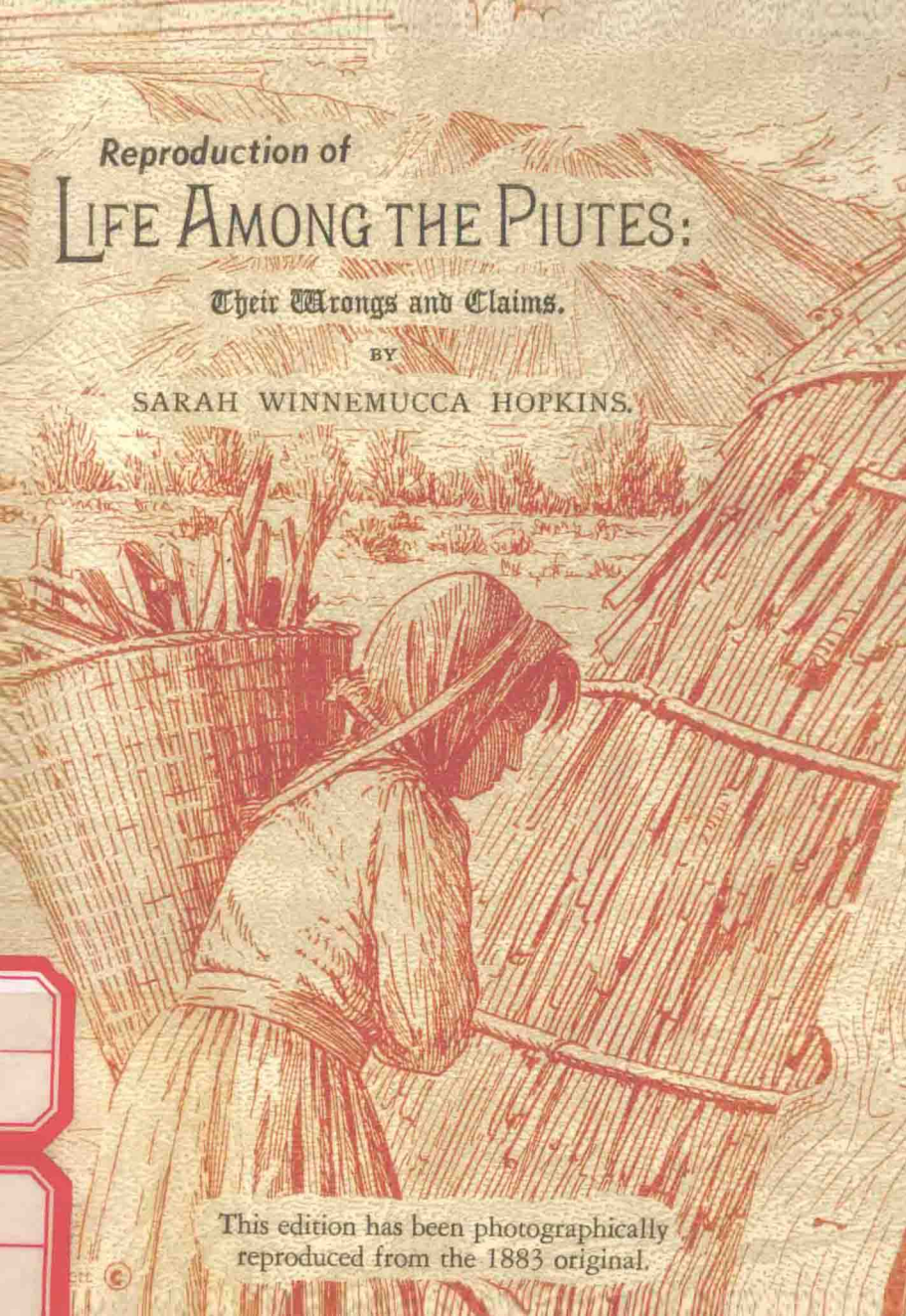


Reproduction of
LIFE AMONG THE PIUTES:

Their Wrongs and Claims.

BY

SARAH WINNEMUCCA HOPKINS.



This edition has been photographically
reproduced from the 1883 original.

Preface

This unique book, long out of print, is a graphic description of the unhappy history of the Piute bands of Nevada and the injustices they suffered at the hands of the majority of Indian agents.

It is perhaps the best history of the Piute Indians to come down to us from their first meeting with the white man and the subsequent years of their removal from their ancestral lands in Nevada to other parts of western America in the last century.

Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins' name will always stand out as a champion of her people; as an intrepid interpreter, a lecturer and writer of her peoples' history and the wrongs they have suffered. Not often has an Indian woman been allowed to become so vocal and to bring the history of her people before the public.

M. R. Harrington
Curator Emeritus
Southwest Museum

Introduction

Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the Paiute Indian Chief Winnemucca, was remarkably well educated considering not only the period of time that she lived but also the circumstances of her life. Sarah was born in 1844 near Humbolt Lake, Nevada. She had two brothers named Natchez and Lee as well as an older sister, Mary, but she fails to give us the name of her baby sister.

After assisting as interpreter and guide during the Bannock War during the summer of 1878, Sarah continued to champion her people as well as to teach. Locally she was called the "Princess," partly due to the billing on her nation wide tours.

In January 1882, Sarah Winnemucca married Lambert N. or L. H. Hopkins (exact name unknown) in Montana. She continued to travel extensively to lecture on the conditions of the Indians describing the actions of some of the Indian agents who deprived the Indians of their rations and subjected them to many hardships and cruelties.

Chief Winnemucca died in October 1882 at which time Natchez, her brother, became known as the Paiute chief.

While lecturing in Boston in 1883 Sarah became acquainted with Elizabeth Peabody and Mrs. Horace (Mary) Mann who became her staunch supporters. It was Mrs. Mann who edited "Life Among the Piutes."

In 1884, on lands near the present site of Lovelock, Nevada, an Indian school was established by Sarah and was financially assisted by Miss Peabody. Her brother, Natchez, farmed nearby. Mr. Hopkins died at Lovelock, Nevada on October 18, 1887.

When the school was abandoned, Sarah Hopkins returned to Montana to visit her sister, Mary, who also had married a white man. It is thought that she died on October 16, 1891 and is buried at Henry's Lake, Montana.

Russ and Anne Johnson



Portrait of Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins apparently taken in a studio, perhaps in San Francisco where she spoke many times.

COURTESY OF NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This dress was probably acquired by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins as a lecture costume. THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL of October 18, 1883, describes her attire as follows: "Her apparel was of dressed deer-skin, buff-colored and heavily fringed with beads, reaching a little below her knees, and displaying her legs encased in red leather leggings and a pair of mocassins trimmed to match her dress. Pendant at her side was a handsomely embroidered pouch. Her black hair, which reached below her waist was brushed smoothly back from her forehead."



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COURTESY OF NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Chief Winnemucca, father of Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins.

COURTESY OF NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



COURTESY OF NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



The Winnemucca family: "Sarah Winnemucca, Chief Winnemucca, Natchez, Captain Jim, and a white boy who conducted the party occasionally. 1880. Paiute Indians from Valley of Humbolt in Nevada. Sarah and her family are dressed in "white man's clothes" for the full length group portrait.

COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE

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BY

SARAH WINNEMUCCA HOPKINS.

EDITED BY

MRS. HORACE MANN,

AND

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON:

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283 WASHINGTON STREET;

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK;

AND BY THE AUTHOR.

1883.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

My editing has consisted in copying the original manuscript in correct orthography and punctuation, with occasional emendations by the author, of a book which is an heroic act on the part of the writer. Mrs. Hopkins came to the East from the Pacific coast with the courageous purpose of telling in detail to the mass of our people, "extenuating nothing and setting down naught in malice," the story of her people's trials. Finding that in extemporaneous speech she could only speak at one time of a few points, she determined to write out the most important part of what she wished to say. In fighting with her literary deficiencies she loses some of the fervid eloquence which her extraordinary colloquial command of the English language enables her to utter, but I am confident that no one would desire that her own original words should be altered. It is the first outbreak of the American Indian in human literature, and has a single aim — *to tell the truth* as it lies in the heart and mind of a true patriot, and one whose knowledge of the two races gives her an opportunity of comparing them justly. At this moment, when the United States seem waking up to their duty to the original possessors of our immense territory, it is of the first importance to hear what only an Indian and an Indian woman can tell. To tell it was her own deep impulse, and the dying charge given her by her father, the truly parental chief of his beloved tribe.

M. M.

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With Preface by
M. R. HARRINGTON
Introduction by
RUSS AND ANNE JOHNSON

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Russ and Anne Johnson

LIFE AMONG THE PIUTES.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST MEETING OF PIUTES AND WHITES.

I WAS born somewhere near 1844, but am not sure of the precise time. I was a very small child when the first white people came into our country. They came like a lion, yes, like a roaring lion, and have continued so ever since, and I have never forgotten their first coming. My people were scattered at that time over nearly all the territory now known as Nevada. My grandfather was chief of the entire Piute nation, and was camped near Humboldt Lake, with a small portion of his tribe, when a party travelling eastward from California was seen coming. When the news was brought to my grandfather, he asked what they looked like? When told that they had hair on their faces, and were white, he jumped up and clasped his hands together, and cried aloud, —

“My white brothers, — my long-looked for white brothers have come at last!”

He immediately gathered some of his leading men, and went to the place where the party had gone into camp. Arriving near them, he was commanded to halt in a manner that was readily understood without an interpreter.

Grandpa at once made signs of friendship by throwing down his robe and throwing up his arms to show them he had no weapons; but in vain,—they kept him at a distance. He knew not what to do. He had expected so much pleasure in welcoming his white brothers to the best in the land, that after looking at them sorrowfully for a little while, he came away quite unhappy. But he would not give them up so easily. He took some of his most trustworthy men and followed them day after day, camping near them at night, and travelling in sight of them by day, hoping in this way to gain their confidence. But he was disappointed, poor dear old soul!

I can imagine his feelings, for I have drank deeply from the same cup. When I think of my past life, and the bitter trials I have endured, I can scarcely believe I live, and yet I do; and, with the help of Him who notes the sparrow's fall, I mean to fight for my down-trodden race while life lasts.

Seeing they would not trust him, my grandfather left them, saying, "Perhaps they will come again next year." Then he summoned his whole people, and told them this tradition:—

"In the beginning of the world there were only four, two girls and two boys. Our forefather and mother were only two, and we are their children. You all know that a great while ago there was a happy family in this world. One girl and one boy were dark and the others were white. For a time they got along together without quarrelling, but soon they disagreed, and there was trouble. They were cross to one another and fought, and our parents were very much grieved. They prayed that their children might learn better, but it did not do any good; and afterwards the whole household was made so unhappy that the father and mother saw that they must separate