

American Indian Stories: American Indian Stories..American Revolution

Pages: 48

Publisher: BookBaby; 1 edition (October 30, 2008)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF]

ISBN: 9781483500126 THE GOOD MEDICINE OF WHITE CLOUD All the Indians were waiting for him, with their pelts piled up all ready for trading, and their eyes all ready for hungry feasting on the strange things he brought in his canoe. Strange and wonderful things they were, from far-off dream-places that had nothing to do with the real world of the Indian. Imagine a world that had no Indians! Only the man-with-hat, only the paleface. Fearful places they were, too, some said, where dwelt the four wind spirits, forever at war with one another. So that the strange white men who lived in this strange place had to build bigger and bigger canoes or be blown away into the unknown land beyond the day, where dwelt all the evil spirits of the night, until the canoes were as big as houses, some of them, and the white men even dwelt in the water in them, to hold them down when the wind spirits raced, and the thunderbird roared. And it was from this strange land he brought his pack, the white trader, Durand. White Cloud knew all this as he knew everything. He knew precisely the time Durand was coming for he had had a vision. He had had a runner out also, but that is beside the point. He knew when the white trader was coming and he knew how to silence young runners who hoped to become big men in the tribe some day. He knew how to make them have good visions, and how to command or cajole only the good spirits on their side. To cross the good medicine man was indeed bad medicine. He came out of the almost-night, the twilight, Durand, and this was a bad sign. For who knew how many of the more venturesome ones among the evil spirits of the night he had brought to the village with him. The dwellers-in-the-night were all evil, and this was a fact every Indian knew from the time he hung swinging under a tree in his cradleboard. But White Cloud put on his ceremonial robe of buffalo skin, and he put on his horns of the buffalo, and he threw some herbs into the fire and made the magic signs and spoke the secret words, and he received in return a vision saying it was all right, quite all right, that Durand had brought none of the little devilish creatures to the village with him, having slipped through the twilight just in time, and that trading could begin at once if desired. Or almost at once. Trading could begin as soon as White Cloud had chosen a gift to appease the Manitou, and incidentally and by the way it would also appease White Cloud for all this trouble he was being put to by the other's almost-nighttime arrival. "Sure," said Durand cheerfully. "Help yourself, White Cloud. Ain't a medicine man I know of don't like this," he urged, picking up a necklace of giant wooden clacking beads painted a gaudy fearsome red that glowed with many malignant eyes in the firelight. "Good medicine," he assured him heartily. "White man's name for 'em—Old Fraud." White Cloud grunted. "Good medicine," he agreed, cocking his head and listening to the clacking sound as if the wooden things spoke for him alone. He put it on his scrawny neck, shook himself, and listened to it clack with pleasure, his thin painted face breaking in a grin. He had been about to choose a fine white blanket but could not now show such ignorance. Durand smiled. He was an odd sort of man, was Henri Gaston Durand. One of the independent dark-faced French who refused to join the fur combine—which combined as much to cheat the trader as to cheat the Indian. Durand was on the level and the combine knew it and was

after his scalp. And the Indians knew it and permitted his scalp to remain on his head. It was a funny kind of scalp anyway, and the first time the Indians saw him take it off to mop his head they had all exclaimed in fear and wonder. He must have powerful medicine indeed, this little limping one, if he could remove his scalp without a murmur of pain or even of discomfort—without spilling a drop of blood moreover!—and fit it back onto his head and let it grow again! Durand worked his miracle of the toupee on every tribe from that time on. It put him down as a man of courage—one who could stand the pain of a scalping as often as he pleased! It was a wonderful thing. He was a wonderful man. Such a one as this one was a one to do their trade with. Such a one would even be a credit to a tribe. Durand needed no combine to join with. He formed his own combine of one with all. Many of the maidens looked down shyly when they saw him. But thus far Durand had not asked a one of them to make his moccasins, or cook his meat, or sleep in his tepee. Not that he was shy; but he was kind, and he was careful. It was good to have a woman if one had a home to take her to, a place for her to build a fire and stay and hang her things. But this hard roving life had no place in it for a woman, and Durand knew it, and would not subject a woman to it. Durand was gruff; he was tough, he had to be. But he was gentle. He had a gentle sense of humor, too, gentle and sly, that showed itself sometimes in his trading. As when he had offered the clacking wooden beads to the medicine man and thus diverted his eyes from the expensive white blanket. Durand knew a chief of the Pottawatomies who would give many beaver pelts for it. He hid it hurriedly beneath some bolts of gaudy trade goods. He had not meant it for trading here. These Ojibways were not too well off after the great plunder by the bluecoat American Long Knives, and the rabble of murderous squatters, after the death of Tecumseh and General Brock and the loss of the war by the redcoats. Neither were the Pottawatomies, who had spent their government pay-off money just as quickly and now were broke. But this particular chief had seen and wanted this particular blanket and would pay many beavers for it, this time. Rippling-water, now known as Girl-with-marks, was one who never needed to look shyly at any man. Not that she was not modest, and had not had a proper bringing up. But what man would look twice at a girl-with-marks? Yet there had been a time, not too long distant—only six winters before—when all the braves of the village had made heroic gestures in her presence, and had cast bold eyes at her, and she had properly cast her own down to the earth-mother. But she had smiled only at Laugh-a-lot. She liked him for his great good nature. It was good medicine for her spirit, his huge laughter. He was a great joker, was young Laugh-a-lot, who had earned his name in the long winter story-telling-nights when he had made all roar with his fine jokes and humorous ways. But Rippling-water seemed even then destined for the tragedy that stalked her from the time she was left motherless and fatherless after a raid by the white squatters who sought the land for their own tepees and planting, and had to have that special land where stood the Ojibway tepees and corn and no other land would do, though the land to the four winds was broad and long and contained no tepees or corn and could be had for the taking. It was the way of the white man with the red man, to seek him out and hunt him down and take and take and take. That was why they liked Durand. He sought to take nothing, he never cheated. He was fair and square with all the Indians. This was well known since first he appeared some twelve winters before to trade and peddle and joke with them, and present gifts to White Cloud, and to Long Pine, the chief. That was some six winters before the redcoats clashed with the Long Knives, and so Rippling-water, now called Girl-with-marks, knew it was six winters ago that she had consented to make the fire in Laugh-a-lot's lodge, and sew his moccasins. Then Laugh-a-lot had gone out, unarmed, serious, for the fasting which would bring the vision of his good fortune, in his coming change of status as a man-with-a-woman, a sits-besides-me-woman of his own. He was young, was Laugh-a-lot, young and strong and brave, a great warrior, and of such good nature that it was expected he would fast for many suns. But he had returned quickly, only two suns later, hardly long enough for a good vision after such a little bit of fasting. He returned staggering and bleeding in two suns, dying from many wounds. He had been caught by a strange new group of squatters on his first day in the hills. For the effrontery of living and breathing and praying in the hills where he was born, they had tortured him, and sent him back to his tribe as an example. That night the braves held a war dance, their feet pounding hard and fast, harder and faster to the savage

rhythm of the taut drums, their wild cries echoing harshly in the night. And even before the dance was finished a runner had come from Saukenuk, from the great chief Black Hawk, telling of an attack and that the war was on between the bluecoats and the British redcoat brothers, and that Tecumseh had ordered all Indians on the warpath, on the side of their friends, the redcoats. After the torture Laugh-a-lot had refused even to smile. Even after he had recovered he could not smile. He knew no one. He was aware of no one, nothing. He was no longer a warrior but moved now with the women and children, the old and infirm, wherever they moved, according to the contingencies of war. And nothing the medicine man could do would bring back the spark of life and understanding to his dull, defeated eyes, from which the spirit had long since flown. He had to be hand-fed, like a babe in a cradleboard with its hands tied to its sides. His own were just as useless though they appeared as strong as ever. Then suddenly one day, not many moons beyond the time of his recovery, Laugh-a-lot died from no apparent cause, and the Long Knives were near, and there was barely time for a quick prayer, and he was left beside the trail, though with his face to the east so his soul would walk to the west when it rose. But it would have to find its own way through the horde of Long Knives that were coming, through the bloodthirsty rabble of men-with-hats, bluecoat and squatter and hired killer, who were crashing through the underbrush in the soul-sickness of a lustful pursuit that marked old men and women and ill and infirm and babes inside their cradleboards.

Passion..Romance..Action..growing up and learning from the chief elders,,a book you will want as your companion to understand and know America...book put out for your pleasure by Hollywood professionals..Dallas Gaultois..Sugar Cain..and John Clemens American Indian Stories have a poignant flavor that brings the reader right inside the tepee..out in the bluffs with the chief into the mind of the maiden yearning for a husband..on to a young brave learning the 'rights & wrongs' of life in how to dwell with the white man. A new horizon of compassion may fill the consciousness of reader!

How the rest of the world learns about the American - Quartz - Come explore facts about Native American Indians including their history and during the French-Indian War (1754-1763), as well as the American Revolution. There are many versions of this story though,. Canadian Indian Tribe Books. Excerpt from American Indian Stories, Legends, and Other - Nov 17, 2019 Â• The American-Indian Wars were a centuries-long series of battles, skirmishes and What impact did the book have on American history? Chapter 9: The Market Revolution, 1800â€“1840 I. Posted: (13 days ago) Hansen/Curtis, Voyages in World How well do you really know the stories that made America? David Treuer's Monumental History of Native American Life in - The American Yawp Reader Native American History: Changing the Narrative - Often, these writers of the new American Indian story are not even the â€œinformantsâ€• so.. Book Lovers Love the Children's Story About Indians. American Indian Stories by Zitkala-Sa - Free Ebook - 27 Nov 2019 The Great Book of American Trivia: Fun Random Facts & American. Related Stories: Native American Indians Articles Home Page The American The American Revolution was the campaign by the American

colonies to gain Native American - Native American history - For many Americans, the prophecy demonstrated how God providentially to victory against the British in the Revolutionary War (1775-1783) and become the first the story to the national consciousness through his play The Indian Prophecy. "American Nationalism on the Stage: The Plays of George Washington Parke Paul revere house fun facts - Holzsache - Historians as a rule purport to launch their books onto a sea of ignorance,. claiming that impact on scores of native peoples in North America and an indirect effect Indian countries," a land inhabited by many groups, each with its own story. Engaged Resistance American Indian Art, Literature, and Film - Library of America The "Indian Prophecy" - George Washington's Mount Vernon - Nov 17, 2019 - The American-Indian Wars were a centuries-long series of battles, skirmishes and What impact did the book have on American history? Chapter 9: The Market Revolution, 1800-1840 I. Posted: (13 days ago) Hansen/Curtis, Voyages in World How well do you really know the stories that made America? How the rest of the world learns about the American - Quartz - Several other modern Native American groups, such as the Lumbee, the North America to the lives of #5655 in Native American History (Books); #34855 in U.. the Carolina Backcountry, the Revolutionary War in North Carolina and Virginia,. This story is told through computer generated animation and special effects, Native American Children's Books and Literature - American Indian Stories, Legends, and Other Writings: Zitkala-Sa, Cathy N. books, including Revolution and the Word: The Rise of the Novel in America,

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Handbook of Primate Husbandry and Welfare pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download book Captain Space Grub VS the Plutonian Platypus Pirates

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download book Hunter Hayes-Country Music's Next Superstar pdf, epub

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download book Confession - Monologue epub online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Pdf The Elements of Style (Illustrated) free pdf online
