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seventeenth-century Indians held for John Eliot the missionary; the mourning ceremony held annually on Thanksgiving Day by Indians during the last decade at Plymouth to mark the coming of the invaders. On the other hand, Mitchell has conjoined Indians and nature in such a way that the passing of wilderness means the retreat of the native Americans. His friend Nopenekit splits for Canada as the industrial park moves in, saying: "Too crowded around here. . . . There's no future for Indian people around here. . . . I mean it's the same thing for the Indian as it is for the white man. You go to work, get money, come home, drink some beer, go to a few weekend ceremonies maybe. . . . We might as well be white people only with a different religion. We're not Indian people as long as we're living around here. No ties to the forest. Nothing" (p. 196). For Mitchell, Indians exist in the past, and they are doomed to disappearance in the face of civilization. In short, he has repeated the myth of the Vanishing Red Man.

And the future? Mitchell quotes the computer wizard, Peter Sarkesian: "'Computers will cover it all. . . . You got Route 495 there and Route 2 and the planners think that's going to make this place into something because the trucks can get here. But the fact is, the stuff you got to sell in the future doesn't come in trucks, it comes in from the mind, on lasers, fiber optics, comes in on microwaves and radio waves'" (p. 205). Here is the world as marketplace, as presaged in Cronon's study of colonial New England. And in this world Indians live on for Mitchell "as an idea" (p. 221). Interestingly, that idea is identical to that found in Cronon's book, that—as Mitchell concludes—"the essence of civilization is not the multiplication of wants, but the elimination of needs" (p. 220).

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**Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes.** By Gae Whitney Canfield. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1983. 306 pp. \$19.95 Cloth.

If she were a wealthy white woman, she would "place all the Indians . . . on ships . . . take them to New York and land them

there as immigrants, that they might be received with open arms, blessed with the blessings of universal suffrage, and thus placed beyond the necessity of reservations and out of the reach of Indian agents," asserted Sarah Winnemucca, the daughter of a Northern Paiute chief, whose impressive achievements have been insightfully detailed in Gae Whitney Canfield's biography, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*.

Canfield was impressed with this remarkable woman who won fame for her criticism of the government's mistreatment of her people. The author, a librarian in the Richmond Unified School District in California, with degrees from the College of Emporia in Kansas and the University of California at Berkeley, used newspaper accounts, personal letters from Sarah's correspondents, the Indian woman's autobiography, and public documents to compile this thoroughly researched social document and excellent reference tool with photographs, notes, and bibliography.

Sarah was born near Humboldt Lake in what is now Nevada about 1844, the fourth child and second daughter of respected peacemaker, Chief Winnemucca, who befriended the white man and attempted to work within the government system. His attempts ended in failure, and he died a broken man, leaving his daughter with a lifelong distrust for white men.

Sarah came from a distinguished family. Her maternal grandfather was Captain Truckee, for whom the Truckee River in California and Nevada is named, and her brother Natchez Overton was a leader in the creation of the elaborate Sun Dance rituals, a source of spiritual strength for the Paiutes as they roamed the deserts of the Great Basin of what is now western Nevada, northeastern California, and southern Oregon.

During Sarah's short life—between 1844 and 1891—she faced the disruptive changes that the coming of the white man brought. Through her work as an interpreter and scout, Sarah, whose Paiute name was Thocmetony, or Shell Flower, saw that the pioneers on the plains of the desert were changing the harmonious existence based on a balance with nature that the tribes had maintained. The roving cattle of the settler, which decimated the grass lands, brought dyptheria and typhus to the alkaline waters of the Humboldt. Her people had to adapt to the white man's ways, learn from him, either accept him as master or sacrifice their lives in a vain attempt to retain their ancestral lands and traditional freedom of movement.

The disdain of red men by white relied upon the assumption of their inferiority, and Sarah believed that just treatment for Indians could only come about when its members were perceived as equals. She became an important political leader among the Indians of her region and traveled to Washington, D.C., as their representative, meeting with President Rugherford B. Hayes in 1880. Her book, *Life Among the Paiutes: Their Claims and Wrongs* published three years later, and one of the first by a Native American, presented a sympathetic portrayal of her tribe's character and of their plight in a culture that exploited them. Sarah stressed the basic human qualities of people grieving because their land was seized by white gold greedy prospectors. Canfield's skill as a storyteller is to depict the Paiutes in terms of their humanity, giving them a distinguished ethnic identity.

The breaking of Indian power in the American West was stormier and more protracted as trappers, miners, and traders moved into Indian lands. The pattern of revenge and retaliation was a familiar one. White men, competing for food and water, sometimes found sport in shooting defenseless Paiutes who lived along the routes they took. Soon these impoverished Indians were pilfering from any whites who entered their territory. Generally unsuitable for agriculture, the environment inhibited the establishment of permanent villages and restricted the growth of population and the size and organizational complexity of societies. As a result, the small, scattered bands of Indians who dwelled in the area—forced to spend most of their time looking for food and frequently close to starvation—were victims of superior technology.

Indians were dispossessed and put into reservations as the result of the cultural difference between the Native Americans and the whites regarding the attitude toward land ownership. The former interpreted the possession of the land as a matter of use, the latter emphasized the belief in individual private control. Canfield details the process by which the government cooperated to divide the community owned Paiute land, with their leaders cruelly persuaded, sometimes fraudulently, to sell their property to speculators. After the discovery of gold in California, the Paiutes delayed the advancing frontier, and methods of removing them were found. Their fate was sealed with the arrival of the first miners and prairie schooners. The battles of extermination between the Indians and the United States

cavalry have been romanticized in American folk history, but, with the exception of a few occasional acts of heroism, Canfield shows that frequent acts of bestiality were more prevalent than kindness on both sides. Deaths and hardship were due to starvation, exposure, disease, brutality and alcoholism. Few were killed by bullets or arrows, and the once proud Paiutes were broken in body and in spirit. Those who dreamed of a resurgence of the declining Indian culture such as Canfield's embittered heroine had to accept the reality of the federal government's greater power.

Sarah used her beauty and talents by going on lecture tours in San Francisco and in Boston, appearing on the stage as "Princess" Sarah, pleading for justice. She told the history of white-Indian relations, reflecting a zigzag course of constantly altering programs, all of them designed to treat the red man as children. No decision was left to them. Their religious practices, ceremonies and organizations were banned, their children were taken from them and sent to distant schools where they were assimilated into the white culture. Some, like Sarah, became hopelessly lost, unable to make their way successfully among non-Indians and out of place when they tried to return to their own people.

Sarah's bitter diatribe against corrupt Indian agents ended in failure. In 1884, the corruption of agent Bill Gibson resulted in his using the \$17,000 appropriated for tribal survival for his own purposes. Earlier that same year, she repeatedly petitioned Congress to establish a reservation at Fort McDermit. Instead the Paiutes were sent to the Pyramid Lake Reservation where most of the arable land was already controlled by white squatters. The problem of growing crops on the small amount of usable land left to her destitute people made the reservation solution preposterous.

With the help of the Peabody sisters, Sarah established two schools for Indian children, but they were short-lived, and personal attacks about her private life drove her to drink heavily. Two marriages to white men who abused and cheated her ended in divorce, and the less formal relationships were failures as well.

She chastized Americans for opening their gates to impoverished immigrants, "but the poor Indian who is born of the soil of your land and who has lived for generations on the land which the good God has given . . . must be exterminated."

Sarah understood the frustrations and resistance to suggestions of assimilation, pleading instead for self-growth, self-sustaining Indian communities within the American nation. With respect to the red man, Canfield shows that history, one of vexation to the United States government and demoralization to the Paiute tribe, underscores the failure of the American Dream that promises equal opportunities for all.

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**Smoky-Top: The Art and Times of Willie Seaweed.** By Bill Holm. Seattle, Washington: University of Washington Press, 1983. 184 pp. 168 illustrations, 22 in color; map; diagrams; appendices; bibliography; index. Thomas Burke Memorial Washington State Museum Monograph 3. \$24.95 Cloth.

Curator of Northwest Coast Indian art at the Burke Memorial Museum and professor of art history at the University of Washington, Bill Holm, in this book, hopes "to present, in the context of his place and time, the work of one of the great native artists of the coast whose work and worth are recognized by his own people, as well as by many others who are moved by the creativity of man" (Holm, p. 9). The artist is Willie Seaweed, whose daily name was "Smoky-Top" (referring to a volcano). He was from the village of Ba'a's, Blunden Harbour, Queen Charlotte Strait. He lived his long life from his birth around 1873 to his death in 1967 among his people the Kwakwaka'wakw (improperly called Kwakiutl), a chief of the 'Nak'waxda'wx lineage, a master artist and a man of great humour. His work was never signed, like that of all artists whose language had no written form, but Bill Holm's long years of ethnographic and historical research among Kwakwaka'wakw people and museum collections have resulted in the identification of 122 pieces, most of which are illustrated in this book.

The core of the book consists of photographs of Willie Seaweed's works with highly descriptive (and sometimes repetitive) notes by Bill Holm: Totem poles, painted house fronts and panels, coppers, drums, whistles and horns, rattles, singers' batons, painted screens, masks, headdresses, which, except for