

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1870.

hour. cars was also injured. The passenger trains from the East were laid up at the break all night, and the Western-bound trains are detained in the city. One train was sent East by the Auburn Road, but that is detained at Cayuga by high water. It will be night before the trains can again pass the wreck.

**AN INDIAN GIRL'S LETTER.**  
**What the Daughter of a Chief Writes to Commissioner Parker—Treatment of Her People in Nevada.**  
WASHINGTON, April 15, 1870.—Commissioner PARKER has just received the following letter from an Indian girl in Nevada, written in a clear

**EUROPE.**  
**ARRIVAL OF**  
The steam-sh April 2 and Sou port yesterday.

## The Newspaper Warrior

### SARAH WINNEMUCCA HOPKINS'S CAMPAIGN FOR AMERICAN INDIAN RIGHTS, 1864-1891

EDITED BY CARI M. CARPENTER AND CAROLYN SORISIO



might catch in the river. If this is the kind of civilization awaiting us on the reserve, God grant that we may never be compelled to go on one, as it is more preferable to live in the mountains, and drag out an existence in our native manner. So far as living is concerned, the Indians at all the military posts get enough to eat, and considerable cast-off clothing, but how long is this to continue? What is the object of the Government in regard to Indians? Is it enough that we are at peace? Remove all the Indians from the military posts and place them on reservations, such as the Truckee and Walker River, (as they were conducted,) and it will require a greater military force stationed around to keep them within the limits than it now does to keep them in subjection. On the other hand, if the Indians have any guarantee that they can secure a permanent home on their own native soil, and that our white neighbors can be kept from encroaching on our rights, after having a reasonable share of ground allotted to us as our own, and giving us the required advantage of learning, I warrant that the savage, as he is, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence.  
Respectfully,  
SARAH WINNEMUCCA.

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THE NEWSPAPER WARRIOR



# THE NEWSPAPER WARRIOR

*Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins's Campaign  
for American Indian Rights, 1864–1891*

Edited by Cari M. Carpenter and Carolyn Sorisio

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS *Lincoln and London*

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the University of Nebraska

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Hopkins, Sarah Winnemucca, 1844?-1891.

[Works. Selections]

The newspaper warrior: Sarah Winnemucca

Hopkins's campaign for American Indian  
rights, 1864-1891 / edited by Cari M.

Carpenter and Carolyn Sorisio.

pages cm

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 978-0-8032-4368-2 (cloth: alk. paper)

ISBN 978-0-8032-7661-1 (epub)

ISBN 978-0-8032-7662-8 (mobi)

ISBN 978-0-8032-7663-5 (pdf)

1. Paiute Indians—Government relations. 2. Paiute Indians—Social conditions. 3. Paiute Indians—Politics and government. 4. Indians, Treatment of—United States. 5. Hopkins, Sarah Winnemucca, 1844?-1891. I. Carpenter, Cari M., 1973- editor. II. Sorisio, Carolyn, 1966- editor. III. Title.

E99.P2H6999 2015

979.004'9745769—dc23

2015003051

Set in Minion by Lindsey Auten.

Designed by N. Putens.

*Cari dedicates this book to  
Adalyn, her finest creation.  
Carolyn dedicates this book to Greg  
and Giovanni, with gratitude.*



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The collaboration this book represents goes well beyond the work of its co-editors. We would like to extend our appreciation to Matthew Bokovoy and others at the University of Nebraska Press who were crucial to this project's completion. We are especially indebted to the following institutions, which provided funding of this project: the Sequoyah National Research Center of the University of Arkansas at Little Rock, whose Research Fellowship enabled us to examine Indigenous newspapers of the nineteenth century, and Brigham Young University's Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, which provided a John Topham and Susan Redd Butler Off-Campus Faculty Research Award allowing the procurement of crucial Nevada and California articles. Cari Carpenter acknowledges the support of West Virginia University (wvu) in the form of a Book Subvention Grant and student assistance.

Carolyn Sorisio acknowledges West Chester University's (wcu's) College of Arts and Sciences Graduate Assistantship Award and Support and Development Awards. Cari Carpenter thanks several graduate and undergraduate students who offered indispensable assistance along the way: Yvonne Hammond, Margaret Huettl, Sean McCray, and Mary Beth Bulriss. Carolyn Sorisio acknowledges wcu students Shannon Steel and Laura Nitowski for their proofreading, editing, and research. She acknowledges as well wcu students Jarred Marlatt and Elizabeth Borino for their transcription and proofreading contributions.

We also thank individuals who offered valuable advice and assistance along the way: Kelly Diamond and Alyssa Wright, wvu Library; John Ernest, University of Delaware; P. Jane Hafen, University of Nevada, Las Vegas; Daniel Littlefield and Jim Parins, University of Arkansas at Little Rock; Rachel McMullin, wcu Library; Mary Nelson, office specialist at the

Charles Redd Center for Western Studies; Robert Dale Parker, University of Illinois; Malea Powell, Michigan State University; Lee Anne Titangos, Bancroft Library; private researchers Nancy Ehlers and Margaret Posehn; and staff at the San Francisco Public Library. We also thank those members of the listserv of the Association for Documentary Editing who offered valuable editing advice along the way.

Cari Carpenter extends thanks to her parents Len and Jan Carpenter, who dutifully located and copied microfilmed articles nearly fifteen years ago (not knowing they would end up here), and to Eric Bowen, who is both her overworked technological assistant and her invaluable life partner. Carolyn Sorisio thanks the Lang family for their support of her research in Nevada. She thanks Carolyn L. Karcher, who first helped her see this project as a book. She thanks especially Greg and Giovanni Fornia, for their unwavering support and patience as this project took shape.

## NOTE ON THE TEXT

Editing decisions have been based on three priorities: (1) consistency; (2) reader accessibility for further research; and (3) fidelity to the original text. Certain peculiarities of nineteenth-century style have been omitted (e.g., boldface in headlines, line demarcations, uppercase font, and other font size and style changes). The headline appears as the first item in the citation; the subtitle, if any, immediately follows the citation and precedes the article. Where possible, the editors have included the page and column numbers to aid further research. The following symbols denote that the respective information was not available: np = no page; nc = no column. The bracketed word “excerpt” indicates that the piece originally appeared in a long list of unrelated items or that the article has been condensed to the most relevant content. Given the evolving nature of historic newspaper databases, new articles will no doubt be uncovered after this book’s publication; our intent is not to offer a comprehensive collection but the most relevant selections presently available.

Obvious printer errors have been corrected, typically with the correction in brackets. In some cases, endnotes clarify specific changes. Anachronistic spellings and punctuation are maintained unless they would create confusion for the reader. Notes are the editors’ unless otherwise indicated.



## TIMELINE

- 1844–85 John C. Frémont survey expeditions  
c. 1844 Sarah Winnemucca (Thocmetony, or Shell Flower) born near Humboldt Lake
- 1846 Donner Party
- 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; gold discovered in California
- 1849–50 Newspapers report deaths of many Northern Paiutes from Asiatic cholera
- c. 1851 Sarah Winnemucca visits California with Truckee and other relatives
- 1856 Honey Lake Treaty with Sarah Winnemucca's father
- c. 1857 Sarah Winnemucca lives in William Ormsby's home in Genoa, Nevada
- 1858–60 Many Northern Paiutes starve over winters
- 1860 Williams Station incident; Pyramid Lake War; Truckee's death
- c. 1860 Sarah Winnemucca and her sister sent to San Jose, California, convent school and then, apparently, dismissed
- 1861 Nevada Territory's anti-miscegenation law passed
- 1864 Nevada becomes a state; Sarah Winnemucca, her father, and her sister perform in Virginia City, Nevada, and San Francisco, California
- 1865 Mud Lake Massacre
- 1869 President Grant's Peace Policy begins
- c. 1869–73 Sarah Winnemucca works as an interpreter at Camp McDermit, Nevada
- 1870 Major Henry Douglas sends Sarah Winnemucca's letter to Commissioner of Indian Affairs

- 1872 Sarah Winnemucca marries Edward Bartlett in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory (they separate soon after)
- 1874 Sarah Winnemucca is hired by Charles Parrish to interpret at Malheur Reservation
- 1876 Samuel Parrish is replaced by William Rinehart; classes begin at Malheur Reservation, taught by Annie Parrish with Sarah Winnemucca assisting; Sarah Winnemucca divorces Bartlett and marries Joseph Satewaller
- c. 1877 Railroad tycoon and politician Leland Stanford gives Sarah Winnemucca's brother land near Lovelock, Nevada, part of which later becomes the site of the Peabody Institute
- 1878 Sarah Winnemucca rescues group of Northern Paiutes during Bannock War
- 1879 Northern Paiutes sent to Yakima Reservation; Sarah Winnemucca lectures and interviews in San Francisco, California
- 1880 Sarah Winnemucca visits Washington DC and works as interpreter and teacher at Fort Vancouver
- 1881 Sarah Winnemucca marries Lewis Hopkins in San Francisco, California
- 1882 Death of Sarah Winnemucca's father
- 1883 Sarah Winnemucca lives and travels with Elizabeth Peabody while giving hundreds of lectures in the East; publication of *Life among the Piutes*
- 1884 Sarah Winnemucca testifies to House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs
- 1885 Sarah Winnemucca's last known public lecture (in San Francisco, California); founds Peabody Institute in Lovelock, Nevada
- 1887 Death of Mary Mann and Lewis Hopkins
- c. 1889 Peabody Institute closes
- c. 1888–90 Ghost Dance (Wovoka)
- 1891 Death of Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (October 17) at Henry's Lake, Idaho

THE NEWSPAPER WARRIOR



FIG. 1. Paiute delegation, 1880. From left: Sarah Winnemucca, Chief Winnemucca, Captain Jim, and an unidentified boy. A number of scholars have identified the man on the right as Natches, Winnemucca's brother. Courtesy of National Archives (75-IP-3-26).

# Introduction

Winnemucca's role as advocate made her the  
mightiest word warrior of her time.

— A. LAVONNE BROWN RUOFF

In his groundbreaking collection of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft's writings, Robert Dale Parker argues: "Indian writers left far more writing than literary historians imagine. If we look enough, we will find it. So far, we simply have not looked enough."<sup>1</sup> Certainly this is the case when it comes to the public texts by and about the Northern Paiute author and activist Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins.<sup>2</sup> Her 1883 *Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims* was republished in 1994 and is now excerpted in major anthologies of U.S. literature, signifying interest in her historical legacy and literary production.<sup>3</sup> Nonetheless, there is a paucity of texts available from the bulk of her public career — those recorded in and created through newspapers. This collection closes that gap by presenting a selection of newspaper items by or about Winnemucca, from her 1864 performances in San Francisco to her death in 1891. The majority of the material dates from the years 1879 to 1887, during which Winnemucca lectured hundreds of times in the eastern and western United States, published her book, and established a multilingual school for American Indian children.<sup>4</sup> These news articles, letters to the editor, advertisements, book reviews, and editorial comments flesh out the history of one of the nineteenth century's most important American Indian activists and authors. Because many of the archives are new to scholars of Winnemucca, they fill numerous holes in her biography, from the extent of her collaboration with her husband Lewis Hopkins and with Elizabeth Palmer Peabody to her activism on the lecture circuit and in the

classroom. In presenting them in one volume, we hope to contribute to the “compassionate criticism” Craig S. Womack calls for, one based upon archival sources and committed to particular historical moments and events, yet one with global and comparative implications.<sup>5</sup>

As this collection makes clear, Winnemucca was well aware of the power of newspapers; they could both assail her reputation and provide a national platform for her activism. In the second half of this introduction we consider in more detail how she negotiated the local and national press, especially given the news media’s stereotypical images of American Indians. That she paid attention to the circulation of news about her is suggested by a February 1880 *Silver State* article claiming that she sent a dispatch “threatening to have the heart’s blood” of a western editor whose story representing her as drunk and violent was picked up by New York papers.<sup>6</sup> She allegedly threatened the life of a newspaper editor who had reported that she was drinking after a lecture. This alleged threat led to her arrest.<sup>7</sup> These instances are particularly dramatic, but as this collection makes clear, Winnemucca was not to be trifled with in newsprint.

Given the privileging of the book in literary studies, it is tempting to view *Life among the Piutes* as the ultimate achievement of Winnemucca’s career and to read these newspaper items as supplemental to her book. Certainly editor Mary Peabody Mann hails its publication as “the first outbreak of the American Indian in human literature,” and Peabody, who reviews *Life* with Helen Hunt Jackson’s *A Century of Dishonor*, claims that both books “initiate a new era for the Indians.”<sup>8</sup> If Winnemucca’s book is viewed in isolation, then it is understandable why critics such as Philip H. Round represent her as “ushered into print and polite society” by Peabody and Mann and to understand the relationship among the women as replicating a pattern wherein “Euro-American cultural entrepreneurs” claim to discover American Indian literary works in a manner similar to the discovery of natural resources.<sup>9</sup> However, once *Life among the Piutes* is understood in the context of Winnemucca’s life-long engagement with newspapers and evolving skills as an activist, it becomes less convincing that her book “ushers” her into print or polite society and more arguable that it is merely an extension of the intercultural oral and written exchanges that defined her entire adult life. Winnemucca did not spontaneously enter print in 1883. By

the time *Life* was published, she had honed her rhetorical messages based on thirteen years of sustained media contact and several intensive lecture series. The newspaper accounts provide a much more nuanced and complete understanding of Winnemucca's lecturing content and style; they also serve as primary documents worthy of analysis in their own right. They can help contribute to critical conversations within American Indian Studies, such as what constitutes authorship; authenticity as related to American Indian identity; the implications of performing American Indian identity to non-Native audiences; the politics of translation in relation to colonization; and debates over the implications of American Indian authors advocating assimilation.<sup>10</sup>

This collection is not an attempt to provide an exhaustive record of all newspaper accounts by or about Winnemucca; the large number of articles and the evolving efforts to make historical newspapers available online make such a task impossible. We include various articles referenced in early biographies of Winnemucca as well as newly discovered pieces that shed light on aspects of her life and literature. We have prioritized those items that enhance or challenge the existing biographical record, elucidate the production and reception of *Life among the Piutes*, emphasize Winnemucca's struggle for favorable and fair newspaper representation of herself in particular and American Indians in general, and demonstrate her use of performance and the news media as modes of resistance. The nature of print media in the second half of the nineteenth century was that much of the content was reprinted. When it seems noteworthy, we have included information about where particularly popular articles reappeared.<sup>11</sup>

We begin this introduction with a brief overview of Winnemucca's life and activism in relation to the newspaper record and then follow with a consideration of how the newspaper items might best be understood in the contexts of representation, performance, and resistance. In the three sections that follow our introduction, we include works both by and about Winnemucca to reflect our belief that such inclusiveness best represents the collaborative practices of American Indians in the nineteenth century, many of whom worked alongside non-Natives in articulating their activist agendas. In doing so we depart from the traditions of both the "as-told-to" narrative and the project that imagines the American Indian

author existing entirely apart from non-Native communities. Neither model, we believe, adequately captures the dynamic life and activism of Sarah Winnemucca.

### **A Life in Newsprint**

Sarah Winnemucca (Thocmetony) was confronted at an early age with the consequences of a rapid and often violent United States colonialism. After her birth in or around 1844, she spent her early years living with the Northern Paiutes—the Numa, as they call themselves—in the stretch of the Great Basin now known as Nevada. As a member of the band known as the Kuyuidika-a (Eaters of the Cui-ui, an ancient fish in Pyramid Lake), Winnemucca grew up in a community that depended on hunting, gathering pine nuts, and fishing. Her mother, Tuboitony, was the daughter of a Paiute leader, and Sarah's father came to be known by whites as Chief Winnemucca, more a reflection of non-Natives' attempts to locate authority in a single figure than an accurate depiction of his stature among Northern Paiutes.<sup>12</sup>

Sarah was only a young girl when non-Natives, seeking land and gold, began to enter Northern Paiute territory. Disasters followed: diseases like Asiatic cholera decimated the tribe in 1849 and 1850, hundreds starved over the winter of 1859–60, and Sarah's mother, baby brother, and other relatives were killed at the Mud Lake Massacre in 1865.<sup>13</sup> One source reports that two-thirds of the Indigenous Paiute population was killed during the Contact Era.<sup>14</sup> According to Winnemucca's lectures and *Life among the Piutes*, Sarah's grandfather continued to favor reconciliation, sharing a traditional story about whites as the tribe's "long-looked for brothers" who had once been separated from them.<sup>15</sup> His relationship with whites was evident in his alliance with Captain John C. Frémont, his participation in the Mexican-American War, and his decision to send Sarah and her sister to live with Major William Ormsby and his family in Genoa when she was about thirteen.<sup>16</sup> His decision was influenced in part by one result of colonialism: game had been depleted by white colonizers.<sup>17</sup> By then, when Sarah worked as a housekeeper and companion for various white families, she was fluent in both Spanish and English. In *Life among the Piutes* she describes attending a convent school in San Jose after her grandfather's death in 1859, though she claims her education at the convent was cut short by the prejudice of

other students' parents.<sup>18</sup> She noted her fluency in three Native languages and went on to serve as an interpreter on many occasions.<sup>19</sup>

Sarah Winnemucca's first appearances on stage were likely a response to the economic plight the Northern Paiutes faced due to colonialism. Her stage career began in the mining town of Virginia City, Nevada, in 1864. In between performances, she, her father, and her sister Elma rode through the streets in elaborate attire comprised of leather and feather headdresses. Well-versed in English, Sarah interpreted her father's speeches for the audience. Soon after, the three performed at the Metropolitan Theatre in San Francisco. Their show was advertised as an illustration of "Indian Life" and was intended to cater to Anglo expectations of Indianness: the troupe again sported headdresses and buckskin, and in one performance the family reenacted the Pocahontas legend.<sup>20</sup> According to a woman who claimed to know Winnemucca's father well, when she asked him why he performed in "white man's ways," he replied by telling "the story of his people's poverty, their suffering for food, and the cause of the distress upon them."<sup>21</sup>

As Winnemucca's skills in negotiating the news media evolved, she became increasingly focused on resistance. Her literary debut came in the form of a letter to Indian Commissioner Ely Samuel Parker in April 1870. *Harper's Weekly* described it as a testament to the need for humane treatment of the Indians; even if Sarah Winnemucca did not exist, "its statements will still remain as the plea and protest of thousands of the Indians."<sup>22</sup> The fact that her words could be so easily marshaled as language of the larger Indian reform movement demonstrates her ability to tap into a rhetoric that the eastern reformers embraced. The letter resembled many of her future complaints, detailing the agents' abuse of power and displaying the sarcasm that pervades *Life among the Piutes*. The letter also established her common theme that if the Indians were well treated, they would become "educated" in English and non-Native ways. Yet she does not altogether accept the whites' description of the Northern Paiutes: "the savage, as he is called to-day, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence" (our emphasis).<sup>23</sup> For Winnemucca, as the newspaper articles and *Life* demonstrate, to become educated in English did not necessarily mean endorsing a view of assimilation wherein Native cultures were eradicated or denigrated.<sup>24</sup>

On a number of occasions Winnemucca insists on Northern Paiute sovereignty; in the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin* of February 24, 1875, for example, she describes the terms of the treaty that followed the Pyramid Lake War of 1860.<sup>25</sup> By speaking in terms of the treaty that was made and then broken, she reminds white readers of their political obligations to American Indians. Winnemucca was a vocal critic of American Indian policy throughout the 1870s; in an 1875 article in the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin*, she uses her public platform to educate readers about the appalling conditions on reservations and the dishonesty of Indian agents.<sup>26</sup> An issue of the Sacramento *Daily Record-Union* indicates that her agitation began even earlier, as it reports her writing a letter to a General Ord complaining about the conditions on the reservation.<sup>27</sup>

The complex relationship Winnemucca had with non-Natives as well as American Indians is evidenced by her role in the Bannock War of 1878. As with any Anglo-Indian conflict, the causes of the war were more complex than is typically acknowledged; land acquisition and the exhaustion of game and the camas root, staples of the Bannock diet, led to the hostilities. Some Bannocks joined with Umatillas and Northern Paiutes from the Malheur Reservation in order to raid white settlements for food. Captain Oliver Otis Howard led the battles against the American Indians who revolted, and Winnemucca was widely known as his guide, translator, and scout.<sup>28</sup> In what David H. Brumble has identified as a “coup tale,” Winnemucca describes riding hundreds of miles on horseback to rescue her father and other Paiutes from a Bannock camp.<sup>29</sup> Newspaper coverage, in most cases, presented a celebratory version similar to that of *Life among the Piutes*, and Winnemucca drew upon this reputation in later lectures. Some newspapers, however — such as the *Silver State* in June 1878 — accused Winnemucca and her father of smuggling arms to the rebelling Indians.<sup>30</sup>

Winnemucca, as part of her work with Howard, persuaded several bands of Northern Paiutes — including members of her family — to move to Camp Harney, Oregon, despite their fears that they would be treated as prisoners of war. The United States did, in fact, declare the bands at Camp Harney hostile and forced them to remove 350 miles in early 1879 to Yakima. Winnemucca traveled with her group and witnessed the Northern Paiutes’ intense suffering, which eventually resulted in the death of one in five of

those Northern Paiutes who were removed.<sup>31</sup> To vindicate herself and help the Paiutes at Yakima, Winnemucca decided to lecture in San Francisco and Nevada in the winter of 1879–80. This marks the beginning of the West-East-West trajectory of the most public years of her newspaper career, a trajectory the structure of this volume emphasizes. While in San Francisco she circulated a petition to Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, insisting upon the Northern Paiutes' innocence and requesting that they be allowed to return to the Malheur Reservation. She asked, too, for the reinstatement of an honest Indian agent.<sup>32</sup>

Due in part to Winnemucca's activism, the U.S. government sent an investigator from the Interior Department to monitor the Northern Paiutes' "unrest."<sup>33</sup> Subsequently Winnemucca and a delegation of Northern Paiutes met with President Rutherford B. Hayes and Secretary Schurz in Washington DC. Schurz issued an order allowing the Northern Paiutes at Yakima to return home and receive land allotments.<sup>34</sup> During this visit, government officials, fearful of Winnemucca's skillful use of the news media, discouraged her from lecturing and conducting press interviews. When she returned west, the letter from Schurz corroborating their agreement failed to arrive (eventually, he would reverse his decision).<sup>35</sup> Winnemucca, in turn, showed the agent at Yakima her copy of the letter, and he promptly offered her a bribe to conceal it from the Northern Paiutes. She ultimately refused the bribe and did not keep the letter secret. However, her initial silence regarding the letter created suspicion among some Northern Paiutes.<sup>36</sup>

The Bannock War and these subsequent events created personal and political crises for Winnemucca and served as the exigency for her lecture series, media activism, and book. When she resolved to go East and lecture is not entirely clear, but in January 1880 the *Silver State* reports that Winnemucca met a group of women from Boston at a railway station, who encouraged her to go East to meet "a better class of people to aid you."<sup>37</sup> By May 1880, according to the *Idaho Statesman*, Winnemucca had been hired by the U.S. government to teach the Northern Paiutes in Washington Territory.<sup>38</sup> Yet Winnemucca did not go East immediately after completing this work, and reports from 1881–83 do not adequately indicate her activity during this time period. By September 1881 Sarah was in Winnemucca, Nevada.<sup>39</sup> In early December of that year she married Lewis H. Hopkins in San Francisco.<sup>40</sup>

Winnemucca's complicated marital history is more apparent in the newspaper archive than in *Life among the Piutes*, which, in accordance with the genteel expectations placed on women, elides her multiple marriages. The only proposal she mentions in the book is from a white man whom she declines because, she states, she cannot marry a man she does not love.<sup>41</sup> Winnemucca married military officer Edward Bartlett on January 29, 1871, and filed for divorce in 1876 after falling in love with a man named Joseph Satewaller.<sup>42</sup> She has also been linked to the Indian agent Snyder, who was present at her grandfather's deathbed.<sup>43</sup> An article in the *Silver State* of February 24, 1877, as well as one in the *San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin* of March 10, reports her marriage to "an Indian named 'Bob.'"<sup>44</sup> Sally Zanjani notes that he may have been the mysterious "Indian husband" whom Winnemucca claimed mistreated her.<sup>45</sup> Zanjani describes Bob Thacker as a Northern Paiute man who was an interpreter at Nevada's Camp McDermit, an employee at a nearby ranch, and a well-known womanizer. Zanjani further links Winnemucca to Charles B. Hamilton, a Canadian who was employed as a county assessor in Winnemucca and who reportedly lived with Sarah in Wyoming.<sup>46</sup>

It is not clear when and where Winnemucca met Hopkins, but Zanjani indicates that in September 1881 they were reported together at Camp McDermit, and they probably saw one another frequently for the next several months.<sup>47</sup> It is likely that they met when he was an enlisted soldier in the U.S. Army, a position he left in November 1881. Just days after her marriage, she told the *San Francisco Daily Examiner* that she intended to go East and lecture upon "The Indian Agencies" and the "Indian Question as Viewed from an Indian Stand-point."<sup>48</sup> However, by January 1882 she was visiting Pyramid Lake and — according to news accounts — arguing with her husband about gambling losses.<sup>49</sup> If Winnemucca was preoccupied with her new marriage, she nonetheless published a lengthy ethnographic essay, "The Pah-Utes," in the September 1882 edition of the *Californian*.<sup>50</sup> According to Canfield, the couple departed from Nevada in February 1882, planning to visit Sarah's sister Elma at Henry's Lake and then move east in the spring of 1882.<sup>51</sup>

Exactly why Winnemucca arrived in Boston in March 1883 and collaborated so extensively with the prominent reformers Peabody and Mann

is not known. According to Peabody, Winnemucca decided to tour in the East when she realized that she had erred in refusing invitations to lecture during her previous trip to Washington DC. Once Winnemucca returned to Yakima and was betrayed by Schurz, she realized that “she was the victim of the subtle arts of the Indian ring,” which desired to keep her from lecturing and from meeting with “real friends, who wanted the truth told here in the East.” In her first lectures in Boston, Winnemucca emphasized that she had “been told the country over to come to Boston and she would find sympathizers” and “hearty support.”<sup>52</sup>

Winnemucca’s eastern audiences may have been sympathetic to her because they were already familiar with the considerable media attention generated by Chief Standing Bear, Thomas Tibbles, and Susette La Flesche on behalf of the Poncas, after the tribe had been forcibly removed from the lands granted to them by the U.S. government.<sup>53</sup> As John M. Coward notes, the Ponca controversy was “one of the more immediate sources of the Dawes Act because it focused so dramatically on the mistakes of the Indian Bureau.”<sup>54</sup> Indeed, the institutional beginnings of the Indian reform movement are typically traced to their visit. In Standing Bear’s audience were several people who became central figures in the movement: Jackson, who went on to author *A Century of Dishonor* (1881), a record of government atrocities against Native tribes that reprinted Winnemucca’s 1870 letter; and Senator Henry L. Dawes, who would become best known for the General Allotment Act. This legislation, which was rooted in reformers’ belief in assimilation, proved disastrous in terms of American Indian land loss; according to Robert Warrior, Native American land diminished from over 150 million acres between 1880 to 75 million by the turn of the century.<sup>55</sup> The articles suggest that Winnemucca first met Dawes in October 1883, although he was certainly aware of her before that time.<sup>56</sup> The newspaper record substantiates Siobhan Senier’s contention that Winnemucca challenged parts of the bill and tried to influence Dawes as it was crafted; Boston’s *Morning Journal* of May 3, 1883, for instance, reports her disapproval.<sup>57</sup> Thus Winnemucca was at odds with those reformers who began to call for allotment in severalty as part of a further move toward individualization and detribalization, a central aim of President Grant’s Peace Policy.

As Winnemucca courted and enjoyed the support of numerous reformers

while in the East, her personal life, performative style, and frank, specific critique of some of the Indians' "friends" also created tensions and backlash. As she told a crowd in San Francisco in 1879, "I will expose all the rascals. I will save nobody. I will name the paths, the officer, the Agent, and not say I'm afraid to mention his name."<sup>58</sup> Indeed, when she finally lectured in the East in 1883, Winnemucca's accusations against a Methodist minister earned her the opposition of the Women's Association of the Methodist church early in her lecture tour.<sup>59</sup> Both the founder and the main lobbyist of the influential Indian Rights Association also attempted to alienate Winnemucca's supporters from her.<sup>60</sup> Her resistance to Indian agent W. V. Rinehart, in particular, drew his wrath and a flurry of negative commentary. The *Council Fire and Arbitrator*, citing affidavits provided by Rinehart, represented Winnemucca as a "notorious liar and malicious schemer" who "had been several times married, but that by reason of her adulterous and drunken habits, neither squawmen nor Indians would long live with her." As the paper declares, "It is a great outrage on the respectable people of Boston" for General Howard or any other officer of the army to foist such a woman of any race upon them."<sup>61</sup> Although the *Council Fire* editor, Thomas A. Bland, later broke with many Indian reform groups, at the time he published attacks on Winnemucca, his paper served as a significant forum for reformers.<sup>62</sup> Bland even attempted to stop the publication of *Life among the Piutes*.<sup>63</sup> Later in her lecture series her reputation was marred by reports of her husband's mishandling of funds collected for the Northern Paiutes. Notably, a letter from Mann that has not been considered by previous biographers denies this mishandling of money for the book.<sup>64</sup>

Eastern defenders answered such charges directly: as T. E. Carson writes to the editor of the New York *Daily Graphic* in May 1884, "Her good character is attested by persons well known here and who have known her well in the West. That she has been married more than once does not warrant the invidious meaning likely to be drawn from the paragraph in question."<sup>65</sup> Additionally, despite the attacks of some reformers, Winnemucca enjoyed the steadfast support of Peabody and Mann, who remained devoted to her throughout their lives. Winnemucca and Peabody's relationship was no doubt cemented as they lived, traveled, and worked together for most of 1883. By the time the two women met, Peabody was seventy-eight years

old and already well known as an accomplished educational reformer. During her lengthy career she was largely responsible for the development of kindergarten in the United States, she owned an influential bookstore, and she managed the transcendental publication the *Dial*. Through their friendship Winnemucca gained access to some of the most influential writers and thinkers in the country, including John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes.<sup>66</sup> Peabody, in turn, found in Winnemucca a close friend and tireless spokeswoman for Indigenous rights.

Their relationship was not without its challenges and tensions, however. Peabody often evoked excessively romantic rhetoric when describing Winnemucca and, at times, was unable to come to terms with the realities of Winnemucca's personal and cultural values. Winnemucca seems to have felt free to criticize her "white angel mother" when she returned to the West and lectured upon "People I Saw in the East."<sup>67</sup> Representations of the Peabody-Winnemucca collaboration — both those written during their time and our own — tend to characterize the relationship as one between a naïve or manipulative protégée and an overly enthusiastic, easily duped, aging reformist. People close to Peabody called her devotion to Winnemucca "fanatic," and even Mann characterized her as Peabody's "pet Indian."<sup>68</sup> While some "dismissed Sarah Winnemucca as an angler for poor Miss Peabody's sympathies," the Indian Rights Association viewed Peabody as the deceptive party.<sup>69</sup> So great was the sense among the reformers that Winnemucca was duping Peabody that Peabody wrote in 1886 to the *Boston Daily Advertiser* to defend herself against a "universal impression of my having been humbugged by the arts of Sarah Winnemucca, with whom, for the last three years, I have been in a degree of intimacy perhaps greater than I ever was with any other person."<sup>70</sup> Although the scattered western press coverage regarding the Peabody Institute tended to be positive, some western papers also mocked Peabody and Mann's efforts to send necessities to the Northern Paiutes.<sup>71</sup>

The newspaper accounts, however, point to a productive collaboration between the two women. For example, the May 1883 account by the *Boston Daily Globe* purports to give a firsthand account of Winnemucca's lecture and hints at their shared desire to create effective rhetorical strategies.<sup>72</sup> An editorial exchange in summer 1883 between Peabody and transcendentalist

Charles Ellis also allows us to identify communal literacy practice between Peabody and Winnemucca. Not incidentally, what Peabody consistently argues for in this exchange is the “God-given ability of the Indian to take care of himself whenever he has the normal social opportunity,” a perspective that she credits Winnemucca for providing from her “standpoint” as an Indian.<sup>73</sup> The two women continued to collaborate after Winnemucca returned to the West, with Peabody circulating accounts of Winnemucca’s school. Additionally, if the *Boston Daily Globe*’s August 1888 “Table Gossip” is correct, then we now know that Winnemucca returned East in 1888, during which visit she stayed at Peabody’s Jamaica Plain residence.<sup>74</sup>

After spending the summer of 1883 lecturing in Boston and Salem, Winnemucca left with Peabody for a more extensive tour, with destinations like Providence, Rhode Island. The *Evening Bulletin* of October 4 notes that she had made Boston her headquarters in order to publish the book, which she claims was not acceptable to most publishers because of “its plain personalities.”<sup>75</sup> Other details about the book’s publication become clear in the newspapers: Winnemucca paid all expenses of publication, for example, before it appeared. Once the book was published the newspaper record shows that reviews varied in tone. The Hartford *Daily Courant* emphasizes her compelling indictment of the Indian agents, and *Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper* comments on its “charming and most entertaining manner.”<sup>76</sup> In contrast, while the *Boston Daily Advertiser* sympathizes with the book’s message, it critiques the composition.<sup>77</sup> The book’s publication coincided with her ongoing political work; she met with Senator Dawes in Hartford early in the month, and later lectures in New York were accompanied by the distribution of the petition for signatures.<sup>78</sup>

She continued to keep esteemed company: in addition to Dawes, her Providence lectures were arranged by Julia Ward Howe, and John Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Lydia Emerson sent their regrets upon missing an early lecture.<sup>79</sup> While in the East, Winnemucca appears to have divided her time among living and traveling with Peabody, working on her book, and spending time with her husband. It seems reasonable to conclude that Winnemucca spent about nine months (from December 1883 to August 1884) in Baltimore with him, where he acted as her agent, introduced her lectures on at least some occasions, and joined her in testifying before the

House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs.<sup>80</sup> By December 1883 the *Silver State* — citing the *New York Mail and Express* — reported that Winnemucca “resides with her husband . . . in a pleasant home in Baltimore.”<sup>81</sup> Throughout the spring of 1884 Winnemucca lectured consistently in the Maryland city.

The fact that Winnemucca was invited to testify before the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs in April 1884, asking that Fort McDermitt be set aside as a reservation for the Northern Paiutes, indicates her growing political capital. As the newspaper accounts show, Winnemucca had extraordinary success in engaging the news media on behalf of Northern Paiutes and in attracting audiences throughout her lecture series. It is more difficult to measure the success of her trip to the East in terms of political outcomes. Yet she was able to reach some of the immediate goals that she defined in the petition circulated during her lecture tours and published in *Life*. Although she began her campaign to save the Malheur Reservation, by 1884 Winnemucca had shifted her attention to seeking a reservation at Fort McDermitt.<sup>82</sup> In 1889 an executive order made Fort McDermitt into a reservation, an action for which Winnemucca and her father had long called.<sup>83</sup> Winnemucca was also instrumental in persuading the United States to grant an end to the Northern Paiutes’ captivity at the Yakima Reservation. Although the Northern Paiutes who had been sent to Yakima had already left on their own accord, Winnemucca’s actions allowed for legal sanction for the “escapees.”<sup>84</sup>

By the end of August Winnemucca returned to Nevada, and in September she presented lectures in Reno and Virginia City, with topics such as “People I Met in the East.” There are no additional records of her lecturing in fall 1884, though she did lecture in San Francisco in February 1885. Winnemucca’s attention shifted in late 1884 and throughout 1885 to the last great work of her life: the establishment of the multilingual Peabody Institute.<sup>85</sup> While she had taught at Malheur and Yakima, this proved her most successful educational enterprise. Although the school would be small in scope, Winnemucca and Peabody conceptualized it as a model for challenging English-only, boarding school Indian education policy, and both women generated media coverage of the school toward those ends. As the newspaper articles indicate, Winnemucca was able to resist officials’ efforts to send Northern Paiute children to an industrial school in Grand Junction,

Colorado.<sup>86</sup> Both Winnemucca and Peabody were aware of the dire consequences of such a fate; Peabody, for example, describes Northern Paiutes' fears that their children would "learn of teachers who do not know Indian languages which disheartens & demoralizes the children, besides breaking the parents['] hearts."<sup>87</sup> Peabody argues that the institute's success in teaching American Indian children English is due to the fact that it originated with an American Indian: "The only vital education that can be given to Indians must be given by Indians themselves who have spoken both languages from childhood and are able to ground their methods, as she does, upon their own inherited natural religion and family moralities."<sup>88</sup>

Both Winnemucca and Peabody recognized the importance and radical nature of the school's multilingual component, and Peabody emphasized it in her tireless fundraising efforts.<sup>89</sup> Indeed, because they conceptualized the school as a challenge to U.S. policies, Peabody and Winnemucca sought private funding. Yet as Peabody notes, "all of the funds to be raised by the women's associations were pledged to their own missionary work; while General Armstrong came every year and carried off thousands of dollars for Hampton School and Carlisle."<sup>90</sup> Peabody was quite supportive of this institute, once offering Winnemucca \$800 of \$1,000 that she received from supporters in the kindergarten movement. Nonetheless, Winnemucca could not maintain the Peabody Institute much past 1888, once funding sources dried up.<sup>91</sup>

During the time Winnemucca was teaching at the institute, she suffered a number of personal setbacks. For one, she witnessed the financial struggles of her brother Natches, who faced non-Native hostility in his attempts to turn a profit at his Lovelock ranch.<sup>92</sup> These profits were to support not only Natches, his family, and Sarah but the institute itself. She also mourned the death of her niece and her brother Tom. Evidence suggests that her husband Lewis Hopkins became less reliable at this time, ultimately stealing ranch profits in 1887.<sup>93</sup> Faced with these challenges, as well as accusations from reformers in the East, Winnemucca temporarily suspended the school in August 1886. That September she contacted Peabody from Elko, asking for two hundred dollars immediately.<sup>94</sup> Reprinting an article from the *Reno Evening Gazette* in January 1887, the *Daily Alta California* reported that Winnemucca no longer had funds from Peabody or other eastern reformers,

though the *Salt Lake Democrat* of March claimed the school was still open, and in June the *Silver State* reported her intentions to secure more eastern funding. While Peabody defended Winnemucca, as William T. Hagan reports, her efforts were hampered two years later, when the Indian Office promised to enforce an earlier ban on teaching Native languages at any Indian school.<sup>95</sup>

Given the scarcity of information about Winnemucca after 1886, the articles included in this collection help fill in what became a less visible life. She did not fall silent; the *Columbus Journal* of Nebraska reports her written complaint about whites destroying Northern Paiute crops, and the *Salt Lake Democrat* notes that Winnemucca was still successfully running the school in March 1887. Despite her husband's ultimate duplicity she produced a poetic memorial for him upon his death from tuberculosis in October 1887. Early in 1888 the *Carson City Morning Appeal* describes an instance of gambling and a fight in which she used "language more forcible than polite."<sup>96</sup> As noted earlier, the newspaper records also indicate that Winnemucca undertook a seven-month trip East in 1888, visiting relatives and Peabody.

Her next appearance is in the obituary columns in October and November 1891, after she died of uncertain causes. The extent of her influence, even years after her lecture series, is evident in the diversity of newspapers that covered her death, from the *Chicago Herald* to the *Los Angeles Times* to the *New Haven Evening Register*. The newspaper record thus fills numerous holes in Winnemucca's biography, from the extent of her collaboration with Peabody and her husband Lewis Hopkins to her activism on the lecture circuit and in the classroom. We train a critical eye on these newspaper articles, however, reading them not as unfiltered truth, but as evidence of the complex representations that she, in turn, negotiated.

### **The Newspaper as Stage: Representation, Rhetoric, Resistance**

On April 3, 1880, the *Idaho Avalanche* reported on a masquerade party in Silver City, Nevada, where one of the guests had appeared as Sarah Winnemucca, although "ten times handsomer than the old gal herself." At the party, "one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind," "Winnemucca" mingled with a crowd featuring a long list of disguises, including a "Spanish

gipsej,” an “ancient mariner,” “a gay and festive chambermaid,” and a “colored gentleman.”<sup>97</sup> Besides indicating Winnemucca’s presence in the region’s popular culture, this costume party is an apt metaphor for the public stage that Winnemucca entered in the last decades of the nineteenth century, the newspaper’s role in creating her image, and her own skill in shaping that representation and rhetoric to achieve considerable success as an activist for American Indian rights.<sup>98</sup>

In entering cultural and political debates, Winnemucca was participating in a lengthy tradition of American Indians lecturing or performing in the northeastern United States to reshape representations of the “savage” and to intervene in politics. In the late eighteenth century, for example, Samson Occom’s sermons demonstrated sophisticated rhetorical power. In 1826 Elias Boudinot undertook a speaking tour to raise funds for the *Cherokee Phoenix*. A decade later William Apess capped his speaking career by delivering a remarkably defiant “Eulogy for King Philip (Metacom)” in Boston. In 1847–48 George Copway (Kahgegahbowh) lectured on temperance and Indian affairs on the East Coast. Closer to Winnemucca’s era, Red Cloud’s 1870 speech in New York City received considerable press attention. So, too, did Sitting Bull following the Battle of Little Bighorn (1876), when he went on tour as a “living exhibit” in 1884 and 1885, and after his arrest and murder in 1890.<sup>99</sup>

Although media representations were important in shaping cultural perceptions of American Indians throughout the nineteenth century, Winnemucca negotiated a rapidly changing and increasingly powerful media culture. As Coward demonstrates, a combination of changes created more standardized representations of American Indians than those in the antebellum press, despite a significant increase in the number of news outlets. Ideologically, reporters were often influenced by the dominant culture’s assumptions regarding racial hierarchy and faith in the nation’s manifest destiny. Technologically, the telegraph allowed for brief, recent Indian news from the West, which typically decontextualized violence and allowed for editors’ biased speculation. Professionally, newly formed associated presses had “unchallenged ability to portray Indians in conventional ways in hundreds of papers every day.” Therefore newspapers during Winnemucca’s era were “a significant force in the creation and promotion

of a powerful set of Indian representations that dominated the nineteenth century imagination.” Most non-Native newspapers supported dominant cultural beliefs and effaced or obscured alternative ones, resulting in a “fundamental lack of understanding of native people and their cultures.”<sup>100</sup>

Winnemucca was clearly aware of the power of the press, but if she knew of the media’s attention to orators such as Red Cloud and Sitting Bull, we have no record of it. Instead, she promoted her unique status as a Native woman lecturer, telling a reporter in November 1879 that she “would be the first Indian woman that ever spoke before white people.”<sup>101</sup> This, however, was not true. Just one month before, in Boston, Susette La Flesche (a.k.a. “Bright Eyes”) had captured considerable news media attention working on behalf of the Poncas.<sup>102</sup> Coward argues that La Flesche was framed sympathetically and sentimentally, complementing the news frame surrounding the Ponca controversy, one in which “good” Indians were to be easily assimilated into U.S. culture.<sup>103</sup>

In a similar manner, sympathetic eastern newspapers tended to portray Winnemucca as an exceptionally civilized, “good” Indian. At times, newspaper accounts represent her as complicit in the colonialist project, a representation that perhaps made her more sympathetic to whites but contributed to the distrust with which many Northern Paiutes still view her.<sup>104</sup> For example, although the story is not confirmed by either of Winnemucca’s biographers, the *Silver State* of December 4, 1874, notes that Winnemucca selected a Paiute man to lead a U.S. Army captain to a copper mine. The account, complete with stereotypical language, resembles the colonialist story of Sacagawea leading Lewis and Clark through the Northwest.<sup>105</sup> Sexual and material conquest is combined in what is intended to be a humorous quip in the *Wheeling Register* of January 15, 1875: “A Piute Princess is the owner of a silver mine in Nevada. — *Exchange*. Comment of a nice young man: Oh that I could make that Princess’ mine.” This sentence conflates the Native woman with the mined resource; the word “mine” marks both a colonial site of extraction (a mine) and the act of possessing. Like the ore itself, here the Native woman’s body is up for exploitation in a poignant illustration of the colonial conflation of land and the female body.<sup>106</sup>

Accounts that were sympathetic to Winnemucca also tended to position her as a “civilized” outsider of her tribe — one who stood on its edges and

judged the Northern Paiutes from an Anglo perspective. An account that was reprinted in Nashville's *Union American* on January 4, 1873, for instance, emphasizes Winnemucca's condemnation of the stoning of a Northern Paiute woman.<sup>107</sup> In its defense of Winnemucca's marriage to Edward Bartlett, which was illegal due to an anti-miscegenation law that had passed in 1861, the sometimes adversarial *Silver State* uses the Fourteenth Amendment to make a case for the legitimacy of her marriage to a white man — a defense dependent, of course, on the stipulation that she has “long since renounced all tribal relations with the Indians.” At times she is described as nearly indistinguishable from her white counterparts. The *New York Times*, for example, reports in August 1883, “So far as appearance can go Winnemucca might have passed for a New-York ballet girl who had earned a sunburn by spending a Summer vacation in a row-boat.”<sup>108</sup> This statement is particularly interesting for its troubling of the ostensibly firm lines between races: with a little sun, a white girl out East could match Sarah Winnemucca's skin color. Alternatively, Winnemucca's natural good looks make up for her “Indian” characteristics.<sup>109</sup> Later newspaper accounts of the Ghost Dance of 1890, which began earlier with the Northern Paiute prophet Wovoka, also contribute to the representation of Sarah Winnemucca as an exemplary Indian. Reno's *Evening Gazette* indicates Winnemucca's report of, and distaste for, this prophet: “Sarah and all the better informed of her tribe do not believe in any such foolishness.”<sup>110</sup>

The desire to remove Winnemucca rhetorically from her tribe can also be understood as a response to media representations of Northern Paiutes as savage threats. An issue of the *Silver State* describes them as follows: “Their naked bodies, arms, legs and faces were painted in colors, yellow, red and black predominating. The backs and breasts of the muscular savages were striped like zebras, and their faces were as hideous as paint and Piute art could make them. At the depot eastern passengers, many of whom never saw an Indian, were astonished at this strange sight, and many of the men, as well as the women, showed unmistakable symptoms of fear.”<sup>111</sup> These words demonstrate how much the paper was banking on a fearful image of the Paiutes.

The representations of both La Flesche and Winnemucca as good, civilized Indian women can best be understood in the context of many reformers'

desire to “do away with Indianness and tribal relations and to turn the individual Indian into a patriotic American citizen, indistinguishable from his white brothers.” As such, many reformers favored representations of, and interaction with, exemplary Indians who demonstrated the desire and capacity for assimilation.<sup>112</sup> Winnemucca’s 1879 performances in San Francisco suggest that she may at times have courted the image of an exemplary Indian. One interview, for example, opens by conveying a genteel impression of Winnemucca, noting her gesture of offering the reporter the best seat in her hotel room parlor, her gracious introduction of family members, and her modest attire. Immediately following these descriptions, the reporter quotes Winnemucca as asking the (presumably male, presumably non-Native) reporter what he thinks about her lecturing.<sup>113</sup> Here, at the opening of her lecture career, Winnemucca’s dress, manners, disavowal of profit, and deference to the reporter signal her exemplary status. She emphasized her Christian sensibilities as well, though the extent of her conversion to Christianity is not known.<sup>114</sup> A *San Francisco Chronicle* article published several days before her first lecture provides further evidence that Winnemucca cultivated an exemplary Indian image prior to appearing on stage in her costume. In this interview Winnemucca describes the necklace she wore to call upon the paper. It seems more than coincidental that the necklace was given to Winnemucca’s brother after he intervened on behalf of three white men about to be killed by American Indians during the Bannock War.

Despite the similarities between the experiences and news coverage of La Flesche and Winnemucca, there are notable differences. La Flesche was a young, mixed-raced, unmarried woman who was chaperoned by her brother and appeared with male speakers. She rejected as undemocratic the princess title, always presented herself in “civilized” clothes, and read her lectures in a formal manner.<sup>115</sup> By contrast, Winnemucca’s lectures were extemporaneous and marked with humor, sentimental appeals, and occasional songs. Winnemucca actively promoted herself as a princess and at times dressed the part. Additionally, Winnemucca’s reputation was far more complicated, given reports of her horseback riding, multiple marriages, fighting, gambling, and drinking. As Carolyn Sorisio argues elsewhere, Winnemucca was frequently represented in the news media as a “wild Indian” on the brink of “outbreak” — an image she both refuted and, at

times, courted. For their part, western newspapers delighted in reporting with tabloid enthusiasm on Winnemucca's various brushes with the law. According to the *Silver State*, she fought with another Indian woman in 1875 and later attacked a man with a knife after he threatened to assault her.<sup>116</sup> Sensational newspaper accounts emphasize her temper: one describes it as rising "to a corresponding height" when she had too much to drink, while another notes that in response to defamations of her character, "her royal blood boiled in her veins."<sup>117</sup>

It is helpful to analyze these contrasting representations of Winnemucca in relation to the tension between reformers and the promoters and audiences associated with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. As the coincidence of history would have it, Buffalo Bill's show opened in the East for the first time in the spring of 1883, arriving in Boston, then, the same season as Winnemucca. Unlike Winnemucca, the Wild West Show seems to have attracted large audiences from the start, perhaps because, as the *Boston Daily Advertiser* claimed, it delivered "genuine" Indians, "the stalwart, fierce-looking fellows of poetry and romance."<sup>118</sup> The show's astounding popularity indicates many non-Natives' desire for the type of American Indian images the show replicated and produced.<sup>119</sup> Although audiences may have been enthralled, reformers were dismayed by the show's portrayal of American Indians "as savages from a wild land, who were inimical to civilization," even going so far as to attempt to regulate the show itself.<sup>120</sup> As Sorisio argues elsewhere, it is possible to read Winnemucca's self-representation as a nuanced, if precarious, negotiation of the dual audiences' expectations that could destabilize the roles scripted for American Indians. Features of her lectures, such as her shifting wardrobe choices and incorporation of performative elements, can be understood as simultaneously appealing to and belying calls for "authentic" Indians.<sup>121</sup>

While eastern reformers regarded the Wild West Show with dismay, many westerners viewed those in the East as neophytes who were duped into charitable support for American Indians. Such regional tensions are evident throughout many of the newspaper items. In July 1878 the *Idaho Avalanche* cited the Chicago *Inter Ocean* as an example of the "gush and romance the Eastern press wrap around the Indians," claiming a local knowledge: "The truth about Sarah Winnemucca is, that she is a drunken strumpet; her royal

father is a dirty old beggar, whose royal dignity would permit him to accept cold grub, or any petty charity from the whites.”<sup>122</sup> In response to *Harper's* endorsement of Winnemucca, a spring issue of the Boise *Semi-Weekly News* that was widely reprinted composed a biting burlesque of the young Winnemucca. Claiming it is difficult to assess Winnemucca's age because she allegedly never bathes, it continues: “so we made a slather at Miss Sarah's age by the number of scales of greasy dirt which naturally accumulated on the ridge of her comely countenance during the lapse of years.”<sup>123</sup> In offering up minute (albeit imagined) detail about Winnemucca's physical appearance, the reporter attempts to demonstrate that the Boise newspaper (unlike *Harper's*) actually knows her, and so is not fooled by her charms.

Yet it would be too simplistic to draw a distinction only between the western and eastern newspapers; this collection reveals a number of differences between newspapers like the *San Francisco Chronicle* and smaller Nevada papers like the *Silver State*. These differences indicate not only the complexity of the representations Winnemucca had to navigate on the public stage but her dexterity in playing different roles depending on the media with which she was engaged. As an epicenter of Anglo-Indian tensions of the time, the town of Winnemucca, home to the *Silver State* after 1874, was less inclined to sympathize with Winnemucca herself — even given, or perhaps because of, her local origins. In the sensationalist language of the Nevada newspaper, Winnemucca is typically portrayed as an entertaining, harmless figure who exists on both ends of the spectrum of femininity: on one hand, she gambles, gets into bar fights, and stands up to men who insult her, and on the other (often in the same article) she is the ultra-feminine woman who seeks “spirituous consolations and [goes] dead” or sinks into a “stupor” from an “overdose of mad.” As a caricature, she is not to be feared. The articles facetiously portray her as a siren: General Howard is “captivated by her charms,” her latest husband — her “consort” — is described as “her latest catch in the matrimonial drag net,” and she is a “confirmed coquette.” Her drinking is rendered in similar terms: “she sent a dispatch threatening to have the heart's blood of the editor, and if she did not succeed in that, to fight him with pistols or knives, just to show him how a drunken woman can shoot.” Such caricatures are often joined, however, by a more somber message: as one article ends, “A drunken savage, who threatens to take the

blood of a white person, should be given to understand that there is such a thing as a jail in the community.”<sup>124</sup> Concurrent messages are at work here: Winnemucca is an entertaining figure whose anti-feminine antics culminate in a super-feminine fainting spell and, on the other hand, a threatening individual who must be contained. Juxtaposed with such representations, her own emphasis in *Life among the Piutes* on her femininity and modesty is all the more understandable.

In contrast to smaller Nevada newspapers like the *Silver State*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* describes Winnemucca as a “Civilized Indian Woman” who has come to the city to lecture, protected by army officers who will “see her safe through this wilderness of civilization, our city.” In this interesting turn of phrase, she is represented as even more civilized than the city itself: an example of the Noble Savage discourse that would see her as an untouched innocent of nature. San Francisco had a long history of drawing upon sentimentalism to elicit and express concern regarding American Indians: in the 1850s, Zanjani notes, the *San Francisco Herald* reported the freezing and starvation of American Indians and urged leniency when desperation drove some to kill cattle; years later, the *San Francisco Daily Alta California* advertised a petition urging the release of Winnemucca’s brother Natches from prison.<sup>125</sup>

Thus far, we have primarily indicated the ways in which American Indians in general, and Winnemucca in particular, were framed by non-Native presses based on colonial contexts, representations analyzed extensively in Coward’s *The Newspaper Indian* and Mary Ann Weston’s *Native Americans in the News*.<sup>126</sup> While we acknowledge the colonialist impulses that drive these representations, we are also interested in Winnemucca’s ability to intervene in and manipulate those representations. As we argue later, Winnemucca’s approach is multifaceted and evolving, and it includes her use of regional appeals, humor, multiple genres, representations of gender, and language. Part of Winnemucca’s success in tailoring these representations to her advantage was due to her ability to shape her rhetoric to her particular audiences. In Carson City, Nevada, she spoke “rough language,” which she noted was used in a New York play to no objection. The reporter remarks, “The ludicrousness of the idea brought down the house.” Taking advantage of the western belief in easterners’ naïveté, she mocked the

incarnation of the charitable eastern reformer (presumably Peabody): “When I spoke in Boston my angel mother got up on the platform and began to talk and I had a hard time to choke that angel mother off.”<sup>127</sup> As an article in the *Baltimore Sun* from 1884 indicates, Winnemucca was not above racially motivated humor; as she told an audience there, “Take your agents away and give us the same rights as other citizens. I want a right and a word in your courts such as the negro man has. [Great applause.] Why not give this to the Indian? Is he a brute? Has he not a mind? Is he not as good as a negro? Would he not know as well when a good man came along and said here is \$2 or \$2[.]50? Would he not know as well who to vote for then?”<sup>128</sup>

In the West, Winnemucca may have been responding to the humorous turn of western newspapers themselves. The tone of many of these articles is reminiscent of Zoe Detsi-Diamanti’s analysis of the burlesque as a lynch-pin in the mid-nineteenth-century transformation of the American Indian from an object of romance to ridicule. Through laughter, she argues, the playwright and audience created a sense of both their own racial unity and an “other” distinct from them in a time of disconcerting social change.<sup>129</sup> As the *Humboldt Register* recounts, “We understand that one old squaw known as Snake River Sal, had been reporting a story, a false one, of course, derogatory to the chastity and virtue of Princess Sally Winnemucca. Of course the Princess could not, or would not, submit to such defamation of character, and her royal blood boiled in her veins; which was heated to a high degree by an overdose of the elixir of life known as China brandy.”<sup>130</sup> It is hard to miss the mocking treatment of this “royal” figure.

But Winnemucca quickly discovered the value of humor herself, much of which came at the expense of the Indian agent, who often cheated American Indians by pocketing money intended for their supplies or forcing them to buy rations. Such graft only worsened with President Grant’s Peace Policy in 1869, when agents like the comparably reputable Samuel Parrish were replaced by missionaries such as William Rinehart. One reporter records the “mischievous sarcasm that brought down the house,” noting in particular how Winnemucca describes an agent “as having a right arm longer than his left, and while he was beckoning them to be kind and good and honest with the one hand, the other was busy grabbing behind their backs.” She

repeated the sketch of a missionary lifting one hand to heaven and using the other to rummage in a money sack at another event, causing “considerable merriment.” The reporter’s transcription of the audience’s reaction gives us a more intimate sense of the response to her speech: as she said at one point, “My father . . . asks that you send white ladies into our midst to teach us instead of men; they would at least give us half instead of none. [Laughter and cheers.]”<sup>131</sup>

Winnemucca also deployed physical comedy on a San Francisco stage: as the *Daily Alta California* reports, “As she retired, she laughingly said: ‘If I were to take off these things and put on tights . . . and twirl round and caper like this [imitating the ballet], you would all come to see me, but as I come to appeal for my people, you don’t care to listen to me.’ A long prolonged outburst of applause greeted this remark, and Sarah retired for a moment or two.” She was also adept at self-deprecation, which Eva Gruber and others have noted is a common feature of American Indian humor. It is useful as a preemptive strike, a “way of claiming a share of the power of the dominant joke tellers,” an anticipation of teasing, or a gesture of “humility and solidarity.”<sup>132</sup> For instance, facing a smaller than expected audience of no more than twenty people for a performance in 1884, she “shaded her eyes with her hand, peered about as if searching for something; then with a laugh she said, ‘I was looking for the people, they don’t seem to be here.’”<sup>133</sup> Such a response earned her a favorable review by the reporter present, who notes how her sketches were particularly funny. By naming the poor showing instead of trying to ignore it, she diffused its power and made the audience more inclined to empathize with her. In 1879 the *San Francisco Chronicle* suggested that Winnemucca might have won some laughs by catching her audience off guard, interrupting the stereotype they expected of her: “The lecture was unlike anything ever heard in the civilized world — eloquent, pathetic, tragical at times: at others her quaint anecdotes, sarcasms and wonderful mimicry surprised the audience again and again into bursts of laughter.”<sup>134</sup>

Indeed, Winnemucca’s lectures appear to have been much like *Life* — blurring modes, appeals, and genres. Yet we see her use of humor more clearly and persistently in these articles, and we can understand her humor as perhaps balancing her use of sentimentalism. Nonetheless, Winnemucca’s

use of sentimentalism, as these items also make clear, is not without complications and critique. For example, in her article “The Pah-Utes,” which appeared in the *Californian* in 1882, her words further function as markers of the failures of sentimentalism or the familiar “progress” narrative. She writes, “I was greatly deceived when I came to San Francisco to get money and help for my starving people. I thought my own people would help. I call the Methodists my own people. They preached and they prayed, but they did nothing else for my poor, hungry, shivering people.”<sup>135</sup> So while she uses familial language to establish a connection between the Northern Paiutes and non-Native Methodists — a common Native tactic — she notes that the whites’ assistance did not extend beyond prayer and thus did not fulfill kinship responsibilities. One can see the disconnection here between the woman who “appears to be an enthusiastic Methodist,” and one who realizes the limits of that relationship.<sup>136</sup> At moments she is willing to portray the Northern Paiutes in conventional sentimental terms, with a requisite distance between herself and them: as she relates, “The agents buy their places for so much, and mean to make their money out of the poor Indians.” As with the title of her book, this language aligns Winnemucca with the non-Native, sympathetic speaker who pities the “other,” mistreated Indian. And yet on the same page she offers a history of “my people” overcoming another tribe whose name she translates as “the cannibals.” In Winnemucca’s essay “Indian Schools,” which appeared in the *Silver State* in July 1886, she equates education and civility, noting: “Much money and many precious lives would have been saved if the American people had fought my people with Books instead of Powder and lead. Education civilized your race and there is no reason why it cannot civilize mine.”<sup>137</sup> These words indicate both her adoption of the language of “civility” and a resistance to its logic: for this is, ultimately, a critique of the savagery of what passes as civility. This is not a simple story of the “civilized” triumphing over the “barbaric.” Indeed, as a February 1885 *Daily Alta California* article suggests, she was quick to remind the listener that these were once Northern Paiute lands — “forty years ago the Piutes owned the whole country” — and thus her people deserve the restoration of those deeds.<sup>138</sup>

What she presents is a distinct national identity that differs even from other tribes: their language is, she claims, “purely Indian,” and they fiercely

defended their land against the encroachment of other tribal peoples. Similarly, her description of the practice of taking multiple wives insists on a Northern Paiute word (*pe-nut-to-no-dequa*) for the “assistants” — women she explicitly says are *not* “other wives.”<sup>139</sup> In presenting this cultural example in the Paiute language, she refuses English/Anglo terms for it. By “distinct” tribal history, however, we do not mean “pure”; as Tol Foster reminds us, there is no such thing as a “pure” culture. He argues that “tribally specific work is necessarily incomplete if it does not have multiple perspectives and voices within it and is even incomplete if it does not acknowledge voices without as well.” The borderlands or the contact zone often proves the most difficult region on which to focus, he notes, but it is nonetheless one of the most crucial.<sup>140</sup> We can think of the publications that Winnemucca authored and appeared in as one such borderland, where competing representations of Indianness, whiteness, and femininity intersect. The tribal history that Winnemucca presents is perhaps best thought of as a product of Northern Paiute oral narrative and her own awareness of how she was seen by Anglos: seeing herself as she was seen by the readers of the *Silver State*, she refuses the scripted role of either the unredeemable savage or the assimilated Indian.

Likewise, Winnemucca alternated between humor and sentimentality in response to the complex gendered and regional identities that she negotiated. An Indigenous, “western” woman who carried a knife, rode bareback, and physically defended herself had to tailor herself carefully before genteel eastern women. Faced with a powerful group of white men who met her activism with personal attacks focusing on gender identity, Winnemucca was well aware of the need to craft herself in terms consistent with white femininity. It is no wonder that in her self-narrative Winnemucca omitted details of her life, whether true or alleged, that could only be used against her. Painted at times as a dangerous, immoral woman, Winnemucca met these accounts with letters of recommendation by white men that conclude *Life among the Piutes*. At her lectures she spoke with “such persuasion and conviction . . . that many people were moved to tears.”<sup>141</sup> The *Boston Post* seems impressed by her apparent use of sentiment, emphasizing that “several times during the recital of her tale,” Winnemucca “was moved to tears at the wrongs her people had suffered.”<sup>142</sup> Newspapers note other aspects of her

femininity: the *San Francisco Chronicle* describes her as one who brought permanent homes, sewing machines, and organs to her community. In this account she declares that she never goes armed, “because I would not use pistols, anyway.”<sup>143</sup> One reporter assures the reader that Winnemucca has not “lost her womanly qualities,” describing her success in drawing two shy white children onto her lap.<sup>144</sup> Winnemucca responded, as well, to the *San Francisco Chronicle*’s reports of her “extensive and diversified matrimonial experience,” by interviewing with the *Chronicle*’s rival, the *Call*, and specifying that she had only been married twice.<sup>145</sup> Her careful representation of her marital history is also evident in *Life among the Piutes*.<sup>146</sup> Peabody affectionately recalls an early lecture by Winnemucca in the East — which was directed exclusively to women and focused on the “domestic education” given to young Piutes of both genders — as “a lecture which never failed to excite the moral enthusiasm of every woman that heard it, and seal their confidence in her own purity of character and purpose.”<sup>147</sup>

Through the newspaper record we can also trace Winnemucca’s careful use of English words in crafting her public image. That Winnemucca learned as a young woman the power of “willingly speaking proper English” is evident in the 1864 San Francisco newspaper article detailing the Winnemucca family’s performance in that city. The article juxtaposes Sarah’s “very good English” with her father’s speech, which it represents as ridiculous, childlike, and unintelligible. Indeed, the newspaper record reveals the media’s attempt to frame Winnemucca as the successful embodiment of English-only language polices aimed at eradicating linguistic difference and as a “good” Indian, using English to assist U.S. colonialism.<sup>148</sup> Apparently, one of the keys to Winnemucca’s successful performance was her ability to tap into the image of the “eloquent Indian” that Sandra Gustafson has described. As one reporter notes approvingly of her lecture, “There was no set lecture from written manuscript, but a spontaneous flow of eloquence. Nature’s child spoke in natural, unconstrained language, accompanied by gestures that were scarcely ever surpassed by any actress on the stage.” Besides buttressing the Noble Savage stereotype, such rhetoric may have functioned to naturalize English as the nation’s, and Winnemucca’s, only language — thus distancing her from a multilingual reality. Yet, as Sorisio argues elsewhere, Winnemucca’s representations of translation can be

interpreted as resistance to English-only policies and a colonial insistence on the “invisible translator.”<sup>149</sup>

A final form of resistance documented by the newspaper archive is Winnemucca’s public appearance. Much critical attention has been given to Winnemucca’s wardrobe and performance of a “princess” identity as she lectured. Some scholars interpret Winnemucca’s wardrobe and self-representation as an Indian princess as evidence of her acquiescence to non-Natives’ spectatorship desires — and all the damaging images of vanishing, romanticized Indians that such desires imply.<sup>150</sup> These interpretations often rest upon problematic assumptions of an authentic American Indian identity and the presumption that Winnemucca donned the costume without establishing an ironic distance from it. As much as people might try to fix Winnemucca in the singular mode of an “Indian princess,” however, she in fact appeared in a number of disparate modes, as evidenced, for example, in the accounts of her lectures in the East.<sup>151</sup> Her varied clothing served as a powerful correction to colonialism, which tries to fix bodies in single locations. By approaching clothing as costume — as something that can reinvent identity — Winnemucca made herself the unexpected rather than the anomaly, to borrow terms from Philip Deloria’s *Indians in Unexpected Places*.<sup>152</sup> Instead of frustrating her political agenda, this costume — at least on occasion — may have advanced it. As Joanna Scherer herself notes, Winnemucca did not choose to wear this costume during her visit to the White House in 1880. If Winnemucca were indeed intent on maintaining her image as an Indian princess for political efficacy, it seems that this would be the ultimate occasion for doing so. Instead, evidence suggests she wore store-bought eastern attire when meeting with the president.<sup>153</sup> This appearance, when seen in relation to her other attire, indicates a complexity of self-representation that surpasses any one outfit.

Winnemucca’s ability to mold her appearance is particularly evident in a scene played out in many of the newspaper articles of the time: she is interviewed in a hotel suite, which allows her to engage in the kind of genteel domestic ritual that Richard L. Bushman describes in *The Refinement of America* and to occupy a complex position as both hostess and guest. A *San Francisco Chronicle* article of November 1879, for example, begins by announcing that the city of San Francisco “will be honored in giving

entertainment to a genuine princess,” but as soon as the reporter arrives at her hotel, Winnemucca seems to be the one in charge of the entertainment: in a conventional nineteenth-century manner, the reporter sends up his calling card, which she accepts, and upon reaching her room, “in spite of his protests [he] was seated in the softest chair in the room, from which the Princess herself had just risen.” This description constructs her as a genteel lady who is nonetheless in charge of the interaction. This dynamic between the reporter and hostess shifts slightly when the former responds to Winnemucca’s question about whether she should lecture with the suggestion that she confer with the military figures “who have charge over her.” This statement attempts to realign power into a more comforting set of relations in which the “princess” who can pass as an upper-class white woman is resituated as the American Indian who needs to be watched over. In other words, it exemplifies the reporter’s failed attempt to assert a firm distinction between the civilized and the savage — to fix Winnemucca in a predictable and submissive relationship to the United States. However, the article continues with Winnemucca directing the conversation, and as a result, the reporter’s somber response seems rather out of place and ineffective.<sup>154</sup>

While Scott Richard Lyons identifies Winnemucca as carving out a “legitimizing Indian identity” — that is, one that “extends and rationalizes” dominant institutions — we would argue that in her performance of a variety of Indian identities, she in fact articulates what he calls a “resistant” identity: one crucial to promoting and conserving a Native community. Lyons’s call for us to move from a focus on identity as a thing to an action (a noun to a verb, in one sense) is a useful way to characterize Winnemucca’s dynamic articulation of herself in different contexts.<sup>155</sup> Just as “Indian” itself has never been a stable term, and was not merely a non-Native production, Winnemucca used and revised the term in her appearances on stage and in print. As the newspaper record makes clear, Winnemucca was both an unconventional woman who got into bar fights *and* a woman who performed white femininity on occasion; she donned the costume of a “princess” and the necklace of an “exemplary” Indian; she was humorous and sentimental; she was tribal and national; she was “West” and she was “East”: facts that confound the logic of nineteenth-century newspapers and even much of

the scholarship today. With the same tenacious spirit she exhibited in life, she refuses to make it easy on her editors, presenting herself in a myriad of ways depending on the context in which she appears. Yet as the record also makes clear, she was, as Ruoff claims, “the mightiest word warrior of her time.”

# West, 1864–1882

## **“Winnemucca and the Suffering Tribe of Pah-Utes— An Appeal to the Public.”**

Letter, August 22, 1864, Bancroft Scraps archive MS 93:27,  
Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

Editor Bulletin. — I did wonder, when I saw the accounts in the newspapers of the city, that Winnemucca his daughter and braves, were exhibiting pantomimic scenes of Indian Life, if it could be the veritable Old Chief who was stooping from his dignity to become a common actor, for a “star.” I knew he could never be, try however much he would. But now the secret is out. In passing down Kearny street, I met three Indians, who I knew belonged to the Pah Ute tribe and Winnemucca family. They were about passing me, when I accosted them in their own tongue, for I thought that if I spoke English to them they would not heed. But when the familiar “Haw-no-yah, kin-ah-ki” sounded in their ears, they looked for a friend. After his reply, “Humboldt,” and interchange of a few sentences with Nat-che, I concluded to go into the hotel and see the Chief, whom I had not seen since the Indian war of 1860.<sup>1</sup> Glad was the old man to see me, and the young squaws, both of whom recognized me on the moment.

Well, as soon as I could hear myself speak, (for their chatter was not unlike that of a flock of magpies in springtime,) I asked the Chief why he had taken the white man’s ways to show himself? Then came the story of his people’s poverty, their suffering for food, and the cause of the distress now upon them. For this reason he had condescended to make a show of their habits, their pastimes, and among them, their time-honored dances; and his object in so doing is to raise money to buy food and blankets for

his people. But he sees, even now, that these exhibitions will not accomplish the great object he has at heart.

The plain fact is well known to every thinking mind, if we would only take the trouble to think. It is plain that they are hungry, for their game is frightened off by the advance of civilization, and prospecting parties are now in all parts of their territory. Their pine nut timber is cut to supply mills and the thousand other fires kindled all over their lands. With them, the sagebrush supplies their fuel, the pine-nut tree their bread. In the present state of affairs, it is not strange that they are without food. Fish, roots and small game is all they have left, and their lakes and rivers will soon be depopulated by the white fishermen. Many of us say Government must do something for them! Government has sent agents among them; why don't they provide for them? Such expressions are all familiar to our ears, as well as the many *pros* and *cons* they call up. But the fact is, that Winnemucca's tribe is starving because of our usurping their rights, and because, also, of the Chief's kindly feeling towards us. He has firmly refused all kind offers of assistance for himself and people, tendered as a bribe by numerous tribes more fortunately located, and richer in horses and all else that the Indian prizes. Horses, buffalo meat, valuable skins and furs for clothing and covering from the cold were all offered him, no longer ago than the 4th day of July last, on condition that he would join them in one general confederation against the white invaders of their common country, and murder all that came within their reach. But no, Winnemucca refused all. He is (like Logan of old) the white man's friend.<sup>2</sup>

People of California, people of Nevada! You are those for whom this old Chief refused all that would have made his people comfortable — the women, children, and old men of his tribe; a tribe perhaps numbering in all some 6,000 souls. Now, will you turn him away empty — tell him to go to his children without bread? I feel that you will not; that you will not prove to this old man you are unworthy his friendship, unworthy the great sacrifices he has made, to preserve peace in his own immediate homes with you. San Francisco, with her Masonic, Odd Fellows, Druid and many other institutions of benevolence, and her Christian Churches, will surely come to the relief and enable this old man to feed his people. I have been acquainted with this

aged Chief and his family for more than ten years, and I do not doubt in the least but in every respect his report is true, no more than I would doubt the fact that two and two make four. I was one of the greatest sufferers from the war with this tribe in 1860 — a war in which they were not the aggressor, a war, I am convinced, that would never have been had the white man done justice, or even regarded the law of nations, (a flag of truce,) and listened in the beginning to the counsel of this same old Chief. Now, may God bless him! and incline your hearts to respond to his cry; for, in truth, I believe he has saved us from bloody scenes similar to those of 1860.

I cannot propose any practical scheme for the relief of the Chief and his tribe; I leave that to the active benevolence and discretion of the good Samaritans of this city. The Mayor, I think, would be the proper person to set first about it. There is, I have no doubt, plenty of help ready to be given if only a practical way is pointed out. I am a woman, and cannot myself take any active steps in the matter, but if any one wishes suggestions from me, I am ready to give them. I enclose my name and address, which you can communicate to such enquirers as you may think fit. The first thing to be done is to rescue the Chief, his daughters and his native attendants from the present degrading exhibitions, and provide for their immediate wants. Afterwards such contributions in provisions and blankets should be furnished to his people over the mountains as may seem expedient to the enlightened charity of this community. A SETTLER ON THE CARSON RIVER IN 1853.

#### **“Win-a-muc-ca.”**

*Gold Hill Daily News* (Gold Hill NV), September 22, 1864, 3, col. 1.

The High Old Chief of all the Pi-utes, passed through town on his way to Virginia city, yesterday at 2 o'clock.

He expects to return to-day to Dayton, where he will remain this coming winter. He was accompanied by his only son, (a lad we should judge about fifteen years old,) and two daughters. We should judge that he must be truly loyal to our government, (putting Copperheads wofully to shame) inasmuch as he required two of his subjects to encircle him with an arch of “the red, white and blue.”<sup>3</sup> Passing up through Main street, Gold Hill, he halted at Wells & Fargo's Express Office, when quite a large crowd gathered around

him, he made a very sensible, though broken speech, not forgetting to make it emphatic by appropriate gestures. One of his daughters, who by the way, could talk very plain English, and was quite intelligent, acted as interpreter.<sup>4</sup> He said, to use his own words as near as we could gather them — “the white men come to the red man’s country, he takes the Indians lands, cuts down their pine nut groves, and kill their sage hen and rabbits, and they give the poor Indian nothing in return. I travel around through my country, and white man want me to pay taxes and charge me tolls where before the white man came, my people roamed with freedom, and now your people say you give us blankets, flour and meat, but we no get them unless we pay for them. We think it hard for white man to treat us so, and I came to ask white man to give us something, but I do not want white man to give unless he is entirely willing. The Indian east upon the Plains fight white man; they will not mind me; I try to stop them. Young Winnemucca is not my son; he says he is, but he is an impostor.<sup>5</sup> I have got but one son; he is here with me. White man commenced the war at Ragtown.<sup>6</sup> I did not want to fight, but I could not keep my people back; they would not obey me.” We would say here that Old Winnemucca did oppose the war of ’60 with all his might but the Young Chief’s council prevailed; they would have war, Young Winnemucca leading them. By this time a large crowd had collected, and a hat was passed around, and its contents passed to the Old Chief’s daughter. When she had counted it, Winnemucca signalled with his fingers twenty-five dollars, at the same time waving a grateful acknowledgement with his right hand, bowing grateful thanks to all. He then gave a specimen of the Indian whoop and started his cavalcade toward Virginia. Some one in the crowd proposed three cheers for the Old Chief, and three hearty, rousing cheers were given — all seeming well pleased with the Chief and his daughters, “especially” with the daughters.

#### “City Items.”

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), October 22, 1864, 1, col. 1.

An Aboriginal Turnout — Quite a sensation was created on Montgomery street, yesterday afternoon, by the appearance, in *grand tenue*, of the old Pi-Ute chieftain Winnemucca and his two daughters and, six of the male warriors of the tribe, who, arrayed in all the glories which a lavish use of

ochre, vermilion, scarlet flannel, and bright-colored feathers can give, drove along that crowded thoroughfare in three open carriages. The young ladies, (the Misses Winnemucca) apart from the chronic blush on their cheeks, comported themselves with a native dignity that bespoke them “to the manner born” and as simply enjoying the privileges which should be accorded to them as belonging to the F.F.V.s — first families of Virginia (City) — while the old Sachem of the land of silver and sage brush looked perfectly serene as he sat by the side of the driver. The second vehicle was driven by one of the four young “bucks” which it contained, and he handled the ribbons as if he had appeared on the stage before. This rather novel display of the denizens of the desert putting on airs and taking an airing on the fashionable promenade attracted considerable attention, and will doubtless have the effect of drawing a house to the exhibitions of savage life and striking tableaux, to be given by these aboriginal artists at the Metropolitan Theatre this afternoon and evening.

#### “City Items.”

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), October 23, 1864, 1, col. 1.

The Aboriginal Entertainment. — The Metropolitan Theatre was pretty well filled yesterday afternoon, by an audience composed almost entirely of ladies and children, curious to see real live Indians on the stage. After the performance, by a rather slim orchestra, of a number of airs, supposed to be adapted to all sorts of entertainments, from those of the Martinetti troupe to the Menken Mazeppa escapade, the curtain was raised, disclosing a parlor scene, with the whole of the aboriginal family arranged in the following order: The centre group was composed of Winnemucca, high old Chief of the Pi-Utes, with his two daughters, Lo-me-to-na, or the Shell Flower, and Te-woo-to-na, or the Lattice Flower, seated in state on a sofa.<sup>7</sup> The old Chief was dressed in a suit of what might have been brown cloth, or well-worn buckskin, with some odd kind of stage sword-belt, studded with tin buttons, thrown over his shoulder, and a head-dress more nearly resembling an enormous mop than anything else we can compare it to — in fact, he would have created quite a sensation in a torch-light procession of Broom Rangers.<sup>8</sup> The young ladies, or “squaws,” so to speak in the vernacular,

were attired in yellow buckskin hunting shirts and leggings of the time-honored stage style, the only difference in their “get up” being in the height of the rainbow-hued feathers of their *à la* Montezuma head-gear.<sup>9</sup> The dress, although not at all resembling what they wear “at home,” from our own experience in the desert, was well calculated to display their native charms and graces to the best advantage. To the right and left, ranged four deep, with their arms at rest upon tables placed there for that purpose, were the eight “braves,” who, according to the big posters, for small programmes were not furnished, rejoiced in the following elegant and euphonious names: Too-poo-we, or Natchez; Song-a-wee, or Martin the Bird; Nee-won-nat-see, the Snow Cloud; Poo-at-sai, the Doctor; Poo-e-quat-see, Foliage of the Forest; Pass-e-you, White Water; O-a-wa-quat-see, Sun and Moon, and Too-near-nee, the Black Devil. These warriors were all rigged out in a curious uniform costume, as far as red shirts and head dresses resembling feather dusters went, but the nether extremities disclosed a varied make-up of buckskin leggings, cotton tights, cassimere pants, mocassins, high-lows, and brogans, that would doubtless be worn by “Injuns,” whether Pi-Utes or Diggers — if nothing better offered.<sup>10</sup> Which of the “braves” was Snow Cloud, White Water, or Black Devil, we were unable to distinguish, as they were not labelled or stamped, and we concluded that the fanciful nomenclature was all bosh, put in to fill the bill. Then, to think of Shell Flower being mistaken for Lattice Flower, or of passing the gentle pair as Wall Flowers! — and where, in the world of sand drifts, sage clumps, and alkali waters, did old Mr. and Mrs. Winnemucca ever see a lattice on which to train a flower? We confess to being euchred with the left bower, *i.e.* Lattice Flower, and wish we had passed.<sup>11</sup> The Royal Family were introduced to the audience by a gentleman in black (all but his boots, which lacked the color) as Winnemucca, Chief of the Pi-Utes, and his two daughters. Royal Family bowed. The audience returned a rapturous greeting. Warriors to the right and left of us also presented. The eight arose from their seats as one man, made a mechanical, half-military salute, half-oriental salaam, and subsided. The gentleman in black then read a lecture on Pi-Utes and “any other Indians,” which sounded in its delivery like a school boy’s production, and spoke of pale faces, red men, tented plains, warriors with a hundred wounds, etc. It was intended, however, to be highly eulogistic of

the Great Chief, but the only thing we could clearly catch was something about a gun that had been presented to him by the whites, and which he pronounced a “d — d good gun.” This the lecturer repeated and emphasized, and therefore it must have been so spoken by the old Chieftain. The lecture finally came to an end, and after an intermission of five minutes, the *tableaux vivants*, with the accompaniments of forest scenery and Greek fire, were introduced, in the following order: “The Indian Camp,” “The Message of War,” “The War Council,” “The War Dance,” “The Capture of a Bannock Spy,” “Scalping the Prisoner,” “Grand Scalp Dance,” “Scalping of an Emigrant Girl by a Bannock Scout,” “The Wounded Warrior,” “The Coyote Dance,” and a series of five tableaux representing Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith. One of the “Flowers” enacted the part of the famous Indian Maiden, and Old Winnemucca the hard-hearted old parent, Powhatan. A white man in the costume of an “honest miner” did the John Smith. It might have been “John Smith” himself for aught we know to the contrary. Some of the *tableaux* were very good, the Indians seeming to possess the power to maintain an inanimate position as if carved of bronze — as, for example, the “Wounded Warrior” than which the “Dying Gladiator” is not more effective. Of the dances the Coyote was the best, and was decidedly the favorite with the youngsters, especially when the “Flower” (the one that most resembles Menken) got a back fall by pulling too hard on the tail of the Coyote.

The crowning feature of this unique entertainment was the address, in the Pi-Ute dialect by Winnemucca, and interpreted by one of his daughters. The old fellow came forward to the front of the stage, supported by the two flowers, Shell and Lattice, and with a self-possession and assurance that would do honor to a Copperhead stump speaker, spoke as follows:

“Rub-a-dub dub!, Ho-dad-dy, hi-dad-dy; wo-hup, gee-haw. Fetch-water, fetch-water, Manayunk!”

That’s about as near as we could catch the words as they fell, and they were taken up and rendered by the Shell, in very good English, thus:

“My father says he is very glad to see you. He has heard a great deal about San Francisco, and wanted very much to see it; so he has come to see it for himself!”

His part of the speech being loudly applauded by the appreciative audience,

the old fellow became inspired and rattled off at such a telegraphic rate that we couldn't come up with him at all. Not so with Shell Flower; she had been thar and knew just what to say, and it came to us in her sweet English voice to this effect: "My father says he is glad to see so many of you here, and he hopes there will be a great many more to-night, when he hopes to accommodate you — I mean please you better." The curtain fell amidst the most rapturous applause from the ladies, and the Pi-Ute war whoop from the boys. The aboriginal entertainment was over. People like novelty, let them have it. Opera and minstrelsy will pall after a season or two, and if we do go now and then to see an aboriginal entertainment or a Chinese theatrical troupe, whose business is it? we would like to know.

**"Sutliff's."**

*Virginia Daily Union* (Virginia City NV), October 7, 1865, 3, col. 1.

The Winnemucca series of Indian tableaux are a perfect success, and a decided hit, filling the hall nightly. All should go and see them while they can.

**"An Indian Girl's Essay on the Indian Question."**

*Chicago Tribune*, April 23, 1870, 2, nc.

Dear Mr. Brunot: Commissioner Parker received the following letter from an Indian girl in Nevada to-day. I give the letter precisely as it was written by its author, in a clear and beautiful hand. Vincent Colier, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Camp McDermot, Nevada, April 4.<sup>12</sup>

Sir: I learn from the commanding officer at his post that you desire full information in regard to the Indians around this place, with a view, if possible, of bettering their condition, by sending them on the Truckee River reservation. All the Indians from here to Carson City belong to the Pah-utes tribe. My father, whose name is Winnemucca, is the head Chief of the whole tribe, but he is now getting too old, and has not energy enough to command nor to impress on their mind the necessity of their being sent on the reservation; in fact, I think he is entirely opposed to it. He, myself and the most of the Humboldt and Queens River Indians were on the Truckee reservation at one time, but if we had stayed there it would have been only to starve. I think that if they had received what they were entitled to from the agents,

they would never have left there. So far as their knowledge of agriculture extends, they are quite ignorant, as they have never had an opportunity of learning, but I think if proper pains were taken that they would willingly make the effort to maintain themselves by their own labor, providing that they could be made to believe that the products were to be their own, and for their own use and comfort. It is needless for me to enter into details, as to how we were treated on the reservation while there; it is enough to say that we were confined to the reserve, and had to live on what fish we might catch in the river. If this is the kind of civilization awaiting us on the reserve, God grant that we may never be compelled to go on one, as it is more preferable to live in the mountains and drag out an existence in our native manner.

So far as our living is concerned, the Indians at all the military posts get enough to eat and considerable cast-off clothing, but how long is this to continue? What is the object of the government in regard to the Indians? Is it enough that we are at peace? Remove all the Indians from the military posts and place them on reservation such as the Truckee and Walker River (as they were conducted) and it will require a greater military force stationed around to keep them within the limits than it now does to have them in subjection. On the other hand, if the Indians have any guarantee that they can secure a permanent home on their own native soil, and that our white brethren can be kept from encroaching on our rights after having a reasonable share of ground allotted to us as our own, and giving us the required advantage of learning, etc., I warrant that the savage, as he is called to-day, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence. Yours, respectfully,

Sarah Winnemucca.

#### **“An Indian Girl’s Letter.”**

*Gold Hill Daily News* (Gold Hill NV), April 28, 1870, 3, col. 2 [excerpt].

The following letter, recently received by Indian Commission Parker, will be read with interest, as the writer, Sarah (or “Sally”) Winnemucca, is well known in this section.<sup>13</sup> The letter is said to have been written “in a clear, beautiful hand,” and shows that Sally profited by her opportunities during her residence at Dayton, Virginia, and other white settlements.<sup>14</sup> [The letter,

identical to that published in the *Tribune* save for a few omitted commas, follows. — Eds.]

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Harper's Weekly* (New York NY), May 7, 1870, 291, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca, an Indian girl in Nevada, has written a very sagacious letter to Indian Commissioner Parker. She says what all the intelligent and, at least, semi-civilized Indians have always said, and constantly repeat. Sarah is the daughter of Winnemucca, the chief of the Pah-utes, and she states that the civilization offered to them upon their reserve was worse than the barbarism of savage life. If the agents had been honorable the Indians would have remained. But they could not consent to starve. Nor has she any doubt that they would willingly try to maintain themselves by their labor if “they could be made to believe” that they could securely enjoy the fruit of it. At the military posts the Indians get enough to eat and “considerable cast-off clothing;” but, she asks, “how long is this to continue?” It will take more soldiers to confine the Indians to reservations upon which they are starved and maltreated than to keep them in subjection. On the other hand, if they are sure that they can acquire a permanent home, and that the white neighbors can be prevented from encroaching, then, with proper teaching, “I warrant that the savage, as he is called to-day, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence.”

Prophecies, as Mr. Seward could teach Sarah Winnemucca, are dangerous.<sup>15</sup> But it is surely worth while to make the effort to try an honest policy with the Indians. If there are savages who will not be tamed, at least there are a great multitude of Indians of whom what this letter says is true. And if it shall turn out that there is no Sarah Winnemucca, and that no such letter was ever written, its statements will still remain as the plea and protest of thousands of the Indians.

**“Miss Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Semi-Weekly News* (Boise ID), May 11, 1870, 2, col. 1.

*Harper's Weekly* contains a highly poetical allusion to Sarah Winnemucca, the interesting daughter of Mr. Winnemucca, chief of the Piutes, whose

gallant exploits in stealing horses and cutting the tongues out of defenceless emigrants, will long be remembered by the people of Nevada and Southern Idaho with feelings of just pride and admiration.<sup>16</sup> Now this noble aborigine's daughter, Sarah — no less — is to come in for a share of the honors which have been lavished so unsparingly in days gone by upon her illustrious sire, the old gentleman Winnemucca. Miss Sarah, says Harper's *Weekly*, "has written (?) a very sagacious letter to Indian Commissioner Parker," in which she has eloquently portrayed the wrongs of her race. What infernal noodles some of those Eastern people are. If we are not very much mistaken we had the pleasure of seeing, some years ago, Miss Sarah at Camp McDermot, Nevada. She and a few other interesting relics of the "noble red man" were being fattened at the Fort during that winter for the spring campaign against Idaho emigrants. The emigration having stopped for the season, "there were no other worlds to conquer," so Sarah and her tribe were about to fare badly, as the supply of dried scalps, grasshoppers and lice had been exhausted. Their condition excited the sympathy of Uncle Sam's boys at the Fort, so they were taken in and cared for until spring, when they resumed their favorite pastime of stealing and murdering. But it is our recollections of Miss Sarah we propose to recite. Sarah was at that time about sweet sixteen or twenty — it would be difficult to judge of her exact age from her appearance, owing to a careless habit she acquired of never washing her beautifully chiseled features. But as we had been taught to judge the age of a cow by the wrinkles on her horns, or the age of a tree by the belts of growth on its trunk, so we made a slather at Miss Sarah's age by the number of scales of greasy dirt which naturally accumulated on the ridge of her comely countenance during the lapse of years. She was about four or five feet high — how is that for "Lo?" — and not quite as broad as she was narrow. Her raven tresses, which had been permitted to coy with the sportive breeze, unbound, unwashed and uncombed, from her earliest childhood, stood out in elegant and awry confusion from her classically shaped *cabesa*, which contributed to her contour an air of romantic splendor. Her style of dress, though primitive, closely assimilated that worn by her more fashionable white sisters in Paris and other big towns. It was the fashion of the day, slightly exaggerated, consisting of an elegant scarf, about a foot wide, cut from an ancient horse blanket, which was gracefully girded round her delicate waist, the circumference of which, owing to the scarcity

of clover and fresh crickets at that season, had materially diminished, over which hung a beautiful set of skeleton hoops. These completed the toggery of this sweet and simple daughter of nature.<sup>17</sup> Her feet were encased in moccasins, and showed evident indications of hard service and long walks over the rocky hills and sage-brush plains, the mud of her native heath, crisp and dry, clinging tenaciously to her toes. And we are glad to be able, to state that this divinity was treated during her brief sojourn among the white savages with all the respect due her exalted rank and birth-right — as the only daughter and heiress of that noble old chief, Winnemucca. If Miss Sarah has improved her time as well since we saw her, as she evidently had previous to that date, we have no hesitancy in pronouncing her at this day a highly cultivated and refined young lady, well qualified to write a “sagacious letter to Commissioner Parker, [”] or to make a valuable contribution to Harper’s *Weekly*.

#### **“An Indian Princess in the Sage Brush.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), August 29, 1870, 2, col. 4.

A correspondent of the *Sacramento Record*, writing from Winnemucca says:

This place, like all others that were once the terminus of the railroad tract, has lost some of its stir and bustle; still as a distributing point, it is one of the most important on the line. Here, thanks to Dr. Steel, physician to the royal family, I had accorded to me the privilege of being presented at court and interviewing a live princess — no more nor less than

*Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca.*

Arrived at the princely headquarters, and being formally introduced by the doctor, we were invited to take a seat in the sand under the lee of a magnificent specimen of sage brush. Not being much of a “successist as an interviewer,” I can only say that I found Mlle. Winnemucca to be a well-informed, wide-awake woman of about twenty-eight years of age, and I think the most handsome Piute of her sex that I ever saw. She conversed freely upon the condition of her people and their future prospects, and expressed herself as willing that her statements should go into print.

*How She Likes Indian Life.*

She said: I am glad to see you, although I have not now a parlor to ask you into except the one made by nature for all. I like this Indian life tolerably

well; however, my only object in staying with this people is that I may do them good. I would rather be with my people, but not to live with them as they live. I was not raised so; excepting for the good I may do them my happiest life has been spent in Santa Clara while at school and living among the whites.

*Piute Education.*

I am told, sir, she continued, that in California they are throwing away all the old school books and adopting new ones. I am anxious to teach our children to read and write; do you think that I could get some of the old ones? If I can, my father, brother and myself will form a school at Camp McDermot, and compel our people to send the children to school so that they may learn something, as I have.<sup>18</sup>

*The Old Chief.*

Father is now at Stein's mountains, about one hundred and fifty miles north-east from here, and has with him about one hundred and sixty people.<sup>19</sup> He will never again raise his hands against the whites, nor permit our people to do so. Indeed, I do not know of a Piute who does not feel friendly toward the whites. They are beginning to learn that it is better for them to work, and usually they will do such labor as is offered them; still, I must admit, that our men are terribly lazy, and won't work much. I am the Government Interpreter at Camp McDermot, where there are a large number of my people. With the exception of coffee and sugar, they are served daily with soldier's rations, and, in return, they cut wood, keep the parade ground swept, and do other work about the camp. They are contented and are well used by the soldiers. At other places I have heard of bad treatment, but do not know it of my own knowledge. I think most likely the Indians were some to blame.

*Their Religion.*

I don't know where they got it, but the Piutes have a religious belief. Some say that it came from the Jesuits, but I think not as our old men know nothing about them; still, they all believe in a life beyond the grave: a heaven for good people; for the bad ones, not exactly a hell, but still not a desirable condition. I cannot explain it, for I hardly understand their ideas of a bad place myself. One reason why I am so anxious to teach these children to

read is that they may be able to learn more definitely what their spiritual condition is from the Bible. I think that — if from no other motive — they have enough curiosity to study it.

With this we bade the young lady good evening, and so ended the interview — one which interested me, and one which I trust may result in some benefit to this dusky people, or at least to their children. This question of education among the Indians is one of no small importance, especially when they ask for the means themselves.

### **“Robbery.”**

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), October 15, 1870, 3, col. 1.

Miss Sarah Winnemucca, from Camp McDermit, we learn was in town a few days ago, and states that her house was robbed and burnt, and her horse, bridle and saddle stolen. Miss Sarah was trying to procure a pass to San Francisco, and report her wrongs at headquarters of the military department.

### **“Wanted to Marry.”**

*Silver State* (Unionville NV), January 27, 1872, 3, col. 2.

Application was made to the County Clerk, last week, for a license to allow Sarah Winnemucca and — to be joined in the holy bands of wedlock; and, notwithstanding the usual fee was tendered that functionary, he perversely declined to give his official sanction to their happiness.<sup>20</sup> Sarah has probably eloped, as we see an announcement of her arrival in Elko.

### **“Pacific Coast Items.”**

*Daily Union* (Sacramento CA), March 8, 1872, 2, col. 4.

Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of old Winnemucca, Emperor of all the Piutes, arrived in Virginia City March 5th. The arrival caused quite a flutter (of feathers) among the braves of her tribe.

### **“Mrs. Lieutenant Bartlett.”**

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), March 9, 1872, 3, col. 1.

Mrs. Lieutenant Bartlett, once Miss Sarah Winnemucca, Queen of the Piutes, arrived a few days since direct from the City of Latter day Saints. It will be

remembered that about two months ago, Miss Sallie and a young Lieut. who has since become her liege lord, applied in this county for a marriage license. They were informed by the Clerk that the people of Nevada, entertaining such an exalted opinion of the noble red man, with his manifold virtues, and desiring to protect poor Lo and his race, from the evils of miscegenation, had solemnly prohibited such marriages by law, and he must therefore, refuse the license.<sup>21</sup> Thus foiled in their cherished aspirations, the loving couple “hied them away” to Salt Lake, where marriages are easy, and were duly sealed in the holy bonds &c., in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Mormons. She left her worsen half, to the tender mercies of the Saints, temporarily.

#### **“Married at Salt Lake.”**

*Silver State* (Unionville NV), March 16, 1872, 3, col. 1.

Lieutenant Bartlett and Miss Sarah Winnemucca, the persons who recently made application to the County Clerk of this county for a license to get married, and was refused, made their way out to Salt Lake and were there joined in the holy bonds of wedlock and have returned to their old quarters. We could never quite understand why our County Clerk should deny the loving couple the sanction of his official seal to consummate their happiness. The case of Sarah Winnemucca is clearly covered by the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, as she is an educated lady and has, we understand, long since renounced all tribal relations with the Indians, and is in Government employ as an interpreter. It is true our State law forbids marriages between white persons and Indians, but then it must be remembered that our statute on that subject belongs to a past age, before Civil Rights bills and constitutional amendments had become the fashion. The Fourteenth Amendment provides that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside, and that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. The Civil Rights bill which was incorporated in the Fourteenth Amendment further provides that citizens of every race and color shall have the same rights in every State and Territory of the United

States to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties to suits, give evidence, etc. The contract of marriage being a civil contract there is no doubt but the parties have the full right to enter into it under the Civil Rights bill.

### **“The Piute Indians.”**

*Daily Union* (Sacramento CA), May 16, 1872, 3, col. 4 [excerpt].

[The beginning and end of this article have been omitted; they critique Grant’s Peace Policy for installing Christian agents who knew little about agriculture, who wasted money, and who disregarded Native welfare. — Eds.]

Last Summer Sarah Winnemucca wrote a letter to General Ord, detailing the wants and grievances of the Piutes. The General sent another preacher (Bateman) to Pyramid Lake as an agent to examine into affairs.<sup>22</sup> He called “a council” of six old pauper Indians then on the reservation (and the only ones), who contradicted every thing Sarah had written, at least so said an interpreter the agent had brought with him, and who was a bitter enemy of Sarah’s. It was a little singular that Sarah had no notice of such “council,” nor had Winnemucca, the Chief, who was at the time only five miles from the council house. The report of that council is doubtless a curiosity. Suffice it to say that the agent sent by General Ord supplanted the then agent. The “head farmer” was charged with theft and peculation of various kinds, and was finally discharged.

Pyramid Lake Reservation contains a large body of the richest lands on the Pacific Coast, and is more than capable of being self-sustaining. The reservation was leased out last Fall to a stock raiser (the Indian storekeeper), and the agent is buying hay at Wadsworth, and having it hauled to the reservation. There is on the reservation a splendid marble ledge worked by private parties, on a lease from the Indians, for twenty-five dollars cash and a contingent interest.

There are many abuses existing which should be examined into, and concerning which I shall not at present enter into details. The Indians all say if any one would show them how to build houses and raise crops they would locate permanently, and no doubt they would. There is much sickness among them, and their only chance is to die unless they work for money to buy medicines or depend on the charity of the whites. We learn

of one man who has given upwards of \$50 worth of medicines to the Indians within the past six months. The Chief Winnemucca went up from the Reservation to Wadsworth, laid out in the sage brush and died there for want of medicine and care. The Indians have no houses, not a single one, and in case of sickness are exposed to rain and sun, with no one to care for them. The “appropriation for the Indians” is a misnomer, and should read, “for the support of a missionary and family for a portion of the people of Wadsworth,” as he preaches every Sunday to the whites there; the remainder going to a head farmer, assistant farmer, Indian trader and one or two brokers or middle-men; in fact no one can see where or when the benefit of the appropriation inures to the Indians.

**“Pacific Coast Items.”**

*Daily Union* (Sacramento CA), June 21, 1872, 2, col. 6 [excerpt].

A stabbing affray occurred at Winnemucca, June 18th, between a hotel waiter and Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Winnemucca, the Indian chief. The wounds inflicted on Sarah are thought to be fatal.

**“A Bloody Combat!!!”**

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), June 22, 1872, 3, col. 2.

**The Queen of the Piutes Assaulted.**

**Fits! Faints!! Spasms!!!**

The usually quiet denizens of Winnemucca were thrown into a fever of excitement last Tuesday, over a difficulty which occurred between a young man employed as a waiter at the Travelers Home, and Miss Sarah Winnemucca, Queen of the Piutes. The trouble occurred in the dining room of the hotel, with no one but the combatants themselves to witness the affair, consequently we can but give the sequel to the transaction. The young man got off with a black eye, and Salley with a severe jolt in the mouth, which split her lip badly, and caused the claret to flow most profusely. The barkeeper interfered, and stopped the muss. Sally rushed across the street to procure a warrant for the arrest of her adversary, but before the papers could be made out, she went into spasms, and soon after was taken in charge by the Indians and carried

off to camp. The whites, however, had her conveyed from there to a room at the French Hotel, where she lay for two days in a stupor, apparently more dead than alive. At one time her life was despaired of, but at last accounts, however, she was rapidly convalescing. There are, of course, all sorts of rumors afloat. Some say Sally was the aggressor, and others that she was not. Some say she was drunk, while others contend that she never drank. Some who claim to know all about such things say she was drugged, while others who claim to be equally wise, say it was nothing but an overdose of “mad” that caused the stupor. Up to this time there has been no arrests, but it is expected there will be as soon as “Sally goes marching around.”

#### **“Red Devils.”**

*Nashville Union American*, January 4, 1873, np, col. 6.

#### **An Indian Woman Stoned to Death and Burned to Ashes.**

The Winnemucca (Nevada) *Register* of Dec. 21, relates the following story of Indian barbarity: “News was brought to town last Monday by Thomas Lawson that the Indians had burned a young squaw aged about 16, and well known in Winnemucca as Jennie. The girl had lived for some time in the family of Alexander Wise, of this place, and was quite good looking and intelligent, but owing to some misconduct Mr. Wise turned her away last summer. We have had a conversation with Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Queen, regarding the matter, and found the report of Lawson’s too true. Sarah, and most of the Indians are very indignant over the matter, and probably the murderers will share the same fate as their victim by the hands of their own people. Sarah told us that Jennie had many admirers among her own race, and one old buck claimed her as his wife; but Jennie would have nothing to do with him, whereupon the brave gave her a severe beating. Sarah then went to the Indian and told him Jennie did not like him and that he must leave her alone hereafter, which he did, but threatened to kill her. Whether he had a hand in her murder, Sarah did not know. After she had been turned away by Mr. Wise, another young Indian, known as Indian Bill, offered to take her as his second wife, and Jennie went with him. This seems to have enraged a number of young braves who were her ardent admirers. The direct cause of her murder Sarah

had not positively found out, but believed it was occasioned by the bad stories told about her, and the jealousy of Indian Bill's other wife. At any rate Indian Bill and his first wife took her down the Humboldt River some distance below Winnemucca, stoned her to death, and afterward turned her body to ashes. Mr. Lawson saw the body while burning, and recognized it as the body of Jennie. Sarah told us that she believed that the Indians would take the matter into their own hands and burn her murderers; and said that Jennie's uncle had determined on revenge, and had purchased a pistol or gun with which to kill Bill and his wife. She did not think that any more Indians were present at, or knew of the murder at the time it was committed.<sup>23</sup>

**“The Piute Princess.”**

*Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), February 12, 1873, 3, col. 2.

**Interview with Sarah, Daughter of the Piute Chief — Her former history — Opinion Regarding Indian affairs — The whereabouts of Winnemucca, the Chief, Etc.**

Sarah Winnemucca, eldest daughter of Winnemucca, Chief of the Piutes, is a personage too well known in this vicinity to require any very extended introductory notice. For several years past she has figured with more or less prominence in the Indian affairs of this State, and from this fact has gained not a little notoriety. Miss Winnemucca, during the past few days, has been sojourning in Reno at the Depot Hotel, and it was with the view of gaining a better knowledge of her eventful history that the reporter of the *Journal* yesterday visited her at her hotel. Meeting her in one of the parlors, and stating the object of his visit, she cheerfully consented to give all information in her power, and the following conversation took place:

*Reporter.* — Miss Winnemucca, I have been requested by the proprietors of the *Journal* to call upon you and endeavor to gain from you such account of your history as you may see fit to relate. The high position you hold among the lodges of the Piutes, and the active interest you have taken in Indian affairs, especially as regards your own people, have from time to time brought you into enviable notoriety, and a further knowledge would no doubt interest a great many.

*Miss Winnemucca (with considerable diffidence)* — I hardly know what to say, Mr. Reporter, but shall be glad to gratify you, so far as in my power.

*Rep.* — Well, then, let us begin with yourself. I feel a little backward in putting the delicate question as to your age, but that is an all-important fact. When and where were you born?

*Miss W. (smiling).* — That is almost more than I know myself. This I do know, I was born near the Humboldt Lake. As to the time, this much I also know, that it was during Captain Fremont's visit to California when my grandfather, Captain Truckee, accompanied him and took part in the Mexican war then going on. It was at this time, in July or during "pine-nut" time, that I am told I was born.

*Rep.* — What can you say of the other members of your family?

*Miss W.* — My mother's name was *Tuboitonie*, meaning in English, "lettuce flower," and referring to the wild lettuce, which grew in the hills around us, and which our people gather and eat. My father's name is Winnemucca, now Chief of the Piutes. I have two brothers living on the Pyramid Lake Reservation. An elder sister died some time since, and a younger than myself has married a wealthy stock dealer in Montana.<sup>24</sup>

*Rep.* — I suppose you know little of your early life?

*Miss W.* — But little, comparatively speaking. Soon after the return home of my grandfather we went to California, to Santa Cruz county, a majority of the lodges accompanying us, as game was reported in great abundance there, and no one to disturb them in their new hunting grounds. My father, however, would not go. We staid there a number of years. I was quite a large girl when we again returned to my people, then living mostly near Austin. Again, after a year or two, I went to California, and in Stockton met Mrs. Roach and was adopted into her family. I was sent to the Convent of Notre Dame in San Jose in 1861, where I remained nearly three years, when at the request of one of my brothers I returned to my former home.

*Interpreter for the U.S. Forces.*

*Rep.* — *In after years you were connected for some time with the garrisons in this vicinity, were you not?*

*Miss W.* — Yes, this was during 1867, during the Indian troubles, in which my people took part.<sup>25</sup> General Gregg was then in charge of the military

forces. He requested me to act as interpreter, and to use my influence in the tribe to bring about peace, to show them the folly of battling against the great forces of this country, etc. Myself and brother, Natchez Winnemucca, acted as scouts. Most of the tribes were finally got upon the reservations at Camp McDermit, Camp Harney and Camp Smith, and here, after a treaty was made, they were fed as prisoners for four years, but during the past year nothing has been done for them. This has caused much discontent, and without a doubt is the cause of the Indian trouble now in Oregon among the Modocs.<sup>26</sup>

[The Senate has passed the bill authorizing the War Department to feed the Indians near Camp McDermit, who were taken prisoners three or four years ago, and who are now reported to be starving because the military authorities find their available appropriations exhausted. — Ed., Journal.]

*Rep.* — How long did you act as interpreter?

*Miss W.* — After peace was declared I staid at Camp McDermit as interpreter for nearly five years, receiving a salary from the Government. I could have staid there till this day, but could not get along with Captain Wagner, in command there. I left there in December, 1871.

*The Piutes.*

*Rep.* — *Very few of your people speak the English language?*

*Miss W.* — Oh yes, the younger people most all speak it well. The older ones don't seem to care to learn it, or can't.

*Rep.* — What is their condition, generally speaking?

*Miss W.* — Very poor. Those living upon the reservations are but poorly clothed and poorly fed. Those living in the populated places seem much better off. My tribe never draw anything from the Government, although it was understood they should by the terms of the treaty. The Shoshones living next to us draw regularly their blankets, farming implements, etc.

*The Agent.*

*Rep.* — *Who is the agent at your reservation?*

*Miss W.* — A Mr. Bateman, a Baptist preacher.

*Rep.* — Tell me something regarding these reservations.

*Miss W.* — There are two; the Walker River and Pyramid Lake. The latter was given to my people in 1860 during the first war with the whites, and from that day to this not a thing has been received from the agent, unless

paid for. The men catch immense quantities of fish in Walker river during certain seasons, and the agent allows them a bit a pound for this. Last year a band left to worship and returned most starved, when the agent distributed half a ton of flour and then caused the story to be circulated that he had distributed an immense amount of provisions.

*Rep.* — Don't you think something could be done to better this condition of affairs?

*Miss W.* — Certainly, but not through these agents. They are too anxious to keep the people down, or from doing anything to help themselves. If let alone they would go to work, as quite a number have done already. Our agent is continually promising farming implements, but they never come. He don't want them, for should my people raise their own provisions his place would be worth but little. Then again, I know that the agent has been in the habit of renting the reservations to stock-raisers, putting the rent in his own pocket. Last Fall, when I was there, there was an immense number of sheep pastured there. It seems to me high time that the Government should look into these matters, and see that my people shall not suffer that these agents may put money in their pockets.

*Married Life.*

*Rep.* — *You were married a short time ago?*

*Miss W.* — Yes, to Lieutenant Bartlett, of Co. C, 1st U.S. Cavalry, on the 29th of January, 1871. We were married in Salt Lake. I ran away with him from Winnemucca, but my brother followed me about three weeks after, and made me return home with him, and I have not seen my husband since. My folks were very angry at my marriage, my father especially — he says he never will forgive me. They all knew the character of the man — he was nothing but a drunkard. He kept continually sending to me for money after my return home, and I supplied him as long as I could; but what makes me now so bitter against him is the fact that he finally sold all my jewelry. I never want to see him again.

*The Old Chief.*

*Rep.* — *How long since you have seen your father — Winnemucca?*

*Miss W.* — I have not seen him for two years, though he was at Camp

McDermitt the first of last month. He was so angry at my marriage that, though living but a short distance from me he would never send for me.

*Rep.* — There has been a report in circulation that he has gone to help the Modocs in Oregon; at any rate, that he has mysteriously disappeared from the reservation with a number of others. Do you know anything of this?

*Miss W.* — But little. During the late Indian fight in Oregon a cousin of ours, Jerry Long, was reported killed, and my father immediately wrote to my uncles to send him some of the best young men to go over there with him, to see about it. Quite a number went to him, and I think they went over into Oregon to join the Modocs. The death of Jerry seemed to raise quite a bitter feeling among some of the tribe.

*Rep.* — Could you have no influence with your people in this matter?

*Miss W.* — Very little; when once they imagine an insult they seem to lose all reason. When acting, as you may say, as a sort of a peacemaker, I used to tell my people of the big bullets that the soldiers used, the big guns, and such, but they wouldn't believe anything of the kind. I have now told many of the utter foolishness of their taking part in this trouble, and am confident many have remained here through this. I cannot say that I know my father and his braves have gone to the Modocs, but that seems to be the general impression among us.

*Rep.* — Do you propose to remain long in Reno?

*Miss W.* — That I cannot say. I have really no particular home, but spend most of my time in Winnemucca, where I am within easy call of my family, and can keep well acquainted with everything regarding my people. I shall probably return there within the week.

*Miss Winnemucca.*

This concluded the interview, and thanking her kindly for the manner in which she had received him and volunteered her story, the reporter withdrew. Perhaps at this moment a few remarks regarding the appearance of Miss Winnemucca may not be inappropriate. Speaking comparatively, as regards the others of her tribe in this locality, one is most agreeably surprised in the *personnel* of Miss W. She is a woman perhaps 24 or 25 years of age, of about the medium height, rather stout, but not too much so, and graceful in all her movements. Her jet black hair hangs in heavy curls, and her sparkling

black eyes forbid anything tending to too much familiarity. She dresses very tastefully but not extravagantly — *a la Americaine*, upon this occasion, in a tight-fitting suit of black alpaca, very prettily trimmed with green fringe — in all making a very attractive appearance. Miss W. has been fortunate in receiving an excellent education, possesses excellent conversational powers, and an hour spent in her company cannot fail to be attended with pleasing remembrances. We can but conclude in hoping that she may long exert her influence among her people, and by her own example tend to raise them to a higher sphere of civilization than is now general among them.

**“Interview.”**

*Reno Crescent*, February 20, 1873, 3, col. 2.

Last Saturday’s issue of the *Seminal Weekly*, contained an account of an interview with a woman calling herself Sarah Winnemucca, and representing herself a Piute princess of the blood royal; but who is in reality a common Indian strumpet.<sup>27</sup> Every word of the account she is purported as giving of herself and her connection is false. If the editor of the weekly published a full account of each and every squaw he interviewed he would have room for nothing else.

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), March 1, 1873, 3, col. 1.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, left this place last Wednesday, for Salt Lake City, Utah, on a visit, so she said, to her husband, Lieutenant Bartlett.

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), May 17, 1873, 3, col. 1.

We witnessed a settlement of a slight misunderstanding between two of the gentler sex of the Piute persuasion, the other day. It seems that one of their sisterhood had been slandering the virtue of Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Bartlett, who came here to attend the Piute dance. Mrs. Sarah, caught her out, and went for her, and such scratching, and biting and pulling of hair, we never did see; until, at last, Mrs. Bartlett got her traducer down, and sat upon her, bounced upon her, and at every bounce gave her a lick in the face, exclaiming, “there, talk so about me to white folks, will you.”

**“The Piute Queen.”**

*Silver State* (Unionville NV), June 23, 1873, 3, col. 1.

Her Serene Highness, Sarah Winnemucca, Queen of the Piutes, is at present holding Court at Oreana. She has a suite of rooms at the Torrey House, and many ardent pale face admirers pay her homage.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Appeal* (Carson City NV), July 22, 1873, 3, col. 3.

The Carson *Appeal* has aroused the ire of the Piute Nation by calling their favorite Princess — Sarah Winnemucca Bartlett, a Digger or a descendant of Digger Indians. Mrs. Bartlett is at present residing in this city, and sends us the following note, dated Saturday last: “Eds. Chronicle: Some of my people are very angry because I have been called by the Carson *Appeal*, a Digger, or a descendant of Diggers. They will not give me any rest till I refute the slander. The truth is, I am full Pah-ute blood, descending from the Truckee and Winnemucca families, and was born at Humboldt Sink. What little schooling I have, I got at San Jose Convent.[”] (Signed) Sarah W. Bartlett. — *Virginia Chronicle*.

We retreat, retract, apologise and skin it back. We thought that Miss Winnemucca, or Mrs. Bartlett, was a Piute woman until a white Piute told us she was a Digger and, as he said, educated by the Sisters in Marysville. If anybody is to be scalped for calling Sarah a Digger it is he and not this contrite and deceived reporter.

**“Miss Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*New York Times*, July 29, 1873, 2, col. 5.

Miss Sarah Winnemucca having recently passed through Carson, Nevada, on her way to Virginia City, the *Appeal* of the former city thus alludes to her: “This person is commonly reputed to be the daughter of the old war chief of the Piutes, but this statement is denied, and it is set up on the other hand as true, that she was born of Digger parents somewhere in the foothills of the Sacramento Valley, and was educated by ‘The Sisters’ at their Catholic academy in Marysville. Still the fact remains that she is enough versed in

the Piute tongue to be able to talk fluently with the people of the tribe for whom she has frequently acted as an interpreter. She is popularly regarded as the Virgin Queen of the Piutes; is a plain little woman, pretty dark; dresses like an American female of rustic habits and modest pretensions; and talks English without any perceptible accent. She is quite a capable person and reads our language and expresses herself in writing quite correctly, and with considerable force of expression. We have also heard of her writing poetry. As a reputed princess of the Piute blood royal she is a famous character.”

**“Personal.”**

*Evening Telegram* (New York NY), September 17, 1873, 3, col. 1.

Carson, Nevada, has recently been visited by a Queen, Miss Sarah Winnemucca. She is reputed to be the daughter of the old war chief of the Piutes. It is also represented that she was born of Digger parents. She was educated at a Catholic academy in Marysville. She knows the Piute tongue well enough to act as an Interpreter, and she is popularly regarded as the virgin queen of that tribe. She is a plain little body, and dresses like the average American woman. She reads English. It must also be admitted that Queen Sarah writes “poetry.”<sup>28</sup>

**“Mining Discoveries.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), December 8, 1874, 3, col. 2.

**An Immense Vein of Copper in the Rabbit Hole Range—  
An Indian Guide—Characteristics of the Country.**

About two years ago Sarah Winnemucca,

*The Piute Princess,*

Informed Captain Comins that she learned from members of her tribe that extensive deposits of ore existed in the northwestern part of this country, near a secluded valley where the Indians, when at war with the whites, made their headquarters. She selected a trusty Indian to accompany him to the locality, but the Captain was unexpectedly summoned to San Francisco, and his visit to the

### *Indian Headquarters*

Was indefinitely postponed. Last week the Piute selected by the Princess made his appearance in town, and recognizing Comins reminded him of their contemplated prospecting tour. The secret was confided to Pat. Bell, who, in company with Comins and the Indian, quietly left town last week, armed and equipped

### *With Poll-Pick and Shovel*

And a week's rations for three. Guided by the Indian, they rode through sagebrush day and night, and on the evening of the second day out camped in a beautiful valley through which a stream of water capable of running forty stamps flowed. The mountains surrounding the valley were covered with a dense growth of cedar, and the stream had its origin in numerous springs in the canyons and foothills. Having refreshed themselves with a night's rest, the Indian led them up the mountain about a mile and a half from the water, and pointing to an immense ledge which cropped out full ten feet wide on the mountain, said:

*"You Heap See 'Em?"*

Answering "Yes," they alighted, and proceeded, with the aid of a poll-pick, to prospect the "find," which they found to be a heavy, greenish-colored ore, in apparently inexhaustible quantities. Filling a saddle-bag with specimens, they proceeded to look around, and discovered that the vein was easily traced a distance of a mile or more on the surface, in a granite and slate formation, and naming it the "Antelope," located 1,500 feet each. On their return to camp they discovered another vein about six feet wide, which they called the "Mountain Sheep," and next morning, having located a mill site, set out on their way homeward,

### *Loaded to the Guards*

With specimens, which were yesterday submitted to our inspection. The copper ore is massive, and undoubtedly carries a high percentage of that metal, with perhaps silver. The other resembles galena, but ore of a similar character found in the East Range proved to be iron. The locations, we are informed, have been recorded in the County Recorder's office, and samples of the ore will be assayed and analyzed. The Captain is excited, and verily

believes he has the best prospect ever found in the county. We hope his anticipations will be realized.

**“Royalty.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), December 31, 1874, 3, col. 3.

The whole Piute Royal family is congregated here. King Winnemucca has arrived from the north, the heir apparent, Naches, is here, and Princess Sally is expected to-morrow from Utah. His Majesty seems to have plenty of money and boards at the restaurants.

**“A Royal Visitor.”**

*Nevada Tribune* (Reno NV), January 14, 1875, 3, col. 3.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of his Serene Highness the King of that ilk, honored us with a visit last evening. Miss W. complains of wrong done to her tribe and we have promised to publish a communication from the lady on the subject. Miss W. is a polished lady. Her conversational powers are great, her language grammatical, and her intonation peculiarly sweet. We shall interview the lady, and report all her grievances in full.

**“Camp McDermitt and the Indians.”**

*Daily Appeal* (Carson City NV), January 14, 1875, 2, col. 2.

The statement was made not long since through the press dispatches that Gen. McDowell had recommended the abandonment of Camp McDermitt and Harney and the concentration of the troops now stationed at those points at Carlin. This seems to have alarmed two classes of the people living upon the frontier — the whites and the Indians. Each fears to be left alone with the other. Neither feel themselves able to prevent outrages which would lead to an Indian war. Some of the facts connected with this matter are as follows: Camp McDermitt is situated about 86 miles north of the town of Winnemucca. It is in the heart of the Indian country. In the immediate vicinity of the post live the Piutes under their old chief Winnemucca. They are five hundred strong. They, like all Indians who have preserved their tribal organization, object to being brought upon a reservation. Somehow they gauge all Indian Agents by Bateman and for that reason have a deep

distrust for the class. Some days since Winnemucca and his sons Natchez and Tom and his daughter Sarah, went to San Francisco to see Gen. Schofield and protest against the removal of the troops from Camp McDermitt. "Carlin," said the old war chief, "is too populous a white settlement. There will be too much intermixture of the whites and Indians." He prayed that the Camp whence for so long he and his warriors and women and children have drawn their rations and the blankets and calico might be continued. He was more than willing to depend upon the military for aid and support, but he would not go upon the reservation.

If the Humboldt papers reflect the wish of the people on the border, and we have every reason for believing they do, Camp McDermitt should not be abandoned. It is on the great line of Indian tribes between Nevada and Oregon and serves as a great protection to whites and Indians alike.

Sarah Winnemucca is here in the city and she will seek an opportunity to be heard before the proper Legislative committees in behalf of her father and her people, upon this subject. She should be granted a full and respectful hearing. We hope the Legislature may see fit to petition the authorities at Washington against the proposed abandonment of Camp McDermitt.

#### **"The Piute Princess."**

*Daily Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City NV), January 14, 1875, 3, col. 2.

#### **A Brief Sketch of the Life of Sarah, Daughter of Winnemucca, Chief of the Piute Tribe of Indians.**

Sarah Winnemucca, the accomplished daughter of old Winnemucca, Chief of the Piutes, who, in company with her brother, has been stopping for several days past in this vicinity, gives the following particulars of a somewhat checkered life.<sup>29</sup> From early childhood she had a strong desire to adopt the customs and manners of the whites and primarily to obtain a mastery of the elements of an English education in order to carry her purpose into effect. As soon as her father's circumstances would permit, she, together with two of her sisters, was placed in a select school at San Jose, California, where she remained seven years. During the first two or three years, she says, their progress in their studies was very slow from lack of familiarity with the language, but when they had once mastered the intricacies of the

English vernacular they got along famously thereafter. She modestly added that she was the dullest of the three, and stated that while in school she had a great passion for needle and crochet work and would often leave her books under the desk and apply herself to the crochet business, meanwhile keeping a sharp eye on the teacher. During our conversation with her, she made use of the very best English, clothing her thoughts in words pure, expressive and classical. Since leaving school she has led an adventurous life, some of the time residing with her father, by whom she is greatly idolized, but often absenting herself from home for a year at a time. For quite a number of years she was employed by the United States Government as an interpreter. She is under the impression that she is about 31 years of age, but does not look to be over 22. Many of our citizens readily recognize, as she passes along the street, the handsome, well-formed, intelligent-looking petite young lady with dark flowing hair, Spanish eyes and complexion, as the daughter of the Winnemucca chieftain. Three years ago she was married to a white man named Bartlett and went to reside with him in Salt Lake City where she remained one year, when, for some cause or other, she left her husband, and once more gladdened with her presence the "wick-e-up" of her aged father. She still retains a perfect command of the Piute language, coupled with a love for the people of her tribe, often mingling with groups of them seated on the ground while engaged in playing the traditional game of "poker." On such occasions she never hesitates to partake of their primitive and homely fare, consisting of seeds, pine nuts, roots, game or fish. Her two sisters, on the contrary, she represents as being proud and disinclined to associate with any of the red-man tribe. The friendly feeling manifested by herself towards them has greatly endeared her to the children of the desert. Last week, in company with her father, she visited San Francisco for the purpose of having an interview with Major General Schofield, commanding the Department of the Pacific. The object of the visit, on the part of the old Chief, was to ask General Schofield not to withdraw any of the troops stationed near the reservation for fear that the Piutes would get to quarreling among themselves and bloodshed be the result. The father and daughter also pleaded eloquently in behalf of the poverty-stricken Piutes, asking the General to furnish them with farming implements, seeds for raising cereals, and some person to initiate them into the mysteries of farming.

General Schofield referred them to the Indian Agent, but was assured that he would do nothing for them. Having accomplished nothing from their visit they returned to Reno, the young lady and her brother taking pains to visit Senator Jones at his residence in Gold Hill for the purpose of talking over their grievances and enlisting his sympathies in their behalf. The honorable Senator received them very graciously, listened to their complaints and promised to do everything in his power while at Washington to aid in ameliorating the condition of the Piute tribe. In conversation with the young woman, the subject of this sketch, we learned that her father was about 80 years of age, also that she has an aunt residing in Silver City, a young son of whom is being educated in the public school of that town.

**“Local Intelligence.”**

*Register* (Wheeling wv), January 15, 1875, 4, col. 1.

A Piute Princess is the owner of a silver mine in Nevada. — *Exchange*.

Comment of a nice young man: Oh! that I could make that Princess' mine.

**“Old Winnemucca.”**

*Gold Hill Daily News* (Gold Hill nv), February 9, 1875, 2, col. 2.

Old Winnemucca, Naches and the Princess Sarah have been interviewing the *Silver State*. They complain bitterly of a scarcity of food and clothing, and aver that the Indians at Winnemucca, Big Meadows and Unionville receive no annuities from the Government and never have received so much as a blanket. Whose business is it to see that these Indians are provided for? Was there not an appropriation of \$15,000 made for them last year? Where has it gone, or why is it not devoted to their needs? We would like to know.

**“Suffering Indians. The Piutes of Nevada in  
Danger of Starvations—An Appeal for Aid.”**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco ca), February 12, 1875, 4, col. 2.

Several Piute chiefs and captains, including old Winnemucca and Natchez, with the Princess Sarah, called on us in a body and requested that the condition of the tribe in this vicinity be made known to the public. They say that there are about 1,000 Piutes in this county. They are divided into

four bands, each of which is governed by a captain, one being at Camp McDermit, another at Winnemucca, a third at Unionville, and the fourth at Big Meadows. All are dependent, to a great extent, upon the charity of the whites for support at this season of the year. In Winnemucca and Unionville they fare tolerably well upon the refuse food of families and hotels, together with what they get for doing odd jobs for the whites. At Camp McDermit, where there are now at least 150 congregated, they are in a starving condition. Capt. Warner, who has command of the military post at that place, gives them a sack of flour occasionally, and the settlers are kind to them, but what they receive is not at all adequate to their wants. Sarah Winnemucca pathetically describes the destitute condition of her people, whom she says never received food or blankets from the Government, except when they were held as prisoners of war at Camp McDermit. She says that Senator Jones and General Schofield both informed her that an annual appropriation of \$15,000 was made for the Piutes, and she cannot understand why at least a portion of that sum is not expended in feeding them when they are starving. She states, too, that the Indians at Winnemucca, Unionville and Big Meadows receive no annuities from the Government, and never did get even a blanket. She has a wholesome horror of Indian agents, and is of the opinion that if the distribution of appropriations was left to the military the Indians would fare a good deal better than they do now, and at less expense to the Government. She says her people at Camp McDermit will have to steal or starve, unless provision is made for supplying them with something to eat from now until April or May. — *Winnemucca Silver State, February 8th.*

**“The First Piute War.”**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), February 24, 1875, 4, col. 2.

**The Indian Princess Sarah Tells How the Uprising Took Place.**

The Piute Princess Sarah Winnemucca is in many respects a most remarkable woman. Her constant care for her people, and her love for her old father are traits which must recommend her to all right thinking men and women. The condition of the Piutes at present is such as must cause serious alarm to the settlers in the vicinity of Pyramid Lake and Camp McDermit.

The Government is no longer willing to furnish the Indians with supplies; but the Indians must live, and a hard and bitter winter is not yet over. The struggle for an existence becomes harder day after day, and an outbreak may occur at any time. The Piutes will not act badly unless forced to do so by the pangs of hunger. We have received a letter from the Princess in relation to the first uprising of her tribe, which we give in full:

*Winnemucca, February 20, 1875.*

*To the Editor of the Virginia Evening Chronicle —*

SIR: — In 1860 occurred the first trouble between my people and the whites.<sup>30</sup> The cause was this: There lived on Carson river, at a place called Sixteen-mile Desert, two brothers named Williams. One day two of my young girls, aged respectively 10 and 12 years, were gathering seeds near the house, when one of the brothers came out and invited the girls into the house, saying he would give them something to eat. They accepted the invitation, and after they had eaten the men took the children down into a cellar, bound their hands, and tied up their mouths with cloths to prevent them from screaming. They then ravished the girls and kept them in the cellar for six days, and were only discovered by the mere accident of an Indian coming up to the house. He had a dispute with the Williams brothers about the trading of a horse, they not having given him what they had agreed to. The Indian went to the stable to recover the animal, when the Williams brothers set a dog upon him, which bit him so violently as to cause the poor fellow to cry out with pain. The girls heard and recognized the voice of the Indian, and screamed so loud as to make themselves heard by him.

He came home and reported what he had heard to the girls' father, who had been searching all over the country for the lost children, and just as soon as the news came that they were at Williams' the camp became wild with excitement, and they made for the white men's house and demanded the girls. But the white men denied that they were in the house, until a brother of the girls knocked one of the white men down with his gun and was about to kill him, when they acknowledged where the girls were. Such a sight as was presented by these little things, it was shocking. These two white men were killed at once and their houses burned to the ground. This was the cause of our trouble at the time, which continued for several months,

during which time there was a great many lives lost. Among them was Major Ormsby, who collected a company of volunteers and came out to fight us.<sup>31</sup> There was a treaty made at the close of the war, by which the Government was to give us plenty of food and clothing and our reservation at Pyramid Lake, where we were to remain and receive what was promised us. But the result is, we receive nothing from these agents, who were sent to take care of us. There have been about five agents since the Reservation was given to us, not one of whom has ever done anything for us yet. The Reservation has been taken away from us, or at least that portion of it which was good for anything. This is our first treaty. — *Virginia City Chronicle*, February 22d.

### **“Bateman Agitating More Trouble.”**

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), February 26, 1875, 2, col. 2.

The Reverend Indian Agent — Bateman, is again at his dirty tricks. The newspapers have been asking him some naughty questions respecting the disposition of the money placed in his hands for the benefit of the Indians under his charge. The troubles are this time kicked up by Sally Winnemucca, and Bateman is trying to get even again. He probably dares not to send a file of soldiers to arrest and take her to Fort Alcatraz as he did Natchez a year ago; but he is trying to scare them to submission to his wishes.<sup>32</sup> To this end he has sent his Indian runners all over the country, ordering all Indians upon his reservation at Pyramid Lake, under penalty of being driven by soldiers away off to Wyoming.<sup>33</sup> His runners arrived in this place night before last and delivered their message from the Rev. Agent. As might be supposed it created an indignant alarm among the Piutes in this section; and quite a number have already taken leg bail towards the north.<sup>34</sup> Yesterday Natchez, with some of his men, visited us, and laid his troubles before us; and swore that he would not go upon the reservation under Bateman, nor would he go to Wyoming, that he had done nothing to be driven out of his country for; and not being able to read the papers he knew nothing of what the papers had been saying lately concerning the agent. We assured Natchez and those with him that the government had no intention nor desire to remove them to Wyoming or any other place, so long as they behaved themselves; nor would it force them upon a reservation

against their will. That Bateman's threat was an idle lie, and when we told him what the papers had been doing, he and them understood the whole scheme, and went away satisfied. What answer he returned to the agent we have not learned, but concluded it was not very satisfactory to the reverend gentleman. What object Bateman can have of starting these needless alarms among the Indians we cannot conjecture. He can do no good in such a course; but only arouses their savage and revengeful instincts. This is not the first time that this agent has endeavored to create a muss among the Indians; and if he continues in this dastardly game in order to cover up his stealings, the white men whom he is jeopardizing by his idle, lying threats, should take the law into their own hands and literally boost him out of the country with an invitation not to return.

#### **"Indian Rows."**

*Humboldt Register* (Winnemucca NV), March 19, 1875, 3, col. 2.

Last Saturday evening the Indians including the squaws had a jolly time getting on a drunk and fighting among themselves. We understand that one old squaw known as Snake River Sal, had been reporting a story, a false one, of course, derogatory to the chastity and virtue of Princess Sally Winnemucca.<sup>35</sup> Of course the Princess could not, or would not, submit to such defamation of character, and her royal blood boiled in her veins; which was heated to a high degree by an overdose of the elixir of life known as China brandy. In this state of physical and mental excitement, she sought to inflict summary chastisement upon her traducer. Lord, how the fur flew! Owing to superior strength, Snake River Sal was an overmatch for the Princess. Consequently white men, including our Sheriff was called into requisition to "save the Princess," and both beligerents were walked up to the Sheriff's office; but after due deliberation both were let loose. The row was continued all night, and several campoodies were incendiarily set fire and consumed, with all the blankets and worldly goods they contained.<sup>36</sup> The quarrel was renewed Monday evening and night was made [hideous] by the yells of the enraged and drunken savages. Tuesday night was a repetition of the previous two nights, but in a milder degree. The time has come when the venders of whisky to the Indians should be summarily stopped and if

the white men will not take it in hand the well disposed Indians will, and we may expect to see both of China towns in flames at any time; and we could not blame the Indians either. The Chinese know better than to give them liquor; but if they will persist in so doing they will certainly suffer by it; even if the whites are endangered, also.

**“A Royal Prisoner.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), March 27, 1875, 3, col. 1.

The Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, was arrested last night on a charge of having cut Julius Argasse with a knife, on the sidewalk in front of the Winnemucca Hotel. She was lodged in the County Jail last night, and is being examined upon a charge of assault with intent to do great bodily harm, before Justice Davis to-day.<sup>37</sup>

**“The Princess Sarah Stabs a Man.”**

*Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), March 28, 1875, 2, col. 4.

**Winnemucca, March 27.**

Sometime during the night a man called at the house of Sarah Winnemucca; she not wishing to receive visitors at that hour ordered him to leave. He would not and seemed determined to go in whereupon she drew a knife and inflicted a terrible gash on the man's face, starting at the eye and extending down to the neck. She is now in jail awaiting examination. It seems she has been on a jamboree since having trouble with some Indians about ten days ago.

**“The Piute Princess.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), March 29, 1875, 3, col. 2.

The case in Judge Davis' Court against Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, for assault with intent to do great bodily harm, was after several adjournments finally dismissed upon motion of the District Attorney Saturday afternoon. It promised to be quite interesting if prosecuted, as the attorney for the defense, M. S. Bonnifield, had a dozen or more witnesses subpoenaed, among them two or three M.D.'s and as many prominent church members.<sup>38</sup>

What he expected to prove by this array of witnesses has so far remained, and probably always will remain, a mystery to the public. It was shown on the examination that the knife by which the cutting was alleged to have been done by the Princess was the smallest sized penknife, and it has been presented to Professor Stewart for exhibition at the Centennial.<sup>39</sup> Upon being discharged from custody by order of the Court the Princess was enthusiastically received by her subjects, male and female, a large number of whom awaited the result of the examination outside the Courtroom. Naches delivered a long address to the dusky assemblage, after which Sarah delivered what was taken for granted as an appropriate address, at the close of which the bucks and squaws scattered to hunt for amuck, vulgarly called grub.

**“A Princess on a Spree.”**

*Daily Observer* (Utica NY), April 3, 1875, 6, col. 1.

**From the Nevada Silver State. March 16.**

Last Sunday evening the Piute Princess Sarah Winnemucca, notwithstanding the recent rise in spirits, imbibed a little too freely of the exhilarating cordial. As a consequence, her temper rose to a corresponding height, and, incited by jealousy, her usually serene Highness became very turbulent. In this spiritualistic mood she made a raid on a campody in the rear of the Court House, which sheltered one of her maids of honor, whose youthful charms had made an impression on a young prince of the tribe for whom the somewhat antiquated princess entertained feelings warmer than those of a purely friendly character. With the royal blood of seventy-nine generations of Winnemuccas boiling in her veins and a quart or such a matter of diluted alcohol steaming in her stomach, her heart fired with jealousy and her brain burning with fury, she proceeded to apply a match to the combustible material of which the campody is constructed, but her hand was stayed by the brawny arm of one of her stalwart subjects before she succeeded in making a bonfire of the structure. At this juncture the object of her hate appeared on the scene, and a lively hair pulling ensued, in which the princess was worsted. The noise and confusion incident to the struggle attracted a crowd of pale faces to the scene, when the vanquished Sovereign appealed to them for assistance. She went to Sheriff Nash and implored him

to arrest the victor, whom she represented as being a Modoc squaw, but as hostilities had ceased, that officer refused to interfere, and the discomfited Princess retired in disgust and has been laid up for repairs since the contest.

*Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), April 11, 1875, 3, col. 1.

The Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, has taken up a residence at Camp McDermitt.

#### **“Nevada State News.”**

*Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), April 22, 1875, 2, col. 2.

Her Highness, the Princess Sarah Winnemucca, is at present holding court at Summit Springs, on the Idaho road.

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), April 30, 1875, 5, col. G.

The Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, met with an accident on Monday, between Camp McDermitt and Summit Springs. Her Highness was riding a wild horse, which became unmanageable, and falling from the saddle was dragged a considerable distance by the animal. She sustained some injuries from the fall and was badly bruised by being dragged through the sagebrush.

#### **“Camp McDermitt Notes.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 24, 1877, 3, col. 2 [excerpt].

**Camp McDermitt, Feb. 22d, 1877.**

Sarah Winnemucca (the Piute Queen) has availed herself of the advanced state of civilization as regards the annulment of bonds matrimonial, as she has been divorced legally from the late Lieut. Bartlett and finding her freedom irksome, she again has tettered herself in “vinenla matrimonu” this time, the happy man being an Indian named “Bob,” the Justice of the Peace at Canyon City marrying them by license.<sup>40</sup>

Bob Thacker is interpreter at Malheur Reservation, and I have been told that he is the happy bridegroom.

Old Winnemucca is in the camp and happy in the possession of a Methodist preacher’s neck-tie and a cavalry captain’s uniform. He does not seem to think the “melange” incongruous.

**“Only One Princess.”**

*Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), December 14, 1877, 1, col. 1.

Only one Princess was ever born in this country — Princess Anna Murat, the wife of the Duc de Mouchy. Princess Sarah Winnemucca was born in Nevada, and can lick any European Princess in a fair fight.—Alta.

**“The Latest from Idaho.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), June 13, 1878, 3, col. 3.

**The Bannocks Concentrating at Juniper Lake.**

Silver City, June 12, 8:40 P.M.

Most of the hostile Bannocks have gone to Juniper Mountain, between the Owyhee ferry on the Winnemucca road, and Camp Harney. By to-morrow they will be able to effect a junction with the Indians who escaped from Malheur reservation. These, with other disaffected Piutes and Shoshones that will be gathered in, will increase the effective force of hostiles to about six hundred. A man named Hamilton, who was a passenger on the stage when waylaid by Indians Monday, jumped from the wagon, released one horse by cutting the harness, and jumping on him rode back to Camp McDermit in safety, a distance of fifty miles. He was exhausted when he reached there. The driver was not so fortunate. His dead body was dragged a long distance by the Indians. Sarah, daughter of Chief Winnemucca, was arrested in Jordan Valley while in company with a man. They were smuggling through a quantity of ammunition to the hostiles.<sup>41</sup> General Howard is going to interview the old gal. Some eight hundred soldiers will be in Owyhee by next week. Some of the Bannocks have gone back to Fort Hall, but enough are left to make serious trouble during the entire summer, no matter how great a force is against them. Farmers have deserted the valley for one hundred miles around.

**“Despatches to Headquarters.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), June 15, 1878, 1, col. 4.

The break in the wires between Winnemucca and Camp McDermit, yesterday, was repaired late in the afternoon, and a despatch was received from

General Howard dated at the Sheep Ranch, six miles from Owyhee, June 14th.<sup>42</sup> It says that at 2 A.M. Captain Downey returned with his command to Camp Harney without orders, on account of the disturbed condition of affairs on the Reservation. This will necessitate a new arrangement of the forces. The hostiles are between the Sheep Ranch and Camp Harney. Sarah Winnemucca and two friendly Piutes have been sent out to bring in settlers who are alarmed. The roads are now all clear. General Howard is pleased that so many troops have been sent to him. With the troops of his own command, those sent from here, three companies from Arizona, and one company sent from San Diego, General Howard will have nearly one thousand men at his command. The Indians are headed off in all directions, and can not lead the troops on such a chase as Joseph did. This campaign will not be so long as the last, as there are plenty of troops to attend to the Indians. The following despatch was also received via Winnemucca:

White Horse, Grant County, Oregon, June 14th, 1878 — *To Gen. McDowell*: We have had to concentrate at this place to save our lives, leaving our homes and property in possession of the hostile Indians. For God's sake, help us if you can.

[Signed by sixteen settlers.]

**“A Brave Indian Squaw. Sarah, Daughter of the Piute Head Chief, Penetrates to the Hostiles’ Camp and Rescues Her Father and Brother — Movements of the Indians.”**

*New York Times*, June 17, 1878, 1, col. 4.

*Special Dispatch to the New-York Times*

Sheep Ranch, Oregon, June 16. — Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the head chief of the Piutes, came in to-night. She was sent by Capt. Bernard, directed by Gen. Howard to communicate with her people, and reports as follows: She found her father and his sub-chiefs, Oits, Egan, and their bands, retained as prisoners by a horde of renegade Bannocks, Nez Percés, Shoshones, and others because they would not join against the whites.<sup>43</sup> The hostiles are very bitter against them. There was a big council assembled. The hostiles have a strong position, near Juniper Lake, in a rugged, mountainous country, and number about 700. Sarah was disguised or she would have been killed. Her

brother aided three white men to escape who were to have been killed that night. He escaped with them. Sarah, her father, sister-in law, and a few others escaped at 10 o'clock last night. Others escaped afterward, during a great uproar, when there was killing of beef and rioting. This party was pursued, and Sarah heard firing, and fears they were killed. She left her father and his party, and rode 70 miles to us to report and beg help, and scouts have now gone out. She says a hostile chief was killed by one of our Indian scouts, in a skirmish with citizens, who supposed him to be Buffalo Horn.<sup>44</sup> She says he ordered his party to leave him, and crawled to the bushes, and that is the last they have seen of him. Sarah is intensely affected, and fears that her brother Leo was killed.<sup>45</sup> She says her brother George accuses her of destroying her tribe by inducing some to escape; otherwise, he says, all could have left in time. She describes Eagle of Light, the Nez Percé renegade chief, whose son was with Joseph last year taunting Egan with cowardice. Egan, the brave war chief of the Piutes, sat on his horse and exhorted the hostiles to leave them and not draw soldiers upon them. He said: "Why do you bring war upon my people? I will not fight." The tears were streaming down his cheeks. "You coward," said Eagle of Light, striking at him with his knife. Crowley, a citizen, was chased 30 miles by the Indians, and escaped to Winnemucca. Gen. Howard joins Stewart's column at Steinhart's. He has troops coming from all directions, concentrating rapidly on Stein's Mountain by columns from here, from Keeney's Ferry, from Rhinehart's, crossing Malheur, and on Camp Lyons from Duck Valley, occupying all routes.

### **"The Indian War."**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, June 17, 1878, 4, col. 3 [excerpt].

Latest from Silver City, Idaho.

... Princess Sal Winnemucca and the Bannock arrested here as a spy on Thursday, have been pressed into service by General Howard.

... Old Chief Winnemucca and Natchez seem to have gone over to the ranks of the hostiles.

The majority of the Piute tribe are now on the warpath.

A large number of hostiles are in the vicinity of Stein Mountain. They are forcing the Piutes to join them.

Several Nez Percés are now with the Bannocks; also, Eagle of the Light. Chief Egan is held prisoner by them. Chief Winnemucca is reported to be captured by his daughter.

[Content about Malheur has been omitted — Eds.]

The following has been received from General Howard:

Sheep Ranch, June 14, 1878.

To Assistant Adjutant General Kelton, Division of the Pacific: Your dispatch received. I arrived here at 2 A.M. to-day. Am glad so many troops are en route. Captain Donley, on account of the disturbed condition at Malheur Reservation, returned to Harney without orders. This caused a readjustment of arrangements. The hostiles are between me and Harney. I sent Sarah Winnemucca with two Piutes to bring in those who are merely frightened. This and overland roads now clear. Grover is instructed to see Fort Hall passes respected.

Howard

*Oswego Daily Times* (Oswego NY), June 19, 1878, np, col. 4.

Sarah Winnemucca, the daughter of the head Piute chief, is acting as a sort of Pocahontas to the troops in Idaho. She has been among the hostile Indians as a spy for the troops and relates how the Indian Chief Natchez aided three white prisoners to escape who were about to be massacred. She claims no hand in this noble effort — probably because of her maidenly modesty, but none the less it is to be hoped she may find, if she has not a John Smith who can both appreciate and reward her heroism and self-sacrifice.

#### **“The Indian Trouble.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), June 19, 1878, 1, col. 2.

The Indian outbreak threatens to be rather formidable; but, under the excitement, natural enough with people living in sections liable to the inroads of the merciless savages, it is scarcely to be expected that the facts will be reported free from exaggeration. Gen. Howard will meet the Indians and suppress their uprising as soon and suddenly as possible. But that will not be so easy. The hostiles are reported to be in force to the number of seven hundred. The Bannocks have reinforcements from the Shoshones, Piutes, and other tribes,

and mean, evidently, to make it warm for the whites. Sarah Winnemucca, reported a few days ago as having been arrested for supplying ammunition to the hostiles — which was evidently a mistake — has been rendering good service to the whites — gaining important information. Winnemucca himself being received into the camp of the hostiles, was besought to join, but excused himself because of his treaty with the whites. But he is reported as having done a good and humane deed by a ruse, having saved from massacre three white men — one a letter-carrier — whom the Indians had taken prisoners and were about to massacre as soon as they got through slaughtering cattle. He got them to escape on his horses. There is evidently hot and disagreeable work for Gen. Howard and the troops that are joining him.

**“Indian War Notes.”**

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), June 22, 1878, 3, col. 3 [excerpt].

Sarah Winnemucca says that Buffalo Horn was killed in the South Mountain fight and that his body can be found in the brush near where the battle occurred. Who killed him? is the question now. The honor of this feat lies between Nick Maher, Piute Joe and the lamented O. H. Purdy. Many believe that Purdy was the man, and it would be a sort of grim satisfaction to know that he got away with one of the leading infamous fiends before he himself was laid low by their bullets.

[Unrelated material about the war has been omitted here and later in this piece. — Eds.]

Old Winnemucca brought in the report on Monday that the hostiles had left Stein’s Mountain the previous day and were moving into Harney Lake Valley towards the Malheur Agency, intending to pass on northward and inclining towards Snake River, continuing until they made connection with the Columbia River Indians, whom they intend to secure as allies, when they will make a clean sweep of everything before them. This band of hostiles is composed of Bannocks, Eagle-Eye’s band of Weisers and Owitz in command of Piute prisoners, whom they say they will keep until they get sufficient arms to arm them with from white men they will kill.<sup>46</sup> Egan told Winnemucca’s party that he would escape at the first opportunity. An Indian who escaped later and came into Bernard’s camp says the hostiles

had taken horses and everything from Egan and party and were holding them close prisoners. An Indian interpreter named Jerry confirms all this and says that Harney would be compelled to surrender soon.

....

Sarah Winnemucca created considerable merriment among a number of her white admirers when she told them recently that she had to disguise herself *as a squaw* in order to gain admission to the camp of the hostiles.

At the council of Indian war chiefs held a week ago at Stein's Mountains, Winnemucca, who endeavored to dissuade the hostiles from further iniquity, told them that this section of the country was the roving ground of the Piutes, and that the Bannocks should return to their own haunts. Eagle-of-the-Light, running his knife deep into the ground as he talked, told Winnemucca and Egan that there was a chance now for them to redeem themselves by going in and helping to conquer the whites. Winnemucca stood firm but Egan turned out to be a "bad egg."

We are rather inclined to favor the action of Col. R. L. Wood in turning back a detachment of Bannocks who had been sent from the vicinity of Fort Hall to the hostile camp. Indians are not to be trusted now-a-days, and old settlers and residents, as a general thing, know better how to handle and treat the Indians than regular soldiers do.

Natchez did a big thing in planning the escape of three white men who were in the hands of the hostiles and would have been put to death but for his forethought, prudence and bravery. He imperiled his own life by the daring act, and the coolness and courage displayed by him will cause his conduct to be held in grateful remembrance by all interested.

....

#### **"The Indians."**

*Salt Lake Herald*, June 23, 1878, np, col. 6.

Malheur City, Or., June 23. — Two men have been killed in Happy Valley. The Indians are destroying horses and cattle, and apparently have a stronghold on the west side of Stein's mountain. A white scout, sent from Fort Harney, was in their camp. The Indians sent him back with a message to bring on lots of soldiers. He said he saw about 800 warriors. Natchez

Winnemucca, who came from the camp, reports only 100. G. B. Crowley reports Natchez sick from the exertion and exposure in aiding him and two men to escape. Winnemucca is on his way to McDermot with seventy-five refugees. Sarah Winnemucca, her brother, his wife and an aide-de-camp have been sent to Harney by General Howard. Fort Harney is filled with terrified refugees. Harney valley is deserted. Thirty men, scouting toward Happy Valley, are rumored to have had their horses taken by hostiles. Howard will have his troops concentrated in the vicinity of old Camp Harney, Sunday night.

**“Indian Hostilities.”**

*Princeton Union* (Princeton MN), June 26, 1878, 1, col. 2.

A San Francisco dispatch of the 18th inst., gives the substance of a Portland telegram: A dispatch has been received at military headquarters stating that about 500 hostile Indians have started toward Camp Harney in this State and that they are receiving accessions as they march. Gen. Howard has given instructions to send Miles' company now enroute to Harney with all possible haste. Sarah Winnemucca, who recently escaped from the hostilities at Stein's mountain, reports that one of the Indian scouts claims to have killed Buffalo Horn, the Bannock chief. Sarah says their leader was killed in a skirmish with citizens, in which the scout was engaged.

**“The Indian War.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), June 27, 1878, 1, col. 2.

**General Howard on the Malheur —  
Seven Hundred Indians on the War Path  
— All the Malheur Indians Gone.**

The Silver City Avalanche Extra has the following:

General Howard left Camp Lyon June 17th. It is his intention to proceed up the Malheur with Stewart's three companies of cavalry and be prepared  
To Head Off the Indians

If they endeavor to escape in that direction. With Bernard and Whipple on the other side, and Egbert's company of 150 men at Gusman's in Jordan Valley (where they are expected to arrive on Tuesday night), an effort will

be made to corral the savages. There are, however, nearly seven hundred on the war path, including Bannocks, Nez Percés[,] Shoshones and Piutes, and there is no telling what the result of the contest may be.

Mr. Judge was at Sheep Ranch when Sarah Winnemucca arrived, Saturday. She had been out

#### *On a Dangerous Mission*

And had traveled at the rate of about 80 miles a day. She gained admission into the hostile camp near Stein's Mountain by putting war paint on her face and using a red blanket. She brought important information concerning movements and strength of hostiles. Savages had captured three men, one of them a letter carrier, and were to kill them Friday last, as soon as they had got through with their beef killing.

#### *Naches*

Determined to save the lives of the three men. He was with the chiefs in council and made an excuse to leave a few minutes [early] on plea of illness. He had four horses ready and with the white prisoners, by previous arrangement, succeeded in making his escape. Eagle-of-Light demanded of Winnemucca and Egan that they should join the hostiles. They steadily refused, and mentioned the fact that they had made a treaty with the whites and buried their guns and could not consistently take up arms against them now. Eagle Eye is among the hostiles.

Mr. Judge, who was with

#### *General Howard*

For several days, states that the General is making a herculean effort looking to the success of the campaign, that he sleeps only two or three hours out of twenty-four and is leaving no stone unturned in the shaping of such a campaign as will result in squelching the hostiles. The Idahoan says there is Not an Indian on the Whole Malheur Reservation.

All the white families are gone, and only the Agent, Rinehart, and the clerk (dollenbeck) are left. They left directly after a big pow wow in which all the chiefs took part, and where no squaws were permitted to be present.

### *Sarah Winnemucca*

Was there, however, and to her machinations do I attribute the present exodus. She is down on the whites, and tells the savages they are not well treated, and if they expect to be well treated, they must fight for it. This I know for a fact. It seems to be an impression that only the Bannocks are on the war path. If I am not mistaken, you will soon discover, if you have not already, that there are marauders each side of the river, and it is going to be a lively war — far different to the Nez Perce's affair.<sup>47</sup>

### **“Sarah Winnemucca”**

*Indian Journal* (Muskogee, Indian Territory), July 3, 1878, 1, col. 5.

Sarah Winnemucca, the heroic Indian woman who has served the army of General Howard as a guide and scout, is a member of the royal family of a Piute chief. Her influence is said to be very great in her tribe and among the friendly Indians. Her great courage, her faithfulness to her promises to the whites, and her valuable services deserve more than a passing notice. Her history will be a romantic episode of honor in savage warfare.

### **“Political.”**

*Red Cloud Chief* (Red Cloud NE), July 18, 1878, np, col. 1.

Belonging to the royal family of a Piute Chief there is an Indian woman known as Sarah Winnemucca, whose influence is very great in her tribe. She has rendered heroic services to the army of General Howard as a guide and scout, proving faithful and true to the whites in many undertakings to thwart the designs of the hostile savages. Verily, savage warfare is not without its romantic episodes, and another Pocahontas may enroll her name on the pages of American history.

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), July 27, 1878, 4, col. 2.

Sarah Winnemucca the heroic Indian woman who has served the army of General Howard as guide and scout, is a member of the royal family of a Piute Chief. Her influence is said to be very great in her tribe and among the friendly Indians. Her great courage, her faithfulness to her promises to

the whites, and her valuable services, deserve more than a passing notice. Her history will be a romantic episode in savage warfare.

The above is from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and is a good sample of the gush and romance the Eastern press wrap around the Indians. The truth about Sarah Winnemucca is, that she is a drunken strumpet; her royal father is a dirty old beggar, whose royal dignity would permit him to accept cold grub, or any petty charity from the whites. Sarah was caught trying to smuggle arms and ammunition to the Bannocks, she being in company with a squaw-man at the time, and General Howard utilized her as a spy. There is about as much heroism in Sarah as there is in a coyote, and about as much romance as in a game of seven-up for fun. — *Austin Reville*.

#### **“Princess Sallie Winnemucca.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), August 1, 1878, 3, col. 2.

#### **What She Writes to Naches about the Killing of Egan, and Her Anxiety to Communicate with the Hostiles.**

The following letter from Sarah Winnemucca to her brother Naches has been furnished us for publication by the latter, who is now at Camp McDermit:

Independence, on Granite Creek, Grant County, Oregon, July 22.

My Dear Brother Naches: — Egan was killed a week ago by a band of Columbia River Indians, pretending to be Umatillas. They captured him, I believe, by strategy, and when he was put upon a horse he showed fight and was shot. His scalp was taken, his deformed hand cut off and his head amputated for identification. Dr. Fitzgerald has the head in spirits. I am unable to tell who of our people have been killed, as the whites are not generally acquainted with them. I am still with General Howard and with Mattie. I have just got here from the mouth of the Grande Ronde river, by way of Wallows and Grande Ronde valleys.

I am much distressed about our friends, and am waiting anxiously for opportunity to communicate with them and arrange if possible for their coming in. You and the others must keep the peace by all means, for the hostiles are sure to be whipped. I met Sam Parrish here today, and he said he would go into the hostile camp and talk with the Piutes if it were not

for the Bannocks, with whom he is not acquainted. Is there any possible way by which I can communicate with the Indians now on the warpath? I would be willing to meet them near Harney. If that be impossible, could not you and Lee communicate with them, by consent of General Howard. Write me immediately, care of General O. O. Howard, in the field, via Baker City.

Mattie is very well and we are both enjoying ourselves as well as could be expected on such a sad mission. The officers and men are very kind to us. We shall be at home as soon as this war closes. The Indians at this writing are supposed to be going toward the head waters of the Malheur. Give my love and Mattie's to all our friends, and believe me your affectionate sister, Sarah Winnemucca.

#### **“Movements of the Troops.”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, August 14, 1878, 1, col. 4.

Silver City (Idaho), August 13th. — Col. Forsythe and staff passed through here today, en route for Boise City. Chief Umapine and half a dozen Umattillas were with them. Sarah Winnemucca goes to Duck valley.<sup>48</sup> Three of Forsythe's companies left this morning for the mouth of the Bruneau. Bernard is at Wagontown with his battalion, awaiting supplies from Sheep Ranch, and as soon as they arrive he will take his command to Duck valley. Forsythe will have the immediate direction of the Indian campaign hereafter, but the hostiles will not probably make a stand again within the limits of Idaho.

#### **“Indian Campaign Notes.”**

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), August 17, 1878, 2, col. 4. [extract].

On Tuesday morning Colonel Bernard passed through town en route to Wagontown to await supplies. His command, numbering about 125 men, passed along a short time afterwards. At their head, Sarah Winnemucca rode majestically along as guide, seemingly indifferent to all the criticisms and representations that had emanated from the press and the public while on the staff of that great and good man, Gen. Howard.

**“Red’ Notes.”**

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), August 31, 1878, 2, col. 3 [excerpt].

One of the editors of the Portland *Standard* takes to himself the credit, glory and renown of having been the author of a letter sent by Sarah Winnemucca to her brother Natchez. A magnificent future is in store for that young man.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), September 3, 1878, 2, col. 3.

**What the Piute Queen Says of the Late War.**

A reporter of the Idaho Statesman interviewed Sarah Winnemucca, who is now at Boise City, and gives the following as the substance of her remarks:

“She has visited Fort Boise and attempted to interview the Indian prisoners now at the Post. She first visited the women, who refused to tell her anything, and when trying to talk with the men, one of the squaws interfered and told the men to say nothing, as Sarah would be certain to tell everything they said to the officers. Sarah says that she never saw any of these prisoners before, and knows nothing about them, but thinks they are Shoshones or Weisers.

Of the Piutes she says Oitz is the most guilty, and should be severely punished, as he was foremost in joining the Bannocks, and encouraged them with assurances that they would be joined by the Umatillas, Warm Spring and Columbia River Indians. Oitz was also active in raiding the ranches beyond the Malheur reservation, and in gathering in the horses running upon the range.

The Piutes, she says, were very nearly without arms or ammunition, but the Bannocks had extra guns which they had stolen from the whites, and furnished such of the Piutes as joined them. The majority of the Piutes were unarmed and virtually prisoners in the hands of the armed hostiles, from whom they were continually making efforts to escape. Many of them did escape, going to McDermit and other places. Sarah seems earnestly in favor of punishing Oitz and all others who were actively engaged in robbing and murdering, and professes to be anxious to do all in her power to identify them and bring them to punishment. She says that she has positive evidence

that Buffalo Horn was killed at South Mountain by Piute Joe at the time of the battle with the Silver City volunteers.

**“Sallie Winnemucca’s Letter.”**

*Morning Appeal* (Carson City NV), September 8, 1878, 3, col. 2.

— Says the *Silver State* of Friday:

About a month ago Naches, who was then at Camp McDermit, received a letter from his sister, Sallie Winnemucca, who was then on General Howard’s staff, giving particulars of the killing of Chief Egan by the Umatillas, and requesting Naches to communicate with the hostiles and, if possible, induce them to surrender. Naches sent the letter to us for publication, and it was subsequently reproduced in nearly all the newspapers of the coast. Coming from the Piute Princess, it excited considerable comment, and one of the editors of the Portland *Standard* now takes to himself the credit, glory and renown of being the author of it. We have the original manuscript yet in our possession, and a dozen or more persons who claim to be familiar with the Princess Sallie’s handwriting, say it is hers. The letter is a good one for a Piute woman to write, but a devilish poor one for the editor of a newspaper, and no journalist outside of Oregon, with the exception, perhaps, of Reno, would admit that he was the author of it.

**“Local Intelligence.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), July 15, 1879, np, col. 2.

**The Piute Queen.**

A Letter From Her Highness to Chief Naches.

Naches, Chief of the Piutes, has received a letter from Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Queen, now at Fort Simcoe, Washington Territory. She says she is well and doing well, and is now teaching in a school among her people, which sixty of them, and sometimes more, attend. They have cleared about 70 acres of land and put in quite a crop of corn and potatoes. Lee Winnemucca is working for the Agent at Simcoe Reservation, and Mattie, her niece, who accompanied her through the war last Summer, is dead. Twenty-one of the Piutes who were taken to Simcoe last Winter have died, and there are

quite a number of others on the sick list, many of whom are not expected to live. Those of the tribe who were taken to Vancouver as prisoners of war, she has not heard from, and she does not know what is going to be done with them. Princess Sally hankers for pine nuts, and wants Naches to send her as many of them as he can. She cannot tell when, if ever, she and her people are coming back, as they cannot leave without orders from Washington to that effect.

### **“Indians Dying Off.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), September 6, 1879, 3, col. 2.

Naches yesterday received a letter from his sister, the Princess Sallie Winnemucca, who is now teaching the Indians at Yakima Reservation, near Fort Simcoe, Washington Territory, in which she says that the Piutes taken there last Winter, are dying off like sheep. She says that no Indians taken sick get well, and she wants to get away from there. She speaks in terms of the highest praise of Father Wilbur, and says that some fifty of her people were recently converted and baptized by him. She noticed the contrast between the treatment of the Indians at Yakima and Malheur, and says that not an Indian was ever taught the alphabet at the latter [place], while many of them at Yakima are fluent readers.

### **“Deceptive Indian Agents.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), November 6, 1879, np, col. 1.

The Malheur Indian Agency is now, and has been since the Bannock outbreak in 1878, deserted by the Indians. The few Piutes from Northern Nevada who were at the Agency when the Bannocks, loaded with the spoils of war and red with the blood of murdered settlers, arrived at the Reservation, hastened to Camp McDermit with their families, for protection. Leggin, chief of the Piutes, hastened with them to McDermit, and with Naches and old Winnemucca, saved the lives of the ranchers of Barren Valley and of Scott, the beef contractor at the Agency, who were surrounded by hostile Indians, who, driven to desperation by the treatment they had received at the Reservation, were determined to wreak vengeance on every white man who came in their way.<sup>49</sup> Leggin was rewarded for his services by being sent, with

Oitz and others, who were on the warpath, to Washington Territory. Last Spring Agent Rinehart, whose Reservation was deserted, arrived here, for the purpose of procuring Piutes to colonize it. Old Winnemucca told him, at the council then held, that he and others of his tribe would go to Malheur if Leggin and his band, who remained peaceable at the time of the outbreak, were permitted to return to the Reservation. Rinehart informed him that Leggin was at liberty to return at any time he pleased, and promised to have him back at the Agency within six weeks from that date. Six months have since passed by, and Rinehart sends one of his bowmen here to compel (as he states it to the Indians) them to go to the Reservation. Winnemucca repeats his willingness to go, if Leggin is brought back from Yakima. Rinehart's right bowman informs him that General Howard assures him that Leggin can return if he pleases. The Indians know this is false, for Naches has been advised by his sister Sallie Winnemucca, who has been teaching school at Yakima, that Leggin and Lee Winnemucca cannot leave there without the consent of the authorities at Washington. They also know that letters purporting to be from the Interior Department, are read one way by the Indian Agent and quite differently by friends of the Indians who have been permitted to see them. This duplicity on the part of the Reservation men causes the Indians to mistrust them, and they believe nothing that they tell them, and in this, judging by what has been brought out at the councils held here, they are undoubtedly right. There is not an Indian at the Malheur Agency now, neither has there been any for over a year past. Yet the Agents tell the Indians that large quantities of provisions and clothing are now arriving at the reservation, but when questioned by white men on the subject and asked why an Agency without Indians should receive such large supplies, they evade an answer. The statements made by Rinehart at the council held here last Spring and by his authorized deputy at the council held here yesterday, show conclusively that both speak with forked tongues and do not hesitate to make misstatements for the purpose of deceiving the Indians. The Piutes here, with the experience some of them had at Malheur, and with which all of them are acquainted, do not want to go to that Agency, and the whites for whom they work on ranches and chore in town do not want them to go, as letters brought by the Indians who attended the council from responsible citizens in all parts of the county, conclusively prove.

## **“A Dusky Princess.”**

*San Francisco Chronicle*, November 14, 1879, 1, nc.

### **The Famous Sarah Winnemucca Visits San Francisco.**

### **A Civilized Indian Woman Who Desires to Lecture the White Race upon the Indian Question.**

The city of San Francisco during the balance of the week will be honored in giving entertainment to a genuine princess. The steamer *State of California*, which arrived from Portland, Oregon, yesterday morning, carried among her passengers Miss Sarah Winnemucca, a granddaughter of the Piute chief Captain Truckee, from whom the river takes its name. The Princess Sarah is well known to fame, and at present is traveling under the protection of some of the officers of the army, who have agreed to see her safe through this wilderness of civilization, our city. During the afternoon a Chronicle reporter called at the hotel where the Princess intends to hold her court while in this city, and upon sending up his card was readily admitted. With her were her brother Naches and her cousin Jerry, who have come from Winnemucca on purpose to accompany Sarah on her trip to Montana, the residence of their sister, who is married to a white man named Smith. The reporter was warmly welcomed by a resolute shake of a small, soft hand, and in spite of his protests was seated in the softest chair in the room, from which the Princess herself had just risen.

### *Brothers of the Princess.*

Next in order were introductions to Naches and Jerry, “two of my people,” as the Princess remarked, and then everything being satisfactorily explained, she herself drew a chair into the circle, “and now we are comfortable for a nice good talk,” she smilingly said. In personal appearance Sarah compares most favorably with other women. She is of medium height, apparently about thirty years of age, broad-shouldered and straight. Her features are regular and expressive. Her prevailing expressions are resoluteness and courage, mingled with good nature. Her movements are quick, but womanly and soft withal, her manners quiet and very self-possessed. She was neatly attired in a brown dress of waterproof material, her only ornament being a necklace

of coral. Being seated the Princess herself commenced the conversation. "I want to ask you something," said she, in remarkably good and correct English: "I have just been thinking how it would do for me to lecture upon the Bann[o]ck war. I might get the California Theater, and perhaps I could make my expenses. You see people don't know much about Indians any way, and I know lots of things that people would like to hear. What do you think?"

The reporter advised her to confer with the army officers who have charge over her.

*How to Keep the Indians Quiet.*

"I would be the first Indian woman that ever spoke before white people," continued Sarah, "and they don't know what the Indians have got to stand sometimes. I tell you the only way to keep the Indians quiet is to put them on different reservations, one for each tribe and far apart. It will never do to let two tribes live on one reservation; they'll always make trouble. You see my people last year did not at all want to go to war, but the Bannacks made all the trouble for them. I was going to Silver City, and there I met Captain Hill, who told me that my people were fighting. I had my own team, and the Captain told me I had better stay in Silver City, because if they caught me they would keep me prisoner, as I was a chief's daughter. So I stayed with Colonel Bernard's party and acted as interpreter and scout during the war. My people were all kept prisoners by the Bannacks, who had disarmed them because they would not fight any longer. I knew that the soldiers were going to conquer the Bannacks, and I was afraid that my people would join and get into more trouble. They were at Stein Mountains. So on the 3d of July, at 10 o'clock in the morning, I set out to warn them of their danger and make them leave the Bannocks. Didn't we ride!" and the Princess fairly jumped in her chair at the recollection.

*A Long Ride.*

"You see we had to be quick," she continued, "because if the Bannacks struck our trail, they would surely follow us and find out where our party was going. By 5 o'clock in the afternoon we had made over eighty miles, and our horses were almost dropping, when we reached Barren Valley. We thought we could get fresh horses there, but the houses were all burned and the people were all gone. All the tracks we could find went towards the

Stein Mountains, and so we got away in that direction and traveled 115 miles more on our half-dead ponies. When we got to the Piutes we found that my brother Naches and three others had left already. Together with the whole band, in all about sixty, we left the same night and got as far as Summit Spring. I left them at Sheep River and rode ahead to warn the soldiers that they were coming, so that they might meet them. On the march Orchez' band joined ours, and I would have got the whole tribe but for Oite, who drove a large number back to the Bannacks after I left the band. Of course Colonel Bernard was much pleased to see me bring in so many warriors to make peace with the whites."

*"Sheep-Eaters."*

Regarding the present outbreak of the Utes, the Princess maintained that she had held a council with a band of fifty who were captured by General Howard, and that they were Bannacks. These Indians were part of a band called "Sheep-eaters;" they were afraid to go to their reservations; they had committed so many depredations and murders that they expected to be hanged when captured. The rest of this band had made their way to the Utes and invited them to make depredations upon the frontiersmen. Sarah, since February last, has been living at the Yakima Reservation, where some 400 of her tribe have settled down. Soon after their arrival there the Government put a schoolhouse at her disposal, and until she left she taught regularly the rudiments of the English language to a class of 32 girls and 30 boys, all Indians. She is very well satisfied with the progress she has made. Sarah appears to be an enthusiastic Methodist, and she narrated her experiences of a "lovely camp-meeting," as she called it, with evident relish. It had been attended by over 800 people, whites and Indians, and she herself had interpreted the sermons which were preached by the missionaries. Sixty-three Piutes had been converted since the spring, partially through her ministrations. Her people had cleared off about 300 acres of land upon the reservation and intended to settle down permanently. They had some nice houses, and some had even sewing machines and organs. They now intended to build a church. The only matter which gave her occasional trouble were the feuds which were continually springing up between her people and those Indians who had come to the reservation before them.

*Poor Opinion of Indian Agents.*

Sarah had a very poor opinion of Government agents, which is shared by her brother Naches. She said that the Indian should at least get one-third of what the law allowed him, now he did not get anything.

Captain Sladen of the United States Army here entered the room, and, being presented to Naches, inquired of him why the Piutes of Nevada did not return to the Malheur Agency, which had been assigned to them. Naches held up his hand and, touching his little finger, said in broken English: "Indian get so much," and touching his four other fingers, "Rheinart him get so much."<sup>50</sup> Rheinart is the Government agent at Malheur, and according to Naches' statement, has maltreated the Indians in every conceivable way. He has beaten, imprisoned and starved them, and before the Piutes showed any sign of desiring to join the Bannacks he shot their ponies, until finally the Piutes left the reservation, and were persuaded to go over to the Bannacks by Oite. Just now Rheinart is engaged in coaxing back his Piutes. They refuse to return, however, and will not go back until Sam Parrish, an old agent, is reinstated at Malheur, for, as Naches says, "he steals only one-half, plenty to eat and good flannel."

*The Childhood of the Princess.*

Sarah Winnemucca thinks that she was born at or near Humboldt Lake. When eight or nine years of age, while traveling with her people towards Carson City, she saw the first white man. "I remember," she says, "my grandfather got two boxes of crackers from the emigrant, but I was afraid; the man had nothing but eyes, and all hair. I got behind my mother and called him an owl. My grandfather, while with Captain Fremont, had heard about California, and when he came back from the Mexican war he took the whole tribe with him into the Joaquin Valley. My brothers Tom and Naches here went to work for four years on a ferry-boat. After that we went down to Santa Cruz and staid there for three years; from there I went to San Jose. There I went to the Convent school for about three years. I liked it very well, until in 1865 I heard that my people had taken the war-path against the whites. So I went back to Nevada, and since that time I have been traveling around from one place to another, mostly with the army. Usually the Indians treat me well enough, unless they are on the war-path, and then I have to be very

careful. I never go armed, because I would not use any pistols, anyway. But when I go scouting I always take two Indians along with me, and they get very good rifles from the officers." Being asked if she had not often been in danger, Sarah only smiled and said she did not know; nothing had ever happened to her.

Although the Princess signs herself Miss Sarah Winnemucca, it is understood that she has had an extensive and diversified matrimonial experience, the number of her white husbands being variously estimated at from three to seven.

#### **"Sarah Winnemucca's Coming Lecture."**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), November 21, 1879, 3, col. 5.

Sarah Winnemucca, better known as "Princess Sarah," daughter of the venerable Chief of the Piutes, will lecture next Tuesday evening, at Platt's Hall, on the history, condition, services and grievances of her people. She does this, she states, at the request of her father and two brothers, all of whom will be with her on the platform. "Sarah" did good service to the United States during the Bannock war, and is entitled to a hearing and a good audience.

#### **"The Indian Princess."**

*San Francisco Chronicle*, November 23, 1879, 1, col. 5.

#### **Another Interesting Chat with Sarah Winnemucca.**

A lady connected with the Chronicle staff was honored with a call from the Princess Sarah Winnemucca yesterday. Sarah has a bright, resolute face, with brave, determined features, exhibiting lines of courage and resolve that tell the whole story of the indomitable daring which made her services as scout, guide and interpreter so invaluable to our Government during the late Bannack war. Her long, straight black hair was worn loosely tied and hanging down her back. Upon her head she wore a straw hat of fine white braid, with upturned side, faced with brown silk and decorated with red roses and clusters of wild berries. A plain dress of dark mixed pattern of serviceable material was almost covered by the long black beaver cloak, trimmed with bands of satin. Around her neck was a silk kerchief, with center of changeable red, and blue and bright striped border. Her only ornaments were three gold

rings on the left hand, one set with bloodstone, another with crystal, and a silver ornament at her throat. This latter has a history and merits description. During the Bannack war three unoffending white men were taken prisoners and carried into the camp of the hostile Indians, Winnemucca and his son Sanchez being present. A council was immediately held.

“It makes my blood run cold even now to think of it,” said Sarah. “My father, Winnemucca, interposed to save the poor fellows, but it was all no use. They would not be influenced by him. He saw that they would have to be killed, and he had my brother Sanchez take the very fleetest ponies he could find, and — it was all done in an instant, and they were flying away as fast as their horses could carry them, with the other Indians close behind. But it was no use. They had to give up the chase, for their horses were not fast enough to catch them. It was in recognition of this deed that this was presented to my brother by the people of Humboldt County.”

The medal is of silver and suspended from a silver bar, on which is a crossed bow and arrow. On the face are two clasped hands of an Indian and white man, and the inscription, “Presented to Chief Nachez by Humboldt County.” On the reverse is a wreath and “Humboldt A.M.R.M. Society.” The edge bears the words, “Memento Bannack War, 1878.”

“It is not mine,” continued Sarah, “but my brother insisted upon my wearing it, for he says it will be mine some day.”

Sarah is much impressed by the little elegancies of civilized life. Born and reared in a wigwam, the first house she ever entered belonged to a Frenchman, M. Bonsall, on the San Joaquin River, years ago. “It was all so strange and wonderful to me to see their furniture,” she says; “I shall never forget some bright-red painted chairs they had, which I thought were the most beautiful things I had ever seen, and how I coaxed my mother to let me sit down in one, for it seemed to me that would be the very greatest happiness I could have. The first gun I ever saw was when my grandfather returned from the Mexican war, which he went through with Captain Fremont. It was the first gun ever brought to our tribe, and when he got ready to fire it off my mother took us children away up on the hillside, for we had heard it made a noise like thunder, and she didn’t know what might happen.”

Sarah has undergone hardships and dared dangers that few men would be willing to face, but she has not lost her womanly qualities, and succeeded,

during her visit, in coaxing into her lap two little timid “pale-faced” children, unusually shy of strangers, who soon lost their fear of her dark skin, won by her warm and genial ways. She speaks with force and decision, and talks eloquently of her people. Her mission, undertaken at the request of Chief Winnemucca, is to have her tribe gathered together again at their old home in Nevada, where they can follow peaceable pursuits and improve themselves. “Good treatment and good faith will make loyal citizens of my people,” she said. “They are unusually receptive to religious influences, and kind treatment will accomplish everything for them; but they can never be driven — cruelty will never civilize them.”

**“Personal.”**

*Washington Post* (Washington DC), November 25, 1879, 2, nc.

The Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, now in San Francisco, is good looking, with resolute expression and self possessed manner. She thinks of going into the lecture field to talk about the Bannock war.

**“Sarah Winnemucca’s Lecture.”**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), November 25, 1879, 3, col. 4.

This evening, Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the venerable chief of the Piutes, will lecture at Platt’s Hall on the history and condition of her people. Sarah has received a liberal English education and speaks the language fluently.

**“Princess Sarah.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), November 26, 1879, 1, col. 3.

**Her Lecture on Indians at Platt’s Hall, Last Night.**

**A Recital of Wrongs by the Indian Agents —**

**The Cause of the Outbreak in 1860.**

Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the Chief of the Winnemucca Indians of Nevada, lectured at Platt’s Hall, last night, on “Indians.” Sarah served as a scout on General Howard’s staff during the recent Bannock war. She is also interpreter for the Federal Government. The stage scenery last

night represented a forest. Captain Dave, Jerry Long and Charley, three members of Sarah's tribe, and employed as interpreters for the Government, came down from Winnemucca, Monday, and sat at the back of the stage during the lecture.

*Sarah Was Dressed*

In full Indian costume. A head-dress of long feathers was fastened to her forehead by a bright red band, her long, jet-black hair falling below her waist. A bright buckskin shirt and cape were trimmed with beads and long buckskin string. A bead necklace shone around her throat and a blue bead bracelet was worn around the right wrist. Bright red hose showed below the short skirt, and it might have been the pair of gaily-embroidered moccasins worn on the feet that attracted the attention of the men in that way. Sarah's manner of speaking is most decidedly odd, and because of its oddity, attractive. The lecture was a literary gem, because a curiosity: valuable, however, because of historical statements. Sarah speaks English with gratifying fluency, yet has not a remarkable command of language. Her style interests, chiefly as the reflex of that of a peculiar class of people. Speaking of the war of 1860, Princess Sarah said: "At that time, there were only four families in our region of the country. We loved them as we would our brothers. If we were so barbarous what was to prevent us from killing them? One day, there were two little girls missing from our tribe. Search was made for them. They could not be found. They had been taken into the house of two white brothers who promised them something to eat. They were timid at first, and did not want to go. But afterward they did and were kept and put down a cellar. When the Indians looked for them they came to this house and the brothers said they had not been there. The Indians searched the house, and when they saw the ring of the trap door that led to the cellar they did not think anything wrong, because they did not understand how the white men could make a cellar in the ground. The fifth day an Indian came along on a fine horse. The brothers wanted to buy it, and offered him a gun, five cans of powder, lead and caps. He said he would exchange, and they put the horse in the stable and locked it. Then they gave the Indian the gun and some powder, but wouldn't give him any lead or caps. Then he began to holler, and the little girls in the

cellar, hearing him holler, hollered too. He knew then that the girls were there. He told his tribe and they said, 'Give up the girls or we will kill you.' The brothers said they did not know where the girls were, but the Indians knocked them down, and found the opening in the floor. They opened the trap-door and found the poor little girls, with their mouths all tied up so they could not speak.

*This Started the Trouble of 1860.*

"Soldiers came, and the Indians had to fight the white men. I have come here to lay down the facts, good or bad, in behalf of my people. But people say of the Indians, 'Exterminate them! exterminate them!' My friends, they would not say this of the Chinamen or the negro. When the soldiers came, all was trouble. There was one good man named Clayton, who came among us, and brought goods and beads and handkerchiefs. We learned to love that man. When the fighting commenced he said to my brother, Natchez, 'Be merciful unto me, Natchez; save my life.' My brother said: 'It is almost too late. But I will fire over your head and you can roll down the hill, and the Indians will think you are dead.' But he was too late, and the Indians killed Clayton. He taught us English. He did roll down the hill, and his bones lie there rotting. After that the regular soldiers, the troops, came and told us to lay down our arms. I was a little bit of a girl then. They told us to go on the Reservation and the Government would give us provisions every day. Did they do it? No — they didn't. The agents robbed us. Just as long as an agent can keep my people down, he will do it — just as long as the world stands. But how can I teach my people to be good? Say to them, You must be good, and must not condemn the whole white race because they do wrong to a few of your women. Sometimes you kill innocent people. I tell them they must not lie and steal, and must love their neighbors as yourself. And they say: 'Who are our neighbors, the people next to us, or around us?' And I say, 'No, the whole human family are our neighbors.' But the white men will not look on us as neighbors. Then what are we? We have hands and a face, only it is red instead of white. If they could only know our feelings, my friends, they would call us their neighbors. In 1878 Mr. Grannis came to preach a sermon, and I interpreted it. He said, 'If you are not good you will

*Go to a Place Called Hell.*

'If you are good, and do not lie and steal and commit adultery, you will go to heaven.'

"And one of our men interrupted him and turned to Rinehart, the agent, and said, 'You say to be good and we will go to heaven. Mr. Rinehart, where will you go? You claim to be a Christian man. You kneel and uplift your hands and the tears roll down your face. Who do you pray to? We are Indians, and do not understand. We have eyes, but you think us blind. You hold out your left hand and pray for us, and your right hand is grabbing something else.['] Mr. Rinehart is a good man, probably. I think he is a good man. The biggest thief, whether a man or a woman, is good if wealthy. With the jingle in his pocket and plenty in his hand, he lives away up, socially. Rinehart despised my people in many ways. He told them that their lands belonged to the Government, but if they would cultivate it, the Government would pay them one dollar a day, whether child, or woman, or man. About 400 Indians went to work, and Saturday night took in their bills. He would not pay them, but said, 'The Government has not sent me the money yet. But you can have goods out of my store. Pants are \$3; blankets, \$6, shirts, \$1.50 to \$3; stockings, four bits, and shoes [illegible] and \$3.<sup>51</sup> You can buy them here or at the Government store in Canon City, but at no other store.'

*My People Hung Their Heads.*

And were not pleased. Rinehart beat my people. He first would strike and beat them, and afterward carried a pistol to frighten them. Is this the way to treat my people, I would like to know? He sends us sub-agents to gather in Indians on his Reservation, but they know his bad reputation and won't come. He has not an Indian on his Reservation now. He need[s] to say there were no appropriations for the Indians, and he could not afford to feed them out of his own pocket. I wonder where the money comes from now that there are no Indians."

Princess Sarah, after further enlarging upon the bad treatment of Rinehart as Indian Agent, related her adventures as scout under General Howard in the Bannock war, and expressed it as her opinion, and that of her people, that the leaders should be punished — hanged, or imprisoned for life but the people should be allowed to go on a good Reservation, they should be

taught to build and farm, and educated without the interference of an agent, they could make their own living, and would be glad to do so.

The audience was not very large, but enjoyed the lecture, and frequently applauded Princess Sarah.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, November 27, 1879, 2, col. 3.

This alleged Indian Princess has taken to the lecture field, and appears to have made quite a sensation in San Francisco the other night. Her appearance was indeed a novelty, for it is probably the very first time that an Indian woman has addressed a white audience, in good English, upon the wrongs and grievances of her race. Sarah appears to have talked quite eloquently, and to have spoken very vigorously of the difficulties which surround the Indian. She undoubtedly hit the blot when she pointed out that the white men with whom Indians are first brought in contact are too commonly outcasts and ruffians, who respect no laws themselves, and who by their violence and cruelty perhaps teach otherwise peaceful tribes to retaliate in the same way. Sarah Winnemucca may do something for herself by lecturing, but she will not effect anything for her people. Indian affairs have long since been abandoned in disgust by the people, and nowadays they arrange themselves.

### **“Malheur, Rinehart, and the Piutes.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), November 28, 1879, 2, col. 1.

In addition to what Princess Sarah Winnemucca said during her lecture the other evening about one Rinehart, the Indian Agent at the Malheur Reservation, to the effect that not an Indian remains on the Reservation at that place, additional statements come by way of Walla Walla. These reports say that there has not been a single Indian at that Agency for over a year, and yet supplies are being constantly sent thither by the Government. The Agent (Rinehart) himself has tried, and sent his emissaries all over the country, even unto Nevada, to bribe the Piutes to return. But in vain. Those poor Indians have had a taste of his brutality, and they want no more of it. So it seems that Sarah knew what she was talking about, and knew the facts. She

said that this pet of the Indian Ring had promised pay to the Indians for working, and when they applied for their wages, his course toward them was such that they declined further peonage of that kind.

Then he assumed the character of the bully, and with pistol in hand attempted to force them to work for him. Now, allowing the one concession that the Piutes are men, it is perfectly natural that they should have left him and the Reservation. Had he been a man of honesty and honor, he would have informed the Government of the exact condition of things, and thus have prevented the Government from still forwarding supplies for that agency. Not an Indian is within two hundred miles of the Agency, and not one can be bribed to return. Yet the Government still sends the supplies. What becomes of them? Perhaps Rinehart could tell; and perhaps Commissioner Hoyt could tell — if he would. Under such circumstances, no wonder the question is asked why Rinehart is still kept in office under salary, for performing duties that do not exist. It is suggested that the Reservation lands be sold for the benefit of the Indians. The question is asked, says the despatch, for what Indians? There are none within two hundred miles.

### **“The Piute Princess.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), November 28, 1879, 1, col. 2.

#### **What She Says of the Wrongs of Her Tribe.**

[From the San Francisco Chronicle]

San Francisco was treated to the most novel entertainment it has ever known, last evening, in the shape of the address by Sarah, daughter of Chief Winnemucca, delivered in Platt's Hall. The Princess wore a short buckskin dress, the skirt bordered with fringe and embroidery, short sleeves, disclosing beautifully-rounded brown arms, and scarlet leggings, with trimmings of fringe. On her head she wore a proud head-dress of eagle's feathers, set in a scarlet crown, contrasting well with her flowing black locks. The lecture was unlike anything ever before heard in the civilized world — eloquent, pathetic, tragical at times: at others her quaint anecdotes, sarcasms and wonderful mimicry surprised the audience again and again into bursts of laughter. There was no set lecture from written manuscript, but a spontaneous

flow of eloquence. Nature's child spoke in natural, unconstrained language, accompanied by gestures that were scarcely ever surpassed by any actress on the stage. The constraint which was naturally expected by the audience in one unused to facing the public, was nowhere visible as the Indian girl walked upon the stage in an easy, unembarrassed manner, and entered at once upon the story of her race. The story of her childhood, the strange childhood of an Indian maiden, was charmingly told, the story of the first white man who ever appeared in the native haunts of her race being a prominent remembrance. The Piutes were living peaceably and happily on the grounds of their forefathers. Her grandfather, who accompanied General (then Captain) Fremont through the Mexican war — being christened by the latter "Captain Truckee" — was their Chief at the time. When the news spread that

*A White Man*

Was approaching the excitement became intense. They were ready to hail with affection and hearty cordiality the "white brother" whose approach had long been foretold to them. Her grandfather went to meet the white man, threw down his weapons and reached out to him his hand. The white man would not take it. Sadly the aged chief returned to his people. He said, "Our white brother has come, but he will not accept our welcome." But nevertheless he cautioned the Indians to do him no harm. The next whites who came were a train of emigrants. Captain Truckee was away and Winnemucca was acting as chief in his absence. The emigrants fired upon the Indians and killed one and wounded two. She remembered how they fled to the hills to escape the emigrants. The children could not run fast enough, so her mother stopped and dug holes in the sand, into which she put Sarah and her little cousin, screening them with sagebrush. While white children were being taught to dread and fear the Indians, the little Indian children were having instilled into their minds by all they saw and heard the greatest horror of the whites. They were taught that the whites would kill and eat them if they caught them. So in mutual misapprehension their lives went on. The white men who sought the frontiers were as a rule the very scum of civilization — men who could not be tolerated among their own people. Constant outrages on Indian mothers and daughters

and sisters occurred, and the untaught race felt daily a stronger sense of wrong and indignation towards the whites growing in their [hearts]. "Oh, my dear friends," said the speaker with a passionate earnestness, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "you little know what we have to live through. People come to the frontier who can live with you no longer. Do you think those Indians have no feelings when cruel hands are laid on their mothers, sisters and their little girls? I judge my people by myself" clasping her hands to her breast. "Then the Indians go and harm some innocent white people in their vengeance. I do not screen my people. But I say you cannot hold them from it unless you change your treatment of them." The cause of the war of 1861 was related.<sup>52</sup>

*Two Little Indian Girls,*

Ten and twelve years of age, were stolen and secreted by base white men, and the Indians uprose in their indignation and wrath and slaughtered the whites until the old cry arose, "Exterminate the Indians." Just as reasonable would be the cry, Exterminate the white race for the wrongs they inflict upon the Indians.

A large and interesting portion of the address was devoted to a description of Indian Agent Rinehart, who, according to the speaker's story, had lied to the Indians about their reservation being Government property, duped them into doing work for which he promised a recompense which he never gave them, beaten them, driven them with pistols when working inoffensively, deprived them of the blankets furnished them by the Government, and committed numerous other injuries the effect of which had been to drive them away, until since 1878 not an Indian has been on the reservation. Yet he sends on glowing accounts to Washington, and, has obtained large stores of supplies, which he never procured when they were there, poor and needy. The speaker asked the very pertinent question, "What was done with these supplies?" There was little left of the redoubtable Christian agent when she finished him. She described him as having a right arm longer than his left, and while he was beckoning them to be kind and good and honest with the one hand, the other was busy grabbing behind their backs. She wound up her summary of Mr. Rinehart's character with a bit of mischievous sarcasm that brought down the house.

### *The Bannock War*

And the causes leading to it were next described. She gave a graphic account of many incidents of the campaign, thrilling and enchaining the interest of her audience. At the close of the unique and impressive lecture, one of the three Piute braves occupying seats on the platform spoke at some length in the Indian language, his remarks being interpreted by Sarah.

#### **“The Indian Question.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), December 4, 1879, 1, col. 3.

#### **Princess Sarah Winnemucca and Natchez Make**

#### **Another Appeal for “My People.”**

The attendance at Platt’s Hall last night must have been extremely gratifying to Princess Sarah, for on the floor and in the gallery there were but few vacant seats. The audience, too, was very warm-hearted, and appreciated Sarah’s witty and telling points, and rewarded them with rounds of applause. The celebrated female scout wore the same costume as at her first lecture, with the slight exception of a change in her ornamental beads, and such like feminine vanities. She delivered her lecture, or, rather, appeal, in a very able, emotional and forcible manner, frequently being overcome herself by the bitterness of the scenes of injustice which she depicted. On the whole, the address was a reproduction of the last, slightly curtailed, and yet with a few additional facts.

She stated that she had not time to speak of the traditions of her people, but would commence her narrative with 1875, when Sam Parrish was Agent. She dwelt at length upon his kindness to “my people;” how he kept faith with them; built a school-house and taught them; taught them to be good and honest. On the 1st of January, the school-house having been built, Mrs. Parrish, wife of Charley Parrish, was made head teacher, and Sarah assistant, and “and in five months,” said Sarah, “some of our children — Indian children — could spell words of two syllables. Think of that!” She told how beloved was this agent to them all, and how the Council of her people thanked him for his labors and kindness.

*A Change.*

She then, in most feeling tones and language that won for her the sympathies of her listeners, told how Mr. Parrish had informed them that orders had come from Washington for him to leave them, and for another to take his place; of the regret and pain her people experienced at this news, and how they failed to understand why a good man, and one who had done his best to improve the condition of the Indians and to civilize them, should be removed.

She then made the same points, and a few others, against Rhinehart, as before. She told how he told falsehoods to her people, abused, ill treated, brutally treated, deceived and cheated them in every way, and how he insisted upon it that they should only deal at his stores. She related how she had made complaints against this man and had obtained no redress. She then described the incidents which led to a portion of her people joining the hostile Bannocks. These men decided rather to die in war than to be starved to death by Rhinehart. She spoke of her efforts to prevent them from going to war. She did not think that all her people should be deprived of their lands or driven from home to starve because a few had been guilty; the guilty alone should be punished.

*An Argument.*

The Chinese, said she, sometimes do fearful things, and commit horrible murders, but you search for those men for two or three years until you catch them, and when they are caught you punish them. You don't attack all the Chinese who are with you. No, you let them live with you. You take all the natives of the earth to your bosom but the poor Indian, who is born of the soil of your land and who has lived for generations on the lands which the good God has given to them, and you say he must be exterminated. [Thrice repeated, with deep passion, and received with tremendous applause.] The proverb says the big fish eat up the little fishes, and we Indians are the little fish and you eat us all up and drive us from home. [Cheers.] Where can we poor Indians go, if the Government will not help us? If your people will help us, and you have good hearts, and can if you will, I will promise to educate my people and make them law-abiding citizens of the United States. [Loud applause.] It can be done — it can be done. [Cheers.] My father, Winnemucca,

pleads with you that the guilty shall be punished, but that the innocent be permitted to dwell on their own lands in Nevada, and he asks that you send white ladies into our midst to teach us instead of men; they would at least give us half instead of none. [Laughter and cheers.] We want you to try us for four years, and if at the end of that time we don't learn, or don't work, or don't become good citizens, then you can do what you please. [Cheers.]

*Give Us a Chance.*

What chances have we had? [Cheers.] None! She then spoke of the grand results obtained by Captain Smith, at Warm Springs, Washoe, where, after ten years teaching among the Flat Heads, the Indians could read, speak and preach beautiful sermons in their own tongue, and were civilized. There were other tribes, too, which were wealthy, possessed horses and carriages, and had melodeons in their houses; and why? Because they had a true Christian among them. She then praised the efforts of, and the results obtained by, the Rev. James Wilbur and the white ladies among other tribes who were now also civilized. All these proved that the Indians, especially the children, could be educated and civilized. She spoke of a camp meeting at which 62 were baptized. She appealed for the same chances for her own people, and closed with such an earnest and eloquent appeal that the house shook with applause.

As she retired, she laughingly said: "If I were to take off these things and put on tights, and a . . . , and twirl round and caper like this [imitating the ballet], you all would come to see me, but as I come to appeal for my people, you don't care to listen to me."<sup>53</sup> A long prolonged outburst of applause greeted this remark, and Sarah retired for a moment or two.

Natchez then made a speech in the Indian language, which was interpreted by Sarah. He denounced Rhinehart. He would obey General McDowell's orders, or any [one else's]. He gave the names of men whose lives he had saved, and pleaded hard for his people.

After a "song" from him, little Otto gave one of his brilliant performances.

**"Sarah Winnemucca Repeats Her Lecture."**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), December 4, 1879, 2, col. 4.

Last night, Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the Chief of the Piutes, repeated her lecture on the history and condition of her people, before a very good

audience at Platt's Hall. Her lecture was well received. Sarah's brother, Nachez, and her three cousins, Jerry Long, Captain Dave and Charley Thatcher, occupied seats on the back of the stage. Her lecture was followed by a speech from Nachez, delivered in the Piute language and translated by Sarah. The son of the Nez Perces Chief, Joseph, closed the entertainment with an exhibition of his skill in the manual of arms. Sarah's efforts on the rostrum have made such a favorable impression on her friends that they have persuaded her to repeat her lecture next Saturday and Monday evenings at Platt's Hall.

**"Platt's Hall."**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), December 5, 1879, 4, col. 6.

**Platt's Hall.**

**Saturday Evening . . . Dec 8th**

Immense Success of the Celebrated Scout of the Bannock War, Princess Sarah Winnemucca, Will lecture on the Tradition and Characteristics of her People and their Mode of Life before the advent of the White Man. Chief Nachez Will speak in his native tongue, which will be interpreted by Sarah Winnemucca.

Admission to all parts of the house . . . 50 cents

Tickets for sale at Gray's Music Store

**"Sarah Winnemucca."**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), December 6, 1879, 4, col. 4.

Sarah Winnemucca will deliver another lecture at Platt's Hall this evening. The subject will be the tradition and characteristics of her tribe and their modes of courtship and marriage. Her brother, Chief Naches, will also deliver an address. Sarah will also lecture in the same place next Monday night.

**"A Proclamation."**

*Arizona Citizen* (Tucson AZ), December 6, 1879, 1, col. 6.

Whereas, we are desirous of preserving the North American Indians and also of their proper civilization, now therefore, we, Norton I, "Dei Gratia"

Emperor of North America, do hereby declare Sarah Winnemucca Empress of all the North American Indians, and do hereby also decree that no treaties between the different tribes of Indians and the respective acts shall be legal without the approval and signature of the Empress of North America.<sup>54</sup>  
Norton I.

California, November 36 (???), 1879.<sup>55</sup>

Who ever thought that “Caesarism” in this country would come in this way, and that our first “Caesar” would be a woman?

### **“Sarah’s Appeal.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), December 7, 1879, 1, col. 4.

#### **Another Eloquent Lecture by the Champion of Her Race — A Beautiful Story of the Traditions of Her People.**

Princess Sarah Winnemucca last night gave another of her charming and inimitable lectures in behalf of her people. The attendance was fair, but not as large as it should have been, bearing in mind the merit and importance of the cause for which Sarah pleads. Sarah was also somewhat “put out” by the numerous suggestions of innumerable kind friends, each of whom suggested a course of action, and outlined diverse policies in speech. On Monday (to-morrow), however, she will address her audience untrammelled by advice, and speaking solely from her own good heart, and prompted alone by the justice of her cause.

Before the white people came among us we knew we had white brothers. There was a tradition among our people that our white brothers had been estranged, but that soon we would be reunited. We thought that once, a great while ago, there was in this world a happy family. In it there were two girls and two boys. One girl and one boy were dark, and the others were light. For a time they got along together without quarrelling, but soon they disagreed and there was trouble. They were cross to one another and fought, and their parents were very much grieved. They prayed that their children might learn better, but it did no good. Afterward, the whole household was made so unhappy that the father and the mother saw that they must separate their children, and they took

*The Dark Boy and the Dark Girl,*

And sent them away to one place, and the light boy and the light girl were sent away to another. And their parents saw them no more, and they grieved, though they knew the children were happier. And, by and by, the children grew into two strong nations. And one was dark, and we believed that it was the one we belonged to. And we thought that the nation that had sprung from the light children would soon send some one to meet us, and heal all the old troubles. Finally the white people came, and my grandfather was glad, and he went forth to meet them, for he knew they were our white brothers.

*The First Whites*

That came among us were a party traveling eastward from California, not coming this way. But when my grandfather went to greet his white brethren they refused to let him welcome them. And they drove him away, and his heart was sad. And he came to us, oh, so grieved! And he said to my people, "Our white brothers will not let us receive them into our country." But they did not like to give them up, so they followed them to the Humboldt River; but it was no use. Then they said, "Well, next year, they will come back again;" and my grandfather said to his people, "If I die, you must promise me that you will not hurt our white brothers if they come into our country again." And they promised him. And next year emigrants came through our country, and there was a camp in charge of a man named Johnson. They stayed down at Humboldt Lake. And my grandfather and some of his people called on him, and they shook hands. And when the whites were going back they gave my grandfather a bright tin plate.

*Oh, It Was So Bright*

And everybody was so pleased. Nothing like it was ever seen in our country before. My grandfather thought so much of it that he bored holes in it and fastened it on his head, where he wore it as his hat. He held in it as much admiration as the young ladies of San Francisco do a seal-skin jacket or a diamond ring. Well, after that year, more immigration came, and next Spring Captain Fremont, now General Fremont, came, and my grandfather met him, and they were friends. They met just where the railroad crossing at

Truckee is now, at the Truckee River. Captain Fremont gave my grandfather the name of Captain Truckee, and he called the river after him. A party of twelve of my people then came to California with Capt. Fremont. They were gone some time; I don't know just how long.

*They Helped Captain Fremont*

Fight the Mexicans. When they came back they told us what a beautiful country California was. Only eleven of these returned, one having died on the road home. They spoke to us in the American language, which was very strange to us. Captain Truckee was very proud. They all brought guns. He would sit down with his gun before him, and say, "Goodee gun, goodee, goodee gun; heap shoot, \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_!" And they brought some of their soldier clothes, with all their brass buttons, and we were very much astonished to see the clothes they wore. The next year eight or ten families came to live among us. We liked them well and learned to love them. They lived with us peaceably, and we hoped more of our white brothers would come. We were less barbarous then than now. [Laughter.]

Sarah then rehearsed the story of the origin of the Indian troubles in the Spring of '60, as heretofore reported by the ALTA. Her brother Natchez, Jerry Long and Captain Dave, were then introduced, and, Sarah acting as interpreter, addressed the audience on the subject of the wrongs their people had suffered under Indian Agent Rinehart. Sarah then sang an Indian song, closing the evening's exercises. To-morrow evening she will deliver another lecture at Platt's Hall, an announcement to the contrary notwithstanding, and will enlarge upon the early traditions and superstitions of her people.

**"Washington Territory."**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, December 11, 1879, 1, col. 7.

**Sarah Winnemucca's Lectures Indorsed.**

Walla Walla, December 10th. — The lectures of Sarah Winnemucca, as reported by the California press, are true, and worthy of every attention. The Indians would be glad to return to the Malheur reservation if a good, honest Agent was placed over them.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*San Francisco Illustrated Wasp*, December 13, 1879, 1, nc.

Sarah Winnemucca, whose portrait appears on the first page, was born on the Humboldt Sink, and appears to be about 36 years old. She is descended from a line of chiefs, and has acquired English by intercourse with officers, stationed at various reservations, but finally received some schooling at St. Mary's Convent, San Jose.

She has on several occasions served the Government with honor at various military posts as interpreter. Her great devotion to her people brings her before the public, and we hope with merited success.

### **“The Piute Princess.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), December 24, 1879, 1, col. 5.

#### **Her Farewell Lecture — She Goes East, with an Imaginary String of Indian Agents' Scalps.**

The Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, delivered her farewell lecture last night, at Dashaway Hall. The attendance was rather slight, owing, no doubt, to the very cold weather with which Old Probabilities has been pleased to visit this Coast. In the East, where people are used to cold snaps, but not to English lectures by an Indian woman, her appearances will be likely to draw, from sheer novelty, and please by the picturesqueness of her costume, and a certain gracefulness and dramatic effect of her gestures as well as her sententious sentences, which frequently bear a striking similarity to the simple beauty of the style of some passages of the poetry of Holy Writ. As Sarah claims to be a Methodist, this coincidence may, perhaps, be referred to her reading of the Old Testament. Though her vocabulary of English words is not extensive, nor her construction entirely orthodox, she has command of sufficient language to make, in connection with the circumstances alluded to, an interesting discourse. Her address last night was devoted to an account of the perfidious treatment experienced by her people, and their disposition to become civilised if assisted by the Government and “the citizens.” She said: I am appealing to you to

*Help My People;*

To send teachers and books among us. Educate us. Every one shuns me, and turns a back on me, with contempt. Some say I am a half breed. My father and mother were pure Indians. I would be ashamed to acknowledge that there was white blood in me. The preachers get up in their pulpits and fairly dance before their congregations, and talk about preaching us the Gospel, and convert us. Do they do it? They don't do no such thing. I want homes for my people, but no one will help us. I call upon white people in their private houses. They will not touch my fingers for fear of getting soiled. That's the Christianity of white people. Maybe some of you will accompany me to my home and educate my people. They are capable of learning just as well as you are to learn. In 1867, when I was engaged to interpret for my people, there was nothing left them. There was no game, but tame game. [Necessity] made them go and take a cow or a steer; just as we would do now, this minute, if deer was a hundred [illegible] away; just as Indians done to feed their little ones and wives.

*The Soldiers Are Our Best Friends.*

They take care of us. They give us soldiers' rations, and everything that is necessary. They don't receive supplies as the Agents do. The soldiers gave us cast off clothing. When I went back to my people, from school, it was quite comical to see men and women dressed in soldiers' blouses and pants. They thought it was perfectly grand. Rabbits are very nice for furs. My people weaved them into a very large robe to put around us. Your women want to be like ours. The Agent told us we should be provided for. When Winter come we were unprovided for, and our children were shivering. That's the way your civilisation treats my people. Can you blame my people for saying you care no more for us than the snake that's curled in the grass? Who first

*Invented Scalping.*

I want to know. We are both about equal. There is no ground to grumble at each other. You are just as bloodthirsty to kill my people, as my people to kill you. My people think as much of their wives and daughters as you think of yours. The soldiers promised to give me money for carrying despatches, but never gave it. Who got the praise? Not poor Sarah. She have to hide away. My people don't want Government a penny; only want a piece of land that

we can call our own, and make a living for themselves.<sup>56</sup> In that way you can civilize my people. Piles of money and clothing makes my people very lazy. They are willing to work, if you will make way with the Agents. You come and kick our people from all directions, and call yourselves civilized and Christian. My people will learn. They will repeat everything you say to them toward learning. The time is coming, they will be so far ahead of you, you'd be ashamed of yourselves. I don't know — of course — it's always woman's nature that

*Their Tongue Have Bound to Run.*

I will expose all the rascals. I will save nobody. I will name the paths, the officer, the Agent, and not say I'm afraid to mention his name. I must go away from here, because it costs money to live, and I have none. I would be welcome among the heathens. They would give me wild roots, and fruits, and not say, Pay me. Some of you white people have been very good to me. I love all of you, because you come to hear such a nonsense as comes from a poor Indian woman. The Press has been very kind to me. I am going East. My mouth shall not be sealed appealing for my people, who are naked, shivering, now at this time. I deceived myself greatly when I come here. I thought my own people would come forward and aid me in my endeavor.

*I Mean the Methodists.*

I am a Methodist, I am. I can get up in the pulpit and give a better sermon than any of them. I am used to interpreting sermons. I am no lecturer. Some enemies go behind my back and say, "Sarah lies." I despise myself because I had a chance to learn English, and didn't.<sup>57</sup> Oh! I would say some things. I hope you will not be mad at me for speaking harshly of the Agents and the Government. The militaries are our friend. Indian is like my white brother, the Emperor Norton — he like epaulets. [Laughter and applause.]

**"Sarah Winnemucca's Farewell Lecture."**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), December 24, 1879, 1, cols. 3-4.

Sarah Winnemucca delivered her last lecture before leaving for the East at Dashaway Hall last evening. The audience was not very large. She was

arrayed in a costume of buckskin. She narrated several stories of the cruelty and barbarity of the whites against the Red Men. She publicly accused a resident of Reno of the murder of an Indian boy, at the Trader's post at Camp McDermott, for which crime, she alleged, he had never been punished. If an Indian had committed the crimes of which this man is guilty, Sarah added, the hue and cry of the land would be, "Let every Indian die."

Sarah then spoke of her service to the Government, referring to one time, when, by her exertions she induced a hostile band to come into camp, but the commanding officer, she declared, received all the glory and she none. From the white people all that she had received for her actions was slander and abuse. In concluding, she said: "My people do not want Government help. They want each family to have a piece of land they can call their own. They are tired of doing nothing. All they want is a piece of land. By giving it to them, you can civilize my people. Don't tell them they are to have eatables and clothing; that makes them lazy. They say they are willing to work. Make way with the agents who lie to my people every day. My people could provide for themselves before the white people came in our midst. They can do the same thing now. Give them farming implements. If then they do not work, you can say they are lazy and won't work. You cannot do something with nothing. You must have something with which to make a beginning. I appeal to you to come and teach our people. They are willing to learn."

Sarah stated that she was a Methodist. She also gave a history of a number of Indian customs. The Doctor is the highest man among the Indians, not the Chief. The Indians are naturally a religious people. They believe in "Father in Heaven." They call him so. How the white people came to think that the Indians spoke of the "Great Spirit" Sarah could not conjecture.

With a word of thanks to those citizens who had taken an active interest in her case, and the Press, Sarah bowed and left the stage.

#### **"Sarah Winnemucca."**

*Indian Journal* (Muskogee, Indian Territory), December 25, 1879, 1, col. 3.

San Francisco, Cal., December 15. Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Chief Winnemucca, of the Piutes, who has been lecturing in this city on the wrongs of her race, has made a lengthy affidavit, to be forwarded to Secretary Schurz,

asking in behalf of her people, first, that Mr. Reinhardt, Indian agent at the Malheur reservation, be removed: second, that Samuel Parish, former agent, be reinstated; or, if that is impossible, some other honest and humane man, or some honest military officer, be given charge of the agency; third, that the Piute Indians be allowed to return from the Yakima agency, where they were sent in the winter of 1878–79, to the Malheur agency. The affidavit then recites, at length and specificity, bad faith and cruelty on the part of Reinhardt in his conduct toward the Piutes, and asserts that during the recent Bannock war the Piutes, with the exception of about twenty, remained friendly to the whites. Sarah Winnemucca has acted for a number of years as interpreter, scout and guide. Frank J. Parker, employed as scout by Gen. Howard, and now conducting the Wallawalla Statesman, telegraphs that Sarah's statements made in her lectures here, which are formulated in her affidavit, are true, and entitled to respectful consideration.<sup>58</sup>

**“San Francisco Items.”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, December 26, 1879, 2, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca delivered her farewell lecture in this city last night at Dashaway Hall. She commenced with a recital of the wrongs her people had suffered at the hands of the Government agents in Nevada. She related the exciting details of the Pyramid Lake massacre,<sup>59</sup> where Captain Welch, commanding a company of regulars, surprised an encampment of 800 Indians, shooting the men and women and throwing the children, tied in their baskets, into the burning wickiups. Sarah's manner of describing this incident showed a remarkable amount of natural dramatic ability, which needs little shaping to make her addresses rank as artistic efforts. She corrected a popular error regarding the form of worship and religious belief which obtains among her people. They do not, as is generally supposed, believe in a “Great Spirit,” whose aiding power is invoked or secured by worship, or offerings to the sun, moon or stars. They believe in and worship a Father in heaven, who is prayed to after the manner of Christians. All things, she says, they believe were created by this Being, and him they worship and pray to. The “Great Spirit” fallacy is the result of Indian history and manners having been depicted for civilized mankind through the

medium of the seductive dime novel. Sarah closed her lecture by firing a fierce philippic at Scott, the Sub-agent of Indian Agent Reinhart.

**“The Wrongs of the Red Men.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), December 30, 1879, 3, col. 2.

**What the Piutes Say about the Malheur Agency.**

Yesterday J. M. Haworth, Special Agent of the Interior Department, met a number of leading Piutes here, for the purpose of ascertaining what their grievances, if any they have, are, and why they object to going to Malheur Reservation. Among the Piutes present were old Winnemucca, Naches, the Princess Sarah — his sister, Jerry Long and Charley Thacker — formerly interpreters at Malheur, Captain John of Big Meadows, Captain Jim of Unionville, Capt. Breckenridge of Stillwater, George and Charley of Paradise, and a host of their henchmen and retainers.

*Special Agent Haworth*

Said he had long heard of the Piutes, and now saw them face to face. He did not come to talk to them, but to have them talk to him. His business is traveling around among the Indians. Eight days ago, while at Fort Hall, he received a telegram from the Great Father in Washington to come here, and he came on the next train. Washington wanted to find out what the matter is. He had heard that their hearts were troubled; that the Indian Agents were pulling one way and the military the other. Now, he wanted to know the whole truth, so that he could tell Father Washington what ailed them. He wanted to know whether it was the country or the Agent at Malheur they disliked. He did not come to scold or make bad talk. That was all he wanted to say now.

It was agreed that the Princess Sarah, who arrived on the train with Naches and other sub-chiefs from the western part of the State, should act as interpreter. The Indians held a consultation among themselves, and Sarah announced that Winnemucca had appointed

*Naches to Speak First.*

[Reports of the comments of Naches, Old Winnemucca, and Captain Charley have been omitted. — Eds.]

*Indians Mistreated.*

Sarah said while she was interpreter at the reservation,

Indians were knocked down and kicked and beaten, and their ponies shot by Rinehart, who also threatened to shoot Indian boys and cripple them for life.

Charley Thacker said he had worked at the reservation plowing for Rinehart. He was promised \$1 a day but received neither money or goods for his labor.

Jerry Long, interpreter at the reservation, said if blind and decrepid Indians were not on hand when Rinehart found it convenient to issue rations they got nothing. Rinehart told his employe[e]s to shoot Indian ponies if they happened to get into the field, and some of the ponies were killed in obedience to his orders.

*Educating the Indians.*

Mr. Haworth said that to-day he appreciated the value of education to the Indians more than ever before. He complimented Sarah on her efficiency as an interpreter, and remarked that there were other Piute women naturally as smart as her and only lacked education to make them her equal in every respect, (Naches here remarked that his wife was smarter than Sarah). The time, continued Mr. Haworth, had been when Indians lived on buffalo and game, but now white men were coming in from all directions and the time was at hand when the Indians would have to compete with whites. Nothing could prevent the white men from coming, therefore the Indian children should be educated and be prepared to compete with the whites in all kinds of business, and as some of you said to-day and said well, you must have your farms and your lands. It made his heart glad to hear Winnemucca say he hoped to live to see the day when the young people of his tribe would be educated. He would write to Washington what was said and would tell Washington to make arrangements to have Winnemucca, Sarah, Naches and Jerry Long taken there to talk to the Great Father. He also said he would endeavor to get the Great Father to send them a number of tents for wickiups.

At the close of the talk Sarah announced that she would lecture here at an early day, probably next Saturday evening.

### **“Local Intelligence.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), January 5, 1880, 1, col. 1.

#### **The Piute Princess.**

##### **How Boston Dowagers Sympathize with Her.**

The San Francisco Stock Exchange says several dowagers from Boston met the Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of King Winnemucca, at one of the railroad stations. The dowagers sympathized with the Princess heartily. They looked at the followers of the Princess, male and female, and declared that they should be better clothed. Sarah told them about her lecture in San Francisco and her endeavors to ameliorate the condition of her people. Said the dowagers: “You must go East; go to Boston; there you will meet a better class of people to aid you.” At the dinner station the Boston dowagers illustrated that “better class of people” by bringing away from the table provender enough to give them a comfortable supper and breakfast.

### **“The Princess Sarah.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), January 5, 1880, 3, col. 2.

#### **Her Lecture on the Wrongs of Her Race.**

The Piute Princess Sarah Winnemucca lectured in Centennial Hall Saturday evening on the wrongs of her race. There was a fair audience, but as the *fair* part of it was admitted free, the receipts did not exceed twenty dollars. The Princess was dressed in a suit of buckskin, and her head crowned with a coronet of feathers of various colors. She recited her experience as a scout on General Howard’s staff in the Bannock war, and said that, though a woman, she carried important dispatches through a country where soldiers and Indians were afraid to travel. She exhibited pieces of tapestry made by her at the Sisters’ School in California, and remarked that she could not have made it had she been a monkey. She said the Indians believe in a future life, and that all human beings have souls. They do not believe in punishment after death, nor in a God or Great Spirit, but in a Great Father — the first man — who created all things. They believe him to be too kind and good to allow his children to be punished after death. Indian dying scenes are very solemn. The tribe gather around the dying man, where they sometimes sing

original chants, communicated to them by the spirits of departed braves. The Piutes hold their medicine men in great veneration, and believe them to be inspired beings. They think more of them than they do of their war chiefs, as they derive their power to heal from the Great Father. The highest honor they can pay the dead is to burn their property — bows, arrows, guns, wickiups, etc. She did not know whether the Christian religion or the Piute religion was the best. She attributed the Pyramid Lake war of 1860 to the conduct of white men, who outraged some Indian girls near Ragtown. She compared the conduct of the Piute bucks with that of the white men, greatly to the disadvantage of the whites. She spoke about the Truckee reservation, which has been in existence nearly twenty years, and said there was not an Indian there who could write or read, yet, with apparent inconsistency, thought the Indians had better be placed on a reservation. She complained of Rinehart's treatment of the Indians at the Malheur, and said he never kept faith with them.

Her lecture was quite interesting, but could be made more so if she would not jump from one subject to another. After the lecture, however, she slopped over, and it is said, got gloriously drunk.<sup>60</sup> The Princess lived here some four or five years ago, and was in the habit of getting full every night. Probably she found some of her old acquaintances Saturday night and could not resist the temptation to indulge in her old habits. In this respect she differs from her brother Naches, who is an exemplary Indian and never drinks fire-water.

#### **“Piutes Gone to Washington.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), January 14, 1880, 3, col. 1.

A Piute delegation, consisting of the old scalp-lifter Winnemucca, the Princess Sallie, Naches and Buena Vista Jim, left yesterday for Washington, to see the Great Father and state to him their grievances personally. They have long been anxious for an opportunity to go East and see the country, and now their curiosity is about to be gratified. Special Agent Haworth telegraphed here yesterday that he had passes for four and was awaiting their arrival at Ogden. It is probable that the Princess Sallie will request the Government to remove her tribe to Malheur, provided Sam. Parish is appointed

Agent instead of Rinehart, or to Yakima, if he is not. The rank and file of the tribe, judging by what they say, are opposed to this, and say they will not be governed by the Princess, who has been away from them for years.

**“Another Delegation of Red Men.”**

*Washington Post* (Washington DC), January 19, 1880, 2, nc [excerpt].

**Chief Winnemucca and Party to Arrive —  
Jack and His Cheyenne Friend.**

Another detachment of Indians will arrive here this morning in charge of Special Agent Hayworth, of Nevada. The party consists of Chief Winnemucca, his son, Chief Nathey, Capt. Jim and Dashing Sarah Winnemucca.<sup>61</sup> They were expected last night, but remained at Chicago. On arrival they will be taken to the Tremont house, where the Utes are stopping. The latter were exercised Saturday by a bus ride to the Smithsonian, where they were delighted with the curiosities.

[The article continues, describing the Ute delegation’s activities in Washington DC. — Eds.]

**“The Piutes’ Programme.”**

*Washington Post* (Washington DC), January 20, 1880, 4, col. 2–4.

**Threatening the Indian Bureau if Their  
Requests Are Not Complied With.**

This city appears to be a sort of paradise for Indians this winter. There are no less than a half dozen different delegations here now and yesterday another party arrived, with certain purposes in view. This consisted of Winnemucca, head chief of the Piutes; Sarah Winnemucca, his daughter; Nache, his son; and Capt. Jim, his nephew; all from the Humboldt valley, Nevada, and attended by Special Agent J. M. Haworth, of Idaho Territory. Sarah Winnemucca is an intelligent young Indian woman, who received an academic education at San Jose, Cal., and is employed by the Government as an interpreter. She was formerly the wife of Lieut. E. C. Bartlett, U.S.A., who is a brother-in-law of Gen. Schofield, but left him some years since. She was attired in a neat-fitting dark suit, with satin facings and trimmings,

and in deportment and appearance would compare favorably with most of her pale-faced sisters. The objects of the visit of this delegation, as stated by Sarah, is to secure recognition and aid by the Government similar to that enjoyed by other nations. She says the Piutes desire opportunities for moral and intellectual advancement, together with more substantial aid, and if their request is ignored general and specific charges against the policy of the Indian bureau and the conduct of past and present agents will be made and sustained.

**“The Piutes.”**

*New York Herald*, January 21, 1880, 7, col. 4 [excerpt].

**Satisfactory Arrangement Made at the Interior Department —  
Eloquent Speech of a Young Chief.**

Washington, Jan. 20, 1880.

Secretary Schurz had a long conference with the Piutes this afternoon. These Indians arrived yesterday morning, and last night stated to the Secretary their grievances, which are principally the outgrowth of the Bannock war. The tribe has been scattered, and some have been held at the Yakima Reservation. In the interview yesterday it became evident that the despatch of business, usually so slow with Indian delegations, would be greatly aided by the knowledge of English of “the Princess” Sarah Winnemucca, who interprets for her aged father, the chief. There were present also Natchez, son of the old chief, and Captain Jim. These Indians have nothing to do with the Colorado Utes.

*Agreement Reached.*

It was definitely agreed upon in the Council this afternoon, first, that old Chief Winnemucca should be permitted to return to the Malheur reservation in Oregon with such of his people as may choose to go there; second, that upon their arrival the Indians are to take up land in severalty, each head of a family to select as a farm a particular tract of land, and third, that such of the Piutes as are now scattered throughout the white settlements at work satisfactorily earning their own living are to be permitted to remain where they are.

The Indians repeatedly expressed their approval of these propositions of the Secretary, and old Chief Winnemucca said that, under this policy, in less than ten years the government need no longer bother about taking care of his tribe; they would be self-supporting.

[The article continues by relating Natchez's speech, and concludes: "The Piute delegation will return in a few days." — Eds.]

### **"Our Indian Management."**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), January 23, 1880, 2, col. 1–2.

According to reports from Washington, the Piute representatives — to wit, Winnemucca, his son Natchez, Chief Jim, and last, although not least in intelligence, pluck and education, Sarah Winnemucca — have had a pleasant reception at Washington, and received assurances that hereafter they and their people, for whom Sarah has pleaded so touchingly, shall receive treatment more befitting human beings and more honorable to a great and powerful government. The agreement appears to be that they and their tribe, or such of them as choose, may go [to] the Malheur Reservation, and there take up lands in severalty, thus conforming to the habits of white people, and so doing away with the Reservation curse, starvation and oppression from the Indian Agency, which, according to Sarah, were the causes of dissatisfaction on their part, resulting in every Piute leaving the Reservation and obtaining an uncertain and scanty subsistence elsewhere. Such of the Piutes as have found homes or quarters with the whites elsewhere, and are earning a living each for himself and his, will be allowed to remain where he is employed, if he so chooses. Thus, after so many years and centuries, some of the descendants of the natives of this continent are to be treated as if they were rational, human like ourselves, and entitled to living and a home on the land of their ancestors. We believe that a similar policy toward the Indians would have saved the country from most of the Indian wars of two hundred and fifty years.

We like our country, its institutions, its laws, its people generally, and, as a good American, are proud of them and ready on all proper occasions to defend them. But, like that railroad bridge over the Tay, some of its political spans are defective, unworthy of the country, and liable at some day or night,

when the winds howl and clouds float athwart our sky, to plunge the passing train into the depths of the seething waters disaster and destruction.<sup>62</sup> Had our Government and people dealt with the Indians on the principle that they had rights which we were bound to respect, most of our bloody and cruel Indian wars might have been avoided. At last we have, to some extent, adopted this idea, by allowing the Indian to choose and own his particular home. After more than 250 years of false policy and an unworthy humanity, we have come to this view of the question at last. Wherever the policy has been tried, in the Indian Territory particularly, the Indian has been allowed a chance to be and act as a freeman, to own his home and make his living by peaceable occupations, and he has succeeded. Relieved from the oppressions and frauds of the Indian Agencies, owning the acres he cultivates, he has progressed in the march of civilization, established order, schools, government and reasonable progress generally, showing himself capable of self-government and the enjoyment of freedom. So will it be with the Piutes when once settled upon their little farms, provided the Government prevent the reckless, greedy, unprincipled white man, the land stealer, from interfering with them. We have made this one step in the right direction in this matter, and we commend Secretary Schurz for his part in it.

**“News of the Week.”**

*Laramie Sentinel* (Laramie WY), January 24, 1880, 1, col. 5 [excerpt].

Sarah Winnemucca is in Washington, hobnobbing with the Utes and other city savages.

**“Will the Utes Be Pardoned?”**

*Washington Post* (Washington DC), January 26, 1880, 2, nc.

**The White River Indians Leave to  
Bring Their Brethren Here.**

[The article begins by summarizing the results of a Ute delegation to Washington. — Eds.]

The Piutes who have been here for a week or ten days will return to their home in Humboldt valley, Nevada Territory to-night, with the exception

of Princess Sarah Winnemucca, who will go to New York and mount the lecture rostrum. The Piutes received the formal titles to the Malheur reservation and incidental concessions Saturday and leave the National capital comparatively happy.

**“The Piutes in Washington.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), January 31, 1880, 1, col. 2.

**Ouray Introduced to the Delegation — The Princess Sarah Compares Favorably with the Belles of Pennsylvania Avenue.**

The Washington National Republican has the following:

Another delegation of Indians arrived in the city yesterday and were assigned quarters at the Tremont. They belonged to the Piutes, of the Humboldt valley, Nevada, and are here for the purpose of discussing matters relative to their tribe with President Hayes. The party consists of Winnemucca, the head chief, his son Naches and daughter Sarah, and a sub-chief, Captain Jim. They are all intelligent looking, speak English fluently, and wear the garb of civilized people.

*Miss Sarah*

Is about twenty-eight years of age, dresses in the latest style, and is a confirmed coquette. In a conversation with a reporter of the National Republican last evening she stated that she had been educated at a seminary in San Jose, California, and desired to make her mark as a lecturer. She intended to deliver one while in Washington, and hoped to satisfy her audience. She thought Washington the handsomest city she had ever visited, being far superior to San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, or any of the great Western cities. She intended while here to explore every public building thoroughly, especially the Capitol and Smithsonian Institute. She seemed very proud of her knowledge of English, and during her conversation took especial pains to exhibit a set of very pretty teeth.

*Her Brother, Naches,*

Seemed very proud of his accomplished sister, and every point made by her was thoroughly appreciated. The father, Winnemucca, a seared and wrinkled old specimen, probably about seventy years old, enjoyed the conversation,

while Captain Jim, who squatted on the floor, nodded his approval and grunted out his pleasure. During a pause in the conversation, there came a tap at the door, and in response to the invitation, "Come in,"

*Ouray, Head Chief of the Utes,*

entered the apartment. He was introduced to all present, and seemed to be particularly attracted toward Winnemucca. The two chiefs held a short talk for a few minutes, Miss Sarah acting as interpreter. The nature of the conversation was not divulged, but it must have been a pleasant one to all concerned, judging from their smiling countenances. The National Republican's reporter sought to elicit some of Ouray's motives for his visit to Washington, but he became taciturn at once. In reply to a question as to what he thought of Washington, he said it was a good city, and the people he had met thus far were very kind to him. A cane surmounted with a dog's head, which belonged to the Republican's envoy, attracted his attention: and he examined it critically, and from the envious look in his eye he evidently wished to secure it. He was accordingly made happy by the presentation of it, and acknowledged it by a hearty "thank you," delivered in the plainest English. His conversation, however, is not so plain as many have been led to believe, consisting of a jargon, of which Indian, Spanish and broken English are the principal features.

*Naches,*

Was impressed by his exalted rank and only ventured one question, as to how far the Utes lived from Salt Lake. Upon being told by Ouray, "three hundred miles," he subsided quietly and gracefully. Miss Sarah, however, did the talking for the party, and seemed much amused at Ouray's failure to comprehend many of her questions. An inquiry as to the health of his wife brought forth the reply that she was much better and would attend the performance of the "Black Crook" tonight, in order to regain her accustomed cheerfulness.<sup>63</sup> The other members of the Ute delegation are growing more sociable, and spent nearly all the afternoon yesterday in the office of the Tremont House.

*The Dashing Princess.*

The Star's society reporter is at fault in announcing Mrs. Ouray as being at the Capitol yesterday attired in a seal-skin sacque, silk dress and flashy

hat. Chipeta (Mrs. Ouray) has not yet developed a taste for the finery of her white sisters, and is content to plait her hair and wear her beaded blanket, hood-shape, over it. "Dashing Sarah" Winnemucca was at the Capitol yesterday in such attire as was described; but Sarah, in intellect, grace and knowledge of the world, will compare favorably with many belles of Pennsylvania avenue.

**"Returned."**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 2, 1880, 3, col. 2.

The Piute delegation returned from Washington to-day, and Naches and Sarah Winnemucca were cordially received at the depot by whites as well as Indians. Old Winnemucca and Captain Jim were left at Battle Mountain, and will have to wait there until another train comes along. The Princess Sarah did not remain East to lecture, as reported by a Washington paper.

**"A Runaway Wife."**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 13, 1880, 3, col. 2.

Charley Thacker, the Piute interpreter, is a believer in Mormonism to the extent of two wives. Charley is a handsome young buck, yet the other members of his tribe say his wives think more of other men than they do of him. When the Princess Sallie returned from her conference with Carl Schurz, at Washington, she was invited by Charley to stop with him in his tent, across the river from town. Her Highness accepted the invitation, and held court in the wickiup. Of course three women could not live long in a tent, without plotting some mischief, so the Princess arranged for a trip to Virginia City. He says they got upro[a]riously drunk, and were making his wickiup too warm for him. He tied his wife's hands behind her back and attempted to gag the Princess to keep her from talking, but did not succeed in doing so. Night before last one of his wives left town, he thinks, for Virginia City, and he has not seen her since. He is very anxious to have her return, as she was his first wife, and the second one refuses to live with him, unless wife No. 1 returns.

### **“Table Gossip.”**

*Boston Daily Globe*, February 14, 1880, 2, nc.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, wears her hair banded.

### **“The Princess Sallie.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 16, 1880, 1, col. 2.

The Princess Sallie Winnemucca is on the war path. THE SILVER STATE mentioned the fact of her being drunk here in town, and she has sworn vengeance against all connected with it. Yesterday she sent a dispatch threatening to have the heart's blood of the editor, and if she did not succeed in that, to fight him with pistols or knives, just to show him how a drunken woman can shoot. The operator who telegraphed the dispatch from Lovelocks, says white men wrote the dispatch, and probably incited her to send it. They will have an opportunity to explain their connection with the matter, as warrants have been issued for the arrest of all who are known to have been connected with the affair. A drunken savage, who threatens to take the life's blood of a white person, should be given to understand that there is such a thing as a jail in the community.

### **“Her Own Work.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 17, 1880, 3, col. 1.

The examination of Sallie Winnemucca before Justice Osborn to-day, showed that no white man incited her to send the dispatch, for which she was arrested, to the editor of this paper. She was told here in town that she was pictured in the New York pictorials as being drunk and brandishing a knife, and that the editor of the *Silver State* was the cause of it. This falsehood aroused her anger and caused her to threaten to have the editor's blood.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca Arrested for Sending a Challenge.”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, February 19, 1880, 3, cols. 4–5.

RENO, February 18th. — A *Gazette* correspondent writes that the Sheriff of Humboldt county arrested Sarah Winnemucca at Lovelocks yesterday, for

challenging the editor of the *Silver State* to fight a duel. She took offense at the paper for saying that she was drunk, etc.

### **“Sarah’s Challenge.”**

*Reno Evening Gazette*, February 24, 1880, 3, col. 2.

The following is said to be a literal copy of Sarah Winnemucca’s challenge to the editor of the *Silver State*:

Your statement that I am a drunkard is an infernal lie, and you knew it was false when you wrote it. If you are anything of a man you will meet me and give me satisfaction. I will cram the lie down your throat at the point of a bowie knife. An early answer will oblige.

Sarah Winnemucca.

### **“General News.”**

*Arizona Weekly Star* (Tucson AZ), February 26, 1880, 1, col. 4 [excerpt].

Sarah Winnemucca was arrested in Humboldt county, Nevada, for challenging the editor of the *Silver State* to fight a duel. The editor had intimated that Sarah got drunk.

*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, February 26, 1880, np, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, is in trouble. Sarah’s character, it seems, is none of the best, and it is said that she is in the habit of indulging frequently in the use of firewater. Soon after Sarah’s return from Washington, recently, the *Silver State* charged that she got drunk. Sarah saw the item, and rushing into the telegraph office, telegraphed to the editor a challenge to a duel, designating knives or pistols as the weapons. The only answer that she received was a visit from the sheriff of the county, who arrested her for challenging to mortal combat. The telegraph operator was also arrested for sending the challenge, but he was subsequently released. Sarah was lodged in jail, where she languished at last accounts. The sage-brushers appear to have very little respect for royalty, and, fighters as they are themselves, they manifest not even decent regard for the code.

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), February 28, 1880, 3, col. 4.

The editor of the *Silver State* has our congratulations on his escape from the doom threatened him at the hands of Sarah Winnemucca. As between him and the Czar of Russia we would rather the latter would have gone by the board.

**“Local Intelligence.”**

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), April 3, 1880, 3, col. 1 [excerpt].

**Masquerade Party at the War Eagle Hotel.**

The social gathering at the War Eagle hotel on Wednesday evening was one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind that has ever occurred in Silver City. It took the form of a masquerade party, and was gotten up mainly through the efforts of Mrs. Lewis, in honor of the 19th birthday of August Grete, son of the proprietor of the establishment. The invitations were quite general, and at 8 o'clock the guests in large numbers assembled in the dining hall of the hotel, clad in a variety of costumes grotesque and otherwise. It was a gay assemblage and inquisitive spectators puzzled their brains in trying to ascertain who represented the various characters until the unmasking took place at ten o'clock when the general curiosity was satisfied. Dancing commenced at 8:30 o'clock and the merry maskers went in for a good time. Many of the characters were well personated, and the subjoined is, we believe, a pretty full and correct list of all that took part in the display: —

. . . Mrs. McCabe, the Princess Sarah Winnemucca, and ten times handsomer than the old gal herself; . . .

**“Piute Royalty.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), May 5, 1880, 3, col. 2.

Old Winnemucca, Big Chief of the Piutes, is in Virginia, heap-a-hungry, and the Princess Sallie has gone to Yakima, Washington Territory. It is said that she became incensed at the conduct of members of the tribe at Pyramid Lake Reservation, and with her sister, started off north to Washington Territory. It is possible, however, that she may have changed her mind and returned to Pyramid Lake.

### “Harney Items.”

*Grant County News* (Canyon City OR), May 8, 1880, 3, col. 3 [excerpt].

Fort Harney, May 4th, 1880.

Editor News: It may interest some of your readers to hear that Sarah Winnemucca is here. She is on her way to Yakima for the purpose of bringing “her people” who were taken to that place as prisoners of war back to the Malheur Reservation. Sarah says that people had better be careful how they talk about her in the future. The editor of the *Silver State* she says was shooting off his mouth about her when she was in Winnemucca, but when she went after him with a black snake whip, and demanded satisfaction instead of giving her any, he crawled into a gopher hole and forted up.

### “Sarah Winnemucca.”

*Idaho Statesman* (Boise ID), May 20, 1880, 2, col. 2.

The *Grant County Times* says that Sarah Winnemucca and her sister Emma, escorted by two soldiers from Fort Harney, passed through Canyon City last week on their way to the Yakima country. Sarah’s mission is to try and induce the 400 Piutes now at the Yakima reservation to return to the Malheur Agency. She says that if this can be done, the rest of the Piutes in Nevada — about 300 persons — will also come to Malheur. She was advised that it was a dangerous undertaking since the Government had determined to abandon Fort Harney, and the people of that section were opposed to having any more Indians there. The *Times* says that the plan of sending about 300 settlers down the road to turn these Indians back whom it is proposed to bring from the Yakima is being discussed by the people.

“One thing,” says the *Times* “is certain, that if the Indians do return to this country and the troops are removed, trouble is sure to ensue, as the people here are determined to protect themselves, and since Gen. McDowell has said that he sees no use in maintaining a post in a country where 218 white men can be found to sign a petition to have the post retained, they propose to act in conjunction with his remarks and protect themselves, hence trouble will come of it. Sarah had better let ‘her people’ remain in the several localities where they are or be sure that troops are stationed near the

reservation for the prevention of war before 'her people' do return. She says she is over 13 years old and that this is her last work for the Government, as they have not kept their promises with her, and as soon as she gets through with this job she is going East to lecture."

**"The Piute Indians."**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), July 10, 1880, 3, col. 3.

**Exodus of the Exiles from Yakima.**

At the close of the Bannock war certain Piutes, who were at the Malheur Reservation and joined the hostiles and other members of the tribe, who we are assured remain peaceable, were taken as prisoners of war by the order of the Indian Bureau to Yakima Reservation, Washington Territory. Naches and Old Winnemucca have been endeavoring to get permission from the Government to have them return to their own country. This permission has been granted them, and it was understood that they were to have an escort, but the Indian Agent at the reservation denies it. The Yakima Record of a late date says it is a fixed fact that the Piutes are going, escort or no escort, in spite of the inducements held out to Sarah Winnemucca to remain. The Record had a call from Sarah and her brother Lee Winnemucca, who besought its aid to the extent of informing the people of Eastern Oregon and Northern Nevada that they were determined to return to their own country. Sarah says that she has been told that the people of Eastern Oregon would kill her people if they attempted to pass through that country. The Record goes on to say that she does not believe this, but if it is true the Piutes will go, preferring to be killed quickly rather than encounter another season of lingering death at Fort Simcoe. Sarah pledges her life for the peaceable intentions and good conduct of her people, and hopes the whites will not molest them on their journey. Their destination is Fort McDermit, unless the Malheur Agent meets them with supplies, in which event they will go to the reservation. The cause of the exodus is given in the following communication. "We, the Piutes, started here during the Winter of '79, and arrived on the 10th of February, 1879. Our people were all well supplied with clothes, the men especially with such clothes as they had obtained of the soldiers at Camp Harney, Oregon, before we left. We were here but a short time when some of my people went

to work for the Indians living here. They went to work on the promise that their work would be paid for in horses. They were to work from 5 to 10, 15, 20 and as high as 30 days for a horse. They went to work, and some were paid and others not. Those that were not paid were told that they had eaten the amount of work they had done. Those that did get paid some other Indians would come and take the horses away from them. A good many of our people have bought horses with their own blankets and saddles which they had when they came here. They have been taken too. Some of the best horses which we brought here have also been taken. All this has been told to Mr. Wilbur and still he can't help us. When we go to church our blankets and ropes are taken while we are inside. All this has been done to us since we have been here, and to-day we are poorer than when we came. Yes, poorer in clothes. Poorer in horses. Poorer in victuals; in every thing. We have lost (?) 53 head of horses, and have left 257 head. Our sick have been poorly cared for, and many have died for want of something to eat. Now, can anyone blame us for wanting to go back to our own country?

“The Doctor was telling me that all we have had belonged to the Indians here. That is beef and flour. That the Government had not given us anything. There is something here new which he says is ours, but which has already been paid to those who have worked [”].

“Oh, we one and all pray of our white brothers to not be so hard-hearted against us. We all want to go back, and will leave Fort Simcoe on the 3d of July. We don't know what time we will get to The Dalles and a good many of us will have to walk.”

The above is signed by Sarah, Lee and Frank Winnemucca, Chief Leggens, Paddey Two Chief and Piute Joe.<sup>64</sup>

### “The Piute Princess.”

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), August 2, 1880, 3, col. 2.

A few weeks ago the *Silver State* published the substance of a communication from the Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, to the *Yakima Record*. She then stated emphatically that she intended to return to Fort McDermit with the members of her tribe who were sent to Yakima Reservation, in Washington Territory, as prisoners of war, permission to do so having

been given them by the Secretary of the Interior. Subsequently Father Wilbur, the Agent at Yakima, contradicted what was published in the Record, and said the Indian prisoners would be kept at Yakima. Now our northern exchanges say that the Princess Sallie has located in Washington Territory, where the Government has given her a comfortable home and a yearly salary of \$600 to teach the members of her tribe the rudiments of the English language. It is probable that she has been engaged by the Agent at Yakima, to get her to give up the idea of getting her people back to Nevada.

**“Personal.”**

*New York Daily Tribune*, August 11, 1880, 4, col. 5.

Sarah Winnemucca, Princess of the Piutes, has been provided with a comfortable little house in Oregon, with a yearly pension of \$600, as a reward for her services during the last Bannock war.

**“The Piute Princess.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), October 9, 1880, 1, col. 2.

**She Recommends Her People to Go to Malheur.**

Naches has received the following letter from the Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, who is now at Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory: “Dear Brother, I received your letter of September 7th, and am very glad to hear from you. I am glad you are all well down there. That is more than I can say of myself, as I have been very sick for three weeks. I had a fever and thought I was going to die, but no such good luck befel me. I am well again and doing duty. I do hope you will all go to the Malheur. I have not heard from Lee Winnemucca for a long time, and I do not know how they are getting along at Yakima. Last time he wrote he said fifteen Piutes had died since I left there. You say you will send me some Indian sugar — our *pe-ha-ve*. I would like to have some, but I am afraid will cost too much to have it sent here, if it does not, send me some right away. The Indians here are most all sick. Seven are out scouting, but will soon be back if they do not run away.”

### “*Tempest in a Tea Pot.*”

*Daily Astorian* (Astoria OR), April 12, 1881, 3, col. 3.

Vancouver, March 8, 1881.

Editor *Astorian*:

The conundrums propounded in *The Astorian*, touching one L. A. Banks, were copied by the *Independent* and excited a great deal of attention.<sup>65</sup> The folks guessed and guessed, but could not solve the riddle. It was worse than the fifteen puzzle, and we had to give it up. But last Sunday evening, the congregation at the Methodist church took the matter up, but it was too much for them, and they too gave it up. But they thought they had to do something, and so they declared that the whole thing was “basely false.” Even the dear little girls took hold of it, and stamped their feet, and said, “it ain’t so, so there now,” and Sarah Winnemucca, and John P. Eaton, and Suzie and Pat Murphy, and a lot of others resolved to stand by dear Louis.

What a beautiful picture it would make, if nicely taken. There would be Banks in the foreground, supported by the Princess Sarah Winnemucca. In the rear, and on either side would be a delightful group. There would be John R. Eaton, dear Mabel and Theodore, sweet Mattie and Wilbur, cunning little Mary and Pat Murphy, the sweet little Flora and Orville, and Nettie and Elva and others. The picture would look so sweet if put in a gilt frame with nice green tassels on each side, and hung in the parlor. But while the picture would look real nice, the logic is very poor. You see *The Astorian* didn’t make any charges at all, just propounded the conundrums, and Mr. L. A. Banks says nothing, and denies nothing, but the dear little girls and boys get mad, and say it[’]s a sin and a shame, because they had to give it up. But what do they know? What does dear Mabel know about “poker?” What does Pat know about Philomath college? I am quite sure that the charming Princess Winnemucca couldn’t even guess “the price of furniture” at Cervallis. But little Mary says she is sure that Louis never committed suicide, because Pat Murphy told me so, there now.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. If Mr. L. A. — . Well, I give it up. Judas I.

## “A Brave Act.”

*Freeman* (Waukesha w1), May 5, 1881, np, col. 1.

Among the many frontier army posts is one known as Camp McDermitt, in Nevada, located upon the stage-road from Winnemucca to Boise City, and distant some eighty miles from the line of the Central Pacific railroad.

It is near the mouth of a little ravine in the very heart of the Winnemucca hunting-grounds, and the Indians of that tribe, governed by a chieftain of the same name, made their headquarters at the time of this occurrence within a mile of camp upon a small stream.

Peace reigned, and the red men, with their squaws and papooses, were accustomed to make tri-weekly visits to the camp for the purpose of receiving from the quartermaster the rations allowed them by Uncle Sam, of bread and meat.

The usual force at the post was about sixty men, and, in 1869, a single company of cavalry, commanded by one Capt. Wagner, was in occupation of McDermitt. The other officers of the company were Lieut. N —, a young man, and the surgeon.

Winnemucca, Chief of the Indians, was the father of a daughter who possessed wonderful beauty and a fine mind. Desiring to fit her for a position in civilized, rather than savage life, the sachem had sent her to San Francisco, where she had received a thorough education.

Returning to her father, he had obtained for her, through the assistance of his many friends among the whites, the position of interpretress at McDermitt.

In 1869, she was stationed at that post in quarters of her own, a well-dressed handsome woman of about 22 years of age, receiving a monthly salary of \$40 in gold.

With all the arts of her wily nature the girl sought to win the affections of the only bachelor officer in camp, whom we will call Lieut. Nemo, and within two months the young fellow openly avowed his intention of making Sarah Winnemucca his wife.<sup>66</sup>

His Captain, as became him, argued against this strange mésalliance, but, finding Nemo thoroughly in earnest, and waiting only for some passing

minister to tie the nuptial knot, he dropped the matter, and would have given it no further thought had not his attention been shortly thereafter called to it in a new and startling way.

While the lovers yet awaited the coming of a minister, the wife of the sutler, whose store was just without the limits of camp, informed Capt. Wagner that she had discovered a plot among the Winnemuccas to murder the garrison, sack the post, announce Sarah Winnemucca as their Queen, and begin a war of extermination against the whites throughout all the plain country — and Lieut. Nemo, carried away by his infatuation for the Indian girl, had agreed to join the savages.

So monstrous was the story that at first the Captain refused to believe it, but in hurried, frightened whispers the sutler's wife told him that she had overheard the plan discussed by the Lieutenant with some warriors beneath the store-window the evening before, and at last the officer was forced to admit that the danger actually existed.

“When will this plan be put into execution?” asked Wagner.

“To-night, at moonrise!” returned the other. “I dared not go to your quarters, sir, to tell you of it, but had to wait until you came here. The Lieutenant is on duty, you know. He will call in the sentinel, house the guard, spike the howitzer, and then the Indians will come!”

To-night! — and it was already dusk!

The commander's voice was steady as he remarked, “Very well. We will be ready for them. Show no signs of fear, but keep within doors after dark, and be ready to fly, if necessary. Speak to no one of what you have told me.”

Then, unconcernedly smoking, he left the store and proceeded toward camp.

Supper was over, and some of the men were lounging about the parade-ground as the Captain entered.

Quietly calling a trusty corporal to his side, he said:

“After guard is placed, and just before moonrise, which is at 11, take four men, with their arms, and go to the stables. Close the doors and remain until morning. Open to no one but myself. Do not communicate your duty to any except those whom you take with you.”

The man touched his hat and moved away. This was to prevent the

false Lieutenant from stealing the horses, should he choose to attempt it, instead of capturing them. Then the Captain passed on to his own quarters.

The hours fled — 9, 10, 11. In fifteen minutes the moon would rise.

The sutler's wife was right. The sentinel was "off duty," and the guard all within doors. Not a living creature was to be seen, and the cold starlight fell upon as solitary a group of adobe buildings as if the post had been deserted for years.

Suddenly, however, a single figure appeared. In full uniform, with sword and pistol-holster at his waist, Capt. Wagner emerged from his door, and, silently crossing the parade-ground, turned with rapid tread down the stage-road toward the Winnemucca camp.

The distance was short, and just as the first rays of the rising moon tinged with spectral white the dark carpet of sage-brush that covered all the plain, the officer found himself upon a slight eminence overlooking the teepee huts of the Indians.

This was the sight which met his eyes.

Around a council-fire were gathered the chieftain and warriors of the tribe, all arrayed in war-paint, and fully armed, and in the midst, upon a pile of blankets, stood Lieut. Nemo, his sword drawn, his arms outstretched, his head bare, evidently engaged in the delivery of a stirring address to the savages about him.

Wagner's heart leaped within him. Drawing his own sword, he hastened forward, quickly passed the line of squaws without the circle, and, before the Indians had the slightest thought of his presence, burst through their ranks, and appeared alone in their very midst!

So great was the astonishment of the braves that no one moved or spoke, and old Winnemucca, even, bowed in token of fealty to the army blue of the officer. The Captain, however, did not notice him, but, advancing until directly in front of the dazed Nemo, he cried in ringing tones, "Sir, I demand your sword!"

As if in a strange dream, the Lieutenant slowly extended his weapon toward his officer. The latter took it from his hand, and, breaking it, threw the pieces upon the ground.

“You are under arrest! March before me to camp!” he said; then, turning quickly toward the astounded Indians, in threatening voice he continued:

“The man who moves dies! Beware of the carbines in the sage-brush behind you! Winnemucca, treacherous chief! I command you to appear before me to-morrow!”

With these words, driving Nemo before him, the brave Captain retired from the circle, and disappeared along the road toward camp, while, after a little, the savages, thoroughly frightened, crept quietly to their huts, regarding with suspicious glance the shadows of the sage about them, the council-fire was extinguished, and night and silence again reigned.

The revolt was at an end, and scores of lives saved by the quick wit and wonderful nerve of a single man.

Sarah Winnemucca afterward married Nemo, who was simply dismissed [by] the service as crazy. The old chief and certain of his warriors were sent to the Presidio dungeons at San Francisco for a time.

The uprising at McDermitt soon became mere matter of army rumor; but, had the officer in command proven less able to cope with the dangers of the hour, that rumor would have been history written in letters of blood, even as the history of the terrible Modoc war, or Custer’s fateful campaign. *Youth’s Companion*.<sup>67</sup>

### “Indian Transport.”

*Ogden Daily Herald* (Ogden City UT), July 13, 1881, 3, col. 2.

This morning’s western emigrant train had on board, among others, 53 Indians, in charge of Lieutenant A. L. Wells, First Cavalry, and four privates, from Vancouver Barracks, Washington Ty. The redskins belonged to the Weisars of Idaho, a tribe which seems to be an offshoot of the Shoshones, as they speak the same dialect. They were taken to Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, as prisoners of war, after the Bannock outbreak in 1878, from which place they are now being transferred to Fort Hall Reservation, in Eastern Idaho. The “Princess,” Sarah Winnemucca, accompanies them as interpreter. They leave, this evening, by the Utah & Northern train.

### **“A Royal Visitor.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), September 29, 1881, 3, col. 3.

The Princess Sarah Winnemucca arrived here yesterday from Fort Hall, accompanied by her sister. Her Highness is dressed in the prevailing feminine fashion, and, as becomes one of her station, came through in a palace car.

### **“A Royal Wedding.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), December 8, 1881, 3, col. 2.

#### **The Piute Princess, Sallie Winnemucca, Spliced to an Ex-Soldier.**

Her Royal Highness, Princess Sallie Winnemucca, Queen of all the Piutes, was married, in San Francisco, last Monday night, to an ex-soldier, named L. H. Hopkins. The ceremony took place at the Russ House, Rev. Dr. Beers officiating. The bridegroom was in the army during the Bannock war, when the Princess Sallie was on General Howard's staff, and was captivated by her charms. He is the third or fourth husband of the Princess, and the second soldier who succumbed to her fascinations. The other fellow was a Lieutenant Bartlett, who fell in love with her at Fort McDermit, about eleven years ago, and married her in Utah, for which he was cashiered, and shortly afterwards left his royal bride. She afterwards entered into several morganatic alliances, living for awhile in Wyoming with one C. B. Hamilton, whose acquaintance she had formed here, and subsequently with an Indian near the Malheur Reservation.<sup>68</sup> The Princess and her consort are going east at an early date.

### **“Indian Agents.”**

*Daily Examiner* (San Francisco CA), December 8, 1881, 3, col. 4.

#### **A Piute Chief's Daughter Expresses Her Opinion.**

#### **The Views of an Educated Indian Girl Who Goes to the East on a Crusade against the Agents.**

The “Indian question” is to be presented to the people of the Eastern States in quite a new light during the ensuing Winter months. They are to have

the question presented to them by an educated Indian, who has made the subject of Indian Agencies a close study for several years. One of the granddaughters of Truckee, the celebrated Piute scout who led Fremont over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is now about to start for Boston and other Eastern cities to deliver a series of lectures upon "The Indian Agencies" and the "Indian Question as viewed from an Indian Standpoint." Mrs. Hopkins, *nee* Sarah Winnemucca, the prophet, who is to cross the continent to preach the practical solution of the knotty Indian problem, is a bright, vivacious, full-blooded Piute Indian of pleasing manners, and possessing a rare fund of practical intelligence. In conversation with a reporter last evening in the presence of her husband, to whom she was married the day previous, the lady expressed the following practical, common-sense ideas relative to

*The Indian Question:*

"I go to the Eastern States for the purpose of, and with the hope of spreading a little more information concerning the Indian race and their treatment by Indian Agents. It is by the desire and request of my father, Winnemucca, Chief of the Piutes, that I go forth to lecture to the whites in the East. It is not so much for pecuniary gain that I make this Eastern tour, but with a well-founded hope that what I say may tend somewhat to correct some erroneous impressions concerning the Western Indian tribes."

"You mean the Piutes?"

"No; I mean all the Indians who are afflicted with that terrible pest—the Indian Agent."

"You do not favor the present Indian Agency system?"

"No; and none of the Indians favor it. We regard it as the cause of all our woes and troubles. It was the cause of all the recent wars, and will cause another outbreak ere long on the Piute Reservation. I have notified the military authorities that our people were preparing for another outbreak, which will certainly occur if the Indian Agent up there at Pyramid Lake is permitted to remain there and continue his present high-handed treatment of our people."

"In case the present Indian Agency system was abolished, what other system would the Indians prefer?"

*The Remedy.*

“Let the Government select a chief or prominent man in each tribe who possesses the confidence of the people. Let him be the Agent, and let him distribute the goods or annuities. We want no more of these white hypocrites, who are not content to steal half the Government allowance, but insist upon taking all. My brother very correctly illustrates the Indian Agency system when he said at a council the other day: ‘We do not object to the Agent clasping the sack in the middle and retaining half of our allowance, but when he empties all there is into his own store and throws us the empty sack then we object.’ “That[”] continued the Indian lecturer, “is what these Indian Agents do. They are a useless class of people, utterly despised by the Indians, and are the cause of all our troubles with the whites.”

“How have you acquired such proficiency in the use of the English language?”

“It was the desire of my grandfather, ‘Truckee,’ that I should be educated like the white people, and my father, Winnemucca, sent myself and my sister to the Sisters of Notre Dame in San Jose, where I received my education. My grandfather was always a great lover of the whites, and when General Fremont arrived among us on his way to California my people regarded it as the fulfillment of an old tradition of our tribe, which has been handed down for many generations.

*A Tradition.*

This tradition is this: In the first creation of man there was one man and one woman and they had four children. Two of these children were boys and two were girls. One of the boys and one of the girls were white, the other two were dark. As they grew up they quarreled so much that the father bade the white boy and girl to cross the big water and seek a better country. The white boy and girl went eastward and the dark boy and girl remained in the land of their birth. When Fremont and his pioneers appeared among the Piutes, they were regarded as the descendants of the two white children of a common father and were treated as brothers. My people still believe in this tradition, and are warmly friendly to the whites.”

Mrs. Hopkins conversed at some length upon the causes which led to the Nez Perce[']s war and vindicated Chief Joseph in his resistance to

surrendering his home. She spoke with great pathos and earnestness of the injuries done her people by the whites, and is very bitter on the Agency system. Her husband is L. H. Hopkins, who was a Sub-Indian Agent who had charge of 500 Piute and Bannock prisoners at Camp Harvey after the last Bannock war. While in that position he became acquainted with the chief's daughter, Sarah Winnemucca, who was the Government interpreter for several years at the reservation. After several years courtship the Sub-Agent and the female interpreter were married on Monday in the Russ House, and are now about to leave for an Eastern tour. The Indian lady's ideas of Indian treatment will be something new in the East. She will undoubtedly create a sensation in Washington, Boston, and New York.

**“Married a California Princess.”**

*Constitution* (Atlanta GA), December 9, 1881, 1, col. 5.

San Francisco, December 8. — The princess of the Piute Indians of Nevada, commonly called Sarah Winnemucca, was married last night at the Russ house, in this city, to L. H. Hopkins, an ex-soldier of the United States Army, who arrived here from Arizona on November 3. The bridegroom informed a reporter that as far back as 187[8], during the Bannock campaign, he first met the princess, and was smitten with her charms. Since then mutual feeling has inspired them, and, an opportunity presenting itself, they resolved never to be separated again. Dr. Beers was the officiating minister. Princess Winnemucca Hopkins and Mr. Hopkins will take their departure for the east at an early date. The princess is well known on this coast. She has lived mainly in Carson, Nev., with her father, the old Chief Winnemucca, who died a few months ago. She is a bright girl, has a good English education, and looks more like a Mexican girl than an Indian. She has regular features and dresses fairly. She is a great advocate of education and has lectured in this and other cities on the wrongs of her tribe.

**“A Piute Bride.”**

*National Police Gazette* (New York NY), December 24, 1881, 7, col. 2.

Sarah Winnemucca, known as the Princess of the Piute Indians, was married on the 6th inst., in San Francisco, to L. H. Hopkins, a discharged United

States soldier. He had met her while on scouting duty on the plains four or five years ago, and the pair discovering that their two souls had but “a single thought,” and that they had “two hearts that beat as one,” concluded to weld themselves together with matrimonial solder, which was duly applied by a parson in the parlors of the Russ House before an interested party of invited guests.

**“Princess Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*The Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), January 14, 1882, 1, col. 4.

PRINCESS SARAH WINNEMUCCA and her new white husband, Hopkins, according to a correspondent of the *Reno Gazette*, had an animated matinee at Mud Slough, near the Pyramid reservation, a few days ago. Hopkins and his dusky bride played poker with two other persons until Sarah lost \$5, when her spouse angrily exclaimed, “You can’t play poker worth a—!” The princess, with her royal blood fairly bubbling at the insult, asked him whose money she was playing, and inquired if he remembered the circumstances of his gambling off \$500 of hers in San Francisco, in an hour and a-half? He acknowledged having a clear recollection of that unhappy streak of bad luck, but grew so angry at being accused before the others who were playing, that he vowed he would live with her no longer, gave her a watch and chain and other jewelry of hers which he had and left her. That evening Sarah was missed from her house where she had been staying and was found lying on the ground near by with blood flowing from her mouth and nose. Dr. Bassett, of the reservation, was sent for and pronounced the attack one of hemorrhage of the lungs induced by strong excitement. By this time Hopkins had returned and apologized. At last accounts a reconciliation had been made and Princess Sarah was better.

**“Look Out for Sarah.”**

*Ogden Daily Herald* (Ogden City UT), February 17, 1882, 3, col. 3.

We are informed from Wadsworth, Nev., of the coming of the “Princess” Sarah Winnemucca who will deliver a lecture in our town. She will arrive on

Monday next, and, if arrangements can be made, will speak on Wednesday night following. Her subject will be “What I know about Indian Agents.”

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Ogden Daily Herald* (Ogden City UT), February 21, 1882, 3, col. 2 [excerpt].

As previously announced, Princess Sarah, member of the Winnemucca tribe of Indians, will lecture in the Union Opera House on Thursday night. She will appear in full Indian costume, and will tell what she knows about Indian Agents. Sarah is spoken of as a gifted, eloquent speaker. A western exchange speaks as follows of her lectures. [The paper repeats the information in the *Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, December 26, 1879, 2, col. 3.]

**“Didn’t Lecture.”**

*Ogden Daily Herald* (Ogden City UT), February 24, 1882, 3, col. 3.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca did not lecture, last night, as she was advertised to do. About ten minutes before 8 o’clock she was seen tripping down the stairs of the Opera Hall, as light as a fairy; and accompanied by her agent, she sped away up Fourth Street. Immediately afterwards a number of persons, youths and men and women, came from the Hall, and the lights were extinguished.

On inquiry we learned that Miss Winnemucca feared the audience would be too small and so concluded she would not lecture.

*Idaho Statesman* (Boise City ID), February 28, 1882, 3, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca went East last week in company with her latest matrimonial catch.<sup>69</sup> She intends entering the lecture field, and has chosen for her subject: “What I know About Indian Agents.”

**Sarah Winnemucca, “The Pah-Utes.”**

*The Californian*, September 1882, 252–56.

Our home is at the sink of Humboldt River, by the Carson Mountains. My father and I were both born there, about four miles from the railroad.<sup>70</sup> My Indian name is So-mit-tone, meaning Shell-flower. I was educated at the St. Mary’s Convent in San Jose.

On our Mountains there are many pine trees. We gather the nuts for the winter. This was our principal food, which our women commenced to gather about the middle of August. Our men used to hunt, and after that, our women go into the valleys to gather different kinds of seeds. The men go to fish along the Humboldt and Truckee rivers. They dry game of all kinds, and lay it up for the Winter. Later in the fall men hunt rabbits. The furs are afterwards woven into blankets, called rabbits'-fur blankets. In the winter they all get together to locate their lodges, and all their supplies are collected and put into one place. They remain there about six months, having merry-making, eating and drinking, and getting married; and they give themselves up to great enjoyment until the spring opens. Then they go to the fishing-grounds; and when the roots begin to grow, the women dig them up. The name of this root in Indian is called *yah-bah*, and tastes like carrots. They boil them, like potatoes, and use them in soups, and also dry them. Another root is called *camas* root — a little root that looks like chestnuts; and *kous* root, which tastes a little like hard bread. In early days, when white people came among us, they used to eat our food, and compare it with theirs. The same toil was gone through with every year, to lay up the winter supplies; and in these days they always seemed to have plenty of food, and plenty of furs to keep them warm in the winter time.

Now you must not suppose that my people are weak or uncourageous. They are not what you call "slouches." There are the Utes and the Pah-utes. We helped the Bannacks and the Umatillas in the war, because we were kindred of theirs. They are our cousins; therefore we helped them. Now you say, Why did they make war? I will tell you: Your white men are too greedy. They had a little prairie, called the Camas Prairie, about fifty miles long by twenty wide. They wanted it because it supplied them with roots, and prevented them from starving. The white man wanted it, because the roots were good for his cattle, and could make milk and beef and hides and tallow; so he tried to rob them of these lands. They did not like this, and because he despised them, and would give them no redress, they killed him. But the cattle alone were not the cause of this war. The agents were worse than the cattle: what the cattle left the agents took. The agents buy their places for so much, and mean to make their money out of the poor Indians.

During my great-grandfather's time there was a tribe of Indians lived in

our country, called Side-okahs, which means man-eaters, or cannibals. They were not very large in numbers. They used to seek to kill us; and when they caught us they would have a grand feast. In this way they lived for a number of years, until my people made war with them. Then we had war, and they fought too, but they did not kill many of us. They fought with bows and arrows, just the same as we did. They seemed to fear nothing; would even sport with and catch the arrows directed to them, which flew past. They could jump up and catch the arrows as they would pass over their heads, showing great agility. We fought them for a long time, until their number was quite small. They used to trap us, by digging pit-falls in the ground and wells in the paths. We were so afraid of them that we used to crawl at night; and sometimes our people would fall into these places after dark. When we had fought them some time, they saw that we were getting the best of them. Then they made canoes out of the tule grasses, and floated out on the Humboldt Lake; and they lived on the lake for a short time, but had to leave it again for the land. We kept pushing them out; then they went into a great cave. They did not remain there long, on account of lack of water. They then went into the *tule* marshes, but my people surrounded the *tules*, and set them on fire, and when they saw they were getting killed, they ran back into the cave. There they remained, and my people watched them when they would come out to get water, and then kill them. Then, to make quick work of it, they went to work packing wood, and piled it up in front of the mouth of the cave; and as fast as my people filled the mouth of the cave, they pulled it inside, and of course the cave was very soon filled; and then they set fire to the outside. In that way my people killed all these cannibals, smothered in the cave. Then we owned all their land, which was called the Side-okahs' land by other Indians, and it lay along the Humboldt River in Nevada.

After the Side-okahs were exterminated we lived peaceably, now and then only having a little fight with other tribes — no tribes being allowed to settle among us. If they came on very important business they could stay a while; or if they came for a visit, they would be entertained by feasts and plays and dancing: amusing them all the time they were with us. They always brought presents to our chiefs, and they gave them presents to take back; but they were never allowed to settle with us or marry with us, each

tribe maintaining its own individuality very pronounced; every nation speaking a different language.

Our language is not a written one, but oral; neither have we any signs to convey information to distant parties — only verbal messages sent by our warriors traveling on foot; as they could go over rough ground, rocks, and places that ponies could not, and they could endure more. If our relations were sick at a distance we would signal to the others by a fire on the highest top of the mountain. Three times during the night in the same place is a signal for sickness. For moving, our signal would be several fires all in a row, in the same direction we were to move. Fires of that description were peaceable ones; but we had, also, war-signals of fire. In olden times, the way we used to make fire was with two sticks, both made of sage brush. One had a hole in the middle, and was about six inches long, by two or three in diameter. This was laid down on dried grass, rotten wood, and such materials. Another stick was sharpened at the end like a top. This was put into the hole, and rubbed between the hands, causing a friction which ignited the materials, and we had a fire. We never had flint, nor knew its uses until the white man came to us. Signal fires for war are made in the day-time. A man takes a torch longer than his arm, made of sage brush bark, lighted at the end. He runs towards our encampment, and warns us that the enemy is coming, by making quick fires as he comes towards us, lighting the sage brush as he comes. Then when he gets in sight of the camp he halloos, gives a war-whoop, and runs three times round the encampment, and halts in front of the chief's lodge. The warriors by this time are all ready to fight the enemy with their quivers and arrows. He then relates what he saw at a distance. In those early times we always had scouts and spies out, so that we would not be surprised by our enemies.

The traditions of our people are handed down from father to son. The chief is considered to be the most learned, and the leader of the tribe. The doctor, however, is thought to have more inspiration. He is supposed to be in communion with spirits; and we call him "doctor," as you white people call your medicine-man; and the word is not taken from the English language, as may be supposed, but purely Indian. We do not call him a medicine-man, because he does not dose us, as your doctors do, and therefore we call him "doctor." He cures the sick by the laying on of hands, and prayers

and incantations and heavenly songs. He infuses new life into the patient, and performs most wonderful feats of skill in his practice. It is one of the most solemn ceremonies of our tribe. He clothes himself in the skins of young, innocent animals, such as the fawn; and decorates himself with the plumage of harmless birds, such as the dove and humming-bird and little birds of the forest — no such things as hawks' feathers, eagles', or birds of prey. His clothing is emblematic of innocence. If he cannot cure the sick person, he tells him that the spirits of his relations hover around and await his departure. Then they pray and sing around his death-bed, and wait for the spirit to take its flight; and then, after the spirit leaves the body, they make merry, because he is beyond care, and they suppose in heaven. They believe there is only joy in that place; that sorrow is before and not after death; that when the soul departs, it goes to peace and happiness, and leaves all its misery behind.

The warrior is the reverse of the doctor. The warrior wears eagles' feathers during the battle. He wears the claws of an eagle around his neck and head. The eagle is our national bird; the Americans taking that emblematic notion from the Indians in the early days of their nation. Some braves that have ridden in the battle front, and have only been engaged once or twice, wear the claws of a grizzly bear, to show they have been in battle; the same as the medal that was given to my brother Natchez for saving three men's lives, showing his bravery.

I will now speak about the chief. His rank is inherited from father to son, the oldest son being the chief by law. If he is dead, the one next to him becomes chief; or, if there are no sons, the next male relative; but never a woman. The custom of having more wives than one arose from the capture of other tribes during war. If the women were pretty, the chief claimed them — but only one wife. The first married is claimed as legal and head of the rest, and is acknowledged in public as the chief's wife. The others are not called wives, but merely assistants — *pe-nut-to-no-dequa*, in Indian. The heirs of the first wife, and she herself, take precedence over the others. The chief, as also the head of every family, is supposed to teach his children the traditions of the tribe. At times of leisure in the evening, and at twilight, these traditions are related around the camp-fires to eager listeners. No note of time is taken, and no record of ages is known. Once

in a while, when the spirit moves the chief, he arises and speaks in a loud voice to his people. At these times, all work must cease. If a woman is cooking a meal, it must be left undone. All fold their hands, incline their heads, and listen to what he has to say; and then, when he is through, they go on again with their work, as left before he commenced to speak. Before every event, the chief gets up first in the morning, and the people are warned to get ready. If it is for a fishing excursion, or to hunt deer, or for any other excursion, he tells them to get ready — all that are to go. The old women and children stay behind in the lodges, while the young married women and daughters accompany their relations, to carry the game which is caught by the braves.

These excursions sometimes last ten days, the people remaining wherever night overtakes them. When through, they return to their lodges, having great rejoicing; and divide their game with the poor and aged and sick — no payment ever being required for such attention. Their belief is to have what they can enjoy on earth, and share it with each other, as they cannot carry anything out of this world. When they die possessed of horses and other goods, their wearing apparel is given to the poor, and some portion of it is buried with them. Horses are generally killed, for they think the dead man will not have any further use for them; and this is considered the last token of honor and respect that can be shown on this earth to the memory of the dead. The way that my people mourn for their dead is by cutting their hair close to their heads, and laying it on the body of the dead to decorate it. The hair of his wife and that of his children, braided and ornamented with beads, is laid upon the dead man's breast; and if the wife refuses to part with her hair to thus honor her husband, she becomes the object of pity and scorn, laughed at, spit upon, and abused by the whole tribe. Thus they seldom refuse to part with their hair. The doctor also contributes ornaments from his person, and is not allowed to doctor any other sick person for some time, until he again gets into favor by some prophecy or inspiration supposed to come from the spirits. These are old traditions. Nowadays he knows his value. He will not attend a patient unless he is paid, as white folks pay their doctors. Thus we follow your customs as our association grows with you. Our doctor now charges a fee of five dollars, or as the case may be, as white folks do.

Indian girls are not allowed to mingle freely with the braves; never go out walking or riding with them; nor have they anything to say to each other. Even in courting, the same strictness is observed. A young brave takes a notion to marry a young girl, but cannot do so until he has been declined. The woman removes from the rest of the family to a small wickeup, or lodge, where she remains one month by herself, abstaining from flesh, and living only on seeds or berries. She must be very industrious during that time, going out every morning at daybreak to gather wood and logs, which she arrays in five different piles. This labor is repeated at noon and at sundown. Every five days she is acknowledged by the other women and men to be a young lady ready to marry, and at these times the wood is set on fire, she jumping over the piles while they are burning. Eating, drinking, and dancing are indulged in every fifth day. Then at the end of the month she returns to her father, casting away all her old clothing, and appearing before her parents in new robes made of buckskin.

The ceremony of courtship is as follows: The brave seeks the place where the Indian maiden is at rest. If she discovers him, she gets up and goes away. He never follows her, but comes again the following night, and so on indefinitely. Then when her parents give consent to their marriage, she is given a feast, at which he is invited to partake. At no other time is he allowed to eat with the family. The ceremony of marriage is very simple. The lady passes the brave some food in a dish. He takes it and sets it down; then they are considered man and wife. They remove to a lodge by them selves if able; if not, they remain in their father's lodge. When the first child is born, they go by themselves and work for others, remaining that way one month. They do not eat meat of any kind during this period, and bathe every five days. After that they return to their old home again. Deformed children among this people are almost unknown.

Cooking is performed in willow baskets woven so tight as to hold water. Seeds are ground between two stones. A fire is built, and small stones are thrown into it. When hot, these are dropped into the basket that contains the water, causing it to boil, when the meal is stirred in, and hot rocks continually thrown in until the mush is cooked. Meat for stews and soup is cooked in the same manner. In early times meat was generally eaten this way, and the use of salt was not known until after the advent of the white man.

Virtue was a quality whose absence was punished by death — either by burning alive or stoning to death. My people are not so severe in these later days. The ceremony of marriage is not so strictly carried out as in olden times. They take a woman now without much ado, as white people do, and leave them oftener than of old. One of the latest evidences of civilization is divorce — an indulgence taken advantage of to abandon an old wife and secure a young one. They argue that it is better for them to do so than to leave their young women for the temptation of the white man.

In 1867 I was interpreter for my people; but even then they had nothing. The game has been all killed, except a few rabbits. The pine trees have all been destroyed, so that we can get no more nuts. The cattle have trampled out the grass in our little valleys, and we can dig no more roots. If the white people leave us, to go over the mountains to California, as some people tell us, we must go over the mountains with them too, or else starve. If we cannot get wild game, we must take tame game, like cows or steers; the same as the white people would do if they had nothing to eat, and nothing to feed their wives and little ones with.

When we were shivering and starving, the soldiers were our best friends. They gave us their cast-off clothing, and they gave us rations. When I left the convent and went back among my people, it was funny to see the men and women dressed in soldiers' overcoats and pants. They thought it was the grandest kind of dress. Then the agent promised us provisions and clothes for the winter; but he lied. He knew he lied when he said it. That winter our children were shivering, while he was amassing money by selling the things which the government voted for us. This is how your civilization treats us. Are we to be blamed for thinking that you care for us like the snake in the grass? When I carried the dispatches for the soldiers, they promised Sarah money. Did she ever get it? or did she get any thanks for doing this? None: nobody said "thank you" to poor Sarah. I was greatly deceived when I came to San Francisco to get money and help for my starving people. I thought my own people would help. I call the Methodists my own people. They preached and they prayed, but they did nothing else for my poor, hungry, shivering people. I know something about sermons myself, and can preach a better sermon than any of their ministers. The soldiers are much better than the ministers. The Indian is like my white brother, Emperor Norton: he likes epaulets.

Once the Indians possessed all this beautiful country; now they have none. Then they lived happily, and prayed to the Great Spirit. But the white man came, with his cursed whisky and selfishness and greed, and drove out the poor Indian, because he was more numerous and better armed and knew more knowledge. I see very well that all my race will die out. In a few short years there will be none left — no, not one Indian in the whole of America. I dare say the white man is better in some respects; but he is a bigger rascal, too. He steals and lies more than an Indian does. I hope some other race will come and drive him out, and kill him, like he has done to us. Then I will say the Great Spirit is just, and that it is all right.

Sarah Winnemucca.

**“For Women and about Women.”**

*Daily Leader* (Cheyenne wY), September 14, 1882, 1, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca, Princess of the Piute Indians, uses clear English. She says the white man “steals and lies more than the Indian does.” Maybe because his opportunities are greater; but the Princess gets up pretty high when she says she hopes that some other race will come and drive the white man out and kill him, as he has done the Indians. Then she will say the Great Spirit is just and that it is all right. The whole civilized world condemns much of our treatment of the Indian, as it condemns much of our treatment of each other, but the noble, loafing red man must learn — as some of them are learning — that it [is] necessary to work in this age and nation.



FIG. 2. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins in Boston, date unknown. Courtesy of Washington State Historical Society (#1949.12.1.1).



## East, 1883–1884

**“Lo! the Poor Indian.”**

*Boston Daily Globe*, March 2, 1883, 1, col. 6.

The lecture of the Piute princess, Sarah Winnemucca, at Horticultural Hall last evening was slimly attended. The princess is a well appearing lady, and knows enough of our language to tell a simple, straight story that is pathetic without the aid of rhetorical embellishment. Her lecture was a recital of the wrongs her race had endured at the hands of heartless missionaries and brutal agents. She has come to Boston to raise money for the purpose of purchasing land and locating her people where they cannot be removed at the whim of every new administration. An effort is being made to procure a church for her to speak in sometime this week, when she will present her case more fully, and it is hoped she will receive the attentions she justly deserves.

**“Plea for the Piutes.”**

*Boston Herald*, March 2, 1883, 1, col. 3.

**Princess Sarah Winnemucca Tells a Pathetic Story of Her People’s Wrongs.**

Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Chief Naches Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Indians, told the story of her people’s wrongs in Horticultural (lower) Hall last evening to a small audience, composed principally of members of the Massachusetts Indian Society.<sup>1</sup> She was introduced by her husband, Mr. L. H. Hopkins, and was attired in Indian costume. The princess spoke English fluently, was modest and thoroughly alive to the injustice which has been inflicted upon her people, who are located on the Yaki[m]a reservation, Washington territory. The agents, she alleges, sell the goods sent to the Indians, maltreat her people and teach them by example to steal, etc.

This, she said, is the reason the Indians do not advance in civilization. The Indians are told that one-half the hay or grain crop goes to the Great Father at Washington, but she wondered if he ever received the money for it. One of the sub-chiefs had told her that he was obliged to steal from the agent in order to keep even. She had seen storehouses filled with bales of blankets and goods for the Indians, but in a short time these storehouses were empty and nobody knew where the contents disappeared to. Seventeen wagon loads of goods arrived at one of the agencies, and the largest issue of goods to one person she ever saw was 6½ yards of calico. Two and a half yards of calico each was the quantity usually issued to the women, and 1½ yards to the men, and these quantities had to be worn a year before more could be obtained. Children of 13 or 16 years of age were obliged to go naked. There had been 15 agents on her reservation in the 23 years of its existence, and not a child on it had got through the first spelling book. All that the agents cared for was to make money for themselves. Her people, she said, are not simple, and they have lost faith in agents and the promises of the government. She believed, if her people were properly treated and the proper steps were taken, they could be civilized, but if they were treated like beasts, they would retaliate. She referred to her work as government interpreter and her efforts to make peace between hostiles, saying that all the pay she had received was abuse. Her desire was to raise money with which to buy for the people land from which they could not be pecked out of, and where there were no agents. She made a touching appeal for her suffering people, and steps will probably be taken to allow her to tell her story to other hearers.

**“The Princess Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Evening Traveller* (Boston MA), March 2, 1883, 1, col. 5.

The Princess Sarah Winnemucca, an Indian interpreter, lectured last evening in Horticultural Hall on the wrongs inflicted by the Indian agents upon the Indians. After expressing her modesty in appearing before a Boston audience with neither the knowledge of Oscar Wilde nor the beauty of Mrs. Langtry, she said that the policy of the agents taught the Indians to lie, steal, and cheat.<sup>2</sup> The agent's wife was usually the teacher, and drew a high salary for figuring out on the blackboard her husband's income. When stores were

issued about two and a half yards of calico were issued to the women and a yard and a half of flimsy flannel to the men, and large bales of goods piled up in the warehouses unaccountably disappeared in the hands of the agents. Desperate white men committed outrages which drove the Indians to retaliation. The lecturer favored the appointment of women as agents, and said that if they stole two-thirds of the annuities paid by government the Indians would be satisfied with what remained. The agents often required half of the hay and grain which the Indians laboriously raised, and the lecturer wondered whether any of it ever reached the great father at Washington.

**“An Indian Girl’s Appeal.”**

*Evening Star* (Boston MA), March 2, 1883, 1, col. 4.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Chief Nackes Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Indians, spoke last evening in Horticultural hall, to a rather small audience, and altogether too small considering where she spoke and on what subject.<sup>3</sup> It was an unhappy story, and she made it tell in a very pretty way.

She asked what no one should deny, the support, the moral aid of all who hate oppression. She claimed that her people were robbed systematically by our government and its agents, and in a wild way declared that it was useless to try and Christianize her people, though they were civilized, when wrong and cruelty were practiced so unblushingly upon them. She felt very much disappointed at the few earnest hearts that had come to greet her, for she had heard that in Boston she would meet with a hearty support; and further, if she couldn’t get an audience in a hall, she would take the streets with the dome of the just God above. She is 25 years old, light complexioned, and has a fair English education. She has all the wild pathos of her people, with that subtle command of figurative language so peculiar to her race, coloring all she eloquently has to say.

**“Princess Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Boston Morning Journal*, March 2, 1883, 3, col. 4.

Boston is generally quick to listen to any cry of oppression, but it was a meagre audience that gathered to hear a story of wrong told at Horticultural

Hall last evening by Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Chief Nackes Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Indians. She makes an earnest plea for sympathy and support on behalf of her tribe in its efforts to secure fair treatment from the agents of the Government. She is an Indian girl of about 25 years, of light complexion for her race and possessing a very fair English education. She speaks incisively and with something of native eloquence and pathos. Her story is similar to those often heard from the reservations. She claims that her people have for years been systematically robbed and oppressed by Government agents. Most of the tribe are civilized, but she says it is too late, after years of wrong to hope to Christianize them. She is anxious to secure popular support in her mission, and she was much disappointed over the limited number of her hearers. She had been told the country over to come to Boston and she would find sympathizers. She thought that to-day she would tell her story upon the street if she could not otherwise obtain a hearing.

**“The Indian Problem.”**

*Boston Post*, March 2, 1883, 1, col. 5.

The Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Chief Nackes Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Indians, delivered *a lecture in Horticultural hall on Thursday evening upon the wrongs* of her people at the hands of the government and the Indian agents. The princess told her story in very simple language, and several times during the recital of her tale was moved to tears at the wrongs her people had suffered. She described the manner in which her people received the government supplies sent to the agency, the women receiving at the most six yards of calico to last them a year, while the blankets and stoves are sold and the money pocketed by the agents; she said she had seen bale upon bale of goods for the Indians placed in the storehouse upon the agency, and that the goods would disappear in a mysterious way, the storehouse bec[a]me empty, but the Indians did not receive them, while the agent becomes a rich man. She said it was her mission to talk against the agencies and to try and have her people treated right. She said the agents taught her people to steal; they set them the example: they stole one half or one-third of their crops, claiming they sent them to the big man at Washington. Give

us one half or one third of the money appropriated for our support and we will have plenty. My people can be civilized if properly treated and a good example set them; but treat them badly and set them bad examples as the agents do and you can never civilize them.

### **“Indian Appropriations.”**

*Chicago Daily Tribune*, March 3, 1883, 10, nc.

#### **Who Pocket[s] the Money?**

Mrs. Hopkins, formerly Sara Winnemucca, knows a good deal about the working of our Indian Bureau and the disposition of the fat appropriations for the Indians made by Congress. In a recent letter to Senator Logan, thanking him for opposing the Indian Appropriation bill, she says:

I have been connected with Indian Agencies from childhood, and I know whereof I speak when I say the system of schooling Indian children, as now practiced, is a farce of the first water. I can recall a half-dozen agencies where I have been, and where teachers, with fifty children on the books and five in the school, are drawing their pay, and scarcely a child can be found who knows a word of English, unless it is Moody and Sankey’s hymns, which seem to be used for spelling-book, reader, arithmetic, geography, and everything else.<sup>4</sup> I know of one agency in particular, in Washington Territory, that has been under Christian rule for twenty years, and yet the children sing and pray in Chinook jargon, and the few who speak English do so mechanically, and have no idea of the definition of a single word. I have taught school at several places, and my last effort was at Vancouver Barracks, W.T. I was given charge of eighteen Indian children who were as ignorant as they possibly could be. I taught them about one year, and Cols. Chambers, Twenty-first Infantry, and Mason, Fourth Infantry, and other officers of the army can testify to the advancement made by them; and why can not my pale-face sister or brother teach them? I can tell you. I know a gentleman who was employed at my agency as a teacher, and he had himself a black board made. He said he would be better able to teach the al[ph]abet in that way. I thought it a good idea, but changed my mind a day or two after, when I saw these signs on it — viz: [illegible]. It showed me the channel his thoughts run in. It has been the desire of my life that

my people should be educated, not only in books, but in tilling the soil, etc., and I have labored for years to that end, and have met with such poor encouragement, I have given it up. The only true friend the Indians have are the army, and the assistance rendered me from time to time to by the officers of the army is gratefully remembered.

Referring to farming, I will not bore you with my experience on that hand. I will only say “ninety-step farms” are plentiful on the Pacific slope, and as for sugar with twenty-five pounds of stone to the barrel — my people would be glad to get half stone.<sup>5</sup> In fact, the only time they get rations of any kind regularly is when they are under the control of the War Department.

There is no doubt that this Indian lady is correct. Had the Indian Bureau been transferred to the War Department ten years ago, there would not only have been a entire cessation of Indian wars, which are invariably started by the bureau’s agents and the traders and contractors for personal gain, but the Indians on the reservations would have been in a far higher state of civilization than at present.<sup>6</sup>

#### **“The Piute Princess Dispelling Eastern Ignorance.”**

*Reno Evening Gazette*, April 10, 1883, 3, col. 2.

Natchez, the Piute Crown Prince, has received a letter from one of his sisters, who is married to a white man and lives in Montana, says the *Silver State*, informing him that the Princess Sallie has left that Territory and gone east to lecture.<sup>7</sup> Sallie’s Indian name is Sa-mit-tau-nee, which means “White Shell.”<sup>8</sup> She married a white man, her third venture with a pale face husband, over a year ago, and they have lived in Montana all winter.

#### **Editorial.**

*Boston Evening Transcript*, April 20, 1883, 4, col. 3.

A Piute Indian Princess, Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, is our next lecturer. She is to speak tomorrow at the Woman’s Club, Park street. Some of our Boston friends of the Indian have already heard the plans she and her husband have made to render her tribe a small band of Piute Indians independent of Government support. She speaks the English language very

intelligibly, and therefore can teach her people to speak it. She has already taught a good deal with success, but it is discouraging to make such efforts while the reservations are in the hands of agents who grow rich upon the sales of the supplies furnished by the Government, instead of distributing them to the Indians. If the reservation can be deeded to an association that has power to carry the case before the courts, as the Indians cannot do, the tribe will soon show that it can be self-supporting, for the reservation contains two immense lakes, that yield enough of the most magnificent speckled trout to support it, in addition to the produce they can raise on the bottom lands. Her grandfather and father, who were the chiefs, had a weakness for the white men, and have always been peaceably inclined, and the people are intelligent and willing to work, and perfectly obedient to the wishes of this woman, who has already done so much for them. With her simple eloquence, Mrs. Hopkins bears every mark of being an excellent sample of Indian truthfulness — what her husband declares to be a national trait, though he knows as well as we do that among their virtues they have not Christian forgiveness, and consider everything allowable in war.

**“What Interests Boston Women.”**

*New York Times*, April 27, 1883, 5, col. 5 [excerpt].

**Boston Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.**

The Saturday gatherings of women were interesting today. . . . The feature of the gathering of the woman’s club was Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, the Piute Indian Princess, who is lecturing hereabouts under the direction of the organization of men and women interested in the Indians’ cause. She and her husband are endeavoring to render her tribe independent of Government support. Their plan is to get an association formed to which the Piute reservation in Nevada shall be deeded, and so taken from the grip of the Government agents. Mrs. Hopkins speaks English fairly well and has some education. Her father was the chief of the band, as was his father before him. Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, prominent in so many philanthropic works, indorses the movement, and the project is to form an association such as is desired of Boston people.

## **“An Amazonian Champion of the Army.”**

*Council Fire* (Washington DC), May 1883, 69, col. 1.

In the February Council Fire notice was taken of the fact that a Piute woman, known as Sarah Winnemucca, had written a letter to Senator Logan thanking him for his opposition to the Indian appropriation bill and opposing the system of Indian education, abusing civil Indian agents, &c. We then expressed the opinion that Sarah was being used as a tool of the army officers to create public sentiment in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. Sarah is now on a lecture tour East. She opened in Boston, and the newspapers inform us that General O. O. Howard and other officers of the army were among her chief supporters, and that Senator Dawes wrote a letter to be read at her meeting expressing regret at not being able to be present, and endorsing her views.<sup>9</sup>

To those who know that General Howard is fully informed as to the character of Sarah Winnemucca it seems incredible that he should give her any countenance, and as Senator Dawes has heretofore claimed to be a champion of the peace policy his action is unaccountable on any hypothesis consistent with such claim. In view of the effort being made to use this Indian woman as an instrument to aid the army in its selfish scheme to overthrow the present Indian policy, and again return to the barbarous policy in vogue before 1869 (when President Grant revived the sinking hopes of the Indians and their friends by announcing his purpose to “inaugurate” a more humane and just policy) we deem it a duty to tell the readers of the Council Fire what sort of woman this Amazonian champion of the army is. We shall make no statement that is not sustained by irrefragable testimony (most of it in the form of affidavits) now on file in the Indian office, copies of which were sent to Colonel Meacham two years ago.

According to this testimony she is so notorious for her untruthfulness as to be wholly unreliable. She is known to have been for some time an inmate of a house of ill-fame in the town of Winnemucca, Nevada, and to have been a common camp follower, consorting with common soldiers. It is a great outrage on the respectable people of Boston for General Howard or any other officer of the army to foist such a woman of any race upon them.

**“The Indian Association.”**

*Daily Evening Traveller* (Boston MA), May 2, 1883, 4, col. 5 [excerpt].

[The article begins with a note omitted here about a Massachusetts Indian Association meeting in which the British government was praised for its kind treatment of British Columbia Indians. — Eds.]

Miss Peabody made an earnest appeal to the society to make opportunities all over the country, and as far as in their power for Sara Winnemucca to tell her story and to accomplish the objects of her mission for her tribe. Miss Peabody said Sara liked to have exclusive meetings with women to tell them particulars of the Indian education and the protection that they need. In closing the venerable lady urged on the women to arouse a sentiment in behalf of the aborigines. She was heard with enthusiasm.

**“Massachusetts Indian Association.”**

*Boston Morning Journal*, May 3, 1883, 4, col. 3 [excerpt].

[The article begins with more details of comments on British treatment of Indians in British Columbia. — Eds.]

After a song by Mrs. Bradley, Miss Elizabeth Peabody saying that the object of society was to spread through the country a right sentiment in regard to this important question, spoke especially of the Indian woman, Sarah Winnemucca, who has remarkable traits of character and who excites always great interest when she speaks. Her idea is that the Government should send the military to protect the Indian, not the white man from the savage. A letter was read from Sarah Winnemucca, expressing her disapproval of Senator Dawes’s bill.<sup>10</sup>

**“Princess Winnemucca on the Treatment of the Indians.”**

*Boston Evening Transcript*, May 3, 1883, 2, col. 6.

In the parlors of Hotel Winthrop, last evening, Princess Sara Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Nevada told a tale of sufferings of her people, through the fraudulent dealings of Indian agents and others, that reminded the listener of a chapter from “A Century of [D]ishonor.”<sup>11</sup> The gathering was under the charge of Mrs. Humiston and Mrs. Helen B. Cole, as a committee

of the Indian association recently formed. Among those present were Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Horace Mann, Major Egan and Lieutenant Leary of Fort Warren.<sup>12</sup> Letters of regret were received from Poets Whittier and Holmes, Mrs. Ole Bull, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Senator Dawes and others.<sup>13</sup> The princess, whose English name is Mrs. Hopkins, was richly and fantastically attired, her dress of buckskin, short-sleeved and of moderate length, being trimmed with an abundance of sparkling beads and wampum. At her side hung a little bag of damask velvet, embroidered with a figure like a Cupid. On her head was a sort of crimson crown, ornate with stars and brilliants, while armlets and bracelets adorned her arms and wrists. She was introduced by Dr. Buchanan of Boston University. She spoke excellent English, with a hardly perceptible Indian accent. She told of the insincerity of many of the missionaries and ministers who came in contact with her people, asking why they did not practice what they preached. We are told to love one another, she said. It is no new thing for Indians to love one another. They are taught to do that when little children in their wigwams. They don't kill for pleasure. They only kill when forced to do so in self-defense, when they have been outraged. Had slaughtering white people been a pleasure, how easily they might have massacred the white people when they first landed on these shores, or how easily the Piutes might have killed the white settlers when they first came among them in the long ago. You know not what your agents and white men do in the far West; how they steal the Indians' land; how they deprive them of the Government supplies; how they ruthlessly tear the babe from the mother's breast; how they insult the virtue of the Indian girls, and virtue is as precious a jewel among the Piutes as here in Boston. For these outrages the Indians take up arms, and never an Indian raid was made but what was brought about by such causes as these. I can tell you the sad truth about the Indian agents. I can tell you how few of the Government supplies reach the Indians; how one little blanket was provided to shelter a family of six from the cold; how three blankets were supposed to be enough for fifteen Indians, when each of them should by right have had one; how, indeed they often have to buy the very supplies that the Government has promised to give them in exchange for their lands.

I have asked the agents why they did these wrong things. They have told me it was necessary for them to do so in order to get money enough

to send to the Great Father at Washington to keep their position. I assure you that there is an Indian ring; that it is a corrupt ring, and that it has its head and shoulders in the treasury at Washington. But yet we know there are good men and women among the white people. We call you brothers, despite all the wrong that is done, for you are our brothers according to our tradition. ["Tell us the tradition," said Miss Peabody.]<sup>14</sup> Well, the first parent of us all, says the legend, had both white and red children. They did not agree together, so the father separated them and placed a great ocean between. But he said that some day they should be united. And this is why we believe you are our brothers. We hope our true friends will aid us and stand by us in our troubles.

After her address the princess answered various questions which were propounded by those present. She said she thought the Indian bill which has lately passed the Senate and which was referred to in the letter of Senator Dawes should be amended, so that the appointment of the agents should not be in the hands of the secretary of the interior. Yesterday afternoon a meeting of the Indian association was held at Wesleyan Hall, at which Miss Peabody stated that the princess was particularly anxious to interest the women of the country in the cause of her people. This has been her mission in Boston, where she has been sojourning for some months. In the course of eight or ten days, during which she will be a guest of Mrs. Ole Bull, she proposes to go to Philadelphia and other cities, with the same object in view.

**"Address of Princess Winnemucca."**

*Boston Daily Globe*, May 3, 1883, 2, col. 6.

Last evening a very select company gathered in the parlors of the cosy Hotel Winthrop, at the corner of Bowdoin and Allston streets, where the Princess Winnemucca of the Piute (Nevada) tribe of Indians, delivered a most interesting address. She urged that the employment of government agents was prejudicial and that the army was, by far, the best peace officer. She also deprecated the sending out of certain missionaries, whose practice was far from being in accordance with their preaching. Amongst those who were present were Dr. Buchanan (chairman), William H. Mann, Miss Peabody, General Howard, Captain Egan, Lieutenant Leary and others from Fort

Warren. A letter was also read from Senator Dawes, stating that he was in perfect accord with the object of the meeting — looking to the abolition of so-called Indian agents.

**“Sensible Sallie.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), May 8, 1883, 3, col. 1.

**The Princess Expresses Her Opinion of Indian Agents.**

The Piute Princess, Sallie Winnemucca, Saw-mit-taw-nee, the White Shell, is lecturing down in Boston. Last Friday evening she delivered an interesting address in one of the hotels before a select company. She told her hearers that the employment of Government Indian Agents was prejudicial to the red men. A military agent is much preferable to a civilian in her opinion. Her experience with missionaries is not reassuring. She thinks, and she certainly ought to know, that the practice of many of them does not accord with their preaching. The “select company” who heard her remarks were very much edified, but with the horrors of the Tewkesbury Alms house staring them in the face, it is doubtful if they make any recommendations to Congress to ameliorate the conditions of the Indians by placing them under the immediate control of the military instead of appointing missionaries from the various denominations as agents at their reservations.<sup>15</sup>

**“Boston, England, Sally Winnemucca.”**

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), May 19, 1883, 3, col. 2.

There were two princesses in Boston recently, one of them the queen of England’s daughter, and the other the Indian maiden, Sally Winnemucca of Piute fame, who was on the staff of General Howard during his famous Indian campaign a few years ago. Sarah was the recipient of more attention than her royal rival, Louise, while at the “Hub.” She captured the hearts of the Bostonians by her sensible practical talk about the folly of government sending agents among the Indians to swindle them and the government at the same time. Sarah is very practical herself. We have seen her on horseback and are convinced of the correctness of that assertion. — *St. Helena Times*

This is the first time that we ever heard being straddle of a horse called practical. Practical the horse, Major.

### “An Appeal for Justice.”

*Salem Gazette*, May 25, 1883, 1, cols. 5–6.

Our readers have already been informed that a native Indian lady, called Princess Sarah Winnemucca, of the Piute tribe of Nevada, now Mrs. Hopkins, the wife of an American missionary, has been for some weeks in Boston, exposing the suffering of her people, through the fraudulent dealings of Indian agents and others.<sup>16</sup> A number of intelligent and influential ladies have been much interested in her statements and her plans to render her tribe independent of government support. At a recent meeting she was introduced by Dr. Buchanan, of Boston University. She spoke excellent English, with a hardly perceptible Indian accent.

We have received, from her friends in Boston the following circular, which other papers may subserve the cause of justice by republishing. Any one who wishes to communicate with Mrs. Hopkins, or to invite her to speak, may address her, to the care of Mrs. Horace Mann, 54 Bowdoin Street, Boston.

#### *Circular*

Reposing special trust and confidence in divine Providence, I hereby make an appeal for a people who cannot appeal for themselves. It may be truly said of my people “The son of man hath not where to lay his head.” My mission here in your Eastern cities, is to ask in the name of Justice, Mercy and Humanity, for a resting place for my worn and weary people. No door is open to them; on the contrary, every arm is raised against them. I ask the question of all fair-minded people, what have they done to warrant this treatment? Have they no rights that you are bound to respect? Do you consider them human or beasts? Ask your conscience. The same God that created you in his image, also created my father in the same image, but in his wisdom, he saw fit to make his skin dark — only that; there is no difference in the color of his heart. He gave to us all the virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, Love and Truth, and history will tell you we have *practised* them. Can you say as much? No matter how you have treated us in the past; will you treat us better in the future? Will you give my people a home? [N]ot a place for this year, but a home *forever*? You can do it. Will you? ’Tis for you to say, you, the people. I have not come here either to collect money or to make a request for any position for myself. I come because my father

wished me to tell the true story of my people to the world—the story of their friendliness and fidelity to the white men from the time when my grandfather first saw them in his country, and made that promise. My father died before I could do it. He had not the happiness of hearing my voice tell the story, but I believe he hears me now whenever I speak. I cannot die happy till I have obeyed him.

Last year, the Malheur Reservation in Oregon, ceded to us by solemn treaty, I think in 1867, a treaty whose terms we have never broken, was taken from us in the usual way. We had no one to protest against so we had to submit. I want to test the right of the Government to make and break treaties at pleasure. They *gave* my people that piece of land, and I want to ask whether it is legal for them to sell it or not. And in this work I want your help. Will you give me your influence? My work must be done through Congress. Talk for me and help me talk, and all will be well. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins.

**“In Favor of Arbitration.”**

*New York Times*, June 2, 1883, 8, col. 3 [excerpt].

**How the Universal Peace Union  
Would Settle Ireland’s Troubles.**

Addresses were made by several of the delegates and others.<sup>17</sup> Sarah Winnemucca, an Indian princess of the Piute tribe, narrated the wrongs the Piutes had suffered in being driven from their reservation. She asked that women, and not men, be sent out as Indian Agents, as the hearts of the men, she said, became as hard as stones on crossing the Missouri River. Her people were willing to work at farming if they could only have the land.

**“Mrs. Hopkins’ Lecture.”**

*New Haven Evening Register*, June 6, 1883, 2, col. 4.

Prof. Brewer introduced Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, the daughter of a Pi Ute head chief, to an audience at the Center church chapel yesterday afternoon at 4 o’clock. He said he met her father nineteen years ago and that so far as he knew the Pi Utes were peaceable. After Mrs. Hopkins had told her story Rev. Newman Smyth advised the people to let no opportunity

pass to build up the oppressed race. Prayer seemed like hypocrisy; it was time to act. Substantial contributions of money were made.

**Elizabeth Peabody, “The Princess Winnemucca.”**

Letter, *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 14, 1883, 4, col. 5.

*To the Editor of the Transcript:* I am surprised, when there are such works accessible as “Heckerwelder’s History of the North American Indians,” in which so much of the natural religion, family and tribal, and moralities of the Indians, is set forth in detail, to say nothing of Catlin’s two volumes and the more recent work of “H.H.” called “A Century of Dishonor,” that a man of such evident good-will to them as Mr. Charles Ellis should do so little justice to their moral and religious status, and speak of them as if they were “two generations” behind us in any respect (except in mechanical arts and literature).<sup>18</sup> It is obvious to any discerning reader of the “Century of Dishonor” that had not the European settlers been so shut up in their doctrines of total depravity and everlasting punishment, had they understood Christianity, as nearly every Church does now, to be an essentially ethical inspiration whose germ is in all men, they would have recognized and been themselves bettered by the moral purity, manly honor and fidelity to their word which characterized those noble tribes, and might have built up a new nationality that before this time would have sent back towards the East a higher toned human society than exists anywhere on the face of the earth. Now, when the artificial and merely intellectual have so overwhelmed the natural and moral in our so-called Christian civilization, the one instance of the Piute Indian princess, who is just now here on a mission — no less inspired than was that of Joan of Arc — and making so grand a moral impression on all who listen to her in public, and still more perhaps on those who see her in private, he would see that in half [a] generation a full-blooded Indian, of a tribe that first encountered the pale-faces forty years ago, could traverse the whole way from barbarism to the refinements of civilization. We advise Mr. Ellis to make her acquaintance. This lady — for she is one in manners, sentiments, and even being *au fait* in all womanly accomplishments — did never assume, but has received, the title of princess and even of Piute queen, in California and Nevada, for she was such in

her tribe — daughter of a long line of chiefs, and her immediate father and grandfather very remarkable men. In 1878–79 she went to San Francisco and gave a series of lectures to large audiences, who paid her so well for the tickets that though the rooms cost her \$30 a night, she cleared \$500. But it was not for money she spoke. It was a cry for justice; and as it attacked the whole system of Indian agency, which she demonstrated to be the very cause of the defeat of all measures taken by the Government for the benefit of the people, she was called to Washington with her father and brother, and asked what she wanted — and everything was granted, so far as written orders signed by the secretary of the interior could go — and all expenses to and from the Pacific coast were paid, and while in Washington she had a great reception at the secretary's private house, and every day carriages were sent for them to go round and see all the public buildings. It was not till she got back and found the orders were so much waste paper, so far as any practical value was concerned, that she saw she was the victim of the subtle arts of the Indian ring, intent that she should *not speak to the people* at all, and that all the *empress[e]ment* of attentions was to shut her off from going to New York to answer invitations from real friends, who wanted the truth told here at the East.

She then determined to come again and do what she proposes to do in her *appeal*, disconnected from all organizations that can always be circumvented to do the work of the enemy, which comprises the frontiersmen in general, who with the civil agents turn into their own wicked gains everything the Government essays to do for Indian civilization and rights. She has brought a sheaf of letters from the noblest officers of the army, all expressing profound respect for her character and objects. What she wants to have done for her tribe, General McDowell says in the last army report (of which he has just sent her a copy), ought to be done by the nation, at whatever price of money or convenience, so fulfilling their own promises, and because the Piutes have uniformly been faithful to their word given in 1860 by her grandfather, though constantly outraged. There is something sublime in her utter faith in God, and even her fellow creatures, shown in this great venture that she has made. All the means she and her husband had laid up from their own unceasing industry — which gave them good incomes — they have spent in getting here, and she trusts to the internal evidence of her narratives

and representations to rouse a sentiment which will force on Congress the necessity of restoring to them one of the reservations given to them in 1867, “forever,” which, she says, could support in agricultural life the whole remnant of the tribe, reduced more than one-half by the outrageous conduct toward them of the white agents, who live and flourish and grow rich upon what is done for the Indians by the Government, but which *never reaches them*, as she declares, and challenges rebutting evidence.

It is only what she expected, that she finds the subtle opposition against her object endeavoring to discredit her by the insinuation, for one thing, that she is the cat’s-paw of the army, intriguing to get Indian affairs into the war office and away from the Department of the Interior, which employs the civil agents. She does believe and say that they would be infinitely better off in their care than if left to the mercy of the agents, for the army, by its discipline, is placed beyond the temptation that assail the agents, who can trade away the Indian rights with the frontiersmen, who have demoralized the whole West during these two hundred years. But our grand missionary’s credentials are not merely from the military. She brings a letter which, unsolicited, Roger Sherman Day, who is a resident in Nevada, gave her to his cousin, Mr. William Evarts, and which she ought to be solicited to print, and which should be copied in all the newspapers. And the women of the East ought to actively exert themselves to multiply opportunities for her to speak everywhere while she is here.

#### **“The Indian Bureau Alarmed.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), June 19, 1883, 2, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, is lecturing in Boston on what she knows about Indian agents. She is throwing hot shot into the camp of the “peace policy hypocrites,” who plunder the red man while professing to be his best, truest and only friend. She knows by practical experience, acquired at several Indian agencies, that the Indians, with the exception of the head men, are cheated out of their annuities, and not infrequently driven to the warpath by the inhuman treatment of those who are paid by the Government to care for their corporeal, as well as spiritual, wants. She is aware that the Indians at the Malheur reservation, many of them members of

her own tribe, joined the hostile Bannocks in 1878 because they could get nothing to eat at the Agency, and were starving when the hostiles, loaded with spoils, invited them to join them. She also realizes the fact that the only time that the Piutes received what the Government provided for them was when the military at Fort McDermit were entrusted with its distribution. Now, because she states, before an audience in Boston, what the whites in Nevada, and on the frontier generally, know to be facts, the "Council Fire," the Washington organ of the Indian Bureau, roundly abuses her, and styles her the "Amazonian Champion of the Army." Without attempting to refute or disprove her assertions, which it undoubtedly knows would be futile, it endeavors to break their force by attacking her character. It adopts the tactics of the ring organs generally, and instead of showing wherein she has misrepresented the Indian agents, it contents itself with slandering her, ignoring the fact that it is the Indian Bureau system, not Sarah Winnemucca's character, that the people are interested in and that is under discussion. She was with General Howard during the Bannock war, and though he had an opportunity of knowing more about her reputation for truth and veracity than the Council Fire, he approves her views of the Indian question, and countenances her expose of the hypocrites who, while pretending to be the truest friends of the Indians, cheat, starve and abuse them, and apply the appropriations made by the Government, for the care of the Indians, to their own uses.<sup>19</sup> What Sarah Winnemucca says of Indian agents in Boston, she has asserted before large audiences on this coast, where the Indian policy of the Government is thoroughly understood, yet, no agent has the hardihood to publicly deny her statements through the newspapers or before an audience west of the Rocky Mountains. As she states, the true peace policy in dealing with the Indians is to place them under the care of the military, who so far as experience teaches, deal fairly with them, giving them all that the Government appropriates for their use, and holding their chiefs responsible for their good behavior. The Council Fire ought to know that scandalous charges against this woman, based on false affidavits of rascally Indian agents and their paid tools, are not arguments, and are no answer to her indictment of these agents, the truth of which is not questioned by persons conversant with the Indian agencies.

**Elizabeth Peabody, "The Indians' Tribal Relation."**

Letter, *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 22, 1883, 6, col. 5.

*To the Editor of the Transcript:* I read to Sarah Winnemucca Mr. Ellis's second letter, and we were much struck with the similarity of the experiences of the poor Indians of Michigan with those he related of the tribes to the west of the Rocky Mountains, by reason of the shortcoming of the agents and of the *religious organizations* who undertook to mediate between the Government and Indians. Mr. Ellis and Sarah Winnemucca, in their harmony on this point, taking their observations so independent of each other in time and place *prove* her views respecting such mediation to be correct.

But Mr. Ellis does not see the remedy that she sees and advocates, because he has not the appreciation as she has of the God-given ability of the Indians to take care of himself whenever he has the normal social opportunity. Mr. Ellis's error is founded on his idea that the tribal relation of the Indians is antagonistic to progress in civilization, instead of being a factor of it. The most important thing which we get for the solution of the Indian problem from the Indian standpoint which Sarah Winnemucca has been the first to give us (because her development has comprehended the best of both civilizations) is the insight which she has given us into the tribal relation — of which in our European history we have nothing so like as the relation of a Highland Scottish chieftain and his clan — a relation as natural as that of the father and his children. As the latter does not prevent the former, and the clans were found not inconsistent with the formation of a kingdom, but rather the elements that gave the sentiment of loyalty that made the kingdom a free nationality, so the tribal relations of the Indians does not annul the family relation on the one side, nor is it any more of a hindrance to their becoming citizens of the United States than State sovereignty is. No mediating agency, civil or religious, is thought necessary to protect State sovereignty within its own sphere, or national unification within its sphere. The States protect themselves in their reserved rights, and the nation asserts itself; so the Indian tribes should have the privilege of protecting themselves in their natural relations. Indeed, the relation of the chiefs to the individuals of the tribes is as much more vital than that of the State governments to the citizens of the States as the affections of nature are more vital than mere

political relations. I have heard it suggested before, that we as Republicans could not conserve the *monarchical* relation of chief! The best son, and the one who most reveres his father, will make the best citizen — because sonship denotes the heart, and “out of the heart are the issues of national life.” Let any one listen to Sarah Winnemucca’s account of the conversations and sympathetic dealings of the Piute chiefs with their people, and he will see that it would strike at the vital root of their religion and morality to destroy this bond, which will consecrate and deepen their sentiment as United States citizens, and give it a higher conservative character than is realized by the heartless vagabonds from civilization that constitute our frontier population, whose hands are against every man.

Elizabeth P. Peabody.

### “A Dastardly Attack.”

*Boston Evening Transcript*, July 6, 1883, 6, col. 6.

Sarah Winnemucca (Mrs. Hopkins) has been made the object of a villainous attack (calling in question her private character) in a paper called the Council Fire, whose obscurity would render the article harmless had not marked copies been circulated through the mails among the people to whom she is appealing for defen[s]e for her distressed people against the Indian agency jobbers who have been robbing them. The elaboration and ingenuity of the means employed to break down her reputation indicate that the attack comes from persons accustomed to working upon public opinion. At once, upon the article in the Council Fire coming to her knowledge, Mrs. Hopkins wrote to U.S. Judge Bonnifield of Nevada, and received the following reply:<sup>20</sup>

**Winnemucca, Nev. June 19, 1883.**

Mrs. Sarah Hopkins (*née* Winnemucca) — Yours of the 10th inst., with an article from the May number of the Council Fire, is received. In reply, I take pleasure in saying that I have known you personally and by reputation ever since 1869. Your conduct has always been exemplary, so far as I know. I have never heard your veracity or chastity questioned in this community.

I handed the article or editorial of the Council Fire to the editor of the Silver State, and send you herein his reply. I also mail you a copy of the Silver State.

Your people have just closed a week's "Fandango" at this place. Nearly all the captains were present, besides a number of Shoshones and Bannocks. There were present about 400 in all.

Hoping you may succeed in your war upon the corrupt Indian ring, I am yours, etc.,

M. S. Bonnifield

The *Silver State*, published at the same place, under date of June 19, 1883, editorially speaks as follows . . . [The paper repeats the article from the *Silver State*, reprinted above. — Eds.].

**"Personal."**

*Boston Evening Transcript*, July 7, 1883, 2, col. 7.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, speaks at Quincy on Sunday night and then leaves Boston till September.

**"Personal."**

*Evening Post* (New York NY), August 21, 1883, np, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, has written a book concerning the habits of the Piutes, which will be issued by a Boston house.

**"The Indian Tribal Relation."**

Editorial, *Boston Evening Transcript*, August 22, 1883, 4, col. 3.

From the unpublished work of Mrs. Hopkins upon "Indian Life," now in the press, we gather a view of the importance of their tribal relation which it is well to consider. The present opinion of General Sheridan is that the sooner it is broken up, the sooner the Indians will become civilized.<sup>21</sup> But the nature of the tribal relation is not well understood. The chief of the tribe is the father of it, not the tyrant. His will is not arbitrary, it is advisory. It is sanctified, as one may say, by long usage, and points back to the patriarchal relation. With the Indians, the chief is the poorest man in the tribe. His tent, which is also the council tent, is the resort of the tribe in all emergencies. His hospitality is unbounded. In his present poverty he often goes without food himself because his guests, whether of the tribe or strangers, must be served first. Would it not be best to try the effect of justice and mercy, so

long withheld by our Government and by society from the hunted and outraged Indian, before breaking up that family relation which is the strongest influence over them? Mrs. Hopkins thinks they could hold their lands in severalty on the same reservation, and, while enjoying all the immunity from the neighborhood and encroachment of the whites, which is the thing they dread (that is, if the rights of citizenship go with that distribution of land), their social life can continue the same, with all its pleasures and advantages. The Indian is the most sociable of human beings in his own home, though stern and reserved to the white men who are his natural enemies and not his “brothers,” as the good old Chief Tuecbee called them.<sup>22</sup>

Let us try justice and mercy, and let us take counsel with the Indian, and not rule him like a tyrant as we have done. The Piute, at least, is competent to judge of his own affairs. His whole life is one of mutual counsel with his fellows, and this has been the education that has preserved his individuality and many rare virtues. Do not any longer call him a barbarian. Wherever he is so it is his “white brothers” who have made him so. He has never been guilty of any cruelty or atrocity that has not been practised by the *professors* of Christianity, as in the Dutch wars and other mutual persecutions of Christian sects. He is an exceptionally noble being, instead of a degraded one. No native can be degraded that has preserved the virtues of truth and chastity. We may well veil our faces before him, and it is cheering in the midst of our increasing corruptions to turn to a race that has preserved its integrity through all trials. We shall be all the better for taking it into the ranks of citizenship.

### **“The Mystic Peace Meeting.”**

*New York Times*, August 23, 1883, 5 [excerpt].

#### **An Indian Princess from Boston Entertains the Audience.**

Mystic, Conn., Aug. 22. Around 12 coconuts, 2 bunches of bananas, an industrious man with an accordion, and an “Indian Princess” from Boston. 1,000 persons clustered to-day in the Mystic Woods. The big peace meeting of Connecticut was underway. . . . [History of the meeting and discussion of the clam chowder provided have been omitted here. — Eds.] Of the 1,000 persons at the picnic to-day every one, including the Indian

Princess from Boston, ate Mystic clam chowder, but the Princess alone presumed to ask rude questions and make unbecoming remarks. With the others it had been a regular diet for years. Then, too, the Indian Princess from Boston was a savage. This is the chowder man's explanation. The Indian Princess from Boston admitted this herself when she got a chance to make a speech.

A little platform, just rickety enough to warn orators against too much agitated eloquence, was raised high up among the rocks. The Princess occupied the platform. Beside her sat a dozen local celebrities and a handful of distinguished speakers, gentlemen mostly in high necked, long-tailed black coats and choker collars. The short-haired woman was there, and with her the unshorn male. Winnemucca is the name of the Indian Princess. She was attired in ear-rings and spangles, the regular Piute costume, it was explained. Her shoulders were pretty and her arm was plump. So far as appearance can go Winnemucca might have passed for a New-York ballet girl who had earned a sunburn by spending a Summer vacation in a row-boat. Winnemucca's speech was not as portly as her arm. It was not as abbreviated as her dress. Its English was broken, but the little woman did her best. She proved to her own satisfaction, and apparently to the satisfaction of her 1,000 hearers, that while the white man was a very wicked and uncertain sort of an individual, honor, and honesty, and truth, and tenderness, and all the other virtues, were wedged tight one against the other in the Indian nature. After Winnemucca had spoken a collection was taken up, and then came more speeches and another collection.

[This section of the article details specific speakers. — Eds.]

A young man named Town or Towner delivered himself of an assorted lot of Indian stories, in which the hero was always Town or Towner. The young man was with Custer, so he said, and Custer's reputation has now been demolished wholly. Young Town or Towner now stars with the Winnemucca troupe. He dispenses Winnemucca's photographs and Winnemucca's autographs at 10 cents apiece. When the young Indian historian had quieted down, Miss Nellie Bentley, the prettiest girl in all Groton, sang a little ballad, which so pleased the assemblage that they insisted on another, and another, until all the girls in Mystic Woods were in an envious perspiration.

### **“Apostles of Peace.”**

*New York Herald*, August 25, 1883, 3, col. 5 [excerpt].

#### **War Denounced, Rights of Indians Claimed and Irish Home Rule Indorsed.**

**Mystic, Conn., August 24, 1883.**

A great number of persons attended the session of the Connecticut Branch of the Universal Peace Union which has just ended here. The grove was filled with hundreds of private vehicles, while numerous sloops, sailboats and row-boats crossed and recrossed the Mystic River, carrying people to the grounds, and stages ran constantly from the village and the railroad station. A remarkable feature of the meeting was the unusually large number of clergymen who took part. Among these was the Rev. H. J. Kimball, of Concord, N.H., formerly captain in Berdan's sharpshooters, who made a strong anti-war speech. The Rev. H.S. Clubb, of Philadelphia, presided. Princess Winnemucca, of the Piute tribe of Indians, gave an account of the way her tribe was obliged to leave its reservation, and a memorial to Congress demanding that the reservation be restored was largely signed. Mr. Amos F. Towne, of Boston, gave statements of wrongs practiced on Indians by the army, he having, he said, personally witnessed the slaughter of the friendly Cheyennes.

A resolution was passed demanding “that the war of extermination which has been waged for 250 years against the original occupants of American soil, including the treacherous and unprovoked slaughter of thousands of friendly men, women and children, violent or fraudulent appropriation of their lands and other property, perpetual bad faith and every kind of wrong, be stopped, and that our fellow citizens of Indian birth be accorded the citizenship, suffrage and justice whereto they are entitled under the fourteenth amendment.”

[The rest of the article lists the speakers and the details of other resolutions. — Eds.]

### **“A City and Suburbs.”**

*Boston Daily Advertiser*, August 31, 1883, 8, col. 5.

Mr. F. A. Towne, agent of the Princess Winnemucca, is in this city circulating a petition, which will be presented to Congress, asking that the Piute Indians be restored their former reservations.

## **“The Wrongs of the Piutes.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), September 7, 1883, 6, col. 2.

### **Commending the Princess Sallie Winnemucca’s New Book.**

A writer in the *Woman’s Journal*, published at Boston, says:

“It seems to me, the *Woman’s Journal* ought to recognize with peculiar emphasis the remarkable enterprise of Sarah Winnemucca (Hopkins), in coming to the East with no armor but the truth of her narrative of the wrongs and claims of the Piutes, in which she has to fight the omnipresent ‘Indian ring.’ Wherever she has spoken, in Boston, Somerville, Malden, Maplewood, Cambridge, Dorchester, Roxbury, Quincey and Concord, Mass., she has carried the hearts of her audience with her. It was one of these which suggested that she should make a petition for all to sign, and which could be added to by the aid of the several Indian Associations, and the vast number unassociated, who have been interested by ‘H.H.’s’ ‘Century of Dishonor,’ and the newspapers of the last several years, which have contained such testimonies as General Harney’s. He has stated that in all his forty years upon the frontier, he ‘never knew an Indian break his word,’ while the records of the Government show that the whites have never kept the words of promise to them.

“This woman is granddaughter of the Chief who, in 1848, at the first sight of the whites, proffered friendship, having a tradition of the separation of whites and blacks made by their common father in the beginning of the world, who did it because they quarreled, and who predicted a future union. Mrs. Hopkins gives the history of her tribe from that time, showing their unwavering fidelity to the word of friendship then given — and tells a heart-rending story of their wrongs, with an incidental account of their customs, religion, and moralities. These embrace their claim to be righted and given a place to be. She has written the whole story out since she has been here, and Mrs. Horace Mann has copied it. This has brought her into intimate daily relations, in which her very remarkable character has won the friendship of Mrs. Mann, and her sister Miss Peabody, who are assisting her to carry it through the press, not only for her sake, but in order to give the friends of the new Indian policy and the Congress that is to legislate on Indian affairs next Winter, needed information. Such information will

enable Congress to give these Indians all their rights without scattering them, which would at once break their hearts and demoralize them. As Mrs. Hopkins must be the proprietor as well as author of the book, her friends are endeavoring to get a subscription up to pay for its manufacture, and Mrs. Mann would like to have names. John G. Whittier has subscribed for \$10 worth, and Mrs. R. W. Emerson for \$10 worth, and Mrs. M. H. Williams for \$20 worth, another lady for \$5 worth, and many \$1 each, rightly supposing that the book will not cost more. But its price can not be exactly told till it is bound. It is desirable to get it out at once, in order that it may influence the present counsels of officials. No time should be lost in subscribing.”

#### **“Brieflets.”**

*Boston Evening Transcript*, September 24, 1883, 1, col. 4.

The Piute princess Winnemucca had a very fair audience at Parker Memorial Hall, yesterday afternoon, to listen to the interesting and thrilling story of the wrongs of her people.

#### **“Jottings.”**

*Boston Evening Transcript*, September 29, 1883, 4, col. 3.

Men and women of leading social position and of intelligence and discernment, who have met the Princess Winnemucca, are satisfied that she is deserving of sympathy and aid in her efforts to improve the condition of her people. All who are interested in the welfare of the Indian race will be well repaid for listening to her story. As a natural orator few women have ever surpassed her.

#### **“The Princess Winnemucca.”**

*Evening Bulletin* (Providence R1), October 2, 1883, 8, col. 4.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, of the Piute tribe of Indians, who is known among her people as the Princess Winnemucca, is now in our city, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Boston. As has already been announced in several of our churches, the Princess will deliver an address at the chapel of Grace Church this afternoon at 4 o'clock. All are

cordially invited to attend. She has spoken with great acceptance to large audiences in Boston and other cities, and is reported to be a gifted and eloquent woman.

**“A Home for the Piute Indians.”**

*Journal* (Providence R1), October 3, 1883, 8, col. 5.

Owing to the inclement weather there was but a small audience at Grace Church Chapel yesterday afternoon, to listen to the interesting and impressive story of the Princess Winnemucca, of the Piute tribe of Indians, whose English title is Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. She was introduced by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Boston, who has become deeply interested in the mission of the young woman to enlist public sympathy in behalf of her tribe in signing a memorial to Congress that a reservation may be placed at their disposal, and proceeded to give a description of the country in Nevada, where her tribe formerly lived, and the manners and customs of the people. She spoke in English very fluently and correctly, and with deep feeling. She explained that the name Piutes was probably given to the tribe from the fact that the principal article of food consisted of the pie-nut, so-called, growing upon trees similar to the pine tree. She spoke of the harmonious relations existing between the members of the tribe and their industry in providing for each other, and then with considerable feeling condemned the United States government for having driven them from their home and then placed them at the mercy of agents and frontiersmen. She had been surprised to find that the sum of \$30,000 had been appropriated for her tribe by Congress, that timber lands had been given to them, and that saw and grist mills had been erected, for she had seen nothing of the kind, and believed that the agents had appropriated the funds. She spoke of landing in Boston without a penny in her pocket, and of Governor Butler's generosity in giving her a dollar, and explained that she was not begging charity for herself or tribe, but was actuated by a firm purpose to enlist the cooperation of the public in behalf of her people. She was neatly and tastefully dressed, and made a most favorable impression upon the audience. She will deliver another address this afternoon at the same place, and will appear in costume worn by her tribe.

### **“Men and Women.”**

*Los Angeles Times*, October 3, 1883, 2, col. 1.

Princess Winnemucca, of the Piutes, is lecturing to the Bostonians about the wrongs of the red men. This Piute princess is a humbug.

### **“The Story of Piute Wrongs.”**

*Evening Bulletin* (Providence R1), October 4, 1883, 5, col. 1.

#### **Winnemucca at Grace Church Chapel.**

An audience excellent as to quality, but which ought to have been larger, gathered at Grace Church Chapel yesterday afternoon, attracted by the announcement that an Indian woman of the Piute tribe would speak upon the story of her wrongs.

Winnemucca, which is the lady's name, is a person of pleasing manners and address, is about 40 years of age, and her earnest manner and quaint English won the sympathy of her audience. She was dressed in the costume of her people, including armlets, leggings, moccasins and wallet. The body of her dress was of cream-tinted satin or some similar material, heavily fringed with gold and silver braid. Suspended from her belt she wore a large satchel of black velvet, ornamented with a figure of Cupid wrought in silk. Her glossy black hair fell in heavy folds over her shoulders and back, and her features, although of a distinctively Indian type, beamed with intelligence and sincerity. She was accompanied by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Boston, who has long been her trusted companion and adviser, and who introduced her to her audience.

Winnemucca commenced her address in a clear voice, and it at once became evident that she was not lacking in native Indian eloquence. As she proceeded with her narrative of wrongs heaped upon her people at the hands of unscrupulous and grasping agents, her voice trembled and her eyes moistened. She told her audience how her people, the Piutes, lost their reservation in Oregon. From an aggregate of about 10,000, forty years ago, the tribe has dwindled, until it numbers but a trifle over 3,000 to-day.<sup>23</sup> But the agents are by no means all bad. Of one in particular she spoke in terms of affection and esteem. His successor undid all that had been accomplished,

and drove the remnant of what had once been a strong and happy people away from their reservation, and left them homeless and starving. The lady asserted — and challenged contradiction — that her people, as she fondly called them, were disposed to work and make for themselves homes: but that having been deceived and imposed upon, they had finally become disheartened and listless, at seeing the fruits of their labors so frequently swept away, for the benefit of grasping agents and their immediate friends.

In conclusion, the speaker said: “Dear friends, the Good Father above has made you fair and beautiful, and He has made us dark: but I believe there will come a time when there will be no difference on account of color [applause]; but if there is such a thing as punishment hereafter, there will be little show of redemption for those who grasp all we have and then turn us out to die.” At the conclusion of her address, Winnemucca sang an Indian song in dialect. A collection was taken for her benefit and for the cause to which she devotes her time and energies. A goodly sum was raised, which was poured into the lady’s wallet, eliciting a hearty “Thank you.”

The full name of the lady is Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, the latter name being that of her husband — who is a pale face, formerly a soldier in the U.S. service, and during which time she became acquainted with him. This is said to be the first instance of an Indian woman speaking for herself and for her people. She is a granddaughter of the chief of the Piute tribe, and has recently been engaged in the publication of a book, called “Life Among the Piutes,” making her headquarters in Boston for that purpose. Booksellers not liking to meddle with it on account of what the author terms “its plain personalities,” she has undertaken its publication herself; and has paid for it fully, even in advance of publication. Quite a number of our well-known philanthropic ladies availed themselves of an opportunity to take the lady by the hand after the conclusion of her address.

#### **“Local Intelligence.”**

*Berkshire County Eagle* (Pittsfield MA), October 4, 1883, 2, col. 4.

The Princess Winnemucca, a chief of the Piute Indians, will speak to the Wednesday Morning Club on Friday, the 5th, at half past three p.m. The public, both men and women, who are interested in the Indian, are cordially

invited by the Club to listen to her. She speaks English fluently, and has been spending some time in Boston with Mrs. Horace Mann and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, where she has prepared an account of her people which will shortly be published. She comes to Pittsfield in company with Miss Peabody to consult Mr. Dawes.

A. L. Dawes, Pres't W. M. Club

*Daily Evening Journal* (Pittsfield MA), October 5, 1883, 4, col. 2.

The Princess Winnemucca, of the Piute Indians, addressed a large audience of ladies before the Wednesday Morning club, this afternoon at the Athenaeum.

**“Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins.”**

*Daily Courant* (Hartford CT), October 5, 1883, 2, col. 4.

**Her Address in This City Yesterday —  
The Meeting To-day Postponed.**

The address that was to be given to-day by Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins can not be delivered on account of a request to meet Senator Dawes on business connected with her special mission. Mrs. Hopkins was in the city yesterday and by invitation, spoke before a considerable number of the officers and members of the Connecticut Indian association, at the house of Dr. Henry Barnard. The address was very interesting and was a simple and effective statement of the loss of the Piute reservation through the action of a few men who did not in any sense represent the tribe that was made to suffer for their actions. Now, she said, that her people were disposed to work and make for themselves homes; but that having been deceived and imposed upon, they had finally become disheartened and listless, at seeing the fruits of their labors so frequently swept away for the benefit of grasping agents and their immediate friends. At the close of the address the following petition was read and received a number of signatures. It is to be presented by Senator Dawes: —

Whereas, the tribe of Piute Indians that formerly occupied the greater part of Nevada, and now diminished by its sufferings and wrongs to one third of its original number, has always kept its promise of peace and friendliness

to the whites since they first entered their country, and has of late been deprived of the Malheur reservation decreed to them by President Grant:

I, Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, granddaughter of Captain Truckee, who promised friendship for his tribe to General Fremont, whom he guided into California, and served through the Mexican war — together with the undersigned friends who sympathise in the cause of my people — do petition the honorable congress of the United States to restore to them said Malheur reservation, which is well watered and timbered, and large enough to afford homes and support for them all, where they can enjoy lands in severalty without losing their tribal relations, so essential to their happiness and good character, and where their citizenship, implied in this distribution of land, will defend them from the encroachments of the white settlers, so detrimental to their interests and their virtues. And especially do we petition for the return of the tribe arbitrarily removed from the Malheur reservation, after the Bannock war, to the Yakima reservation on Columbia river, in which removal families were ruthlessly separated, and have never ceased to pine for husband, wife and children, which restoration was pledged to them by the secretary of the interior in 1880, but has not been fulfilled.

It is probable that arrangements will be made for the return of Mrs. Hopkins within a short time, when she will speak in some public room and will probably have a large audience. She is known in her tribe as the Princess Winnemucca, the title being due to the fact that after the death of her father, the chief of the tribe, she went to Washington and worked hard to secure the rights which she believed had been unjustly taken from her people. In this way she became recognized as their leader both among the white people and the Piutes. She married Mr. Hopkins, a white man, formerly in the United States army and is vouched for by many influential people who know her well.

#### **“The Piutes.”**

*New York Herald*, October 11, 1883, 6, col. 5.

Mrs. Hopkins, otherwise known as Sarah Winnemucca, granddaughter of the Piute chief Captain Truckee, appealed to a city congregation last night

for clemency and good will toward her gentle and tender hearted friends and relatives, the Piute Indians. If the congregation had control of these things the friends of Winnemucca would doubtless be dealt with as she desires; but, alas! Her appeal to be effective must go before hard hearted people who consider both sides of the case.

**“Lecture by an Indian Woman.”**

*New York Tribune*, October 11, 1883, 2, col. 5.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, granddaughter of Captain Truckee, the great chief of the Piute Indians and warm friend of Colonel John C. Fremont, delivered an address in behalf of her people at the Rev. Heber Newton’s church yesterday.<sup>24</sup> The speaker was introduced by Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, of this city. Her costume was of dressed deer-skin, buff colored and heavily fringed with beads, reaching a little below her knees, and displaying her legs encased in red leather leggings and a pair of moccasins trimmed to match her dress. Pendent at her side was a handsomely embroidered pouch. Her black hair, which reached below her waist, was brushed smoothly back from her forehead. She is forty years old, less than five feet high, and her features, though large, are attractive. She is the wife of Lewis H. Hopkins, of Baltimore, who has spent thirteen years of his life among her tribe. As she talked of her people and told the story of their wrongs she was overcome with emotion, and there was not a dry eye in the audience.

Mrs. Hopkins advocated the appointment of women as Indian agents instead of men, and said that she would petition Congress to restore her tribe to its former home in Nevada.

**“Religious Notices.”**

*New York Tribune*, October 13, 1883, 3, col. 6.

American Temperance Union, Twenty-third Street Theatre, 6th and 7th aves.—Sunday 3 p.m., addresses by the Rev. J. G. Oakley and Princess Winnemucca, of the Piute Indian tribe. Choice musical programme, solos, duets, choruses, under the leadership of Dr. J. A. Kelley. Jos. A. Bogardus, President. Edward H. Carpenter, Cor. Secretary.

**“Carl Schurz and Winnemucca.”**

*Washington Post*, October 15, 1883, 2, nc.

**From the Chicago News.**

The Princess Winnemucca is now lecturing in Rhode Island. She was one of Carl Schurz's proteges while he was secretary, and took music lessons of him in his private office. They were quite spooney on each other in those dear halcyon days, and it was no unusual spectacle to see him sitting at the piano-forte dreamily thrumming an andante sonata while Winny leaned upon his wiry shoulder-blade and twined her slender copper-colored fingers in his soft, red hair. But one remorseful day Stage Driver Hopkins showed up and stole away the Indian maiden's heart. Then Carl sadly drifted to New York, where he is now translating German poems and writing transcendental prose for an evening paper.

**“Lectures.”**

Advertisement. *New York Herald*, October 16, 1883, 9, col. 3.

By request of the ladies of the Indian Association I will deliver two lectures on the wrongs and claims of the Piutes at the Broadway Tabernacle on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, October 15 and 17, at 8 o'clock. Admission free. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Morning Call* (San Francisco CA), October 18, 1883, 2, col. 1.

Not only the name but the features of the Indian Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, are familiar to many of our readers, as she was among us several years ago, and on account of the services she then had but recently rendered to our troops operating against the hostile savages on the frontier, she received honorable introduction to the public. She is now the wife of Lewis H. Hopkins of Baltimore, who spent thirteen years of his life among her tribe. At last accounts the Princess was in New York, lecturing upon the wrongs of her people. In order to impart romance to her situation and give emphasis to her speech, she appears on the rostrum in the most impressive styles of Indian costume. The description of her appearance runs:

Her apparel was of dressed deer-skin, buff colored and heavily fringed with beads, reaching a little below her knees, and displaying her legs encased red leather leggings and a pair of moccasins trimmed to match her dress. Pendant at her side was a handsomely embroidered pouch. Her black hair, which reached below her waist, was brushed smoothly back from her forehead. She is forty years old, less than five feet high, and her features, though large, are attractive.

The report of her performances further says that as she proceeded with her remarks she was “overcome by emotion,” and that there was “not a dry eye in the house.” This is certainly complimentary to the eloquence of the Princess, but the public is not aware that her people have suffered such wrongs from the government as to evoke tears from an audience, and, therefore the plain inference is that her style partakes largely of the dramatic. She is educated, intelligent and a close observer — qualities which enable her to be very effective on the rostrum. If she has a worthy object in view in delivering lectures, her Nevada and California friends will hope she may succeed in it.

#### **“City News.”**

*New York Herald*, October 19, 1883, 5, col. 2.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins made an appeal last evening in the Broadway Tabernacle in behalf of the Piute Indians. A petition to Congress was handed round in support of her appeal and was numerously signed.

#### **“Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess.”**

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), October 20, 1883, 2, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, lectured a few days since in behalf of her race, in Heber Hall, New York City. She told all about the wrongs that had been done her people, and in such a pathetic manner that there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience. Of course she said nothing about the diabolical murders that the Piutes had committed, and how they scalped and tortured their victims until death was a welcome messenger. She advocated the appointment of women as Indian agents, which we think a very good suggestion, in view of the fact that our Indian Agents are, as a general thing, possessed of no more force and decision of character than some of

the strong-minded women. We guess that the ladies would try to impress upon the Indians how vulgar it is to wear a breechclout, and for the Indian maidens to ride a saddle with two stirrups.

*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine*, October 20, 1883, 131, col. 2 [excerpt].

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, is now in the East, eloquently recounting the wrongs of her people in forcible English. She addresses congregations, and will appeal to the Washington authorities for relief and restoration of the Piutes. She has even written a book, which is so extremely personal in its revelations that no publisher dares to take the risk of issuing it, but it is to be brought out by the assistance of all her friends. Perhaps justice will be promoted by a little fearless calling of names.

**“Wrongs of the Piute Indians.”**

*Salem Gazette*, October 23, 1883, 1, cols. 5–6 [excerpt].

**Correspondence of the Salem Gazette. Providence, Oct. 1883.**

On the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, once “lived and loved” a populous tribe of aborigines. They were a race singularly virtuous, peaceable, religious and brave. Among the traditions of this remarkable tribe was one which bears a striking similarity to a narrative in Holy Writ. This tradition, handed down no one can tell from what remote epoch, was to the effect that early in the history of the world there were two brothers, one fair of complexion and the other tawny, who disagreed. The tawny brother, unwilling to quarrel but unable to come to terms with his white relative, voluntarily withdrew, and with sad and reluctant steps departed with his family and possessions towards the setting sun. This well disposed and most commendable person became the founder of the Piute tribe, which, when first discovered by our people, numbered some 10,000 souls, and occupied the greater part of the region now known as Nevada Territory. Thirty-five years ago not a soul of this noble tribe had ever seen a white man. And yet by reason of the interesting tradition here referred to, a belief existed and was religiously cherished among them, that the time would come when the descendants of those traditionary brothers should meet and be reunited.

Such were the characteristics and such the aspirations of these sylvan

Piutes, when in the year 1848 tidings came which created a profound sensation throughout the tribe. And its chieftain, accompanied by a select band of braves, moving joyfully eastward, met General Fremont and his party of exploration. And this was the beginning of a friendship which was perfectly poetical on the part of the old chieftain whose imagination was captivated by his first glimpse of the civilization of the pale faces. He piloted Fremont through the Rocky Mountains into California, and fought with him through the Mexican war. Finally, full of years and honors, this remarkable chieftain, known as Capt. Truckee, was gathered to his fathers, happy in the delusion that in his day had appeared at length the descendants of that mythical white brother, and that they and his own people should henceforth live together in amity.

A son of this grand old patriarch became in natural succession, King of the Piutes. This son has been always called by his family name, Winnemucca. He, too, was a person of admirable character, though not so remarkable a man as his father. This King, in turn, has departed to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and his son Natchez is now chief of the Piutes.

Calamity and devastation, it would seem, and wrongs and outrages unspeakable, have at length fallen to the lot of this virtuous and confiding race. Invaded and plundered by rapacious frontiersmen; deprived of Malheur Reservation, which was decreed to them by Grant; from the Pacific slope now comes their representative, the Princess Winnemucca, (sister of Natchez) in the great faith that at the East a statement of the truth as she knows it may be instrumental in creating public opinion in favor of her people. She hopes, also, to secure numerous signatures to a petition of which the following is a copy [The article repeats the petition published in the *Daily Courant* (Hartford CT), October 5, 1883, 2. — Eds.]

This gifted Queen of the Piutes, as her people fondly call her, was once in the employ of our government, under a salary, in the service of the army, as interpreter. She is mistress of seven languages, namely, her own and four distinct Indian dialects, as well as Spanish and English. She has already addressed audiences at Boston and Brookline; also at Concord, where she was the guest of Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and was introduced by Judge Hoar in a ten minutes' speech to an audience in the Town hall; also, at New Haven, where Prof. Brewer, who had been in her country, spoke, confirming all her statements.

A few days since, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Sarah Winnemucca came to Providence and made an address at the chapel of Grace Church. She created a profound impression, and at the conclusion, the ladies and gentlemen present thronged about the princess and her friend to express their sympathy and congratulations.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (for like another Pocahontas she has been wooed and won by a Virginian of that name) speaks generally in her native costume which is extremely picturesque and becoming and sets forth quite advantageously her fine, womanly figure. She is 40 years of age, but looks under 30, and is rather below the average stature of women. She naively speaks of her fleshly tabernacle as “dumpy” — a most disrespectful and untruthful epithet — for she is well moulded, not of too full a habit by any means, graceful in carriage, and delightfully modest, simple and unaffected in manner. Her countenance has all the Indian characteristics, and in repose does not impress a stranger as beautiful or interesting. But in conversation, or when addressing an audience and warmed and animated by her theme, you forget her plain Indian lineaments and are captivated by the lambent light of her dark, kind eye, and her fine intellectual animation which informs her features.

The Princess remained two days at Providence and left to fulfill appointments, several of which had been made for her by Julia Ward Howe. She is to speak at Anthon Memorial Chapel, and will probably address the Sorosis. She has engagements at several of the great interior cities of New York and is to address the people at Philadelphia and at Baltimore. Should she return to Boston I could wish that arrangements might be made whereby the good people of Salem should have the privilege of seeing and hearing this ingenious, unaffected woman of genius pour forth her simple, unpremeditated story. When I heard her, she evidently had taken no thought what she should say, for she began with a genuine hesitation and self-distrust which had the natural effect to disarm criticism and elicit sympathy. Soon, however, her dark eye kindled and she proceeded holding the undivided attention of her auditors, moving them to smiles and tears and honest indignation. Remembering what I heard at that time and how the auditors at Grace Church were moved by her natural, unstudied eloquence, I can well understand the frame of mind into which the pastor of a New Haven church was moved

at the conclusion of an address made there by the Princess. He arose and said: "My friends, it is customary with us, as you are aware, to close our services with prayer and singing. I cannot follow this custom to-day. I feel more like fighting." And with these words and a solemn benediction the audience thoughtfully dispersed. G.H.H.

### **"The Princess Sallie."**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), October 23, 1883, 3, col. 2.

#### **How She Dresses While Lecturing in the East.**

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, is now lecturing in New York on the wrongs of her tribe, and what she knows about Indian agents. The *Enterprise* says "she, or her friends for her, feel that nothing is lost by being sensational. The following description of her dress as she appears in her lectures is given: 'Her apparel was of dressed deer-skin, buff-colored, and heavily fringed with beads, reaching a little below her knees, and displaying her legs encased in red leather leggings and a pair of moccasins trimmed to match her dress. Pendant at her side was a handsomely embroidered pouch. Her black hair, which reached below her waist, was brushed smoothly back from her forehead. She is forty years old, less than five feet high, and her features, though large, are attractive.' Doubtless not a few of her audience suppose this to be the every-day dress of the ladies of her tribe in their native wilds. Could a few of Sallie's 'sisters and her cousins and her aunts' be ranged alongside her as they appear on our streets, the romance of Indian life would suffer a fearful downfall. A venerable squaw, with tar on her cheek bones, thrusting mouth and nose into a double handful of rotten fruit, scooped from a grocer's waste barrel, would probably be voted 'too shocking.'"

### **"Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins."**

*Boston Evening Transcript*, October 24, 1883, 4, col. 3.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins has been making a successful trip of late, speaking at Providence, Pittsfield (where she was the guest of Senator Dawes), New York and Poughkeepsie, at which latter place she spoke to an audience of 1500 people, who crowded into Rev. Mr. Liegenfuss's Episcopal Church, last Sunday afternoon. Her narrative, "Life Among the Piutes," is

issued today, and has been eagerly anticipated by all who have heard her speak upon the subject. Those who have read it say it is a convincing argument for the better treatment of the Indian race than our Government has ever given it, and ought to shame the American people for its treachery to them, and its greed, ignoring the fact that it is a race of fine intellect, tender affections and noble integrity. Of course, when outraged, it will turn and rend, and what Christian nation does not do the same? Yet their patience has only been second to that that of the down-trodden African race, which has been far more degraded than the Indian has ever come to be.

**“Wrongs of the Piutes. An Indian Lady Pleading the Cause of Her People.”**

*Philadelphia Inquirer*, October 30, 1883, 2, col. 5.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins lectured last evening at the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Messiah, Rev. F. H. Bushnell, rector, Federal street, below Broad, where she made an earnest and powerful appeal for her people, the Piute Indians.

Mrs. Hopkins is daughter and granddaughter of two Piute chiefs, and treats the Indian problem from the standpoint of the squaws. She has had an inside view, and knows that all the faults are not on one side, nor all the virtues on the other. She pleads for citizenship, property rights and a standing in court for her people, and is circulating for signatures a petition which will eventually find its way before Congress. Friends and foes alike testify to the truth of every word Mrs. Hopkins says about her tribe, whose story, unhappily, is the old heartrending story over again of the abuse and murder of the Indians by white men coveting their lands; of that heartless, treacherous offer to buy, which is simply a notice to quit; of the removal of good agents and the appointment and encouragement of bad ones; of their embezzlement of supplies, sent to their own stores for sale instead of to the Indians, to whom they belonged; of horrors and crimes of the frontier that have at last stirred to some extent the hearts of Christian people, but that will still continue to accumulate and pile themselves up before a long-suffering providence and a reproachful world, to the further disgrace of the civilization that tolerates them ere the Americans rouse themselves to the final, “This must stop.”

Mrs. Hopkins was accompanied by her husband, who is a white man, and was introduced to the audience by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, who supplemented her appeal by some remarks expressive of that sympathy which all present felt after the simply told but most touching story and the pathetic appeal to which they had just listened.

The lady is rather below the middle height, and is recognized at sight as a full-blooded American Indian, with all the characteristics of her race in her face and figure. She has the low, musical voice which is the almost universal excellence of the aboriginal woman, and her deficiencies in English, instead of detracting from, add a grace to her oratory and help to intensify its pathos. Considering, however, that English to her is a foreign language her command of it is wonderful. Of the character of her appeal some idea may be gleaned from the following: Speaking of how her race had been hunted down this daughter of the red man said: "Oh, my white brothers! when will you stop? when will you stop? when will you say, 'We will make our government do right by this people?' Do I not go into your churches, and hear you say, 'Love your neighbors?' What, then, are my people? Are not we also human creatures? Are we beasts? I think God made me as well as you, my white sisters, though He made you fair and beautiful, and thought it good that I should be brown and plain. I will say of my people that they do practice what they believe. Can you say the same of yourselves?"

Mrs. Hopkins has published "Life Among the Piutes," her own story of what she has seen and felt, and of what her people have suffered. As the work of an Indian woman the book is really remarkable. As something to read it is as interesting as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to which it is near akin. By invitation of President Love Mrs. Hopkins will return to address the Peace Society about the 15th of next month, after the tour through New England which she is at present contemplating.

#### **"Notices of Publication."**

*Salem Gazette*, October 30, 1883, 1, col. 5.

Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims. By Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. Edited by Mrs. Horace Mann, and printed for the Author. Boston: for sale by Cupples, Upham & Co., 283 Washington street.

The interesting letter which was published in the last Gazette gave our readers a very graphic idea of the patriotic and eloquent Indian lady who is striving to secure popular sympathy for her efforts to redress the wrongs which her native tribe have suffered from the United States government. This volume is the substance of her narrative and of the addresses which she has delivered. Its editing has been a labor of love on the part of the widow of our great educator. Mrs. Mann states that Winnemucca, or Mrs. Hopkins, (taking her husband's name), came to the East from the Pacific Coast with the courageous purpose of telling in detail to the mass of our people the story of her people's trials. "In fighting with her literary deficiencies," says Mrs. Mann, "she loses some of the fervid eloquence which her extraordinary colloquial command of the English language enables her to utter; but I am confident that no one would desire that her own original words should be altered. It is the first outbreak of the American Indian in human literature, and has a single aim — to tell the truth as it lies in the heart and mind of a true patriot, and one whose knowledge of the two races gives her an opportunity of comparing them justly.

The volume is divided under nine headings: — 1. First meeting of Piutes and Whites. 2. Domestic and Social Moralities. 3. Wars and their Causes. 4. Captain Truckee's Death. 5. Reservation of Pyramid and Muddy Lakes. 6. The Malheur Agency. 7. The Bannock War. 8. The Yakima Affair. 9. Appendix. The volume is one of great interest, not only as an indication of the intellectual development which an Indian woman may attain without advantages of education, but also as an appeal against the wrongs and injustice which our government has inflicted upon a suffering people. We presume this volume may be purchased of any bookseller.

**"Princess Winnemucca."**

*Daily Courant* (Hartford CT), October 31, 1883, 1, col. 8.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, granddaughter of Captain Truckee, the great chief of the Piute Indians, will deliver an address at the parlors of the Pearl street church, this afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Hopkins tells the story of the wrongs of her people, and tells it with pathos and without passion. She has had a life of adventure, having acted as scout and interpreter during

the war with the Bannocks, and part of her present mission is to create public sentiment in favor of having the government restore to her people the reservation from which they were — as she claims — unjustly removed as a punishment for having joined forces with a hostile tribe.

Having exposed the rascalities of certain Indian agents, Mrs. Hopkins has naturally incurred their displeasure, and has been made to suffer as only a woman can suffer from the slanderous criticism of unprincipled men. She has just published a book with the title “Life Among the Piutes,” in which she recounts the history of her tribe in its connection with Indian agents, and leaves no room for doubt that these men are really responsible for the outrageous treatment to which *her* people, at least, have been subjected. Mrs. Hopkins will be accompanied by her husband, Lewis H. Hopkins of Baltimore, who has spent thirteen years among the Piutes. She comes to Hartford under the patronage of Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, whose name alone is a sufficient guarantee of the merits of the case to be presented.

If desired, Mrs. Hopkins will doubtless deliver a second address in the same place, this evening, for the benefit of those who were unable to attend the afternoon meeting.

#### **“The Wrongs of the Piutes.”**

*Daily Courant* (Hartford CT), November 1, 1883, 2, col. 4.

#### **Two Addresses by Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins Yesterday.**

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, a princess of the Piute tribe, spoke yesterday afternoon in the Pearl Street church, on the wrongs which her people had sustained at the hands of agents and contractors since they had been placed upon their reservation. She depicted the era of comparative prosperity which they had enjoyed under the management of an agent, Mr. Parish, who introduced among them many of the customs of civilization. The land was irrigated, fences were built, and in the fall of the first year good crops of vegetables, melons and grain were harvested. A school was also established, and a division of labor — men for field work and women for that of the house — was encouraged. At this stage Mr. Parish was superseded by a “Christian” agent, whose claim to superior piety was contradicted by his record as the keeper of a store where fire-water was a principal article on

sale. He denied the claims of the people to ownership in their lands, and defrauded them of their wages by his exorbitant charges for supplies furnished. The story of their vain attempt to obtain redress, which concluded the lecture, was forcibly told.

The princess is a very pleasant speaker, with a direct and simple manner of address, her slightly imperfect English showing that she is not using her native tongue. The following verbatim report of a few sentences will give an idea of her manner. It relates to the opening of the school on the reservation, under Mrs. Parish: —

“The school-house was ready, and I were told to tell my people, one and all the families, to send their children to the school to read and to talk on paper just like the white people did; and one morning our White Lady Mother, as my people called the white woman, Mrs. Parish, she brought her music — they called it the song-house (a thing like this, the cabinet organ) and it was placed in the school house.<sup>25</sup> Children, young men, men and women came, and the house was surrounded by my people looking on. Our White Lady Mother placed herself in front of the singing-house and began to play. They told me to tell them they must sing. She began to play “Marching through Georgia.” Of course all the white people was in the school-house too, to show them how they must sing, and they sung while they all listened. Then I was told to tell my people to sing and make noise just as near like as they can. Think how funny singing it would make people trying to sing a song that they never heard, in the world, don’t know a word of English; just like if I should start in now to sing some war-song and tell you, “Now you must sing as I do.” I don’t know whether you could keep up with me, but maybe some of you would try. Well, we all tried — children, women, outdoors and everywhere, and it must be funny noise. Nevertheless, with this song the school was opened.

And the school continued, and I helped in the school-house and had pointer (just like that); and I used to point them and show them the way she taught us. She taught them first the letter of the alphabets. Of course I had to interpret that, to show them they were all different shapes, and I told them the *b* and *d*, pretty near like, only reversed, like a woman carrying her pappoose on her back, (that is the only way I could describe different letters so they could tell them apart.) In a little while they learned them

all by heart; then she taught them reading and spelling in the two letters. Then I give them lesson in English at recess. They would not go out; they were that eager to learn they would not go out to play. I told them "You must go out and play, just as white people do — have run and play." [She then gave an account of her "reversing" or translating, the songs in use in the school. — Ed.]<sup>26</sup>

At the close her husband, Mr. Hopkins, made some brief and caustic statements in regard to the doings of the Indian ring.

A petition was circulated and signed by many of those present, asking from congress the reinstatement of the whole tribe upon their reservation.

At the evening meeting Mrs. Hopkins was introduced by her husband. She appeared, by request, in the costume of her tribe. Her dress was a short skirted light colored gown with a good deal of glittering embroidery and was picturesque and pretty. There was an audience of fair size which included many of the best people of the city who listened with great interest to an address that was probably somewhat of a surprise to many of them. Mrs. Hopkins's imperfect knowledge of English can hardly be said to impair at all the effect of her story. She speaks in a very simple fashion and sometimes the effect is heightened by the peculiarity of the phraseology, as when, in speaking of the purchase of lands from the Indians, she said: "You say you have paid for it. In what way? In kicks; simply kicks; nothing more." The address was in the main a plea, on the ground of justice and Christian love, for the return of the tribe to its reservation. She detailed the manner of the removal across the Columbia river when men, women and children died along the way of the cruel journey and told of her own visits to Washington, the apparent friendliness shown her in the Interior department and the actual obstacles put in her way. She said that her people were not robbed by the government, but the white people were. The large Indian appropriations were not stolen from the Indians, but from the people that paid them, before ever they reached the tribes at all. In conclusion she said: "I do not like tired people of my nonsense, and if I do not stop, I am afraid I shall not get signatures to my petition." She had alluded very feelingly to Miss Peabody, who was present on the platform, and who said that she and her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, had made Mrs. Hopkins's acquaintance and become greatly interested in her. She gave a sketch of Mrs. Hopkins's

education, which, while not at all formal, had been among the best people, of her knowledge of English being confined for a long time to the spoken tongue, of her becoming the only honest and capable interpreter at the station, in which capacity she served Generals McDowell, Howard and others, and the trouble that resulted from honest dealing coming in place of the former style of interpretation. Miss Peabody described the writing of Mrs. Hopkins's book, which she said it had been intended to have in the room that evening, and hoped it would be bought by many. The books, it was afterwards announced, could be had after to-day at T. Sisson & Co's, 259 Main street and at Miss Rose's news room on Pearl street. A large part of those present signed the petition after the meeting, and many contributed in answer to a suggestion that a contribution should be taken on the spot.

**“Life among the Piutes.”**

*Boston Daily Advertiser*, November 6, 1883, 2, col. 1.

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins is a Piute Indian, who has, for some time, been lecturing in both the Western and Eastern States, trying to excite public interest in her people. The Piutes, like all other Indian tribes, have been unjustly and cruelly treated. They have been removed from one reservation to another; promises made to them by government officers have not been kept; the tribe has been separated, and has been restless and discontented, as any company of persons so betrayed would be. The last official report of the commissioner of Indian affairs gives the number of Piutes at Nevada agency as about 4000. They all wear citizens' dress. Three hundred of them can speak English. They have no church and no missionary. There are two schools at the agency, with accommodations for sixty-two children. The average attendance, in spite of great obstacles, is forty-three. There should be accommodations for the whole number of children who ought to go to school, which is reported at 900. It is difficult to find out about Indian tribes, even from the official reports. Besides the large number of Piutes at Nevada, there are some at Yak[i]ma agency, Washington Territory, who were carried there as prisoners; and there are twenty-five at Warm Springs agency, Oregon. Mrs. Hopkins urges that the whole tribe shall be restored to Malheur agency, their original home. She desires also that their tribal relations may be maintained; and

that the whole care of Indians shall be transferred from the Department of the Interior to the War department. This plan meets the approval of only a small portion of the friends of Indians. It has marked advantages, but they are far outweighed by the disadvantages. Mrs. Hopkins's book is the story of her own life. She is brave and independent, and has seen a great deal of wild life, of Indian fighting, and Indian wrongs. She has herself often served as a scout for army officers. She has nothing but good to say of the army; and nothing that is good of Indian agents and interpreters. Her book is not well written; the style is confused, and wholly lacking in the simple eloquence that belongs to the Indian. Mrs. Hopkins has lived so much among whites that she has lost the Indian directness and picturesqueness of speech, and her English has no literary graces. Mrs. Horace Mann introduces the book as "the first outbreak of the American Indian in human literature." In editing it Mrs. Mann has corrected only the spelling and punctuation; the book is entirely the work of Mrs. Hopkins. She represents the Piutes as faithful to the whites, peaceful, industrious and of noble character; and she makes definite charges against the agents, calling them by name. For instance, she says that every agent that the Piutes have had has rented the reservation to cattle men, and got a dollar a head for the cattle, and that the Indians have submitted quietly. These charges can be easily disproved, if they are false. Some of her statements seem to be a little careless, as when she says that her pay as interpreter was from thirty to forty dollars a month, and that she paid sixty dollars a month for her board. She gives an account of the Bannock war, in which she took a prominent part. Mrs. Mann speaks very highly of the character and capacity of Mrs. Hopkins, and indorses her as trustworthy. The book would have been more interesting and effective if it had been carefully edited; as it is, it is one more plea for justice from a member of a race that has been bitterly wronged, and every such plea ought to have some weight in bringing about proper legislation in Indian matters and in establishing justice.

**"The Princess Winnemucca."**

*Salem Gazette*, November 9, 1883, 2, col. 6.

A meeting will be held on Monday evening next, at half-past seven o'clock, at the First Church in Salem, to give an opportunity for the Princess

Winnemucca (Mrs. Hopkins) to represent the wrongs which have been inflicted by our government upon her tribe, the Piute Indians. Mrs. Hopkins is a native Piute Indian of pure breed, sister to the present chief of the Piutes, daughter of the last chief. The men of her family are all able, the last three chiefs particularly so. They were deprived of a reservation given them by Grant, capable of holding and supporting the remnants of the tribe, (once 10,000, now 3000) by the perfidy and misrepresentation of an agent. Mrs. Hopkins means to petition Congress for their restoration to this reservation and the abolition of the agency system. She pleads for citizenship for them which will give them rights before the courts. She tells the story with much eloquence, and only asks for a chance to do so. She does not attempt to raise money, but only to get a hearing for her cause. Her audiences, however, almost always pay her expenses by a voluntary collection. She often dresses in her native costume as daughter of the chieftain. She is a perfect lady, speaks English with great power, is very attractive and modest, and has always made herself most acceptable.

#### **“The Piute Indians.”**

*Salem Gazette*, November 13, 1883, 2, col. 5.

Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, the Princess Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Indians, and a granddaughter of Captain Truc[k]ee, the friend of Fremont in his famous expedition, spoke in the First Church to a large audience last (Monday) evening. Mrs. Hopkins appeared in the full costume of a Piute maiden, and, after a brief introduction by Rev. Mr. Israel, made an interesting appeal for signatures to a petition which she is to present to Congress asking for the return of the Piutes to the Malheur reservation in Nevada, which was given them by President Grant, and of which they were wrongfully dispossessed by an agent. At the close of the meeting a large number of signatures was obtained.

#### **Mary Mann, “The Slandered Piutes.”**

Letter, *Boston Evening Transcript*, November 15, 1883, np, nc.

*To the Editor of the Transcript*: An article appeared in the *Globe* of a recent date which must have been written by an enemy of the poor starving,

perishing Piutes, or else sympathy would have been expressed for their sufferings, instead of derision.<sup>27</sup> If they are driven to the swill barrels for sustenance, it is no subject for jesting, but another disgrace to the nation which has allowed them to be deprived of their home and left to wander over regions where the sage brush is almost the only growth. Mrs. Hopkins, on hearing the article read, said there was no such custom among them as that of killing one twin child, nor have they any cruel or bloody customs; and with such exceptions as may be attributed to the demoralizing effects of such miseries as starvation and nakedness, they are a truth-telling people and *not* liars.

Roger Sherman Day, who long resided near them, and who said, in the testimonial letter he gave Mrs. Hopkins for Mr. Evarts when she came East, the life of the tribe was a daily dignified life. [See appendix to "Life Among the Piutes," by Mrs. Hopkins.] She says truly that, having failed to stop her mouth by calumnies about herself and her devoted husband, her enemies have undertaken to abuse her people and her noble, excellent brother Natchez, the present chief of his wandering people, who has not an acre of land on which to raise any crops.

Mrs. Hopkins's unscrupulous enemies have asserted that Mr. Hopkins has squandered the money sent to Mrs. Mann for the publication of the book. The fact is that the \$600 sent for that purpose was put into Mrs. Mann's hands in August, while Mr. Hopkins was absent and hard at work to help pay his wife's expenses, and paid out in September to printers and binders without his ever having seen a dollar of it. Mary Mann.

#### **"The Piute Indians."**

*Register* (Salem MA), November 15, 1883, 2, col. 4.

Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, the Princess Winnemucca of the Piute tribe of Indians, and a granddaughter of Captain Truckee, the friend of Fremont in his famous expedition, attracted a large audience to the First Church on Monday evening to hear her relate the wrongs done to her people. She appeared in the full dress of her tribe and rank. Rev. Mr. Israel made an appropriate introductory address, and she told her story with touching simplicity and effect. At the close of the meeting a large number of signatures was obtained

to a petition which she is to present to Congress asking for the return of the Piutes to the Malheur reservation in Nevada, which was given them by President Grant, and of which they were wrongfully dispossessed by an agent.

**Elizabeth P. Peabody, "Review of Current Literature." Rev. of *Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*, Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins.**

*Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine*, November 20, 1883, 477, col. 5.

*Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*. By Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. Edited by Mrs. Horace Mann. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.; New York: Putnam's Sons. *Century of Dishonor*. By Helen Jackson (H.H.).

These books initiate a new era for the Indians; for they are not idle declamations and sentimental disquisitions, but historic and contemporary facts, earnestly set forth with a practical aim. In the retrospection of the century of dishonor and the century preceding there is found enough matter for melancholy reflection, in seeing what an opportunity was lost through bigotry and ignorance. It was felicitously said by Prof. Solger, who died untimely at the beginning of Lincoln's administration: There has been no effort to understand the Indian's race characteristics, but it has been taken for granted, without any adequate investigation, that the relation between the Europeans and the Indians was identical with that of old between the Israelites and the heathens of Syria, the most cruel pagans of the Old World, the leading rite of whose worship was human sacrifice, to which their own great ancestor, being a Syrian, was also "tempted," but who initiated the religion of humanity, which later Jesus of Nazareth restored, by consecrating his life instead of murdering his son.

As Mrs. Jackson has shown, every one of the Indian nations east of the Rocky Mountains welcomed the whites in the beginning with wonder and admiration, and were never the first of the two parties to show belligerency. In Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins' quaint narrative of her grandfather's first meeting, as late as 1848, with white men, it was something more than welcome. The imagination of the man was so enkindled by the personal beauty and the wonderful arts of the new civilization that he was completely "possessed," and had no eyes or ears for the evidences the whites immediately gave of a barbarism to which there has been no parallel among the gentle

tribes of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, to say the least; and we cannot but marvel at the depth of his faith and the persistence with which he explained away as exceptional all the earliest outrages of the whites, instructing his people that it was wholly unjust to revenge on other white men the wrongs committed by some of them. What a lesson on war and peace to Christian nations! In her narrative of this and of other instructions given by her father and brother, and supported by their consistent practice, we see what Christians might have gained, had they come to the Indians in the same courteous and considerate spirit in which the great apostle to the Gentiles addressed the Athenians as “feeling after God, if haply they might find him.”

In all the glimpses Mrs. Hopkins gives of the religion and moralities of the Piutes, as displayed in their mode of educating their children, — the girls especially, — and taking counsel together constantly in the tent of their chief as to all the details of the conduct of their life, we see the moral riches of their nature and traditions. Old Heckerwelder, in his history of the North American Indians, gave a multitude of facts of a like kind; but it is only an Indian and an Indian woman who could do full justice to the subject.

Through her grandfather’s enthusiastic imagination of the worth of civilization, the English language and a good deal of refined social training were secured to his grand-daughter in the families of his friends; and, what was of momentous importance to both parties, an honest interpreter was trained who could lift the veil which difference of language had hitherto dropped between the two races to their mutual misunderstanding and, it seems to us, to the greater misunderstanding of the Indians by the whites than of the whites by the Indians.

This little book is not only a literary curiosity, and interesting in that point of view, but challenges the serious attention of our people to a subject in which, as sovereigns of this country, they have an important duty to do. The book ends with a petition which is to come before Congress early in the coming session, and whose discussion will throw needed light upon the measures proposed last winter by a bill which passed the Senate, and must come up before the House this winter, and which needs an amendment to make it of any more avail than former attempts at just legislation. We all know that Congress does what the people importunately demand.

This little book is written in the fond faith of its author and in the Spirit Father's reigning on earth, as he does in heaven; but we all know that God does nothing for man but by the instrumentality of man, and it behooves every man and woman to do his or her uttermost that his will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven, his "kingdom come," for which we daily pray with our lips.

The Appendix to this book gives the credentials of the author from the most unimpeachable authority. Elizabeth P. Peabody

**"New Books, Life Among the Piutes by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins."**

*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (New York NY),  
November 24, 1883, 222, col. 1.

Life Among the Piutes. By Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. New York: G.P. Putnam & Sons, 1883.

"I was born somewhere in 1844, but am not sure of the precise time. I was a very small child when the first white people came into our country. . . . My grandfather was chief of the entire Piute nation, and was camped near Humboldt Lake with a small portion of his tribe, when a party traveling eastward from California was seen coming." Thus opens the narrative of Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, who tells the story of her life and of the wrongs and claims of the Piutes in a charming and most entertaining manner. The book is divided into eight chapters, and each chapter possesses its own special feature of interest.

**"The Piute Princess."**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), December 5, 1883, 3, col. 1.

**She Is Pronounced a Woman of Culture in New York.**

The New York Mail and Express, a journal of high standing has this:

Although Princess Winnemucca, who spoke in Dr. Sabine's Church last evening wears a picturesque Indian costume — a deerskin dress with bead trimming, red leather leggings, moccasins, and a handsomely embroidered pouch at her waist — she is a woman of culture and resides with her husband, Mr. Lewis A. Hopkins, in a pleasant home in Baltimore. Her grandfather was the great Piute chief and the friend of John C. Fremont. She is about

forty years of age, and Mr. Hopkins lived thirteen years with her tribe before taking her to Baltimore. Besides her plea that the Piutes be restored to their former home in Nevada, she urges that women be appointed as Indian agents instead of men, and she is an impressive advocate of her cause.”

### “The Piute Indians.”

*New Rochelle Pioneer*, December 29, 1883, 1, col. 3 [excerpt].

Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, a member of the Piute tribe of Indians, is now in New York City, the guest of Mrs. Osgood, of 144 Madison avenue. She came here in behalf of her people, the Piutes, and will, during her stay, deliver lectures upon the subject nearest her heart — namely, the wrongs which the Piutes have suffered, together with the history of the Piutes and other adjacent tribes. Her cause, doubtless, is just, and her lectures will be attended, it is thought, not only by curiosity seekers, but by sympathetic white men and women.

Sarah Winnemucca was born about 1844, and passed her childhood as any other little Indian girl did in those days. Her father, the Chief of the Pi[u]te nation was camped with a small portion of his tribe near Humbolt Lake, in Nevada, when a party of Whites travelling eastward was seen coming. [The article quotes from pages 5–7 of *Life among the Piutes*. — Eds.]

... The foregoing will be sufficient to prove that the Piutes were friendly to the whites. We could say much more of interest to our reader, but space will not permit, and moreover, to say all that might be said would be equivalent to writing a little treatise, and as that is impossible, we will say no more, but leave you to hear from Sarah Winnemucca’s own lips the story of her trials and those of her people, as voiced by her interesting lectures.

Sarah Winnemucca married Mr. Hopkins, an American, a few years ago.

### “Princess Winnemucca.”

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), January 4, 1884, 1, col. 4.

#### The Daughter of a Former Chief of the Piute Indians in Baltimore.

Princess Winnemucca, granddaughter of Capt. Truckee, the late chief of the Piute tribe of Indians of Nevada, is now in Baltimore. Capt. Truckee is well

known as the Indian who guided Col. Fremont to California, and served under him, with others of his tribe, during the Mexican war. He attained distinction in the early days of California for his strength of attachment to the whites and his manly, true character. His granddaughter is here in Baltimore in the interest of her tribe, and has recently come from Boston, where she has been lecturing and writing in the interest of her people. Those who have been present at her lectures speak of the uniform strength of her recital of Indian wrongs, their continuance at present, and her calls for a mitigation of the sufferings imposed on her tribe. She is not an elocutionist, but a very odd off-hand speaker. She has a peculiar gift of saying things in a very appropriate manner, though they may not be clothed in rhetorical language. She is never at a loss for words or illustrations, and has much of the ability as a speaker which made the Indian chiefs impressive as speakers. Her manner is incisive, simple, pathetic and truthful. Since coming East Princess Winnemucca found it impossible to tell of all her story of the wrongs of the Piutes in lecture form, and so wrote a book. Miss E. P. Peabody, of Boston, described the writing of the book as an act of desperation, on account of the writer's not knowing anything of spelling and other adjuncts to book writing. The book is entitled "Life Among the Piutes, Their Wrongs and Claims," by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, and edited by Mrs. Horace Mann. The book is a history of the Piute Indians from the time of their first meeting with the white man in 1844 up to the time of the author's first visit to Washington city in 1881. She is well known at Washington as an advocate for the rights of her race, and will go there in a few weeks in that interest.

The Princess was born on Humboldt river, Nevada, among the Piutes, and is a full-blooded Indian. Her chief, Winnemucca, was head of the tribe. Her name, Winnemucca, signifies mirage, but as she laughingly said yesterday, she is pretty substantial and the reverse of a mirage. She is 5 feet 2 inches high, weighs 156 pounds, short, square build and rugged, a perfect type of a female Indian, and with characteristic Indian features. Her jet black hair hung in a long plait, reaching below her waist. She is evidently a warm-hearted, impulsive woman, earnest in all she does.

That she is courageous and determined no physiognomist would doubt, notwithstanding her pleasant, genial manners. When asked her age yesterday she laughed and said, "Guess." The interrogator guessed 25 years. She said,

“I don’t know how old I am. I have no records, but I can remember things that happened 35 years ago, and I must be 40 or 42 years old. I sometimes think I have lived too long, for occasionally I get discouraged in my work.” The Princess was married in San Francisco, December 5, 1881, to Mr. L. H. Hopkins, of Baltimore. Her husband first met her while she was scout, interpreter, and guide and aid to Brig.-Gen. O. O. Howard, in the [Bannock] campaign in 1878, in Oregon and Idaho. Her first address in Baltimore will be under the auspices of the Friends tomorrow night, at the Friends’ Meeting-House, on Lombard street, admission free, on the subject, “Indians will Work if Encouraged.”

### **“An Indian Princess’ Story.”**

*Baltimore American*, January 6, 1884, 4, col. 4.

#### **The Sad Tale Told by Winnemucca, the Piute— Prayers for Her Tribe.**

Princess Winnemucca, daughter of the chief of the Piute Indians, delivered her first lecture on the sufferings of her tribe, at the Friends’ Meeting House, Lombard street, last night. There was a large audience, and the Indian Princess not only interested her hearers, but moved a number to tears by her simple eloquence in describing the terrible suffering members of her tribe experienced while traveling from Malheur reservation Oregon, to the Yakima reservation, Washington Territory. The princess was dressed in her native costume, which was elaborately embroidered with beads and worsted. She wore her hair flowing down her back, but left off her war-paint. She began by telling how comfortably her tribe was living on the Malheur reservation, when their agent received a letter from Washington asking if they would give up their land. They replied that they would not sell, for they were happy and living at peace, and instructed the agent to write to the President. She then told how Judge Curry, who wanted the land, schemed to get it. “He sent his brother-in-law, who kept a saloon in Canon City, to Washington, and, as you white people say, he was born again there. He experienced religion. Of course, since was he born again, he got to know the President, and he was appointed agent of our very reservation. When we heard the news there was great sadness. The agent we had was a good

man, and had done much good for us. They told us a better man was coming to us, and he would bring us something better to our “civiliseness.” We did not think so, for any man who keeps a saloon — a fire-water house — is not a good man. When the news came, my father took me to Camp Harding, and there we saw Major Green. We asked him, “Why did our good agent go away? We did not want fire-water about the reservation, it would make our young men go to rack.” Major Green said he could do nothing, but he would write. He did so, but it did no good. Our people were broken-hearted: they would not work, and everything dropped off. But our good agent did not speak against the new one. He told us to work, and do all he told us to do. The new man came July 1st, and that fall all my people were sent away from their reservation, and they were starving. The five hundred head of cattle put on our reservation for us were scattered and gone, and my people got none. Although reports were made against the agent, he lived happy. One year passed. My people tried to live by catching fish, but they could not. Then the Bannocks swept over the country, and thirty foolish young men of my tribe joined them, and through their deeds my people lost their reservation.” At this point Princess Winnemucca was moved to tears, but continuing she told in a graphic manner a terrible tale of suffering. “By force we were moved away. Soldiers were sent for and I was told to gather my people together. I did, going from place to place, and in one month’s time the President’s order came to Major Cochran to move all my Indians across the Blue Mountains and Columbia river to the Yakima reservation, Washington Territory. Our condition at that time was terrible. We were ragged, half-starved, and had nothing. Major Cochran, in the kindness of his heart, did the best he could for us. He dressed the men in soldiers’ uniforms, but he had no clothes for the women. So we began the march from Camp Harding. Amid all that snow and cold it took us one month to go three hundred miles, for at times we could only go five or six miles a day.

Amid her tears the Princess said: “Many a time at night I would see a poor woman come into camp crying, and the civilized women would laugh at her. Why was she crying — because she was tired or cold? No; but because her baby was lying in her arms frozen to death! Old men left in wagons over night perished in the cold, and next morning were dumped out on the road with nothing to cover them but the snow.” Here the tears

choked her utterance for a while, but, continuing, she said: “Thrown away as you would treat a hog! When we arrived at Yakima we were turned over like a drove of cattle — so many men, women and children. Then we were put in an old shed out in the snow. You have often seen a shed like it, but none worse. There my people were kept prisoners for two or three years. Then we boast of the freedom of this country. The negro, Chinaman and every foreigner is welcomed here, but your hand, your doors, your hearts are turned against us. Broken down, we are worse than the negro, whom you fought for and set free. I only ask you to let us be free and live on the lands where we once hunted and were happy. I only ask for a home for my kindred. How long will you set your heart against me? It is better that we be exterminated at once, as you have often said, than to starve to death. Trample me and mine under your feet no longer. Give us people to teach us to read. We don’t want money, for we can’t carry that away with us. We don’t want your money or your beautiful poems, only a little land to raise potatoes. I have lectured often before, but I have never asked for money, but since I have been adopted to it I can’t sleep in your houses or eat with you for nothing. I could go into an Indian wigwam and live there for nothing, but you ask for money, and, as I said, since I have been adopted to this lecturing I have written a book to sell.” Then the Princess described this book in a most original fashion. She asked those present to sign her petition to Congress, asking for land for the Piutes, and many did.

**“Princess Winnemucca’s Mission.”**

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), January 7, 1884, 4, col. 4.

Princess Winnemucca, of the Piute Indian tribe, traveling through the States relating the wrongs of her people, delivered her first lecture in Baltimore Saturday night, at Friends’ Meeting House, Lombard street, near Eutaw street. The attendance was large. She was dressed in native costume of buckskin heavily worked with beads, silk and worsted, with her long black hair floating down her back. A number of the ladies present, as well as the gentlemen, were struck with her sturdy build and physical development, and evident ability to stand great exertion. She gave an account of the cruel

removal of her tribe from the Malheur reservation to [Y]akima, which took a whole month, in midwinter, when it was snowing continuously. Infants froze to death in their mothers' arms, old men died in wagons in which they were left because they were too feeble to get out. Children were born and died on the march, and one of the mothers also died. The bodies of all were dumped into the snow without rites of burial necessary to console the heart and imagination of an Indian. On arrival at [Y]akima they were driven into sheds erected for animals, where they continued to die of cold and hunger, separated from husbands, wives, parents and children. Nearly all present signed the petition of the Princess to Congress to give the Piutes land on which to make a living. The Princess is fighting for citizenship for the Indian, not, she says, for any favors or mercy. President D. C. Gilman wrote Saturday night to the Friends' Meeting-House, inviting the Princess to visit Johns Hopkins University. She accepted the invitation and will go there this morning between 11 and 12 o'clock. At 1.30 P.M. Wednesday she will deliver an address at the State Normal School.

**“Personal.”**

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), January 10, 1884, 4, col. 6.

Princess Winnemucca was introduced to the pupils of the State Normal School yesterday by Prof. M. A. Newell, the principal, and made an address on the wrongs of the Piute Indian tribe, of which her father was chief.

**“The Plea of an Indian Princess.”**

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), January 14, 1884, 4, col. 3.

Princess Winnemucca spoke last night at Northwestern Tabernacle, Pennsylvania avenue, near Lanvale street. The house was crowded to overflowing. All the standing room was utilized, even on the stage, and large numbers were unable to enter the building. She told the story of intemperance among the Indians, and the evils it produced. White men are subject to a fine of \$500 for selling liquor to Indians, but they do not fear it.<sup>28</sup> Drunken Indians are a disgrace, but they do not make the liquor. They do not bring the trouble into the country, and there might be such legislation as would keep the liquor from them. She said: “I am

here to beg and pray you to abolish the agency system, to take us Indians into your system, to grant us citizenship, to send out to our country not agents, but plows, harrows and axes. Take your agents away and give us the same rights as other citizens. I want a right and a word in your courts such as the negro man has. [Great applause.] Why not give this to the Indian? Is he a brute? Has he not a mind? Is he not as good as a negro? Would he not know as well when a good man came along and said here is \$2 or \$2[.]50? Would he not know as well who to vote for then?" She asked all present to sign her petition to Congress for the restoration of the Piutes to their reservation.

**"Northwestern Tabernacle Benefit."**

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), January 24, 1884, 2, col. 3.

The eloquent Princess Winnemucca, Friday, 25 at 8 o'clock P.M. Subject: "Life and Times Among the Red Men." Admission 10 cents. Secure seats early.

**"Special Notices."**

Advertisement. *Sun* (Baltimore MD), February 4, 1884, 2, col. 2.

Mt. Pisgah Ta[b]ernacle, *Corner Bond and Fayette streets*. Winnemucca, the Indian Princess, will deliver her celebrated Lecture on "The Bannock Wars," This Day, Feb. 4, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of Mast Baltimore Gospel Temperance Alliance. Admission 10 cents, at the door. Don't fail to hear her.

**"Latest by Telegraph."**

*New York Clipper*, February 14, 1884, np, col. 1 [excerpt].

. . . Princess Sarah Winnemucca, lecturing here in behalf of her race, urges the War Department to assume entire control of all Indian reservations.

**"Special Notices."**

Advertisement. *Sun* (Baltimore MD), February 21, 1884, 2, col. 3.

Address by the Indian Princess Winnemucca, on "Indian Life and Customs," in the Hall of the Y.M.C.A., on THIS Thursday EVENING, 21st inst., at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

**“Advertisement.”**

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), March 6, 1884, 2, nc.

The Indian Princess Winnemucca will lecture on “Social Life Among the Indians,” at the Friends’ Gospel Mission, 318 Light street, this (Thursday) evening, March 6, at 8 o’clock. Admission 5 cents. Reading Room Lecture Course.

**“Special Notices.”**

Advertisement. *Sun* (Baltimore MD), April 14, 1884, 2, col. 1.

The Indian Princess Winnemucca will lecture in costume, at Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church, Hoffman and North Eden streets, Tuesday, April 15, at 8 P.M. Admission 10 cents. Proceeds for the Renovation Fund. Young People’s Entertainment at Patterson Hall, for the same fund, May 1.

**“Princess Winnemucca Speaks.”**

*Washington Post*, April 23, 1884, 2, col. 5.

**An Eloquent Appeal from an Indian Woman  
for Justice to Her People.**

Princess Winnemucca, of the Piute tribe of Indians, was before the sub-Committee on Indian Affairs yesterday pleading for the setting apart of a reservation for her tribe. She was accompanied by a delegation of ladies and gentlemen from Baltimore. The Indian woman spoke in good English, emphasizing her remarks with graceful gestures. As she depicted the griefs of her people she was frequently moved to tears. She said her tribe was scattered, that they had been driven from place to place. “Two winters ago,” she continued, “while being driven from one point, old men and children were frozen to death.” She also said that Indian agents had deprived the tribe of stores provided for them by the Government. The Piutes are located in Nevada. The princess asked that Camp McDermott be set apart for them.

**“What Princess Sallie Wants.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), April 25, 1884, 3, col. 2.

The Piute Princess, Sallie Winnemucca, is now in Washington. She was before the Sub-Committee on Indian Affairs of the House of Representatives

a day or two ago, pleading that a reservation be set apart at Fort McDermit for her tribe. The Piutes have been very anxious for years to have a reservation established at McDermit, but it is not likely that the Indian Bureau will consent to the arrangement.

**“Sally Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Graphic* (New York NY), April 29, 1884, 438, col. 3.

Sally Winnemucca, a Piute Indian, is in Washington begging for a reservation for the Piutes, of which tribe she is a member. She wants the small army post of Camp McDermott for a town for them. It is a little over a hundred miles from the Central Pacific Railroad, under the shadow of the Stein Mountains, and not far from the old Malhem country of the Piutes, from which they were banished or fled after they went on the warpath with the Bannocks somewhere about '76. Sally, or as she is called, “the Princess,” is a sharp, energetic, aggressive woman who was educated in a convent in California and whose life has been, to speak mildly, adventurous. She has been variously married, at one time to an army lieutenant nearly related to a general officer now high in command. During the Bannock war, as it was called, Sally served as a guide to General O. O. Howard against her own people — an inconceivable absurdity to believe — and for which Howard obtained \$500 for her in the last three years. Sally poses as the daughter of old Chief Winnemucca, who died a few years ago, but she is only a niece. The Piutes are strung along the Pacific road from Ogden to Truckee, and wouldn't go to McDermott even if the settlers and cattle ranchers north of it would permit them. There is some scheme afoot to make something out of or through these Indians, and Princess Sally is put forward to set the ball in motion for pay.

**“The Piute Princess. An Indian That Displays Remarkable Energy.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), April 29, 1884, 3, col. 3.

Sallie Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, is displaying considerable energy for one of her race, in her fight with the Indian Ring. She has lectured in several cities on the Atlantic seaboard to large audiences, composed of the very best people, and succeeded in many instances, in convincing her hearers that her people have been neglected by the Government and cheated

by the Indian Ring. In Boston she has enlisted in her cause such noted philanthropists as Mrs. Mary Mann, widow of the late Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, and other ladies of the highest respectability, who are doing good service, not only for the Indians, but for the country, in their efforts to show up the rascality of Indian Agents at Malheur and Yakima. Sarah Winnemucca has told some unpalatable truths about the Malheur agency, and "Major" Rinehart is trying to break the force of her accusations against him, not by disproving what she alleges, but by the affidavits of one or two discharged soldiers, who were doubtless too drunk or too ignorant to understand what they signed with a cross and swore to, the gallant "Major" seeming to think that he can prove his own honesty, as an Indian Agent, by showing that Sarah Winnemucca drank whiskey.

Sarah is now endeavoring to get a reservation for her tribe near Fort McDermitt. As heretofore noticed by the Silver State, she was before a Sub-Committee on Indian Affairs, at Washington last week, pleading for her people, many of whom never received a cent's worth from the General Government. She asks that the military be given charge of the annuities granted by Congress to her people, as the army officers have always, as far as her experience extended, under Generals Crook and Howard, given the Indians all that the Government allowed them. Of course this request provokes the opposition of the Indian Bureau, and ex-Agent Rinehart and other tools of the Ring, are doing what they can, fair and unfair, to bring her into disrepute.

### **"An Indian Tale."**

*Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), May 3, 1884, 5, col. 2.

"Life Among the Piutes," is the title of a new book just published in the East, the authorship of which is accredited to Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess. In the introductory chapter the reputed authoress informs the reader that "I was born sometime about the year 1844. My grandfather, Winnemucca, was then camped at Humboldt Lake with others of his tribe. It was about that time that a party of white men returning from California, was seen approaching our camp," etc., etc.

The book is said to be full of thrilling incidents in the life of the dusky heroine, (which of course never happened.) It tells all about the capture of Sallie and her brother by the whites and how they were taken to California

and educated; how they rejoined the tribe as soon as liberated; how in after years they labored to keep peace between the whites and Indians; how the heroine wrestled with her people to make [C]hristians out of them, and to prevent them from becoming victims to King alcohol and other besetting sins forever thrown in their way by conscienceless white men, and all that sort of thing. One or two heart rending love stories, in which the authoress plays a conspicuous part, are also woven in to give spice to the narrative. All of which, no doubt, will be entertaining to people in the East who know the Indian and his mode of life simply through pictures drawn in fancy by Cooper and other blood and thunder novelists, but to those who have lived in Nevada a quarter of a century and are somewhat familiar with the Piute tribe and the career of this dusky heroine, whatever interest the book may contain will be from another and very different standpoint.

**T. E. Carson, "Justice to Sarah Winnemucca."**

Letter, *Daily Graphic* (New York), May 7, 1884, 499, col. 2.

(To the Editor of the *Graphic*.)

In your issue of the 29th ultimo appears a paragraph on "Sarah Winnemucca" which in several points so seriously wrongs the woman and her people that in justice I request the insertion of these corrections. She not only "pretends to be" but is the daughter of Winnemucca, formerly chief of the tribe. She did act as guide to the pursuing troops in the war against the "Bannocks," with whom thirty warriors of her people were associated. Excepting these thirty, the Piutes have never been engaged in any hostilities against the whites. The "Piutes" are strung along the railroad for the very strong reason that having been deprived of their former reservation they have nowhere else to go. And that they would not most gladly accept and labor upon a reservation, if now secured to them, is a gratuitous and unjust assumption. The assertion that a scheme is afoot to make something out of or through these Indians is a slander against the only ones who have given her support and countenance in her appearance before the Committee in Washington, and yet these are well known in this city to be of high and unquestioned standing. In conclusion: Her good character is attested by persons well known here and who have known her well in the West. That she has been married more than

once does not warrant the invidious meaning likely to be drawn from the wording of the paragraph in question. I am very respectfully, T. E. Carson.

Baltimore, May 3.

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City ID), May 24, 1884, 1, col. 6.

Mrs. Hopkins is well known to Washington society as Princess Winnemucca, whose father is chief of the Piute tribe of Indians living in Nevada. Her husband is a Richmond man and they live in the East.

#### **“Indians Alarmed.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), July 14, 1884, 3, col. 3.

Somebody has been telling the Piutes that they are to be removed to Yakima, Washington Territory. Some of them believe this and are very much alarmed, and they have reported far and near that Naches and his sister Sarah are to blame for it. Of course there is no truth in the report, but it is used with telling effect in the western part of the State against Naches, and as there is to be an election for chief this week, it will probably defeat him. It appears that falsehood is as effective a weapon with the Indians as it is with the whites, in elections.

#### **“Princess Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Ogden Daily Herald* (Ogden City UT), August 27, 1884, 3, col. 3.

The celebrated protectrix of her tawny race, Princess Sarah Winnemucca is in town, having just returned from an extended trip through the Eastern States, where she has been laboring in behalf of her aboriginal kin. She is lodging at Wm. S. Lewis', on Fifth Street. It is her intention, also, to take in Salt Lake City, before she proceeds westward to her home in Nevada.

#### **“The Piute Princess.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), August 30, 1884, 3, col. 2.

Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins has arrived from the East and is now here with her brother Naches. She lectured extensively on the wrongs of the Indians while East, and, with the assistance of some Boston ladies, wrote a book, called “Life Among the Piutes,” which has had an extensive sale.

### **“The Indian Question.”**

*Daily Graphic* (New York NY), September 5, 1884, 486, col. 2 [excerpt].

[The beginning of the article details ongoing tensions between Indian agents and the army regarding American Indians. — Eds.]

What shall be done with the Indian? How shall he be taken out of politics, and how shall he be saved from starvation as a result of the rapacity of his immediate rulers? It may be mentioned that Sarah Winnemucca, who appears to represent her race more intelligently than any other person — but her honesty is seriously called in question by the representatives of the Government on the reservations — favors the Army rather than the Interior Department, and it would seem that if there were to be the change proposed matters could not be any worse than they are.

It is a muddle, and while the honest men of the Government are trying to regulate and improve it, it is a melancholy reflection that a good many Indians are starving to death and there are fears that they must break the law in order to save their lives, with all the slaughter on both sides that that state of things involves.

### **“Brevities.”**

*Reese River Reveille* (Austin NV), September 6, 1884, 1, col. 2.

The advance agent of Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, is in Reno making the necessary arrangements for a lecture to be delivered in Reno at an early day.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), September 7, 1884, np, nc.

**Sarah Winnemucca, The Piute Princess,  
Who has just arrived from an extended tour through the Eastern States,  
will deliver a lecture at the Nevada Theater,  
Reno, Monday Eve. Sept. 8th,  
Subject: “People I Met in the East.”**

The Princess lectured in all the principal cities in the East to crowded houses.<sup>29</sup> Her lecture will be one of deep interest, and more especially so to the people of Nevada, where the Indian Maiden was born and raised.

That all may have an opportunity to hear her the admission fee has been placed at an extremely low figure. Admission. — 25 cts. Reserved seats without extra charge at Jamison's, Commercial Row.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Reno Evening Gazette*, September 8, 1884, 3, col. 2.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, will lecture in Virginia City next Thursday evening, and in Carson on Friday evening. She is busy to-day receiving several loads of wheat, raised by the Piutes at the Pyramid reservation, which is sent to [R]eno to find a market.

**“The Princess Sarah. Her Story of the Wrongs of the Piutes and Other Indians.”**

*Virginia Evening Chronicle* (Virginia City NV), September 10, 1884, 4, col. 2.

The Princess Sarah Winnemucca will lecture at Piper's Theater to-morrow (Thursday) night, and tell how her people have been wronged by Indian agents and others. She lectured in Reno to a good audience Tuesday night, and was noticed as follows by the *Reno Gazette*: “She referred especially to the Indian missionary societies relative to the wants of her people. She said these zealous societies had only one idea in view, that of administering to the spiritual wants, which they proposed to cater to through missionaries, tracts, books, etc., which were of no avail, for the reason that her people could not read, and that religious teaching would not go far on an empty stomach. What was wanted was food, clothing, farming implements, practical teaching, their right to be recognized in courts, and hold the title to lands. She was particularly severe on Indian agents, and the manner in which they enriched themselves at the expense of those whom they were presumed to protect, and drew a severe picture of the clergy who came among her race, who, while ostensibly doing the Lord's service with one hand, used the other adroitly to fill their pockets. She claims to be working to raise the means to start an independent school at the Pyramid Reservation. The lecture, while novel, was interesting and well delivered.”

### **“Special Notices.”**

Advertisement. *Daily Evening Footlight* (Virginia City NV),  
September 11, 1884, np, col. 2.

Piper’s Theater. Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, Who has just arrived from an extended tour through the Eastern States will deliver a lecture at Piper’s Theater, Thursday Eve., Sept. 11, ’84. Subject: “People I Met in the East.”

The Princess lectured in all the principal cities in the East to crowded houses. Her lecture will be one of deep interest, and more especially to the people of Nevada, where the Indian Maiden was born and raised.

That all may have an opportunity to hear her, the admission fee has been placed at an extremely low figure.

Admission, — Fifty Cents.

Reserved Seats without extra charge at Piper’s Corner.

### **“Piper’s Theatre — Princess Winnemucca.”**

Review. *Daily Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City NV),  
September 12, 1884, 2, col. 3.

— Princess Winnemucca lectured last night at Piper’s Theater on “People I met in the East,” appearing in the costume of buckskin and beads worn by her while lecturing in the East. Her earnest and naïve style at once captured her audience, and she was heartily applauded throughout. When she becomes warmed up in speaking of her people, or any other people — Caucasian, Ethiopian, or Asiatic — she does not mince matters. She stands up pretty squarely for her people — the Children of the Deserts — and shows that they have a pretty good religion of their own. They have a Good Spirit and a bad spirit — a god and a devil — just the same as orthodox Christians. The Princess says the Good Spirit pervades all things and has a home in the breast of every man and woman, but the bad spirit is also everywhere on the warpath, and often finds a lodging place in the human breast. He must be driven out speedily or he will soon require all the space in the tenement for his accommodation. The suggestions of the two spirits govern all human actions, and the longer the bad spirit can be kept at a distance the more will be heard of the voice of the Good Adviser. She goes for the Indian Agents rough shod. She will lecture tonight at Carson.

### **“Her Royal Nibs.”**

*Daily Evening Footlight* (Virginia City NV), September 12, 1884, np, col. 2.

Princess Winnemucca lectured last night at Piper’s Theater on “People I met in the East,” appearing in the costume of buckskin and beads, a costume not at present fashionable in Piute society. The Princess was well received and attentively listened to by those present. Sarah is evidently a greater novelty in the East than on the Comstock.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Morning Appeal* (Carson City NV), September 16, 1884, 2, col. 3.

#### **Some of the Funny Things of Her Speech.**

Those who did not hear the Princess Winnemucca on Friday evening missed a treat. There were not over twenty people in the house and when she came on the stage she shaded her eyes with her hand, peered about as if searching for something; then with a laugh she said: “I was looking for the people, they don’t seem to be here.” She was particularly severe on Indian agents and preachers and held that both these classes robbed the red men. In her speaking she acted continually and one of her pantomime passages was particularly funny. She represented a missionary preaching to the Indians, and as he knelt to pray to the Great Spirit he had one hand lifted up to Heaven and the other was rummaging in a money sack. As she described the incident she knelt by the table on the stage and went through the motions of a man filling his pockets with money and when she had finished the prayer she arose, held an imaginary sack by the corners, shook it and then scrambled about on the floor as if hunting money. This caused considerable merriment in the audience and she continued: “These missionaries and Indian agents are all thieves and frauds and I may even add in the cruel language of a play I saw in New York where a man said a good many times: “And don’t you forget it.” This is rough language, but true, and I heard it used in the play and it must be all right to use before an audience here, for no one objected to it in New York.” The ludicrousness of the idea brought down the house. Speaking of her Boston experience she said: “When I spoke in Boston my angel mother got up on the platform and began to talk and I had a hard time to choke that angel mother off.”

### **“Recognition of Superiority.”**

*Reese River Reveille* (Austin NV), September 17, 1884, 1, col. 3.

During the recent visit of Princess Sarah Winnemucca to Carson City she was always followed about the streets by a squad of Washoe squaws, who, however, kept at a respectful distance gazing at her with unmixed admiration. On the evening of her lecture a large number gathered about her hotel, waiting to get a last lingering look at her. Just as the Princess emerged through the main entrance of the hotel, rigged out in good toggery, an exclamation of delight ran along the line of the Washoe squaws; but the zenith of their pleasure was arrived at when the Princess spoke a few kind words to each. Their usually expressionless faces were lighted up with joy, and no one not present at that street audience can form a real idea of the capacity of a Washoe squaw's mouth. — Tribune

### **“Saturday Selections.”**

*Chicago Daily Tribune*, September 24, 1884, 16, nc.

The Princess Winnemucca — Returning as a Lecturer to the Home of the Piutes — No Longer the Wild Indian Girl, but a Lady of Culture from Boston — The Piutes Suspicious of the Daughter of Their Old Chief.

Virginia City Letter: Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of old Chief Winnemucca, of the Piutes, and sister of the present Chief Naches, has been here for several days, and she delivered a lecture the other evening. She has been in Boston, and vicinity for a long time and has been made much of in that city by the people who are inclined to lionize somebody continually.

Sarah is no longer the gay young thing who used to be known to everybody on the Comstock. She stole away from her old father's wickiup many years ago and came down among the whites to live. She was then a bright little girl with irregular features and straight black hair. She was dressed in the costume of her tribe, which consisted of about the poorest stuff that could be found anywhere, and the least of it that frontier etiquette would permit of. A white family took her in and cared for her, giving her a calico dress, of which she was very proud. Soon afterward she got some stockings and shoes and a sun-bonnet. She worked in one family after another, going to school when she could, and in this way earned a living and obtained

the rudiments of an English education. When she grew to womanhood she ceased working in kitchens, and took in washing. By this means she earned enough money to buy herself such books as she cared to read, and in the course of time she became a very intelligent woman, fully posted on English literature, a clever speaker and writer, and a conversationalist of great vivacity.

Certain Boston travelers becoming interested in her, she was induced to go to that city some years ago, and since then she has passed most of her time there. Among the impressionable Bostonese she has been accepted as a type of the modern savage, and, seeing in her much to admire and wonder at, they have been generous with money, sympathy, tracts, and old clothes in their dealings with her tribe.

Instead of being proud of her and grateful for what she has done, the Piutes regard her with suspicion. They know that she has adopted the garb of the white sisters, and it is even suspected that she uses soap and a comb and brush occasionally. To the genuine Piute these things are inconsistent with the traditions of the race. They came to look upon her as a lost one when they saw her voluntarily at work in the kitchen and over the washtub of the whites. Her old father, who, though a mighty chieftain in his own estimation, was not above fishing around a swill-barrel for something to eat, and who always banqueted on cold victuals passed out of back doors, could not restrain a feeling of contempt for his fair daughter, who insisted upon working like a slave. She was regarded as a little queer by everybody. The ordinary Piute never cared to speak of her. Chief Naches, her brother, does not recognize her to this day. He cast her off years ago, and holds himself much above her still. Since she has been here this time he has made no effort to see her, and she probably will not undertake to hunt him up.

The people of Boston will be pained to know that Princess Sarah's people and the white residents of the Comstock are not so much interested in hearing about them as the Bostonians are in the stories which Sarah tells of life in the Sage Brush State. Her lecture here on "People I Met in the East" was slimly attended, not a single Piute being in the audience, though many of them are marching around the poker shops with Boston clothing on. When Sarah determined to lecture in Boston, it was agreed that, in order to heighten the effect, she must appear in her native costume. The kind ladies

who suggested this did it with the purest of motives, but the Indian girl was insulted, and it took some time to straighten matters out. She explained to them that the climate of Boston was such that she could not accede to their request, but the ladies insisted that she must wear some aboriginal costume, and, thinking that she was short of money, they presented her with a fanciful suit of buckskin and flannel, trimmed with beads and feathers, and a head-dress topped off with beautiful plumes. She was delighted with the regalia, and always wore it when appearing in public. To please the Comstockers, who had heard of this suit, she consented to wear it at her lecture here, and a number of them went up to see how she looked in the ideal Indian finery. All agreed that she made a very creditable-looking Indian woman, but they were unanimous in the opinion that the lecturer bore no resemblance to the gay and festive Sally Winnemucca who used to romp around in this country with an old blanket tied at the waist with a piece of clothes-line. When Naches heard of her exhibition he gave an expressive grunt and observed: "Heap circus. Catch um white man's dollar. No more Piute."

Sarah in her lecture describes in a serious and humorous manner the various persons and things of interest which she saw at the East. She claims to have fallen among sharpers when she first went to Boston, and related how they had swindled her.<sup>30</sup> In the main, however, she had found the whites very kind and generous. She described the cities she had seen very graphically, and made many remarks on Caucasian habits, customs, and civilization, which showed that she had a retentive and an appreciative mind.

While Sarah has many friends among the white people here it is probable that she will never be appreciated in the West as she is in the East. The progress which she has made, mainly through her own efforts, is little less than wonderful. The daughter of a Chief whose pride had no other basis than his consuming egotism, she was nevertheless born to poverty, ignorance, and mendicancy. Without a mentor anywhere she voluntarily tore herself away from her tribe, and by the severest toil supported herself and gained an education. From a position in one of the lowest tribes of a deteriorated and inferior race she has risen to an honorable station in a superior race. She can speak and write English and Spanish as fluently as though they were her native tongues, and in power of thought and reason she is the superior of thousands of so-called smart white women.

**“Brevities.”**

*Reese River Reveille* (Austin NV), November 20, 1884, 1, cols. 2–3 [excerpt].

Princess Sarah Winnemucca was in Carson Tuesday, and by her counsel prevented an assembled crowd of Piutes from making an attack on Chinatown. It appears that the Piutes hold the Chinese responsible for the recent murder of one of their number.

**AT THE FAIR.**

**Speech at Manchester, New Hampshire, on the National Interests of the**

September 4. — The New England Fair fine weather. James G. Orrin Smythe, George B. Porter entered the door, followed by many disciples. Blaine was received by George B. Loring intro- ro spoke as follows:

gentlemen:—It is pleasant to see in an assemblage a name of higher honor than designation—an as- which we meet on the American citizenship, the title as in itself distinction of priceless cultural fair is the farm- On this day and on the most independent speak to the world by d for that great funda- in which the Republic- arity and its prosperity. I write saying that agri- sion of all wealth but the of the statement may be when we remember that race, 1884, the total value rom farms and flocks in- ites will exceed \$3,000,- out, brought forth in a- tly in excess of the na- highest point. We are bit of considering New- ecially distinguished for yet the annual product greater in value than all rom the mines of Cal- tralia in the richest year a yield. The farmer is s successful miner in f money from the earth, rkingly shown in the fonia, whose splendid and power only fairly s energies of her people the production of bread stead of gold. The pro- tion of 56,000,000 peo- tringly before us when vast a proportion of our at is read at home and

**A "Herald" Dodger.**

The Herald prints in a dozen different places the following: We understand the colored vote of New York is solid for Blaine, with a few disaffected ones; but Butler and all the Democratic papers pretend to be elated this morning with what they call the shrinkage in the Republican majority in Vermont.

AMSTERDAM (N. Y.).—St. Mary's Institute, a journal edited by Father McInerow, demands Cleveland's withdrawal in favor of Seymour. It denounces Cleveland's candidacy as an insult to Christianity.

**NEW TO-DAY.**

**SARAH WINNEMUCCA,**

**THE PIUTE PRINCESS,**

Who has just arrived from an extended tour through the Eastern States, will deliver a lecture at the

**NEVADA THEATER,**

**RENO,**

**Monday Eve. Sept. 8th,**

**SUBJECT:**

**"People I Met in the East."**

The Princess lectured in all the principal cities in the East to crowded houses. Her lecture will be one of deep interest, and more especially so to the people of Nevada, where the Indian Maiden was born and raised.

That all may have an opportunity to hear her the admission fee has been placed at an extremely low figure.

**Admission, - 25 cts.**

Reserved seats without extra charge at Jamison's, Commercial Row.

**REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.**

For Presidential Electors,  
ELECTORS:                      ALTERNATES:  
C. D. BERRY                      C. D. BERRY

**50 CTS. A WEEK**

All classes of legitimate advertisements not exceeding six lines inserted in this column for 50 Cents per week.

**Apple Boxes.**

Now ready at the Washoe Mill & Lumber Co.'s Planing Mill, Reno, Nev.  
Aug 23 '78

**Butterick Patterns.**

I have taken the agency in Reno for Butterick patterns. These patterns are acknowledged to be superior to all others. Orders left at the Millinery store, corner Virginia and Second street, will be promptly filled.  
Aug 23 '78                      Mrs. D. B. BORD.

**Lost Check.**

A check on the Anglo-California Bank, in favor of E. F. Verrill, for \$25. Payne stopped. Please return to E. F. Verrill, Carson

**Wonder of the World.**

For simplicity, durability, efficiency and economy the Little Joker Washing Machine excels all inventions of the kind. It will wash blankets, quilts, the finest Swiss fabrics, lace and all kinds of clothing without breaking thread or wearing the fabric. Endorsed by Mrs. Bobo, Mrs. McFarlin, Mrs. Mathews, Mr. Ayers, Mrs. Gotten and others who are well known. Sold by S. W. Clifford, "Spider," who has the exclusive agency for Reno.                      ju22-78.

**House for Sale.**

A house and lot on Second street is offered for sale cheap for cash. House has five rooms lot 70x100. Good location and comfortable home. Enquire at Journal office.

**Ice! Ice!**

The Reno Ice Company is now prepared to furnish ice to families or business houses any quantity desired. Orders left at Leabetter's store on Commercial Row will be promptly filled.                      G. W. WILSON,  
My-26-78                      Manager.

**Sure Cure for Cancers.**

I have discovered a sure cure for Cancer, Ulcers and Festerers, the form of a plaster which I guarantee will cure the worst kind. No extra pain with its use. No cure no pay.

MRS. SALVADORE LAGARMASINO,  
821-Oct57st.                      Near Steamboat Springs, Ne

**Night Watchman.**

George W. Mershon, the regular and full empowered Night Watchman of Reno, is prepared to watch business houses and private

FIG. 3. "Sarah Winnemucca" lecture notice in the *Daily Nevada State Journal* (Reno), September 7, 1884.

## West, 1885–1891

### **“Social and Personal.”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, January 6, 1885, 2, col. 5 [excerpt].

Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, well known on the coast by her maiden name of Sarah Winnemucca, or Princess Winnemucca, of the Piutes, is visiting the city, but at present is confined to her bed by illness.

### **“Life among the Piutes.”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, January 7, 1885, 3, col. 2.

Mrs. Sarah W. Hopkins, better known as Princess Winnemucca, is now in Sacramento. She has sent to this office a neat octavo volume of 268 pages, entitled, “Life Among the Piutes; Their Wrongs and Claims, by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, edited by Mrs. Horace Mann.” It is from the press of Cupples, Upham, & Co., Boston, and G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York. The author is the granddaughter of the former chief of the Piute Nation, the Indian whom Fremont named Captain Truckee and who guided the “Path-finder” into California. Sarah’s life has been an interesting one and the story, told in the simplest manner, is invested with romantic interest. She recites many of the traditions of the Indians, tells of their early customs, their domestic life and their beliefs, and recounts her own wanderings and adventures, and especially dwells upon her experiences as a scout, guide and interpreter for Major-General O. O. Howard in the Piute and Bannock war of 1878. After that war she acted as a teacher and interpreter at Vancouver Barracks, W. T., and General Howard, in this volume, certifies that in such capacity she gave “abundant satisfaction.” There are many certificates by army officers,

General McDowell, Captain Bernard, Colonel Stanford, Captain Gregor, Lieutenant Pitcher, Lieutenant-Colonel Mason and others, testifying to her valuable services, shrewdness, intelligence and bravery. There are some very interesting and strange stories in the book concerning “Indian outrages” and massacres, in which the Indian side of the story is given, and often in a simple and pathetic manner that is touching.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Morning Call* (San Francisco CA), January 22, 1885, 3, col. 5.

**She Says the Piutes Are Starving on Their Reservation.**

**The Story of the Wrongs of Her People.**

**The Dishonesty of the Indian Agent in Charge of the Tribe.**

When old Winnemucca, the chief of the Piute Indians, died, he committed the interests of his people to his daughter Sarah. It was one of the most sagacious actions in the old man’s life. From that day to this Sarah Winnemucca has been the tireless friend of her people. She has brought to her work a fine mind, a generous nature, a fair education and indomitable energy. The first book written in the English language by an Indian is her vivid narrative of the wrongs of the Piutes and her eloquent appeal for justice for her people. In the history of the Indians she and Pocahontas will be the principal female characters, and her singular devotion to her race will no doubt be chronicled as an illustration of the better traits of the Indian character.

Sarah Winnemucca first spoke to a white audience several years ago in this city. The years that have intervened have been spent by her in addressing audiences in the East, relating to them the sad history of her tribe, and appealing to them to aid her people in their destitution. She has returned to San Francisco again. A *CALL* reporter called upon her yesterday to inquire what the condition of her tribe was and what she proposed to do for them.

*The Piutes Starving.*

“My people are famishing in the snow about Pyramid Lake, in Nevada,” she said sadly. [“]They are utterly destitute. My brother Natchez, the chief of the Piutes since the death of Winnemucca, my father, has only pine nuts to eat, and the speckled trout he catches in the lake. If he had not foreseen the

need of the winter last summer, when he went into the mountains for the nuts, he would have had nothing. The Piutes are on the verge of starvation. They are growing weaker and weaker every day for want of food. They have been driven like wild beasts from place to place, and forced back from the meadows and the banks of rivers and streams into the mountains that are barren and wholly destitute of game.”

As Sarah Winnemucca, in these brief words, painted the destitute condition of her tribe, she expressed in her intelligent face the sorrow and indignation she felt. She is a woman slightly past 40, with a heavy, yet shapely figure. Her face is exceedingly intelligent. She has strong jaws, with a delicate mouth, and cheek bones that are not so prominent as is usual in Indian faces. Her forehead is rather low, but broad, and her eyes are large and expressive. Her glossy black hair was gathered in a Grecian coil at the back, which showed the outline of her shapely head. She has easy command of colloquial English, and frequently expresses herself forcibly and eloquently.

“The Piutes are now on the reservation about Pyramid Lake,” she continued. “They number about 7,000 in all. It has been falsely said that the Pyramid Lake Reservation is rich in game and good lands. That was the representation made to the authorities at Washington when we were driven from the Malheur Reservation.<sup>1</sup> General Sheridan asked me, a short time ago, if our reservation did not afford us a good living. I told him that high bleak hills that only a goat could safely climb rose out of the water all around the lake; that the only arable lands were four acres on the river. He seemed astonished at the revelation, for he feels very kindly toward my people.”

*Freezing in the Snow.*

“How do your people live?” asked the reporter.

“Ah, that is a sad story. It is a wonder that they do live at all. They would all surely have perished long ago if their life-long experience with hardship had not inured them to scant food and exposure to cold. It is snowing now, doubtless, on their reservation, the lake and river are full of ice, yet they have no shelter except the wigwams, made of reeds and tule, no clothing save the bit of calico or blanket that they have picked up. Some of the young men herd cattle in Summer or work on farms near the reservation, and in

that way they get a little money to buy blankets for the Winter; but they are the fortunate few. The rest have little to protect them from the cold.”

“What have they for food now?” inquired the reporter.

“Pine nuts, fish and rabbits. The latter is the only game on the whole reservation, and you may imagine how quickly they will disappear when hunted by 7,000 starving Indians.”

“Has no appropriation been made by the Government for the support of the Piutes?”

“My people do not belong to that class of Indians who are regularly provided for by the Government. At the last session of Congress Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, secured an appropriation of \$17,000 for the support of the Winnemucca tribe and Leggins’ band during this Winter, but not a cent of it has yet been spent for us, and I am afraid that it will never get farther than the hands of the rascally agents, who steal all they can get. My people are suffering for it now.”

*The Indian Agent.*

“Who is the Indian agent at your reservation?” asked the reporter.

“One Bill Gibson,” she replied with scorn. “He has employed all his relations in positions provided for by the Government, such as teachers, carpenters, blacksmiths and farmers. But they never do anything for the Indians. They live in idleness and draw their salaries regularly. The carpenter has not driven a nail for months; the teachers have never given a lesson; the blacksmith rarely lights a fire in his forge, and the farmer plows only for the white people. If a conspiracy were formed by the most cunning men to desert and neglect the Indians on our reservation, it could not succeed better than the selfish policy of Bill Gibson, the agent, and his hungry relations. Not a cent of the \$17,000 which was appropriated for the support of the Piutes has been spent for us. Where it has been side-tracked on its journey from Washington I do not know.”

“Don’t the Indians sell fish and get money that way?”

“Yes; but they are robbed of that too. They are allowed to trade only with the settlers of the reservation. They buy their fish at 5 or 6 cents a pound and sell it for 15 to 18 cents. My people don’t understand weighing either. They bring in a load of fish and the settler goes through the form of putting

them on the scales and then tosses the Indian a silver dollar or two and goes off satisfied. Everyone connected with the agency is wholly devoid of conscience. They are there to get rich. There are people there who steal everything that the Government sends to us. They steal everything that the Indians own, and they run their cattle on our reservation, driving ours and the game off. It is a wretched state of affairs.”

“Are your people willing to become farmers?” asked the reporter.

“Yes, indeed, if they had but a chance. They are not a roaming, shiftless, lazy people. They want to work. Whenever the young men can get work in the summer they take it eagerly. If we could only get a start in agriculture, if we could only get arable land, we could take care of ourselves, but we have been driven from good land to worse, till now we are on about as bleak and barren a spot as there is in the whole State of Nevada.”

*A Romance and Its Explanation.*

A few years ago a romantic story was published about Sarah Winnemucca. The outlines of it are as follows: When a young girl, just after returning from school at the Convent at San Jose, a young lieutenant named Bartlett, a brother-in-law of General Schofield, fell in love with the dusky Princess. The story ran that old Winnemucca had laid a plot to massacre the whites, and had told his daughter of the plan and that she entered heartily into it and persuaded Lieutenant Bartlett to lead the Indians. Rumors of the treachery reached the ears of Captain Wagner, and he surprised Lieutenant Bartlett at the Indian campfire ready to lead the warriors to the massacre. The captain demanded the lieutenant’s sword, and broke its blade in pieces and threw them on the ground. His sudden appearance among the conspiring Indians threw them into confusion and the plot was abandoned.

“Oh, that’s a dreadful story,” laughed Sarah Winnemucca, as the reporter related the outlines of it to her. “I’ll give you the true version of it. I married Lieutenant Bartlett, you know, but the incident that that story is founded upon happened before I knew him. While Captain Wagner was in charge of the soldiers at the reservation he once left on a visit and placed Lieutenant Bartlett in command. The lieutenant, when left alone, got very drunk, and the first night after the captain’s departure he got up in his frenzy of intoxication, and shouting like a mad man, he rode to our quarters, firing

off his revolver in the air, and shouting that the Indians had formed a conspiracy to massacre the whites. He was taken to his quarters by his own soldiers and sent to bed, and that is the whole foundation that that pretty romance you related had.”

Sarah Winnemucca has recently published a book, which gives graphic pictures of Piute life. It is said that she will deliver a lecture on the wrongs of the Indians before she leaves the city.

### **“Starving to Death.”**

*Wheeling Register*. January 23, 1885, 1, col. 5.

#### **Seven Thousand Indians in a Destitute Condition.**

##### **Living on Pine Tree Nuts.**

San Francisco January 22. — The [Piute] Indians are said to be starving in their barren reservation in Nevada.<sup>2</sup> Not a cent of the congressional appropriation of \$7,000 secured by Senator Dawes has reached here. The winter in Nevada is a very severe one. The reservation is so barren that nothing could be grown on the land to provide against starvation. The Indians number 7,000. Almost their sole means of subsistence has been pine nuts, fish from Pyramid lake, and rabbits.

The latter is the only game on the reservation. Sarah Winnemucca, a member of the tribe, who came West on a mission for the Piutes and who is spending a few days in this city, says, “My people are utterly destitute. Numbers of them are perishing in the snow.” She attributes their misery to the negligence of the reservation committee.

### **“Starving Indians.”**

*Boston Daily Globe*, January 24, 1885, 2, nc.

The fact that the Piute princess, Sarah Winnemucca, married a good sensible business agent, rather than incur the expense of hiring one prior to her late lecture tour in the East, does not detract in the least from her sound common sense. She told us then how her people were starving to death on government reservations, and with the supposed aid of annual appropriations. The grasping agents, she said, took everything, and left her poor kindred to freeze and starve.

Late despatches from that way prove the truth of her assertions. Lo and his kindred are dying from privations and cold. They had \$5000 given them by Congress, but the money appears to have got no further than into the hands of the agents. After an Indian has been clothed in Federal blankets, and fed with army salt junk, and treated to sutler's whiskey for a year or two, it comes hard to go out when the thermometer is 30 degrees below zero and to hunt rabbits for his breakfast, or starve in his tent. Under the present system of distributing aid to the Indians there will not be a dozen left alive in two years. As a means of extermination United States bounty is nearly as expensive and far more reliable than war.

It is disagreeable to Massachusetts people to be obliged to consider that one of their own senators, Mr. Dawes, is at the head of the committee having to do with these matters.

#### **"Naches."**

*Daily Nevada State Journal* (Reno NV), January 25, 1885, 2, col. 3.

Naches, the Piute chief, returned from San Francisco (where he went to place his ten-year old boy at school) last Tuesday. Princess Sarah is at the Bay engaged in writing another book.<sup>3</sup> Princess Sarah tells the people down there that her brother Naches is in a bad way and has nothing to eat but a few pinenuts. Between Sarah's stories and the stories of the ranchers out at the Sink of the Humboldt, who say that the ranch given Naches by the Government is in the way of the march of civilization, Naches is or is likely soon to be on the ragged edge. — Enterprise

#### **"Sarah in the City."**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), January 26, 1885, 1, col. 1.

#### **Her Artless Way of Telling of the Wrongs of Her Kindred.**

In the San Francisco Call of a day or two since, we read a published account of an interview had with Sarah Winnemucca, which, for out-and-out square prevarication, never has been beaten in Nevada by any one. Sarah's artless manner of choking her statements down the throats of city newspaper reporters is very refreshing. Her assertion about the fish business is too utterly fishy for anything. The truth about the fish business is that the

Piutes catch them in Pyramid Lake and the Truckee river, transport them on the railroad along with their own fat well-fed carcasses, and sell the fish to citizens at so much apiece, and not by weight — and it is but a small fish you can get for fifty cents, too. It is too bad about their starving! A better-fed, better-clad, more independent and happier people, is hard to find than these same Piutes. A woman generally commands one dollar per day, and food for herself and papooses, and many of the bucks get twice that sum. It is well for Sarah to talk about their doing well in Summer when there is work to do, when every housewife in the country knows that it is impossible to get a squaw to do washing and ironing at even one dollar per day at times. It is a bye-word among the people of families that the Piutes are more independent now than ever before or since the settlement of the country by the whites. It is too absurd for anything to hear Sarah, in her “injured innocence,” say her people don’t know anything about “weights.” The Piutes are as sharp at trade as any of their white brethren, and it would just raise a Call reporter if he was to drop into a game that is now going on on the sidewalk about one hundred steps from where we are penning this item. Ten Piute squaws and bucks are there engaged in a game of poker. They have about one hundred dollars in sight and there is more in the pockets of the players. The bucks are arrayed with good woolen clothing, with overcoats or a good pair of blankets, and the squaws with warm shawls, etc. If the Call reporter were there, our money would go on the Piute fleecing that same newspaperman. Sarah telling about her people freezing in the snow, is too good. It is true, the Piutes are becoming attached to the house of the white man, and its comforts. They are getting better habitations for themselves every year and are adopting many of the comforts of civilized life. Sarah’s talk does the Piutes no good, and if her stories were true, their condition would be full of gloom indeed. Their present outlook is very good: in fact, much better than that of many of the poor people in the East. Each Piute man and woman generally finds work enough and at good wages, for a long enough period each year to make each comfortable the year round; and if the Government would only give them free schools, at convenient distances over the country, they would soon lack for nothing which their white brethren have.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), February 3, 1885, 2, col. 2.

Sarah Winnemucca the Piute Princess will lecture at Irving Hall tonight on “The Interests of Her People.”

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), February 4, 1885, 8, col. 4.

**Relates Her Experiences as a Benefactor to the Piutes.**

There was a very small attendance at Irving Hall last evening to hear Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute maiden, talk of her experiences in trying to aid her people in their efforts to help themselves. She was dressed in a black silk gown, adorned with a huge lace fichu, and with an immense display of blue ribbon streamers. The only thing required to complete her toilet was a handkerchief, and the want of it was painfully evident throughout the evening; but Princess Sarah did not seem to be disconcerted in the least, for her ready fingers did valiant duty every moment or two in keeping her nose in good working order. She is gifted with a pleasing voice, and uses very good language. After a brief sketch of the happy condition of her people in the past, she drew a vivid picture of their present hopeless state, and told of her efforts to help them. She was particularly bitter in her denunciations of the work of the Indian agents and the crowd of do-nothings that fasten themselves like leeches upon the reservations and draw their salaries with unvarying regularity, while they grind down the poor Indians in every conceivable manner. In conclusion she made an appeal to the audience to help her cause by purchasing copies of a book, written by her during her late visit to Boston, which met with a ready response.

**“Sarah Winnemucca’s Lecture.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 6, 1885, 3, col. 3.

The San Francisco Bulletin of Wednesday says:

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, accompanied by her little nephew, occupied the platform at Irving Hall last evening. The Princess was dressed in the civilized American fashion. She recounted the suffering and wrongs

of the Piutes, and said that in one generation they have been changed from lords of the soil to the condition of abject slaves. If she had the wealth of several whom she named, she would solve, she said, the Indian question. She would place all the Indians of Nevada on the ships in our harbor, take them to New York and land them there as immigrants, that they might be received with open arms, blessed with the blessings of universal suffrage, and thus placed beyond the necessity of reservation help and out of the reach of Indian Agents. A number of ladies surrounded the lecturer at the close of her discourse and shook hands with her.

**“Indian Destitution.”**

*Philadelphia Inquirer*, February 11, 1885, 1, cols. 3–4 [excerpt].

On February 2d General Pope wrote to the Secretary of War that Sarah Winnemucca, with a number of Piute Indians, had called upon him at Winnemucca, Nevada, and stated that they were destitute of food and were obliged to live upon pine nuts. Commissioner Price immediately called upon Agent Gibson for information upon the subject, and his reply has been received. The agent declares that the Indians need no assistance from the government, and his statement is indorsed by the county officers and other well-known citizens.

**“An Indian Princess. Sarah Winnemucca Describes  
the Customs and Pastimes of Her People.”**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), February 11, 1885, 1, col. 7.

Sarah Winnemucca lectured at Metropolitan Hall last evening on “The Manners and Customs of Indian Women.” Chief Natchez and five or six Piutes sat upon the platform all decked with plumes and beads. The Indian Princess made an earnest appeal for homes and land that her race may call their own, and gave a description of the present condition of the Piutes. Chief Natchez made a few remarks, which were translated by his sister.

In the afternoon she gave a lecture at the same place to women. She began with a description of the customs of her people forty years ago. She told how, in the summer, the women remained at home gathering roots and herbs while the young men ranged over the mountains hunting deer.

But when the winter came the young men returned home and all the tribes assembled in their villages. Then the sounds of merriment rose from the wigwams. There were games, and songs and dances, and at night, in their own language, they prayed the Great Spirit to keep them from disease and to make them good. In the wigwam the grandmother is the guardian of the young girls. Never can they speak with any man who is not a near relative, father or brother. With the Indians there is no walking or riding with the young men and boys, "as is common with your daughters, my white sisters," said the Princess. The girl remains at home. But when she is no longer a child, but a woman, she is treated like a queen.

The children are to a great extent self-taught. The boys are present when the chiefs meet in council and when the debate is over they go out on some hillside and act it all over. They choose and name their chiefs and talk as they heard their fathers talk. The girls, too, in their games, imitate the labors of their elders, and at evening they gather around their grandmother and she tells them Indian legends and traditions, pausing once in a while to say, "You would not have done so," and the eager little voices cry, "No, no." Or she says "You will all be brave like this," and the chorus answers, "Yes." So they learn the history of their tribe. "But," said the Princess, "this was all before my people became civilized, before the white men came among us and brought us cards and whiskey, and taught us to drink and lie and smoke."

She asked in behalf of her people, if they must have civilization, give them the highest type; give them the ballot so they can stand on a par with the colored race, and give them deeds of their lands and schools to educate them in the English language.

#### **"Sarah Winnemucca."**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), February 11, 1885, 8, col. 3.

#### **An Indian Princess on the Rostrum — A Pathetic Appeal for Assistance.**

The Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, lectured last evening at the Metropolitan Temple, on "The Piute Nation." Her audience did not number above one hundred ladies and gentlemen, but those who were present were deeply interested by Sarah's touching story. The lecture opened with the

introduction of Sarah's brother, Natchez, chief of the Piute Nation, and six other braves, who occupied the platform during the lecture. After giving an interesting description of the usages and customs of her people before the advent of the whites, the Princess introduced the object of her lecture. She said that she and her brothers did not come before their audience for the purpose of exhibiting themselves, but to appeal for assistance for their people. She gave a graphic description of the present pitiful condition of the Piutes, and then asked that all help her to gain for her people the privilege to vote; the right to be free men. After Sarah had finished, Chief Natchez made a few remarks in his native tongue, which were translated by Sarah. Then followed a series of war dances and games by the seven Piutes.

In the afternoon an intelligent and appreciative audience of ladies only greeted Sarah Winnemucca at Metropolitan Hall. The lecturer was becomingly attired in native costume, beaded moccasins, red hose, buckskin suit elaborately ornamented with beads, and wearing her hair in bangs. She said that forty years ago the Piutes owned the whole country. The women roamed the valleys gathering roots, seeds and berries, which they stored in excavations in the earth, covered with grass, mud and dirt. The sexes were kept entirely separate from earliest childhood. Young girls were carefully watched by their grandmothers, and were taught to be industrious, gathering supplies all day, without tasting food, and if tired beguiling the time with song. Thus passed the Summer months: the women in the valleys and the men in the mountains in pursuit of game. As Winter approached they gathered at some point, erected wigwams, brought their Winter supplies, and gave themselves to merriment and love-making. Young people were never allowed to be alone together. The maid having attained a marriageable age, a wigwam was built, in which she, with a maid, was installed for twenty-five days. Three times a day she gathered wood, and every fifth day she took a bath in the river, when the set time was ended she was dressed in a new robe, and it was then understood that she had entered the matrimonial lists. The wigwam, which was in the shape of an A was now occupied by the grandmother, whose couch was near the door, the aunt and father, who took the opposite sides, the maiden occupying a couch in the rear. The Indian brave who has secretly loved the dusky maid, when the village was wrapped in slumber, stealthily steals past the grandmother and seats himself at the

maiden's feet; no word is uttered by either, but the grandmother, ever alert, tells the maid there is a stranger in the house, when she arises and goes to a couch opposite the grandmother's. This courting is continued three or four months, when all is ended with a dance. The grandmother is seated outside the circle and if the maid favors the young brave's suit, she joins him in the dance at the nearest point to the grandmother.

In those days they were care free and happy, as firewater had not come to demonize them. They were taught by tradition and example bravery and honor. She asked in behalf of her people, if they must have civilization, give them the highest type; give them the ballot so they can stand on a par with the gentleman with wool on top of his head; give them deeds of their lands and schools to educate them in the English language.

#### **"The Piute Princess."**

*San Francisco Chronicle*, February 11, 1885, 3, col. 8.

#### **Sarah Winnemucca at Metropolitan Hall.**

Sarah Winnemucca's lecture to ladies only yesterday afternoon at Metropolitan Hall upon the Indians of her nation was well attended. She was dressed after the manner of a Piute princess, which consisted of a gorgeous suit of yellow buckskin, fringed with rows of dazzling beads of every hue and belted with a piece of intricate beadwork. Upon the laborious life of Indian girls the princess spoke briefly and told her audience of the proverb which greeted them when they complained: "My daughter, if you are tired, hum a song and you will forget your troubles." While for the women there was work from morning till night, for the men there was considerable enjoyment. During the long winter encampment the hunters of the tribe would give themselves up to pleasure and devote their spare moments to the serious business of courtship and marriage. According to more advanced ideas, an Indian courtship is somewhat ridiculous and consists in paying a nightly visit for three months to the home of the adored one when she is asleep and surrounded by all her female relatives. After this performance the match is arranged by the grandmothers, or some equally aged kinswoman.

"I have been accused," said the princess, "by a paper here of calling you together for the purpose of speaking upon things which are unfit for

publication. It is as libelous a remark as the many other slanders that are uttered upon my nation. Do you think I could call you here to tell you dreadful things — to you my angel sisters, for you are all as fair and as pretty as I have imagined the angels of the spirit land! Let the editor who thinks I ought to be arrested speak of the white men who are abusing Indian women and have them arrested. I can tell you of white men who throw a lasso rope over an Indian woman and drag her away. An Indian woman does not run after white men.”

In the evening Sarah again spoke about the sorrows and hardships of her people. Seated on the stage during the address were Chief Natchez and half a dozen Piutes, all of whom were decorated with paint and feathers. The tenor of the lectress’ remarks were that her people had been oppressed and defrauded of their rights for a long time, and that now all they wanted was a grant of land, which they could cultivate and where the Piutes could be civilized and their children sent to school. The evil of the system of Indian agencies was also shown, and Sarah said that her people could never receive justice from the agents in power. She afterwards introduced her brother, Chief Natchez, who made a few remarks, which were interpreted by Sarah. When Natchez resumed his seat the other Indians present gave exhibition coyote and war dances, and showed how they gambled with beads before they were civilized enough to play with cards.

#### **“The Praying Piutes.”**

*McCook Weekly Tribune*, February 12, 1885, np, col. 6.

The Piute Indians of Nevada were in the habit of paying annual visits to the California coast towns, and some of their women married Spaniards at Santa Cruz, which made them acquainted with the Christian religion. Through the influence of the wives of the Spaniards, their kindred, several of their leading men and women were baptized each year when the annual trip was made to the seacoast. Their own religion is not a bad one, and from it to any orthodox Christian religion is but a short step. Strange as it may appear, they are a praying people — are a people always ready to either pray or fight. The Princess Sarah Winnemucca’s book is full of instances where her people were assembled in prayer, and she herself was wont to

pray to the Great Spirit whenever she got into trouble — prayed aloud as she fled before her enemies on a wild cayuse across the deserts. — *Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise*.

**“Princess of the Piutes.”**

*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, February 19, 1885, 6, col. D.

**Singular Career of Sarah Winnemucca Working Hard for an Education  
and Then Pleading the Cause of Her People —  
Her History and Personal Traits.  
Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.**

San Francisco, February 10. — A live Princess, even though her skin be dark and she be without honor in her own country, is a noteworthy personage. When such a Princess furnishes one of the best examples of the influence of education and culture on the American Indian, she becomes worthy of a little study. Sarah Winnemucca, the daughter of the late chief of the Piutes of Nevada, is the wandering Princess who is now in this city. Her father died last year, after ruling in the patriarchal fashion over his tribe for more than half a century. Her brother Natchez is the present chief, who acts as the ruler over the scattered remnants of the once powerful tribe. Sarah has just returned from a visit to the East in the interests of her people. She was received with special favor in Boston, having secured the aid of Mrs. Horace Mann and Miss Peabody, and by their assistance she was enabled to bring out her book, “Life Among the Piutes,” which is a remarkably readable sketch of the influence of civilization upon a tribe so isolated that before the discovery of gold in California they had not looked upon a white face. The white man proved to be their curse, for he absorbed their best land, drove them into the disastrous Bannock war, which resulted in the exile of half the tribe to a distant reservation in Washington Territory, and has now reduced them by whisky and vice to less than 7,000 souls.

*Eager for an Education.*

Sarah Winnemucca, although the daughter of a chief, had no more advantages than any Indian maiden of her tribe. That she is not living in a wickiup on the Pyramid Lake or Walker River reservation, ignorant, dirty, ragged,

with no thought beyond preparing the scanty food for her family, is due entirely to her own efforts. She is a remarkable specimen of self-education, for, unaided, she has gained a good knowledge of the English language, which she speaks fluently and writes with ease. She picked up this education while working in the families of white settlers on the Comstock. She readily adopted American customs, to the great disgust of many of her tribe. When she grew to womanhood so great was her desire to get an education and do something to lift her tribe out of its degradation, that she took in washing and bought books with the money that she earned. She had the gift of vivacious speech, which is common to so many of her people in their own language, but which they lose entirely when wrestling with the English. She, however, mastered the strange tongue as well as the Spanish, so that for several years she served as interpreter at the agencies and at the military camps whenever there was any trouble with the Indians. When misfortune fell upon her tribe she was spurred to making pleas in their behalf before Western audiences, and in this way she has become well known on this coast as a very effective platform speaker. She is at her best when metaphorically scalping the Indian agent, to whom she attributes most of the ills of her tribe. The army officers she praises for their fair-dealing and she declares that all the Western Indians would fare better were they turned over to the care of the military.

*How She Looks and Talks.*

Yesterday I paid a visit to the Princess. She was dressed plainly but neatly — a short, stout figure, with the typical Indian features, swarthy skin, broad face and high cheek bones. Her features are fairly regular, her mouth shows great decision and her eye is full of intelligence. She speaks English, of course, with many lapses in grammar, but her thought is always clear and her sentences are never obscure. She is logical also in her arguments, and on the question which lies so near to her heart she is really eloquent. Her chief aim is to secure for the Piutes a better reservation, remote from the railroad and the white settlements, and to induce the Government to give them some practical aid in agriculture, so that they may in time come to depend upon farming rather than fishing and hunting. The chief obstacle in the way of this, she declares, is the Indian Bureau. The main officials may

do the best in their power to aid the Indian, but the agents who have been placed over the reservations in Nevada, as elsewhere on this coast, take the positions in order to make money out of them, and the great majority have no sympathy with the Indian and no desire to help him to become self-supporting.

*Sorry Straits of the Piutes.*

Sarah gave a very pathetic account of the condition of the remnant of her people now in Nevada. They have been deprived of the Malheur Reservation, which was well timbered and well watered, with plenty of fish and game, and are now crowded on the Pyramid Lake and Wether [Walker] River Agencies. Both these are barren tracts, incapable of sustaining life to so large a body of people. The former, too, is mainly covered by the lake—a great stretch of salt water which rises and falls like the sea, and which is shut in by high mountains. Yet this reservation was reported as fertile land by Commissioners sent out for the purpose. The Piutes, Sarah declares, are good farmers. The young men have been trained to herding and other agricultural work, and many of them are employed every summer by the white settlers. But what the tribe needs to save it from complete decay is isolation from the railroad towns. Although the law against selling liquor to Indians is stringent, it is violated every day by the renegade Americans who run grogeries in these Nevada towns. This woman, who has carefully studied the problem, as applied to her tribe, says the only solution is to give the grown-up Indians a chance to raise enough to support their families, and to teach their children useful trades and the rudiments of education, so that they will not be the prey of every tricky renegade trader. She said in her simple, direct language: “I tell the people at the East, ‘don’t waste any books or any tracts on the old people. You can’t teach them English, and it’s no good. But teach the children, and give the young men some help. Let them see that the white man cares something for them, and doesn’t want to cheat them out of what little they earn.’”

*Methods on the Reservations.*

On the Piute Reservation, from which Sarah has just come, she declares that no attempt is made to teach the Indians how to farm, although such a teacher is employed on a regular salary; neither is there any instruction

given to Indian children, despite the fact that the Government pays the salary of an instructor, who in this case is the relative of the agent. The Piutes suffer much from cold and exposure in winter, because they have no shelter save the primitive wickiups, [thatched] out of tule grass. When Schurz was at the head of the Interior Department he promised Sarah that a large amount of strong canvas for tents would be sent out to the Piutes.<sup>4</sup> She brought the welcome news to the tribe and all the men came down to Wadsworth, on the railroad, and waited for it. The canvas never came, and the Indians nearly starved while waiting. They returned to their homes convinced that they had been cheated and that Sarah was a party to the swindle. So, too, in the last Indian appropriation bill \$17,000 was set apart for the relief of the Piutes not on the two reservations, consisting of parts of Winnemucca's band and of Leggins' band which was recently returned from exile in the north. Yet not one cent of this money has reached the Indians for whom it was intended, and Sarah asserts that the agent was ignorant that such an appropriation had ever been made. It is natural that some little exaggeration should creep into the accounts given by this woman, but the main facts of her stories are corroborated by the evidence of those who have visited the Piutes.

*What One Indian Woman Has Done.*

Personally Sarah Winnemucca has had an eventful life judged by civilized standards. She has served as intermediary in many disputes between the whites and her tribe, and in the Bannock war she rendered valuable aid to the Government and saved the greater part of her people from casting their fortunes with that rebellious tribe. Twice she has been married. The first venture was with a Lieut. Bartlett, of the army, who was stationed at Camp McDermot, where Sarah was employed as interpreter. The couple eloped to Salt Lake, as Natchez, Sarah's brother, swore she should not wed a white man. Sarah's husband was very dissipated, and after helping to support him for several years she obtained a divorce in Oregon. About two years ago she was again married in this city to a Mr. Hopkins, a commissary clerk. He is in service in Nevada while she travels about the country. Sarah's visit to San Francisco at this time is to bring before the people the wretched condition of her people. She has delivered several lectures, but [it] is to be feared that

she is regarded chiefly in the light of a curiosity. She dresses in the Indian fashion when she appears on the lecture platform, and she is a very effective speaker. To add to the interest of her exhibition, she now has her brother, Natchez, and several other Piutes with her. They supplement her show with brief orations in the Piute tongue, which she translates. Natchez is as fond of hearing the sound of his own voice as some Congressmen at Washington. He is always ready to make a speech, and it must be said that he has a better idea of oratory than many more civilized speakers. He lacks Sarah's ability, however, and in any transaction with the whites he is pretty sure to come out second best. It is very dubious whether Sarah will have much success here. Californians have small sympathy with the Indian cause, as they have plainly shown by their treatment of the remnants of the Mission Indians scattered along the coast. The struggle for existence here has been too keen to allow of any halt by the wayside to help the poor or the defenseless, and the Indian, with his capacity for absorbing all the worst vices of civilization, has fallen a victim to bad habits more speedily on this coast than at the East, because laws are lax and corrupt influences abound. But no one can estimate the good accomplished by a woman like Sarah Winnemucca, who is able, earnest and persistent in her efforts to secure for her people some measure of the advantages which, unaided even by counsel or sympathy, singlehanded, she has gained for herself.

T.H.F.

#### **“The Princess Sarah.”**

*Morning Call* (San Francisco CA), February 22, 1885, 1, col. 5.

#### **She Replies to the Indian Agent and Uses Strong Language.**

Editor Call: A little local notice in your paper of this date, concerning the charges made against me by Agent Gibson, prompts me to write you the facts upon which the infamous charges are based.<sup>5</sup> Under ordinary circumstances I do not notice charges made against me by the Indian ring.<sup>6</sup> They are very powerful, I know, but not powerful enough to stop me from exposing their rascality. This attack is no new thing. In 1879 I charged Agent Rhinehardt with driving my people into the “Bannock War.” Instead of coming forward like a man and proving himself innocent, he tried to break

down my statement by attacking my character, and it will be remembered he hired a man named Scott (a man whose life my brother had saved), to come here and tell the people I was lying.<sup>7</sup> Like a cowardly dog he went around in Platt's Hall before my lecture began and cautioned my audience not to believe me. When I heard of it, I picked him out and dared him to get up on the platform and deny my statements. After I went East this same man wrote letters and false affidavits and sent them to Washington. The appendix to "Life Among the Piutes" shows how I nailed those lies; and now comes Mr. Gibson and his charges, and time will show how I will settle them.<sup>8</sup> The facts upon which the charges are based were as follows:

I was at Wadsworth and staying at the house of Mrs. Nickols.<sup>9</sup> This Bannock Indian came to me and asked me to let him have some money for the purpose of buying "fire-water," whisky, you know. I naturally refused. He still begged me, and to put an end to the matter I told him to leave my room, as I was then going to supper. "I will wait your return," he replied. After I had eaten I thought of the man, and, excusing myself to Mrs. Nickols, went to my room. He had left. Being suspicious, I looked for my satchel. In this there had been \$20 in silver. He had stolen all, with the exception of \$1[.]25. Mr. Nickols advised me to seek the aid of the police and I did so. An arrest was impossible. I then went to two of my cousins, informed them of the occurrence and together we left for the Indian's house. The man abused me grossly. In a fit of ungovernable passion I struck him. My cousins never touched him. I felled him to the ground with but one slap. We then searched the premises and found the money, with the exception of 75 cents. The man admitted the theft. I was there eight days after the event. The agent knew of it. The police were informed of it by myself. Why did they not then arrest me? I have only just returned from Wadsworth. I arrived there Sunday and left Thursday. Gibson saw me then. Why did he not have me there and then arrested?

And now a word to "Old Bill" Gibson, as he is familiarly called. For years the Government has been fattening preachers, and now they have changed and are going to fatten gamblers.<sup>10</sup> It is a well-known fact that this man Gibson, who charges me with gambling, etc., for years and years kept the largest gambling resort in Gold Hill, Nev. I will do him the credit of saying he is considered a square gambler. In an interview with Mr. Dan. De Quille

and others in Virginia City, a few months ago, some of the gentlemen asked me what I thought of having an "old sport" for an agent.<sup>11</sup> I said I was willing to try him and see what he would do, that I would rather have a gambler than a preacher with a bottle in one pocket and a Bible in the other. This was published in the *Enterprise* and gave offense to Mr. Gibson. On my way back he called on me in Carson and asked me not to say anything about his gambling. He said: "I don't care myself, but if they should find it out in Washington, they would not give me any money for your people." As I said before, being willing to try him, I said nothing to my Eastern friends until I saw him going arm in arm with all the old gang, and knowing he was walking in the steps of his predecessors I wrote and told my friends what he was, and of course it found its way to Washington, hence his attack on me. Now I have put my case as plainly as I can. I am only an "old squaw" and of course people will not believe me, but no matter; there is an "all-seeing eye" that keeps my account, and I am certain that Mr. Gibson's charge is not entered against me "up there." He has made a mistake if he thinks he can frighten me; I am not that stock. He can find me at any time ready to tell him to his face what he is, and on the other hand I refer to Deputy Sheriff Shields, Mrs. Nickols, and to Henry Harris, all of Wadsworth, as to the truth of my statement.

Trusting you will publish as much of this as you can, I am gratefully, yours,  
Sarah Winnemucca

519 *Bush street, San Francisco, Feb. 21st.*

### **"Another Lying Indian Story."**

*Boston Daily Globe*, February 22, 1885, 4, nc.

A day or two since the agent for the Piute Indians in Nevada reported to Washington, whence it was generally disseminated as an item of news, that Sarah Winnemucca, with five other Piutes, after gambling with a friendly Bannock Indian, assaulted him and robbed him of all his money. The agent furthermore asked for the assistance of the Department of the Interior in arresting Sarah and her accomplices.

One of the New York dailies makes this editorial comment upon the reported facts:

We fear that the influence for good of Sarah Winnemucca is sadly damaged. Sarah is a Piute Indian princess, who has had a good deal to say, on the lecture platform and off it, about the duties which civilized man owes to his uncivilized Piute brother. She was particularly grieved, we believe, over the harm which the whites have caused by pandering to Indian vices — especially gambling. Now, alas, Sarah Winnemucca herself is in trouble, not only because she took a hand in the little game which the same, it was supposed, she did not understand, but because afterward she helped beat the unfortunate Bannock Indian whom she had been gambling with. The gambling, of course, cannot be excused; but if the Bannock Indian held five aces and had an extra pack up his sleeve in the style of All Six, it is easy to understand why Sarah Winnemucca resorted to violence.

The lie in its original form was bad enough, but the jocular remarks concerning it quoted above cannot be sufficiently deplored by all lovers of the truth, whatever may be their sentiments on the Indian question. A mere hasty reading of the news item would soon be forgotten, or, considering its source, discredited by any one who was even slightly informed on the subject. But the fact that the daily above referred to makes editorial mention of the matter will give it weight and credibility to many readers, while its humorous form causes it to stick in the memory like a burr.

The truth of the matter is that Sarah Winnemucca, Mrs. Hopkins, is now in San Francisco on a lecturing tour, after five months of danger, privation and final despair in Nevada while waiting in the hope of seeing the act in favor of her people carried out.

This is but one of a thousand slanders against a good, true and talented woman. Accusations of the above character come with good grace from a person known to be decidedly below par in places where his character is best understood; and the motive is easily discerned by those who reflect at all upon the matter.

**“That Bannock Business.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), February 24, 1885, 3, col. 1.

Chief Naches, who is one of the most intelligent and truthful Indians in the country, is very much excited over the rumors that the Indian Department

threatens to arrest the Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, for beating and robbing a Bannock Indian. He says he was at Lovelock at the time the alleged assault and robbery were committed, but he has been informed by reliable members of his tribe, who were at Wadsworth at the time, that the story is false. He says they tell him that instead of Sarah robbing the Bannock, the Bannock stole her money. He took some \$18 from her purse, which she left in her room at Mrs. Nickol's, at Wadsworth, while she went to supper. Sarah accused him in the presence of the whites of the theft. He denied at first that he had stolen the money, but afterwards while drunk gave it back to her. Naches is very much excited over the matter, and says he will send to Fort Hall for the Bannock if Sarah is arrested.

### **“Princess Sally.”**

*Globe Republic* (Dodge City KS), February 24, 1885, np, col. 4.

Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of old Chief Winnemucca, of the Piute tribe of Indians, is now a thoroughly civilized woman.<sup>12</sup> She has lived in Boston and has written a book. In Nevada and California, where she is well known, she is called Princess Sally. There used to be a very pretty romance connected with Sarah's marriage to an army Lieutenant named Bartlett, who was stationed near the reservation in Nevada occupied by her tribe. Sarah was then a real Indian and made no pretense to style. She was also considerably younger than she is now. The story was that old Winnemucca contemplated a massacre of the whites and that he compelled his charming daughter to enter into the plot. She knew of Lieutenant Bartlett's fondness for her and she conditioned their marriage on his betraying the soldiers and joining her father. This it is said he agreed to do, and one night while he, Winnemucca and the girl were in conference the Lieutenant's commanding officer appeared on the scene, charged him with treachery, seized his sword and broke it. So much confusion was caused by this episode that the plot was abandoned. But Sarah and the Lieutenant were duly married.

[We have omitted a closely related version of the story that appears in the *Daily Alta California*, January 22, 1885. In that article Winnemucca refutes the story's veracity. — Eds.]

**“Nuts from Nevada. The Princess Winnemucca and Indian Commissioner Price.”**

*Sun* (Baltimore MD), March 4, 1885, 2, col. 3.

[Reported for the Baltimore Sun.]

Mr. Joseph King, corner Charles and Biddle streets, has received from Princess Winnemucca a small bag of nuts from the great pine trees of Nevada. The Princess states that for some time her tribe has lived on pine nuts alone, all other kinds of food being exhausted. The Indians, she says, gather these nuts in quantity and store them. The nuts are about three-quarters of an inch long, and in general appearance and size with the hull on resemble the kernel of a ground nut. The pine nut stripped of its shell has a glistening, oily appearance, and an aromatic flavor, with a slight trace of the taste of resin. A number of Baltimoreans have pronounced them good eating, though they would hardly approve of them for an exclusive diet. Many of the best citizens of Baltimore are concerned about reports circulated concerning Winnemucca, which they pronounce untrue, saying the reports were started maliciously in behalf of certain interested parties. Mr. King and his wife are in receipt of letters from Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, Mass., and others, affirming their belief in the integrity of Princess Winnemucca. Miss Peabody in her last letter to Mrs. King says a letter will be issued from Boston denying the charges against Winnemucca. This letter, it is said, will be signed by those who are able to refute the charges brought against the champion of Indian wrongs.

[We have omitted a comment about Indian Commissioner Price's frustration with Winnemucca's and Leggin's bands of Indians, whom he claims have refused to settle on a reservation and are not starving, as they contend. The comment also notes his assessment of Natchez's prosperity. — Eds.]

In conclusion Gibson writes: “I concluded that the department had been misinformed with regard to the condition of the Indians at Winnemucca, all the latter being unanimous in their statements that there is no suffering among them.” Commissioner Price said there appeared to be a class of people who took a delight in making complaints to the Indian office concerning the treatment of the Indians. “Princess Winnemucca,” as she calls herself, said the Commissioner, “goes among kind-hearted and benevolent people and tells them the most exaggerated stories about how badly the Indians

are treated by the government officials.” He said he had received numerous letters from people in the East complaining of the treatment given the Indians, and he could only answer them by exhibiting Mr. Gibson’s statement, sustained by some of the most reputable citizens at Winnemucca.

**“Saturday Selections.”**

*Chicago Tribune*, March 7, 1885, 16, nc.

**Piute Courtship—**

**How Maidens Are Wooed and Won among the Indians—**

**How a Persistent Indian Suitor Is Driven from the Tent  
of the Girl He Loves.**

In many social matters the American Indian had a system of etiquette as formal and severe as the aristocratic residents of Murray Hill or Beacon street.<sup>13</sup> It was a singular, and, in some respects, a contradictory feature of the life of the aborigines that with all their liberty and freedom to roam the vast wilderness of a boundless country they voluntarily adopted many domestic regulations more rigid than any in vogue among the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock. Austerity is not usually ascribed as one of the traits of the American Indian, and yet in that most interesting period of life when young people court and marry they enforced the severest and most stoical restraints. The knotted lash which the monk frequently had laid upon his bare back and limbs to give his thoughts a more heavenly bent was no greater indulgence in asceticism than the forced suppression of a young girl’s feelings which the Indians required. In matters relating to courtship and marriage the higher tribes of the aborigines were singularly severe and formal. The narration by Sarah Winnemucca of how Indian maidens were wooed and won in the Piute nation shows the strictness of that people in regard to the mingling of the sexes. The old Chief’s daughter gave the following account of a Piute courtship to a reporter a few days ago:

“When a girl reaches womanhood and her family desire to indicate to the tribe that their daughter has reached the marriageable period, she makes her *début*, as you say in English, but the Piute girl comes out in an entirely different way than that adopted by her white sister. Just before she reaches womanhood her grandmother has especial charge of her. To that

old lady, whose years are supposed to have brought wisdom, the girl is given. She schools her in domestic duties and explains to her the nature and importance of the wifely relation. The girl then goes with two older female relatives to a tepee, which is a small wigwam, where she remains with them twenty-five days. During this time she performs work which is supposed to be strengthening. It consists chiefly of piling wood. Three times a day, at morning, noon, and night, she stacks five piles of wood, making fifteen each day. Every five days her relations take her to the river to bathe, and at the end of the time she gives her clothing to her attendants and returns to the family lodge. Very frequently the wardrobe which she presents her female attendants is quite extensive, and is regarded by them as a valuable present. When the young girl has spent twenty-five days in the tepee she has made her *début* into the society of her tribe, and that is considered as a public announcement that she is ready to marry.

“Of course, a pretty, shapely girl is in great demand, just as a belle in your society. A girl with a handsome face, and fine black eyes, and flowing hair as black and glossy as a raven’s wing, and a willowy, graceful form, is the object of a great deal of attention from the young men of the tribe, and often of the older men, too. A lovely Indian girl is as much sought after in her circle as a great beauty is in a London drawing-room. But, O, how different the two kinds of courtship are! We have no parties in the wigwams to which young folks go and get acquainted and court. The young men and girls have no theatres to attend, and no long walks home after the play is over. They never go riding together, nor strolling through the woods along the river bank. They never idle together in the canoe on the water, plucking lillies and flowers. Although they seem to enjoy much greater liberty to roam and wander withersoever their fancy may lead them, yet they are kept as close as prisoners. Piute courtship lacks freedom, and yet it is not devoid of that intense excitement that attends love-making the world over.

“You may suppose that the girls and young men would steal out of their lodges on moonlight nights and have clandestine meetings, and woo in that way, but they never dare to do it. Indeed, they never speak together. A word never passes between them. But still a girl very soon knows when a young man is interested in her. He tries to catch her attention by his horsemanship, or his skill with the bow, or his athletic accomplishments. He rides by

her at a furious speed and returns again and again. In this way he attracts her attention and informs her, although he does not speak a word, that he loves her and would like to marry her. But this does not comprise all of his courtship. At night, when the Indians have retired to their wigwams and are sleeping, the young man rises from his bed of leaves and skins and goes to the lodge occupied by the girl he loves. He enters silently and sits down beside her couch. A lodge is circular in shape, and at night when the inmates go to bed they heap brushwood and logs on the fire in the centre of the tent and then lie down with their feet toward the fire and their heads toward the outside or circumference of the wigwam. The Indians sleep on leaves and robes and are covered when sleeping with skins. As the young man enters the lodge he can see by the firelight where the young girl is sleeping and he goes directly to her side, often stepping over other sleepers, and sits down by her bed. It is customary for the young girl to sleep near her grandmother, who is expected to rest lightly after the girl has made her *début*. As soon as she sees the young man enter she wakens the girl, who rises and goes to where her mother is sleeping and lies down beside her. As soon as she does this the young man rises and goes out as silently as he came in.

“Not a word is spoken. He does not touch the girl while he is sitting by her while she sleeps. Her grandmother does not speak a word of encouragement to him, neither does her mother indicate that he is a welcome suitor. The next night he comes again and takes up his position beside the girl, and keeps this up for a long time. During all the time he is courting in this way he is treated as an absolute stranger by the girl’s relations. They may have entertained him before he began his attention to the girl; her brothers may have hunted with him and shared the game with him, but when he once begins to woo the girl all familiarity and friendship cease. He is never invited to eat of food prepared by the family of the girl, and her brothers never offer him anything on the hunt. His presence is wholly ignored. If the girl does not like him she tells her grandmother, and when the young man comes again at night that good old lady rises from her bed, takes a handful of hot ashes from the fire and throws them in his face. That’s the mitten. If he persists in his attentions and continues to come again and again, the whole family unite in heaping indignities upon him, but the girl is never a party to this. Her brothers and sisters and father and mother throw ashes

upon him, douse him with water, flagellate him with stout switches, and drive him from the lodge. Sometimes an Indian persists, in spite of such assaults, and goes again to the tent where the girl is sleeping. Sometimes his perseverance wins her heart, but not often.

“If the girl likes him and is willing to marry him, then she tells her grandmother, who informs the girl’s father. If the family think it a suitable match the father invites the young man to the tent and asks him in the presence of the girl if he loves her and will take good care of her. Then the father asks the girl if she loves the young man, and tells her the duties of a wife. If both say they love each other, the two become engaged, but even after that they do not talk together, neither do they go about together. A day is fixed for the wedding. A great feast is prepared. The relatives of the girl and the young man sit around a great campfire together, the young man and the girl sitting side by side. The food is in baskets. The girl has carefully cooked a basket of food for her intended husband, and as she hands it to him he seizes her wrist with his right hand and takes the basket with his left. That is the marriage ceremony. The girl’s father then pronounces them man and wife, and they go to a lodge, where they live together.

“It may seem to white people that the Piute system of courtship is crude and foolish; but it has a great many pleasant features, and does not lack the excitement, although it is unexpressed, which attends that period of a girl’s life.”

### “Sarah Winnemucca.”

*Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper* (New York City NY),  
March 7, 1885, 35, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca, the “Indian princess,” daughter of the late chief of the Piutes of Nevada, is a conspicuous example of what the Indian can do in the way of self-advancement if given half a chance. She taught herself English and Spanish, and wrote a book on “Life among the Piutes.” At intervals during the past ten years she has appeared with success on the lecture platform, calling universal attention to the wrongs and sufferings of her tribe, with the result of materially ameliorating their condition. It appears, however, that her care of frontier education included, in addition to the branches we

have enumerated, a thorough knowledge of poker, faro, black and white, and other little card-games fashionable in the Piute *wickiups*.<sup>14</sup> Through this latter accomplishment, Sarah has, it is said, lately come to grief. She is accused of having cheated a friendly Bannock Indian at poker, whereupon the foes of Indian civilization seize upon her as an illustration of the innate and ineradicable depravity of her race. Now, in the first place, the truth of the story is not yet established, and we decline to believe it, being confident that Sarah Winnemucca is quite too clever a young woman to allow the little peculiarities of her poker game to be detected by an outsider. But, in the next place, even supposing the story to be true, does it not demonstrate the thoroughness of her conversion to our ways, rather than the reverse? The most refined products of our civilization are doubtless the society belles, who, as we all know, find in poker parties one of their chief diversions during the Lenten season; and more than one fair one has had suspicion cast upon the fairness of her playing. That which is in vogue on Murray Hill ought not to be condemned on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Give the poor Indian fair play.

**“Only Said in Fun.”**

*Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, March 28, 1885, 6, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca is making speeches in California in favor of giving the Piutes the ballot. What they need most is the bath. — *Chicago Herald*.

**“Sarah Winnemucca’s Triumph.”**

*Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), April 30, 1885, 1, col. 7.

. . . Though ostensibly on a pleasure trip, Miss Peabody’s real object was to arouse favorable interest in the Piute Indians.<sup>15</sup> The Princess Sarah Winnemucca has a warm defender in this well-known philanthropist, who has brought her case before the President and placed in the hands of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs substantial proof that the Princess is innocent of the charges made against her.<sup>16</sup> The mental and physical vigor of Miss Peabody at eighty-one is only equaled by that of George Bancroft. The two octogenarians seem to grow younger as they grow older. Miss Peabody’s silvery curls and quaint simplicity give an old-time fashion to

her appearance. But her elastic step when walking and going up and down stairs suggests a girl of sixteen rather than a woman five times that age.

Miss Peabody approached the President diplomatically. She first made a friend and ally of his sister, whom she soon succeeded in interesting in the Indian cause. Her first call was promptly returned by Miss Cleveland. This was followed by an interchange of visits, which have fragrant memories in the flowers sent to the old lady from the White House conservatory. A letter from Princess Winnemucca to the President reached him by the hand of Miss Cleveland.

“Why didn’t you give the letter to the President yourself?” asked a friend.

“Oh, I know he got it,” replied Miss Peabody, with a smile of satisfaction and pardonable triumph. “It gave Miss Cleveland an opportunity to put in a word, you know. I saw him afterward and talked with him. He gave me a note to the Commissioner, and when I called on him I assure you I was well received. I found the President had done more. He had directed his Private Secretary to write to the Commissioner also about me. I had as satisfactory an interview as I could . . .

#### **“Life among the Piutes.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), May 7, 1885, 3, col. 1.

The Princess Sarah Winnemucca, who is now stopping here with her brother Naches, has a hundred copies of her book, “Life Among the Piutes,” which she offers for sale at one dollar per copy. It is a book of 270 pages, well printed and handsomely bound, and it contains much interesting information relative to the traditions and customs of the Piutes. The book can be had at C. Chenoweth’s News Depot.

#### **“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), June 24, 1885, 3, col. 3.

#### **What She Says of the Death of Her Brother Tom — How Things Are Conducted at Pyramid Lake.**

Winnemucca, June 23, 1885.

Editor *Silver State*: In respon[s]e to request I have the honor to submit the following account of the death of my brother Tom at Pyramid Lake Agency,

on the 16th of last month. The article in the "Call" of May 24th is true in every particular as far as it goes. I am requested to answer the following questions: First — How long was he sick? Second — Did the agency doctor attend him? Third — Did the agent give him any medicine? Fourth — What kind of coffin did they furnish? To the first I will say, he was sick in bed nine days. To the second, neither agent, doctor or any one from the agency came to ask whether he wanted anything or not, although they passed the door every day. Third, the only medicine he had was some spirits of nitre, which I bought in Wadsworth for him. As to the coffin I can hardly express myself. He died about 4 P.M., an hour afterwards I sent for Mr. Gibson. He came, and holding out his hand to me, said "So Sarah, your brother is dead." Out of respect to the memory of my dead brother I choked back the thought of the injury he had done me and mine, and placing my hand in his I said, "Yes sir, and we have sent to ask you to make us a coffin for him." He then began measuring him and I noticed that he only measured his length, so I said, "Mr. Gibson my brother was a hard working, sober man, and as he would have given me a decent burial, I want to give him one. Please make him a nice coffin and I will pay for it." He went away and the next morning the coffin came. No agent, no doctor, or any one, they were ashamed to come with it, they sent it. How shall I describe it? A rough pine box such as civilization uses for an outside coffin, the lid had to be nailed down, as to his clothes he had none, what better proof of how he was treated. For years and years he was worked from sun to sun. He never drank, he never gambled, he had a saving wife, and yet he was that poor, we had to wrap him up in a blanket and put him away. He was only an Indian, a pine box was good enough for him. He had none of the vices of civilization, but he was unfortunate. He was the brother of Sarah Winnemucca. This is no sentiment. On his last trip to Wadsworth during Mr. McMaster's time, my brother came to the depot as usual to haul supplies[.] Mr. McMaster went up to him and said Tom[, ] I do not want you to haul anything *your sister has been talking about me*. So instead of fighting *me* they cowardly fought him. A week or two since I went down to the agency to settle the affairs of the ranch, which was left to me, and Mr. Gibson refused to speak to me. Now I desire to say here that I have no personal feeling against Mr. Gibson, I have fought him and all other agents for the general good of my race, but

as recent events have shown that they are not disposed to stand by me in the light, I shall relinquish it. As they will not help themselves, no one can help them. "Those that would be free must strike the blow themselves." I have not contended for Democrat, Republican, Protestant or Baptist, for an agent. I have worked for freedom, I have labored to give my race a voice in the affairs of the nation, but they prefer to be slaves so let it be. My efforts hereafter shall be for my brother alone, we have plenty of friends east that will help us to build a home at Lovelock, where I will teach a school.

In conclusion I will answer several questions pertaining to the management of affairs at the agency: There are 14 old men working around the agency. They get for their labor enough flour and meat for them to live on. Then there are several policemen (I don't know how many), whose duty is to cut wood for the agent, take care of his horses, and do chores; they get a ration and \$5 a month. The Chief of Police is Capt Dave. He is also chief of all the Piutes and Washoes, and in connection with this my brother asks that the Piutes be notified of this so that they can go to Dave to settle their disputes. Hereafter they must not come to my brother with their troubles, as he will be farmer Naches and not Chief Naches. I am sir, Very respectfully etc., Sarah Winnemucca.

P.S. — Let it be understood that a man at work gets a ration only for himself, no matter if he has a family of fifteen. My authority for this statement is one of the agent[']s "pets." Capt Bill.

S. W.

#### **"Sarah Winnemucca's School."**

*Boston Daily Advertiser*, August 7, 1885, 2, col. 3.

**To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—**

The Eastern friends of Sarah Winnemucca, the brave Piute Indian woman who has persevered through all discouragements to stand up for the cause of her people, will be interested to know that she has at last opened a school for the teaching of English.

She has made what she calls a "green arbor" on her brother's farm and gathered all the children in her immediate neighborhood, where she has begun a sort of kindergarten by giving them a military drill which her

service in the army made her acquainted with. When in the East she was much attracted by the kindergartens, and always said that was the way the Indian mothers taught their children, morally to love and be kind to each other, and giving them such instructions in natural objects, the properties of planets, the habits of animals, the phenomena of the seasons, and some astronomical items gathered from tradition, which formed the material of the constant story telling to which the children are accustomed. One form of art is also native to them, and that is modeling in mud, in which they excel, making animals and other playthings. Her part in the school is to see that it is adapted to their needs and to teach the children to speak English as a preparation for learning to read when she can be provided with an assistant teacher. We hope the government will provide the means for this, and then that some experienced kindergartner with a missionary spirit and musical genius will be found for this purpose. Until very lately her brother Natchez, the present chief, had been a wandering beggar, like the rest of the tribe since they were turned out of the Malheur Agency by the machinations of the agent Reinhart. But last spring, ex-Governor Stanford of California gave him 150 acres of fertile land near Lovelock, and Eastern friends have furnished him with the means of making it a home by sending canvas for a couple of tents, wagon, horses, harness, plough, etc., and his indomitable sister, lame and suffering as she is, has made two tents, one for him and his family of seven children and one for herself with the addition of the "green arbor" for a schoolroom. Sarah's Baltimore friends also sent her a supply of food for the summer for herself and her brother's family, sufficient for themselves but largely drawn upon by the constant visits of others, so that sometimes they give him 30 mouths to feed, which, of course, keeps him poor. They ought all to be furnished with supplies till they are put upon their feet, as the Omaha Indians have been, but the supplies have never been given to the Piute Indians as the government designed them to be, but are sold to them at exorbitant prices by the agents, who obliged the Indians to buy at their store, forbidding them to purchase elsewhere, as they might have done more cheaply. The story of the wrongs of these Indians is told in Sarah's book, of which Miss Peabody still has copies for sale, which she will send to any one inclosing her \$1. Any assistance the public may like to

give to the school may be transmitted through Miss Peabody, who is still the happy medium of kindness to this noble woman.

#### **“A Piute Law Suit.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), August 17, 1885, 1, col. 2.

Last spring Tom Naches, a brother of Chief Naches and the Princess Sarah Winnemucca, died at Pyramid Lake reservation, where he had resided for some years. He had a ranch on the reservation, several horses, and three houses. Naches and Sarah Winnemucca claim two of the houses, alleging that they furnished the money to buy the lumber used in building them. Tom's widow denies their claim, and refuses to let them remove the houses to their ranch on Big Meadows. Naches appealed to Agent Gibson, who suggested that three Indians be chosen by the respective parties to try the case. This was agreed to by Naches and Tom's widow, and two weeks from next Thursday the trial will take place at the reservation. Each of the parties are expected to produce evidence in support of their claim to the two houses in dispute, after which the judges will decide to whom the property belongs.

*Weekly Arizona Miner* (Prescott AZ), August 25, 1885, np, nc.

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess of Louise, are expected to stop in San Francisco a few days, while on their way to visit British Columbia. This is the first time a real live princess, except Sarah Winnemucca, ever visited the Golden Gate, and as Sarah wasn't quite so particular about her toilet as the British royalty, we suppose the Princess Louise will receive a more enthusiastic reception than was accorded her red sister from the sage brush plains of Nevada.

#### **“An Indian School.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), October 22, 1885, 3, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca is here, and informs the *Silver State* that she is going to build a \$500 school house on Naches' farm, near Lovelock, for the education of young Piutes. She has received some \$350 for this purpose from Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and the balance will be sent her in due time. There is no water on Naches' ranch at present, and Sarah says if she can raise money

enough for the purpose, she will have a well sunk and wind-mill erected to supply the school with water. She has been teaching school in a brush "no-be" during the Summer, but she wants a comfortable house for that purpose during the cold weather.

**"Education for the Indians."**

*Boston Daily Globe*, December 6, 1885, 9, nc.

**The Work of Sarah Winnemucca among the Piutes.**

It is gratifying to the friends of Sarah Winnemucca to see, by a report of the late conversation of President Cleveland and Secretary Lamar with the Indian commissioners, that the policy they propose [is] the same in principle and form with that uniformly and unwaveringly stated by her as the true and just one and most feasible, viz., as fast as possible to give Indians the independent care of themselves as equal citizens of the United States, and in some instances without any delay. In the case of the Piutes, she has constantly declared that their past history, which she indicates in her volume "Life among the Piutes," has proved their capability of autonomy; and the circumstance is patent that her knowledge of both languages makes it unnecessary in their case to have an agent, mediate between them and the government, and this has been intimated by all the generals who gave her favorable introduction to Washington in 1879, and continue this up the present moment, from personal knowledge of the Piutes and of herself and family; also by Roger Sherman Day, who has resided among the Piutes as a mining engineer, and by Senator Sanford, the millionaire, who gave her brother, Natchez, last spring, a farm of 160 acres of land, and told Miss Peabody that he had known the tribe since 1863, when as engineer of the Central Pacific railroad he was obliged to break into the reservation at Pyramid lake, which had been given by executive order in 1860 for the 'express' purpose of the Piutes, being able to exclude whites from the neighborhood of their women, enabling the latter to go into the open air and take their part in the preparation of stores for the winter, which was the employment of the tribe, and through which they had a competence, and were healthy, hearty and happy. It will be some time before the new policy will reach the Pacific shore, where the old system of the Indian ring,

founded on the destructive principle of treating Indians as helpless “wards” and thus giving to the agents all their opportunities of self-support, and depriving them in proportion of their self-respect which is the foundation of human energy — and which, in the Piutes, as Sarah showed in her lectures, was fostered by the inherited domestic customs, growing out of the sacred traditions and natural religion of her people. In this interval in consequence of Senator Sanford’s timely gift, she has undertaken to do on a small scale what she has desired the government to do on a large scale, and which the new administration intends to do. So by the help of a very few private friends, who have subscribed less than \$1000 from their own purses, the farm has been surveyed and fenced, and provided with plough, canvas, for tents, etc., and the immediate relatives of Sarah (who were all very ill at the moment) removed eighty miles and encamped upon it, and then Natchez divided off from his 160 acres six farms of ten acres each, and gave them to six poor Piutes nearby who, without homes were wandering near, trying to support themselves and their families by job work for whites, which was, of course, precarious. Sarah’s idea was, and is, to have these men, with adults of her own family, form the governing council, with equal voice for their own self-education in material affairs and social union, and she gathers them on Sundays, and indeed every day, for public worship, by the singing of hymns whose words she interprets, thus giving them also a lesson in English speech, and also interpreting to them passages from the Bible, and making a kind of Quaker church by leading a mutual council on religious and moral matters. She has also herself begun a school, preparing the children with the English language and some facility in reading English, for a white teacher who has promised to come, and found on the farm a school, which shall not be, as is usual, a farce, nor, like the schools of Hampton and Carlisle, have the inevitable effect of separating and estranging parents and children, but shall educate both together, as was successfully begun at Malheur under the only adequate agent ever sent to the Piutes, but who was put out by a conspiracy of settlers, leading to the last outrages, that started Sarah upon her enterprise. The only thing now wanting is a wooden house containing lodging and living rooms for the white teachers, and a sufficiently large school room, which shall serve as a meeting house for worship Sundays, and a council chamber in the

evenings, and for this Miss Peabody is collecting the money to build one at once, and has already collected half from some of the audiences Sarah addressed while in New England, to whom she has stated the case, and she hopes to get the \$200 or \$300 more needed from others and from the sale of the remnant second thousand of Sarah's book, a copy of which postpaid she transmits to any individual who sends her \$1. The money already sent out for the purpose has enabled Sarah to get together all the materials, but it is absolutely necessary to have some skilled labor that can only be obtained by paying \$4 or \$5 a day, and which cannot be obtained except by paying cash down daily. If the reader of this paragraph cannot afford \$50 or \$100 toward this most desirable object, cannot he or she send the \$1 to Miss Peabody at Jamaica Plain? For many a little makes a mickle.<sup>17</sup>

#### **“The Indian Murder Trial.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), January 5, 1886, 3, col. 2 [excerpt].

#### **Willow Creek Charley Acquitted by the Jury.**

[The article begins by reporting that “a large number of Piutes from the northern part of the county” met for the trial of Willow Creek Charley, who killed his wife. It reports that Winnemucca's brother, Naches, led the proceedings and gave the initial speech, which was followed by “Doby John, Captain Charley, Paradise George, Lee Winnemucca, and Paradise Charley — a brother of the dead squaw.” — Eds.]

The Princess Sarah, the only woman, white or Indian, present, spoke in English, giving the substance of the evidence given by the men. She said the murdered woman had lived on the Pyramid Reservation many years ago, and acquired bad habits. She left her husband, went to Quin River and took up with the accused, who was then a boy. She lived with him for eight years, and frequently went to their wickiup drunk. Charley also became addicted to drinking, because he knew his wife was unfaithful. While crazed with liquor, he killed his adulterous wife, and when he became sober forgot what he had done, and supposed that she had run off. A month after he committed the deed, it occurred to him that he had murdered her, and he told her brother, Paradise Charley. Charley approved the act, and, as one of the jurors, advocated the acquittal of his sister's slayer, on the ground that

he was justified in killing her. All the Indians agreed that “fire-water” was a curse to the tribe, and they earnestly beseeched the young man to let it alone.

The jury, by unanimous consent, acquitted the accused, and then each, in turn, lectured him on the evil of drunkenness, and entreated him to be sober and peaceable henceforth.

The deliberations were conducted with much gravity, and only when Doby John referred to his nose, as an indication of his love for whisky, and told the accused, and young men generally, to follow his advice rather than his example, did the solemn-visaged jurors indulge in a laugh.

**Elizabeth Peabody, “The Case of Sarah Winnemucca.”**

Letter, *Boston Daily Advertiser*, January 23, 1886, 2, col. 5.

**To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—**

I feel as if I had a right to demand room in your paper for a paragraph, in which to vindicate my reputation. From what I learned at the meeting of the Indian Association yesterday, there is a universal impression of my having been humbugged by the arts of Sarah Winnemucca, with whom, for the last three years, I have been in a degree of intimacy perhaps greater than I ever was with any other person. It is not, however, the insult to my own intellect, womanly instincts, etc., that moves me to speak, but the implication respecting Sarah Winnemucca. Nor can I, in a paragraph, begin to do that justice to her which I consider to be the greatest thing to be at present done for the cause of the Indian race. But I would state one matter of fact: I found it was believed that she, being a gambler, as well as otherwise completely vicious, had gambled away and spent on herself more than \$1000 in money that I had sent her during the last summer and fall, to furnish the farm of 160 acres that Senator Stanford gave last spring to her brother, Chief Naches and herself, to enable them to show what the Piutes could do for themselves if delivered from the interference of self seeking agents of the Indian ring.

Now I want to say on oath that though I asked for no such thing, Sarah Winnemucca has constantly sent me an account of how every cent of money was spent, together with the receipted bills of all the persons of whom she has bought or hired things or labor, without taking one cent for herself,

and during all the time that I was sending her the \$700 with which to build the schoolhouse, according to the written estimate sent beforehand by the head carpenter, she had been living almost exclusively on pine nuts, though she might have taken some of the money that she had paid for the school benches to buy food for herself, had she been anybody but her noble, unselfish self, the nearest approach to Christ I have ever personally known, in obedience to the two commandments on which “hang the law and the prophets,” and misunderstood not more than he was by both the good and bad of his own time. Allow me also a line or two more to say to the very many excellent persons and good friends of the Indians who are the victims of “the hidden power” which has governed this country as the slavocracy so long did, that if they will pay the respect to me of coming to see me I will make explanations that will enable them to clear their minds of their present false impressions, and enable them to get the light on this most important national duty, enjoyed not only by myself, but by every person, and they count by hundreds who can pretend to a personal acquaintance with Sarah Winnemucca.

Elizabeth P. Peabody.

Boston, Jan. 22.

#### **“A Chief of the Piutes.”**

*Los Angeles Daily Herald*, February 6, 1886, 2, col. 2 [excerpt].

#### **A Big Indian Who Has Become Civilized and Runs a Ranch.**

[The article recounts a recent interview with Naches, describing his ranch, his feelings about the current chief of the Paiutes, and his response to the death of his father’s wife. — Eds.]

The Indian school at Lovelock has twenty-five scholars. The remittances from Miss Peabody, of Boston, and other Eastern philanthropists have stopped, and Sarah has to get along alone.

#### **“Coast News.”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), February 23, 1886, 6, col. 1.

Near Winnemucca Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins has erected a school house for her people, and has about twenty-five pupils, all little Piutes. They learn

rapidly, and though the school has been open only about six weeks, some of them can read and write already.

#### **“Sarah Winnemucca’s School.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), April 14, 1886, 3, col. 1.

The efforts of Sarah Winnemucca to educate the children of her tribe by opening a school at Lovelock are commended by the press in and out of the State. The San Francisco Alta says: “Out in Nevada is proceeding an experiment that deserves the respectful sympathy of the world. Princess Sarah, daughter of Winnemucca, late chief of the Piutes, has opened a school for the Indian children, and the young of her tribe are flocking to it for instruction. In this effort to reclaim her primitive people this Indian woman rises to a nobility that puts her in line with the best of the superior race.”

#### **“Sarah Winnemucca’s School.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), May 17, 1886, 3, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca says her school at Lovelock’s, which numbered twenty-four scholars during the Winter months, is now reduced to fourteen. The Indians, who congregated on the Meadows in Winter, are now scattering out and reducing the number of her pupils. She says a Boston lady named Miss Chapin will shortly arrive to assist her in teaching the school.

#### **“The Indian Work.”**

*Friend’s Intelligencer* (Philadelphia PA), June 26, 1886, np, nc [excerpt].

We have endeavored to procure some funds from the Indian Bureau at Washington to assist Sarah Winnemucca in her effort to establish a boarding-school among her people (the Piutes) in Nevada, and we are encouraged to hope that our efforts may be successful.

#### **“Piute Children.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), July 6, 1886, 3, col. 1.

Sarah Winnemucca, who is teaching the Peabody Indian school near Lovelock, arrived in town yesterday with several of her pupils — boys and

girls — ranging from seven to twelve years of age. The little ones seem to be advancing rapidly in orthography and primary arithmetic. They spell many words of one syllable correctly, know the names and value of all the numerals, and sing hymns about as well as white children of like age. The progress made by these children, considering the adverse circumstances under which they are taught, is surprising, and the Piute Princess is certainly entitled to great credit for the interest she is taking in their education. The Indian Bureau should do something toward assisting this remarkable woman in her very laudable undertaking.

### **“Indian Schools.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), July 9, 1886, 3, col. 3.

#### **What Sarah Winnemucca Says of Education.**

In reply to a communication addressed to her on the subject of establishing an Indian school in Owens River Valley, the Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca writes:

Education is my “hobby” although I have little myself. It seems strange to me that the Government has not found out years ago that education is the key to the Indian problem. Much money and many precious lives would have been saved if the American people had fought my people with Books instead of Powder and lead. Education civilized your race and there is no reason why it cannot civilize mine. Indian schools are failures at many Agencies, but it is not the fault of the children, but of the teacher and interpreter. Most of [the] teachers have but one object, viz. to draw their salary. I do not think that a teacher should have no salary. But I think they should earn it first and then think of it. The most necessary thing for the success of an Indian school is a good interpreter, a perfect interpreter, a true interpreter, one that can and will do. Many Indian wars would be avoided if interpreters were only true instead of being the tool of the Agents. I speak of this only to guard you against getting an incompetent one. I attribute the success of my school not to my being a scholar and a good teacher but because I am my own Interpreter, and my heart is in my work. Little children cannot be taught except by kindness. I shall be glad to hear from you again and if you will tell me exactly what you want me to do, I will see whether I can do it or not.

**“We have referred . . .”**

*Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), July 24, 1886, 4, cols. 1–3.

We have referred already to the school for Indian children established in Nevada by the Piute woman, Princess Sarah Winnemucca. Her efforts have seemed to us to deserve encouragement. Travelers through Nevada who have seen the squalid crowds of Indian children at the stations taking eagerly scraps of food offered them at the car windows, may think that the regeneration of those people is impossible. To change this opinion it is only necessary to consider the case of Sarah Winnemucca, who, when her childhood was long past, first had opportunities for education, and improved them so well that her attainments command the respect of all white people who know her. What education has done for her it may do for a majority of the children of that tribe in which she was born a Princess, a Chief's daughter. She is very active for her people, and loses no opportunity to urge them forward in the path to civilization. Recently she sent a message to those Indians living in Inyo county, in this State, urging them to send their children to school. A copy of this letter was sent to the School Trustees of Inyo, and we invite the attention of our readers to it. She says:

[“] *Brothers and Sisters*: Hearing that you are about to start a school to educate your children, I want to say a word about it. You all know me; many of you are my aunts or cousins. We are of one race — your blood is my blood, so I speak to you for your good. I can speak five tongues — three Indian tongues, English and Spanish. I can read and write, and am a school teacher. Now I do not say this to boast, but simply to show you what can be done. When I was a little girl there were no Indian schools; I learned under great difficulty. Your children can learn much more than I know, and much easier, and it is your duty to see that they go to school. There is no excuse for ignorance. Schools are being built here and there, and you can have as many as you need; all they ask you to do is to send your children. You are not asked to give money or horses — only to send your children to school. The teacher will do the rest. He or she will fit your little ones for the battle of life, so that they can attend to their own affairs instead of having to call in a white man. A few years ago you owned this great country; to-day the white man owns it all, and you own nothing. Do you know what did it?

Education. You see the miles and miles of railroad, the locomotive, the Mint in Carson, where they make money. Education has done it all. Now, what it has done for one man it will do for another. You have brains same as the whites, your children have brains, and it will be your fault if they grow up as you have. I entreat you to take hold of this school, and give your support by sending your children, old and young, to it, and when they grow up to manhood and womanhood they will bless you.[”]

It is hard to find in all the literature of pedagogies a stronger appeal to a primitive or any other people to avail themselves of the benefits of education. Exceptionally good in its language and logical in its presentation of reasons, it constitutes not only advice to her own tribe, but it is the finest of all the genuine proofs of the capacity of the Indian intellect. We cannot help feeling that such a woman deserves help, and that her work should command support far beyond the lines of her own State. If each of the tribes could furnish only one such woman, of equal culture, sincerity and energy, their joint influence upon the future of our Indians would be greater than all the armies that can be put in the field. The Federal Government should consider her and her work. She has defended her people against the rascally treatment of its agents, but with a rare discretion has never, therefore, inflamed them against the whites. She has constantly pointed to civilization as desirable above all things, and has taught them that return to their old ways is forever impossible.

We believe that the Indian Department should found an Indian school in Nevada and put Sarah at the head of it. The cost would be small compared with the value of the experiment, and surely it would command the sympathy of all right-minded people. She has ample culture and she knows the Indian character thoroughly, while it is easy to believe that her example will be of great value in encouraging her pupils. When Indians have a white teacher there must naturally seem a great gulf between them. The pupils must often despair of ever approximating the learning which they believe came as naturally to the white man as the color of his skin. But when an Indian teacher like Sarah can say to them: “I learned this, I am an Indian, and you are as good as I am. What I learned is as possible and as easy to you,” there must be in it a superior encouragement. We do not know whether there is on this coast any organization that is charged with the interests of

these humble people. We believe Mrs. John Bidwell has done something in her vicinity toward advancing them, and she may be known to the East for her good work. If there be an organization it should bring this matter to the attention of the Government, to the end that this Indian woman may have facilities equal to her energy and to her noble spirit. It won't hurt the whites any to give their gentle and philanthropic sentiments free play in a matter that is full of interest and of genuine Christianity.

**“Sarah Winnemucca’s School.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), July 28, 1886, np, nc.

[C]ontinues open though the white school[s] have taken a vacation. Miss Alice Chapin, a teacher from the East, sent here by Miss Peabody, arrived last week, and will assist the Princess during the Summer in teaching the young Piutes. Eastern people seem to take great interest in this institution of learning, and contribute liberally toward its support. The scholars are furnished dinner each day and they are much neater in appearance than before the school opened. Many of the little girls are dressed in “Mother Hubbards” and look quite cute in this strange Eastern fashion.<sup>18</sup> From F. M. Howell, and a number of ladies who visited the school recently, your correspondent learns that the strictest order is maintained and the school is conducted in a very creditable manner.

Alfalfa

**“Princess Sarah Mad.”**

*Reese River Reveille* (Austin NV), August 2, 1886, 1, col. 4.

Lovelock, Nev., July 28.

People without giving any proof have insinuated that Naches Winnemucca, of Lovelock, has killed beef not his own, on his farm or up in the mountains, no where in particular. If any one knows anything about it let him come forward and tell it face to face like a man. If he has seen him kill or can prove anything, let him prove it in court. But if there is no proof, except that he is an Indian, and it is safe to slander him, then those who value their words will not say what they have no proof of.

Sarah W. Hopkins.

### **“They Look Very Cute.”**

*Springfield Globe Republic*, September 9, 1886, np, col. 4.

In Sarah Winnemucca’s Indian school out west, the children are all dressed in “Mother Hubbards.” The little Piutes are said to look very cute in those strange and wonderful costumes. — New York Graphic.

### **“A Sensible Talk.”**

*Reese River Reveille* (Austin NV), September 24, 1886, 1, col. 2.

At the opening of the recent fandango sugar dance, of the Piute tribe at Lovelock, Sarah Winnemucca addressed her people by telling them that these are the days of civilization; that they must be good, sober and industrious, and follow the example of their pale faced bretheren; get educated and give their children an education, so that they may become farmers, mechanics, and business men; build houses for themselves, and earn an honest living. She told them of the mu[r]derous Apaches, and their war with the whites and how it ended, and the probable fate of the leaders. She said the people and the government are friends of the Indians, and would help them if they did right and tried to help themselves.

### **“Nevada Notes.”**

*Daily Tribune* (Salt Lake City UT), November 11, 1886, np, nc [excerpt].

The Peabody Indian school at Lovelock, which was taught by Sarah Winnemucca, was closed two or three months ago. Sarah says the reason it was closed was because she had to watch her brother’s little girl during her illness, and when she died she (Sarah) did not think it right to teach school for a while after her death. She went back to Lovelock Saturday afternoon and opened the school again last Monday.

### **“Wants Protection.”**

*Reno Evening Gazette*, December 4, 1886, 2, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca writes the Silver State from Lovelock, complaining about the destruction of the Indians’ crops by the cattle and hogs belonging to white people, and asks if there is no law for the protection of the Piutes’ crops.

### Elizabeth Porter Gould, "Sarah Winnemucca's Work."

Letter, *Christian Union* (New York NY), December 23, 1886, 28, nc.

*To The Editors of The Christian Union:*

That such a vital chapter of Indian history as is Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody's recently published pamphlet should be addressed to Lyman Abbott is a compliment which the readers of *The Christian Union* will not fail to recognize. It is not only a chapter wherein is found a seed for the solution of the Indian problem, but it is an epistle full of the ingenuous, self-sacrificing, and hopeful spirit of a true American woman for the uplifting of a down-trodden race. It is imbued with a rich personality, which of its own loving power will not let the Indian go. Sarah Winnemucca *must* be encouraged; her school *must* go on; her great idea of educating her own people *must* be developed. This is the undertone of the whole letter, particularly noticeable to those familiar with Miss Peabody's own self-sacrificing efforts in that direction.

After discouragement, failure, and misunderstanding which would have disheartened a less royal soul, Miss Peabody urges anew the need of an intelligent, sympathetic help for the Indian Princess. She is confident that the failure to produce results hoped for in carrying out Sarah's idea for her people is only a temporary one. With the keen missionary instinct which overlooks all obstacles, or rather makes all such work for good toward the desired end, she sees even in Sarah's present circumstances of disappointment and pain a means of strength for still further work. In this her heart rejoices. She sends encouraging words, for the work must go on. The woman she loves and trusts in as a pioneer worker shall not lie down and die, discouraged and heartbroken. She not only continues her help, but seeks a way for others to help too. She finds at the bookbinder's copies of Sarah's "Life Among the Piutes." Knowing that this book should be read for a true knowledge of this remarkable woman and her tribe, she offers to send, postpaid, a copy of such to any one sending \$1 to her address at Jamaica Plain, Mass. The money thus received will make the "nest egg of a new fund to enable Sarah to renew her grand enterprise of making a normal school (for that is what she was doing) of Indian teachers of English, for all the tribes whose languages she knows, and who will in their turn give

their scholars, together with the civilizing English language, the industrial education that they have at the same time received while helping in the housekeeping and on the ranch.”

Miss Peabody, who has been an earnest student of the Indian question for over seventy years, thus pleads that a full-blooded Indian woman, who speaks English and Spanish besides several of her own tongue, shall be privileged to carry out her idea of leading her own people through slow but sure educational methods from darkness into light. Whether Sarah Winnemucca is permitted to go on with her work or not, the idea still remains that in educational work among the Indians, as among all down-trodden races, good *native* teachers hold within themselves a power for good which no outside influence, however able, can wholly equal.

**Elizabeth Porter Gould, “Strongly Indorsed.”**

*Christian Union* (New York NY), February 10, 1887, 28, nc.

Doubtless those readers of *The Christian Union* who have responded to Miss Peabody’s appeal for Sarah Winnemucca by sending a dollar to her address at Jamaica Plain, Mass., and receiving in return Sarah’s book, “*Life Among the Piutes*,” will be interested to know that, through such effort, Sarah’s faith in her mission has been renewed and her school reopened. With great joy she has welcomed back twenty one of her old scholars, living in and about Lovelocks, who she finds have not forgotten their former lessons, and are eager for those promised in arithmetic and geography. Four hours are used for literary exercises, and the rest of the day is given to equally instructive exercises in house keeping and knowledge of farm work. No better proof of the Indian child’s capacity to learn can be had than a well-spelled, spontaneously written letter which Miss Peabody has received from one of Sarah’s scholars, a girl of eleven, who a year ago could not speak a word of English. Some drawings of a girl of eleven and a boy of nine, also received, certainly reveal a good eye for drawing, and prove what has been stated, that the Indian’s inherent love for nature will unconsciously aid him when put to this kind of work.

So now Sarah is hard at work carrying out the idea of a full-blooded Indian educating her own people to a practical living and thinking. Though

doing this in the midst of persecution, nothing but lack of funds will stop her in her career. Shall she not have these? Cannot, at least, her books all be sold for the money they can bring? Aside from helping a worthy cause, the book which the dollar brings is unique in literature. It stands as the first published story of an Indian woman. No one can read it without being impressed with the wrongs and needs of the Indians, and also with the strong personality of Sarah herself in her work for her tribe; the woman who, Miss Peabody says in a letter just received, “continually surprises me with what she does and says, and has never disappointed me from the first day when she blazed out upon me in her lecture exclusively for women on the home education of the children of her remarkable tribe.”

**Elizabeth P. Peabody, “Sarah Winnemucca:  
Letter from Elizabeth P. Peabody.”**

*Friend's Intelligencer* (Philadelphia PA), February 19, 1887, np, nc.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., Jan. —

My Dear Miss Roberts — I received your letter and the welcome enclosure, yesterday, which ensures the continuance of Sarah Winnemucca's boarding-school into May; and I have intimation from Baltimore, of enough to continue it till September, when a new crop will enable her to make it self-sustaining for the future, her brother having now all the conditions for the self-support of his family and the school, *excepting one*. This must be supplied by May; and to it I was thinking to call the attention of the Friends of Philadelphia and New York who became interested personally in Sarah Winnemucca when she spoke there of her people's need of land to stand on and support themselves by — which had been ruthlessly taken up by the white people, of whom the Indians in Nevada never had heard till 1848, and then welcomed without money and without price to land which they did not pretend to monopolize, though they did not expect they would be left no share in it. All that time she asked only for signatures to her petition to Congress. The 180 acres on which she is now living, was the free gift of Senator Stanford, who knows the Piutes and their history and their friendly action to the whites ever since; and her friends in Boston have advanced all the means for breaking and improving and settling on

the farm, and building the schoolhouse for her, — in all about \$2000, since March, 1885. But one thing only is wanting, and that is water for irrigation, “without which, Nevada is a desert,” and with which, a fruitful land. Last year Natches (?) worked with seven other Piutes a month for the water company to buy from them the water for irrigating 60 acres; but as they do not wish an Indian to succeed in their midst as Natches was doing, they tell him it was a privilege for only one year; and it is plain he must have independent means of irrigation by digging a well, etc., that will cost nearly three hundred dollars.<sup>19</sup> I have thought that the Friends in Philadelphia and New York might get up this sum between them. They seem the most likely people to do this for the Piutes.

Sarah has always said that the Friend’s idea of the Heavenly Father as self-revealing author and guide of every human spirit, was the same religion taught by her forefathers, and which made practically intelligible and will-commanding, the history of Jesus Christ. The society at Race and Fifteenth streets will perhaps recall the remarkable outpouring to which her spirit was moved at their meeting-house one Sunday in October, 1883; when after one of the brethren had spoken of the duty of looking at ourself as our brother’s keeper, she began with saying, “Who is thy brother — is the Indian thy brother?” and then proceeded to show the Indian’s claim on his civilized brother, which was incidentally a terrible reflection upon what the Indian has actually received from his civilized brother, and a suggestion of what the latter owes to him.

Perhaps in that very society some wealthy member or members might bring forth part of what is necessary to supply her brother with the *well*; and part may be gained in New York, where she also spoke before the literary society of the East 16th street society, all of whom signed her petition. She spoke by invitation, and her pathetic narration and brilliant eloquence excited much enthusiasm; and in the conversation that ensued, the members showed that they understood all about the Indian wrongs. I remember they told her if she obtained her petition, *in terms* they did not believe anything would come of it; and this she felt, too, for throughout the more than 30 years’ history of the Piutes, Congress and the executive orders had been good; the difficulty was that nothing promised had been performed.

But now the plan is to act independently of the government; and just as Mr. Dawes has got his bill passed by both Houses, nothing can be more fortunate and conduce more to its coming to something, than the fact that there is already in successful operation an Indian community supporting and educating itself, with no agents but full blooded Indians, *such as this?*

Sarah says that the season on the western side of the Rocky Mountains is undoubtedly mild this year; and her brother is preparing to plant and seed the ground for another crop *in faith* that some of God's children will come to her help with the means of irrigation soon after. This will be the last great draft they will make on outside help. Her school consists not only of learners to read, write, cipher, draw and such things, but workers on the land and housekeepers, making the school itself self-supporting. It is really presenting an example of intelligent, industrial and mutually helpful living not unworthy of the emulation of the so-called civilized, but really savage people about them. This is acknowledged by individuals out there, as I know by letters received from strangers whom my pamphlet has stirred up to write to me. I had day before yesterday, the happiest letter I have received from her, in which she tells me of a visitation her school had from four persons: a lady from Lovelock's, the one who wrote the letter last February, telling of a visit to her that I have quoted with its seven signers in my report; a lady from San Francisco, who bought Sarah an invitation from some ladies who have a hospital in that city, to come to it whenever she is sick, free from charge; and two gentlemen, one from England and one having to do with the State schools of Nevada, who said they had visited several schools and found hers the "cleanest, best arranged, best disciplined and best taught" of any. She tells of encouraging letters she has received, and sends me two, one from the Secretary of a Society of Christian Endeavor, at Walla Walla, who says they have heard of her good attempt, and if she wants financial aid, she must write and tell the[m]. In short, there is every encouragement for completing their preparations for putting themselves in a condition to claim all the protection of the laws of the United States, and defend themselves from such outrages as that of last Fall.

Yours gratefully,  
Elizabeth P. Peabody.

### **“Gossip for the Ladies.”**

*Salt Lake Democrat*, March 19, 1887, np, col. 3 [excerpt].

Princess Sarah Winnemucca is still successfully running her school at Lovelock, Nevada. The Piute children are said to be apt scholars. The school house is on the ranch of Chief Naches, and the little boys are to be taught how to cultivate the soil. The moving spirit in these educational projects is the princess. She has long been steadily striving for the advancement of her people.

### **“Dissatisfied Indians.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), April 29, 1887, 3, col. 3.

The Indians here are dissatisfied at the course of Superintendent Davis of the Government Indian School at Grand Junction, Colorado.<sup>20</sup> They say he took three boys without the consent or knowledge of their parents. Naches says one of the boys is the son of Lee Winnemucca, who is now in San Francisco having his eyes doctored. Sarah Winnemucca says Mr. Davis wanted her to turn the Indians attending her school at Lovelock over to him, and she informed him that she had no control over them, and that he must consult their parents.

The Indians dislike to have their children taken so far away, and, in fact, the older ones are very much attached to the locality in which they were born, and most of them dread leaving the state for any purpose.

### **“An Indian Industrial School.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), June 3, 1887, 3, col. 2.

Allow me to further say that we are not alone in the way of new enterprises. Princess Sarah Winnemucca goes East to agitate the matter of getting aid for building an industrial school on Chief Naches farm at Lovelock. Naches offers to donate a 40 acre tract for that purpose. The Princess will canvass among her eastern friends for their support and influence in trying to get Government aid towards the building of such an institution. There are some 400 Indian children within the county to be educated, and Sarah believes in educating them at home. She says it is all nonsense about the

Indian children's features changing when taken from home to be educated, as some papers go so far as to say, and that their features always remain as God made them. They learn rapidly at almost any school under proper treatment, but the right place to teach them is at home in their own State amid the surroundings of their childhood, with their parents, not among strangers in some strange, distant land. Experience has taught her what her young people need, and the Government should make an appropriation and place her at the head of an Indian industrial school. So far she has conducted her school without Government aid, having received assistance from her eastern friends, among them that grand old lady — Miss Peabody. England claims Gladstone, the grand old man in the Irish cause, and America can truly claim in her the grand old lady in the cause of education.

Alfalfa.

*Reno Evening Gazette*, June 7, 1887, np, nc.

Superintendent W. I. Davis, of the Grand Junction School, with several Indian pupils, will leave here to-morrow morning for home. He is expected to take with him at least forty recruits for his excellent school. He would have done so had not Piute Natchez, and his lovely relative the far-famed Princess Sarah Winnemucca, interposed a veto. This latter idolized friend of Mrs. Horace Mann and Miss Peabody can shed crocodile tears over the misfortunes and lamentable ignorance of “my people,” but now that the opportunity offers this “patron of learning” shows her hand.<sup>21</sup> She is soon to go East to collect money to educate “my people,” but she protests against the Government educating them. She dislikes the Government and the dislike is mutual. Her dislike to the Government is her objection to “my people” being educated at the Government's expense. If Sarah could handle the Government's money as she does that of the misguided religious enthusiast there would never be a whisper by her against the Government educating the Piute people to which, unfortunately for them, she is a member.

*Idaho Avalanche* (Silver City 10), July 16, 1887, 2, col. 1.

General Howard is now furnishing the *Overland Monthly* with a history of the Bannack war. He attempts to make Sarah Winnemucca the dusky daughter of a Piute Chief, the heroine of that war. When we take into consideration

that at the time, she was said to be on the generals staff as well as during the Bannack war, we will not at the present time attempt to take away any glory which the gallant general concedes her.

**“Lovelock Notes.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), September 6, 1887, 3, col. 2 [excerpt].

Editor Silver State —

The all absorbing item of interest on the Big Meadows for the past week has been the Piute Fandango. The cars have unloaded the dusky warriors and their half breed sons and daughters until the town is filled with the perfume of the wickiup. The principal hotels, the “Sun Flower” and the leaning “Tower of Pisa,” are overflowing with guests of the Piute persuasion from north, south, east, and west. The dance has been a success thus far, notwithstanding the cold blizzard, many of the ladies and gentlemen of the Caucasian race joining in the circle kicking up as much dust as their copper colored partners, who seemed to delight in the idea of miscegenation, notwithstanding the precepts and doctrine of Capt[.] John and the Princess Sarah. The camp resembled an old fashioned darkey camp meeting of years ago in Maryland or Delaware, the shouting not being so intense nor the watermelon patch so handy, yet everything on the outside was well attended to and nothing was left undone to make the occasion one to be remembered. The speeches of blind Capt. John were equal to the best efforts of some of our local orators, not excepting Pete Peterson, Bill Moore, Pat Reid, Capt. Cook, the Preacher and some of our lady friends, (your correspondent included) or any one else who shoot their mouths off. The talk added greatly to the celebration of the anniversary, that like wash day, must come around.

**Elizabeth P. Peabody, “The Piutes: The Model School of Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Boston Daily Advertiser*, September 17, 1887, 2, cols. 1–3.

**Miss Peabody’s Latest Interest — The “New Education” and the Redman — Senator Stanford’s Gift.**

An article in the Christian Register of September 8 upon the Indian school in Montana, kept by our well-known and highly respected fellow-citizen

Mr. Bond, and supported chiefly by the Unitarians of Massachusetts, shows, probably, as good a thing as can be done by the whites in the way of educating Indians.<sup>22</sup>

But it stimulates me to make, by way of contrast, a second report of Sarah Winnemucca's school during the three years of its self-existence, inasmuch as it goes far to demonstrate that the only vital education that can be given to Indians must be given by Indians themselves who have spoken both languages from childhood, and are able to ground their methods, as she does, upon their own inherited national religion and family moralities. These, when studied into and liberally understood, illustrate in a surprising manner the principles of the so-called "new education" of [Fröbel], whose spirit and methods are in most important particulars, identical, proving his claim too in being the natural method and corresponding to the divine providence.<sup>23</sup>

Sarah Winnemucca gave a lecture exclusively to women, in Boston, in the spring of 1883, when she appeared with credentials of her character and purpose, from Gen. Howard and other reliable persons who had long known her intimately. The immediate design was to interest the unofficial people of the East, to petition congress to return to the Piutes some of their native land, out of the whole of which they had been wronged by the agents of the Indian office; and when except in the one particular of the communal tenure of land, she showed herself intent on their retaining at their own pleasure the tribal organization consecrated by their inherited social and religious customs. In this lecture she gave a minute account of the family education growing out of the intense tenderness of Indian parents to their children, whom they never strike or violently deal with, but with infinite patience take them into their own lives, by letting them help, as children always desire to do, in whatever their fathers and mothers are doing. The Piutes are unquestionably a remarkable tribe, illustrating primitive Indian life exceptionally, owing to the fact that having only known that there were whites in the world since 1848. Therefore they have escaped the demoralization of intercourse with the society in which competitive principle so predominates that it has overpowered the co-operative in which society must necessarily begin and which should qualify the opposite principle, of which she showed her appreciation by anticipating Mr. Dawes on the

point of proposing to give lands in severalty to Indians, and thus awaken individual ambition and talent and a sense of responsibility for self-support and care for their families.

But what was most interesting in her lecture to women was what she told of the cultivation the Piute customs gave to the imagination of the youth of both sexes with respect to their relations to each other and the sanctity of marriage. What she told recalled and illustrated much that has been told of the Moravian [Heckewelder] and general tradition respecting the predominant chastity of all Indians and the tenderness of their relations as brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, as well as of parents and children. Two or three hundred years of intercourse with the immigrant European nations, whom the competitive principle has reduced to comparatively unde[r] rated atoms, have sadly demoralized the Indian tribes on this side of the Rocky Mountains, whose history is told in H.H.'s "Century of Dishonor." But "among the Piutes," even unto this day, "there are no half-breeds." Parents never sell their daughters in marriage, and the women are all reserved and self-respecting, though, as Sarah Winnemucca has found since her return to Nevada three years ago, the seven previous years of homelessness and wandering, without chance for their evening family councils, has told upon some husbands who have traded with the whites by selling their wives, and broken into the grandmothers['] care of the manners of the young, and which supplemented their own mothers' care, when the duties took them away on their hunts to dress the game their husbands shot, or nurse their wounds on the warpath, or carry their dead bodies from the battlefield.

But Sarah believes that the moral inheritance of ages is still sterling and that their demoralization is skin deep, even though she has to forgive them for having lost some of their old faith in her, not blaming them, she says, because she has been made, ever since 1879, the mouthpiece and indorser of so many lying promises. Hence the gigantic efforts she has made to found and teach a home school even better than the school kept by Mrs. Charles Parish at Malheur, in which Sarah taught English during the agency of the thoroughly good and disinterested agent that was ever sent out to the Piutes among the 17 who have all been more or less actual calamities to them. This man, Samuel Parish by name, had he not been superseded in his office by the agents of the Indian offices under the lead of a conspiracy

of the neighboring settlers, would, as may be seen in the [word missing] in the sixth chapter of her “Life Among the Piutes,” have proved to be their savior, for he was entirely in good faith, and told them the land was given to them by the government for their own. He encouraged and helped them by giving each an acre or more for his own, to earn his own subsistence, not discounting their profits made by selling to the highest bidder its products in his own favor, which is the way in which the agents get rich. Indians are kept helpless wards, their self-respect crushed by supplies, which in their turn are swallowed up by the contractors, who are the least suspected but most powerful members of the Indian ring, a “hidden power” supporting agency despotism, as Mr. Tibbles the husband of Bright Eyes, has cleverly revealed in his volume with that title.<sup>24</sup>

On account of the necessary limitation of a newspaper article, I must take it for granted that the history of Sarah’s brave championship of her people’s rights to living room in their native land — to which they welcomed the whites in 1848, without price, holding it to be God’s land, as Sarah phrases it — to be shared equally by all. For a year or more she went on triumphantly making enthusiastic friends of all who became personally acquainted with her. She addressed numerous audiences in Boston and vicinity, Providence, Hartford, Pittsfield, where she was the invited guest of Mr. Dawes, New York city, at Poughkeepsie, where she went by invitation of Miss Maria Mitchell to address the students of Vassar College; also in Newburgh and Philadelphia, and finally Baltimore, where she spoke 66 times by invitation, paying her personal expenses all the way by the sale of her book, “Life Among the Piutes.” This she undertook to write immediately in the spring of 1883, on finding that she could not get audiences for a course of lectures, which were necessary in order that what she wanted should be understood. The remarkable circumstances of the production and publication of this book are given in Mrs. Horace Mann’s preface to it. She never asked for money either for herself or her people; but generally the audiences of her free lectures volunteered a contribution, and these contributions she put in the bank to be used on her projected return to Nevada in reviving the school in which she should teach English, as she had done before, and imitate a discipline in harmony with the heart, education her people inherited from their ancestry. Thousands of signatures to her petition were obtained, and it

was presented to congress and referred to committees, and after respectful interviews with her on both committees, the senate passed a bill on July 6, 1884, granting lands in severalty to the returned exiles from Yakama and Winnemucca's band on Pyramid Lake reservation; which by implication abolished the agency, and was so understood by Gen. Pope, who immediately sent a company of soldiers from the headquarters of the army of the Pacific, to warn off the usurping settlers, and despatched to the Indian bureau at Washington a message, which is in official print, saying that they "had left without resistance," and "no trouble was hereafter to be feared from them." And it was not till four months after that he learned that as soon as his soldiers' backs were turned the settlers all returned, and the agent refused to allow the Indians to claim the land which had been given, and access to the reservation, where the old status was restored. When Sarah arrived in Wadsworth she of course found herself confronted with all the old enemies. For, as had been the uniform experience of the Piutes for the 20 years previous, nothing that was promised by congress took place. The congressional bill was left to be executed by the secretary of the Interior, Mr. Teller, who utterly neglected it, in his own interest, according to the warning of Sarah, who would not have gone out, though Commissioner Price wrote to Mrs. Mann that she should do so, and that he was ready to co-operate with all her definite plans of education, for she had not a particle of confidence in the good faith of anybody in the Indian office. But at the time of the reception of Price's letter one came from Adj.-Gen. Kelton telling her that Gen. Pope had cleared the reservation, and that she must come on at once and lead her people upon it. This moved her, for Adj.-Gen. Kelton, who had been a good friend of the Piutes during his 20 years' residence out there, had, together with Gen. Pope the winter before, when she was in Baltimore, proved their friendship by writing to Gen. Sheridan proposing that the reservation connected with Fort McDaniel (which they averred was not necessary for military purposes, there being enough other forts) should be given to the remnant of Piutes, for whom it was sufficient, and that they might go upon it, being good herders and agriculturists and needing no agent over them, as Natches and Sarah were all-sufficient. This opinion, fortified by a letter from Judge Bonnifield, district attorney of Winnemucca, who had before shown himself an appreciator of Sarah's

character and that of the Piutes. This plan had not been acceded to by the war offices on account of the remonstrances of the inimical settlers, who pretended to fear incursions of the northern Indians if the reservation was so disposed of.

So Sarah went out, arriving the last of August, 1884, at Wadsworth, having met on the way her brother and his band going into the mountains for their winter stores. She had with her but a small portion of the money accumulated in the winter at Baltimore, because she had been robbed of that. (This involves a tragic story of her life that I must omit.) The little she had she was swindled out of by a man who accused her brother of a debt to him, when in truth he was the debtor to her brother; but there is no redress for the Indians in the state or United States courts. The man divined that Sarah must have money and would not let her brother be incarcerated, as the rascal threatened. She therefore arrived in Wadsworth penniless, to find herself without the office and consequent pay of teacher that she had been virtually promised. She immediately wrote to her friend, Miss Peabody, for any money she might have on her hands from the sale of her books, and obtained \$50.

The ensuing four months of martyrdom from starvation, cold and the resulting sickness, for her splendid health succumbed the first time under all her strain of mind and body, the vexations and disappointments arising from the appointment to the agency of a very talented politician, who was at the moment to be rewarded for work done in the presidential campaign. He was nominated by Senator Jones, to whom he was intimately known, having kept a gambling house six weeks at Gold Hill, where Senator Jones resides. For several years previous he had kept a faro bank at Virginia City. This man adopted the ways and spirit of the previous agent MacMasters, who had years before driven Sarah from the reservation, because as he said, he did not want any Indian on the reservation who could speak or understand English, and this while he was receiving from government a salary for a teacher of his own appointment, who contented herself as the teachers of the reservation schools generally do, with teaching by [r]ote some hymns of which the children did not understand a word, but could be trotted out to repeat if any visitor, official or unofficial, came to inspect and examine. Of course this man, Gibson by name, refused the place of teacher to Sarah

and became the most active hindrance to all her definite plans of education. She wrote to her friends that she would gladly earn money by lecturing in California, to buy a few acres of her own, where she could found a school for her brother's six children, in the hope that it would attract the children of other parents who might be doing job work for the whites in the vicinity, but every effort she made ended in a fit of sickness until in the spring of 1885, Senator Stanford deeded to Natches very unexpectedly 160 acres of land from his own. Then her female friends, with the aid of one gentleman who contributed \$100, raised out of their own private purses, \$700. These ladies thoroughly understood her educational plans, and believed she had the will and ability to carry them out. They sent canvas for tents, a wagon and draft horses, harness, agricultural tools and money to pay for surveying and fencing a part of the land, seed and some provisions to add to their pine [n]uts till something could be raised out of the ground. Immediately Natches, with two aged uncles and a young nephew, went to work with this minimum of conditions, and Sarah, in a brush arbor began her school, to which the children living within two miles of Loveloc[k]'s flocked, bringing their luncheon and staying all day, dividing it between school proper and the practical work in every way they could. She began by teaching them the military drill, with which she was familiar, for the discipline of their bodies to rythmical motion, and to sing hymns whose words she interpreted into Piute, beginning to teach them to speak, read and write English at once, also to calculate numbers and even to cipher. It was marvellous how soon she was able to send me specimens of their writing and ciphering and drawing.

"I do not have to teach them that they have a heavenly father," she writes, "for their mothers do that when they are so young that they seem to themselves to have always known of it."

She found them perfectly obedient and enthusiastically industrious, never having to threaten punishment; far less to punish them. She gave them always the initiative in conversation, as the kindergartens do their children, asking each to say something in Piute, and then telling them how to say it in English, writing in chalk upon the blackboard for them to imitate the leading words, and then find them in the books. She says they never forget these words, but write them all over fences in [L]ovelocks, and tell their

meaning in Piute to their parents, delighting to display their acquisitions. The literary work is alternated with outdoor exercises in helping on the farm, planting, weeding, sometimes digging. The school is thus an enlarged home, of which she is the recognized mother. She immediately began to exercise them in sewing on garments made from cloth sent by mail, four pounds at a time, by Eastern friends; and the boys, wanting to do all that the girls did, have also become expert and can make shirts. When in the fall they all went to the pine-nut country to get winter stores she still kept on the school mornings and evenings. It was plain that she could not keep school out of doors in the winter, and the tents were not convenient. Her Eastern friends sent out to ask her to get estimates from the dealers in materials and the carpenters of the cost of a schoolhouse, in which should also be a chamber for her, a kitchen and an eating-room, in which she could teach the girls nice housekeeping and to work. This being sent in items, corresponding money was sent to her, from which, though she was not required to do it, she sent the receipts of the dealers and the workmen, never spending a cent for anything not specified a nicety on her part that served to triumphantly exonerate her, when later she was wantonly accused of appropriating money sent to her for the improvement of the farm and to enable her to take boarders for her school, to her own use. For, from the time she first appeared in Boston, in 1883, she had been shadowed by an active, subtle, underhanded slander and persecution, got up in the interest of the agents whose nefarious action she exposed, — with names and dates defying contradiction, which never in one instance were specifically denied or openly met. This persecution was engineered the first year by the pretended friend and real enemy of the Indians, who has made himself notorious this last summer by his attempts to blacken the motives and action of Mr. Dawes, Mr. Welch and Bishop Hare with respect to their action and motives in advocating giving lands in severalty to Indians which must needs upset the Indian ring. By reason of the minute and untiring investigation of these slanders by the present writer a complete history could be given of their persecution, and of the later one by the present agent of Pyramid Lake and his victimized dupes. But it is not worth while. On the whole, it has providentially served Sarah's purpose of showing that Indians are sufficient to themselves, because in spite of it they are showing that they can support

and educate themselves, even better than others, when entirely let alone to draw on their own characteristic forces, to promote their own growth, leaving Sarah's work to be done without any help from outside of Indian resources. In both these last years — 1886 and 1887 — her brother Natches has cultivated respectively 68 and 90 acres of wheat and barley, which, but for the conspiracy to hurry its sale on 1887, would have made them able to begin this last year free from debt, and with three or four hundred dollars in hand, to begin a new year last October. This year, the surplus of the money donated with one solicitation to enable Sarah to carry on the boarding school, could be appropriated to making Natches a partner in the water company, and so permanently secure irrigation, without which Nevada is a desert; and their prospects are fair for independent self-support, while the school has in the ensuing year in all respects gone on improving in scope of instruction. In the spirit of it it needed no improvement. This spirit is joyously energetic. They turn from one thing to another with a shout of joy, and the delight with which they study geography, both of the earth and heavens, seems to create in Sarah a genius for illustration that is rare. The great object she has in view is to make her scholars teachers in their turn of all that she teaches them, and already she can make the elder ones her assistants and substitutes, and they are also inspired to make their parents companions in their acquisition of English. To read so fluently as to be able to instruct themselves by reading books on whatever they desire to know, or ought to do, is her objective point: self education is the only complete education, and it can be accomplished when children are made happy from the beginning, as *she* makes her scholars.

In my report of her school last year in my letter to Rev. Lyman Abbott, I have collected the testimony of the people in her neighborhood who were naturally attracted by the fact of her school filling up and of the principal newspapers, the *Alta California*, the *Silver State* and papers of Utah and other places. And lately Mr. Kelly of the *Silver State* has written a letter to Miss Peabody, telling of a dozen children taken violently from the Pyramid [Lake] Reservation, against the protest of their mothers, to an industrial school in Colorado, since which the parents of 400 Piute children have applied to Natches to take them to board, and go to Sarah's school, "where they would be really taught," as they say, "and not whipped or separated

from their parents.” Of course this could not be accomplished by the private aid that has established Sarah and Natches in independence, unless indeed Mr. Stanford, or some other millionaire, would crown his gift of land to Natches with this capstone, which would make it a worthy companion to his great university. But it is Sarah’s plan to go on independently and keep the day school at least, which cost her nothing but her time and the strength of her heart and mind, educating teachers like herself, who may become teachers in the government schools, transforming them from the imperfect things they now are into centres of life, such as at present few schools are, even among the whites. For it is the intrinsic superiority of Sarah’s school that the spontaneous self-education of the children themselves touches into self-activity the characteristic genius of their several natures, by the genuine respect and utter faith with which she addresses them. There is no genuine education, but self-education, as cannot be too often repeated. The scope of the literary teaching she gives is to make them so fluent readers that they can themselves use books for all specific learning, literary and even industrial. Her own literary acquisitions are not large. In her own reading she largely uses the dictionary, and often frets at the want of simplicity of diction, though never puzzled apparently at figurative or symbolic expressions. But she often says the children learn more and faster than she can teach. She herself never went to school but three weeks, when she was 12 years old. But this was an advantage, for she escaped subjection to the conventional methods of our common schools, which as Dr. Merriman of Ripon College once wittily demonstrated in a lecture to a convention of teachers, produces chronic dullness and discouragement, but having learnt the alphabet, she picked up some of the art of reading in the families of her grandfather’s white friends, where she occasionally visited. But she had the hardest kind of mental discipline by having learned to talk Spanish and English before she was 10 years old, and ever after being in the daily habit of interpreting them to the Indian and interpreting the Indian dialects she knew to the whites. But what was more important still. She inherited from her grandfather, as may be devined from the artless autobiography contained in the first chapter of her *Life Among the Piutes*, the inspiration and sense of duty to her people which generally characterises the family of an Indian chief. Such a union of moral and intellectual exercises has developed her

mind into somewhat of statesman's wisdom, while her religion, having the most characteristic features of the Christian in the most general form of the two commandments on which hang the law and the prophets, enables her to meet all practical difficulties in a manner that has not ceased to surprise her friends. Of course she sometimes makes mistakes in judging not so often the decidedly bad and unprincipled, as those who are so nearly right that, like most intuitive people, she cannot understand why they are not perfectly so, and therefore does not do perfect justice to their motives when they in their turn make mistakes in regard to her, but what is most important to her, as a teacher, is her intuition of children's innocence and originality, and claim to be educated into some thing more than machines of labor, and this entitles her to the respect and challenges the study of all the best and wisest who have undertaken the education of Indians as men.

Elizabeth P. Peabody.  
Boston, Sept. 16.

#### **“Cheated out of His Crop.”**

*Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), September 21, 1887, 3, col. 4.

Naches raised four hundred sacks of grain on his ranch near Lovelock. A scalawag white man Hopkins, he says, sold the grain, and then offered him \$30 as his share of the proceeds, although Naches and his wife had raised the grain. Naches refused to take the \$30 and Hopkins, who is the husband of Sarah Winnemucca, left for San Francisco taking all the money which he received for the grain with him.

#### **“Sarah Winnemucca's School.”**

*Friend's Intelligencer* (Philadelphia PA), November 19, 1887, np, nc.

The many friends who sympathized with and helped Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins in the earnest work she undertook, in the winter of 1883-4, for the restoration of the lands to her wronged people, with the barest conditions of self-support, will be gratified to learn that after all the disappointments that followed from the non-execution of the Senate bill of July 6th, 1884, and the persecuting opposition of the agents of the Indian ring, and her own constant illness, she has, with the minimum of conditions, secured

to her by a few private friends, who have had unswerving confidence in her plans, single-handed and alone completely succeeded, and upon the 160 acres given, in 1885, by Senator Stanford to her brother, Chief Natchez, successfully carried on a school. Begun out of doors, in a brush arbor, with teaching the six children of her brother, . . . at this moment the parents of four hundred Piute children are pressing her to take them to teach. Miss Peabody's reports of this successful school by a full-blooded Indian both for the years 1885–6 and for 1886–7, also show that Natchez, with the help of two very aged uncles, and one nephew, and such aid from Sarah's scholars (the oldest one being sixteen), has cultivated the first year sixty-three acres of barley and wheat, with several acres of vegetables; and this last year ninety acres of the same; that it is now all harvested and ready for sale, showing what Indians can do when let alone, unmolested by agents, and with the white man's chances, and, above all, the English language, as only an Indian grown up with both languages can teach. Will not somebody propose in Congress, this coming session, that appropriation be made to enable Sarah to put up some lodging-houses, and take to board those four hundred children? It would not cost so much as any of the government or denominational schools, and would have none of their disadvantages, and be wholly Indian work. — *Presbyterian Observer*.

#### **“Princess Sarah.”**

*Morning Appeal* (Carson City NV), February 29, 1888, 3, col. 4.

The Indians generally have a passion for gambling and the Princess Sarah is no exception of the rule. A Lovelock correspondent writes the Silver State that a few days ago she engaged in a game of casino at two dollars ante in which some pale faces took part. She undertook to rake in a pot which she had not won, and a fight ensued in which the Princess was worsted. She is accused of using language more forcible than polite, hence the fight.

#### **“The Army.”**

*Daily Morning Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), March 27, 1888, 2, col. 4.

Major General Howard and Lieutenant Greble, Aide-de-camp, returned yesterday from a short trip to Nevada, where they went to make investigation

regarding the condition of some of the Piute Indians. They went to Lovelocks and there inspected the school for Indian children, maintained by Sarah Winnemucca. There are many Piutes in that region who cannot be confined to the reservations at Pyramid Lake and other points in Northern Nevada. They wander about making a living in doing all kinds of work for the ranchers. An effort is to be made to have some of these wanderers go back to the reservations provided for them.

**“Table Gossip.”**

*Boston Daily Globe*, August 26, 1888, 13, col. 2.

The Indian princess and advocate, Winnemucca, is visiting the venerable Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody at Jamaica Plain.<sup>25</sup>

**“Briefs.”**

*Salt Lake Herald*, January 3, 1889, 3, col. 3.

Chief Natchaz and Captain Charles, two big Piute Indians, were the centre of attraction at the Union Depot last evening. They were quite intelligent Indians, and conversed easily in English with the bystanders. They were here in answer to the telegram from Sarah Winnemucca, the queen of their tribe, who was expected home from Baltimore, Md., where she has been visiting relatives the past seven months. She failed to arrive via the U. P. No. 1, but they thought she might be in on the D. & R. G. at 6.30, or perhaps the “flyer,” at 11.45. That she would be there last evening, they had no doubt, for the lightning had been sent to tell them, and Chief Natchez, who is a brother of the noted lady, proudly exhibited a telegram to that effect.

**“Current Comment.”**

*Abilene Reflector*, January 24, 1889, np, col. 1.

A curious idiosyncrasy is said to have possessed Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, the last of a circle of eminent men and women. She is eighty-six years old and, although surrounded by intellectual friends of both sexes, she devotes herself exclusively to Sarah Winnemucca, an untutored Indian woman, even sharing her room with her.

### **“A Piute Prophet.”**

*Daily Examiner* (San Francisco CA), March 22, 1889, np, nc.

The Piute Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, is in town. She says a prophet has risen among the Indians at Walker Lake, and is creating some excitement among the ignorant and most credulous Piutes. He says the spirits of all the Piute warriors who have died in the last five hundred years are to return to the earth and resume their old forms. They have condemned the whites and the Indians who write or speak their language or adopt their customs and will exterminate them from the earth.

The Princess, who speaks English fluently, and is quite an intelligent woman, laughs at the dire prophecy, and does not believe such nonsense, though some members of the tribe do. — *Winnemucca, Nevada, Silver [State]*.

### **“Combatting Superstition.”**

*Reno Evening Gazette*, March 25, 1889, 3, col. 2.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca came in from Humboldt last evening and had a long talk with Johnson Sides and other Piutes relative to the fraudulent prophet of Walker River, who is telling the Indians of that locality that the braves of former ages are soon to reappear on the earth to destroy all Indians who have adopted the habits of white people. Sarah and all the better informed of her tribe do not believe in any such foolishness.

### **“After Many Years.”**

*Reno Evening Gazette*, July 6, 1889, 3, col. 4.

#### **Sarah Winnemucca Finds Her Brother, Who Is Worth \$800.**

Captain Truckee, a Piute chief, grandfather of Naches and Sarah Winnemucca, went as guide with the Fremont expedition to California. He afterwards returned to his tribe and took some of his immediate relations over the big mountains to the Santa Clara valley. Among these, says the *Silver State*, were Naches and Sarah Winnemucca and a brother, who was stolen or separated from the family in some way. He was given the name of William Ferguson, and after he grew to man's estate worked in various parts of the State. Having a vague recollection of his people, he

made inquiries as to their whereabouts, and ascertained that they were at Lovelock. He disposed of some horses which he owned and came to Lovelock, where he met his brother and sister and gave Sarah \$800 in gold to keep for him. Yesterday she deposited \$700 of the amount in the First National Bank to the credit of her brother, who is now working on Captain Marzen's ranch.

### **“Unrelenting Braves.”**

*Weekly Gazette and Stockman* (Reno NV), October 10, 1889, 8, col. 1.

#### **They Want Tuscarora Jake to Stretch Hemp.**

A council of Shoshone Indian braves was held at Elko last week.<sup>26</sup> Tuscarora Jake, the Indian thug, is in jail for the murder of two members of his tribe. The relatives and friends of Jake offered to give the relatives of the murdered men a certain number of ponies, blankets and money if they would consent to have him set at liberty, and to put up a number of ponies as indemnity for the future good behavior of Jake.

The relatives of the murdered men refused the offer, and said that Jake ought to be hanged, as he not only killed members of his own tribe, but a Chinaman also, for which another and an innocent Indian was sent to State Prison. The head men of the tribe concluded that Jake should be punished as an example and a warning to Indians who are disposed, while drunk, to murder members of their own tribe or others who happen in their way. They think Jake is guilty of a cold-blooded murder and ought to be publicly hanged, so that Indians and whites could see him die. Sarah Winnemucca and Nachez attended the council.

### **“The City in Brief.”**

*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, November 19, 1889, np, col. 1 [excerpt].

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, so-called, is in the city and a guest of the Cottage hotel. Her husband, late a lieutenant in the United States army, recently died, and his widow is draped in deep mourning. The princess carries her years well, notwithstanding the vicissitudes which she has encountered in her life's journey.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Chloride Belt* (Candelaria NV), January 7, 1891, 2, col. 2.

Sarah Winnemucca writes a letter to a San Francisco paper deprecating the outbreak in South Dakota, and says the Pyramid Lake Indians are more blamable than others although the Walker river Piutes are accused of helping to get up the Messiah craze also. We excerpt from her letter as follows: “My brother and I have looked for this trouble for two or three years, knowing the cunning of bad Indians, and we told our people so long ago. Because of our warnings and not believing what they say of a crazy preacher, we have made our own people to hate us. The Pyramid Lake reservation Indians have been the cause of most of it. By preaching to all Indians that came to see them about the Messiah, telling them that he was God himself and that he was going to exterminate the white people and the Indians were God’s children, and that he was going to make them all young again and the dead were coming back to the earth, they raised great excitement. This kind of news has gone out to all the Indian tribes from Pyramid Lake reservation and Walker river, so the Indians from east and north come to see the Piutes’ father, as they call him.”

### **“Water Turned In.”**

*Standard* (Ogden City UT), April 7, 1891, 1, col. 2 [excerpt].

The great Indian ruler, Sarah Winnemucca of Nevada, passed through Ogden last evening on her way to Monida, Idaho, on special business.<sup>27</sup> She was accompanied by her sister. The two women can talk English as prettily as any one. Sarah is a great character and is very wealthy. She rules all of the Nevada tribes and lobbys for them in Congress, in many cases obtaining a much larger grant of clothing and rations.

### **“Sarah Winnemucca Dead.”**

*Elmira Gazette and Free Press*, October 27, 1891, 1, col. 2.

#### **The Piute Princess a Remarkable Woman — She Has Lectured in the East.**

San Francisco, Oct. 27. — Captain Warner, United States Indian Agent for Nevada, has received a dispatch informing him of the death of Sarah

Winnemucca, the Piute Princess. The Piute Princess was a remarkable woman. When a child she was taken by her grandfather, Captain Truckee, who piloted John C. Fremont across the Sierra Nevada, to San Jose, Cal. She attended the Sister's School Mission at San Jose and acquired a fair knowledge of the English language. Subsequently she returned to her tribe and acted as interpreter when Gen. Crook made peace with the Northern Piutes, and made arrangements by which the reservation was established for the Piutes and Weisers at Malheur Lake, Oregon. From Malheur Lake she accompanied General O. O. Howard on his expedition against the Bannocks in 1878, and afterward went East and under the auspices of Elizabeth Peabody lectured through New England and published "Life Among the Piutes," a volume of 300 pages. She taught an Indian school, which was supported by Miss Peabody and other Eastern philanthropists. Twenty years ago she married Lt. Bartlett, who was stationed at Fort McDermott, and went with him to Wyoming. He was dismissed from the service and Sarah returned West. Afterwards she married a soldier named Hopkins, who accompanied her on a lecturing tour through the East, and spent all the money she had made. He was a well educated, handsome young man, but a confessed gambler. He died some years ago and since then, till her recent visit to Montana, Sarah has lived with her tribe on the ranch near Lovelocks given her and her brother by the Southern Pacific Railway company.

**"Sarah Winnemucca."**

*Bozeman Chronicle*, October 28, 1891, np, nc.

**The Death of a Noted Indian Woman,  
With a Sketch of Her Somewhat Interesting Life.**

Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, well known in this country, after eating a hearty meal on Tuesday, the 17th, suddenly expired in great pain. This was at Henry's Lake, one hundred and twenty miles away from Bozeman, and almost as far away from a doctor. As a result, the nature of the disease which carried this notable woman away, is not, and may never be known.

Sarah was born somewhere near 1844 and she was a very small child when she saw the first white man. Her people were scattered at that time nearly all over the territory now known as Nevada.

Her grandfather was chief of the entire Piute nation and was camped near Humboldt lake, when the first white people were seen going through to California. This old Piute, as soon as he learned that the whites were in sight, made haste to welcome them, but was stood off and the old man's heart was sore therea[fter]. Three years after the old man had better success for he met "The Pathfinder," and was christened by Fremont as "Captain Truckee," which means when interpreted, that Truckee was a good Indian. Sarah being an extraordinarily intelligent person was sent by her people to Washington in 1882, where she presented a petition asking that the tribe be restored Malheur reservation, in consideration of the services of her grandfather in guiding Gen. Fremont to California.<sup>28</sup> Sarah acted for Gen. Howard's department as guide and interpreter during the Bannock and Piute war and was highly complimented by him for her compassionate services. During this war she was instrumental in bringing her father and his immediate band of Indians out of the hostile Bannock camp near Juniper lake, Oregon in 1878; after which she remained with Gen. Howard's command and did good service in inducing Indians to come in and surrender.

She taught an Indian school at Vancouver Barracks for one year, and lectured for some time in the east upon the wrongs her people had sustained by the invasion of the whites and the "peace policy" of the government, which took the Indians away from their home and scattered them over the country. She also wrote a book, which had a large sale. All in all, Sarah was a remarkable woman, although of late years she has not been heard of.

**"Late News Items."**

*Muskogee Phoenix*, October 29, 1891, 2, col. 3.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, is dead. She was well known in the east, having been on lecturing tours.

**"Sarah Winnemucca."**

*Los Angeles Times*, October 29, 1891, 5, col. 1.

**Death of the Princess of a Nevada Indian Tribe.**

San Francisco, Oct. 28. [By the Associated Press.]

Information has reached here that Sarah Winnemucca, princess of the

Piute Indians, died at Monida, Mont., while visiting relatives. Her father was, during his lifetime, chief of the tribe, and she had an eventful life, serving as a[n] intermediary in many disputes between her tribe and the whites. So great was her desire to benefit her kindred that she took service with white families of the Comstock region in Nevada, and with her wages bought books to educate herself. She acquired the English and Spanish languages and wrote many articles for the papers, besides publishing books designed to show the difference in the condition of the Indians before the whites encroached on their territory. She delivered lectures in the Eastern States as well as throughout the West, in which she took the ground that the Indians would fare better if Military Officers, instead of civilian were appointed as Indian agents.

She was twice married, her first husband being Lieut. Bartlett, who was stationed at Camp McDermott, and from whom she secured a divorce. About eight years ago she was married in this city to Mr. Hopkins, a commissary clerk.

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Chicago Herald*, October 31, 1891, 4, col. 6.

Sarah Winnemucca, the dead Piute Princess, will be remembered well in many a New England town. She was remarkably successful as a lecturer. — *Boston Globe*

The death of Sarah Winnemucca removes an interesting character in Indian life. Sarah was not as picturesque as her old playmate, Shacknasty Jim, but she enjoyed all the disadvantages which education brings to the noble aborigine, and her life was one regret that she was a little too copper colored for a Caucasian and a little too lum-tum for an Indian.<sup>29</sup> — *Kansas City Star*

Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, whose death in Montana is announced made considerable money some years ago by a lecturing tour through the eastern states. She was accompanied by her husband a handsome young army officer, who spent all her money with enthusiastic promptness. It was on the cards at the time that he dearly loved a quiet game. — *Philadelphia Ledger*

[Obituaries for Sarah Winnemucca appeared across the United States, including in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, Fort Worth's *Daily Gazette*, the *Daily*

*Sentinel* of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* (all on October 28); and *Iola Register* in Kansas (November 3). — Eds.]

**“Sarah Winnemucca.”**

*Daily Herald* (Clyde NT), November 3, 1891, 1, col. 6.

**The Famous Piute Princess Dead after a Most Romantic Career.**

A dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., says Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, is dead. When a child she was taken by her grandfather, Captain Truckee, who piloted John C. Fremont across the Sierra Nevada. She acquired a fair knowledge of English, then returned to her tribe, and acted as interpreter when General George Crook made peace with the Northern Piutes.

She accompanied General O. O. Howard on his expedition against the Bannocks in 1878, and afterward went East, and under the auspices of Miss Elizabeth Peabody lectured through New England, and published “Life Among the Piutes,” a volume of 300 pages. She taught an Indian school, which was supported by Miss Peabody and other Eastern philanthropists. About twenty years ago she married Lieutenant Bartlett and went with him to Wyoming. He was dismissed from the service, and Sarah returned West. Afterward she married a soldier named Hopkins, an inveterate gambler. Since his death she has lived with her tribe.

Her influence over her people was wonderful, and when the “ghost dancers” came from Pine Ridge last year to induce the Piutes to join them, she persuaded her tribe to send messengers back with the answer that the Piutes were contented. Her main purpose in life was to have the Piutes removed to a reservation far from the cattle settlements of the whites, where they couldn’t get liquor, and to have the Government give them aid in farming, but she did not live to accomplish this work.

**“The Piute Princess.”**

*Daily Herald* (Helena MT), November 4, 1891, 6, col. 1.

**Death of Sarah Winnemucca at Monida, Montana.**

Sarah Winnemucca, the princess of the Piutes, died suddenly on the 16th of last month at Monida, Montana, while on a visit to a sister at that place.

Sarah Winnemucca was the most famous Indian woman of the Pacific coast, because of her efforts to improve the condition of her tribe and to teach the Indian department a little common sense. Her work was mainly fruitless, because of the pigheaded opposition of Indian agents, whom she detested, but her life is noteworthy for what she accomplished in self-education, as well as for what she tried to do toward the elevation of the Indian.

Sarah Winnemucca, though the daughter of the old chief of the Piutes, Nevada, had no more advantages than any Indian maiden of her tribe. That she did not live out her days in a wickiup on the Pyramid lake or Walker river reservation, ignorant, dirty, ragged, with no thought beyond preparing the scanty food for her family, was due entirely to her own efforts. She was a remarkable specimen of self-education, for, unaided, she gained a good knowledge of the English language, which she spoke fluently and wrote with ease. She picked up this education while working in the families of white settlers on the Comstock. She readily adopted American customs, to the great disgust of many of her tribe. When she grew to womanhood, so great was her desire to get an education and to do something to lift her tribe out of its degradation, that she took in washing and bought books with the money that she earned.

Sarah had an eventful life judged by civilized standards. She served as intermediary in many disputes between the whites and her tribe, and in the Bannock war she rendered valuable aid to the Government and saved the greater part of her people from casting their fortune with that rebellious tribe. Twice she was married. The first venture was with a Lieutenant Bartlett of the army, who was stationed at Camp McDermot, where Sarah was employed as interpreter. The couple eloped to Salt Lake, as Natchez, Sarah's brother, swore she should not marry a white mad man. Sarah's husband was very dissipated, and after helping support him for several years she obtained a divorce in Oregon.<sup>30</sup> About eight years ago she was again married in this city to Mr. Hopkins, a commissary clerk.

**“Princess Winnemucca.”**

*Standard* (Anaconda MT), November 10, 1891, 7, cols. 1–3.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca, who died recently in this state, was a remarkable woman in many respects and a prominent feature in the Indian relations

of the Pacific coast for the past quarter of a century. She had but one idea, and that was the civilization of her people. She was a daughter of old Chief Winnemucca of the great Piute tribe, which included the Bannacks, Sheep-eaters, Weisers, Malheurs and all the Snake River Indians, who committed so many depredations in early days in Oregon and Idaho. Winnemucca and the whole family were ever true to the whites, and, so far as their jurisdiction extended, forced their tribes to peace. Col. Frank J. Parker, editor of the *Walla Walla Statesman*, tells how she saved his life and that of his companions in the Malheur country in the spring of 1878: "Sarah was then on her way to the Malheur reservation in the vain endeavor to prevent the reservation Indians there from going on the war path with Buffalo Horn. One night one of the horses of her team got away, and to help her out we loaned a young fellow who was along with her one of our horses to hunt the lost one. Charles Robinson of this city and a boy were along with us at the time, and for the help we rendered her we always gave her credit for saving our little company from being killed. The Indians had already donned their war paint and we were in their midst. The very day we arrived on the reservation everything was looking dark. Sarah was all the time in consultation with Chief Eagan and sent for us.<sup>31</sup> Going to her wickiup, she introduced us to Eagan and intimated that we had better get, and stand not upon the order of getting. As we only had one gun among our crowd the advice was taken. After this Sarah joined Howard's outfit and followed him throughout the Bannack campaign as a guide and possible interpreter, in case of a desire to surrender on the part of the hostiles. When the war ended she was in great demand by the interior department authorities, and did good work in having the remnants of her tribe removed to various other reservations where they could do no mischief. She was the only Indian woman on this coast who ever took a prominent part in settling the Indian question, and as such her memory should be respected."

## NOTES

### INTRODUCTION

- A. LaVonne Brown Ruoff, "Three Nineteenth-Century American Indian Autobiographers," in H. David Brumble, *Redefining American Literary History*, ed. A. LaVonne Brown Ruoff and Jerry W. Ward Jr. (New York: Modern Language Association, 1990), 251–69.
1. Robert Dale Parker, "Introduction: The World and Writings of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft," in *The Sound the Stars Make Rushing through the Sky: The Writings of Jane Johnston Schoolcraft*, ed. Robert Dale Parker (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2007), ix.
  2. From this point on we follow most scholars in referring to her as Sarah Winnemucca for consistency. Yet it should be noted that Winnemucca typically used the name Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins after her marriage to Hopkins.
  3. See Nina Baym, Jerome Klinkowitz, Arnold Krupat, Mary Loeffelholz, Jeanne Campbell Reesman, and Patricia B. Wallace, *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*, 7th ed., 5 vols. (New York: Norton, 2007), and Paul Lauter, general ed., *The Heath Anthology of American Literature*, 5th ed., 5 vols. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2006).
  4. There is no consensus about whether the term "Native American" or "American Indian" is preferable. We tend to use the latter.
  5. "The Integrity of American Indian Claims (Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love My Hybridity)," in Jace Weaver, Craig S. Womack, and Robert Warrior, *American Indian Literary Nationalism* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006), 91–178.
  6. "The Princess Sallie," *Silver State*, February 16, 1880, this volume, 121. See also "Her Own Work," *Silver State*, February 17, 1880, this volume, 121.
  7. "The Princess Sallie," *Silver State*, February 16, 1880, this volume, 121.
  8. Mary Elizabeth Mann, "Preface," in Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, *Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims* (1883; repr., Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1994), 2; Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, "Review of Current Literature," *Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine*, November 20, 1883, this volume, 197–99.

9. Phillip H. Round, *Removable Type: Histories of the Book in Indian Country, 1663–1880* (Chapel Hill NC: University of North Carolina Press, 2010), 179. In his analysis Round draws upon Pierre Bourdieu.
10. Regarding authorship, see Eric Gary Anderson, “Indian Agency: Life of Black Hawk and the Countercolonial Provocations of Early Native American Writing,” *ESQ: A Journal of the American Renaissance* 52, no. 1–2 (2006): 75–104. See also Hilary E. Wyss, *Writing Indians: Literacy, Christianity, and Native Community in Early America* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2000). Regarding authenticity, see Paige Raibmon, *Authentic Indians: Episodes of Encounter from the Late-Nineteenth-Century Northwest Coast* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2005); Elizabeth Cook-Lynn, *Why I Can’t Read Wallace Stegner and Other Essays: A Tribal Voice* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1996); Gerald Vizenor, *Manifest Manners: Narratives on Postindian Survivance* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994); Richard Scott Lyons, *X-Marks: Native Signatures of Assent* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2010); Weaver, Womack, and Warrior, *American Indian Literary Nationalism*, 91–178. Regarding performance of American Indian identity to non-Native audiences, see Vizenor, *Manifest Manners*; Malea Powell, “Princess Sarah, the Civilized Indian: The Rhetorics of Cultural Literacies in Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins’s *Life among the Piutes*,” in *Rhetorical Women: Roles and Representations*, eds. Hildy Miller and Lillian Bridwell-Bowles (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2005), 63–80; Malea Powell, “Rhetorics of Survivance: How American Indians Use Writing,” *College Composition and Communication* 53, no. 3 (2002): 396–434; Robert F. Berkhofer Jr., *The White Man’s Indian: Images of the American Indian from Columbus to the Present* (New York: Vintage, 1978); Brian W. Dippie, *The Vanishing American: White Attitudes and U.S. Indian Policy* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1982); Joshua David Bellin, *The Demon of the Continent: Indians and the Shaping of American Literature* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001); and, Susan Scheckel, *The Insistence of the Indian: Race and Nationalism in Nineteenth-Century American Culture* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1998). Regarding translation, see David Murray, *Forked Tongues: Speech, Writing and Representation in North American Indian Texts* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1991). See also Eric Cheyfitz, *The Poetics of Imperialism: Translation and Colonization from the Tempest to Tarzan* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991). Regarding assimilation, see Siobhan Senior, *Voices of American Indian Assimilation and Resistance* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2001). See also Ed Whitley, “‘The First White Aboriginal’: Walt Whitman and John Rollin Ridge,” *ESQ: A Journal of the American Renaissance* 52, nos. 1–2 (2006): 105–39.
11. The editors plan to develop a website to be updated with additional articles as they become available.

12. Fowler notes: "Sarah continually stressed that her father was 'chief of all the Piutes,' a point of controversy for latter-day ethnographers and ethnohistorians." Catherine Fowler, "Sarah Winnemucca, Northern Paiute, ca. 1844–1891," in *American Indian Intellectuals of the Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries*, ed. Margot Liberty (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002), 34. The dominant culture's need for a representational (and pliable) chief was typical. The *Boston Evening Transcript* article of April 20, 1883 (this volume, 000), makes this desire clear as it relates to Winnemucca, stating that the Paiute people are "intelligent and willing to work, and perfectly obedient to the wishes of [Sarah Winnemucca]."
13. Portions of this paragraph are taken from Cari M. Carpenter, *Seeing Red: Anger, Sentimentality, and American Indians* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2008), 88. See Sally Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001), 79, and Martha C. Knack and Omer C. Stewart, *As Long as the River Shall Run: An Ethnohistory of Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), 79.
14. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 83.
15. Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 5. For more discussion of this story, see Cari M. Carpenter, "Sarah Winnemucca and the Re-Writing of Nation," in *Racially Writing the Republic: Racists, Race Rebels, and Transformations of American Identity*, ed. Bruce Baum and Duchess Harris (Durham NC: Duke UP, 2009), 112–27, and A. LaVonne Brown Ruoff, "Reversing the Gaze: Early Native American Images of Europeans and Euro-Americans," in *Native American Representations: First Encounters, Distorted Images, and Literary Appropriations*, ed. Gretchen M. Bataille (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001), 198–223.
16. Gae Whitney Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1983), 11; Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 47.
17. See "Winnemucca and the Suffering Tribe of Pah-Utes," August 22, 1864, this volume, 31–33.
18. Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 70. The newspaper record gives conflicting accounts of her schooling. In an article in the *Daily Alta California*, Winnemucca describes her time in a Santa Clara school as the happiest of her life (see "An Indian Princess in the Sagebrush," August 29, 1870, this volume, 42–44). The *Nevada State Journal* quotes her saying that she went to the Convent of Notre Dame in San Jose in 1861 and stayed for three years until her brother asked her to return home ("The Indian Princess," February 12, 1873, this volume, 49–54). A *Daily Territorial Enterprise* reports her saying that she and two sisters attended school in a San Jose school for seven years ("The Piute Princess," January 14, 1875, this volume, 59–61). Zanjani, relying on *Life among the Piutes* and the newspaper record, notes that Truckee asked a white man to take Sarah and her sister Elma

- to a convent school in California (Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 68). Canfield describes the inconsistencies in Winnemucca's account of her schooling (*Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 31).
19. See, for example, "Wrongs of the Piute Indians," October 23, 1883, this volume, 183–86.
  20. "City Items," *Daily Alta California*, October 22, 1864, this volume, 34–35; portions of this paragraph are taken from Carpenter, *Seeing Red*, 89–90.
  21. "Winnemucca and the Suffering Tribe of Pah-Utes," August 22, 1864, this volume, 31–33.
  22. "An Indian Girl's Essay on the Indian Question," April 23, 1870, this volume, 38–39; "Sarah Winnemucca," May 7, 1870, this volume, 40.
  23. "Sarah Winnemucca," May 7, 1870, this volume, 40.
  24. Carolyn Sorisio analyzes Winnemucca's response to U.S. English-only assimilation policies in "Sarah Winnemucca, Translation, and US Colonialism and Imperialism," *MELUS* 37, no. 1 (2012): 35–60.
  25. "The First Piute War," February 24, 1875, this volume, 62–63.
  26. "Suffering Indians," February 12, 1875, this volume, 61–62.
  27. "The Piute Indians," May 16, 1872, this volume, 46–47.
  28. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 153–88.
  29. David H. Brumble, *American Indian Autobiography* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 66.
  30. "The Latest from Idaho," June 13, 1878, this volume, 69.
  31. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 221. Sarah's father also advocated for his people at the time, urging General McDowell to restore them to Pyramid Lake Reservation. See "Chief Winnemucca," *Evening Telegram* (New York), June 27, 1879: 3.
  32. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 166; "Scalping an Indian Agent," *Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), December 16, 1879: 1.
  33. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 167; "The Wrongs of the Red Men," December 30, 1879, this volume, 110–11.
  34. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 205.
  35. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 171–74; 182–85.
  36. Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 235.
  37. "Local Intelligence," January 5, 1880, this volume, 112.
  38. "Sarah Winnemucca," May 20, 1880, this volume, 124–125.
  39. "A Royal Visitor," September 29, 1881, this volume, 133.
  40. "A Royal Wedding," December 8, 1881, this volume, 133.
  41. Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 151; Carpenter, *Seeing Red*, 104.
  42. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 109.
  43. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 69, and Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 65.

44. "Camp McDermit Notes," February 24, 1877, this volume, 68. See also "News Items from Nevada," *Daily Evening Bulletin* (San Francisco CA), March 10, 1877.
45. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 144; Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 163.
46. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 144, 115, and "A Royal Wedding," December 8, 1881, this volume, 133.
47. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 228.
48. "Indian Agents to Be Denounced," *New York Times*, December 18, 1881: 5.
49. "Princess Sarah Winnemucca," January 14, 1882, this volume, 137.
50. Zanjani speculates that this essay was written in 1880 (*Sarah Winnemucca*, 226), while Senier believes it may originally have been a lecture (*Voices of American Indian Assimilation*, 105–16).
51. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 194.
52. See this volume: Elizabeth Peabody letter, "The Princess Winnemucca," *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 14, 1883, 163–65; "Plea for the Piutes," March 2, 1883, 149–50; "An Indian Girl's Appeal," March 2, 1883, 151.
53. In 1877 the Indian Bureau forced the Poncas from their Dakota lands due to an error on the bureau's part. The Poncas arrived in their new territory, after a removal marked by sickness and death, to a lack of prepared housing and an unhealthy climate. When Chief Standing Bear's son died in 1878, he left Indian Territory to bury him in their Dakota homeland, along with several dozen other Poncas. The U.S. government sent soldiers to force the Poncas to return to Indian Territory. At that point General George Crook enlisted the help of Omaha *Herald* editor Thomas Tibbles, who publicized the injustices against the Poncas and became an advocate for them. A group of sympathizers engaged prominent lawyers to litigate the case (*Standing Bear v. General Crook*), on the grounds that Indians were persons deserving of the right of habeas corpus. Eventually they won the case, but the matter was not settled. See John M. Coward, *The Newspaper Indian: Native American Identity in the Press, 1820–90* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1999), 201–10. See also Dorothy Clarke Wilson, *Bright Eyes: The Story of Susette La Flesche, an Omaha Indian* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1974), 160–249.
54. Coward, *Newspaper Indian*, 222.
55. *The People and the Word: Reading Native Nonfiction*, Indigenous Americas Series (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2005), 75–76.
56. See, for example, this volume: "An Amazonian Champion of the Army," May 1883, 156; "Local Intelligence," *Berkshire County Eagle* (Pittsfield MA), October 4, 1883, 177–78; "Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins," October 5, 1883, 178–79. See also Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 244.
57. Senier, *Voices of American Indian Assimilation*, 80. See also "Princess Winnemucca on the Treatment of the Indians," May 3, 1883, this volume, 157–59; "Massachusetts

- Indian Association," May 3, 1883, this volume, 157; and Peabody's letter to Edwin Munroe Bacon in Bruce A. Ronda, *Letters of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody: American Renaissance Woman* (Middletown CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1984), 414.
58. "The Piute Princess," December 24, 1879, this volume, 105-7.
  59. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 201.
  60. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 247.
  61. "An Amazonian Champion of the Army," May 1883, this volume, 156.
  62. Francis Paul Prucha, *The Great Father: The United States Government and the American Indians*, vol. 2 (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984), 628-29.
  63. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 248. See Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 258, for additional information about attacks on Winnemucca. Malea Powell analyzes Winnemucca's rhetorical response to these charges in "Sarah Winnemucca: Her Wrongs and Claims," in *American Indian Rhetorics of Survivance: Word Medicine, Word Magic*, ed. Ernest Stromberg (Pittsburgh PA: University of Pittsburgh Press, 2006), 69-94.
  64. Mary Mann letter, "The Slandered Piutes," November 15, 1883, this volume, 195-96.
  65. "Justice to Sarah Winnemucca," May 7, 1884, this volume, 210-11.
  66. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 243, and also "Princess Winnemucca on the Treatment of the Indians," May 3, 1883, this volume, 157-59.
  67. "Sarah Winnemucca," September 16, 1884, this volume, 215.
  68. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 280.
  69. Ronda, *Letters*, 398. See also Jane Marsh Parker, "Elizabeth Peabody," *Outlook*, February 3, 1894, 214-15.
  70. See "The Case of Sarah Winnemucca," January 23, 1886, this volume, 258-59.
  71. *Reno Evening Gazette*, June 7, 1887, this volume, 272.
  72. "Address of Princess Winnemucca," May 3, 1883, this volume, 159-60.
  73. See Elizabeth Peabody letter, "The Indians' Tribal Relation," *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 22, 1883, this volume, 167-68.
  74. "Table Gossip," August 26, 1888, this volume, 285. An item in the *Salt Lake Herald* indicates that "Sarah Winnemucca, the queen of their tribe . . . was expected home from Baltimore, Md., where she has been visiting relatives the past seven months." Therefore it seems reasonable to conclude that Winnemucca visited Peabody in August 1888 (see "Briefs," January 3, 1889, this volume, 285).
  75. "The Story of Piute Wrongs," October 4, 1883, this volume, 176-77.
  76. "Princess Winnemucca," October 31, 1883, this volume, 189-90. "Review of Current Literature," Rev. of *Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*, Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, November 20, 1883, this volume, 197-99.
  77. "Life among the Piutes," November 6, 1883, this volume, 193-94.
  78. "Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins," October 5, 1883, this volume, 178-79.
  79. See "Princess Winnemucca on the Treatment of the Indians," May 3, 1883, this volume, 157-59.

80. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 212.
81. "The Piute Princess," December 5, 1883, this volume, 199–200.
82. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 251.
83. Powell, "Princess Sarah," 415.
84. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 224–25. In 1994 the tribe officially changed its name and the name of its reservation from Yakima to Yakama. The name of the town and county in Washington State has always been spelled Yakima. We use the spelling that Winnemucca uses throughout her book (Yakima).
85. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 232–44, and Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 255–83.
86. *Silver State* (Unionville NV), "Sending Piutes to School," April 25, 1887, 1, col. 2.
87. Quoted in Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 289n20.
88. Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, *The Piutes: Second Report of the Model School of Sarah Winnemucca, 1886–1887* (Cambridge: John Wilson and Son, 1887), 3.
89. Ronda, *Letters*, 397.
90. Peabody, *The Piutes*, 16.
91. It is somewhat unclear when the school actually closed; Zanjani reports it still had fifteen or sixteen students in February 1889. See *Sarah Winnemucca*, 285–86.
92. A number of articles mention Natches; few of these appear here because of space concerns. For information about his political views, see, for example, "A Chief of the Piutes," February 6, 1886, this volume, 259. For a speech he gave when meeting with Secretary Schulz in Washington DC, see "The Piutes in Washington," January 31, 1880, this volume, 118–20.
93. "Cheated out of His Crop," September 21, 1887, this volume, 283.
94. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 277.
95. For more information about Winnemucca's complicated relationships with eastern reformers, see William T. Hagan, *The IRA: The Herbert Welsh Years 1882–1904* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1985), 86.
96. "The Piutes' Crops," *Columbus Journal*, March 4, 1887. See this volume: "Gossip for the Ladies," March 19, 1887, 271, and "Princess Sarah," February 29, 1888, 284.
97. See "Local Intelligence," January 5, 1880, this volume, 112.
98. An article in the *Salt Lake Herald* also signals Winnemucca's presence in popular culture of the day. The writer, a miner, describes his latest adventure in a light tone, ending with a reference to her: "We have grub enough at this depot to last us for two or three hours and think now of sending men, disguised as Indians, to get supplies — myself as Sarah Winnemucca Miner as Pocahontas and Van Natti as Jibb. Our faces may need a little yellow ochre or vermilion, but our wardrobe will fit the bill." See "On the Underground," *Salt Lake Herald*, April 29, 1885.

99. Regarding Occom, see Sandra M. Gustafson, *Eloquence Is Power: Oratory and Performance in Early America* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2000), 91. Regarding Boudinot, see Elias Boudinot, *The Cherokee Editor: The Writings of Elias Boudinot*, ed. Theda Purdue (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1996), 65–84, and Introduction by Theda Purdue, 12–13. Regarding Copway, see Donald Smith, “Kahgegagahbowh: Canada’s First Literary Celebrity in the United States,” in *Life, Letters and Speeches*, by George Copway, 1850, ed. A. Lavonne Brown Ruoff and Donald B. Smith (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1997), 35–40. Regarding Red Cloud, see William M. Clements, *Oratory in Native North America* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2002), 64–8. Regarding Sitting Bull, see Coward, *Newspaper Indian*, 160.
100. See Coward, *Newspaper Indian*, 9–13, 17, 139, 160.
101. See “A Dusky Princess,” November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88.
102. In 1879 Omaha *Herald* editor Thomas Tibbles, Ponca Chief Standing Bear, and Susette La Flesche (“Bright Eyes”) and La Flesche’s brother traveled to Chicago and East Coast cities to argue the Poncas’ case and raise money for what they presumed would be a suit before the U.S. Supreme Court (Coward, *Newspaper Indian*, 201–10, and Wilson, *Bright Eyes*, 160–249).
103. Coward, *Newspaper Indian*, 216.
104. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 299–305; Carpenter, *Seeing Red*, 116–25.
105. “Mining Discoveries,” December 8, 1874, this volume, 56–58.
106. “Local Intelligence,” January 5, 1880, this volume, 112. Such representations are not surprising given the importance of silver mining in Nevada, which extended to media organizations. The *Silver State*, for example, was owned for some time by George Nixon, who established a silver club and was obviously invested in silver mining and monetary policy; as Elliot and Rowley note, the paper became the state’s “strongest supporter [of silver] in Humboldt County.” Russell R. Elliot with William D. Rowley, *History of Nevada* (1973; Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1987), 184. See also Annette Kolodny, *The Lay of the Land: Metaphor as Experience and History in American Life and Letters* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1975), and Anne McClintock, *Imperial Leather: Race, Gender, and Sexuality in the Colonial Context* (New York: Routledge, 1995).
107. “Red Devils,” January 4, 1873, this volume, 48–49.
108. See this volume: “Married at Salt Lake,” March 16, 1872, 45–46, and “The Mystic Peace Meeting,” August 23, 1883, 170–71.
109. McClure argues that Winnemucca played into such expectations of “civilized” Indians in order to counter the stigma against the Northern Paiutes as primitive, “digger” Indians. Andrew S. McClure, “Sarah Winnemucca: [Post]Indian Princess and Voice of the Paiutes,” *MELUS* 24, no. 2 (1999): 29–51. In October 1883 the *Salem Gazette* reported that “in conversation, or when addressing an audience and warmed and animated by her theme, you forget her plain Indian

- lineaments and are captivated by the lambent light of her dark, kind eye, and all the fine intellectual animation which informs her features.”
110. See “Combatting Superstition,” March 25, 1889, this volume, 286.
  111. “Winnemucca’s Warriors,” *Silver State* (Winnemucca NV), August 23, 1879.
  112. Prucha, *Great Father*, 5.
  113. See “A Dusky Princess,” November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88.
  114. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 124–25.
  115. Wilson, *Bright Eyes*, 217–77, 321–22.
  116. Carolyn Sorisio, “Playing the Indian Princess?: Sarah Winnemucca’s Newspaper Career and Performance of American Indian Identities,” *Studies in American Indian Literatures* 23, no. 1 (2011): 1–37; see in particular 26–29. Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 92.
  117. The last two sentences are adapted from Carpenter, *Seeing Red*, 92. See this volume: “A Princess on a Spreec,” April 3, 1875, 67–68, and “Indian Rows,” March 19, 1875, 65–66.
  118. “The ‘Wild West’ Exhibition,” *Boston Daily Advertiser*, July 10, 1883.
  119. In the summer of 1885, for example, the show played to one million people and made \$100,000 in profit. See L. G. Moses, *Wild West Shows and the Images of American Indians, 1883–1933* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996), 30.
  120. Prucha, *Great Father*, 712; Moses, *Wild West Shows*, 5.
  121. Sorisio, “Playing the Indian Princess?” 16–26.
  122. “Sarah Winnemucca,” July 27, 1878, this volume, 77.
  123. See “Miss Sarah Winnemucca,” May 11, 1870, this volume, 40–42.
  124. See “A Royal Wedding,” December 8, 1881, 133, and “The Princess Sallie,” February 16, 1880, this volume, 121.
  125. “A Dusky Princess,” November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88, and Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 52. See also “Natchez, Chief of the Piutes,” *Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA), January 30, 1874: 1.
  126. See also Frankie Hutton and Barbara Straus Reed, eds., *Outsiders in Nineteenth-Century Press History: Multicultural Perspectives* (Bowling Green OH: Bowling Green State University Popular Press, 1995), and Robert G. Hays, *Editorializing “the Indian Problem”: The New York Times on Native Americans* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2007). In their study of Canadian newspapers, Anderson and Robertson argue that the coverage of Indigenous peoples was guided by the same colonial forces that created treaties and residential schools. See Mark Cronlund Anderson and Carmen L. Robertson, *Seeing Red: A History of Natives in Canadian Newspapers* (Winnipeg: University of Manitoba Press, 2011). For additional reading about the challenges of studying periodicals see Jean Marie Lutes, “Beyond the Bounds of the Book: Periodical Studies and Women Writers of the Late Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries,” *Legacy: A Journal*

- of *American Women Writers* 27, no. 2 (2010): 336–56. Surveying contemporary scholarship about late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century studies about American women’s writing, Lutes contends that scholarship examining periodicals not only upsets canonical trends but also restructures contemporary understandings of how culture works, how language (reading and writing) works, and particularly why gender matters.
127. See “Sarah Winnemucca,” September 16, 1884, this volume, 215. For more analysis of Winnemucca’s use of humor, see Carpenter, “Choking Off That Angel Mother: Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins’s Strategic Humor,” in *Studies in American Indian Literatures* 26, no. 3 (2014): 1–24, from which portions of the present discussion are drawn.
128. See “The Plea of the Indian Princess,” January 14, 1884, this volume, 205–6. The noted applause indicates that she was catering to, and urged on, by her audience. This period followed the failure of radical reconstruction and the ushering in of the era of Jim Crow segregation. Maryland’s fifteen such laws, beginning in 1870 (with the enfranchisement of black men), regulated taxation and public education and prohibited marriage between blacks and whites. Following the disputed presidential election of 1877, in which Hayes won with the concession that his administration would not enforce civil rights laws, the road for Jim Crow and other forms of discrimination was well paved. Sarah Winnemucca picked up on this distinctive regional theme and used it to support her call for American Indian rights, as white women reformers often did in their appeal for women’s enfranchisement.
129. Zoe Detsi-Diamanti, “Burlesquing ‘Otherness’ in Nineteenth-Century American Theatre: The Image of the Indian in John Brougham’s *Met-a-mora; or, The Last of the Pollywogs* (1847) and *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas; or, The Gentle Savage* (1855),” *American Studies* 48, no. 3 (2007): 101–23.
130. “Indian Rows,” March 19, 1875, this volume, 65–66.
131. “Sarah Winnemucca on Agent Rinehart,” *Idaho Statesman* (Boise ID), December 2, 1879.
132. Eva Gruber, *Humor in Contemporary Native North American Literature: Reimagining Nativeness* (Rochester NY: Camden House, 2008), 201.
133. “Sarah Winnemucca,” September 16, 1884, this volume, 215.
134. “The Piute Princess,” November 28, 1879, this volume, 95–98.
135. Winnemucca, “The Pah-Utes,” September 1882, this volume, 138–46.
136. “The Dusky Princess,” November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88.
137. Winnemucca, “Indian Schools,” July 9, 1886, this volume, 261.
138. “Sarah Winnemucca,” February 11, 1885, this volume, 231–33.
139. Both quotes come from Winnemucca, “The Pah-Utes,” September 1882, this volume, 138–46.

140. Tol Foster, "Of One Blood: An Argument for Relations and Regionality in Native American Literary Studies," in *Reasoning Together: The Native Critics Collective*, ed. Janice Acoose, Craig S. Womack, Daniel Heath Justice, and Christopher B. Teuton (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2008), 272, 278.
141. Quoted in Edward T. James, Janet Wilson James, and Paul Boyer, eds., *Notable American Women, 1607–1950: A Biographical Dictionary*, vol. 3 (p–z) (Cambridge MA: Harvard UP, 1971), 629.
142. "The Indian Problem," March 2, 1883, this volume, 152–53.
143. "A Dusky Princess," November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88.
144. "The Indian Princess," November 23, 1879, this volume, 88–90.
145. See "A Dusky Princess," November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88. Canfield reports Winnemucca's visit to the *Call* (163), citing a November 22 article from that paper. Regarding Winnemucca calling on the paper, see Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 163 and Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 151.
146. Tate describes contemporary African American writers in a similar way. Claudia Tate, *Domestic Allegories of Political Desire: The Black Heroine's Text at the Turn of the Century* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992), 69.
147. Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, *Sarah Winnemucca's Practical Solution to the Indian Problem: A Letter to Dr. Lyman Abbot* (Cambridge, 1886), 28.
148. "City Items," October 23, 1864, this volume, 35–38. For an example of a newspaper representing Winnemucca's English skills, see "Editorial," April 20, 1883, this volume, 154–55. See also this volume: "Wrongs of the Piutes. An Indian Lady Pleading the Cause of Her People," October 30, 1883, 187–88; "The Princess Winnemucca," November 9, 1883, 194–95; and, "Editorial," April 20, 1883, 154–55.
149. See Gustafson, *Eloquence*; "The Piute Princess," November 28, 1879, this volume, 95–98; Sorisio, "Sarah Winnemucca, Translation"; Carpenter, "Sarah Winnemucca," 112–27.
150. See Joanna Cohan Scherer, "The Public Face of Sarah Winnemucca," *Cultural Anthropology* 3, no. 4 (1988), 178–204; Noreen Groover Lape, " 'I would rather be with my people, but not to live with them as they live': Cultural Liminality and Double Consciousness in Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins's *Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*," *American Indian Quarterly* 22, no. 3 (1998), 259–79; Brigitte Georgi-Findlay, "The Frontiers of Native American Women's Writing: Sarah Winnemucca's *Life among the Piutes*," *New Voices in Native American Literary Criticism*, ed. Arnold Krupat (Washington DC: Smithsonian, 1993), 222–52; Kathleen M. Sands, "Indian Women's Personal Narrative: Voices Past and Present," *American Women's Autobiography: Fea(s)ts of Memory*, ed. Margo Culley (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1992), 268–94.

151. See, for example, this volume: "Princess Winnemucca on the Treatment of the Indians," May 3, 1883, 157–59.
152. Sorisio, "Playing the Indian Princess?" 16–26. Philip J. Deloria argues that one should "distinguish between the anomalous, which reinforces expectations, and the unexpected, which resists categorization and, thereby, questions expectations itself." See Philip J. Deloria, *Indians in Unexpected Places* (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 2004), 11.
153. "Will the Utes Be Pardoned?" January 26, 1880, this volume, 117–18.
154. Robert J. Bushman, *The Refinement of America: Persons, Houses, Cities* (New York: Vintage, 1993); "A Dusky Princess," November 14, 1879, this volume, 84–88.
155. Lyons, *X-Marks*, 60–62.

PART ONE. WEST, 1864–1882

1. The name of Winnemucca's brother is spelled in numerous ways in newspapers of the time, including "Natchez," "Nachez" and "Natches." Zanjani notes that he was nicknamed "Natches," meaning "boy" in Northern Paiute (Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 38). Misspellings in articles have been retained, as in this letter to the editor from a settler, Bancroft Scraps, vol. 93: Nevada Indians. The 113 volumes of the Bancroft Scraps were compiled by Hubert Howe Bancroft's staff of the History Company in the 1860s and 1870s for his use in writing the 39-volume *History of the West*.
2. Although Logan's identity has been disputed by historians, he was born as a Cayuga Indian of the Iroquois Confederacy but ultimately became known as a Mingo leader who was involved in Dunmore's War of 1774.
3. "Copperheads" was a nineteenth-century nickname for antiwar northern democrats.
4. A reference to Sarah Winnemucca.
5. "Young Winnemucca" was Numaga, Sarah's cousin.
6. In his book about the War of 1860, Egan writes that Ragtown was the "first far western trail settlement in the Great Basin," and a place where Native Americans fortified themselves during the war. Ferol Egan, *Sand in a Whirlwind: The Paiute War of 1860* (New York: Doubleday, 1972).
7. Sarah's Paiute name was Thocmetony (Shell Flower) and her mother's was Tuboitony (Lettuce Flower). See "The Piute Princess," February 12, 1873, this volume, 49–54. The Martinetti Troupe performed a Christmas pantomime of Jack and Gill in San Francisco's Metropolitan Theater. Adah Isaacs Menken (1835–68) was a performer who famously appeared as the Lord Byron character Mazeppa in San Francisco in August 1863.
8. In 1864 democrats in San Francisco called themselves the "Broom Rangers" and marched with "thousands of kitchen brooms, to symbolize their peace platform and their determination to sweep Republican despots from power." Philip J.

- Ethington, *The Public City: The Political Construction of Urban Life in San Francisco, 1850–1900*, 1994 (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2001): 196.
9. The regalia of the Aztec leader at the time of the Spanish conquest made a frequent appearance in popular culture of the day.
  10. “Digger” was a derogatory name for Indigenous peoples of the region. High-lows and brogans were types of shoes popular at the time.
  11. “Euchre” was used as a verb in the nineteenth century; it meant to gain the advantage over someone.
  12. This should be spelled “McDermitt.” Any misspellings in the following articles are retained.
  13. This is one of the first references to Sarah as “Sally” or “Sallie,” a popular nickname for her.
  14. Dayton and Virginia City, Nevada.
  15. A reference to William H. Seward, a member of President Lincoln’s cabinet who is best remembered for his part in the purchase of Alaska. In 1851, when he was a U.S. senator, he published what was later called a prophetic statement regarding the importance of the Pacific to the nation. See Frank Bunker, “Seward’s Prophecy Regarding the Pacific,” *The Friend* (October 1921): 225.
  16. This article was reprinted widely, indicating early interest in Winnemucca: it appeared in such diverse newspapers as the *Humboldt Register* on May 28, 1870; the *State Gazette* (Trenton NJ) on June 3, 1870; the *Daily Herald* (Cleveland OH) on June 8, 1870; the *Daily Evening Bulletin* (Philadelphia PA) and the *Daily Sentinel* (Milwaukee WI) on June 20, 1870; the *Chicago Tribune* on June 16, 1870; the *Daily Observer* (Utica NY) on June 24, 1870; the *Daily Alta California* (San Francisco CA) on July 3, 1870; and the *Conservative* (McConnelsville OH) on July 8, 1870.
  17. Toggery was an informal term for clothing.
  18. Several discrepancies appear in the newspaper record regarding her schooling (see endnote 18 to the introduction).
  19. This is now called Steens Mountain.
  20. Edward Bartlett’s name is omitted in the original article.
  21. In 1861 Nevada had passed an anti-miscegenation law that prohibited African Americans, Native Americans, Asians, and Filipinos from marrying or cohabitating with whites. It was not overturned until 1959. The word “Lo” referred to an American Indian in the nineteenth century; the *Oxford English Dictionary* records the first such usage in the 1871 newspaper the *Republican Review* of Albuquerque: “Cowardly Lo prefers to attack none but very small parties of teamsters, farmers, or lone mail riders.” It was used both pejoratively and, by Indian reformers, in sympathetic terms.
  22. Reverend C. A. Bateman was an agent at the Pyramid Lake, Walker River, and Shoshone agencies until 1875. Bateman and Winnemucca had a famously

- contentious relationship; she criticized him for cheating American Indians out of supplies. He had Natches sent to Alcatraz after Natches made public a rumor that Bateman planned to send the Paiutes to a distant reservation.
23. Neither Canfield nor Zanjani mentions this incident. It resembles the later fate of one of Old Winnemucca's wives, and if true, it may have also resulted from some Northern Paiute beliefs in the woman's witchcraft. See Martha C. Knack and Omer Call Stewart, *As Long as the River Shall Run: An Ethnohistory of Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1999) for a discussion of such beliefs (102).
  24. A word is missing from the original here.
  25. Winnemucca refers here to General Crook's attempt to defeat the Paiutes in south-central Oregon (see Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 55).
  26. Modoc and U.S. conflicts grew more violent with increasing non-Native presence in their ancestral territory and U.S. efforts to place them on a reservation that was shared with the Klamath tribe. The Modoc War of 1872–73 ensued, led by Kintpuash (known by the U.S. forces as Captain Jack).
  27. This spelling of *weakly* seems to be a deliberate mockery of the newspaper to which it refers.
  28. We have found no evidence that Winnemucca wrote poetry.
  29. This was widely reprinted in newspapers such as the *Daily Record Union* (Sacramento CA), January 16, 1875; the *Inter Ocean* (Chicago IL), January 24, 1875; the *Constitution* (Atlanta GA), February 10, 1875; and the *Daily Times* (Oswego NY), February 16, 1875.
  30. Winnemucca refers to the Pyramid Lake War between Northern Paiutes, who were aligned with Shoshones and Bannocks, and the United States.
  31. William Ormsby commanded an attack on a group of Northern Paiutes during the Pyramid Lake War. He appears in chapter 3 of *Life among the Piutes*.
  32. In early 1874 Bateman had Natches arrested and sent to the famous California prison, a decision that ultimately backfired, as Karttunen writes: a petition for his release was circulated in a Nevada newspaper. He was held for only eleven days. See Frances Karttunen, *Between Worlds: Interpreters, Guides, and Survivors* (New Brunswick NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1994), 56; Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 115. See also "Arrest of the Piute Indian Chief Natchez," *Carson Daily Appeal*, February 1, 1874; *Carson Daily Appeal*, February 3, 1874; and the *Humboldt Register*, January 30, 1874.
  33. Bateman threatened to send the Indians to Wyoming if they did not come to the Pyramid Lake Reservation. Zanjani claims that this was a baseless threat. Indeed, they were not sent there (Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 123).
  34. "Leg bail" is a slang term for escaping custody by foot.
  35. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 125.

36. The Campoodie Mine was located in Washoe County, Nevada; the word also referred to an Indian village.
37. Thanks to Winnemucca's talented attorney, McKaskia (Mac) Bonnifield, who mounted character witnesses in her defense, she was soon acquitted. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 126–27.
38. Bonnifield later reappeared as a character witness for Winnemucca; see “A Dastardly Attack,” July 6, 1883, this volume, 168.
39. The Centennial Exhibition of 1876 in Philadelphia was a famous anniversary celebration.
40. Zanjani notes that this may have been Winnemucca's mysterious “Indian husband.” Zanjani describes Bob Thacker as a Northern Paiute man who was an interpreter at Camp McDermit, an employee at a nearby ranch, and a well-known womanizer. No record of this marriage appears in the Canyon City newspaper, however. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 144.
41. This was an unfounded accusation that *Life among the Piutes* refutes.
42. “Despatches” was a variation of “dispatches” at the time.
43. The correct spelling for Oits is Oytes. Misspellings in the following articles are retained.
44. Buffalo Horn was a Bannock chief who led a multi-tribal assault on the whites in the Bannock War. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 147–48.
45. This should be “Lee.”
46. Owitz should be Oytes. Canfield identifies Eagle-Eye as a Northern Paiute prisoner of war. See Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 153.
47. The writer refers to the Nez Perce War of 1877, in which warriors led by Chief Joseph ultimately surrendered to General Oliver Otis Howard. The Nez Perce were motivated by the dispossession of their ancestral land in the Pacific Northwest.
48. Umapine was a Cayuse chief involved in Egan's murder (Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 177).
49. His name should be spelled “Leggins.” Misspellings in the following articles are retained.
50. This should be “Rinehart.” Misspellings in the following articles are retained.
51. These numbers are barely legible in the available copy; the word after “shoes” is entirely illegible.
52. This should be the War of 1860.
53. Up to this point in the article, all brackets are in original.
54. Joshua Abraham Norton, a colorful and eccentric citizen of San Francisco, called himself the “Emperor of these United States.” He appeared in many works of popular literature; he was the inspiration for the character of the King, for example, in Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.
55. The incorrect date and question marks are in the original, apparently intended as part of the humor.

56. A word appears to be missing here.
57. Because Winnemucca was fluent in English, it is unclear what she means here; perhaps she is referring to her perceived limitations in the language, or appearing modest to appeal to her audience.
58. This testimony from Parker is an example of how white men were seen as valuable endorsers of Winnemucca's veracity.
59. The correct name is Mud Lake Massacre. The captain's name was Wells, not Welch.
60. It was this accusation that led Winnemucca to threaten the editor's life (see "The Princess Sallie," February 16, 1880, this volume, 121). Although the editor had her arrested, she was released after arguing in court that the false accusation had damaged her national reputation. Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 201, 209.
61. "Nathey" should be Natches.
62. The "railroad bridge over the Tay" is a reference to the Tay Bridge disaster of 1879 in Scotland. Completed in 1878 with much celebration, the railway bridge collapsed during a severe storm in 1879 while a passenger train traveled across it, killing all seventy-nine persons aboard. The disaster was blamed on weak and faulty bridge design.
63. *The Black Crook* was an early, influential musical. It was performed at Ford's Theater in Washington DC.
64. According to Zanjani, Paiute Joe was a leader of another band (*Sarah Winnemucca*, 151, 160, 216).
65. This article was written as a response to the previously published article "Who Is the Rev. Mr. L. A. Banks?" *Daily Astorian* (Astoria OR), March 29, 1881, 3, col. 2, which asked a series of questions related to the identity and morality of Banks.
66. This fictional account serves as yet another indication of Winnemucca's place in popular culture.
67. On June 25–26, 1876, in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Lakota, Cheyenne, and Arapaho warriors defeated Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer and his 7th Cavalry.
68. A morganatic alliance is a marriage between someone of a high rank and another of a low rank, with the agreement that neither the latter nor his or her heirs will have any claim to property or titles of the former. Charles B. Hamilton was a tax assessor who worked in Winnemucca and may have lived with Sarah in Wyoming. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 115.
69. There is no further evidence that she actually went East at this point.
70. See Senior, *Voices of American Indian Assimilation*, 105–16 for a reading of this article. Fowler speculates that it was taken from one of Winnemucca's lectures. See Fowler, "Sarah Winnemucca, Northern Paiute," in Liberty, *American Indian Intellectuals*, 46. The article was widely reprinted; see for example "Personal," *Daily Intelligencer* (Lancaster PA), September 4, 1882, and "Winnemucca, Princess of the Piutes," *Los Angeles Daily Times*, September 22, 1882.

PART TWO. EAST, 1883–1884

1. Sarah was the daughter of Old Winnemucca; Natches was her brother.
2. Lillie (or Lily) Langtry (1853–1929) was a famous British actress who appeared in a number of theatrical performances in the United States.
3. The article misspells Sarah Winnemucca's brother's name and misidentifies Natches as her father. Unlike today's style, the second word of a proper name (in this case, "Horticulture hall") was often not capitalized.
4. Ira Sankey was a songwriter of popular Gospel hymns; Dwight Moody was an evangelical preacher who incorporated Sankey's songs into his sermons in the late nineteenth century.
5. "Ninety-step farms" most likely refers to a kind of terrace farming designed for arid, sloped land.
6. The Bureau of Indian Affairs was created as an agency of the War Department in 1824 but transferred to the Department of the Interior in 1849.
7. The letter writer was their sister Elma, with whom Sarah was living when she died in 1891.
8. This is an error; her name was Thocmetony, meaning "Shell Flower."
9. Senator Henry Dawes is best known for the General Allotment Act of 1887 that bore his name, legislation that was intended to designate land for individual American Indians but ultimately resulted in a tremendous loss of Indigenous land.
10. This is important evidence in support of Winnemucca's critique of allotment. See Senier, *Voices of American Indian Assimilation*, 80.
11. Helen Hunt Jackson's *Century of Dishonor* (1881) detailed assaults on American Indians.
12. Elizabeth Peabody and Mary Peabody Mann were two of Winnemucca's staunchest supporters.
13. Mrs. Ole Bull, née Sara Chapman Thorp, was the wife of the famous violinist Ole Bull. She married him despite a forty-year age difference and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1879. After her husband's death in 1880 she published a memoir of his life in 1883. It was at this time that she became a member of a lively community of writers in Boston that included Peabody and Mann.
14. Brackets are in the original.
15. The Tewksbury Alms House was a state hospital for the indigent in Massachusetts. Many of its patients were mentally ill immigrants. In 1883 it was the subject of a well-publicized investigation of its procedures for disposing the bodies of deceased patients.
16. Lewis Hopkins was not a missionary; this is an error.
17. The Universal Peace Union was a Quaker organization that originated after the Civil War.

18. John Heckerwelder (1743–1823), a Moravian missionary to the Delawares and Haudenosaunee, published the popular book *History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations* in 1818. Winnemucca's letter was published in Jackson's *Century of Dishonor* (1881). George Catlin (1796–1872) was a famous American artist who focused on American Indians. Charles Ellis was a noted transcendentalist.
19. The letters that Winnemucca includes in her appendix of *Life among the Piutes* directly address the accusations of the *Council Fire*. See Winnemucca, *Life among the Piutes*, 266–68.
20. Bonnifield was her attorney in 1875 when she was accused of attacking a man with a knife. See “The Piute Princess,” March 29, 1875, this volume, 66–67.
21. Philip Sheridan made his career during the Civil War. In later years he led campaigns against Plains Indians, famously advocating the killing of buffalos as a means of eradicating American Indians.
22. This is probably a misspelling of “Truckee,” Sarah's grandfather.
23. This number is difficult to read in the original, and it could also be 8,000.
24. Rev. Heber Newton was the rector of New York City's All Souls Episcopal Church from 1869 to 1902.
25. The grammatical errors are in the original and reflect the reporter's representation of Winnemucca's English-language skills.
26. Brackets are in the original.
27. Mann refers to “The Feast of the Piutes,” *Boston Daily Globe*, November 9, 1884, 2. This article never mentions Sarah Winnemucca directly but rather degrades the culture of the Piutes, specifically by mocking the Piutes' last feast before a winter of starvation. There is “no preten[s]e of preparing the fish, ducks or chipmunks. . . . They are thrown in just as they are captured, heads, entrails and tails.” The Piutes are described as liars, thieves, gamblers, and fiendish drunks who rummage through white men's trash for scraps: “To most people the Piute is the personification of a joke.” The article accuses the Piutes of having a “tradition” of killing one of every twin infants born and of asserting control over the Washoes.
28. This number is difficult to read in the original.
29. To view the original layout of this advertisement, see figure 3, page 220.
30. “Sharpers” was slang for cheats.

#### PART THREE. WEST, 1885–1891

1. The petition Winnemucca circulated in 1883 called for the restoration of the “Malheur reservation, which is well watered and timbered, and large enough to afford homes and support for them all.” See “Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins,” *Daily Courant* (Hartford CT), October 5, 1883, 2, col. 4.
2. The paper misidentified Piutes as “Puget.”

3. No known evidence exists to indicate that Winnemucca wrote another book.
4. Carl Schurz was the secretary of the interior from 1877 to 1881. Winnemucca met with him when she was in Washington DC in 1880.
5. Nevada's Indian Agent William D. C. Gibson, a man whose position was a reward for his service to a U.S. senator. He and Winnemucca sparred on numerous occasions. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 256–57.
6. The “Indian Ring” included Thomas Bland's National Indian Defense Association, which published the *Council Fire*. This publication led the public attacks against Winnemucca.
7. Camp Harney contractor Jack Scott, whom Zanjani notes was held captive by Bannocks until Natches saved him and two other whites. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 156.
8. The appendix to *Life among the Piutes* includes a series of letters by white men affirming Winnemucca's virtue in the face of such assaults.
9. Canfield identifies Mrs. Nickols simply as the “rooming-house proprietess.” See Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, 301.
10. A reference to Grant's Peace Policy, his effort to replace secular Indian agents with missionaries. Winnemucca was an outspoken critic of this program.
11. Dan DeQuille (William Wright) was a western author whose most popular writing was about the Comstock, an area in what is now Nevada where silver was discovered in 1859.
12. This was widely reprinted; it appeared, for example, in the *Daily Sun* (Cheyenne WY), May 11, 1885; the *Herald* (Grand Forks ND), March 20, 1885; and the *Courier* (Brookfield NY), June 18, 1885.
13. The *Chicago Tribune* article is much more detailed than *Life among the Piutes* regarding courtship, especially in terms of cross-cultural comparisons. Additionally, in the book Winnemucca merely states that a girl is not forced to marry a man she does not want to marry. The article focuses more on the male suitor, noting the trials he endures if the woman he is courting rejects him. See also “The Pah-Utes,” this volume, 138–46.
14. Faro, or a “faro bank,” was a popular card game.
15. The first sentence and ending of the only available copy of this article are illegible.
16. In late 1884 Agent Gibson charged Winnemucca with assault after a Bannock Indian accused her of hitting him while they were gambling at Pyramid Lake. Sarah denied these accusations and took her side of the story to the press. See Zanjani, *Sarah Winnemucca*, 260.
17. A “mickle” is a large amount.
18. Mother Hubbards were long dresses intended to cover as much skin as possible. They originated with missionaries in Polynesia, who encouraged them as part of their “civilizing” mission.

19. Parenthetical interrogative mark is in original.
20. On April 27 the *Silver State* reported that “twelve young Piutes” left for Grand Junction with Superintendent Davis, accompanied by Dave Numaga and his brother John Numaga.
21. Mrs. Horace Mann is Mary Peabody Mann, the editor of *Life among the Piutes*.
22. Elizabeth Peabody’s “Correspondence: The Christian Union Indian Policy in Action,” *Christian Union*, October 15, 1885, publishes the details about Sarah Winnemucca’s acquisition and use of lands she used to start her school. Some of the information in this article appears in Peabody’s later publication *The Piutes: Second Report of the Model School of Sarah Winnemucca, 1886–1887*. The *Boston Daily Adviser*’s article “The Piutes: The Model School of Sarah Winnemucca,” September 17, 1887, provides a slightly condensed version of Peabody’s text. Any omissions or additions appear to be editorially influenced as the changes do not provide any significant divergence from the primary text.
23. Friedrich Wilhelm Fröbel (1782–1852) was a German educator and one of the founders of the kindergarten system.
24. This refers to Thomas Tibbles, who was an advocate along with his wife Susette La Flesche for rights of the Poncas, who were forcibly removed from their land in 1877. La Flesche was known as “Bright Eyes” in the popular press. See note 53 to the introduction.
25. Neither Canfield nor Zanjani mentions this trip. The Salt Lake City *Herald*’s January 3, 1889, article (this volume, 285) also reports that Winnemucca visited in the East, noting that she had been visiting “relatives” in the East for the “past seven months.”
26. “Stretching hemp” was a colloquialism for hanging.
27. Monida is in Montana.
28. This date is incorrect; Sarah Winnemucca visited Washington DC in 1880.
29. “Shacknasty Jim” was the nickname of a Modoc warrior who fought during the Modoc War. “Lumtum,” was slang in the nineteenth century for a fashionable thief. See John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, compilers, *A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English: Abridged from the Seven-Volume Work, Entitled: Slang and Its Analogues* (New York: G. Routledge & Sons, 1905), 277.
30. Other sources indicate that Winnemucca left him far earlier than this: see, for example, “The Piute Princess,” February 12, 1873, this volume, 49–54.
31. His name was spelled Egan; misspellings here are retained.

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