charlotte wishing to clear up the whole mess. She reviewed the contents of all the letters exchanged during the feud and said she had advised Anna Maria to refrain from meeting with James alone in the future. In her address to Charlotte, she disapproved of the "tongues & tongs" incident, not so much because it involved violence, but because Anna Maria was too old to be disciplined in this way:

> --but Charlotte there is one thing I cannot [illegible] approve--& that is your urging Mamma to use harsh measures towards Ann, now she is of age no one has a right to lay violent hands on her. She is no longer a minor, neither can she or ought she to be treated as a little child & beside that you cannot find any thing to countenance such harsh treatment in the gospel of our meek & merciful Redeemer--but all to the contrary & I feel sorry, very sorry that you should have been accefsery (sic) to such a disgraceful scene.[9]

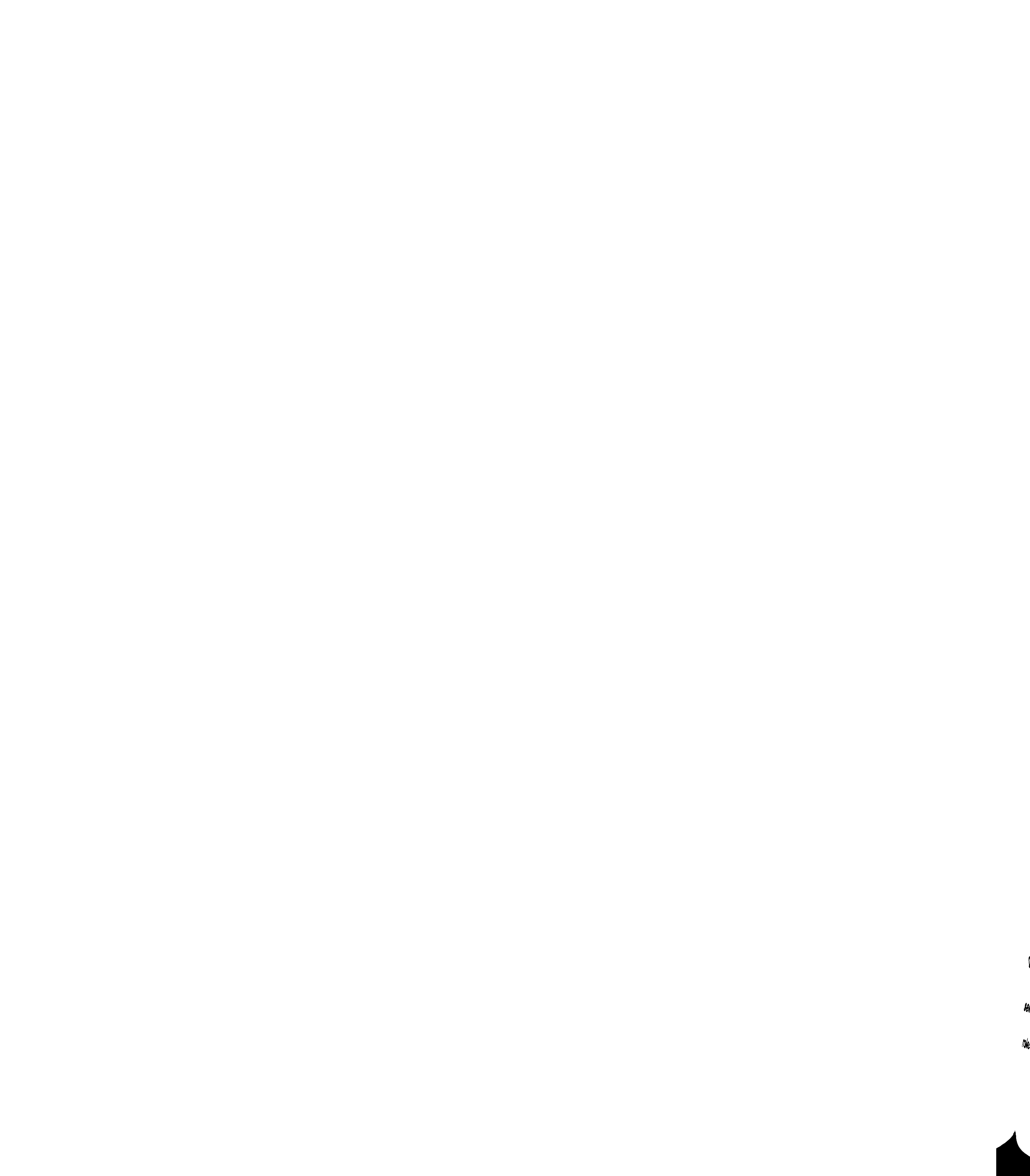
This whole affair caused Jane a great deal of anguish, especially since she had romanticized her familial relations at the Sault earlier that fall. Before she closed her letter, she asked Charlotte to "give my love to Mamma & tell her I am afflicted when she is afflicted & mourn when she mourns & never more than when she is injured or insulted." In a letter to George in 1832 on Anna Maria's conduct with James, Jane wrote of her mother that she "could readily excuse our poor Mother's conduct, she is ignorant, but as far as the light she pofsefses, she has endeavoured to do right." Assumedly, she felt the same way after the beating of Anna Maria, for she blamed Charlotte for the incident.[10] Much to the family's chagrin, James and Anna Maria married on November 29, 1834.[11]

Henry Schoolcraft's relations with the Johnston family were also complicated by

his role in the family finances. He had employed both William and George Johnston in various agency jobs, but this was no more than he did for James or his brother Abraham from whose store in Detroit he purchased Agency goods at inflated prices.[12] As Bremer notes, the declining Johnston Estate forced the Johnstons to "live in a world of paper claims," and Schoolcraft went to Washington to present to Congress the claims for the losses incurred during the War of 1812. These claims were rejected.[13]

His trip to Washington in 1835-6 was not intended solely to settle the Johnston spoilation claims. Lewis Cass ordered Schoolcraft to negotiate a cession treaty with the Michigan Odawa and Ojibway for sixteen million acres. The negotiated treaty provided permanent reservations, goods, and debt payments to traders including "Susan" Johnston, George and William Johnston and the Johnston Estate. The senate ratified the treaty after altering it so that the tribes could stay on reservations for only five years (or until needed for white settlement), but the debts to traders were paid, usually close to the amount the traders claimed Indians owed them. Altogether, the Johnstons received $51,105.26. As a provision of an earlier treaty, the Michigan Superintendency of Indian Affairs was created, and Schoolcraft was appointed Superintendent, a position for which he would live winters in Detroit and summers at Mackinac Island.[14]

During the time Henry was in Washington, he wrote to Jane describing the capital's social life, including a meeting with President Jackson. Charlotte, Janee and Johnston all had whooping cough back at Mackinac, and caring for the children while being sick herself caused Jane to lament ". . . such a time of incefsant trouble & anxiety I have never known." After six weeks, Janee and Johnston recovered somewhat, but Charlotte deteriorated and soon died. Louisa, George's child from his



first marriage, stayed with Jane and helped her with household chores and nursing. Jane also directed daily family worship sessions.[15] To further Jane's anxiety, Johnston had been enticed by the coarser servants into unnamed habits that worried Jane. She wrote to Henry that she had trouble directing the boy:

> O! my dearest; I feel how necefsary a Father is to bring up a Son--cares & toils prevent a mother from discharging her duty faithfully to a son--a daughter is always by her side & she can control her, but a Son--alas! alas! it is not so--I am constantly upbraiding myself for not paying more attention to our dear, willful little Boy--but I am so much engaged in domestic concerns. . .[16]

He wrote back to Jane to instruct her that God would fulfill Henry's fatherly duties:

> Truly now is the time when my presence would seem to be necefsary to support you, in your ardurous (sic) duties. But go on, my love, in the discharge of those duties, God has so ordered it that I am absent, and my absence may continue longer than I anticipated--Trust it all to him, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb . . .[17]

Although professing to understand that she should trust God to take Henry's place, Jane was obviously annoyed when she wrote she was "grieved to find you had still to come to New York, & then go back to the Seat of ______ & ______ (pride & voluptuousnefs) I was going to say, but I know it is from absolute necefsity & not from facinations (sic) of such a life that keeps you from your humble home."[18]

The discontent Jane felt by reading of Henry's social and public life and comparing it to her own domestic life reached a boiling point during her stay on Mackinac Island. As early as 1831, when Henry planned the Expedition of 1832, Jane began to question the large amount of time he spent away from his family: "And must your attendance further the views you entertain about the expedition into Indian Country, without you going to Washington? A man may be seen too often as well as too seldom for his own good."[19] In 1836 Jane was openly bitter about their different roles when he failed to write from Washington where she said he was "surrounded by

elegance, refinement & luxury" while she was isolated. In this same letter Jane requested "a good quantity of Laudanum."[20] Over the next two years Jane became aware of the public and private spheres as specifically gendered dichotomies, as "woman's sphere" ideology became even more pervasive in Euro-American culture in the Victorian era and thus much different than the roles of Indian women. In 1837, when Henry started a political discussion in their letters, Jane responded that she was "content to dwell under the dispensations of Providence" and that she would "leave this subject to Men, altogether, as I think Women have a more appropriate sphere in domestic duties."[21] Later, she began to question the values accorded to men's and women's perceived spheres:

> I have often thought that public duties bring their own fame & reward, when discharged faithfully--but the unobtrusive duties of domestic life are not even thought upon: with all it cares & troubles & incefsant appeals to forbearance & patience: not is a word spoken, in praise or encouragement to the devoted person who sacrafices (sic) health & ease in the fulfillment of these oft neglected duties & yet human nature is the same in Man and Woman--perhaps the latter requires more encouragement.[22]

In 1840, when Henry complained of being "chained" to his duties, Jane reminded him that she was "chained at home. . . like a domestic bear, who ever & anon, growls out his dissatisfaction at his circumscribed limits--walking the rounds, the circuit of his chain will allow him to make. . . circles around the firm pole to which he is attached. . . " Later, as if she realized she was not supposed to complain, let alone compare her role to that of a chained beast, Jane added an asterisk in the margin, saying that the bear's wanderings will "faithfully terminate in my dear Husband and children." This questioning of the different values accorded to male and female roles was not reinforced by her husband, her religion or the Mother's Magazine to which she subscribed.[23]

The idea to question the values accorded the prescribed gender roles probably came from the alternative model of society surrounding her--Anishinabeg culture --for she had remarked to Jameson in 1837 that Indian women hold a higher position in their society than white women hold in theirs. Priscilla Buffalohead, in "Farmers, Warriors, Traders: A Fresh Look at Ojibway Women," maintains that the misleading historical picture of Indian women as degraded drudges came from writers who "deliberately promoted the notion that native women were exploited and mistreated to justify policies forcing Indians to adopt the religion and life style of Euro-American society."[24] Buffalohead shows that even though men and women were loosely channeled into different roles, the work women did was not degraded but viewed as crucial to the survival of the tribe. Mary Wright, in discussing the fur trade of the Pacific Northwest, says that women's roles were only degraded by the influence of Euro-American ideals of womanhood. She notes that before colonization, "Indian society was not separated into distinct spheres; rather, functions of family were enmeshed with politics and economics."[25] Likewise, Carol Devens says of the Great Lakes women that they were traditionally valued as half of a "balanced yet autonomous" system of gender relations.[26] Even though Jane Schoolcraft believed wholeheartedly in the separation of men's and women's work, the uneven valuation of each in Euro-American society disillusioned her.

In the spring of 1837, after the Schoolcrafts moved to Detroit, William McMurray transcribed a letter from Oshauguscodawaqua to Jane in which she expressed her distress over the absence of Jane and the children. Oshauguscodawaqua told Jameson that "when her children are absent from her, and she looks for their return, she has a sensation, a merely physical sensation, like that

she experienced when she first laid them to her bosom: this yearning amounts at times to absolute pain." Her anxieties were probably heightened by George's struggle with insanity (Anna Maria wrote he was "entirely crazy") and the impoverishment of the local Indians, many of whom were "suffering from starvation" despite the spoils of the Treaty of 1836. The lack of food was also taking its toll on Mackinac Indians, who missed Jane because she was always ready with a meal for anyone: "All my Indian visiters (sic) always ask about you, for they find no one in the kitchen, with a soothing hand to feed them."[27] When Anna Jameson visited the Schoolcrafts on Mackinac Island that summer and expressed a desire to meet Oshauguscodawaqua, Jane quickly ordered canoes to take them to her mother.

Jameson's visit in 1837 must have renewed Jane's sagging spirits, for she found the friendship of a woman with like interests, especially the interest in literature. Jameson later wrote that the

> most delightful as well as most profitable hours I spend here are those passed in the society of Mrs. Schoolcraft. Her genuine refinement and simplicity, and native taste for literature, are charming; and the exceeding delicacy of her health, and the trials to which it is exposed, interest all my womanly sympathies. . . She is proud of her Indian origin; she takes an enthusiastic and enlightened interest in the welfare of her people, and in their conversion to Christianity, being herself most unaffectedly pious.[28]

After a night on the water plagued by mosquitoes, Jameson, Jane and her children landed at the Sault. Writing of this journey, Jameson proved to be as sentimental as her new friend: "Our little boat held on its way over the placid lake and among green tufted islands; and we its inmates, two women, differing in clime, nation, complexion, strangers to each other but a few days ago, might have fancied ourselves alone in a new-born world."[29]

When they reached the Sault, Jane, who was "all animation and happiness,"

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translated for her mother, and Jameson soon became attached to Oshauguscodawaqua. The two enjoyed each other's company by exchanging stories, and the Johnstons arranged a canoe for Jameson so she would have the experience of descending the St. Marys. Jane, who called Jameson "a Woman in a Thousand," wrote to Henry that Jameson "cried heartily when she parted with Ma and myself."[30] Jane also expressed an unwillingness to leave Sault Ste Marie and chastised Henry for unnamed Agency indiscretions: "This place requires your presence more than you are aware of, to put down certain persons & certain abuses in the Department of which you are head--." In Jane's mind, the distaste for meddling in the affairs of men that she was to profess some months later did not apply to Indian Affairs.[31]

The visit by Jameson also renewed Jane's interest in writing. Henry Schoolcraft also encouraged Jane to write, for he was in the process of preparing for his collection of Indian tales called Algic Researches in which he published Jane's stories under his own name. In January of 1838, he wrote to Jane of his new philosophy of a national literature:

> I am of the opinion that American literature must be based on the mythology of the Indians. That of Rome & Greece is exhausted, and we can never expect to rival our English ancestry. . . all our poetic afsociations and all our ideas of poetic justice must be directed to the Indian tribes, who once occupied the continent. They will become to us what the Celts & Britons are to England. . .[32]

His interest was not in encouraging Indian people to compose written fiction but in basing American fiction on the model of the mythology of Native peoples. His philosophy was rooted in the belief that Indians were a "vanishing race." Nevertheless, this statement may have encouraged Jane to direct her pen toward things other than Christian devotion. Schoolcraft solicited stories from George Johnston and Jane that winter, and Jane sent him what became "Mon-Daw-Min, or The Origin of Indian Corn," a story

glorifying cultivation. Francis Shearman, Schoolcraft's nephew, criticized her story as being too "anglicized," but Henry thanked her for the story and said Francis was too immature to appreciate it.[33] Jane soon began to sign her letters "Jane Leelinau," and the use of this name probably had less to do with the character created in The Literary Voyager and more to do with the story "Leelinau, A Chippewa Tale," which was attributed to Henry but probably written or told by Jane. The story deserves a full quotation here, since Jane obviously had come to identify herself with the protagonist:

> The Pukwudjininess, or fairies of Lake Superior, had one of their most noted places of residence at the great dunes of Naigow Wudjoo. . . Here they were frequently seen in bright moonlight evening, and the fishermen while sitting in their canoes on the lake often saw them playing their pranks, and skipping over the hills. There was a grove of pines in that vicinity called the manito wac, or Spirit wood, into which they might be seen to flee, on the approach of evening, and there is a romantic little lake on those elevated sand-hills, not far back from the Great Lake on the shores of which their tracks could be plainly seen in the sand. These tracks were not bigger than little children's footprints, and the spirits were often seen in the act of vanishing behind the little pine-trees. They love to dance in the most lonesome place, and were always full of glee and merriment, for their little voices could be plainly heard. These little men. . . are not deeply malicious, but rather delighted in mischief and freaks, and would sometimes steal away a fisherman's paddle, or come at night and pluck the hunter's feathers out of his cap in the lodge, or pilfer away some of his game, or fish. On one occasion they went so far as to entice away into their sacred grove, and carry off a chief's daughter--a small but beautiful girl, who had been always inclined to be pensive, and took her seat often in the lonesome haunts. From her baby name Neenizu, my dear life, she was called Leelinau, but she never attained too much size, remaining very slender, but of the most pleasing and sylph-like features, with very bright black eyes, and little feet. Her mother often cautioned her of the danger of visiting these lonely fairy haunts, and predicted, playfully, that she would one day be carried off by the Pukwudjees, for they were very frolicsome, mischievous (sic) and full of tricks.
>
> To divert her mind from these recluse moods and tastes, she endeavored to bring about an alliance with a neighboring forester, who, though older than herself, had the reputation of being an excellent hunter, and active man. . . To these suggestions Leelinau had turned rather a deaf ear. She had imbibed ideas of a spiritual life and existence, which she fancied could only be enjoyed in the Indian elysium, and instructed as she was by the old storytellers, she could not do otherwise than deem the light and sprightly little men who had made fairy footprints as emissaries from the Happy Land. For this happy land she sighed and pined. . . she longed to go to a region where there was no weeping, no cares, and no deaths. If her parents laughed at these notions as childish, her only resource was

> silence, or she merely revealed here motions in her eyes. She was capable of the deepest concealment, and locked up in her heart what she feared to utter, or uttered to deceive. This proved her ruin.
>
> At length, after a series of conversational interviews on the subject, she announced her willingness to accede to the matrimonial proposals, and the day was fixed for this purpose. She dressed herself in the finest manner possible, putting flowers in her hair, and carrying a bunch of wild flowers, mixed with tassels of the pine tree in her hand. One only request she made, which was to make a farewell visit to the sacred grove of the fairies, before she visited the nuptial bower. This was granted, on the evening of the proposed ceremony, while the bridegroom and his friends gathered in her father's lodge, and impatiently waited her return. But they waited in vain. Night came but Leelinau was never more seen, except by a fisherman on the lake shore, who conceived that he had seen her go off with one of the tall fairies known as the fairy of Green Pines, with green plumes nodding o'er his brows; and it is supposed that she is still roving with him over the elysian fields.[34]

As her life drew to a close, Jane, like Leelinau, came to live more and more in a world of her own fantasy. The name change to Leelinau demonstrates this as well as her own admission: "the world is nothing to me now, more than ever & I shall strive to move in my own little Orbit, to divine acceptance the few remaining days prescribed to me by Omnipotence."[35] She associated her own creative impulses with escape from daily lif

> Writing is now my antidote for everything & my pen feels the effect of every change in "my Harp of a thousand strings" whose harmony is often marred by storm, clouds & rain & has to obey my mandate, early & late, whether pleased, sad or out of humor--it is my solacing companion unconcious tho' of its Mistrefs's wayward disposition & ever varying feelings of both joy & sorrow. .

Now she made even material requests of Henry in verse: "My ear-rings are gone in the Wars of Fate / And a pair of red-drops I would not hate."[36]

This is not to say Jane was insensible to the world around her. In 1841 she returned to her earlier habit of expressing her feelings on her own life through poetry. She mourned the loss of love between her and her husband with "Lament."

> There was an eye whose partial glance
> Could ne'er my numerous failings see,
> There was an ear that still untired
> Could listen to kind praise of me.
> There was a heart Time only made
> For me with fonder feelings burn;

And which, whene'er, alas! I roved,
Still longed & pined for my return.
There was a lip that always breathed
E'en short farewells with tones of sadnefs;
There was a voice whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladnefs.
There was a mind with vigorous powers
On mine its fostering influence threw;
And call'd my humble talents forth,
Till thence its dearest eyes it drew.
There was a love that oft for me
With anxious fears would overflow;
And wept and pray'd for me & sought
From future ills to guard--but now
That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip & voice are mute forever
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could sever.

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my various tasks to see;
And oh! of all the praise I gain'd,
This was the dearest far to me!

Now I, unloved, uncheer'd, alone,
Life's dreary wildernefs must tread,
Till he who loves the broken heart
In merry bids me join the dead.

But, "Father of the Fatherlefs,"
O! thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And "dwellest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in "thy place on high."
O! Lord though like a faded leaf
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggle down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which leads to thee!

Still, Lord! to thee the voice of praise
Shall spring triumphant from my breast
Since though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is blefs'd![37]

"Lament" shows that Jane experimented little with form and meter, for this poem is similar to those written in her twenties, but it does demonstrate that Jane saw her work not so much as an art separate from her as a person but a way to explore and express her

feelings in an acceptable way, one which would not incur the wrath of Henry. Another poem, written in 1839, reflects Jane's need to express her discontent with European occupation and shows how differently she viewed colonization than she did during her early marriage. "Lines of Mrs. Schoolcraft on Leaving Her Children at School in the East and Returning to Her Native Country" (Henry's title), a six-stanza poem, spoke of the ties Jane had to the "land of (her)mother" and likened the sorrow of Euro-Americans allowing (and even encouraging) the devastation of the Indians they promised to protect to the sorrow of returning home without her children. It is one of her most mature and profound poems, showing that Jane, during this period of her life, was rethinking all of her earlier notions on the superiority of white ways of education and government. Jane must have found English inadequate to express her personal feelings on these subjects, for she wrote the poem in Anishinabeg, and it was later translated to English verse by Henry Schoolcraft:

Nya nin de nain dum
May kow e yaun in
Ain dah nuk ki yaun
Waus sa wa kom eg
Ain dah nuk ki yaun

Ne dau nis ainse e
Ne gwis is ainse e
Ishe nau gun ug wan
Waus sa wa kom eg

She gwau go sha ween
Ba sho waud e we
Nin zhe ka we yea
Ishe ez hau jau yaun
Ain dah nuk ke yaun

Ain dah nuk ke yaun
Nin zhe ke we yea
Ishe ke way aun e
Nyau ne gush kain dum

Ah! when thought reverts to my country so dear,
My hear fills with pleasure, and throbs with a fear:
My country, my country, my own native land,
So lovely in aspect, in features so grand,
Far, far in the West. What are cities to me,
Oh! land of my mother, compared unto thee?

Fair land of the lakes! thou are blest to my sight,
With thy beaming bright waters, and landscapes of light;
The breeze and the murmur, the dash and the roar,
That summer and autumn cast over the shore,
They spring to my thoughts, like the lullaby tongue,
That soothed me to slumber when youthful and young.

One feeling more strongly still binds me to thee,
There roved my forefathers, in liberty free--
There shook they the war lance, and sported the plume,
Ere Europe had cast o'er this country a gloom;
Nor thought they that kingdoms more happy could be,
While lords of a land so resplendent and free.

Yet it is not alone that my country is fair,
And my home and my friends are inviting me there;
While they beckon me onward, my heart is still here,
With my sweet lovely daughter, and bonny boy dear:
And oh! what's the joy tht a home can impart,
Removed from the dear ones who cling to my heart.

It is learning that calls them; but tell me, can schools
Repay for my love, or give nature new rules?
They may teach them the lore of the wit and the sage,
To be grave in their youth, and be gay in their age;
But Ah! my poor heart, what are schools to thy view,
While severed from children thou lovest so true!

I return to my country, I haste on my way,
For duty commands me, and duty must sway;
Yet I leave the bright land where my little ones dwell,
With a sober regret, and a bitter farewell;
For there I must leave the dear jewels I love,
The dearest of gifts from my Master above.[38]

Jane's creative world served as an outlet through which to express her matured thinking, but she also wanted at this time to retreat from the world around her into her own mind. In the years before her death, she had an abundance of reasons for wanting to escape.

Schoolcraft's popularity with other government officials declined after his appointment of Superintendent of Indian Affairs. According to Schoolcraft's biographer Richard Bremer, the failure of the Treaty of 1836 and Schoolcraft's support of removal policies also left him unpopular with many tribal leaders. William Johnston, whom Schoolcraft fired from his sub-agent position for illegal trading, teamed up with traders who felt cheated by Schoolcraft's dismissal of their debt claims and set about to ruin Schoolcraft's career. They charged him with favoring Protestants, nepotism and misuse of funds. Issues of partisan politics added fuel to the flame and an official investigation began under the direction of Indian Commissioner William Crawford. Schoolcraft was reprimanded after the investigation, but in May of 1841 Crawford replaced him with Robert Stuart, an old enemy of Schoolcraft's and an accuser in the investigation.[39] Throughout the ordeal, Jane fully supported her husband and in 1840 assured him that "no advances (should any be attempted) from William or his connections shall be favoured by me & I shall let them all know that I have washed my hands of them & all like them in Mackinac--." The ordeal must have been especially painful to Jane when Henry, under charges of nepotism, fired George and John M. Johnston from their carpenter and farmer positions (along with Mary Rice, George's second wife who was listed as an interpreter but spoke only English).[40]

Coupled with the burden of Schoolcraft's career problems was the fact that Janee and Johnston now spent most of their time in boarding schools, Janee in Mrs. Guild's Seminary in Philadelphia and Johnston in Philadelphia then Brooklyn. She wrote often about the absence of her children and was almost frantic writing to Mrs. Patterson, presumably a teacher, in Philadelphia:

> Oh dear Mrs. P_ you can hardly conceive how great a trial it was to part with my poor children as they never were absent from me for more than a few days

> since their birth & not having any others near me to lavish the over-flowings of a Mother's foolish fond heart I have indeed been. . . a sad picture of forlornefs. . . my greatest anxiety is about my little boy. . .[41]

Jane's fears were well warranted for Johnston, who could not adjust and had mishaps such as setting his room on fire. He eventually pleased his teachers with rapid progress and grew to like school, especially American history of which he wrote "I like it very well for it had so many interesting accounts of wars."[42] Janee, who while studying French preferred "Jeanne," took well to school, and with her blond curls enthralled everyone including her portrait painter. He was reported to have said that if he "wanted to paint an Angel, he would paint Janee's face--."[43] Johnston was perceived differently because of his dark hair, eyes and complexion, especially by his father who was becoming increasingly bitter toward Indian people because of his adherence to the notion of "savagism."

The nineteenth-century popular and official Euro-American attitudes toward Native Americans were characterized by the idea of savagism. In his chapter titled "Savagism," Robert Sayre sums up the basic tenets of this Euro-American invention, which described Indians: "(1) solitary hunters, rather than farmers; (2) tradition-bound and not susceptible to improvement; (3) childlike innocents who were corrupted by civilization; (4) superstitious pagans who would not accept the highest offerings of civilization like Christianity; and therefore, (5) doomed to extinction."[44] As the government leaned more toward the policy of removing all Indians to "Indian country" west of the Mississippi, it used the supposed "childlike" and "corrupted" characteristics of Indians to explain its actions. As a government official, Schoolcraft became less optimistic about "reforming" Indians, and adopted wholeheartedly every tenet of savagism, so much so that Sayre names him, with Lewis Cass and President Jackson, one

of the "disasters to the native."[45] The notion that Indians were "childlike innocents" supported Henry's own career in the paternalistically structured positions of Indian Agent and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. As noted earlier on the Schoolcraft exchange after Henry's public confession of faith in 1830, Henry applied notions of savagism to his family members. In his dealings with his children, who had three white and one Indian grandparents, Henry Schoolcraft demonstrated the pervasiveness of savagism in his own mind. Johnston posed a special problem for Schoolcraft because he looked more Indian than either Janee or William Henry.

When Henry wrote his will in 1835 he desired that "my son receive a college education: study divinity if converted, and that my daughter should have the advantages of the education furnished by a female seminary." In 1839 he worried about his goal, principally because of the amount of "Indian blood" his children possessed. Showing his racist philosophy of learning potential, he wrote to Jane on the subject from Detroit:

> I am satisfied that I think <u>more</u> of my children, than I should, were they simply of <u>unmixed blood</u>. And my hopes of their succefs in life are essentially based on that mixture of the Anglo-Saxon blood, which they derive from their father, with the <u>eastern mind</u> so strongly exemplified in the <u>Algic</u> race. Without the <u>formes</u>, the result is a want of foresights. . .[46]

This philosophy, held and expounded by the "Indian expert," illustrates the disadvantages that plagued Johnston because of his father's attitudes toward his heritage and physical appearance. It further demonstrated to Jane what little faith Henry had in her ability to mother because she was Metis, a lack of faith devastating to Jane who imbibed of the glorification of good mothering in the emerging Victorian era.

When Henry and Jane moved to New York the children went to day schools, but by this time Jane's mental and emotional stability was deteriorating because of her addiction to laudanum. She was also suffering from heart palpitations. In 1838 William

McMurray sent her the laudanum she requested with a promise to send her a good quantity of opium and the directions on how to prepare it for consumption. Shortly after, Henry sent her digitalis, a harsh drug then prescribed for "nervous complaints," those complaints frequently treated in women in the nineteenth-century. She had consistently requested laudanum from Henry since 1836, and in 1839 the famous New York physician Chandler Robbins Gilman wrote this telling report to Schoolcraft:

> I have been wanting to have a talk with you on the subject of Mrs. S.'s health bu have unfortunately mifsed you at all my late calls. I do most earnestly hope tha she will persevere in abstaining from the use of all the deleterious matters to which she has unfortunately accustomed herself. I have now, from the improvements she made, the most entire & perfect confidence that if she will do so, and use tonics and alkaline remedies. . . she may be restored to health. . . [47]

Gilman went on to recommend a milder prescription for her ailments: lime water and cherry bark. After Jane's death, Henry married a pro-slavery Southern woman, Mary Howard, who like Henry subscribed to the racist notions of savagism, and also sought to discredit Henry's first wife. In 1860 she published The Black Gauntlet: A Tale of Plantation Life which included a fictionalized story of a learned and respected adventurer, ethnologist and scholar Mr. Walsingham, whose first wife was a "Pocahontas." Despite Mary Howard Schoolcraft's obvious effort to make the Schoolcraft-figure appear innocent and heroic, her description of Mr. Walsingham's marriage was probably based on some truth:

> Mr. Walsingham idolized his Pocahontas wife with that patronage that a man feels for *a woman who is a child in character and impulse* [italics mine]. . . After he had been married ten or fifteen years, and had enjoyed all the sweets of domestic love and harmony, he noticed that his wife's health became alarmingly prostrated, and that she almost lived in bed. The best physicians were employed . . . and her Indian mother never left her bedside. At last the horrible fact was elucidated that she had for years indulged excessively in the use of opium, until the habit had become the morbid passion of her every-day existence. . . [48]

The frequent requests in Jane's correspondence for laudanum confirm that she probably

had the problem of addiction. It is unknown if Jane stopped using laudanum, but her sudden death from heart failure was possibly caused by her overuse of the drug, which can induce respiratory or heart failure when overused for an extended period.

The fact that Jane sought solace in the hallucinogenic and sedative properties of laudanum is not surprising. Laudanum was a widely used opium derivative drug in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-centuries when it was an ingredient in many patent medicines and home cures for everything from depression and "nervous complaints" to insomnia and back pain. It was marketed by pharmacists, prescribed and administered by physicians, drank (in the syrup form of laudanum) by adults and children and sold by grocers as an everday item such as soap or sugar.[49] The demographics of both opium (laudanum) and morphine addiction, however, made the overuse of these drugs anything but universal. David Courtwright in his analysis of physician and pharmacist surveys of the nineteenth-century, estimates that before 1842 there were .72 addicts per 1000 people, a figure which rose to 4.59 in 1890. The majority of addicts were middle-aged white women of the upper- and middle- classes, native born and housewives by trade. Courtwright found that a common "type" for an early nineteenth-century addict " was the harried society lady, who downed opium and morphine to steady her nerve and enhance her wit."[50] Another factor making upper - and middle-class women susceptible to addiction was their access to doctors, who often prescribed the drug for a variety of ailments then left the administration to the patient, especially if she lived in a rural area. Courtwright maintains that the "habit of middle-class and upper-class females' complaining of (or of being diagnosed by male doctors as suffering from) diseases of nervous character could only have aggravated the problem" of women's addiction.[51] In a culture in which a woman's delicacy was a

virtue, the practices of many physicians boomed on "nervous complaints" alone.

Jane's addiction could very well have begun after treatment from a doctor but continued because she felt the need to escape and cope with the pressures put on her by Henry and Euro-American society. Her addiction also began in the context of her disillusionment with gender roles, which was also a characteristic of many female addicts. Another "type" Courtwright discovered was the woman "whose aspirations had been blocked by a male dominated society" or that her "repressed drives and supressed ambitions may have manifested themselves in physical symptoms, which were in turn alleviated with opiates."[52] An "anonymous lady of culture" had this to say of her relationship to morphine:

> I am the last woman in the world to make excuses for my acts, but you don't know what morphine means to some of us, many of us, modern women without professions, without beliefs. Morphine makes life possible. It adds truth to a dream. What more does religion do? Perhaps I shock you. What I mean is that truth alone is both not enough and too much for us. Each of us must add to it his or her dream, believe me. I have added mine; I make my life possible by taking morphine. I have managed to prevent it from disfiguring my life, though I know some women who botched it horribly. I am really morphine mad, I suppose, but I have enough will left not to go beyond my daily allowance.[53]

While Jane never admitted her addiction, the disillusion evidenced in her "domestic bear" metaphor and her frustration at the devaluation of women's work in Euro-American society both hint that she may have taken opium because "truth alone [was] too much" for her, being one of the "modern women" acculturated, but now questioning, the "cult of true womanhood." Other than Jane's requests for laudanum, the Schoolcraft correspondence is remarkably silent on Jane's problem, showing that Henry was ignorant of his wife's dependence, chose not to care, or quite possibly he expected this type of "moral" failing in a woman having twice the amount of "Indian blood" than the children over whom he worried incessantly that their "admixture" of race was a fault

difficult to overcome.

Added to Jane's disillusion with prescriptions for women was Henry's dismissal of her as a "savage" in the years since his public confession of faith. Her whole life was devoted to living up to the standards set for women by the Euro-American middle class: piety, submission and unquestioning loyalty. She became hypersensitive about cultivating these qualities in herself, and at the end of her life, her husband could only express disdain for her Indian heritage, even though her efforts should have fulfilled his expectations. The fact that Schoolcraft chose a bitter racist and pro-slavery advocate for his second wife further illustrates the pressures he put on his Metis wife. Jane illustrated here the tragedy of her efforts in a letter she wrote in 1839 to "Mrs. Smith," who was a woman extolling the virtues of Christians:

> Thou, who hast the same feelings, with me, a poor child of the Forest, I addrefs, not in pompous style or strain; but in the true language of the heart. I have heard of your devotion to your dear children & Husband. . . my wish is to copy your example. . . if I pofsibly can. . . to shew(sic) that neither Language, or Nation, can pofsibly have a different set of Morals to be governed by--but those which the Great Creator, himself has ordained--The fulfilling of which, is the great end of our being.[46]

Jane Johnston Schoolcraft had put upon herself the burden of defending "Language [and] Nation" by conforming stringently to a system bent upon the destruction of Indians. It was only here at the end of her life that she recognized herself as an object of Euro-American savagism, even though she had always adhered religiously to white prescriptions. In Euro-American society, she would remain "a poor child of the forest

CHAPTER V: THE PAPER TRAIL

In November of 1841, Oshauguscodawaqua asked Anna Maria to draft a letter to Jane saying "poor Mama despairs altogether of ever seeing you again and the only comfort she expects is to hear from you often."[1] Henry left New York in April of 1842 for an extended tour of Europe, and Jane went to Dundas, Ontario to visit Charlotte. On May 22, 1842, Jane awoke in the morning and shortly after was found by her sister dead in a chair by the bed. When Henry returned from Europe he ordered marked on her tombstone a description of Jane that probably would have pleased her:

> Carefully educated, and of polished manners & conversation, she was early fitted to adorn society; yet of retiring and modest deportment. Early imbued with the principles of true piety, she patiently submitted to the illnefs, which, for several years, marked her decline; and was inspired, through seasons of bodily & mental deprefsion, with the lively hope of immortality.[2]

The phrase "early fitted to adorn society" is perhaps the most profound yet ironic description of the life of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft. Seeing daily in Anishinabeg culture that women were not inherently and biologically predestined to be "ornaments," she nevertheless chose to align herself with a culture that preferred women who were child-like and dependent in order to overcome negative stereotypes of Indians. Had she lived longer, perhaps she would have expressed more fully her understanding of women's roles in the cultures she represented as a Metis in the Upper Great lakes. But having lived forty-two years in the context of social change in the Old Northwest, she produced literature that mirrors the racial and sexual tensions of the early nineteenth-century. The fact that her work has been "lost," attests to the biases from which she suffered as well as the biases in the present study of literature.

Paula Gunn Allen writes that the "purpose of traditional American Indian

literature is never simply pure self-expression. The 'private soul on any public wall' is a concept alien to American Indian thought. The tribes do not celebrate the individual's ability to feel emotion, for they assume that all people are able to do so."[3] Probably Jane felt that when she recorded a traditional story, she was not the "owner" of it in the Euro-American sense of authorship. She signed her stories "Leelinau" or "Bamewawagezhikaquay" as if to let the reader know she was **re-telling** in the spirit of an oral tradition where one places as much emphasis on the culture producing the story as the individual telling it. Henry Schoolcraft, however, had no scruples against putting his name on a story written by "Leelinau" or "Bamewawagezhikaquay" because he obviously saw Jane as a child-like "savage" unable to appreciate the glory of individual authorship. Stories that appear in The Literary Voyager under Jane's pseudonyms, "The Origin of the Robin," "Moowis, the Indian Coquette," "Mishosha," "The Foresaken Brother," and "The Origin of the Miscodeed," appear later in Schoolcraft's Algic Researches, Indian Fairy Book, The Myth of Hiawatha, History and Statistical Information Respecting the History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indians Tribes of the U.S., and Oneota, all under the assumption of Henry Schoolcraft's "authorship."[4] If Jane would have been of completly Euro-American ancestry instead of Metis, Schoolcraft's use of her stories would have amounted to plagarism in the literary and historical record. Instead, her stories have been "colonized," as well as those of the rest of the Johnston family, particularly Osahuguscodawaqua who was probably the person who related them in Anishinabeg.

Because Jane's position in literary history as one of the first known Metis women to publish her work has been skewed by her husband, literary historians, publishers

and editors, her poems have gone unstudied as well. A wealth of devotional, "domestic," didactic, elegaic, heroic and even poetry written in Anishinabeg await explicaiton when Jane Johnston Schoolcraft is given her due place in the canon. In 1843 the transendentalist writer, editor, and feminist Margaret Fuller recognized the importance of Jane's work:

> By the premature death of Mrs. Schoolcraft was lost a mine of poesy, to which few had access. . . We might have known in clear outline, as we now shall not, the growths of religion and philosophy, under the influences of this climate and scenery, from such suggestions as nature and the teachings of the inward mind presented.[5]

While the contention that Jane Johnston Schoolcraft would be the only person in a position to be, as Jay Miller says of the Indian author Mourning Dove, a "cultural mediator," her insistence on the importance of Jane's work is astute, even though Fuller wrote that Anna Jameson would have to rewrite Jane's work to make it more comprehensible to the Euro-American reader. But since Fuller's observation that Jane was a writer in her own right and not just a "source" for Henry Schoolcraft, chroniclers of literary history have been blocked by the notion of Schoolcraft as an "Indian expert" who happened to be married to a "half-breed" wife.

Henry Schoolcraft's biographer Richard Bremer concludes that Schoolcraft represents the new American "self-made man."[6] In his final chapter, he lists Jane as one of the "self-made" man's "train of horrors" as a "semi-invalid, drug-dependent wife,"[7] and while Jane was ill and an addict, she was hardly a burden on the American hero Schoolcraft. Instead, she was the person whose efforts were exploited to fulfill another's dream in a racist, patriarchal social system. She was a bright woman trained to deny personal opinions and ambitions unless acceptable to the status quo. But on the other hand, the same social system that hampered her creativity and denied her

authorship preserved her writing. In the Euro-American tradition of written literature she left evidence of her art and her existence, probably saved as an afterthought to add to the history of the famous ethonolgist. By these records we can see how one Metis woman interpreted the cultural systems that produced her and her art.

Notes for Introduction

1. Hinsley, 20.

2. Vizenor, 42.

3. Bremer, 355.

4. Peterson, 37.

5. Krupat, 145.

6. Krupat, 146.

Notes for Chapter I

1. Devens, "Separate," 461.

2. Ibid., 464.

3. White, Richard, 60-75, 323.

4. Van Kirk, 14-15, 33-36.

5. Van Kirk's chapters "Women In Between," "Daughters of the Country," and "My Only Consolation" detail this phenomenon.

6. Sometimes this is translated as Woman of the Green -Meadow,-Glade,-Valley, or -Mountain.

7. Warren, 219.

8. Warren, 248. Chapman, 248.

9. See Appendix.

10. Schoolcraft, Oneota, 311, 314-316.

11. Chapman, 311.

12. Jameson, Volume III, 217.

13. Cleland, 68.

14. Jameson, Volume III, 311.

15. Ibid., 313.

16. Ibid., 314.

17. McKenney quoted in Chapman, 308.

18. Chapman, 312. Clapp, 353.

19. Killaly, Charlotte McMurray, 9. (George Johnston Papers-Clarke Historical Library)

20. Ibid., p.9 Johnston Family Association, 15.

21. Johnston, quoted in Chapman, 342. Clapp, 357.

22. The preceding paragraph is based on Johnston's "Autobiographical Letters" he wrote as a favor to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft. They cover his early personal history, and the originals are in the Schoolcraft Papers (Library of Congress). The "Letters" are reprinted in Chapman and the preceding paragraph and quotes are from pages 330-332 of that document.

23. Schoolcraft, Memoirs, 107.

24. Johnston, quoted in Chapman, 332-335.

25. Ibid., 333-341.

26. Johnston Family Association, 8.

27. Johnston Family Association, 8. Gilbert, 323. Schenck, 41.

28. Map at Bayliss, reprinted in Chapman, 327. Johnston Family Association, 12. Gilbert, "Tale," 325 (quote).

29. Johnston Family Association, 12.

30. Ibid., 13. Schoolcraft, "Notes for a Memoir of Jane Schoolcraft." (HRS-LC).

31. Schoolcraft, The Literary Voyager, 159. Original in (HRS-LC).

32. Jameson, Vol. III, 242.

33. Ibid., 70.

34. Lewis Johnston to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, February 18, 1825 (HRS-LC).

35. John Johnston to George Johnston, January 5, 1817 (Burton).

36. Johnston Family Association, 25-26. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 4, 1825 (HRS-LC).

37. Blackburn, 108.

38. Johnston Family Association, 33-34. Blackburn, 110-111.

39. Ibid., 34-35. Ibid., 113-121.

40. Ibid., 47. McKenney quoted in Chapman, 310. Gilbert, "Memories," 630-31 (quote).

41. Ibid., 51-54. Ibid., 309-310 (quote). Charlotte Johnston essay (HRS-LC). Gilbert, "Memories," 630.

42. Ibid., 59-61. William Johnston Letters, Spring-Fall 1833 (HRS-LC). Bremer, 171, 196.

43. Ibid., 59-61. McKenney in Chapman, 310. James Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, February 14, 1834 (HRS-LC). (The Anna Marie-James family feud, its effects on Jane and her reactions will be detailed later.) Gilbert, "Memories," 629 (quote).

44. Ibid., 71-73.

45. George Johnston, 609-610. Schoolcraft, Summary, 79-80. Douglass, 38-40.

46. George Johnston, 610.

47. Ibid., 610.

48. Schoolcraft, Summary, 80. McKenney quoted in Chapman,308.

Notes for Chapter II

1. Newton, 99.

2. Schoolcraft, "Memoirs of John Johnston," 96.

3. John Johnston to Jane Johnston, December 14, 1813 and undated 1813 (HRS-LC).

4. Welter, 152.

5. Cott, 57.

6. Green, 703.

7. Schoolcraft, "Memoirs of John Johnston," 96.

8. Ibid., 96. Jane Moore to John Johnston and Jane Johnston, February 4 and 24, 1815 and January 25, 1818 (HRS-LC).

9. Jameson, 75.

10. Ibid., 76.

11. Ibid., 77-78.

12. Jane Johnston to John Johnston, July 14, 1818 (HRS-LC).

13. Biographical information on Henry Schoolcraft is taken primarily from Bremer's Indian Agent and Wilderness Scholar, the most recent and most critical biography of Schoolcraft, the last major one having been published in 1942.

14. Ibid., 29-59.

15. Jane Johnston to Henry Schoolcraft, undated 1822 (HRS-LC).

16. Bremer, 97.

17. Jane Johnson to Henry Schoolcraft, January 27, 1823 (HRS-LC).

18. A large collection of notes from the early romance of the Schoolcraft-Johnston courtship survive in the HRS-LC collection.

19. Jane Johnston, March 1823, (HRS-LC).

20. Jane Johnston to Henry Schoolcraft, May 17, 1823 and June 20, 1823 (HRS-LC).

21. Bremer, 97.

22. Schoolcraft, Personal Memoirs, 208, and The Literary Voyager, 144. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston, January 9, 1823 (HRS-LC)

23. Green, 700-701.

24. Schoolcraft, Personal Memoirs, 208.

25. Ibid., 237.

26. Jane Johnston to Henry Schoolcraft, January 22, 1825 (HRS-LC).

27. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Poetry Section (HRS-LC).

28. Schoolcraft, Henry, Narrative Journal, 231.

29. Ibid., 330.

30. Bremer, 99.

31. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 11, 13, 15, 17 and 22 (quote), 1825 (HRS-LC).

32. Bremer, 97.

33. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 13, 1825, (HRS-LC).

34. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, January 16, 1825 (HRS-LC).

35. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 2, 1825 (HRS-LC).

36. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 4, 1825 (HRS-LC). Bremer, in Indian Agent and Wilderness Scholar, recounts at length the feud between the officers and Schoolcraft, which must have been difficult for Jane whose social relations included interactions with the "Ladies of the garrison." Bremer details the feud in Chapter 3.

37. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, July 27, 1825 (HRS-LC).

38. This poem was written by "Rosa," a pseudonym of Jane Johnston in The Literary Voyager (HRS-LC) and appears first, in a slightly different form, in a letter from Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft of July 4, 1825 (HRS-LC).

39. McKenney quoted in Chapman, 310-311.

40. Original is in the Johnston Family Papers Collection, Bentley Historical Library, and Chapman, 310-311.

41. The surviving issues of The Literary Voyager are in the HRS-LC Collection, but Phillip Mason edited and republished them in 1962. I will refer to Mason's pagination rather that the original manuscripts to make the citation easier to locate. The translation here is Mason's, p., xiv.

42. Mason, xv.

43. Ibid., xv.

44. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 6-7.

45. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 8.

46. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 71. "Resignation" is on pages 26-27, "Lines Written Under Affliction" on page 85 and "Lines Under Severe Pain and Sickness" on page 97.

47. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 138-139.

48. Jane and Henry Schoolcraft in Mason, 37-39.

49. "Moowis" in Mason, 56; "Mishosha," 64; "The Foresaken Brother," 93.

50. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 122.

51. Henry Schoolcraft in Mason, 144.

52. Ibid., 144. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to George Johnston, January 19, 1826 (GJ Papers-Burton).

53. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 153.

54. Charles Trowbridge to Henry Schoolcraft, May 11, 1827 (HRS-LC).

55. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft in Mason, 158.

56. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to George Johnston, March 26, 1827, (GJ Papers-Bayliss).

57. S. Conant to Henry Schoolcraft, May 29, 1827 (HRS-LC).

Notes for Chapter III

1. Bremer, 117.

2. Welter, 152.

3. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 11 and August 3, 1827. Schoolcraft also refers to dreams in a August 4, 1826 letter and Jane mentions them in her "Elmwood Diary." (HRS-LC)

4. Johnston Family Association, 44.

5. Bremer, 105.

6. Cleland, 180.

7. Elmwood Diary, (HRS-LC). This diary is filed in the Bound Series of Correspondence.

8. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, May 23, 1828 (HRS-LC).

9. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, May 30, 1828 (HRS-LC).

10. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, in Poetry (HRS-LC).

11. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, June 7, 1828 (HRS-LC).

12. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to George Johnston, July 9, 1828 (GJ Papers -Burton).

13. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to George Johnston, August 6, 1828 (GJ Papers-Burton).

14. Henry Schoolcraft to Henry Kearney, September 20, 1828 (HRS-LC).

15. Bremer, 105. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, September 3, 1829 and Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, September 12, 1829 (HRS -LC).

16. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, September 13 and 25 and October 5, 1829 (HRS-LC).

17. Bremer, 107.

18. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, November 24 and 25, 1830 (HRS-LC).

19. Schoolcraft, Henry, Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley, 75.

20. Schoolcraft, Henry, Schoolcraft's Expedition, 43.

21. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, November 19 and 27, 1830 and December 6, 1830. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, Novemer 24 and 25, 1830 (HRS-LC).

22. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, November 27 and December 6, 1830 (HRS-LC).

23. Epstein, 47.

24. Schoolcraft quoted in Bremer, 114.

25. Bremer, 114.

26. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, December 25, 1830 (HRS-LC).

27. Henry Schoolcraft to George Johnston, December 25, 1830 (Clarke).

28. Cumming, 225. Biographical information on Abel Bingham is also taken from the Cumming essay.

29. See Fierst's "Return to 'Civilization': John Tanner's Troubled Years at Sault Ste. Marie.

30. Cumming, 216-221.

31. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, October 9, 1832 (HRS-LC).

32. Journal-letter of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft February 2, 1831 entry (HRS-LC).

33. Ibid., February 3 and 16, 1831 entries.

34. Ibid., February 16, 1831 entry.

35. Berkhofer, Salvation, 5-7.

36. Ibid., March 7, 1831 entry. The quote Jane used is from Cotton Mather.

37. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, January 4, 1831 (HRS-LC).

38. Devens, 72-90.

39. Bremer, 131-143.

40. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 16, 1832 (HRS-LC).

41. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 25, 1832 (HRS-LC).

42. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, July 25, 1832 (HRS-LC).

43. Bremer, 140-143.

44. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, October 9 and 12, 1832 (HRS-LC). Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to George Johnston, April 9, 1833 (GJ Papers-Burton)

Notes for Chapter IV

1. White, Janet, 344-345.

2. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, May 11, 1833 (HRS-LC).

3. Devens, 75.

4. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft May 13 and June undated (quote) (HRS-LC).

5. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, September 22 and 23, 1833 (HRS-LC).

6. James Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, January 1, February 9, 14 and 27, 1834 (HRS-LC). James Hulbert to Henry Schoolcraft, February 9, 1834 (HRS-LC). William McMurray to Henry Schoolcraft, February 11, 1834 (HRS-LC).

7. James Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, February 14 (HRS-LC).

8. James Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, February 14 (HRS-LC).

9. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Charlotte Johnston McMurray, March 4, 1834 (HRS-LC).

10. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Charlotte Johnston McMurray, March 4, 1834 (HRS-LC). Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to George Johnston, undated 1832 (GJ Papers -Burton).

11. Johnston Family Association, 66.

12. Bremer, 154.

13. Bremer, 157-159.

14. Bremer, 168-173. Bremer's Chapter 6 Part iii details Schoolcraft's involvement in treaty negotiation as well as the specific traders' interests in the treaty.

15. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, November 24, 1835, February 15 and March 10, 1836. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, December 26, 1835 (HRS-LC).

16. Janee and Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, February 16, 1836 (HRS-LC).

17. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, April 14, 1836 (HRS-LC).

18. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, May 10, 1836 (HRS-LC).

19. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, November 24, 1831 (HRS-LC).

20. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, May 10, 1836 (HRS-LC).

21. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, November 20, 1837 (HRS-LC).

22. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, January 15, 1838 (HRS-LC).

23. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, June 5, 1840 (HRS-LC). The receipts for Mother's Magazine subscriptions are also in HRS-LC.

24. Buffalohead, 238.

25. Wright, 527.

26. Devens, "Separate," 467.

27. William McMurray to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, March 14, 1837, Anna Maria Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, March 14, 1837, William Johnston to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, March 15, 1837 (HRS-LC). Jameson, Vol. III, 239.

28. Jameson, Vol. III, 69-70. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, August 5, 1837 (HRS-LC).

29. Jameson, Vol. III, 163.

30. Ibid., 183-186.

31. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, August 5, 1837 (HRS-LC).

32. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 26, 1838 (HRS-LC).

33. Henry Schoolcraft to George Johnston May 17, 1838 (GJ Papers-Bayliss). Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, February 7, 1838 (HRS-LC).

34. This story is taken from Schoolcraft's Myth of Hiawatha and Other Oral Legends reprinted by Avery Color Studios, page 235.

35. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, June 1, 1840 (HRS-LC).

36. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, June 8, 1840 (HRS-LC).

37. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft. This poem is filed in Bound Correspondence (HRS-LC).

38. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft quoted in Schoolcraft, Henry, Personal Memoirs, 632-

39. Bremer, 196-214.

40. Ibid., 200-207. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, June 1, 1840 (HRS-LC).

41. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, May 14, 1839 (HRS-LC). Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Mrs. Patterson (quote), January 26, 1839 (HRS-LC).

42. Janee Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 28, 1839. Mr. Marsh to Henry Schoolcraft, December 26, 1839. Johnston Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, April 1, 1840 (HRS-LC).

43. Janee Schoolcraft to Henry Schoolcraft, March 7, 1840. Janee Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 28, 1839. Anna Maria Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft (quote) July 24, 1837 (HRS-LC).

44. Sayre, 6.

45. Ibid., 18.

46. Henry Schoolcraft will in Bound Correspondence. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft (quote), May 27, 1839 (HRS-LC).

47. William McMurray to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 21, 1838. Henry Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, January 22, 1838. C.R. Gilman to Henry Schoolcraft, April 4, 1839 (HRS-LC). George Johnston to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, November 18, 1839 (GJ Papers-Burton).

48. Schoolcraft, Mary Howard, 495-498.

49. Isbell, 157. Berridge, 438-439.

50. Courtwright, 36-41.

51. Ibid., 49.

52. Ibid., 60.

53. Ibid., 60.

54. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft to Mrs. Smith, undated 1839 (HRS-LC).

Notes for Chapter 5

1. Anna Maria Schoolcraft to Jane Johnston Schoolcraft, November 15, 1841 (HRS-LC).

2. Henry Schoolcraft in Bound Correspondence, May 22, 1842 (HRS-LC).

3. Allen, 55.

4. Philip Mason's version of The Literary Voyager documents meticulously the authorship of each entry in the magazine, making it a crucial companion to the archival copies.

5. Fuller, 124.

6. Bremer, 347.

7. Ibid., 355.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX: SHORT STORIES AND POETRY

Mon-Daw-Min
or
The Origin of Indian Corn

[from The Hiawatha Legends , probably written in 1837-8]

In times past, a poor Indian was living with his wife and children in a beautiful part of the country. He was not only poor, but inexpert in procuring food for his family, and his children were all too young to give him assistance. Although poor, he was a man of a kind and contented disposition. He was always thankful to the Great Spirit for everything he received. The same disposition was inherited by his eldest son, who had now arrived at the proper age to undertake the ceremony of the Ke-ig-uish-im-o-win, or fast, to see what kind of spirit would be his guide and guardian through life. Wunzh, for this was his name, had been an obedient boy from his infancy, and was of a pensive, thoughtful, and mild disposition, so that he was beloved by the whole family. As soon as the first indications of spring appeared, they built him the customary little lodge at a retired spot, some distance from their own, where he would not be disturbed during this solemn rite. In the mean time he prepared himself, and immediately went into it, and commenced his fast. The first few days, he amused himself, in the mornings, by walking in the woods and over the mountains, examining the early plants and flowers, and in this way prepared himself to enjoy his sleep, and, at the same time, stored his mind with pleasant ideas for his dreams. While he rambled through the woods, he felt a strong desire to know how the plants, herbs and berries grew, without any aid from man, and why it was that some species were good to eat and others possessed medicinal or poisonous juices. He recalled these thoughts to mind after he became too languid to walk about, and had confined himself strictly to the lodge; he wished he could dream of something that would prove

a benefit to his father and family, and to all others. "True!" he thought, "the Great Spirit made all things, and it is to him that we owe our lives. But could he not make it easier for us to get our food, than by hunting animals and taking fish? I must try to find out this in my visions."

On the third day he became weak and faint, and kept his bed. He fancied, while thus lying, that he saw a handsome young man coming down from the sky and advancing towards him. He was richly and gayly dressed, having on a great many garments of green and yellow colors, but differing in their deeper or lighter shades. He had a plume of waving feathers on his head, and all his motions were graceful.

"I am sent to you, my friend," said the celestial visitor, "by that Great Spirit who made all things in the sky and on the earth. He has seen and knows your motives in fasting. He sees that it is from a kind and benevolent wish to do good to your people, and to procure a benefit for them, and that you do not seek for strength in war or the praise of warriors. I am good." He then told the young man to arise, and prepare to wrestle with him, as it was only by this means that he could hope to succeed in his wishes. Wunzh knew he was weak from fasting, but he felt his courage rising in his heart, and immediately got up, determined to die rather than fail. He commenced the trial, and after a protracted effort, was almost exhausted, when the beautiful stranger said, "My friend, it is enough for once; I will come again to try you;" and, smiling on him, he ascended in the air in the same direction from which he came. The next day the celestial visitor reappeared at the same hour and renewed the trial. Wunzh felt that his strength was even less than the day before, but the courage of his mind seemed to increase in proportion as his body became weaker. Seeing this, the stranger again spoke to him in the same words he used before, adding "Tomorrow

will be your last trial. Be strong, my friend, for this is the only way you can overcome me, and obtain the boon you seek." On the third day he again appeared at the same time and renewed the struggle. The poor youth was very faint in body, but grew stronger in mind at every contest, and was determined to prevail or perish in the attempt. He exerted his utmost power, and after the contest had been continued the usual time, the stranger ceased his efforts and declared himself conquered. For the first time he entered the lodge, and sitting down beside the youth, he began to deliver his instructions to him, telling him in what manner he should proceed to take advantage of his victory.

"You have won your desires of the Great Spirit," said the stranger. "You have wrestled manfully. To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fasting. Your father will give you food to strengthen you, and as it is the last day of trial, you will prevail. I know this, and now tell you what you must do to benefit your family and your tribe. To-morrow," he repeated, "I shall meet you and wrestle with you for the last time; and, as soon as you have prevailed against me, you will strip off my garments and throw me down, clean the earth of roots and weeds, make it soft, and bury me in the spot. When you have done this, leave my body in the earth, and do not disturb it, but come occasionally too visit the place, to see whether I have come to life, and be careful never to let the grass or weeds grow on my grave. Once a month cover me with fresh earth. If you follow my instructions, you will accomplish your object of doing good to your fellow-creatures by teaching them the knowledge I now teach you." He then shook him by the hand and disappeared.

In the morning the youth's father came with some slight refreshments, saying, "My son, you have fasted long enough. If the Great Spirit will favor you, he will do it

now. It is seven days since you have tasted food, and you must not sacrifice our life. The Master of Life does not require that." "My father," replied the youth, "wait till the sun goes down. I have a particular reason for extending my fast to that hour." "Very well," said the old man, "I shall wait till the hour arrives, and you feel inclined to eat."

At the usual hour of the day the sky-visitor returned, and the trial of strength was renewed. Although the youth had not availed himself of his father's offer of food, he felt that new strength had been given to him, and that exertion had renewed his strength and fortified his courage. He grasped his angelic antagonist with supernatural strength, threw him down, took from him his beautiful garments and plume, and finding him dead, immediately buried him on the spot, taking all the precautions he had been told of, and being very confident, at the same time, that his friend would again come to life. He then returned to his father's lodge, and partook sparingly of the meal that had been prepared for him. But he never for a moment forgot the grave of his friend. He carefully visited it throughout the spring, and weeded out the grass, and kept the ground in a soft and pliant state. Very soon he saw the tops of the green plumes coming through the ground; and the more careful he was to obey his instructions in keeping the ground in order, the faster they grew. He was, however, careful to conceal the exploit from his father. Days and weeks had passed in this way. The summer was now drawing towards a close, when one day, after a long absence in hunting, Wunzh invited his father to follow him to the quiet and lonesome spot of his former fast. The lodge had been removed, and the weeds kept from growing on the circle where it stood, but in its place stood a tall and graceful plant, with bright-colored silken hair, surmounted with nodding plumes and stately

leaves, and golden clusters on each side. "It is my friend," shouted the lad; "it is the friend of all mankind. It is *Mondawmin.** We need no longer rely on hunting alone; for, as long as this gift is cherished and taken care of, the ground itself will give us a living." He then pulled an ear. "See, my father," said he, "this is what I fasted for. The great Spirit has listened to my voice, and sent us something new,* and henceforth our people will not alone depend upon the chase or upon the waters."

He then communicated to his father the instructions given him by the stranger. He told him that the broad husks must be torn away, as he had pulled off the garments in his wrestling; and having done this, directed him how the ear must be held before the fire till the outer skin became brown, while all the milk was retained in the grain. The whole family then united in a feast on the newly-grown ears, expressing gratitude to the Merciful Spirit who gave it. So corn came into the world.

*The algic name for corn. The world is manifestly a trinary compound from *monedo*, spirit; *min*, a grain or berry; and *iaw*, the verb substantive.
*The Zea mays, it will be recollected, is indigenous to America, and was unknown in Europe before 1495. (HRS note)

Mishosha,
or the Magician and His Daughters
A Chippewa Tale or Legend

[The Literary Voyager January 1827, original in HRS-LC]

In an early age of the world, when there were fewer inhabitants in the earth than there now are, there lived an Indian, who had a wife and two children, in a remote situation. Buried in the solitude of the forest, it was not often that he saw any one, out of the circle of his own family. Such a situation seemed favorable for his pursuits; and his life passed on in uninterrupted happiness, till he discovered a wanton disposition in his wife.

This woman secretly cherished a passion for a young man whom she accidentally met in the woods, and she lost no opportunity of courting his approaches. She even planned the death of her husband, who, she justly concluded, would put her to death, should he discover her infidelity. But this design was frustrated by the alertness of the husband, who having cause to suspect her, determined to watch narrowly, to ascertain the truth, before he should come to a determination how to act. He followed her silently one day, at a distance, and hid himself behind a tree. He soon beheld a tall, handsome man approach his wife, and lead her away.

He was now convinced of her crime, and thought of killing her, the moment she returned. In the meantime he went home, and pondered on his situation. At last he came to the determination of leaving her forever, thinking that her own conscience would in the end, punish her sufficiently; and relying on her maternal feelings, to take care of the two boys, whom he determined to leave behind.

When the wife returned, she was disappointed in not finding her husband, having concerted a plan to dispatch him. When she saw that day after day passed, and he did not return she at last guessed the true cause of his absence. She then returned to her paramour, leaving the two helpless boys behind, telling them that she was going a short distance, and would return; but determined never to see them more.

The children thus abandoned, soon made away with the food that was left in the lodge, and were compelled to quit it, in search of more. The eldest boy possessed much interpidity, as well as great tenderness for his little brother, frequently carrying him when he became weary, and gathering all the wild fruit he saw. Thus they went deeper into the forest, soon losing all traces of their former habitation, till they were completely lost in the labyrinths of the wilderness.

The elder boy fortunately had a knife, with which he made a bow and arrows, and was thus enabled to kill a few birds for himself and brother. In this way they lived some time, still pressing on, they knew not whither. At last they saw an opening through the woods, and were shortly after delighted to find themselves on the borders of a broad lake. Here the elder boy busied himself in picking the seed pods of the wild rose. In the meanwhile the younger, amused himself by shooting some arrows into the sand, one of which, happened to fall into the lake. The elder brother, not willing to lose his time in making another, waded into the water to reach it. Just as he was about to grasp the arrow, a canoe passed by him with the rapidity of lightning. An old man, sitting in the centre, seized the affrighted youth, and placed him in the canoe. In vain the boy addressed him. "My grandfather" (a term of respect for old people) "pray take my little brother also. Alone, I cannot go with you; he will starve if I leave him." The old magician (for such was his real character) laughed at him. Then giving his canoe a slap, and commanding it to go, it glided through the water with inconceivable swiftness. In a few minutes they reached the habitation of Mishosha, standing on an island in the centre of the lake. Here he lived, with his two daughters, the terror of all the surrounding country.

Leading the young man up to the lodge "Here my eldest daughter," said he, "I have brought a young man who shall become your husband." The youth saw surprize depicted in the countenance of the daughter, but she made no reply, seeming thereby to acquiesce in the commands of her father. In the evening he overheard the daughters in conversation. "There again!" said the elder daughter, "our father has brought another victim, under the pretence of giving me a husband. When will his enmity to the human race cease; or when shall we be spared witnessing such scenes of vice and

wickedness, as we are daily compelled to behold."

When the old magician was asleep, the youth told the elder daughter, how he had been carried off, and compelled to leave his helpless brother on the shore. She told him to get up and take her father's canoe, and using the charm he had observed, it would carry him quickly to his brother. That he could carry him food, prepare a lodge for him, and return by morning. He did in every thing as he had been directed, and after providing for the subsistence of his brother, told him that in a short time he should come for him. Then returning to the enchanted island, resumed his place in the lodge before the magician awoke. Once during the night Mishosha awoke, and not seeing his son in law, asked his eldest daughter what had become of him. She replied that he had merely stepped out, and would be back soon. This satisfied him. In the morning, finding the young man in the lodge, his suspicions were completely lulled. "I see, my daughter, you have told me the truth."

As soon as the sun rose, Mishosha thus addressed the young man, "Come, my son, I have a mind to gather gulls eggs. I am acquainted with an island where there are great quantities; and I wish your aid in gathering them." The young man, saw no reasonable excuse, and getting into the canoe, the magician gave it a slap, and bidding it go, in an instant they were at the island. They found the shore covered with gulls eggs, and the island surrounded with birds of this kind. "Go, my son," said the old man, "and gather them, while I remain in the canoe." But the young man was no sooner ashore than Mishosha pushed his canoe a little from the land and exclaimed: "Listen ye gulls! you have long expected something from me. I now give you an offering. Fly down, and devour him." Then striking his canoe, left the young man to his fate.

The birds immediately came in clouds around their victim, darkening all the air with their numbers. But the youth, seizing the first that came near him, and drawing his knife, cut off its head, and immediately skinning the bird, hung the feathers as a trophy on his breast. "Thus," he exclaimed, "will I treat everyone of you who approaches me. Forbear, therefore, and listen to my words. It is not for you to eat human food. You have been given by the Great Spirit as food for man. Neither is it in the power of that old magician to do you any good. Take me on your beaks and carry me to his lodge, and you shall see that I am not ungrateful."

The gulls obeyed, collecting in a cloud for him to rest upon, and quickly flew to the lodge, where they arrived before the magician. The daughters were surprized at his return, but Mishosha conducted as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.

On the following day he again addressed the youth. "Come, my son," said he, "I will take you to an island covered with the most beautiful pebbles, looking like silver. I wish you to assist me in gathering some of them. They will make handsome ornaments, and are possessed of great virtues." Entering the canoe, the magician made use of his charm, and they were carried, in a few moments, to a solitary bay in an island, where there was a smooth sandy beach. The young man went ashore as usual. "A little further, a little further," cried the old man, "upon that rock you will get some finer ones." Then pushing his canoe from land, "Come thou great king of fishes," Cried he, "you have long expected an offering from me. Come, and eat the stranger I have put ashore on our island." So saying, he commanded his canoe to return, and was soon out of sight. Immediately a monstrous fish shoved his long snout from the water, moving partially on the beach, and opening wide his jaws to receive his victim.

"When" exclaimed the young man, drawing his knife, and placing himself in the threatening attitude, "when did you ever taste human food. Have a care of yourself. You were given by the Great Spirit to man, and if you, or any of your tribe, taste human flesh, you will fall sick and die. Listen not to the words of that wicked old man, but carry me back to his island, in return for which, I shall present you a piece of red cloth."

The fish complied, raising his back out of water to allow the young man to get on. Then taking his way through the lake, landed his charge safely at the island, before the return of the magician.

The daughters were still more surprized to see him thus escaped a second time, from the arts of their father. But the old man maintained the taciturnity. He could not, however, help saying to himself, "What manner of boy is this, who ever escapes form my power. His spirit shall not however save him. I will entrap him tomorrow. Ha! ha! ha!

Next day the magician addressed the young man as follows: "Come my son," said he, "you must go with me to procure some young eagles. I wish to tame them. I have discovered an island where they are in great abundance." When they had reached the island, Mishosha led him inland until they came to the foot of a tall pine, upon which the nests were. "Now, my son," said he, "climb up this tree and bring down the birds." The young man obeyed. When he had with great difficulty got near the nest, "Now," exclaimed the magician, addressing the tree, "stretch yourself up and be very tall." The tree rose up at the command. "Listen, ye eagles continued the old man, "you have long expected a gift from me. I now present you this boy, who has had the presumption to molest your young. Stretch forth your claws and sieze him." So

saying he left the young man to his fate, and returned.

But the intrepid youth drawing his knife, and cutting off the head of the first eagle that menaced him, raised his voice and exclaimed, "Thus will I deal with all who come near me. What right have you, ye ravenous birds, who were made to feed on beasts, to eat human flesh? It is because that cowardly old canoe-man has bid you do so? He is an old woman. He can neither do you good nor harm. See, I have already slain one of your number. Respect my bravery, and carry me back that I may show you how I shall treat you."

The eagles, pleased with his spirit, assented, and clustering thick around him formed a seat with their backs, and flew toward the enchanted island. As they crossed the water they passed over the magician, lying half asleep in his canoe.

The return of the young man was hailed with joy by the daughters, who now plainly saw that he was under the guidance of a strong spirit. But the ire of the old man was excited, although he kept his temper under subjection. He taxed his wits for some new mode of ridding himself of the youth, who had so successfully baffled his skill. He next invited him to go a hunting.

Taking his canoe, they proceeded to an island and built a lodge to shelter themselves during the night. In the mean while the magician caused a deep fall of snow, With a storm of wind and severe cold. According to custom, the young man pulled off his moccasins and leggings and hung them before the fire to dry. After he had gone to sleep the magician, watching his opportunity, got up, and taking one moccasin and one legging, threw them into the fire. He then went to sleep. In the morning, stretching himself as he arose and uttering an exclamation of surprise, "My son," said he, "what has become of your moccasin and legging? I believe this is the

moon in which fire attracts, and I fear they have been drawn in." The young man suspected the true cause of his loss, and rightly attributed it to a design of the magician to freeze him to death on the march. But he maintained the strictest silence, and drawing his conaus over his head thus communed with himself: "I have full faith in the Manito who has preserved me thus far, I do not fear that he will forsake me in this cruel emergency. Great is his power, and I invoke it now that he may enable me to prevail over this wicked enemy of mandkind."

He then drew on the remaining moccasin and legging, and taking a dead coal from the fireplace, invoked his spirit to give it efficancy, and blackened his foot and leg as far as the lost garment usually reached. He then got up and announced himself ready for the march. In vain Mishosha led him through snows and over morasses, hoping to see the lad sink at every moment. But in this he was disappointed, and for the first time they returned home together.

Taking courage from this success, the young man now determined to try his own power, having previously consulted with the daughters. They all agreed that the life the old man led was detestable, and that whoever would rid the world of him, would entitle himself to the thanks of the human race.

On the following day the young man thus addressed his hoary captor. "My grandfather, I have often gone with you on perilous excursions and never murmured. I must now request that you will accompany me. I wish to visit my little brother, and to bring him home with me." They accordingly went on a visit to the main land, and found the little lad in the spot where he had been left. After taking him into the canoe, the young man again addressed the magician: "My grandfather, will you go and cut me a few of those red willows on the bank, I wish to prepare some smoking mixture."

"Certainly, my son," replied the old man, "what you wish is not very hard. Ha, ha, ha! do you think me too old to get up there?" No sooner was Mishosha ashore, than the young man, placing himself in the proper position struck the canoe with his hand, and pronouncing the charm, N'CHIMAUN POLL, the canoe immediately flew through the water on its return to the island. It was evening when the two brothers arrived, and carried the canoe ashore. But the elder daughter informed the young man that unless he sat up and watched the canoe, and kept his hand upon it, such was the power of their father, it would slip off and return to him. Panigwun watched faithfully till near the dawn of day, when he could no longer resist the drowsiness which oppressed him, and fell into a short doze. In the meantime the canoe slipped off and sought its master, who soon returned in high glee. "Ha, ha, ha! my son," said he; "you thought to play me a trick. It was very clever. But you see I am too old for you."

A short time after, the young again addressed the magician. "My grandfather, I wish to try my skill in hunting. It is said there is plenty of game on an island not far off, and I have to request that you will take me there in your canoe." They accordingly went to the island and spent the day in hunting. Night coming on they put up a temporary lodge. When the magician had sunk into a profound sleep, the young man got up, and taking one of Mishosha's leggings and moccasins from the place where they hung, threw them into the fire, thus retaliating the artifice before played upon himself. He had discovered that the foot and leg were the only vulnerable parts on the magician's body. Having committed these articles to the fire, he besought his Manito that he would rise a great storm of snow, wind, and hail, an then laid himself down beside the old man. Consternation was depicted on the countenance of the latter, when he awoke in the morning and found his moccasin and legging missing. "I believe, my

grandfather," said the young man, "that this is the moon in which fire attracts, and I fear your foot and leg garments have been drawn in." Then rising and bidding the old man follow him, he began the morning's hunt, frequently turning to see how Mishosha kept up. He saw him faltering at every step, and almost benumbed with cold, but encouraged him to follow, saying, we shall soon get through and reach the shore; although he took pains, at the same time, to lead him in round-about ways, so as to let the frost take complete effect. At length the old man reached the brink of the island where the woods are succeeded by a border of smooth sand. But he could go no farther; his legs became stiff and refused motion, and he found himself fixed to the spot. But he still kept stretching out his arms and swinging his body to and fro. Every moment he found the numbness creeping higher. He felt his legs growing downward like roots, the feathers of his head turned to leaves, and in a few seconds he stood a tall and stiff sycamore, leaning toward the water.

Panigwun leaped into the canoe, and pronounced the charm, was soon transported to the island, where he related his victory to the daughters. They applauded the deed, agreed to put on mortal shapes, become wives to the two young men, and for ever quit the enchanted island. And passing immediately over to the main land, they lived lives of happiness and peace.

Origin of the Miscodeed or the Maid of Taquimenon

[The Literary Voyager February 1827, original in HRS-LC]

The daughter of Ma Mongazida, was the pride of her parents, and their only child. Beauty sat upon her lips, and life and animation marked all her motions. Fourteen summers had witnessed the growth of her stature, and the unfolding of her charms,

and each spring, as it came around, had beheld her, in her happy simplicity, revelling amid the wild flowers of her native valley. There was no valley so sweet as the valley of Taquimenon. There, she listened to the earliest notes of the wild birds, who returned from the south, to enliven the forests after the repose of winter; and there, also, she had prepared her bower of branches, and fasted to obtain a guardian spirit, to conduct her through life, according to the belief and customs of her people. Sweet valley of the Taquimenon, thou didst bless her with the charms of thy fragrance, causing the most profound sensations of pleasure. There, she first beheld that little angel, who in the shape of a small white bird, of purest plumage, assumed to be her guardian spirit, in cot and wood, through sun and storm, for the remainder of her days. Happy were her slumbers in this delightful visitation, and happy her awakening, as she hasted back, with fawn-like fleetness, to her parents lodge, with one more charm-one more pleasing recollection-one more tie to bind her fancy and her heart to the sweet valley of the Taquimenon. Beautiful valley of soft repose! there, she had first learned to know the sweet face of nature, and seen the river leap & laugh in foam, from the rocks, and then pursue its sylvan course through the green leafed forest. Sweet enthusiast of nature! wild gazer of the woods! There, too, were the sacred graves of her forefathers, and there, she hoped, when the Great Spirit should summon her to depart, her friends would lay her simply bark-encased body, under the shady foliage in a spot she loved.

It was early in the Strawberry Moon. The white coat of winter was remembered for its having lingered on many spots, which were secluded from the sun's influence. But the flowers of the forest were now in bloom, and the birds had re -visited the valley. There was a soft and balmy air, and life and animation seemed to

be newly bestowed upon the whole face of the earth. The robin and the mamaitwa came back to sing, and the murmuring of waters, in the little glens and by-vallies, rose, like pleasing music on the ear, and denoted the time for the opening of buds, and the springing of flowers. Never, had the scene appeared more attractive to her eye. "Oh." she exclaimed, "that it were ever spring! that I could ever live and revel in the wild beauties of my native valley-the sweet valley of the Taquimenon."

But while all nature rejoiced, there was a deep gloom gathering over the brows of Ma Mongazida. Whispers of the sign of an enemy on the lofty shores of the Pictured Rocks, had reached his ears. He thought of the haughty air of the audacious tribe of the Outagamies, who but a few moon before, invaded the country, and had been baffled in their design. He thought of the bitter feuds of the border bands, yet pleased himself in his own seclusion far from the war path of the enemy, where, for the space of fifteen winters, there had not a hostile footprint been seen. While he lay on his couch, pondering on these things, sleep ensued, and he fancied himself to be the leader of a hostile band, who broke from the ambush, at the earliest dawn, and carried death and desolation to a slumbering village. Shocked at the catastrophe, he awoke. The dream alarmed him. He remembered that birds of ill omen had crossed his path, the day before.

"Had it been my *enemies*, the Dacotahs," said he to his wife, "I should have feared no evil, but to dream of raising the war club against the Outagamies my own blood kindred, and with whom we have been long in peace, bodes me sure disaster. Some hostile foot is, even now, on the track. Some evil bird has flown over my lodge. I will no longer abide here. Had I sons to stand by my side, most freely would I meet the foe; but, single-handed, with no one but thee, to bury me, if I am slain, and my tender Miscodeed

to witness my fall, and become their prey, it were madness to abide. And this day, even before the sun is at the zenith, will I quit the peaceful valley I love-the sweet valley of the Taquimenon."

In haste, they took their morning's meal, and made their preparations to leave a scene, so loved and cherished, but loved and cherished by none, more than the gentle and enthusiastic Miscodeed. She was indeed a precious wild flower. But while they yet sat around their lodge-fire, the instinctive sagacity of that trusty friend of the Red Hunter, the household dog, betokened approaching evil, at first, by restlessness and low murmurs, and then breaking into a loud bark, as he flew out of the door. It was a daring war party of the treacherous Mendawakantons from the Mississippi. A volley of arrows followed, and sealing in death at the same instant, the lips of both father and mother. "Oh, bird of my dreams," cried Miscodeed, "my beautiful white wing!-my angel of promise! save me from the hands of my cruel enemies." So saying, she sunk, lifeless to the ground.

With loud yells and rapid footsteps the foe entered. Conspicuous, in front, stood the eldest son of a warrior, who had been killed by the Chippewas in the great battle of the falls of the river St. Croix. His brows were painted red, and his spear poised. But the work of death was soon finished. There lay, motionless, the husband and the wife alike beyond the influence of hope or fear, hate or harm. But no other human form appeared, and the eye of the savage leader rolled in disappointment around, as he viewed the spot where Miscodeed, his meditated victim, had sunk into the earth. A small and beautiful white bird, was seen to fly from the top of the lodge. It was the guardian spirit of Miscodeed. The knife and the tomahawk were cheated of their prey--her guardian angel had saved her from being the slave of her enemy.

But the sanguinary rites of war were quickly performed; the scalps of the hunter and his wife, were torn away, and with hurry & fear, the enemy was soon on his way to his native land. When the friends of the slaughtered family, visited the silent lodge, where welcome had so often greeted them, all they saw on the ground where the maid of Taquimenon had fallen, was a modest little white flower, bordered with pink border which was at once destined to be her emblem.

The Origin of the Robin
An Oral Allegory

[The Literary Voyager January 1827, original in HRS-LC]

Spiritual gifts, are sought by the Chippewas through fasting. An old man had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had come to that age which is thought by the Chippewas to be most proper to make the long and final fast, that is to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adveristy is to depend, and who forms and establishes the character of the faster to great or ignoble deeds.

This old man was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great amongst his tribe. And to fulfill his wishes, he thought it necessary that his son must fast a much longer time than any of those persons known for their great power or wisdom, whose fame he envied.

He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony, for the important event. After he had been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, he ordered him to lie down upon a clean mat, in the little lodge expressly prepared for him, telling him at the time to bear himself like a man, and at that the expiration of *twelve* days, he should receive food, and the blessing of his father.

The lad carefully observed this injunction, laying with his face covered with perfect composure, awaiting those happy visitations which were to seal his good or ill fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly to encourage him to perseverance, expatiating at full length on the renown and honor that would attend him through life, if he accomplished the full term prescribed. To these admonitions the boy never answered, but lay without the least sign of unwillingness till the ninth day, when he addressed his father--"My father, my dreams are ominous of evil! May I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time, make a new fast?" The father answered--"My son, you know not what you ask! If you get up now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire. You know, it is for your own good."

The son assented, and covering himself closer, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. The same answer was given him, by the old man, adding, that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, but lay like a skeleton. No one would have known he was living but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

The next morning the father, elated at having gained his end, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprized to hear his son talking to himself. He stooped to listen, and looking through a small aperture, was more astonished when he beheld his son pained with vermillion on his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying at the same time:-- "My father has ruined me, as a man; he would not listen to my request; he will now be the loser. I shall be forever happy in the new state, for the Spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me

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pity, and now I must go."

At that moment the old man broke in, exclaiming, "My son! my son! do not leave me!" but his son with the quickness of a bird had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched on the highest pole, a beautiful robin red-breast. He looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him, that he should always love to be near men's dwellings, that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant cheerfulness and pleasure he would display, that he would still cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he had expected; and that, although no longer a man, he should ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.

Moowis
The Indian Coquette
A Chippewa Legend
[The Literary Voyager January 1827, original in HRS-LC]

There was a village full of Indians, and a noted belle or *muh-muh daw go qua* was living there. A noted beau or *muh muh daw go, ninnie* was there also. He and another young man went to court this young woman, and laid down beside her, when she scratched the face of the handsome beau. He went home and would not rise till the family prepared to depart, and he would not then arise. They then left him, as he felt ashamed to be seen even by his own relations. It was winter, and the young man, his rival, who was his cousin, tried all he could to persuade him to go with the family, for it was now winter, but to no purpose, till the whole village had decamped and had gone away. He then rose and gather all the bits of clothing, and ornaments of beads and other things, that had been left. He then made a coat and leggins of the same, nicely trimmed with the beads, and the suit was fine and complete. After making a pair of

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moccasins, nicely trimmed, he also made a bow and arrows. He then collected the dirt of the village, and filled the garments he had made, so as to appear as a man, and put the bow and arrows in into hands, and it came to life. He then desired the dirt image to follow him to the camp of those who had left him who thinking him dead by this time, were surprized to see him. One of the neighbors took in the dirt-man and entertained him. The belle saw them come and immediately fell in love with him. The family that took him in made a large fire to warm him, as it was winter. The image said to one of the children, "sit between me and the fire, it is too hot," and the child did so, but all smelt the dirt. Some said, "some one has trod on, and brought in dirt." The master of the family said to the child sitting in front of the guest, "get away from before our guest, you keep the heat from him." The boy answered saying, "he told me to sit between him and the fire." In the meantime, the belle wished the stranger would visit her. The image went to his master, and they went out to different lodges, the image going as directed to the belle's. Towards morning, the image said to the young woman (as he had succeeded) "I must now go away," but she said, "I will go with you." He said "it is too far." She answered, "it is not so far but that I can go with you." He first went to the lodge where he was entertained, and then to his master, and told him of all that had happened, and that he was going off with her. The young man thought it a pity she had treated him so, and how sadly she would be punished. They went off, she following behind. He left her a great way behind, but she continued to follow him. When the sun rose high, she found one of his mittens and picked it up, but to her astonishment, found it full of dirt. She, however took it and wiped it, and going on further, she found the other mitten in the same condition. She thought, "fie! why does he do so," thinking he dirtied in them. She kept finding different articles of his

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dress, on the way all day, in the same condition. He kept ahead of her till towards evening, when the snow was like water, having melted by the heat of the day. No signs of her husband appearing, after having collected all the cloths that held him together, she began to cry, not knowing where to go, as their track was lost, on account of the snow's melting. She kept crying *Moowis* has led me astray, and she kept singing and crying Moowis nin ge won e win ig, ne won e win ig.

The Forsaken Brother
A Chippewa Tale

[The Literary Voyager February 1827, original in HRS-LC]

It was a fine summer evening; the sun was scarcely an hour high,-- its departing rays beamed through the foliage of the tall, stately elms, that skirted the little green knoll, on which a solitary Indian lodge stood. The deep silence that reigned in this sequested and romantic spot, seemed to most of the inmates of that lonely hut, like the long sleep of death, that was now evidently fast sealing the eyes of the head of this poor family. His low breathing was answered by the sighs of his disconsolate wife and their children. Two of the latter were almost grown up, one was yet a mere child. These were the only human beings near the dying man. The door of the lodge was thrown open to admit the refreshing breeze of the lake, on the banks of which it stood; and as the cool air fanned the head of the poor man, he felt a momentary return of strength, and raising himself a little, he thus addressed his weeping family. "I leave you--thou, who hast been my partner in life, but you will not stay long to suffer in this world. But oh! my children, my poor children! you have just commenced life, and mark me, unkindness, and ingratitude, and every wickedness is in the scene before you. I left my kindred and my tribe, because I found what I have just warned you of. I

have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves, for many years, and you will find my motives for separating from the haunts of men, were solicitude and anxiety to preserve you from the bad examples you would inevitably have followed. But I shall die content, if you, my children promise me, to cherish each other, and on no account to forsake your youngest brother, of him I give you both particular charge." The man became exhausted, and taking a hand of each of his eldest children, he continued--"My daughter! never forsake your little brother. My son, never forsake your little brother." "Never, never!" they both exclaimed. "Never --never! " repeated the father and expired.

The poor man died happy, because he thought his commands would be obeyed. The sun sank below the trees, and left a golden sky behind, which the family were wont to admire, but no one heeded it now. The lodge that was so still an hour before, was now filled with low and unavailing lamentations. Time wore heavily away--five long moons had passed and the sixth was nearly full, when the mother also died. In her last moments she pressed the fulfilment of their promise to their departed father. They readily renewed their promise, because they were yet free from any selfish motive. The winter passed away, and the beauties of spring cheered the drooping spirits of the bereft little family. The girl, being the eldest, dictated to her brother, and seemed to feel a tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was rather sickly and delicate. The other soon showed symptoms of restlessness, and addressed the sister as follows. "My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world. Must I deprive myself the pleasure of asociating with my own kind? I shall seek the villages of men; I have determined, and you cannot prevent me." The girl replied, "My brother, I do not say no, to what you desire. We were not

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prohibited, the society of our fellow mortals, but we were told to cherish each other, and that we should [do] nothing independent of each other--that neither pleasure nor pain ought ever to separate us, particularly from our helpless brother. If we follow our separate gratifications, it will surely make us forget *him* whom we are alike bound to support." The young man made no answer, but taking his bow and arrows left the lodge, and never returned.

Many moons had come and gone, after the young man's departure, and still the girl administered to the wants of her younger brother. At length, however, she began to be weary of her solitude, and her charge. Years, which added to her strength and capability of directing the affairs of the household, also brought with them the desire of society, and made her solitude irksome. But in meditating a change of life, she thought only for herself, and cruelly sought to abandon her little brother, as her elder brother had done before.

One day after she had collected all the provisions she had set apart for emergencies, and brought a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her brother. "My brother, you must not stray far from the lodge. I am going to seek our brother: I shall soon be back." Then taking her bundle, she set off, in search of habitations. She soon found them, and was so much taken up with the pleasure and amusements of society, that all affection for her brother was obliterated. She accepted a proposal of marriage, and after that, never more thought of the helpless relative she had abandoned.

In the meantime the elder brother had also married, and settled on the shores of the same lake, which contained the bones of his parents, and the abode of his forsaken brother.

As soon as the little boy had eaten all the food left by his sister, he was obliged to

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pick berries and dig up roots. Winter came on, and the poor child was exposed to all its rigors. He was obliged to quit the lodge in search of food, without a shelter. Sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees, and ate the refuge meats of the wolves. The latter soon became his only resource, and he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close to them whilst they devoured their prey, and the animals themselves seemed to pity his condition, and would always leave something. Thus he lived, as it were, on the bounty of fierce wolves until spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new found friends and companions to the shore. It happened his brother was fishing in his canoe in the lake, a considerable distance out, when he thought he heard the cry of a child, and wondered how any could exist on so bleak a part of the shore. He listened again more attentively, and distinctly heard the cry repeated. He made for shore as quick as possible, and as he approached land, discovered and recognized his little brother, and heard him singing in a plaintive voice--

Neesya, neesya, shyegwuh gushuh!
Ween ne myeengunish!
ne myeengunish!
My brother, my brother,
I am now turning into a Wolf!--
I am turning into a Wolf.

At the termination of his song, he howled like a Wolf, and the young man was still more astonished when, on getting nearer shore, he perceived his poor brother half turned into that animal. He however, leapt on shore and strove to catch him in his arms and soothingly said-- "M brother, my brother, come to me." But the boy eluded his grasp, and fled, still singing as he fled-- "I am turning into a Wolf--I am turning into a wolf," and howling in the intervals.

The elder brother, conscience struck, and feeling his brotherly affection returning with redoubled force, exclaimed in great anguish, "My brother, my brother,

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come to me." But the nearer he approached the child, the more rapidly his transformation went on, until he changed into a perfect wolf,--still singing and howling, and naming his brother and sister alternately in his song, as he fled into the woods, until his change was complete. At last he said. "I am a wolf," and bounded out of sight.

The young man felt the bitterness of remorse all his days, and the sister, when she heard of the fate of the little boy whom she had so cruelly left, and whom both she and her brother had solemnly promised to foster and protect, wept bitterly; and never ceased to mourn until she died.

Resignation
[Literary Voyager,26]

How hard to teach the heart, opprest with grief,
Amid gay, worldy scenes, to find relief;
And the long cherish'd bliss we had in view,
To banish from the mind where first it grew!
But Faith, in time, can sweetly soothe the soul,
And Resignation hold a mild control;
The mind may then resume a proper tone,
And calmly think on hope forever flown.

Lines Written Under Afflication
[Literary Voyager,84]

Ah! who, with a sensative mind possest,
Recalls the swift years that are gone,
Without mingled emotions--both bitter & blest,
At the good & the ill he has know.

Or, how could a beautiful landscape please,
If it showed us no feature but light?
'Tis the dark shades alone that give pleasure & ease,
'Tis the union of sombre and bright.

So wisely has God in his mercy ordain'd,
That the bitterest cup he has cast,

Is mixed with a sweetness, which still is retain'd,
To be drank and enjoyed at the last.

Thus feelings are chasten'd, & life is refin'd,
By pangs that misfortunes convey,
To minds that have faith, & to bosoms resign'd,
To bear--to forbear, and obey.

And tho' for a while, he condemns us in strife,
To languish, and suffer, and die;
Yet the sunshine of promise--of hope& of life,
Allures us to bliss in the sky.

Otagamiad
[Literary Voyager, 138]

In northern climes ther liv'd a chief of fame,
LaPointe his dwelling, and Ojeeg his name,
Who oft in war had rais'd the battle cry,
And brav'd the rigors of an Artic sky;
Nor less in peace those daring talents shone,
That rais'd him to his simple forest throne,
Alike endow'd with skill, such heaven's reward,
To weild the oaken sceptre, and to guard.
Now round his tent, the willing chieftain's wait,
The gathering council, and the stern debate--
Hunters, & warriors circle round the green,
Age sits sedate, & youth fills up the scene,
While careful hands, with fling & steel prepare,
The sacred fire-- the type of public care.

Warriors and friends'-- the chief of chiefs oppress'd,
With rising cares, his burning thoughts express'd.
'Long have our lands been hem'd around by foes,
Whose secret ire, no check or limit knows,
Whose public faith, so often pledg'd in vain,
'Twere base for freemen e'er to trust again.
Watch'd in their tracks our trusting hunters fall,
By ambush'd arrow, or avenging ball;
Our subtil foes lie hid in every pass,
Screen'd in the thicket, shelter'd in the grass,
They pierce our forests, & they cross our lines,
No treaty binds thems, & no stream confines
And every spring that clothes the leafy plain,
We mourn our brethen, or our children slain.
Delay but swells our woes, as rivers wild,
Heap on their banks the earth they first despoil'd.
Oh chieftains! listen to my warning voice,

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War--war or slavery is our only choice.
No longer sit, with head & arms declin'd,
The charms of ease still ing'ring in the mind;
No longer hope, that justice will be given
If ye neglect the proper means of heaven:
Fear--and fear only, makes our foemen just
Or shun the path of conquest, rage or lust,
Nor think the lands we own, our sons shall share,
If we forget the noble rites of war.
Choose then with wisdom, nor by more delay,
Put off the great--the all important day.
Upon yourselves alone, your fate depends,
'Tis warlike acts that make a nation friends
'Tis warlike acts that prop a falling throne,
And makes peace, glory, empire, all our own.
Oh friends! think deeply on my counsel--worlds
I sound no peaceful cry of sumer birds!
No whispering dream of bliss without allay
Or idle strain of mute, inglorious joy
Let my bold voice arouse your slumb'ring hearts,
And answer warriors- with uplifted darts,
Thick crowding arrows, bristled o'er the plain,
And joy ous warriors rais'd the battle strain.

All but Camudwa, join'd the shouting throng,
Camudwa, fam'd for eloquence of tongue
Whose breast resol've the coming strife with pain,
And peace still hop'd, by peaceful arts to gain.
'Friends' -- he reply'd--'our rulers words are just,
Fear breeds respect and bridles rage or lust,
bust in our hast, by rude and sudden hate,
To prop our own, or crush our neighbors state
Valor itself, should not disdain the skill
By pliant speech, to gain our purpos'd will.
The foe may yet, be reason'd into right.
And if we fail in speech--we still may fight.
At least, one further effort, beour care,
I will muself, the daring message bear,
I give my body, to the mission free,
And if I fall, my country, 'tis for thee!
The wife and child, shall lisp my song of fame,
And all who value peace, repeat my name!

'Tis well-Baimwawa placidly replied,
'To cast our eyes, with care to either side,
Lest in our pride, to bring a rival low,
Our own fair fields shall fall beneath the foe.
Great is the stake, nor should we lightly yield,
Our ancient league by many a battle seal'd.

The deeds of other days before my eyes,
In all their friendship, love and faith arise,
When hand in hand with him we rov'd the wood,
Swept the long vale, or stem'd the boiling flood.
In the same war path, march'd with ready blade,
And liv'd, and fought, and triumph'd with his aid.
When the same tongue, express'd our joys and pains,
And the same blood ran freely thro' our veins?

'Not we-not we'- in rage Keewaydin spoke,
'Strong ties have sever'd, or old friendships broke,
Back on themselves the baseless charge must fall,
They sunder'd name, league, language, rites and all.
They, with out firm allies, the Gallic race,
First broke the league, by secret arts and base,
Then play'd the warrior--called our bands a clog,
And earn'd their proper title, Fox and Dog.
Next to the false Dacota gave the hand,
And leagued in war, our own destruction plan'd.
Do any doubt the words I now advance,
Here is my breast'--he yelled and took his lance.

'Rage'-interposed the sage Canowakeed,
Ne'er prompted wit, or bid the council speed
For other aims, be here our highest end,
Such gentle aims,to rivet friend to friend.
If harsher fires, in ardent bosoms glow,
At least restrain them, till we meet the foe,
Calm judgment here, demands the care of all,
For if we judge amiss, ourselves shall fall.
Beside, what boasts it, that ye here repeat,
The current tale of ancient scaith or heat,
Love, loss, or bicker, welcome or retort,
Once giv'n in earnest, or return'd sport
Or how, or when this hapless feud arose,
That made our firmest friends, our firmest foes.
That so it is, by causes new and old,
There are no strangers present, to be told,
Each for himself, both knows & feels & sees,
The growing evils of a heartless peace,
And the sole question, of this high debate,
Is-shall we longer suffer-longer wait,
Or with heroic will, for strife prepare,
And try the hazard of a gen'ral war!

Invocation
to my Maternal Grandfather
On Hearing his Descent from Chippewa Ancestors

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[Literary Voyager, 142]

Rise bravest chief! of the mark of the noble deer,
With eagle glance,
Resume thy lance,
And weild again thy warlike spear!
The foes of thy line,
With coward design,
Have dar'd, with black envy, to garble the truth,
And stain, with a falsehood, thy valorous youth.

They say, when a child, thou wert ta'en from the Sioux,
And with impotent aim,
To lessen thy fame
Thy warlike lineage basely abuse,
For they know that our band,
Treat a far distant land,
And thou noble chieftain! art nerveless and dead,
Thy bow all unstrung, and thy proud spirit fled.

Can the sports of thy youth, or thy deeds ever fade?
Or those ever forget,
Who are mortal men yet,
The scenes where so bravely thou'st lifted the blade,
Who have fought by thy side,
And remember thy pride,
When rushing to battle, with valor and ire,
Thou saw'st the fell foes of thy nation expire.

Can the warrior forget how sublimely you rose?
Like a star in the west,
When the sun's sunk to rest,
That shines in bright splendor to dazzle our foes:
Thy arm and thy yell,
Once the tale could repel
Which slander invented, and minions detail,
And still shell thy actions refute the false tale.

Rest thou, noblest chief! in thy dark house of clay,
Thy deeds and thy name,
Thy child's child shall proclaim,
And make the dark forests resound with the lay;
Though thy spirit has fled,
To the hills of the dead,
Yet thy name shall be held in my heart's warmest care,
And cherish'd, till valor and love be no more.

To My Ever Beloved and Lamented Son
William Henry
[Literary Voyager, 157]

"Who was it nestled on my breast,
"And on my cheek sweet kisses prest"
And in whose smile I felt so blest?
Sweet Willy.

Who hail'd my form as home I stept,
And in the arms so eager leapt,
And to my bosom joyous crept?
My Willy.

Who was it, wiped my tearful eye,
And kiss'd away the coming sigh,
And smiling bid me say "good boy"?
Sweet Willy.

Who was it, looked divinely fair,
Whilst lisping sweet the evening pray'r
Guileless and free from earthly care?
My Willy.

Where is that voice attuned to love,
That bid me say "my darling dove"?
But oh! that soul has flown above.
Sweet Willy.

Whither has fled the rose's hue?
The lily's whiteness blending grew,
Upon thy cheek--so fair to view.
My Willy.

Oft have I gazed with rapt delight,
Upon those eyes that sparkled bright,
Emitting beams of joy and light!
Sweet Willy!

Oft have I kiss'd that forehead high,
Like polished marble to the eye,
And blessing, breathed an anxious sigh.
For Willy.

My son! Thy coral lips are pale,
Can I believe the heart-sick tale,
That I, thy loss must ever wail?
My Willy.

The clouds in darkness seemed to low'r,
The storm has past with awful pow'r,
And nipt my tender, beauteous flow'r!
Sweet Willy.

But soon my spirit will be free,
And I my lovely son shall see,
For God, I know, did this decree.
My Willy.

John Johnston Interpretation of a war song by Waubojeeg

On that day when our heroes lay low-lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low,
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe,
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

On that day when our chieftains lay dead-lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,
I fought hand to hand at the head of my band,
And here, on my breast, have I bled,
And here, on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more-no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more,
Nor their brothers of war, who can show scar for scar.
Like women their fates shall deplore,
Like women their fates shall deplore.

Five winters in hunting we'll spend-we'll spend,
Five winters in hunting we'll spend,
Till our youth, grown to men, we'll to war lead again,
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end,
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end.

John Johnston Interpretation of a war song of Waubojeeg

Where are my foes? say, warriors, where? No forest is so black,
That it can hide from my quick eye, the vestige of their track:
There is no lake so boundless, no path where man may go,
Can shield them from my sharp pursuit, or save them from my blow.
The winds that whisper in the trees, the clouds that spot the sky,
Impart a soft intelligence, to show me where they lie,
The very birds that sail the air, and scream as on they go,
Give me a clue my course to tread, and lead me to the foe.

The sun at dawn, lift up its head, to guide me on my way,

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The moon at night looks softly down and cheers me with her ray,
The war-crowned stars, those beaming lights, my spirit casts at night,
Direct me as I thread the maze, and lead me to the fight.
In sacred dreams within my lodge, while resting on the land,
Bright omens of success arise, and nerve my warlike hand.
Where'er I turn, where'er I go, there is a whispering sound,
That tells me I shall crush the foe, and drive him from my ground.

The beaming west invites me on, with smiles of vermil hue,
And clouds of promise full the sky, and deck its heavenly blue,
There is no breeze, there is no sign, in ocean earth or sky,
That does not swell by breast with hope, or animate my eye.
If to the stormy beach I go, where heavy tempests play,
They tell me but, how warriors brave, should conquer in the fray,
All nature fulls my heart with fires, that prompt me on to go,
To rush with rage, and lifted spear, upon my country's foe.

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