

THE TOMAHAWK.

"Truth before Favor."

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THE TOMAHAWK
WHITE EARTH, MINN.

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JOHN LEECY Prop.

White Cloud—Wah-Bon-Ah-Quod.

BY
Theo. H. Beaulieu.

Of all the splendid galaxy of Chippewa chieftains, who, in the past, have figured prominently in the unequal contest, waged for centuries, between the contending forces of a mighty civilization and the untutored knights of nature's red children, none have been more conspicuously noted for honesty of purpose, integrity of character, intelligent reasoning and loyalty to the great father and the interests of his people, the Chippewas, than has the late lamented chief, White Cloud—Wah-bon-ah-quod.

This noted chief was born at Rabbit Lake, near the majestic father of waters, between Sandy Lake and where the flourishing city of Aitkin now stands. He was descended from a distinguished line of braves and leaders, noted for their powers in war and in the chase, and whose friendship and loyalty to the early traders and missionaries and the government was ever steadfast and true and never found wanting; and from a race of people whose hands and complexion, tho' red in color, the palms of which have ever been sacred from the stain of their pale-faced brother's blood.

May-quom-e-we-gwon, (Ice feather), his grandfather, was a noted brave and hunter whose very name served to chill the blood even of the most daring Sioux warriors, with whom they



WAH-BON-AH-QUOD—WHITE CLOUD.

were at war for many years and at a time when the great northwest was one vast hunting ground and the scene of sanguinary conflict between the contending factions of Algonquin and Sioux.

Wah-bo-jeeg (White Fisher), the son of Ice Feather, and who was the father of White Cloud, was born and raised amidst the wild and stirring scenes of a primitive civilization. It is related of him that when yet very young he was permitted to accompany his father in the chase and on the warpath. When he grew up to man's estate, his valor in war, prudence and wisdom in council won for him the love and respect of his tribe and great influence at the council fire. He was ever a friend of the early missionaries and traders, and foremost in supporting any step that looked toward the elevation of his race or the cultivation of warmer friendship toward their pale-faced brothers, and, above all a staunch and loyal subject of the government, endowed with a spirit and principle that was never found unswerving to honesty and truth.

Early in the forties, when the late H. M. Rice, then a young man, embarked in the fur trade, and shortly after his arrival in the Indian country, he met Wah-bo-jeeg, or White Fisher, and at once

became very much impressed with his noble bearing and intelligence, and the warm hospitality and cordial welcome with which this noble red man accorded him served to cement the bonds of a warm brotherly friendship between the two men which lasted through life. White Fisher being very influential, soon proved himself a very useful factor in promoting the interests of Wah-be-mah-nomin, White Rice, the name by which Mr. Rice became familiarly known among the Chippewas, together with his great popularity among the Chippewas in general, prompted Mr. Rice in taking steps toward the elevation of Wah-bo-jeeg to the prominence of chief, so it was determined to present him with a large silver medallion, engraved with the U. S. coat of arms on one side and the picture of the Great Father on the other. In due time the Hon. H. M. Rice was empowered by the department with the pleasing duty to confer the coveted honor on his friend. In this interesting emergency he called to his assistance the late Basil H. Beaulieu, then too, a young man, and a clerk in his employ, and the grand ceremony of creating a chief was carried out with as much pomp and splendor as prevailed in those early days. After the minor chiefs, braves and headmen, gorgeous in their paint, feathers and wampum, had assembled and the usual custom of passing the peace pipe or pipe of friendship had been smoked by members of the council, the white man's part of the program was begun. This consisted in tendering a greeting to the candidate, from the Great Father, accompanied with the usual sugar coated taffy, the presentation of the medal, which was usually hung on the neck of the would be chief with several strands of bright colored ribbons, and credentials, bearing a massive bow of ribbon, of every conceivable shade and color, on the left hand corner and the signature of the great father on the opposite corner, and our heretofore plain every-day Chippewa brave became a "big injun" in the tribe. Then followed feasting, smoking and general rejoicing.

Wah-bo-jeeg, White Fisher, died at the nation's capital, Washington, D. C. some time in 1863. He had been elected as one of a delegation to go and confer with the great father relative to matters concerning the interests of the Chippewas. And while in the city he was stricken with smallpox, from which he died and was buried there.

After the death of White Fisher the title and medal descended to White Cloud, his eldest son, and who was then holding a sub-chieftainship and subject to the then reigning head chief, the late doughty Chippewa chieftain, Hole-in-the-day, who was foully assassinated by emissaries of the turbulent Leech Lake Pillager Chippewa bands in 1868, the title and responsibility of head chief, as a matter of consequence fell to the lot of White Cloud. At this time the Chippewa bands, who were residing at Gull Lake and in the neighborhood of Crow Wing, entered into an agreement with the government whereby they ceded the greater portion of northern Minnesota in exchange for thirty-six townships and since known as the White Earth reservation. In the spring of 1868 the

Chippewas determined to abandon the wigwam and war path, remove to White Earth and to follow in the path of a new civilization. From this time on dates White Cloud's popularity as a progressive and wise administrator of tribal and other affairs of his people. The chief, supported by the wise council of the late Col. C. H. Beaulieu and his brother Paul H. Beaulieu, put forth all his influence in persuading his people toward the guiding star of a new civilization and the consoling christian comfort of the white man's religion. Years of poverty and want followed this new departure, but White Cloud never despaired, and it was only implicit faith in the cheering comforts of his wise council that the flickering light in their beacon of hope was never permitted to become extinguished.

Finally the dawn of better days crowned their humble efforts and a new era blessed the red man's prayer for daily bread to Him who loved to call all men brothers. The black gown, or missionaries came and churches were erected, and they were eager listeners to the ever sweet story of Jesus and his love. The Government enacted munificent laws that provided appropriations for the building of schools, the employment of teachers and artisans to teach and prepare them toward the goal of self support, until now the Chippewas of Minnesota are as well provided with school facilities and churches and are practically as progressive as the average white community in any of the states of the Union. They have hundreds of their children attending school on and off the reservation; many have graduated and are now occupying positions of trust and profit in all portions of the country as teachers, clerks, artisans and professional men—yes, and some are teaching the gospel and striving to teach their erring pale-faced brother the noble precepts of christian virtue and to love his neighbor as himself.

For all these blessings the Chippewas owe their obligations, in a great measure, to the wisdom and prudence of the grand old chief, who, in life, was a father to them all, and who always extended his influence in behalf of peace, progress and civilization.

White Cloud was no warrior but a born orator and statesman. He possessed all the attributes of a leader among men. As a speaker he was fluent and impressive; he possessed in a great measure, that subtle, magnetic force that commands the respect and admiration of friend and foe alike; he was wise and prudent in council, firm and decided on questions of import, and social and genial as a friend and neighbor. One peculiarity of his nature was the absence of that weird craft and cunning so peculiar to Indian nature; in disposition he was gentle as a child and truthful to a fault.

This sketch would be incomplete were we to omit an incident which occurred in the later life of this truly good man and one which every member of the reservation has reasons to be thankful and likewise to be proud of. During the summer of 1895, the Hon. Knute Nelson, U. S. S., in company with his friend, the late distinguished traveler, explorer and author, Paul DuChallu, paid a visit to this reservation, at a time too when the reservation schools were in a very deplorable state of neglect, for want of means to better their condition. The old chief brought his most persuasive argument to bear on the need of more adequate and better school facilities for his people and begged his distinguished guest to lend his influence in this direction. Senator Nelson listened with much attention to the old chiefs righteous plea and he then and there promised that if he were spared life and strength, that when back in Washington, the Chippewas would be provided with a good school building. The present splendid school plant, which is the pride of White Earth, stands as living evidence that that promise was honorably and faithfully kept.

A VERY HOT OLD HEN.

Bernard of the Cass Lake Voice Gets Undesirable Advertising and is Mad.

It does not require an unusual stretch of the imagination to picture the chagrin and aggravation that filled our old friend of the Cass Lake Voice—affectionately known hereabouts as the Moose—when he read that letter written by him to Editor Cobb, late of the Magnet, and which was published in the Herald-Review and the Cass Lake Times. The Moose is awful mad at Judge Ives of the Times—if we may judge from the column comment on the incident in the last issue of the Voice. The Voice intimates that the judge acted dishonorably in printing the letter and says that in consequence of the publication every high-minded citizen of the reservation hangs his head down with the feeling that the whole community has been irreparably disgraced. The Moose is mistaken in this. We know the people of Cass Lake pretty well, and the fact is, those fellows are laughing up their undershirt sleeves at the Moose's ludicrous predicament. It was simply a case of where the Herald-Review and the Times caught the old fellow at one of his dirty, underhanded tricks and showed him up to the public. No wonder he's mad. But the Herald-Review must speak in defence of Judge Ives. The judge was handed a copy of the letter with satisfactory evidence that it was a true copy, and it was unnecessary for him to resort to any disreputable tactics to secure it. Its publication was entirely in keeping with the legitimate and honorable newspaper work. The Herald-Review came into possession of the letter in the same manner and published it as a matter of news, just as the Times did. We have no apologies to offer, and it will be noticed that the Moose was very careful not to charge the Herald-Review with doing anything contrary to newspaper ethics. He knows us and knows the editor of this paper would scorn to do a dishonorable act. The Moose has had controversies heretofore with the Herald-Review and he no doubt had the editor hereof in mind when he wrote last week as follows: "We found our contemporaries to be gentlemen—brave, fearless, manly men who would scorn to commit an act that would reflect to the discredit of themselves or the noble calling they were engaged in." That's right, Moose, old boy, you have us sized up correctly. We see our manly face pictured by your pen, and it is certainly true to life, but we are no more deserving of such praise than is the venerable gentleman who presides over the Cass Lake Times. The Herald-Review is informed that the Moose says he will pay three hundred dollars for information that will acquaint him with the circumstances that placed the famous letter in the hands of his enemies. The editor of the Herald-Review has a scheme whereby the Moose and himself can make \$150.00 each. We'll cut the three hundred dollars in two with him and divulge the whole secret. He can't make \$150.00 any easier than that. By the way, why should the Moose so seriously object to having his mail inspected. He's had it done on one or two former occasions and we'll venture to assert that he didn't enter a kick. If he had he'd been reduced to bread and water, besides losing good time. Again, the Moose is unreasonable and unappreciative. He wrote that letter to Editor Cobb for the purpose of having it published in the Grand Rapids Magnet. Mr. Cobb had left the Magnet and the next best thing was to publish it in the Herald-Review. We accommodated him to the best of our ability, and what more can he reasonably expect? Judge Ives thought he'd help the good work along by giving it the benefit of the Times circulation. For one engaged in the business he appears to have a very poor appreciation of the value of newspaper advertising.—Grand Rapids Herald-Review.

Selam Fairbanks,

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