

get out of the way of the waters. After they had all gathered here from all parts, the water continued to rise until at length it covered them all in a mass, and their flesh was converted into red pipe stone. Therefore it has always been considered neutral ground—it belonged to all tribes alike, and all were allowed to get it and smoke it together. While they were all drowning in a mass, a young woman, (K-way-ah-w, a virgin) caught hold of the foot of a very large bird that was flying over, and was carried to the top of a very high cliff, not far off, that was above the water. Here she had twins, and their father was the War Eagle, and her children have since peopled the earth. The pipe stone, which is the flesh of their ancestors, is smoked by them as the symbol of peace, and the eagle's quill decorates the head of the brave."

TRADITION OF THE SIOUX.

"Before the creation of man, the Great Spirit, (whose tracks are yet to be seen on the stones at the Red Pipe, in form of the tracks of a large bird) used to slay and devour the buffalo on the top of the Coteau du Prairie, and their blood running into the ground turned the stones red. One day, when a large snake had crawled into the nest of the bird to eat his eggs, one of the eggs hatched out in a clap of thunder, and the Great Spirit catching hold of a piece of the pipe stone to throw at the snake, moulded it into a man. This man's feet grew fast in the ground where he stood for many ages, and therefore he grew very old; he was older than a hundred men at the present day; he bore a delicious fruit, some of which fell on the ground, and at last one of them grew up a tree, when a large snake ate them both off at the roots, and they wandered off together; from these have sprung all the people that now inhabit the earth. After many ages, when all these tribes were at war, the Great Spirit sent runners and called them all together at the Red Pipe. He stood on the top of the rocks, and the red people were assembled on the plains below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone and made a large pipe; he smoked it over them all; told them it was part of their flesh; that the red men were made from it; that though they were at war, they must meet at this place as friends; that it belonged to them all; that they must make their calumets from it and smoke them to him whenever they wished to appease him or get his good will,—the smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in its cloud; at the last whiff of his pipe a blaze of fire rolled over the rocks and melted their surface—at that moment two squaws went in a blaze of fire under the two medicine-rocks, where they remain to this day, and must be consulted and propitiated whenever the pipe stone is to be taken away."

The following speech of a Mandan, which was made to me in the Mandan village four years since, after I had painted his picture, I have copied from my note book as corroborative of the same facts:—

'MY BROTHER:

'You have made my picture, and I like it much. My friends tell me they can see the eyes move, and it must be very good—it must be partly alive. I am glad it is done—though some of my people are afraid. I am a young man but my heart is strong, I have jumped on to the Manito rock—I have placed my arrow on it and no Mandan can take it away.* The red stone is slippery, but my foot was true—it did not slip. My brother, this pipe which I give to you, I brought from a high mountain, it is toward the rising sun,—many were the pipes that we brought from there—and we brought them away in peace. We left our totems and our marks on the rocks—we cut them deep in the rocks, and they are there now.—The Great Spirit told all nations to meet there in peace, and all nations hid the war club and the tomahawk. The Sioux, who are our enemies, are very strong—they have taken up the tomahawk, and the blood of our warriors has run on the rock. My friend, we want to visit our medicines—our pipes are old and worn out. My friend, I wish you to speak to our Great Father about this."

Shoo-di-ga-ka, chief of the Puncaks, on the Upper Missouri, also made the following allusion to this place, in a speech which he made to me on the occasion of presenting me a very handsome pipe about four years since:—

'MY FRIEND:

'This pipe, which I wish you to accept, was dug from the ground, and cut and polished as you now see it, by my hands. I wish you to keep it, and when you smoke through it, recollect that this red stone is a part of our flesh. This is one of the last things we can ever give away. Our enemies the Sioux have raised the red flag of blood over the pipe stone quarry, and our

* The manito or leaping rock is a part of the precipice which has become severed from the main part, standing within about seven or eight feet from the wall, just equal in height, and about seven feet in diameter. It stands like an immense column of 35 feet high, and polished like a mirror on its top and sides. It requires a daring effort to leap on its top and back again, and many a heart has sighed for the honour of the feat without daring to make the attempt. Some few have tried it with success, and left their arrows standing in the crevice; several of which are seen there at this time; others have leaped the chasm and fallen from the slippery surface on which they could not hold, and suffered instant death upon the craggy rocks below. Every young man in the nation is ambitious to perform this feat; and those who have successfully done it are allowed to boast of it all their lives.