

**BIRD WOMAN (SACAJAWEA),
THE GUIDE OF LEWIS AND
CLARK: HER OWN STORY NOW
FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD**

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Bird Woman (Sacajawea), the Guide of Lewis and Clark: Her Own Story Now First given to the World by James Willard Schultz

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JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

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Bird Woman



I SAW RED HAIR AND HIS MEN NOT FAR AHEAD (page 198)

BIRD WOMAN

(Sacajawea)

THE GUIDE OF LEWIS AND CLARK

HER OWN STORY
NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY
JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

With Illustrations



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1918

I DEDICATE this book to my son, Hart Merriam Schultz, or Ni-tah'-mah-kwi-i (Lone Wolf), as his mother's people name him. Born near the close of the buffalo days he was, and ever since with his baby hands he began to model statuettes of horses and buffalo and deer and other animals with clay from the river-banks, his one object in life has been to make a name for himself in the world of art. And now, at last, he has furnished the drawings for one of my books, this book. His own grandfather, Black Eagle, was a mighty warrior against the Snakes. What would the old man say, I wonder, if he were alive and could see his grandson so sympathetically picturing incidents in the life of Bird Woman, a daughter of the Snakes?

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ
(*Ap-i-kun-i*)

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
March 1, 1918

SA-CA'-GA-WE-A

*Sho-sho'-ne Sa-ca'-ga-we-a — captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.
Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In brodered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there —
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest,
Sho-sho'-ne Sa-ca'-ga-we-a led the way to the West! —
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled
near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim;
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!*

*Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With brodered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-sho'-ne Sa-ca'-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"*

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

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From drawings by Hart Merriam Schultz