

The Chemawa American,

Published Weekly.

VOL. VI.

JUNE 19, 1903.

No. 39

The Story of Sacajawea.

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Now that the centenary of the first crossing of our continent is close at hand, Lewis and Clark the heroes, who accomplished it, come into our minds, and a revival is taking place of interest in their story. Especially will the world turn to that noble and picturesque book, "The Conquest," by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, in which with admirable power that story is made vivid. One may see sometimes at a May festival, a rough cord transformed into a thing of beauty, by being interwined with ivy and smilax and set off with daisies and roses. In like fashion the plain thread of history furnished by the stout explorers, unwinding day by day as they marched, taken in hand by a writer of genius, has become a thing of beauty, while losing nothing of its truth. Her mind is well stored with the traditions belonging to the period; her eyes have beheld the scenes described; her imagination is quick and fruitful. She imparts life to a tale which it is well worth while to make thoroughly vital.

Readers of the "Conquest" will find not only the heroes but their followers made distinct and attractive, and it will be strange indeed if the world does not wake up to an admiration for one among these followers whose desert has not been appreciated. But one woman, a young squaw, plays a part in the story of Lewis and Clark. Her doings, however, was of such a character as to make it quite right to claim for her a high place among heroines; in the whole line of Indian heroines, indeed, from Pocahontas to Ramona, not one can be named whose title to honored

remembrance is any better than hers. Here is the outline of the story:

Sacajawea, the bird woman, belonged to the Sho-hone, or Snake Indians, a mountain tribe which, in the days of Lewis and Clark, was in danger of extermination at the hands of the Minnetarees, or Blackfeet. She had been taken captive when a child by these foes. When Lewis and Clark, coming up the Missouri, reached in their first winter the Mandans and Minnetarees, Sacajawea, a girl of 16, had shortly before become the slave and wife of Chabonau a French voyageur, who, like many a wife of his race, had sunk far to wards savagery and was living with the wild men. Perhaps the best strike the Captains made in preparing for their work was in engaging Chabonau and Sacajawea to join the expedition. It was believed that he would be a useful interpreter, and that the Bird-woman, too, might be of some service when they reached the mountains from which she had come. When the party started westward in the spring of 1805, these two were included—the degenerate Frenchman, and his poor little slave-wife, who although she carried strapped to her back her pappoose, born so lately as the preceding February, had no choice but to follow her lord.

From the first, however, the Bird-woman won upon the Captains and their men by mild and engaging qualities, and as they worked their canoes up the upper Missouri, she showed extraordinary efficiency. Though burdened with her babe, she labored with the men, with paddle and tow-rope and soon rendered an important service. A canoe loaded with the most valuable belongings of the expedition, the journals of the Captains, their scientific instruments, and their medicines, was caught in a rapid