

QUADRILLE

2.

NEW ENGLAND INDIANS

To the Right Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. Governour with the rest of the Right Honourable and Christian Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel unto the Indians in New England. Noble Sir, You were pleased among other Testimonies of your Christian and prudent care for the effectual Progress of this great Work of the Lord Jesus among the Inhabitants of these Ends of the Earth— John Eliot, 1666

27.

I, TATAMY

Moses Tenda Tauta-my [c.1690-1760], Lenape interpreter for David Brainerd, missionary to the New England Indians

55.

THE UNSETTLING

1807-1835, preliminary years to the 1838-39 Removal of the Cherokee from the Southeast to Indian Territory

74.

THE CONVERSION OF HE GOES FIRST, DAVID PENDLETON OAKERHATER One of the 72 Plains Indian warriors taken to Fort Marion in St. Augustine, Florida in 1875

85.

Bibliography and Acknowledgments

NEW ENGLAND INDIANS

These monologues are so many islands across which the sea is pressed.

For the Nipmuc, Wampanoag, Narragansett, Massachusetts, Abenaki and other tribes that received the crossings.

Kah namehteog qussuk tuttuppequanusu wutch wenohkit— Luke XXIV 2

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher— Luke 24:2

Author Statement

Landings are never easy. The Pilgrims knew.

You drive up to the house in Worcester, Massachusetts, after driving 1,434 miles from Kansas.

You thought it would take 2½ days. But you kept going and were in Worcester at the end of the second day.

You look around the place you'll stay for a month. You carry in computer, file boxes, pencil and paper, clothing, shoes, the rest, to your room on the second floor. You have come to research a part of a book, *Quadrille*, about the effect of Christianity on the eastern Native American at the American Antiquarian Society. It will be a somber, silent, isolated time in the library on the writer's fellowship you received. Only the sound of pages turning.

Quadrille—

as in quad [four parts]

as in drill [as in military]— as in John Eliot's efforts to bring Indian languages into subjugation with RULES of the English language—

as opposed to the freedom of motion in the historical dance called, *Quadrille*, though it also has its rules.

July 3, 2020

I left Kansas around 9:00 on a Friday morning. I drove across Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, past Columbus, Ohio, where I slept in a rest area just west of Zanesville. I had driven 691 miles. I suppose it is the virus epidemic. The place was nearly filled with trucks and cars for the night, not wanting to stay in motels, I suppose. The next morning, I continued on I-70 east to 79 north, to I-80 east across the hills of Pennsylvania, to 81 north in eastern Pennsylvania, to 84 east into New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. As I neared Boston, I cut north on I-90 to 290 to Worcester. I thought Salisbury Street was a junction to the highway, but it was not. I passed Worcester and stopped to put 4 Regent Street into the GPS. The sun was bright in my eyes. I

followed traffic moving swiftly along a curving street. Then came Salisbury, and then Regent Street. The second day I had driven 743 miles.

Burned out, frazzled, unsure of what was ahead. At last I had arrived. If in parts that also would have to be unpacked. A journey across America's Interstates in my Ford. Blessed highways. Blessed America.

The first morning in the library as I sat at the reading table, I picked up this flying debris as if from a comet I had passed through. I leave it in place as it represents an upheaval that is the beginning of assimilation—

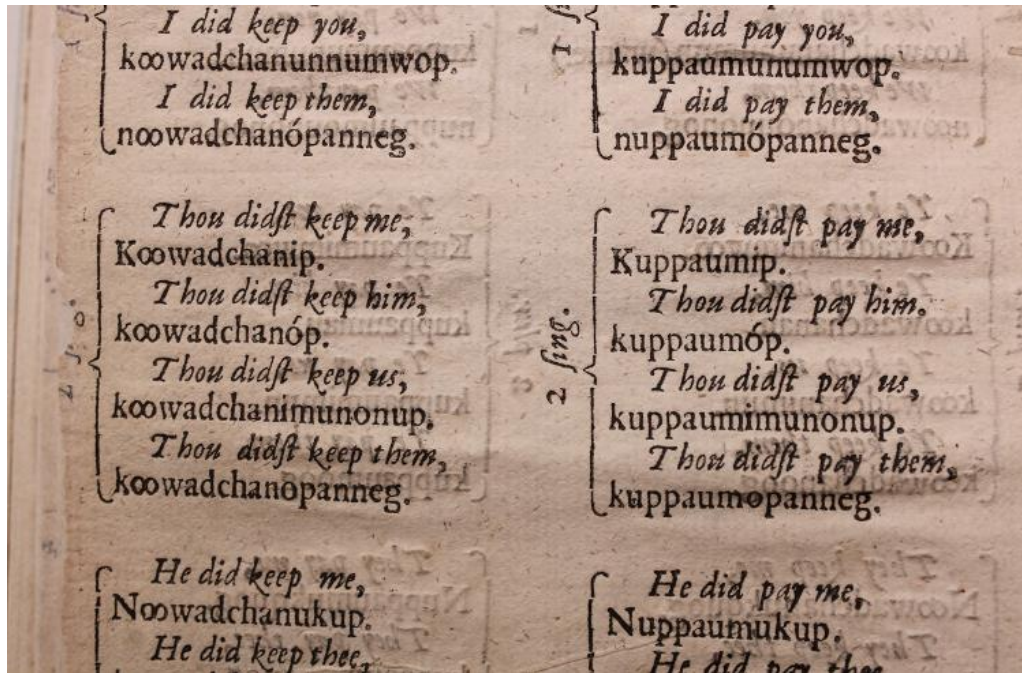
There are words that are feral.

There are words that are tame.

I would rather the tame than the feral.

Do not take the feral with the tame. They are hazardous to one another. Or the one is in more hazard than the other.

This should be understood before the trip begins. There is an assortment of packings. What animal to put into what pen. They come to the New World only to be eaten by the wild animals that fight among themselves and the outcome is hardly ever approachable.



From John Eliot's "The Indian Grammar Begun, or an Essay to bring the Indian Language into RULES...for the furtherance of the Gospel among them"

In my house in your house in his house in her house in our house in their house in whose house are we going this time of year with the weather high on the road can the horses get through? Yet it is winter here. It seems to last forever. I write this letter hoping it will reach you. We may remain in our separate atmospheres. I think of you in weather. The blooming fields. The bitter. The sparrow.

The Reverend John Eliot [1609-1690] came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony from London in 1631. He pastored the Roxbury Church near Boston for 60 years.

One of his missions in the New World was to convert the indigenous to Christianity.

The barrier to preaching to Indians was language.

The first time John Eliot preached to them in 1646 at Dorchester Mills, he failed—they gave no heed unto it, but were weary and despised what I said.

Eliot decided that if the Indians could hear the Gospel in their own language, they would understand God's message. He began studying the Algonquian language of the Massachusett Indian, a language that had no written form. For fourteen years he translated the 66 books of the English Bible into Algonquian with the help of four Native men, Cockenoe, Montauk, Wowaus or James Printer, Nipmuc, John Sassamon, Massachusett, and Job Nesuton, Massachusett.

By translating his sermons and then the Bible to the Massachusett language, John Eliot brought the Indians an understanding of Christianity but also an understanding of written language— that sentence from Wikipedia

For Writing and Research, containment sometimes is a problem. Focus is the answer. For the section of New England Indians in my project, *Quadrille*, I kept thinking of John Eliot as he translated the Bible in the Algonquian language. Actually, the Massachusett language in the Natick dialect, which is the eastern branch of the Algonquian language group. What was it like in that room— probably they began at Harvard Indian College in Cambridge.

John Eliot—

We sat in a room. It was not unlike crossing the ocean in the cramped ship— the table leaned one way and then another depending on which wave the ship crossed. I prayed for endurance. As I prayed for this ship-ride over the wavy sea. We were writing the Bible into a language that had not had written language, only utterances leaning one way or another depending on the wind and the momentum of the water. What caused a particular wave to lift the ship higher than the last one? I listen to the Indians as we began to put the Psalms into the Indian language. Saying how to say the verses— then retreating— then going back the other way as if the ocean waves had no pattern to them, but fell and lifted at the happenstance of their own will. The way Evil spirits seemed to draw the Indians one way and another. Though their sails were unfurled to our task, yet I felt them toss and move contrary to the way they should face into the wind. I began with prayer. Day after day. Month after month. Eventually, year after year. Making progress. Bowing to the Lord's will, which we trusted would be made manifest. For the saving of Native souls— who were the far continent toward which we sailed.

Often, with exuberance and forbearance I preached the good bearing of the Gospel. But the work of translating was the dregs. Six children were born. My wife kept the house. She handled it all— with a few girls to help. And more of God's grace than I thought possible. I had to rejoice. It is what the Christian is called to do. No matter how out of sorts. I had to show Cockenoe, James Printer, Sassamon, Job Nesuton the Lord's strength. How would it be if I said I can't write another word in the Indian language. Let someone else do the work. I will sit on my porch with my children and have fellowship with my wife. I will give it all up and hunt pheasant. But I have the Lord's work to do. They watch me for the slightest fault or a weakness that would cause them to dismiss the glorious word of the Gospel.

The poor Indian has no hope but you. Lord. Hear my prayer for your intercession. Keep them from the evil one. Keep them from falling back into their heathen ways.

I didn't want to show them the Bible at once. For fear they would sink at the size of it. They would sink at the work.

To show the difficulty of the Algonquian language used in Eliot's Indian Bible Cotton Mather gives as an example the Algonquian word *Nummatchekodtantamoonganunnonash* (32 characters) which means "our lusts". He said that the Indian language did not have *the least affinity to or derivation from any European speech*— Wikipedia

John Eliot

It is an august attempt. The crossing of our language into theirs. There is not common concept. What world they must abide in. I had to deliver the message of Christ to the Indians. The wadded message wadded further by no common speech. There was no way to say here is the message given to you offering His own body His blood as sacrifice so you will be acceptable to God. Our oppositions to Him become Him. It is beyond thought. It had to be given from above. We could not have thought it on our own.

Wamusse Wunneetupanatamwe up-Biblum God

The Whole Holy His-Bible God, both Old Testament and also New Testament.

This turned by the-servant-of-Christ, who is John Eliot, 1663

Ketoohomaonk. XXXIII.

yeuweto wunnatwontammoo-
oukannoowoash missinninuog.

11 Ukkenoosoowaonk Je-
hovah michemkompatteau,
wuttahhe unnantamooonkash
en wame pometuonkanash.

12 Wunnantamun wutah-
timoin wa-Manitroomut Je-
hovah : kah missinninnuh neh
pepenaunhpoh wutche nehen-
wonche ootohtobnganinnuh.

13 Jehovah womompu
wutch kesukqut, nauwan wa-
me wunnaumonach woske-
tompag.

Psalm. XXXIII.

devices of the people of none
effect.

11 The counsel of the
Lord standeth for ever, the
thoughts of his heart to all
generations.

12 Blessed is the nation
whose God is the Lord : and
the people whom he hath
chosen for his own inhe-
ritance.

13 The Lord looketh
from heaven : he beholdeth
all the sons of men.

Cockenoe [Montauk]

We sit in a room at a table with chairs. The walls are dark green. The table solid. There are papers on the table. The open Bible is before us. The Lord looketh from heaven— Psalm 33:13. There is no word in Algonquian for Lord. There is no word for heaven. There is a word for look. Who shall we say looks? Where shall we say he looks from? These words were brought from across the water. These words we do not know. But they had come. We had to look at them. They were running over us. But there was something running to us also— Eliot said. A message of salvation. The European God had trampled over the waves. He overcame fish. His people crossed an ocean that could swallow them. That could push its water into their mouths and stifle the breath in them. It seemed there was a heavy fog in the room as if it came from the sea. The dark green walls were a forest that pushed in on us. I held to the table to let its hardness hold me so I would not float away in the fog and be lost forever. But that was the message. The Lord, while he was taking our land, was providing a way we would not be lost forever— though we had not known we were lost forever. But if we believed in Him, He saved our soul. The Lord was telling us we had a soul He would save. He was telling us He was looking down on us. To help us. The room was smaller than when we first sat down. We could sit at the table for a while and then had to get up. We had to leave the room that was pulling us drowned into the sea.

It was faith Faith— John Eliot said to me. What did that mean? I could believe in something I couldn't see. But Indians believed that way. There was a whole world invisible to sight— Spirits moved. Trees talked. The Witchcraft. The Evil. We had enough of them. We knew the invisible world more than they did. We knew it and were afraid of it. But there was an upside to Eliot's invisible world. The Evil one was there, but the emphasis was on God. The three of Him— Father.Son.HolyGhost. It was hard to understand. It pulled up the roots of our way of thinking. That always had been. Eliot said it was faith that brought the colonists across the ocean. It took a long time. Two full moons passed over the ship, Eliot said. I wanted his faith. It was the words of the Bible Eliot read. I felt them inside. Others scoffed, but I believed.

When we were near to giving up the work of translation— Eliot rallied us. He heard our utterances and knew there was disagreement. We muffled our speech to hide it from him. We were battered in the storm as we debated their allegiances to Native and Christian worlds.

Eliot translated the Bible from original Hebrew and Greek texts. When no equivalent Algonquian words were available, Eliot inserted English words from the King James version.

How could they use three letters to write the name of their G.o.d? How could they write his name in such a small way? Three letters because he was three?— Father.Son.HolyGhost. We would write him as Him.who.is.all.of.all. Who.is.all.of.whom.there.is.all. Of.whom.is.known.little. Him.who.is.here.but.not.to.be.known.

When there was not a way in our language to say their words— Jehovah.God.Jesus. Eliot used the English. Was it worse than using our language to name a God that was not ours?

And what of heaven? Place.where.sky.is.beyond. No, it was heaven that was beyond the sky. We could see into the sky. We could not see heaven. We would call it Unknown.place.where.Unknown.is.

The Christian message was harder. We had sinned [what was sin?] which kept us from heaven [for which it is established there is no word in Algonquian] but God killed his son on the cross [they had a God that tortured] and in the shedding of blood, was the propitiation for sin [how would we say that in Algonquian?] and whoso believed the story is rescued from being lost forever and placed in the heaven above.

What to know about translating—

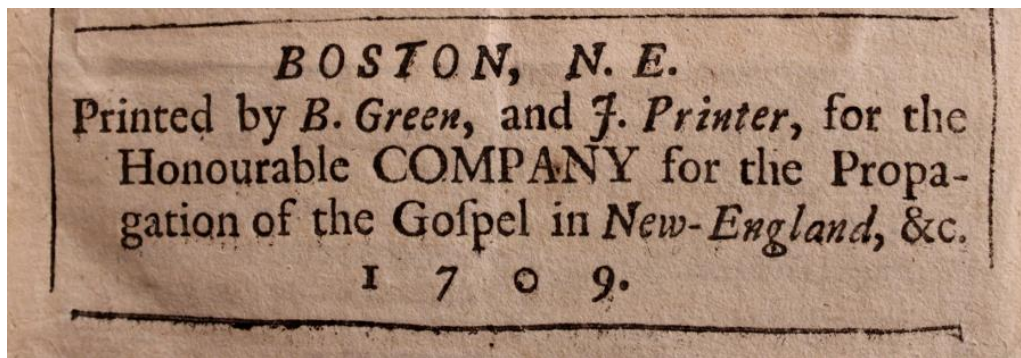
1. Trees have to be cleared.
2. A road has to be carved.
3. The cart and horse have to be built.
4. And the day in which they exist.

[Then Seawaters gathereth in a heap— Psalm 33:7]

I think now this is metabiography in which I step outside the piece to make my own comments to step further into the created world. I mull over the online exhibit. I imagine the voices that would come from them. What was it like to be there in that time? The inner thoughts. The issues that plague us all. The human struggle for alliances. The quandaries. The impasses. The choices there are to make. The regrets. I write a pocket of history to be sewn onto the trousers. Or the coat.

I establish narrative to stand in the unknown. Even if I fear it is nothing close to what was. I also feel transgression. What am I doing in a place I do not belong? Yet the great silences of characters from history call to me.

Wowaus, or James Printer [Nipmuc] (d. 1717)



Printer's name appears in the translation of Genesis, Psalms, Matthew, where Eliot began his work. None of the Native men are given credit in the Indian [or Algonquian] Bible for their work of translation.

What was it like for them to sit there so long? And what was it like for James Printer to place the letters of the Algonquian language into the rows on the printing press in Cambridge? In the English Bible, there are 783,137 words. There are 3,116,480 characters. The Algonquian Bible was not short-cuttred, but printed in its entirety. When I held it in my hands at AAS, it was $3^{2/8}$ inches thick. The cover was $7^{1/2}$ long, $5^{3/4}$ inches wide.

How was the enormous job of printing possible?— And what does it mean?— These shortcomings of omission. These snippets of the longer? These conjectures. What if these warpings— these disturbances were necessary?

James Printer—

When I was a boy, I lined up stones on the shore of the creek. I liked the arrangement of shapes. When I saw the metal letters of the alphabet in the sections of the printer's drawer— they were pebbles on the shore. The memory returned of putting one stone beside another to make a long row.

I liked the rows on the press into which I put the letters. It was the creek I had known as a boy. I remembered the little wave-lines on the shore. Sometimes the rows hardened when the mud dried. I touched them with my finger. Already I was putting the letters in their places.

The great handle on the press was a tree branch I swung on— It all came back. Printing was nothing more than boyhood returned to me. Once they had been separate— the branch and the stones from the creek— now they were linked in printing. I liked the patient work of placing letters in rows on the press— the letters in a word placed backwards to print the pages of the Bible. It was a ship that carried the printing press. A ship that brought the New World.

I was alone by the creek those mornings and afternoons I worked. The stones were putting themselves in my hands.

Now, most likely, James Printer did not arrange stones as a boy.

So what am I doing? I'm making a similitude of what it could have been like. I write first-person narratives for the characters whose words were not recorded. My writing is fiction based on nonfiction. I take the ravelings of events where much of the information is missing and interpret them with research, conjecture, and possibly common sense.

I write hybrid work. Broken into sections. Something like poetry in its distillation. A semblance. A trace. A part of the whole. Or something like drama because the voices are monologue. A reductionist. The story taken down, almost dissembled, yet remains something other than it was.

I have a writing desk at my house that was a barn door. Where there were small holes, the craftsman used filler the color of the wood. Then he sanded and oiled the door. I don't always notice the filler. But when I sit at my desk in the light, I can see it. History with its missing voices is a barn door without filler in the holes. My pencil would poke holes in the paper when I write. I am filling the holes in history with words.

I am writing a reverse assimilation. Trying to restore what could have been.

My grandmother was a quiltmaker. She took clothing we had outworn and cut it into pieces and arranged the pieces of the different fabrics into patterns, until they were something other than what they had been. It has occurred to me I do the same thing, but with words.

A further point, I was reading *Removable Type*. In it, Phillip Round was talking about the invention of the Cherokee syllabary in 1821. Sequoyah was a silversmith who made gorgets,

armlets, buttons and other decorations that the Cherokee liked. He asked Charles Hicks, a literate Cherokee, to write the letters of the alphabet, which Sequoyah etched in silver, then began drawing them on paper, and over the years, using also Greek letters, Sequoyah produced the 86 symbols for the Cherokee syllabary.

But I read the book after I wrote the words of James Printer. But it served to substantiate what I was doing. I gave cause to James Printer's ability to do that enormous task.

I read the words in my research. I listen to them and imagine the voice that would come from them. A first-person internal landscape. James Printer and his divided allegiance to the colonists and to Metacomet, or King Philip, and his war against the colonists.

John Sassamon [Massachusett]— Betrayal

They landed from the sea. Why had they fled? Religious freedom, I came to understand. They wanted a place where they could follow their beliefs. They felt our land was a place from their God. They only had to land their boats, walk on shore, and claim it for their own purposes. They were surprised to see us. They were regretful. There was thought at first of us living side by side. But they pushed us over. With promise of compromise. Of sharing. It was not theirs to share. A Sachem, Metacomet, was angered. He had taken the name, King Philip, with respect to his father's kinship with the colonists. Now it seemed traitorous. His anger never gave up. I went to school. I taught school. I showed him this way of life that had come to be tolerable. But he was a man of war. I thought there were choices, but I saw him unable to relent. Metacomet had to withstand the Europeans. As one deer withstood another deer who came for its territory. Its herd. There were choices. I still held to that thought. Mine was to acquiesce. To observe their ways. To try them. More ships arrived. More villages were built. The houses walled. The fields fenced in open air. Their cows and pigs straying. I saw their way with books. With language. With ideas. It was more than take up bow and arrow and kill. Metacomet planned an attack. The European military knew. Maybe I said something to them. Maybe others. I heard footsteps of the Wampanoag in the snow. I heard the crunch of moccasins. They carried me to the pond. I heard them break the ice. I felt the frigid water. I fought as they held me down— they twisted and broke my neck. I spasmed as they pushed me under the ice. I saw white deer gather. They said I could follow them. There are days in open space I see the white deer— when the ghost herd gathers.

The English drew and quartered Philip's body and publicly displayed his head on a stake in Plymouth. King Philip's War [1675-1678], which was extremely costly to the colonists of southern New England, ended Native American dominance in the region and inaugurated a period of unimpeded colonial expansion— Wikipedia.

Job Nesuton [Massachusett]—

Faith— John Eliot said to me. What did that mean? I could believe in something I couldn't see. But Indians believed that way. There was a whole world invisible to sight— Spirits moved. Trees talked. The Witchcraft. The Evil. We had enough of them. We knew the invisible world more than they did. We knew it and were afraid of it. But there was an upside to Eliot's invisible world. The Evil One was there, but the emphasis was on God. The three of Him— FatherSonHolyGhost. It was hard to understand. It pulled up the roots of our way of thinking. That always had been. Eliot said it was faith that brought the colonists across the ocean. It took a long time. Two full moons passed over the ship, Eliot said. I wanted his faith. The Indians laughed at me. Scorned me. Gave me a blow to my head. It was the words of the Bible Eliot read as we told him how to turn them into Algonquian. I felt the words inside. Though others scoffed. I believed.

I fished at the Quinsigamond.

I heard the spirits yelp in a storm. Others answered from across the hill. There were duties they had. To terrify us. To turn over every corner until nothing was left and we were flat as the surface of the lake. Though waves were bucking in the storm. Nothing could stop the spirits. Except the word, Eliot said. The word was a bastion. I held to that thought as the storm passed.

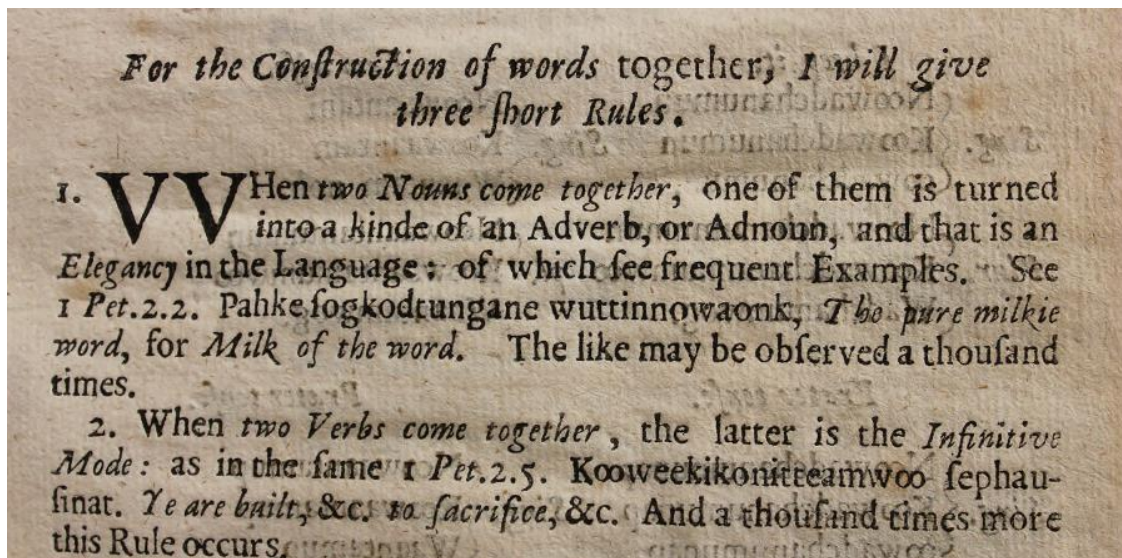
I returned to the wigwam with my string of fish. The pickerel from the Quinsigamond.

I thought of two full moons passing over Eliot's ship on the ocean. I could see the other wigwams in a full moon. I could see the fish on the drying rack. That night, the moon crossed the sky. I knew the Evil One and his host were in the corners of the woods. Pulling the moon as if a large fish. Taking a bite of it until it was smaller and smaller. Then the moon was gone

except the bones of its curved spine. The spirits would fish again when the moon was full in the sky.

There was magic in the angle of light on the water of the Quinsigamond. It looked like small canoes floated there. Spirits were paddling and the lake hummed as they paddled and the small canoes were almost lost among the waves. But step into the water at night and you feel the sting of their hooks in your feet. The spirits line the shore with their traps. They bite the shins. Trying to catch you before you hop back to shore.

The animals of the woods are quiet when the spirits came to the water. A large fist was seen slapping the waves. A body without arms or legs like a streak of lightning. Sometimes there was thunder. We knew the spirits could torment us. Even if we lit a fire. But faith would keep the spirits from the wigwam— Eliot said— even when the wigwam seemed to move back and forth as moonlight on the water. Sometimes the spirits were in the moonlight. They had spells thick as fish without arms or legs. The spirits wore shadows. They could look like they weren't there— but step outside the wigwam and they could flatten you with a falling branch and take the air out of you until you were a blanket on the ground. I had seen a man with the air sucked out of him. He was on the ground flat as an arrow.



I was in their world because of faith. For which there was no word. For which there were a lot of words, each divided into their own parts, and those words had words that told them what they

were, each with their own duty to name, to move, to modify the movement, or to conjunct or connect other parts.

Native language usually is not separation, but Utterance in a sacred manner when all language and all parts of it came in one chunk.

Of the Adverb

An Adverb is a word that attendeth upon the Verb, and signifieth the quality of the action.

It is ranging the words into ranks. Language is the verb. It is the voice that modifieth.

Because the English language is the first, and most attainable Language which the Indians learn, he is a learned man among them, who can Speak, Reade and Write the English Tongue.

The Indian Grammar Begun— John Eliot

Of the Adverb— We modified Eliot's goings into our language.

Of the Verb— Eliot was the momentum.

Praying Towns were established by the Massachusetts Bay Colony between 1651 and 1674—sometimes in villages already established. The Reverend John Eliot and other Puritan leaders believed that these towns would allow them to isolate and manage potential converts in order to completely change Native ways. Natives who went to live in the towns gained material assistance, education, and deeper connections to the colonists and their god. Natick was the first praying town, followed by six others in a north-south arc west of Boston— Gay Head and Christiantown on Martha’s Vineyard. Nantucket. Mashpee, Grafton, Plymouth and Herring Pond. Residents were required to follow a legal code designed to force them into English social and political patterns. Christian Indians led each town, although Eliot and Bay Colony officials supervised their actions— Wikipedia

Praying Indians

God had a book. There were three Gods in the book. The book opened to One God making people. They were bad. One God tied Two God to a tree. It was the One God’s way to cook. It was all we understood. Buffalo would waltz at Two God’s marriage supper. Wolves called their wedding song. We followed their tracks. Three God came when Two God was gone. He had his spelling lessons already done. We rowed a canoe. He said the book was a world we would know when we got there.

Deer Island, Boston Harbor, The Province of Massachusetts, 1675, to keep Christian Indians from King Philip's War, also called Metacomet, whom New England Colonists pushed to the wall until he was hostile and vengeful—

They sent us to an island named deer-swam-there-when-wolves-chased-them. 500-1000 Nipmuc from the Praying Towns. Converted by John Eliot. By December. The cold wind opened the top of the ocean. The teeth chewed our hands. We built a fire but the wind blew it away. This is what we have against you. Our faces blue with cold. Inlets of the ocean swallowing half of us.

John Eliot

I woke with a nightmare. A wave was coming toward me taller than a ship's mast. I stood at the end of a long dock and watched it approach. I could not turn and run. I could not move. I was too far from land anyway. The huge wave was growing as it came toward me. I was going to drown. It was the Algonquian language with its unwritten words. It was the endless task of translating the Bible.

I sat up in bed. One of the children was crying. My wife went to calm it.

There was a reluctance to gather at the time I asked the men to meet. There were heavy feet trudging through the yard as if it was water and the walking was slow and labored. We thought the task impossible. How I could separate the sounds of the Algonquian language into words? How could the wild Native language be established from nothing but the tame words I brought from England? There were nouns and pronouns and verbs and adjectives and adverbs and prepositions and conjunctions and interjections. There were all degrees of them. How to put the feral sound of utterance from the Indians into the proper use? How to put tame language over the feral when the feral was fiercer? Often the feral fought back, though it was for their benefit they were being tamed.

I had a twerk of pain in my head. Along the left side of my face.

We had to decipher their language. We had to tame it with the English RULES of grammar. We had to shape and reshape and insert words which were not going to be put into their language. It was the RULES of grammar that were in more trouble than the Indian language that resisted the English. In my nightmare the Indians were feasting on something. Devouring it. The Algonquian language was stalking my work. It was outside. The door was closed and secured. The baby had stopped crying. My wife returned to bed. But the nightmare could turn sideways and fit through the smallest crack between the door and its frame.

I had to realize how tedious the work also for them. I had to look at the language and the four Indians who understood it and were unwilling sometimes to do the arduous task of sitting at the

desk all day pondering over the written word while inside they were vying between Indian and colonist allegiance.

I went over verses again and again. Until I felt the translation fit. If they did not understand the English translated in Algonquian, I had to explain the Christian concepts the verses contained.

They were hungry. They were tired.

We were restless. We were listless. We rallied. We worked through another verse. With discussion. How to fit the thought into Algonquian that did not want the thought.

I had to rethink how language worked. I had to think how Christianity worked. It was a message the Algonquian language resisted.

thy name	come	thy kingdom
koowesuonk	peyaumooutch	kukketetassootamoonk [from Matthew 6:9-10]

I don't know why they didn't kill me and divide me among themselves. [But we already had covered the passage Do Not Kill.]

The different tribes. The different dialects. A change in sound hardly noticeable to me was the difference between light and dark— death and life.

It was a tide pool in which I was caught. A wallow.

How to put the wild animals of Native speech into transitive and intransitive and all the units of grammar.

I wanted the wave in my nightmare to wash me into oblivion.

James Printer

The night was lamp black—the soot we wiped from kerosene lamps and used with linseed oil. It was ink that would stain the paper with our words.

The printing press was taller than a man. It was bolted to the floor and ceiling so it wouldn't walk as I pulled the handle.

My fingers pulled the letters from their compartments. I hardly had to think what compartment the letters were in.

The rouse was the handle.

The composition plate into which I put the letters I served to the press.

I wondered what kind of animal—the printing press. An elk? Formed into something it was not. Biting. Putting its black teeth-marks on paper. Who were these men who thought how to do such things? And why?— So spoken words would be seen on paper. So sound could be carried in a book.

I was with the colonists. I was with the Nipmuc. How could I be both? I wanted to smear the lamp black on my eyes until I was in darkness.

I felt the animal that the press was. Providing itself for us. Its hide. The wood of its legs. Its hooves. The saddle rode back and forth printing the pages of the Algonquian Bible that our people would be able to read. We were held in place as the colonists marked their land. The paper for the pages of the Bible came from England in large rolls held in place as the ship rocked on the sea.

I, TATAMY

To an Unnamed Foundation for the Arts

Recently, I read *The Life and Diary of David Brainerd, 1718-1747*, a missionary to the New England Indians, edited by Jonathan Edwards. What I missed in the book were the voices of the Indians. I wanted to read their responses to Brainerd's ministry. Their version. Their perspective. Of course, not many Native voices were recorded. I decided to concentrate on Moses Tenda Tauta-my, the Lenape interpreter for David Brainerd.

I am applying for a grant to travel to eastern Pennsylvania around the Forks of the Delaware, where Brainerd and Tatamy traveled. I NEED to be on the land to pick up his voice. I'm interested in the overlay of history. I write from the intersection of that which was going, and that which is here. The retrieval of historical voices that did not have a chance to speak has been my work for YEARS.

I travel to places no one sees. I drive from dawn to dark until a nubbin appears, which is a dirt-clod from which the first words fall, which is the earth on which my small plot forms. All I own is back where I left. All that is ahead is the voice I seek.

I want to explore the narrative of Tatamy. The interior landscape. The stone of experience. A man of reconciliation who would consider the turbulence of ideas. This is WHAT I WANT. Tatamy traveled with David Brainerd. He heard his words. He interpreted to the Lenape.

I am interested in first-person narratives of what could have been thought or said. To do this, I HAVE to travel to places they traveled. It is the land that carries the words of their memory. My work in a ghosting that brings back a semblance of the historical voices that could have been somewhere in the neighborhood of what-their-voices-could-have-been.

I go one place to get to another. My research is inadvertent. It is an indirect method. I write another history to write my own.

Tatamy moved from Mercer County, northern New Jersey, to the Forts of the Delaware in Pennsylvania, as the land between the Lehigh River and the Delaware was called, where he farmed 315-acres of tract land. I want to stop in the area around Eason, Allentown and Susquehanna in Pennsylvania. I know the land has changed, as it always has on my historical travels, but enough of the past endures that I get the ideas I need. I AM ASKING FOR TRAVEL FUNDS TO LOOK AT THE LAND. I want to go to the place the Lenape called, *Lechewuekink*, where-the-water-divides, as the world was dividing for Tatamy and the Native people, as it still seems to be dividing.

The grant was denied. The deed was dead. I got in my car, slept in rest areas at night. Found Tatamy standing on his land.

2



Turning from that which will not heal

William Catling

2006-2008

Ceramic, wood and wire

90 x 22 x 24

With the signpost—

“Looking down... lame, and waiting for the waters to tremble.”¹

¹ ...an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the rumbling of the water, stepped in was made well of whatever disease he had— John 5:4

One

N'dappin— I am here.

It was Tatamy in his field
A walking stick for a leg,
A twig wired to his chest for an arm.
His body—a fat pod.
Or chrysalis from which a head emerged.
He looked away from his torn shoulder
[it is the past that will not heal].
He stood by the brown furrows running into the distance
The twig of his arm from the thorned pepper tree.

I, TATAMY

[c 1690-1760]

Your fields are still there—
in Tatamy, Pennsylvania, off Highway 33
north of Bethlehem
just south of the Stroudsburg exit.

The plowed furrows.
The crops planted.

Moses Tenda Tauta-my, Lenni-Lenape the white settlers called Munsee Delaware, became the interpreter for the missionary David Brainerd. In New Jersey, helping Lenape settle land, Tatamy met Brainerd. He had a reputation of being a go-between, an interpreter, a smoother of the bumpy road between Colonist and Indian.

Guttummaukalummeh— have mercy on me—

How could I tell the Lenape what Brainerd preached? Have mercy in the sense of addressing God, which Brainerd meant. Have mercy to Colonists who wanted the land. Have mercy on us who were in the way of their wanting.

It was God that was Brainerd's overriding request. How could I change the Indians' focus to God by changing Brainerd's words into words the Lenape could understand?

It wasn't just the words that were different. But the meaning of language.

How long before they knew we were replaced by the Colonists?
How long before the Indians understood the new people brought their God to our land?

Brainerd came to tell the Indians the new light by which they could understand. We were to receive the message of encroachment by God and his people.

Three

I, Tatamy, traveled with Brainerd on horseback in cold and rain. We slept on the ground. Often, Brainerd could not stop coughing. I saw the sickness in him. Yet we traveled from place to place to preach the gospel to the Indians— their encampments of bark wigwams and longhouses in clearings.

Have mercy on us— Tatamy, the interpreter, and David Brainerd, early missionary to the Indians, who could not get through a sermon without coughing.

I wanted to say, This is what we're here for— we will undo your world and replace it with two others— the Colonists' world and their God's world.

I thought it was hopeless, but I interpreted Brainerd's words.

As I spoke his words, a wave swept over the Indians. They knelt on the ground groaning and weeping. Some fell to their knees **HOWLING**.

There was awakening to some new knowledge that belonged to God. A hollow place they had known was there, but did not know how to address.

To others, Brainerd's message was gristle caught in their throat. I saw them leave. But there were those who felt the soul, or whatever that place in us was— a saddlebag or trunk sent overland from a long distance, and delivered directly by a spring-board wagon.

The Indians felt the awakening and cried in its anguish. Hemmed on every side. Brainerd's words were a language in English I had to change into Lenape. While the **ANGER** rose at being **ROBBED** of land— there was gratitude at being added to at the same time. The sheer nakedness of having lost a way of life. Of being destitute. Prey to the Colonists' diseases. Without hope it ever would be different. There was comfort in Brainerd's words for the woundings. The Indians understood that more than the Colonists.

Four

History is a coal burning in the light of day.

History is a ship on the sea arriving.
A sea arriving on a ship.

walamoewagan— truth
walamoe— he [it] truth speaks

There is disembarkment—
a washing over—

There is game—
dried, salted, preserved in a smoke-house.

A ledger of new words— hayfork, harrow, plow, claw hatchet.
A meaning of history unlatched.

The depth of the Indians' weeping puzzled Brainerd. He was used to Puritan restraint. None of them carried on in this manner.

Why hadn't I been as contrite? Though I was confident I was in the flock because I confessed Jesus Christ as my Savior, and I believed the Promise of his Blood sheltering me, I was aware of my distress. I had been a spokesman for the Colonists to the Indians. An arbitrator. I bought land near the fork of the river. I had been compliant to the Indians being given a parcel of their own land. Now I was spokesman for a missionary. I believe. I believe. I WILL BELIEVE! I said.

There was a prophecy in the open air. Brainerd said— On the cross I foresaw your praises and they appeared to me as promise. Because you were with me in my suffering, you will be with me when I reign.

Did that mean God gave Jesus a vision of the believers that would believe on his name? Is that why Brainerd endured discomfort and the danger of his travels?

I, Tatamy, interpreter for David Brainerd, traveled with him among my people. I saw Brainerd's inclination to despondency and consumption. I saw his excessive labors to speak to the Indians. Often my dreams were troubled.

We had to let the Colonists take our land. We had to know the message from God came through the people who came to take our land. It was more than some could endure. They threw dust into the air before they walked away.

The First Epistle General of John

¹ That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; ² we have seen it, bear witness, ³ that which we have seen and heard declare unto you, fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ— [I was getting behind]— we have seen with our eyes handled the Word manifest as we bear witness with him bear that which we have seen declare his fellowship is with our fellowship—

I, Tatamy, had to say the text as I heard it from Brainerd.
I had to break the text as they broke the land.
To speak it.
Plow it.
Make it say what Brainerd said.
His words raised up as crop.
His crop raised up as words.

I spoke to the Natives.
I am divided as the river.
I myself am FORKED.
When one leg falls off the other will not stop growing.

Seven

Brainerd told the Indians about Hell. Sometimes the words stopped in my mouth. I had to think how to say them. Brainerd looked at me— Say it just as I say it. Speak my words in your language. Do not change any of them.

You see them cry, I said. You see them leave if they don't want to hear? I AM telling them your words. You ask me to change language. You want your words to settle among ours, and change the structure. You want our language to break apart. You want to insert yours into it. Why don't you hear what our language says?

I told Brainerd it was hard to say what he was preaching. Hell was something we didn't know in our language. Fire was ceremony— not torment. To interpret was to make our language into something for which there were not words. This message was beyond our language.

Where was the Lenape word for resurrection? I asked when we were on our horses riding to another encampment. How could I explain in a language which had no concept of it, and no word order for it?

Eight

Use of Ownership

[I]t is lawful now to take a land which none useth, and made use of it— Robert Cushman,
Plymouth Colony, 1617

Go and walk through the land, and describe it, and come again to me.... And the men went and passed through the land, and described it... in a book... and came again to Joshua... and there Joshua divided the land— Joshua 18:8-10

Walk the land. Describe it. Own it with your words.
What is land? It is thought to which it belongs.
It is language that says, mine.
Land is a plow pulled by draft horses—
the blade curved as a claw.
The crows overhead—
their caws, wooden cogs turning a ratchet wheel.
Land is a supply wagon.
An abundant row of trees.
Land is a pump handle.
A weapon. A mold for lead balls.
Land is signature.
Land is deed. It is act.
Hear it talk to the river—
the tree in the field
a spike to hold down.

Why were the settlers divided between the Missionaries and the Colonists who knew how to use the language we didn't know against us? There were two sides to men. We had to swallow the differences. The injustice between them. The fork in the river.

Brainerd had reserve, yet could plunge into any group and speak his gospel. I was amazed that a weak, blundering man could bring a message that made Indians weep. He was wearing himself out— Preaching more than he had the strength to do. But that was the power of language. It came from his mouth. It went before him.

For years, I lived among the Colonists, moving from the place they called, New Jersey, to the Forks of the Delaware in Pennsylvania. Listening to them speak English. Learning it myself. Or what I could know of their words that were different to what I knew of my own words. I OWNED a tract of land. That was the leader of their words. OWN. Be in possession of. They worked their language like they worked their land. It was to publish crops. In Brainerd's case, it was words that reached the soul.

What was a soul? A Lenape woman proclaimed she did not know she had a soul. Brainerd said it was the breath of God that had been in us since the beginning when he took dust and breathed his breath into it. It was the shadow part of ourselves that woke when we accepted their God as our Savior. If it were true, why hadn't we known? Why hadn't our own guardian spirits told us? Why did we have to have these people tell us?

There were times when Brainerd preached, I could see the Darkness we were in, and beyond the Darkness, one Path to the Light World. It was the Path Brainerd told the Indians about. *Guttummaukalummeh wechaumeh kmeleh Ndah*— Have mercy on me, and help me to give you my heart. A wave continued to sweep over our meetings. Indians lay on the ground weeping. There was an awakening of something in them that Brainerd said belonged to God.

Ten

Didn't Brainerd know I should be on my farm working in the fields?— I, Tatamy

I woke in the night. I heard someone knock. I wasn't able to move for a moment. Who was there? Another knock. I sat on the edge of the bed. I went to the door of my cabin. No one there but the bright moon. The night drew me into it. Was I still asleep?

I had told Brainerd I was a Christian. He could not have an interpreter who did not understand his message. It was hard enough to explain. There was a God with the blessing of eternal life. There was a God with eternal punishment. He would kill and torture everyone who did not worship him. A torture that extended from this life. That began from it.

It's not that way, Brainerd argued.

But it's what you preach, I refuted. Heaven or Hell. Confess with your mouth² and you will see heaven. Accept what the Colonists say— what we take with our words— it is ours. That is the Indians' hell. You preach a forked God, I told Brainerd. A God divided as the river. The Indians only respond because they are desperate when caught in the fork of the Colonists' ways.

² Romans 10:9

I, Tatamy: a Walking Treaty

In 1687 William Penn proposed a “walking purchase” for Indian land. The Indians would sell their land as far as a man could walk in a day and a half. Or 30 miles. But Thomas and John Penn hired 3 men to walk in record time. Underbrush was cut from the path. The three men covered 60 miles in 36 hours.

I was sick. I shivered. I sweated. I felt hot. I was cold. Nothing could warm me. Nothing could cool. My head swam. I had nightmares of ghost-people gathered in the room. Mesingw, one of the evil ones, was there. I slept in the day. I was awake at night. I felt myself leave the earth. I held to the covers so I would not go.

The dreams in my head were worse than wolves. I thought I heard them eating bones. But it was someone knocking. Maybe it was no one again. The knocking continued as it had the night before.

It was Brainerd who came to my cabin. He needed me for another journey. I was his interpreter. It's still night, I said. The stars were shining in the sky. It's 4 am, he answered.

When he saw I was sick, he came into the cabin and prayed for me. In my fever, I saw Brainerd cutting the brush for me. I practiced running in my delirium. The Nighthawk flew after me. I kept running. I covered twice what he thought I would. Brainerd's voice troubled the waters and I stepped in. Afterward, I believed more than I had before. I was more confident of my salvation. It was a profitable sickness. If Brainerd would give up comfort to preach to a people that no one wanted, I could interpret for him.

I continued to be amazed at the reaction of those who heard his words. Sometimes it was only one or two in an encampment. Other times nearly the whole village accepted Brainerd's words, or seemed to.

As for the Colonists— they kept encroaching. It was a word I learned from them. As a wolf encroaches its prey. As it crawls slowly up and leaps. To break the neck with its mouth. To devour.

Twelve

Tatamy on the Brink of Despair

The lesser Size of Early ripe Corn yields an Ear not much larger than the Handle of a Case Knife... The larger Sort... as thick as a Child's Leg...³

Brainerd was dying, and yet he preached. We traveled across creeks and gullies, pulling our horses up trails we couldn't ride. We were in a thick forest. We heard the *shurrrr* of leaves. Birds were wild above us. Sometimes, the trail disappeared, but I found it again. We stepped across fallen trees. We crossed marshes where beavers had blocked streams with their mounds. We led the horses through the water. I told Brainerd to stay on his horse to keep his boots and trousers dry, the hem of his coat, but he would not. Sometimes I had to help him on his horse. I wondered if he wanted to die. He seemed unafraid of the Indians. Didn't he know we had attacked settlers and wiped out their pitiful settlements?

We passed a small clearing where a Lenape camp had been, but he didn't notice. I think he already was blind to this world.

Several times, on a steep trail, we had to stop for him to rest.

I rode with Brainerd in the open rain. At night, thunder tore at the sky. Streaks of lightning pierced. We sat under the tarp. I heard thunder answer thunder across the sky. The way birds called and answered on a clear morning. Often the horses startled. We stood with them. Brainerd's voice calmed me also. I could believe in God because of the thunder.

In the morning, we rode again. Brainerd stopped to cough as we traveled. He stopped to cough during sermons. He coughed again at night, yet preached the next day. The Indians swallowed the light that shined in Brainerd's weak voice. When Jesus saw him [cough] and knew [cough] he had been thus now a long time, he saith, Wilt thou [cough] be made whole?— John 5:6. Beloved Christ, Author of our Faith. [cough] TRIUMPHANT over Sorrows.

³ Beverly, Robert, *The History and Present State of Virginia*

Thirteen

We put bits in the horses' mouths and turn their whole body— James 3:3

Wepu tb its i nth ehorse s'mou ths an dtu rn the irw hol ebo
dy— Jame s3:3

I used our stories to speak to the Indians. Even the Sachem listened. Because our stories were a semblance of what could not be spoken, but was nonetheless known. There was a turtle that became the land. A tree grew from its back. We came from the roots of the tree. The turtle was drawn with a coal from the fire to tell the story. Whosoever drew the turtle was the one-who-told-the-story. The past seemed to cover itself by what happened among opinions. History lived in its versions. Brainerd's history divided the land into furrows. History was the crop that arises thereafter, always in the same straight rows.

I told the Lenape— God came from the tree also. He was the tree. He was the turtle. There was rumbling from the Indians. Brainerd looked at me. He was suspicious of my translating. The English language moved forward. It had a goal it must reach. The Indian language was the journey, often circling back before it went forward again. He must have suspicioned that I wasn't translating exactly— but was translating in a way the Indians would understand.

Your stories are written in a book, I said. A BOOK. Always held in the same place and marked by numbers that WOULD NOT change.

Scripture is not open to change, Brainerd said.

A story lives by its changing, I answered.

This is not a story left to men, Brainerd insisted. It is from God.

I could get on my horse and LEAVE Brainerd with the people who could not understand his words. I could leave him, and he would get lost in the woods. Didn't he know to fear the wolf? The bear? The Indians who knew how to torture and kill? Brainerd came to them with the message they should stop fighting and sit before the Lord. Only it was me they listened to when he spoke. I thought at times the warriors would kill me for the message I brought. At one point,

I knew several Indians followed us, but Brainerd seemed unaware of them. Finally, I realized they were no longer there. Maybe Brainerd's God had turned them back.

Fourteen

A number has no ears.
It has no story.
It is a mark bent or curved with other marks for purpose—
how many leagues across the water
how many ships
how many settlers in wagons
how many miles to the next village
how many and many until they fill the land.
Numbers is a book called Numbers in THE BOOK.
So did everyone according to their numbers.

Fifteen

Tatamy in the Trough of Suffering

These fields are mine.
I could plow them with the twig of my arm.

GUTTUMMAUKALUMMEH
WECHAUMEH KMELEH NDAH!!

I wait to be changed into your image, LORD,
at the resurrection of those who believe.

I, Tatamy, a statesman to the Colonists,
a traitor to my people.

Sixteen

Those nights alone in my car unlatching the uncertainly of shore.

My mother had English and German heritage. The German name was Siceloff. One of the Siceloff's made a genealogy.

In 1736, three brothers and a sister came to America from Minfield and Kendel in the Black Forest region of Germany bordering France. They made passage on the ship, *Harle*, and settled in Pennsylvania.

Twenty years later, March 24, 1756, one of the brothers, Georg, with his wife and three of their five children were massacred by Indians in Schuylkill, Pennsylvania.

Several generations later, part of the family migrated west.

My maternal grandparents had a farm on the Missouri / Kansas border.

I visited there as a child.

Several times I tried to find the farm. The house, barn and outbuildings were gone, even the driveway over the drainage ditch. The two cousins couldn't agree as to where the farm had been. And I had my own ideas of where it was. And the old aunt, who should have known, thought it was another place entirely. We argued in a civil manner where the farm was. Memories blew between us changing as weather.

An angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the rumbling of the water, stepped in was made well of whatever disease he had—
John 5:4.

Often there's an odd arrangement of word-order in the Bible. The verbiage sometimes makes it hard to understand.

Siceloff also is spelled Zeisloff. Zeisloft. Seyloff. Siseloff. Siceloft.

As the Great Spirit's name varies in the Lenape—Kishelemukong. Kitanitowit. In other places, Mani'to. Mani'towuk. Gicelemk'kaong.

Schuylkill, Pennsylvania is pronounced Sku-l-kel. Skool-kil. Sku-kel. Skoo-kel.

As Len-ah PAW is pronounced—

Len-ah-PAY

Len-ah-PE

Len-AH-pe

Len-AH-pay

Len-AH-paw.

Seventeen

The Spirit of Tatamy Speaks after the Death of Tatamy

My cabin now
belongs to someone
else.

They have two children and a three-
legged dog
and will take down
the dead tree and
repair
the roof.

So much I loved it
I let it go.

1776, Declaration of Independence

We hold these truths to be self evident. that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

[27th Grievance]— He [King George III] has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

[Cherokee, Delaware, Ottawa, Seneca, Shawnee, and other tribes resisted the colonist settlements in their territories. Thomas Jefferson used the attacks to blame George III for inciting Indians to resist American nationalism.]

THE UNSETTLING

Abstract

In 1996, I published *Pushing the Bear, the 1838-39 Cherokee Trail of Tears*, with Harcourt Brace. In February, 2018, “Publishers Weekly” listed it as one of the “Ten Essential Native American Novels.” After it was published, I wrote a book with the same characters who had arrived in Indian Territory after the Removal Trail. *Pushing the Bear, After the Trail of Tears*, was published in 2009 in the American Indian Literature and Critical Studies Series #54, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. I thought I was finished with the story. But several years later, when I drove from Kansas to Tahlequah, Oklahoma, an earlier section of the story came. It was in a different form than the two novels. It was about the main character’s parents and Maritole’s birth. This is a story of how a story continues after it is written. Or how writing uncovers what is beneath it in an “iceberg effect.” Writing about something is sometimes just the beginning. *The Unsettling* is about the need to tell the history of a people. It is an argument for scholarship as creative writing because it can go where historical facts cannot. It is about how in travel old stories can be found.

Key Words

1807-1835. Creation myths. Explanation tales. Spells. Preliminary warnings of the Removal of the Cherokee from the Southeast. The Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokee. Voices of the wolf and pig. Hunting with blow gun. Treaties. Cherokee courting and marriage ceremony.

I was driving in northeastern Oklahoma through Chewey, Ketchum, Grove, Scrapes— all the small towns along highway 10— some with just a few buildings. The land traveled also. It only seemed like it stayed in one place. Sometimes I would see something that had been someplace else.

Sometimes something changed shape— through the leaves— the crows were blue from their flight, the sky red, the moon square as a house.

Whenever I stopped, I picked up a rock. They were full of stories. Their stories were full of loss. Once, they had traveled from the Old Territory where the Cherokee had lived. At night, I heard the stories the rocks told. If I tried to stay awake, they were quiet. They waited to talk until I began to drift into sleep. They stood in the margin between wake and sleep telling their stories of resettlement of the Cherokee after they reached Indian Territory— or they told stories of when the Cherokee first began to know Removal from the Southeast would happen.

This is the story the rocks tell. They tell it in the old way.

This is the story I heard in a dream.

Someone on the road had a funeral umbrella.

There in the wind *chuuuuuuu* [like that she speaks]
She's a spirit circling the same story—

There was something happening over that way. Toward the hill there.
It had been autumn when the world was created.

The people had fallen off the sky rock to the water below—
All their lives— searching for a dry place to stand.

Mud was on the water now. A place to stand. The people would not drown.

wit-chuu the bird said.

The Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokees

John and Anna Gambold

4th July 1807, Georgia

During the night one of our pigs was again attacked by a wolf in the pen.
Brother Petersen, who had put his rifle through the beams and aimed toward the pen, shot.
The wolf let the pig fall and hurried away.

Tse'du wandered in the woods and could not find his way out.
He did not call out to his father in case an enemy was hunting near.
He knew bobcats waited in the trees. Wolves napped in their dens.
His heart pounded. He could hear it in his ears.
He could see the pulse beating in his eyes.

For the first time, he was alone with the woods.
He could hear the trees breathe. He tried to breathe as they breathed.
Tse'du stood in that time.
He felt someone put their hand on his shoulder. But no one was there.
Maybe it was an unseen spirit. Maybe there was more than one.
Tse'du saw the light and shadows— He knew they were living.
He felt his fear step out of him and walk away.
Surely his father knew the feeling. Surely the other men knew.

Tse'du heard his father's whistle.
It sounded at first like a bird, but it was his father.
He followed the sound and came to the place where his father waited.
His father looked at him. He didn't say anything.
He knew Tse'du had been with the woods. He was no longer himself alone.
It was what it was to feel holy. To be one with another world.
To feel its shadows across his face and chest.

To know his [inside life] walked between the worlds he knew.

Tse'du felt the waking from [things there were not words for].

The Wolf at the Moravian Springplace Mission

The wolf is me— [s'ke'.na⁴].

The pigs are in their pens.

Their smell comes into my nostrils— Yup.

Nothing in my appearance would entice them.

I am despised and rejected. Acquainted with hunger.

The pigs withdraw from me. SQUEAL.

Someone aims their musket. SHOOT!!

I am moving wolf.

Now pigs in woods. Silence.

I slip to tree. I jump out!! ROAR. ROAR!!!.

Get pig by neck I shake pig! SQUEAL. SQUEAL!!

It call to owner but I bite neck.

I bite hind leg. When pig run I taste blood I eat flesh.

They SHOOT. SHOOT!!— I run.

Now it is night. I go back. Pigs cry. Cows cry.

I drag hurt pig to woods.

They SHOOT. Get pig back.

Now pig gnarled by neighbor dogs.

Men kill because it hurt. Tie to a tree in woods. I eat.

They SHOOT. Knick.

I run. They do not get me.

Pig tied now to tree higher up. I grab.

SHOOT. SHOOT!!

⁴ a group of spirits dreaded for their power

I hardly run. I marred from the form of wolf [back into s'ke'.na'].

They follow. Get.

Before they call I will answer—
while they are yet speaking, I will hear—
And the wolf shall dance with the [pig] the [pig]
and the wolf shall dance with the [pig].

Tse'du went with his grandmother to gather river cane.
He watched the gnarl of reeds as she started a basket.
How did she weave the reeds going everywhere?—
bending the strands over and under each other until
she had a lidded basket that looked like a pumpkin.

Other times she wove buck brush into baskets
dyed with walnut, yellow root and bloodroot.

Tse'du's grandfather [watching her work] was tattooed from head to foot.

Tse'du's father had decided against it. He still wore ear spools,
though he dressed in a tunic and turban like the Cherokee men.

There was a warning in the wind.
They could hear the wind, but not the warning unless they listened.
Some knew what the warning meant. They were the ones who listened.

Some already were leaving.
They went by keel boats on the Arkansas River.
Or they rode overland in wagons. Or on horses. Or walked.

There were voices in the night. There were strange happenings.
A chicken was born with three legs. An owl hooted in the day.

There were stories that made his [Tse'du's] mother cry.
Tse'du heard them also.

The men said, the bear is beating his drum. The wolf is talking to the trees.
Tse'du knew they meant other things.

The men hunted deer with old Whitlow.
They took the skins to the traders. The women wanted their iron kettles.
The men wanted muskets and buckshot and powder for the muskets.

[It was a spell cast by the wind] *chuuuuuuu chuuuuuuu*
She [the spirit] spoke like that.

The Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokees
John and Anna Gambold
20th September 1814

We received a visit from our Dawzizi, who was recovered fairly well. He said the old Indian doctor had scratched his whole body and rubbed it with the juice of certain herbs. This operation is performed with a saw-shaped lower jaw of a fish in the waters here; long stripes are pulled through the skin at small distances by it, so that it looks completely bloody.

The first time Tse'du saw her, she wore a blue gingham dress with buttons from the trader.
U'ra was her name.

They were out deer hunting. He saw a deer, then no deer—

Tse'du thought of U'ra.
She disappeared between her parents when he saw her, looking back at him from behind her father. Then she was gone.
Then he saw her again.

A young man stood before Tse'du on the path, an arrow in his hand.
Tse'du tried to get around him, but the young man pushed him back.

Tse'du persisted, but the young man resisted his attempt to pass.
It was about U'ra— the girl they both wanted.

The young man puffed his cheeks and blew air into Tse'du's face.

It was a spell. Tse'du heard the blast wrapped in the air.
He was not afraid of conjuring, though it would send others to worry and sleeplessness.

Tse'du returned the curse— telling the young man to get out of his way—
na:gwo dine ase dudelitsonvhi
now you must be out of sight.

The spirits were near.

The men hid under a pile of leaves until the turkeys neared.
The men lifted the blow gun to their mouths without moving the leaves.
With a *fiff* from their mouths, they shot the wild turkeys.
As they walked to their cabins with the game, they spoke to the quail and partridge,
telling them to wait for their darts.

After the hunt, something was in Tse'du's thoughts—
now in bundles woods from which you start away

There was talk of the gola [winter] months.
There was talk of upheaval, of removal to a new territory west of a river.
They knew they would not leave as others had.
They would not be pushed off the rock again—
swimming and diving for mud to spread across the water.

Old Whitlow worked his magic before them.
He sang a song for them to stay on the land.

It was not a loud voice— the warning from the land about upheaval.
It sounded like wind and the rush of leaves— the call of birds and animals—
thunder and lightning, especially the thunder.

Anyone who didn't know the land would not hear at all.
It was the first voice that told them something would happen.

Dawzizi heard it more than others—
[he had been sick]— he had been closer to the other world.

There were sharp cries in the dark.
Thunder lowed with the cattle.
It was a new sound because it was telling them something they had not known.

Other times, there were strange noises without bodies.
But it did not mean they were not there.

Tse'du thought of the old story— Once Kana'ti owned all the deer.
He kept them in a cave. But his boys let the animals out.
The men made hunting songs about Kana'ti— calling the deer into their path.

One of the hunters split a laurel twig and placed a rhododendron leaf lengthwise in the split—
when he blew the laurel twig, the leaf made a buzzing sound that drew the deer.

Tse'du thought of U'ra and blew on a leaf, making a path with his sound.

When they had a pile of deer skins they visited the trader.
The men wanted knives and weapons.
The women traded their baskets for buttons, gingham and calico.

The men hunted with Old Whitlow, though he was older now, not able to lead the men,
but walked behind them sometimes until they waited for him.
To hunt deer, the hunter watched a deer— listened to it— chewed the way the deer chewed.

The hunter stood taut in the wind. *chhhhhhh chhhhhhh*

To be a deer was to know what it meant— to bolt outright into the air.
To weigh what the air weighed.

It was what Old Whitlow taught the men when he hunted with them.

The Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokees
John and Anna Gambold
12th January 1819

Sister Crutchfield brought us sad news about the disgraceful behavior of the white people toward
the poor Indians. Since Brother Hicks and numerous chiefs were absent and the poor Indians did

not have any support, the whites were aggressively taking possession of the area on the Hiwassee now and were very busy erecting houses for themselves there.

An old Indian who was driven out asked—
Where should I go?
The answer: To the Arkansas!
I have no boat!
Fell a tree and make yourself a canoe.

Treaty of 1819

The Cherokees ceded 1,540,000 acres of land north of the Hiwassee River in Tennessee, 739,000 acres of land in northern Alabama north of the Tennessee River on its right bank, and 536,000 acres of land in Georgia.

Tse'du's grandmother's baskets were like an open mouth telling a story of the boys who let the deer out of the cave where their father, Kana'ti, kept them. Sometimes Kana'ti's boys were called, Thunder and Lightning. Sometimes the mouth of a basket and the mouth of a cave were the same.

In the spring, U'ra was planting okra when Tse'du saw her again.
A bolt of sun came through the trees into the opening of the garden.

The men passed on their way from the hunt.
She knew they looked at her. Her father stood on the stone step of the cabin.
Her mother scraped mud from the cabin with a hoe.
It had rained in the door onto the plank floor of the cabin.

Tse'du gave a bundle of deer meat to U'ra's father.
Her father nodded and took the bundle.
Her [Ur'a's] brothers and sisters stared at Tse'du.

He walked past the garden where U'ra worked.
He saw the seeds disappear in the rows she made with her hands.
He said nothing, but passed slowly.

Thawk. In the woods— a hard stick hit his head.

Thrown by a spirit? No— by a man who wanted U'ra.
He [Tse'du] lay on the ground.
He [Tse'du] was struck again with a stone. This time— blackness.

Deer licked his [Tse'du's] face and the blackness went away.
aksh aksh— the deer said.

Anna Gambold at the Moravian Springplace Mission
January 1820

On the 1st the weather was very raw and cold.

John Gambold built a fire under the kettle in the yard.

A Cherokee woman converted to Christianity at the Mission helped with washing.
My hands are all I hear.

Anna Gambold
It is [him] drawing you to [him].

Cherokee woman
I have [] on my hands.

Anna Gambold
Blisters from lye soap and the cold.

Cherokee woman
Fingers split with cracks.

Anna Gambold
We have washing to do.

Cherokee woman
I use the ladle. Stirring clothes in the kettle.
But I still have to wring out the clothes.

Anna Gambold
My hands are red and cracked as if I touched the flames.

Is it you, Lord, close as my flesh?

Cherokee woman

Is it you [] I feel with burning hands?

Wolf

They taking
our dens
plow fields
clear trees
rob land

We sleep
in holes
near roots
of trees
our young
in cold

Where go?

Woo ha
Shuu shuu
Who come?

It's Dawzizi
in leaves
walking when
he can't
sleep we
could kill
him but
he howls
like [us]

U'ra's feet U'ra's were larger than they were. They felt as large as her head.

They were like two heads telling her they were cold.
She reached for another pelt and pulled it over her.
What was this cold that crossed them?

The women worked their spells against the weather.
Still it did not lift.
How could they shape the cold? It seemed to come of its own.
It seemed to shape them, driving them into themselves.
They were losing power over their world.
They were dying of unknown sicknesses.
The world was breaking up. Maybe even Old Whitlow could not help.

U'ra could not wear her boots to bed.
They were mud caked and manured, wiped with bear grease to keep out the wet of the snow,
but even then she felt the coldness through them.

Look at the traces of snow inside the windowsill.
Look at it sift in under the door. The winter tries to get into the cabin.
Even the earth wants away from itself.

it. w'as. no tu' Tse'du tried to speak English to the trader.
There had been fewer deer that winter.
He tried to tell the trader they had to keep the hides and pelts for their own people
because of the cold.

The Pig at the Moravian Springplace Mission

Jump every move of leaf on ground
could WOLF be—?

Yipes.

SMELL BLOOD in ear
throat choke with fear

Jump inside
I am all Jumping

Pig in Terror

SQUEAL. SQUEAL!!

Anger.

RUN!

Trample young.

What do?

All scrambled in **Terror**

Old Whitlow died on a cold night. The next morning, the world was white with frost.

It was a warning, an old woman said.

It was a spell telling what could happen before it happened.

This cold would be nothing of the cold ahead.

They would forget there had been snow where they lived.

The new snow would be heavier.

What they had known would not seem like snow.

But the frost came and went.

It was there. Then it was gone. Like the spirits that came for Old Whitlow.

The people lifted Old Whitlow from the bed. Carried him from the cabin.

His spirit followed, climbing through the chimney as if smoke.

Old Whitlow stayed in the trees with the spirits during the burial ceremony.

He had given himself a name that sounded like the traders.

Already the women were cooking corn in their large kettles in the yard of their cabins.

With the corn, they would have venison ham, fish, beans and chestnuts.

Already the men were hunting.

But how would they hunt without Whitlow's prayers?

They offered the tongue of a deer where Old Whitlow followed the spirits to the beyond land.

The Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokees

John and Anna Gambold

19th October 1820

In the evening, between eight and nine o'clock, a special phenomenon was seen in the air... A bright light, in the form of a very great fireball, moved slowly from the northeast to the southwest, and was accompanied by a muffled noise like distant thunder. Here the place designated for the burial was cleared, and a gravesite of the first body from the faithful of the Cherokee Nation was prepared.

20th October

...many Indians who were on their way to a Council meeting that is supposed to be held in these days in New Town [New Echota]... [which Brother Abraham Steiner dedicated last year with the preaching of the gospel]... stopped in here and asked to see the corpse of Sister Crutchfield, who had died [she had spoken out for them], completely against the custom of the wild ones.

The young man stood before Tse'du again.

He would not let him pass. The young man butted his head.

They stood chest to chest. They made guttural sounds.

They spoke words from animals long ago when the animals taught them how to fight and for what reasons.

It was a battle dance. They circled one another. They would have killed one another but a buck stood in the path before them. It startled the men. It pawed the ground.

It strove with a leaf in its path.

The men parted and it walked between them.

They had to leave their arguing.

They had to hunt because the animals were going away.

Already they heard the words for hunting

ka'na:ti' hunter

henado'sihe act in union

They called the deer to their arrows—

They prayed the spirits of the animals would not retaliate—

The group of spirits [*s'ke'na'*] dreaded for their power.

They came sometimes as wolves. Sometimes as others. Sometimes without form.

Their lives were changing. They were in danger.
Yet all his [Tse'du's] thoughts were about U'ra.

The spirits flew as insects above the creek at dusk.
They were waiting their turn, which was the night.
The spirits crowded the earth. They zoomed with sparks. Lightning bugs copied them.

Sometimes strange lights were seen in the mountains.

The world turned over and became another place at night.
The woods awoke. There were noises again— and the voices of the land.

Above the trees, a yellow moon stayed like a button half-way through a button-hole.

All was darkness and moving.
The trees had voices. They hummed with the wind.
The Maker and the [*s'ke'.na'*] could make them speak also.
The Cherokee had to listen to discern which voice it was before they could sleep.
The cabin had a voice also. They heard it singing itself to sleep.
He [Tse'du] hit the wall to startle it so it would be alert in the dark.

He thought of U'ra in her cabin in the woods.
When would her parents let her go?

kuwe'hi
mulberries, where there are?—
ooooooooaaaaahhhh [here] in the wind [they say].

Tse'du dreamed of U'ra picking the mulberries where she found them.

Now Tse'du woke while it was still dark. He heard the bed.
The chair. The table. The cooking stick and ladle.
All of it was alive with noise in the night.
Even the iron kettle from the trader talked.

Maybe everyone had been talking— not paying attention.
They kept going round the same way.
The trees whistled. Birds answered.
Then one day they said [stop] here.

The Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokees

John and Anna Gambold

6th June 1821

Since the rabbits have caused much damage to our sweet potatoes in the field, we had all our boys go into the field early in the morning with their bows and arrows to chase them away. Now we have plenty of beans, peas, lettuce and spinach in our garden. Our five acres of oats are in good shape as well as eighteen acres of Indian corn.

I want to marry U'ra, Tse'du said.

He stood on their cabin step in the bright sun. Tse'du felt like he was drowning.

U'ra's mother and father looked at Tse'du.

U'ra's father looked at U'ra's mother.

Without any visible communication, they agreed.

U'ra's father told Tse'du he could marry U'ra the next spring.

Then Tse'du would stop fighting with the other young man, U'ra's father said.

U'ra's mother cried.

Tse'du came to their cabin the next morning.

U'ra still had sleep in her eyes.

I asked your father to marry you, Tse'du said.

They told me, she answered.

Where in the spirit does the wolf howl?

From somewhere back at the beginning?— There, where they sleep?

Now the men had to go into the snow to hunt.

They had to face the wind. The driving sleet.

They spoke— not with words— but with sounds under the words.

The sounds that made words in the first place. The sounds spoke their magic.

They were medicine that crossed the sleet, the snow, the wind and the rain.

The Pig at the Moravian Springplace Mission

They come with knife to slaughter
See— they hang pig from tree
Blood drip from neck
Still kick
Terror of being picked
Jumble all jumbled
Legs give way while they singing praise

1822

Early in the spring, Tse'du and U'ra entered a sacred spot for their wedding. It was a place that had been blessed for seven days. They each entered with a blue blanket over their shoulders. They stood before the sacred fire. Tse'du gave Ur'a a venison ham. She gave him an ear of corn. The medicine man removed the two blue blankets and placed one white blanket over them. Now you begin your days together. Be a shelter for one another. Tse'du's mother gave U'ra a basket. Afterwards, the parents and grandparents and the two clan families ate, and afterwards, they danced a round dance, remembering their own early days together.

In the summer, the rain dug a little trough by their cabin.

They walked through their common fields. They felt they [the fields] were living. They had a quieter voice than the woods, but the fields had their own language. Soon U'ra would feel the garden breathing. Soon there would be okra.

A man went about preaching Paradise.
The Moravian missionaries did not like him.

1823

The next spring, a baby was born to U'ra and Tse'du and the baby died and the mother cried and the father went hunting and when he came back he heard her crying. He told her, listen for the bird who is coming. [He did not know why he said that.] Maybe he heard it from the open mouths of the baskets. A small brown bird was making all that noise. Yes. They all would need wings.

Those were the words they were singing.
They were not wanting to say the words, but they came anyway.
Words were like that.

The men threw stones in their Chunky games. Sometimes the stones landed crooked.
The people saw strange signs. Things out of place.

Jesse Bushyhead [one of their own] was preaching now.
The missionaries had captured him with their words.
There must be something to it, Tse'du said.

They listened to Bushyhead [on his circuit] but did not hear what Bushyhead kept saying.
Instead, Tse'du heard the earth speak. He heard it praise the [] Maker.
He [Tse'du] stood in the woods by himself in dead stillness.
He listened to the sounds.
At first it was quiet because the birds and animals had heard him.
But soon they began their talking again.
He listened to the trees. The birds.
The squirrels and small rodents scurrying in the leaves.
He knew the deer were there too, quiet as he was.
Tse'du stood there until he felt large as the woods.
He kept his thoughts until he heard the noise of the settlers in the distance.
He heard wagons on the roads.
He heard the men hunting with their loud shots.
He smelled their burnings.
Once he thought he felt the ground tremble. Even the earth felt fear.

1824

There was another baby born. Over there in the cabin.
It was Tse'du and U'ra's.
Her [U'ra's] mother named her, Maritole.
A bird moving said her name.
On the wind it [flew] over there.
Its chirp said, Maritole— A bird [it spoke her name].
The baby would live. A little brown bird. Frail and living.
She was the bird U'ra had given birth to.
It made little chirps. Just like a bird. Its mouth open.

1828

U'ra loved the winter brush.

Look— she said to Maritole— breath turns white in the cold air.

Now Maritole was a child. It was several winters later.

Once her [U'ra's] grandmother sat in the cabin wearing a trumpet-vine poultice for her bones that hurt. Now her grandmother was gone.

She [a spirit] telling now the same story.

Somewhere they were going— the journey of unrest.

1835

The mountains receding in the distance looked like waves at the edge of the lake.

Now the mountains seemed like wings lifting them all away.

Tse'du and U'ra heard the lichen on the rocks, on the trees, on the fences.

The whole day had the force of a wing.

Wasn't that the story?— a lifting and falling that carried the mystery of being with it.

They walked there in its [] that could not be told.

There in the wind *chuuuuuuu* [like that she speaks].

THE CONVERSION OF HE GOES FIRST, DAVID PENDLETON OAKERHATER,
CHEYENNE⁵

⁵ First Native American Anglican to be included in the book of *Lesser Feasts and Facts of the Episcopal Church*.

Fort Marion Prison, St. Augustine, Florida, 1875-78⁶

Notes to the Living Father, you brought us this.
You showed them the water to cross. They kept coming. We resisted.
We should fold up our teepees? Leave the Great Plains?
They pushed until we had nowhere to go.

Holy Lord, the buffalo roam now in the other world.
You have them with you there. You gather the dead from the earth.
You have it your way.

We rode to Fort Sill with a white flag. We came to captivity by your hand.

The flag flopped before our eyes. We eat the surrender you give us.

We wore leg irons. We rode the train. The boat.
After a long journey we walked into Fort Marion on the ocean.
They cut our hair. Covered our legs with trousers.
Our chests with blue coats. We were made to look like them.
Fervent Lord hear our prayer. We are not them.

⁶ An abandoned fort where 72 warriors were taken at the end of the Plains Indian Wars and attempts were made to educate and evangelize.

If I had a horse I would ride into the sea.

Notes to the horse, keep moving your legs. To be carried by the waves.
Surely the boats are horses to these men.

We stand in our soldier suits.

We march around the courtyard of the fort in their military maneuvers.

Our fathers would not know us.

There were stories of the land stopping at the water that walked where it went.

I had seen the water. I felt it moving in my dreams. We have an ocean within us.

Notes to Mrs. Mather at the fort to teach us English.

Your words pull threads from the water.
Your words make leg irons for our words to wear.

Your words are a thicket. A little copse of trees.

SNAKE BITE ME. [the actual words he wrote]

A buffalo calf stepped on a snake. I felt the bite of it. The calf ran from the snake until it saw the sky driven from its herd. The next world near.

Mrs. Mathers asked what I was writing I said the bite of the snake in my leg though it bit the buffalo calf there was sameness of land of sky of buffalo I was trying to find the sameness of writing.

If I was on the Plains I would not write. I would hide in the thicket. I would become buffalo. My hide left for the hide hunters to take. That is not correct, she said shesaidshesaid. Notes to Mrs. Mather, I hide in the thicket I make with your language. Therein a snake that would bite. That would transform the buffalo calf into a being The Maker would lift in his hands to his New World. The calf with the Plains for a back, the thicket for a tail, an ocean for its head.

After the Red River Indian Wars of the 1870's—

We sit in your prison at Fort Marion, Lord.

Bishop Whipple stands before us speaking not knowing where we came from.

If he had seen a scalped head.

If he had seen the skinned buffalo.

If he had seen the piles of hides.

If he had heard our cries—

Sometimes I see Whipple as a Holy Man when he turns white as a blizzard.

His words are buffalo on the Plains. They are a blur of whirlwind.

He is fighting for your kingdom, Lord.

His words are a thin trail of water in the Red River in dry weather.

Sometimes I see Bishop Whipple in a breech-clot.

His face painted red and black with a stripe across his forehead.

I am lost in the wind, Lord. I am come apart. Take my life.

The ocean is another sky.

The Serpent Lesson

We sat in the casement at the fort.
We read mostly the Bible.

Bishop Whipple said the swirling stars moved like a serpent—
Did our Great Father not make the snake as well as the coiling stars?
By his spirit he garnished the heavens— his hand formed the crooked serpent—
Job 26:13.

We had come to imprisonment to learn the lessons we already knew.

We were to see The Maker from their way.
They would not hear us, but we were to hear them.

It was their world now.

The Easement of Dream

One night I flew above the clouds.
I thought at first I was over the water.
I often watched the waves roll into shore after their long journey.
But it was the clouds that were rippled and not the water.

The dream moved away from the clouds until I saw them from a distance.
The clouds were ragged on top as a line of trees.

I had flown back all night over the Red River.

There was another world. That was what I knew.
I had known it on the Plains.

We sat at a table at the fort. We learned some English. Writing and speaking.
We war danced for tourists. We made souvenirs.
We sold our ledger book drawings.

Still it was not another day. Still. Still.

Notes to the still. The drawings we made. Of fort. Of horse.
Of boat in the bay.
Of vacant sea. Was blowing. Would not stop.

Notes to the buffalo. There was nothing we could do.
I tell you we could not stop the soldiers and hide hunters from killing.

Notice. Notice. To the soldiers.
There is above you a line of tress waiting.

After Fort Marion

I studied English. I studied scripture.⁷ I found my new name in the Psalms of David—
Save me from them that persecute me, and deliver me— Psalm 7:1
For the mouth of the deceitful opened against me—Psalm 109:1.

The enemy came at night to question. To ridicule.

I was a Bow String Warrior now I wore a suit minus breech-clot minus long hair minus buffalo
minus teepee minus Sun Dance minus the wolf howling minus prairie grass minus whirlwind
minus bow and arrow minus wives and children minus the horse that was the same as myself.
Minus. Minus. Minusminusminusminusminus. The battle now was in the small bladder bag of
the head above the feet the arms the neck coiled with snakes if you'd seen a head struck open in
battle.

I heard the Old World speak. I would return to the Plains minus the Medicine Shield. I had to
give up the Old World push aside the fear of the new. It was the same as my first war against the
Otoes and Missouries on the Little Blue River.

⁷ Mary Douglass Burnham, an Episcopal deaconess, arranged for He Goes First to continue his education at St. Paul's Church in Paris Hill, New York where Reverend J.B. Wicks baptized and confirmed him as David Pendleton Oakerhater. Oakerhater was baptized again at Grace Episcopal Church in Syracuse and ordained as a deacon in 1881. He chose his name after the Biblical David, and Pendleton after the family that provided funding for his education. It is still not clear whether He Goes First was falsely accused of crimes in the last skirmish in the Red River Wars that sent him to Fort Marion.

Notes to Darlington Agency Indian Territory.

I stood before my people with an Episcopal Book of Common Prayer.
I had been a war leader.
Now I was an Episcopal Deacon.

I told them of a new road. They could know the journey.

The people winced. They looked away.

The Prayer Book was my Dream Shield my Red Shield Bowstring Headdress I wore now
with a Standing Feather and Yellow Porcupine Quills with Black Ends.

I had been broken yet I stood as if I was not.

The soldiers came as prairie fire. They left a blackened field.

The ones who followed taught us the world had more than one road.
They taught the Maker had more than one name.

The names I have—

Noksowist— Bear Going Straight— He Goes Straight— He Goes First⁸
Sun Dancer— Making Medicine
Oakahaton— O-kuh-ha-tuh
David Pendleton Oakerhater

Surely you brought the Europeans to overrun us.

⁸ Born c.1848 Indian Territory – died August 31, 1931 Watonga, Oklahoma

How Could I Say What Has No Word for It

The Medicine Lodge Treaty and other negotiations had not worked.

And would not work because they were not meant to work there would be no shared land they do not sit down to tea to discuss ideas to ratify more treaties and more treatiestreatiestreaties until they were running from our ears as so many gophers from their holes.

The quarter moon a stirrup to ride the Plains.

I could flag-fly in the blowing air that summer a plane with two wings buzzed the field the pasture actually a man stood on the wings as a winged being of old visions. The memory of crossed lodge-poles that left only memory.

I was at Whirlwind Mission Indian School in Indian Territory the field matron reported trachoma in the students the land allotments the Indians let fall through their hands the government regulations against Indians camping on mission ground the baptisms yes but confirmations lacking.

We knew the outcome of our wars was too much to bear at one time fightfight but defeat was this kingdom this glory in the world to come.



Oakerhater Window, St. Paul's Cathedral, Oklahoma City, by Tlingit glass artist, Preston Singletary

QUADRILLE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Acknowledgment to the American Antiquarian Society and the 2020 Robert and Charlotte Brown Creative Writing Fellowship

Virtual AAS Fellow Talks—

Tuesday, July 28: Diane Glancy, Robert and Charlotte Baron creative artist fellow, poet, Shawnee Mission, KS, "Quadrille," exploring the intersection of Native American history and Christianity

Again, gratefulness to the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts, where I was a Baron creative artist fellow, July, 2020, during which I researched the section, New England Indians, and placed the sections of Quadrille together.

Thank you

Ellen S. Dunlap, President

Nan Wolverton, Director of Fellowships and the Center for Historic American Visual Culture

Elizabeth Pope, Curator of Books and Digital Collections, who brought the 1661-63 Indian Bible to my table

Kimberly Toney, Head of Readers' Services

Dan Boudreau, Assistant Head of Readers' Services
Brienne Barrett, Library and Program Assistant
Laura Wasowicz, Curator of Children's Literature
Amy Tims, Cataloging Initiatives Librarian
Cheryl McRell, Coordinator of Guest Services
James Moran, Vice President for Programs and Outreach, for this explanation of the printing press at AAS

Research in a time of Virus. Covid-19. I had the large house at 4 Regent Street to myself. I had a table in the reading room to myself. I wore a mask all day as I read the different materials. I walked across the street to 4 Regent Street and ate lunch by myself on the patio. I am used to being by myself. Traveling by myself. It always has been solitary work. I am glad the fellows were staggered and some chose to work remotely.

Jul 6, 2020, 6:55 PM
Toney, Kimberly

I'm glad to hear that your tech issues were sorted out.

Yes, those tribal names are correct. AAS is squarely on Nipmuc land. Our reservation is about 20 minutes from Worcester. We have kinship ties with Narragansett, Wampanoag, Massachusetts and Abenaki.

Did Dan mention my online exhibition? Here is a link:

<https://americanantiquarian.org/EnglishtoAlgonquian/>

I wrote about Wowas (James Printer), Job Nesuton and Cockenoe, who all made Eliot's translation work possible. I would certainly reference many of the works listed in the exhibition, especially those written by Eliot. *New England's First Fruits* should mention Waban. Here is a link to the record for that: <https://catalog.mwa.org/vwebv/holdingsInfo?bibId=203853>

Since so many of these early resources are in a restricted collection, you can take a look at the digitized versions of them (the link to the digital versions will be in the red box at the right-hand side of the screen). Dan mentioned that he's working with Elizabeth to coordinate bringing out

some of this early material for you to see in person.

Here also is a list of everything bound up in what are called the "Eliot Tracts" which have a lot of information about conversion

efforts: <https://catalog.mwa.org/vwebv/search?searchArg=%20Reserve%201643%2003&searchCode=MOTH%2B&searchType=1>

I haven't been able to work with these sources in quite some time now, so it's nice to talk about them again! I'll let you know if I think of anything else, and please let me know if you have further questions. I hope your first day in the library went well.

Kimberly Toney
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NEW ENGLAND INDIANS

Indian Bible, 1661-1663, Translated to Algonquian, John Eliot, ordered to be printed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England, Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson, Cambridge, MDCLXIII

The Indian Grammar Begun, or, an Essay to bring the Indian Language into RULES, for the Help of such as desire to Learn the same, for the furtherance of the Gospel among them, by John Eliot, Cambridge, Printed by Marmaduke Johnson, 1666

Holy Bible, Old and New Testaments, Together with the Apocrypha, Translated out of the Original Tongues, McCarty & Davis, Philadelphia, 1881

A Grammar of the Massachusetts Indian Language, John Eliot, First printed by Marmaduke Johnson, Cambridge, 1666. Later printed with Introductory Notes by John Pickering, Phelps and Farnham, Boston, 1822

Bibliography of the Algonquian Languages, James Constantine Pilling, Washington Government Printing Office, 1891

Some Helps for the Indians Showing Them How to Improve their natural Reason, To know the True God, and the true Christian Religion,

1. By leading them to see the Divine Authority of the Scriptures
2. By the Scriptures the Divine Truth necessary to Eternal Salvation

Undertaken At the Motion, and published by the Order of the Commissioners of the United Colonies, by Abraham Pierson, Examined and approved by Thomas Stanton Interpreter-Generall to the United Colonies for the Indian Language, and by some others of the most able Interpreters amongst us. London, Printed by N. Simmons, 1659

The Light appearing more and more towards the perfect Day. Or, a farther Discovery of the present state of the INDIAN IN New-England, Concerning the Progresse of the Gospel amongst them. Manifested by Letters from such as preacht to them there. Published by Henry Whitfield, late Pastor to the Church of Christ at Gilford in New-England, who came late thence, LONDON, Printed by T.R. & E.M. for John Bartlet, and are to be sold at the Gilt Cup, near St. Austins gate in Pauls Church-yard, 1651

The glorious progress of the Gospel, amongst the Indians of New England: Manifested by three letters, under the hand of that famous instrument of the Lord Mr. John Eliot, and another from

Mr. Tomas Mayhew. London, Printed for Hannah Allen in Popes-Head-Alley 1649, In a volume of Indian Tracts or Indian History, having paper made from old linen clothing laid on wires, pressed, rubbed, but the lines still visible.

The Indian Primer or The First Book By which Children may know truly to read the Indian Language. Printed by B. Green, 1720

Indiane Primer Afuh NEGONNEYEUUK, Ne nashpeMukkiesog Woh tauogwunnamuhkuttee ogketamunnate Indiane Unnontoowaonk. Printeuun nasope B. Green, 1720

“The Path of the King James Version of the Bible in Iroquoia,” Scott Manning Stevens, *Prose Studies Journal*, April 1, 2012

Removable Type, Histories of the Book in Indian Country, 1663-1880, Phillip H. Round, The University of North Carolina Press, 2010

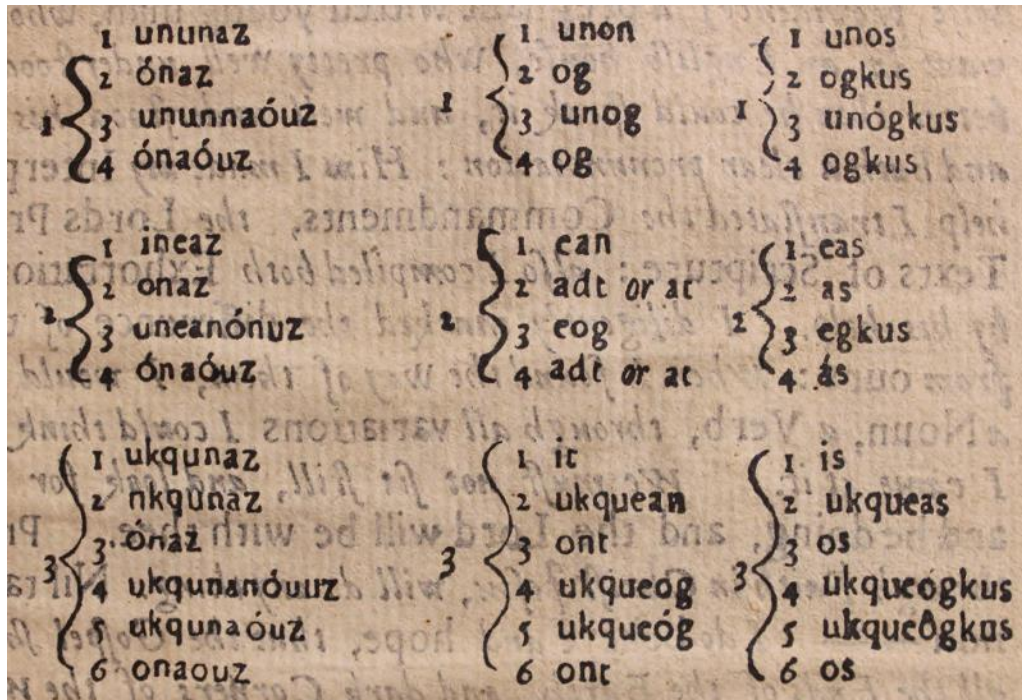
The Common Pot, Lisa Brooke, Indigenous Americas Series, University of Minnesota Press, 2008

Our Beloved Kin, Lisa Brooks, Yale University Press, 2018

Memory Lands, King Philip’s War and the Place of Violence in the Northeast, Christine M. Delucia, Yale University Press, 2018

Cockenoe

Cockenoe



By the late

1630s, English colonists spread themselves across New England, many making their way toward the Connecticut River Valley. Soon, English settlements began to appear along the river, in a part of New England where tensions ran high amongst the Pequot, Narragansett, and Mohegan tribes. While natives traded with the Dutch colony to the south and worked to forge tribal alliances, an increased English presence in Connecticut undermined Indian sovereignty. In an effort to defy subjugation, Pequots in the area attacked English settlements and trade posts. The English responded by capturing nearly two hundred Pequots and killing hundreds more.

Many native captives of the Pequot War were brought to Boston to be sold into slavery. One of these native captives was a young Montauk man from Long Island named Cockenoe. Cockenoe was made a servant in the home of Richard Callicott of Dorchester, not far from where [John Eliot](#) was living in neighboring Roxbury. Cockenoe and Eliot met in the 1640s, at which point Cockenoe—who had already learned the English language before being brought to

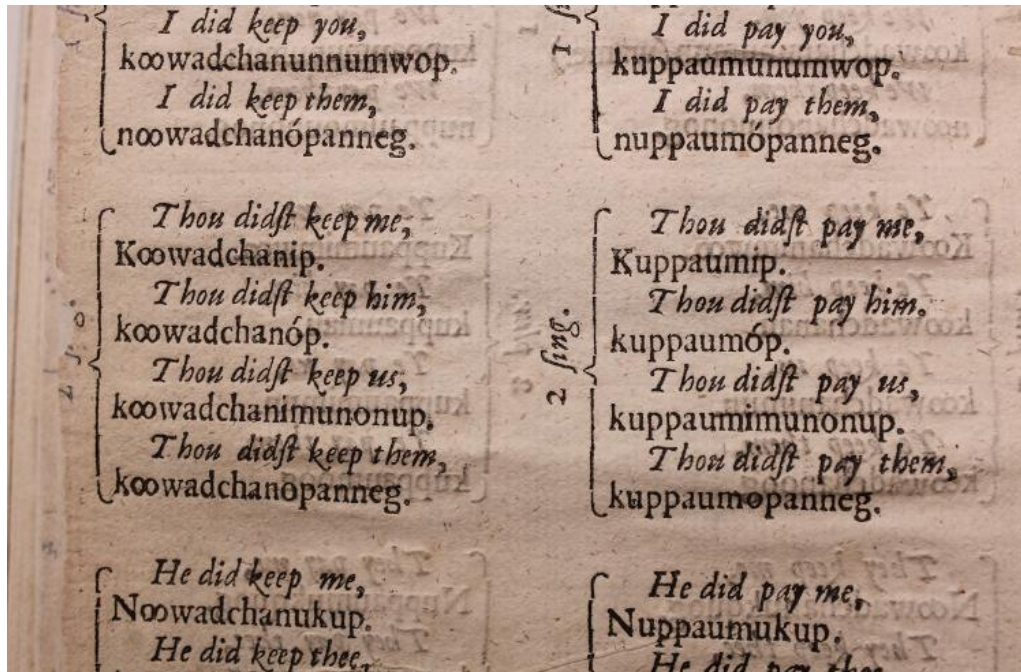
Massachusetts—became Eliot’s first native interpreter. Eliot reveals the importance of his relationship with Cockenoe in his *Indian Grammar* (1666), in which he describes Cockenoe as

A pregnant witted young man, who had been a Servant in an English house, who pretty well understood our Language, better then [sic] he could speak it, and well understood his own Language, and hath a clear pronounciation: Him I made my Interpreter. By his help I translated the Commandments, the Lord’s Prayer, and many Texts of Scripture: also I compiled both Exhortations and Prayers by his help. I diligently marked the difference of their Grammar from ours; when I found the way of them, I would pursue a Word, a Noun, a Verb, through all variations I could think of. And thus I came at it.

Though their relationship lasted less than a decade, Cockenoe helped Eliot learn the native’s language and helped him produce the first-ever works printed in that language.

Job Nesuton

Job Nesuton (d. 1675)



Job Nesuton was a Massachusetts Indian who likely first met [John Eliot](#) in 1646, when Eliot began preaching to the Indians at Nonantum (in present-day Newton, Massachusetts). By the time Nesuton came to work with Eliot, [Cockenoe](#), Eliot's previous native interpreter, had left his service. Nesuton proved to be a valuable replacement for Cockenoe. In a letter to the [Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England](#) dated August 21, 1650, Eliot writes:

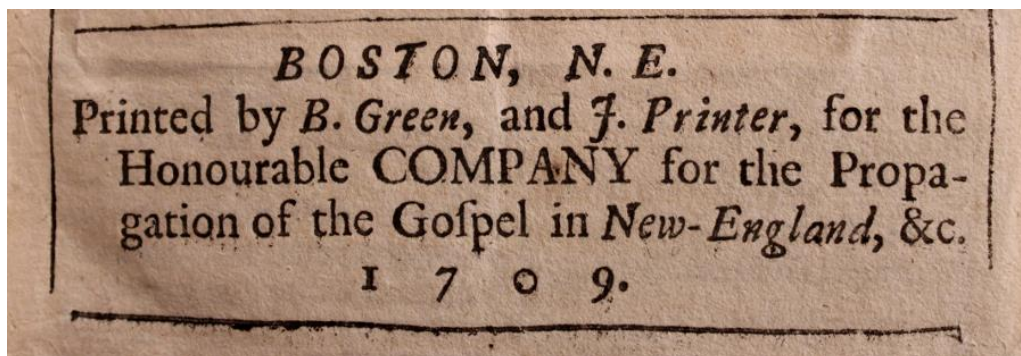
I have one already who can write, so that I can read his writing well, and he (with some paines and teaching) can read mine; I hope the Lord will both inlarge his understanding, and others also to do as he doth...

By 1651, Nesuton was working as a schoolmaster in the praying town at Natick. Shortly thereafter, Nesuton served as Eliot's closest translator and interpreter, a position he held for nearly twenty-five years. It was during this time that Eliot produced the bulk of his native-language translations, including the [Algonquian Bible](#), completed in 1663.

Nesuton died in 1675, fighting on the side of the colonists in King Philip's War.

James Printer

Wowaus, or James Printer (d. 1717)



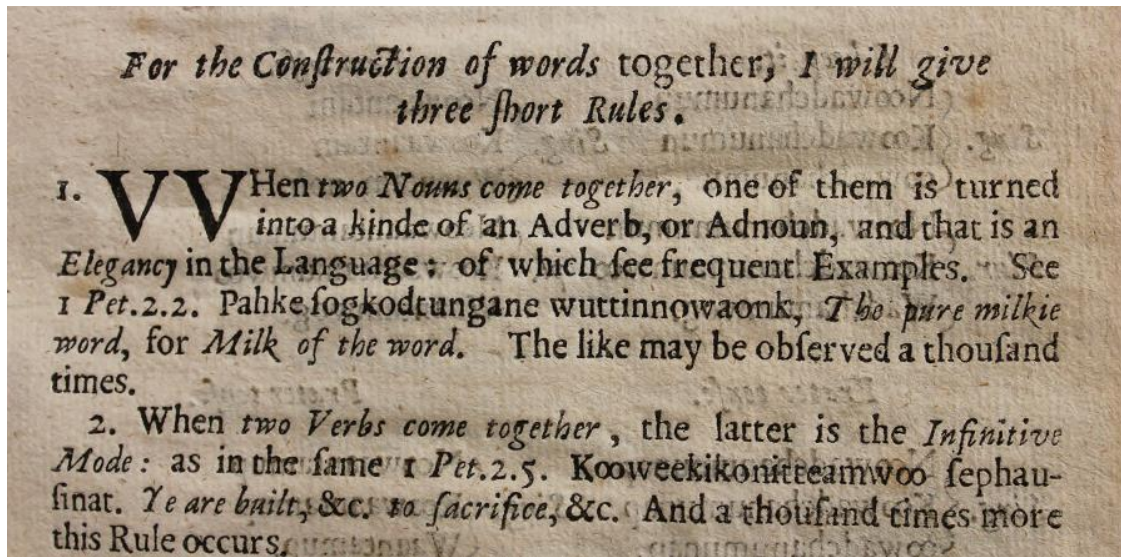
Nipmuc Indian
Wowaus spent much of his life at Hassanamesit in present-day Grafton, Massachusetts. Having attended an Indian charity school, Wowaus was fluent in English from a young age. By 1648,

Wowaus was working as an apprentice to [Samuel Green](#) at the [Cambridge Press](#). It was there that Wowaus would become known by his English name, James Printer.

Through his work at the press, Printer played an important role in producing the Algonquian-language texts that were intended as a vehicle for the cultural assimilation of Native Americans. As John Eliot worked with his interpreters to translate tracts, catechisms, and the Bible, Printer was at work at the press, setting the type and making sure Eliot got his translations right. In a letter to Robert Boyle in 1683, Eliot writes, “We have but one man viz. the Indian printer that is able to compose the sheets, and correct the press, with understanding.”

Printer aided Samuel Green and [Marmaduke Johnson](#) in printing the vast majority of the Algonquian-language texts circulating in the colonies between 1658 and 1710. Despite his influence, Printer’s name appears on a title page only once: he is credited with printing the [Massachuset Psalter](#) in 1709.

John Sassamon (ca. 1620-75)



During the Pequot War, John Sassamon, a Massachuset Indian, served as an interpreter for the English. Sassamon interpreted for the colonists on the battlefield, and his language skills would prove essential to the spread of Puritanism in New England. In 1651, Sassamon became a schoolmaster in the praying town of Natick and in 1653 attended Harvard College at the behest of [John Eliot](#).

Sassamon worked closely with Eliot for decades. While Eliot helped Sassamon improve his English language skills, Sassamon aided Eliot in his understanding of the Algonquian language. Sassamon, like [Cockenoe](#) before him, essentially enabled Eliot to preach to Native Americans in their own language and to start translating the text of the Old and New Testaments of the Bible.

John Sassamon lived between two worlds as a native among the English. In the winter of 1674/75, aware of increasing native tensions, Sassamon warned the English of an impending attack led by Metacom, the Wampanoag sachem. However, the English did not heed the warning. Days later, Sassamon's body was found under the ice of Assawompset Pond. His death and the subsequent execution of several Wampanoags for the crime are considered to be the most immediate causes of King Philip's War.

I, TATAMY

The Life and Diary of David Brainerd, 1718-1747, a missionary to the New England Indians, edited by Jonathan Edwards, Hendrickson Publishers, 2006

I, Tatamy, was published in a [8½ x 5½] half-letter booklet with top-binding, Azusa Pacific University, Azusa, California, 2014, where I had a visiting professorship

THE UNSETTLING

Pushing the Bear, the 1838-40 Cherokee Trail of Tears, Diane Glancy, Harcourt Brace, 1996

Pushing the Bear, After the Trail of Tears, Diane Glancy, American Indian Literature and Critical Studies Series #54, University of Oklahoma Press, 2009

Moravian Springplace Mission to the Cherokees, John and Anna Gambold, Volume I, 1803-1813, and Volume II, 1814-1821, edited by Rowena McClinton, by permission of the University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska. Copyright by the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska, 2007

Cherokee Song and Dance and Drama, Frank Speck and Leonard Broom in Collaboration with Will West Long, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1983

THE CONVERSION OF HE GOES FIRST

Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education, Diane Glancy, University of Nebraska Press, 2014

Acknowledgment to *The Missouri Review*, Jeffrey E. Smith Editor's Prize, 2019, Finalist for "The Conversion of He Goes First."

The sequence poem was published online as *The Missouri Review* Poem of the Week, June 17, 2019

"The Conversion of He Goes First" was read at an offsite reading hosted by *The Missouri Review* at the Associated Writing Programs Conference in San Antonio, Texas, March 5, 2020, the last conference before the Covid-19 virus shut-down subsequent conferences for a year.