



"13 May /89 Wagon halt in Chile." Watercolor.

OK, I'll Do It Myself

*Narratives of Intrepid Women in
the American Wilderness • Selections from
the Caroline F. Schimmel Collection*

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An exhibition at the University of Pennsylvania
Kislak Center for Special Collections,
Rare Books and Manuscripts,
AUGUST 23 THROUGH NOVEMBER 11, 2018

Previously at
The Saint Louis Mercantile Library,
University of Missouri, Saint Louis, Missouri,
AUGUST 27—OCTOBER 27, 2017

and
The DeGolyer Library,
Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas,
JANUARY 18—MARCH 29, 2018

“The readiness with which the first edition of this work was disposed of has induced the writer to republish her Narrative in the present form, to which much has been added, and the many misprints have been corrected, very materially enhancing the value and attractiveness of the work.”

Sarah Wakefield, *Six Weeks in Little Crow's Camp*, 1864 (27A, q.v.).

Second edition, revised
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Laura Gilpin (1891-1979), "Young Navajo mother and her child [Sosie Hogan, Cove Area, Arizona]." Studio print, 1953. Published in *The Enduring Navajo*, University of Texas Press, 1968

Foreword

I fell in love with Caroline Schimmel's collection of "Women in the American Wilderness" the instant I opened the first box of her 2014 gift to the Penn Libraries, the fiction portion of her collection. Getting to know Caroline and, later, seeing her astounding non-fiction collection of books, manuscripts, and art by and about women in the American wilderness only deepened my love. So, too, did seeing this magnificent exhibition at its two previous venues, the St. Louis Mercantile Library and the DeGolyer Library at Southern Methodist University.

The exhibition title, *OK, I'll Do It Myself*, embodies the spirit of the narratives on display. It also describes the spirit and energy of Caroline Schimmel who, single-handedly, selected every item shown here from her library of over 24,000 (and growing) titles and wrote all of the entries in this extraordinary catalogue. As she gives voice to the unknown, forgotten, notorious, or renowned women in her exhibition, her own voice rings loud. Caroline's awe for their accomplishments and horror at their trials are evident. So, too, is her real affection for these women.

Caroline's admiration is infectious. Her exuberant writing makes us yearn to know these authors and artists. Who wouldn't want to share the joy of the anonymous young homesteader who wrote with such exhilaration about getting drenched while riding the rapids in Washington State? The vivacious Teresa Griffin Vielé, too, charms through Caroline's text, all the more so because we learn that Teresa's husband eventually left her when he "found a more docile companion." Rose Pender writes of her time in the wild west: "Never in my life had I enjoyed anything half so much . . .," and we are left wanting to know more. And how I wish I could have met Mesannie Wilkins and seen her little dog, Depeche Toi, perched on the back of the horse he rode for much of their shared journey across the United States!

In conversation, Caroline often reminds people who profess to know little about women in the wilderness that their grandmothers or great-grandmothers may well have been one, enduring the same rough conditions as the men, but also cooking, cleaning, and giving birth. Narratives she has selected make these harsh conditions bitterly real. Myra Eells concludes her letter describing her trip to Oregon, and subsequent struggles there, with a poignant plea: "Write me a long letter. I shall get it some time if I live." And there are the dreadful accounts, often sensationalized for political gain, but nevertheless based (sometimes) on actual events, of "shocking murder!" (Mary Smith), "horrid massacres" (Mary Godfrey), abductions, and captivities.

Women's motives for going to the wilderness are as diverse as the women themselves. A passion to learn has compelled some, including Maria Sibylla Merian, Constanza Ceruti,

and Ann E. Bancroft. So, too, has marriage—or the absence of one. Some traveled as wives, willingly or not, with their husbands; others set off alone, either to leave an unhappy marriage, or because a husband's death afforded the independence or provided the impetus (as with Mina Hubbard) to do so. Women deemed “unmarriageable” such as Mary Murfree (too lame) or Harriet Martineau (too old) were free to explore and write of the American wilderness. Religious beliefs spurred still others to settle in new lands, sending Lucia Smith to Hawaii and Hannah Cornaby to Salt Lake City.

But many women did not *go* to what new settlers considered the wilderness. They were already there. These indigenous peoples were viewed too often with horror and too rarely with respect and admiration by white colonizers. The fury felt by women such as Sarah Wakefield and Helen Hunt Jackson, who campaigned with pen and paper against the treatment of Native Americans, is palpable in Caroline's catalogue. Equally evident is Caroline's appreciation for the Native American women who, through books and art, continue to preserve their cultures and educate others.

OK, I'll Do It Myself is a monumental show, the perfect sampling of an extraordinary collection of books and artifacts assembled over the past 50 years by a woman who, like many of the women authors and artists she collects, is intelligent, exuberant, and



“Front & Profile Portrait of the Women of Port Français. One of the New Discoveries of M. La Perouse. Prior, Del. Deeves, Sculp.” Copperplate engraving from a 1786 drawing of a Tlingit woman by Gaspard Duché de Vancy, first published in *The Voyage of Jean-François de Galaup de La Pérouse Round the World, in the Years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788*. London: John Stockdale, 1797.

indomitable. It has been my hope all along that *OK, I'll Do it Myself* would come to Penn and I am simply delighted that Caroline has chosen to bring it to the Kislak Center, where an entirely new audience will be engaged and provoked by the items on display and entertained by Caroline's informative and amusing insights about the amazing women who created them.

I am deeply grateful to Will Noel for his constant and unwavering support, and to Andrea Gottschalk, who worked tirelessly to display this exhibition beautifully and creatively across two galleries. Most of all, I want to thank Caroline, who made everything possible.

Regan Kladstrup

*Director, Special Collections Processing Center
Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books
and Manuscripts*

Introduction

"I am in the middle of Arkansas . . . I had to camp out. On the ground. With bugs."

Bree, the mother played by Felicity Huffman, on the phone in *Transamerica* (2005) on a roadtrip with her son.

"I do not have fond memories of growing up in the out-of-doors. I loathed camp."

Ann Zwinger musing in "Writers of the purple figwort" (1987).

The tenured professors at Western History Association meetings still struggle mightily over the definitions of Frontier and Wilderness, but grudgingly admit mine has the ring of truth: fifty yards from a flush toilet. In the nearly half a century of gathering stories of the women who leave hearth and home, I never cease to be amazed. Of course there is bias embedded in such a collection, as these are obviously the ones who made it AND wrote or talked about it. To throw the widest net, I have even purchased books by men, when strictly necessary, such as the extremely complex and interesting John Stedman.

Let me be clear on two points. First, I am not a scholar. I have friends for that. Second, assembled mostly before the internet, the collection has been accumulated through chance, through travel, and through the kindness of astute book dealers. There was no definitive bibliography and, because the subject is so broad and full of unknown unknowns, there never will be. The items here are the tip of an iceberg the size of infinity, from Anonymous to Zwinger, of what women did when they headed into the untamed and semi-tamed portions of the Americas, armed with courage or desperation. They represent less than .005% of my holdings; my "want list" is twice again as large. Untold numbers of equally interesting women, locales, occupations, genres, and eras were left in NYC or at the Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts at the University of Pennsylvania, which now owns all my fiction, except for the few shown here. The labels are meant to pique your interest. My suggested reading list starts right here; there are e-versions of most of the books.

Some themes do connect these 101 authors, most obviously "colonization," with all the baggage that entails. I joked with my late husband that my parameters are 1492-1992, but the Americas were peopled lands from tip to toe when Europeans arrived, some fleeing religious persecution, some escaping horrible lives, others seeking wealth. First People were viewed as Noble Savages, or uncorrupted nature-loving nearly-Christians, or one's worst nightmare. Yet they were also neighbors. Accounts, including Sarah Wakefield's, reveal the ordinariness of life among them. But the elephant in the room was land. They were here first, they owned it, they were promised perpetual ownership, and yet . . .

Later voyagers were out not for empty lands but for lost souls, and where better to find them than the wilderness. Myra Eells moans to her friend Charlotte, "What will become of the promise 'the heathen shall be given to Christ'?" if she fails her mission in Oregon.

As my friend Helen Kahn wryly observed, here focusing on the Jesuits in California: “Their efforts at bringing Christianity to the aboriginals were not well-received.”

The African continent was full of heathens, like those Myra Eells’ correspondent in Zululand was intending to “save.” But also its inhabitants were captured, then sold, then sold again, to become enslaved people, the permanent property of the purchaser. Through magical thinking (and greed), otherwise religious people normalized plunking them down, for example, on a plantation (which is ipso facto wilderness) in the South (ditto). Exceptional people like Lydia Maria Child and Fanny Kemble used the medium of print, of fiction and non-fiction, to abolish slavery in North America. It took too long, and a war, to begin to reverse this thinking, morally and legally, in most parts of the world.

To date, there are far too few indigenous voices in my collection, for a variety of reasons, including being murdered by incomers and their armies. One workaround is the scholarship of an amazing group of female anthropologists, many nurtured by Professor Franz Boas at Columbia University. They recorded oral histories and folk songs, origin stories and daily life, with skill and sensitivity starting in the early twentieth century and, unlike earlier (male) researchers, taking care to note the names of all the contributors.

Invariably, conflicts created captives. Subject to the whims of the victors, prisoners could be slaughtered, used as pawns in the negotiations for peace, or sold into slavery. Rarely, in earlier centuries, were they kept – it was not cost effective. An exception was children. It was common among some American Indian tribes to welcome a captive to replace a recently deceased family member.



Two women standing outside their log cabin homestead, reprint from a glass plate, n.d.

Fanny Noble is one example, but with a twist. It was the white French Montreal merchant’s wife whose child had died, who showered affection on little Fanny, and grieved all over again a decade later when she was ransomed back by her real father.

Despite dire tales told here, some women have thoroughly enjoyed the wilderness. It has always been ‘acceptable’ for a woman like Maria Sibylla Merian to plunge into a jungle or forest, if she has a palette and magnifying

glass in hand. Army wives traded tips on making do, and their wisdom was used by fitness (and war readiness) enthusiast Juliette Low to create guides for girls. A century later, even walking across Antarctica, where there is nary a mosquito, but a few other issues to deal with, is no longer considered bizarre. Far fewer women than men have died mountaineering, my female Explorer Club friends note. It’s because they come prepared – thank you, Girl Scouts – and know when to quit.

As for me, if I’d been at a bullfight, I’d have rooted for the bull. Enjoy the show!

☞ *Dedication*

This collection and this exhibition would have been impossible without my posse herding this clueless cow into some semblance of a corral. My late husband Stuart Schimmel, Lisa Baskin, Beau Brauer, Suzanne Bordelon, Ellen Gallagher, Anne Hess, Kate Hunter, Regan Kladstrup, Amada Taborda, and Jean-François Vilain have been magnificent enablers. The delightful Russell Martin of Southern Methodist University in Dallas arrived at my door in Connecticut during a blizzard in 2011 and persuaded me to put on a show. With his masterful crew and beautiful new exhibition hall, he did me so proud this past winter. The staff of the Kislak Center at my alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, have been amazing cheerleaders, led by the remarkable Will Noel, Regan Kladstrup, Lynne Farrington, John Pollack, and Andrea Gottschalk. Mary Schlosser and Jean Stephenson have for decades been my life support. Jerry Kelly is my Sanity Clause, without whom I would definitely have gone crackers. But I couldn't have gotten where I am without the kindness and enthusiasm of hundreds of book dealer friends throughout the world, starting with the awesome Dorothy Sloan who dwells with her cats in the wilderness which is tiny Bluffton, Texas.



"A Young Esquimaux
Woman of the tribe - west
of the McKinzie," 1850.
Pen & ink and greywashes
on paper, manuscript cap-
tion title; on verso in an-
other hand, same caption &
"KTRH 6LW IT232. 1850"

☞ *First Americans*

1. *Malinalli (Aztec), also known as Doña Marina Cortés, La Malinche, and La Chingada* (1500?-1529?) *Poem for La Malinche* by Ira Cohen, woodcuts by Dana Young. Kathmandu: Bardo Matrix, 1974. #1 of 500 copies.

The life of Malinalli, a child of Nahuatl nobility, turned upside down when her father died and her mother remarried and had a son. Mom shipped her off to another town and family far away, then announced she was dead and claimed her position and property. In 1519, Hernán Cortés and his Spanish troops arrived in Tobasco, where Malinalli and 19 other maidens were given to him as a peace offering. Baptized and renamed Marina, she soon became his chief interpreter (malintzin), negotiator, and the mother of the first well-known mestizo. Now a Christian, she publicly forgave her mother and half-brother for their dastardly deeds. Contemporary chronicler Bernal Díaz del Castillo praised her beauty and her linguistic talents in his 1576 book. Guidebook writer Frances Toor reports in *Mexico* that she “was found strangled to death, and gossip has it, by [Hernán’s] own hands, because he was annoyed by her jealousy.” She would become a figure loved or loathed, depending on one’s political, religious, and eventually feminist beliefs. La Malinche, based on the word for interpreter, came to represent imposing one’s language and power on another, hence an epithet. She’s also been referred to as La Chingada (The Whore). Haniel Long’s *Interlinear to Cabeza de Vaca* (1936) revived interest in her. In this brief poem by American-born printer/poet/hippie Ira Cohen (1935-2011), she is a powerful, shapeshifting (even an Oriental man here) everywoman. Dear friend Nancy Sullivan discovered my “copy #1” in 2015 in the chaotic back room of Cohen’s book store, still on the city’s main street, while on her annual trip to teach midwifery in the mountains of northern Nepal.

2. *O-shaw-gus-co-day-way-quah, or White Feather, or The Woman of the Glade (Ojibway/Anishanaabe), later Susan Johnston* (1772-1843) Janet Lewis (1899-1998) *The Invasion: A Narrative of Events Concerning the Johnston Family of St. Mary’s*. NY: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1932.

When Janet was growing up, the Lewis family summered in northern Michigan, where she became entranced by local Indian residents and their legends, but also felt “the incoherent civilization emerging from the physical wilderness.” Her first slender book of poetry was *The Indians in the Woods* (1922). *The Invasion*, despite its title, is a success story of real people, an Irish immigrant John Johnston and the Ojibway princess he fell in love with in 1790 near St. Mary’s River, between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. Janet beautifully describes the scenery and the various inhabitants, local and invader, of long ago. After lengthy negotiations with her father Chief Waub-ojeeg, the marriage of John and Susan (as she was baptised) forged a remarkable couple. Their comfortable home became a well-known cultural salon on the Northern traders’ crossroads. The Indian scholar Henry Rowe Schoolcraft would marry one of Susan and John’s eight children, noted poet (in Ojibwe and English) Jane Johnston.



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the distance from his cabin should not exceed fifteen miles. He set out cheerfully, expecting to be at the village before noon. Once out of the lee of the island, he felt the cold more sharply, and an intermittent wind which lifted the dry snow in whirlwinds confused him as to his direction. He made as straightly as he could for the wooded shore, but was long in reaching it, and knew that his uncertain course had more than doubled the distance. In the shelter of the trees he went forward more readily, and at noon, being still far from any habitation, made camp and ate a little dry corn. He tried to make a fire, but the wind carried the sparks away from his flint. After a half hour's rest he got up and went on. His fatigue was great, and he began to experience a profound personal humility in the face of the snow and wind and the silence which followed the wind. He heard, now and again, from the depths of the forest a muffled sharp report, resembling a pistol shot, which he knew to be a tree cracking in the intense cold. There were no human voices. In the morning his feet had stung painfully. Now they no longer pained him, and once he seemed to wake from a sleep to find himself still traveling between the monotonous dark woods and the more monotonous lake. Late in the afternoon he saw, a short distance ahead of him and about a half a mile out on the ice, something that might have been a log or the prostrate body of a man with a very large pack on his shoulders. It was lost to view and supposed as the dusky drifts of snow shifted their attitudes with his approach, but at last he made it out to be a man lying flat on the ice, his head and shoulders hidden under one of those small lodges of cedar boughs which the Indians, when they were spearing fish, erected to darken the water so a man hoods a camera; and even as Johnston looked, the shaft of a fishing spear rose through the opening designed for the purpose, and abruptly fell.

He gave a halloo, and at once pitched forward into

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the snow. He felt, rather than heard, the fisherman approach; he knew, as fishermen recognize him, that he was being lifted to some one's shoulders, and believed that his rescuer was young and an Indian. After a time he was laid in his feet, and a word was said to him in Ojibway which seemed to mean "Enter." He opened his eyes and saw a long wigwam of birchbark, silvery gray in the purity of the snow. The boy who had brought him there was holding aside a tawny deer-skin which hung at the entrance. Beyond this curtain he saw an interior which trembled slightly in a ruddy glow. Some one from within said "Bundagay, Bundagay." The young Indian pushed him gently forward and he entered the lodge of Waub-ojag.

The warmth of the place made Johnston a little dizzy, and from this dizziness promptly emerged a low cry and the pressure of hands on his shoulders; he looked up from the bench where they had seated him and saw floating before him the delighted face of the old Ma-mongaid. He dropped his eyes to the bare head and busy hands of Wayishker, who was rubbing his face with snow, and beyond Wayishker he saw the curious, wondering face of a very young girl. Gradually the lodge trembled itself, the face of the girl disappeared, his feet began to come to life again, and another figure joined the figure of Ma-mongaid in front of him, that of a man perhaps forty-four years old, tall, astonishingly tall, slender, erect, and well made. The upper part of his body was bare save for a red blanket thrown loosely about the shoulders; he wore a red sash about his middle, and long leggings of white buckskin elaborately fringed. His moccasins were worked with colored quills. Ma-mongaid began to speak, and Johnston realized that he was meeting Le Pagan Blanc of La Liberté's admiration.

Florentin, he made out, had never appeared. He managed to explain that he had seen Florentin to them

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3. *Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (Piute)* (1844-1891) Four-page autograph letter in maroon ink, addressed to President Grover Cleveland, March 6, 1885.

The best known advocate for Indian rights in her day, Sarah takes her war against thieving Indian agents right to the top. She introduces herself to the President as “Grandaughter of the late Truckee, White Feather, Chief of all the Piutes, who in 1848 welcomed the advance guards of civilization, as his ‘white brother,’ to Nevada where his tribe was prosperous, 10,000 in number, enthusiastically desirous as My poor Granfather was to Share the blessings and glories of the civilization of the whites and add to it the good life and customs which were handed down to us by forefathers.” She blends details of the history of the tribe’s decline with sarcasm, ridiculing the process whereby agents self-inspect. She draws his attention to the just-published *Century of Dishonor* by Helen Hunt Jackson and her own *Life Among the Piutes*.

4. *Cæcilie Seler-Sachs* (1855-1935) *Auf alten Wegen in Mexiko und Guatemala: Reiseerinnerungen und Eindrücke aus den Jahren 1895-1897 von Cæcilie Seler. Mit 65 Lichtdrucktafeln, 260 in den Text Gedruckten Abbildungen und Einer Karte*. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen); [Druck von Otto Elsner], 1900.

Cæcilie fell in love with the brilliant but poor and sickly Eduard Seler (1849-1922), a patient of her renowned, rich, physician father. They were both fascinated by pre-Columbian Mesoamerica (as were slews of other Germans). Financed by the good doctor, they traveled seven times to the irresistible and mostly unrecorded ruins of the various cultures, principally Aztec. She was the photographer as well. His major achievement was to figure out the Aztec calendar. Her second groundbreaking work, published in 1919, was on Aztec women’s roles throughout history.

5. *Mourning Dove (Okinagan/Shwee-al-puh)* (1884-1936) *Coyote Stories, Edited and Illustrated by Heister Dean Guie with Notes by L. V. McWhorter (Old Wolf) and a Foreword by Chief Standing Bear*. Caldwell, ID: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1933. Inscribed by her Anglo mentor McWhorter (1860-1944) to Native American historian Jerome Peltier, on “Hunting Moon 29 Suns, 1943 Snows.”

Born Hum-Ishu-Ma, and also known as Christal Quintasket, the author was born in a canoe on the Kootenai River in Idaho. Under her pen name Mourning Dove, she here retells thirty-eight of her people’s genesis and trickster tales, heard from her father and “story tellers,” honored men and women of the Colville Reservation on the Washington-Canada border. Her paternal grandfather had been “a Hudson’s Bay Company man, a hardy, adventurous Celt” and her maternal great-grandfather head chief. For a few years, she had attended the Fort Shaw Indian School in Montana. The mosquito story was her most favorite, with which her mother had put her to sleep many nights as a child.

My friends say that work is prevented against objects whether they regard us as. I wish to that I say you will among the Quakers page 148. not to 123 but 16. If object in writing you is that that you will read a present object of the Bysland Lake Reservation and parcel out the land in parcels to the people. Shortt has recently reported that the people along the Humboldt River at Minnesota will take and take to help from the Government. I will accept the report in time and as there in the power of the people I see no need of the Government paying an object to take for a nation that need no care. But himself of your people lives with out the object an object and will read in part as they are to say, as a paper in Minnesota but as you object I would you if they think be helped to it in business it will come cheap to the Government if people have been object with them long enough. The present object is the object they may recently, some not to take land in object in which the Government an enormous fee and in reply I published the enclosed letter in some Minnesota papers and I dare trust to deny my

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Late in the night Mosquito was awakened by shouts and cries, the cries of his brethren. Enemies were killing them in their lodge. Soon the enemy people came to the sweat-house to kill little Mosquito. They jabbed their spears into the sweat-house. Mosquito dabbed red paint on the spear-points. Believing the red paint was the blood of the boy, the enemies went away.

1788



6. *Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve* (Rosebud Sioux, 1933-) *The Christmas Coat: Memories of My Sioux Childhood; Illustrated by Ellen Beier*. NY: Holiday House, 2013.

Virginia, whose Norwegian husband's name is pronounced "s-navy," had told her young son that his Sioux uncle was coming to visit. The boy became hysterical when the man walking up the drive was not wearing a big feathered headdress. His older sister was reading the Little House series at the same time, and she pointed out that the only Indians in those books were naked, smelly, and scary. The appalled mother was inspired to write children's histories about real Indians. The dozens of books include *Betrayed* (1974), her interpretation of the Sioux war that Sarah Wakefield had witnessed. But it was only very recently that she shared an incident from her own childhood, when her clothes were the leftovers from the Christmas charity shipments from the East. Her father was the local (Anglo) minister on the Rosebud Indian Reservation, but she dedicates the story to Rose, "my mother, who taught me to think of others who needed more than I." A tough lesson for a little girl, but with a happy ending.

7. *Linda Hogan* (Chickasaw, 1947-) *Calling Myself Home*. Greenfield Center, NY: Greenfield Review Press, 1978.

Linda Hogan's first book contains twenty-six poems on growing up in Gene Autry, Oklahoma, which first were published in 8 different periodicals. She has arranged them in two groups: By the Dry Pond and Heritage. Editor Joseph Bruchac (Abenaki) describes her on the back cover as "Chickasaw and white." In fact her roots tap into many cultures, her father being New Mexican, born to Lebanese immigrants; her mother of Laguna Pueblo, Sioux, and Scottish stock. Choosing to identify as Laguna Pueblo, and becoming one of the first and preeminent professors and anthologists of American Indian women's writing, it was through her poetry that Linda attempted the nearly impossible task of sorting through the various tugs on her heart, cultural, religious, political, filial, and maternal. That's her smiling widely in the back of the buggy.

8. *Louise Erdrich* (Chippewa, 1954-) *Love Medicine*. NY: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1984. First edition, extra-illustrated throughout by the author in colored pens and with mementos pasted in.

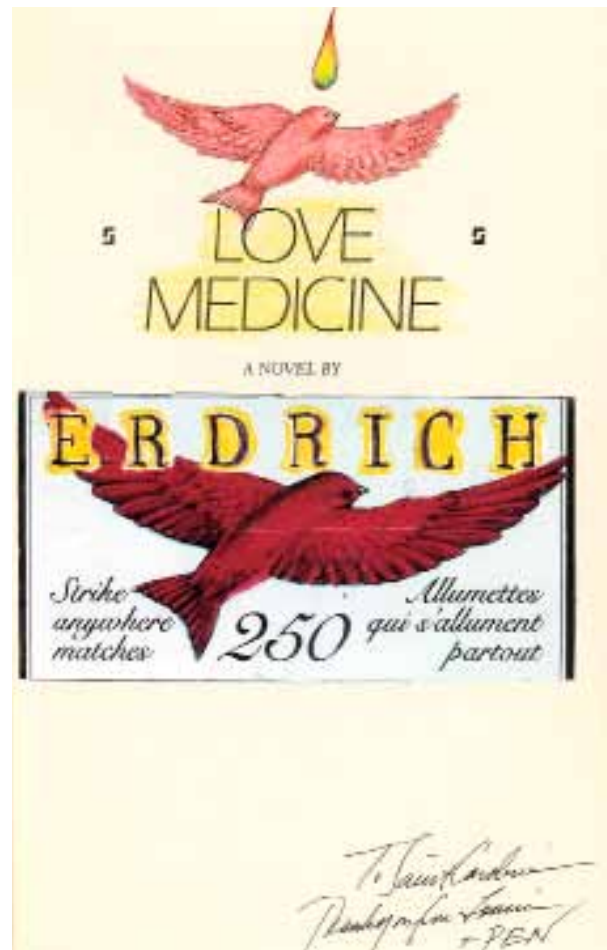
An enrolled member of the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa Indians, Louise won the National Book Critics Circle Award for her astonishing first novel, which interweaves 60 years of the fictional Kashpaw, Pillager, and Nanapush families. Chapters by the struggling author had first appeared in seven different periodicals; two were written at MacDowell where she notes with glee that "a basket of food appeared on my doorstep each day." For a PEN America charity auction in 2014, she sprinkled this copy with autobiographical annotations and with cut-out mementos and cartoons, a bouquet of wry humor and graceful advice to other writers. The colored vine seen throughout is "Floral beading designs based on shirt, Fort Totten, North Dakota 1890." Below her photo on the dust jacket flap she adds, "4 months pregnant . . . [so that child] was created entirely of soda crackers and ginger Ting Tings—all I could eat."



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7



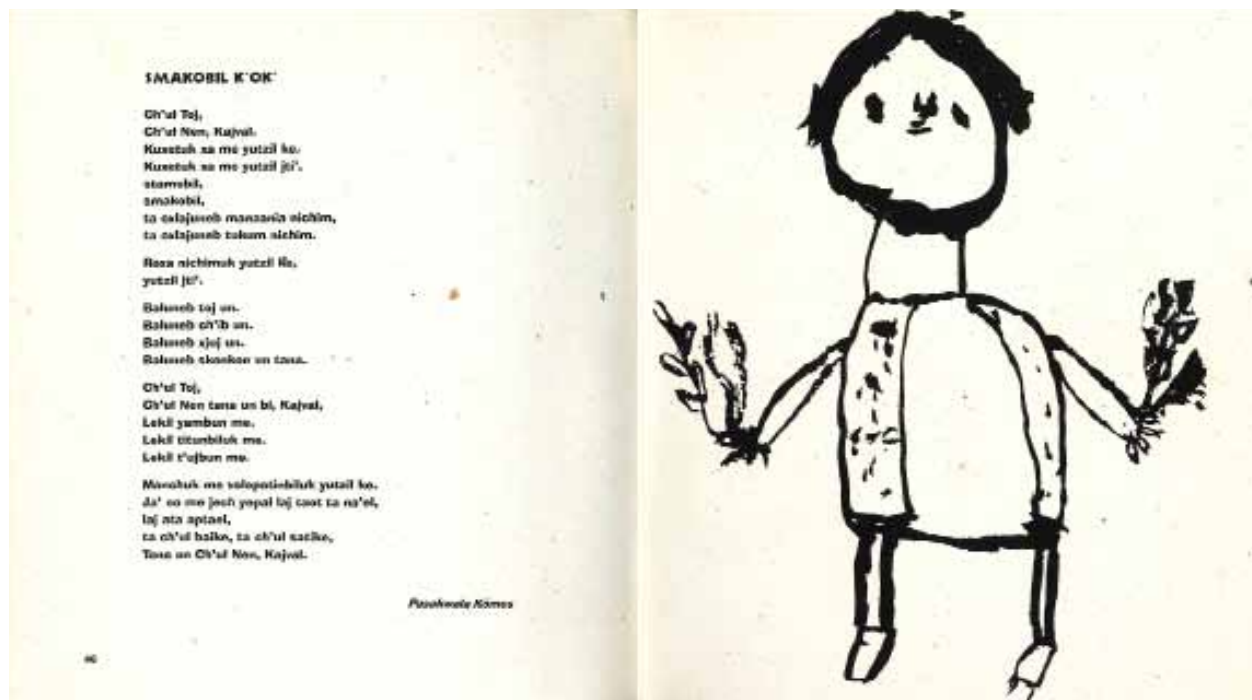
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9. *Taller Leñateros Conjuros y Ebriedades: Cantos De Mujeres Mayas*, prólogo de Juan Bañuelos; *Versiones en castía por Ámbar Past; con la colaboración de Xun Okotz [i.e., Xalik Guzmán Bakbolom] y Petra Ernánides [Hernánides]*. San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Mexico, 1997. Signed by both Ámbar Past (1949-) and Juan Bañuelos (1932-2017).

Mayan incantations had been sung in many tribal tongues for millenia – Tikal, Copán, Palenque, Toniná, Yaxhiilán, Quiriguá, Calakmul, Yaxhá, Bonampak among them. Editor Ámbar Past is a North Carolina-born feminist whose passion for natural dyes sparked her travel to Mexico, where in her twenties she became a citizen. In her fight against systemic government mistreatment of Mayan women, Ámbar Past had for decades worked to gather and have indigenous women perform the incantations through a collective she founded, Taller Leñateros. For this first publication, forty-five were chosen, transcribed into Spanish on facing pages, illustrated with silkscreens, and printed and bound in local paper, all by Mayan women. The book is open to the chant for fever. It was republished in Spanish, French, Italian, and English. For her much more ambitious *Incantations by Mayan Women / Fathermothers of the Book* (2005), the women gathered and illustrated 215 chants, a monumental work of love and respect.

10. *Diana Perez Martinez Nahua Codice*. Mexico, 2016? Accordion-fold manuscript of 15 scenes of rural life in pen and ink on handmade paper.

I fell in love with this at The Country Bookshop's booth at a fair this winter. Ben Koenig had been visiting his brother in Mexico City, where their weekly pilgrimage was to the huge tourist market. Ben later emailed me that "towards the end of my trek I spotted a man, perhaps 50 years of age or so, who had a booth with lovely paintings on bark – some quite large. As I was looking at them I spotted the book that you now own and I asked about it. I was told that it was produced by his daughter and that she makes only two of them per year. I was impressed by the intricate drawings and the folk-art quality of the book. Unlike many of the other items for sale in the market, this book was priced on the high side. So I left it there and went home. For an entire week I constantly thought about that book. I couldn't get it out of my mind and I couldn't wait to go back. I could only hope that he hadn't sold it the week before. So on Saturday, February 11th, I bought the book. I hadn't asked him when it was produced but he had only that one book – there were no other books for sale – and I made the assumption that it had been done recently: certainly within the last few years." A traditional yet fresh look at what draws people together, from the birth of a baby to a bullfight.



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Colonizers

11. *Mary White Rowlandson* (1637-1711) *A True History of the Captivity & Restoration of Mary Rowlandson*. London: Printed first at New-England: And Re-printed at London, and sold by Joseph Poole, at the Blue Bowl in the Long Walk, by Christs-Church Hospital, 1682. Second (1st British) edition.

This mouse-nibbled pamphlet is the oldest publication in my collection. In 1675 English-born Mary was living in the tiny isolated settlement of Lancaster, Massachusetts, having married its first ordained minister. She and Joseph had three young children. While he was back in Boston some 40 miles away, pleading for military protection, the town was attacked by Narragansett Indians retaliating for recent defeats at the hands of the English. Mary, her sister, and her children were among 20 captured alive. The eleven other villagers were killed on the spot. The group moved constantly around the state and up to Vermont, all the while both captors and captives were negotiating their release. She marvelled at the Indians' near-miraculous ability to find food in the forests. Daughter Sarah died of the bullet wound received during the attack and several other captives escaped or died. Almost three months later, Joseph persuaded some charitable Bostonians to donate twenty pounds and she was released, as were her children and sister a week later: "I have been in the midst of those roaring lions . . . sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered the least abuse of unchastity to me," she assures readers. Mary's narrative, along with those of Hannah Duston, Mary Ferguson, Mahitabel Goodwin, and Mary Plaisted, was reworked by Joseph's boss Cotton Mather in *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702) into a paean to God for saving her life, yet it is obvious she did most of the heavy lifting. No copy of the American first edition, *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God*, has been found. Yet!

12. *Sor Juana Inéz de la Cruz* (1651-1695) *Fama*. Madrid: Imprensa de Angel Pasqual Rubio, 1725 & 12A. *Poëmas de la Vnica Poetisa Americana, Musa Dezima* . . . 3rd edition. Barcelona: Por Joseph Llopis, 1691 & 12B. *Secundo Tomo de las Obras*. Madrid: Imprensa de Angel Pasqual Rubio, 1725.

What to do with children, when a newcomer and a native produce one? When castes and classes are important, you give it a vocabulary: the French Canadian "métis," the Hispanic "criollo," etc. Far more important was whether daddy was rich than whether mom was good looking. Juana Inéz's Spanish grandpa was indeed very very rich. His precocious criollo was a girl, so was forbidden from schooling, despite her pleas to disguise herself as a boy. She snuck into his library to read. By 1669, after a period of fame as a teen prodigy discussing philosophy and science at the Mexico City court, she found a home in a cloistered Hieronymite nunnery, where she could study, write, and publish critical and feminist tracts and poetry. Her fame and publications irritated the local priests and bishops, including her quoting from St. Teresa of Ávila: "One can perfectly well philosophize while cooking supper." They ordered her thousands of books and scientific and musical instruments confiscated. Instead, she sold them, returned to the cloistered life, and soon died from the plague while nursing her fellow nuns. Surviving suppression, her opinions are preserved in her writings, published during her lifetime and reprinted to this day.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

POEMAS
DE LA VNICA POETISA AMERICANA,
MUSA DEZIMA,
SOROR JUANA INES
DE LA CRUZ, RELIGIOSA PROFESSA EN EL
Monasterio de San Geronimo de la Imperial Ciudad
de Mexico,
QUE
EN VARIOS METROS, IDIOMAS, Y ESTILOS,
Fertiliza varios Asilpuntos:
CON
ELEGANTES, SUTILES, CLAROS, INGENIOSOS,
VITILES VERSOS:
PARA ENSEÑANZA, RECREO, Y ADMIRACION.
SACOLAS A LUZ
DON JUAN CAMACHO GAYNA, CAUALLERO DEL ORDEN
de Santiago, Gobernador ayuso de la Ciudad del Puerto de
Santa MARIA.



Impresso en BARCELONA, per Joseph Llopis, y á su costa. Año 1691.

SEGUNDO TOMO
DE LAS OBRAS
DE SOROR
JUANA INES
DE LA CRUZ,
MONJA PROFESSA EN EL
Monasterio del Señor San Geroni-
mo de la Ciudad de
Mexico.



Con Licencia: En Madrid. En la Imprenta de Angel Val-
qual Rubio. Año de 1715.

Si ya he empezado á decirlo,
Y vn secreto, yá rebuelco,
Puede dar vn cabardillo:
Y así, para no tenerle,
Diré lo que dice, y digo,
Que es el Conde de la Granja,
Laus Deo. Lo dicho, dicho.



KO-

de Sur Juana Inés de la Cruz. 283

ROMANCE, E N RECONOCI-
miento á las inimitables Plumas de la Eu-
ropa, que hicieron mayores sus Obras
con sus elogios, que no se halló
acabado.

Quando, Numenes Divinos,
Dulcíssimos Cíñes, quando
Mercedor em mim defcuydos
Ocupar vuestros cuylados?
De donde à mi tanto elogio?
De donde à mi encontro tanto?
Tanto pudo la distancia
Añadir à mi Retrato?
De que estatura me hazeist
Que Coloso aveis labrado,
Que desconoce la altura.
Del Original lo baxo?
No soy yo lo que pensais,
Sino es que alla me aveis dado
Otro ser en vuestras plumas.
Y otro alienjo en vuestros labios.
Y diversa de mi misma.

Eq-

13. **Joanna Kruythoff Stedman** (1758?-1782) John Gabriel Stedman (1744-1797) *Narrative, of a Five Years' Expedition, Against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam, in Guiana, on the Wild Coast of South America, from the Year 1772, to 1777: Elucidating the history of that country, and describing its productions, viz. quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, trees, shrubs, fruits & roots: with an account of the Indians of Guiana, & Negroes of Guinea. By Capt. J. G. Stedman. Illustrated with 80 Elegant Engravings From Drawings Made by the Author.* London: Printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard, & J. Edwards, Pall Mall, 1796. First edition, two volumes & 13A. *Narrative of Joanna; An Emancipated Slave, of Surinam. [Edited by Lydia Maria Child.]* Boston: Published by Isaac Knapp, 1838. First separate edition.

A young English adventurer signed up with the Dutch Marines and was shipped to Surinam in 1772 to help quell a slave rebellion. This lively two-volume memoir and natural history of his five-year stint, illustrated with 106 of his drawings, was published a year before his death. Reprinted, and translated into German, French, and Swedish, later editors toned down his repulsive descriptions of slavery. One of the team of engravers, young William Blake, was equally nauseated, and it turned his life around completely. Woven through the 800-plus pages is John's tale of falling madly in love with Joanna, his teenage mulatto nurse (at that time, every visitor got sick and many died). He married her with the blessing of her parents, had a son, and tried in vain to purchase her freedom. He returned to the Netherlands, married, and learned a few years later that she was dead, perhaps poisoned by a local jealous of her wealth. Nearly four decades later, Massachusetts author and politician Lydia Maria Child, abolitionist extraordinaire, came upon the book. She extracted the romance nearly word-for-word as *Narrative of Joanna*, using John's image of her as the frontispiece, but Lydia had the engraver discretely cover her right breast. This slender volume about a true tragedy became moving propaganda for her cause.

14. **Aphra Behn** (1640-1689) *Oroonoko: A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre=Royal, By His Majesty's Servants. Written by Tho. Southerne. [From the novel by Aphra Behn].* London: Printed for H. Playford in the Temple-Change. B. Tooke at the Middle-Temple-Gate. And R. Bettesworth at the Red Lion on London-Bridge . . . , 1699.

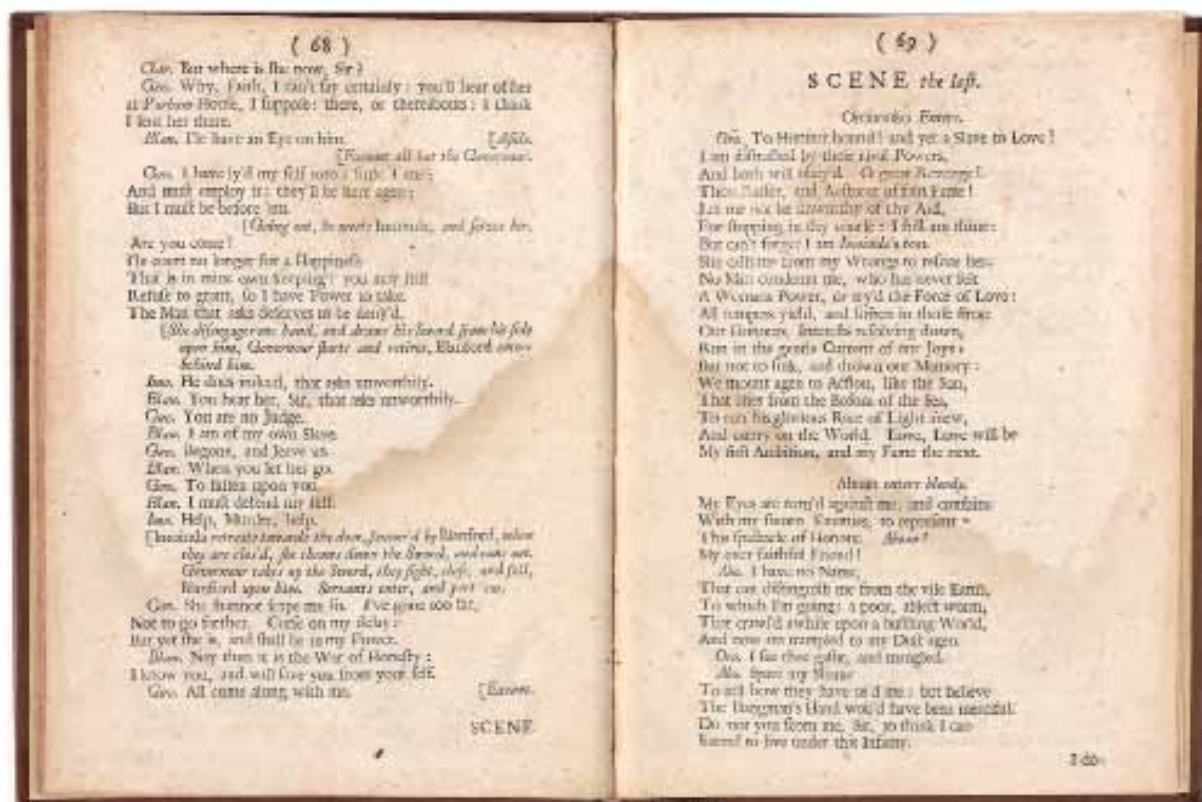
The progressive, prolific, and wildly popular English author set this bodice-ripper in Africa and Surinam, a country she visited (perhaps) in 1663-4, acquiring a Dutch trader husband who died of the plague the next year. She claimed to have been a spy in Antwerp for Charles II, whose refusal to pay her wages forced her into debtors' prison and writing, churning out at least 17 novels. First published in 1688, *Oroonoko, or The Royal Slave* opens with the king of an African country and his grandson falling for Imoinda, daughter of his general. The themes of slave trade and forced marriage remain in Southerne's posthumous version, but he adds a comedic subplot and removes the discussion of Surinam Indians. Both Oroonoko and Imoinda are enslaved, but now the lovers *both* stab themselves to death (not just Oroonoko after he stabs the English general who too has fallen for Imoinda) when the curtain falls. Southerne's finale inspired William Congreve's retort in this edition's epilogue, pointing out that, unlike a Heathen, a married Covent Garden woman in the same pickle would have "learn'd to Cuckold, Jilt, and Sham." Dead at only forty-nine, Aphra was the first female writer buried at Westminster Abbey.



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13A



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15. *Elizabeth Meader Hanson* (1684-1737) *An Account of the Remarkable Captivity of Elizabeth Hanson, Her Four Children and Servant-Maid, Who Were Taken By the Indians*. London: Printed and Sold by Samuel Clark, 1760. 1st Bownas edition.

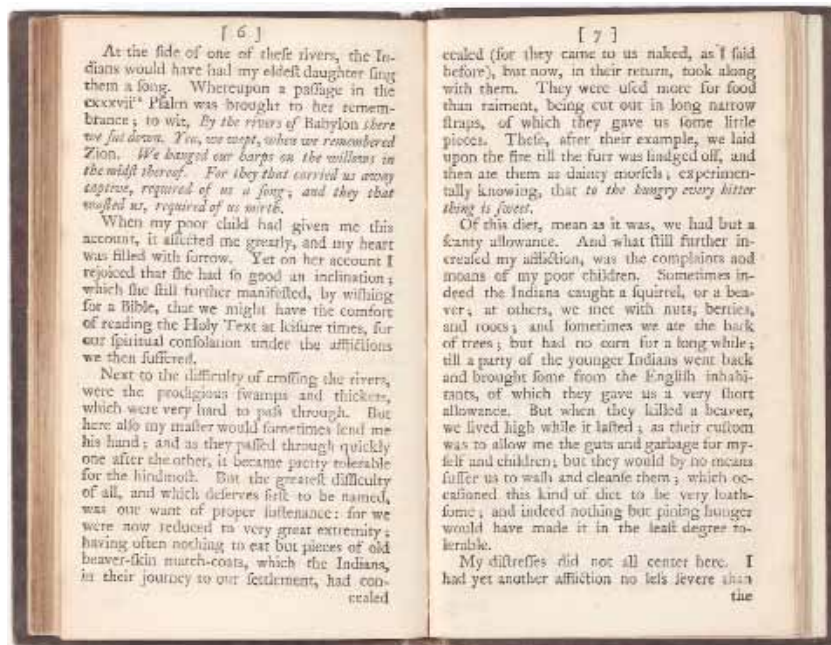
Elizabeth, with two of her younger daughters, was taken by eleven naked Indians in 1723, and ransomed (“redeemed”) from French Canadians by her husband five months later. Her riveting story was published the next year as *God’s Mercy Surmounting Man’s Cruelty, Exemplified in the Captivity and Redemption of Elizabeth Hanson*. It was reprinted a dozen times over the next century. The changes to the text reveal interesting and disparate agendas of the editors and publishers. For instance, the captors’ tribe is unidentified, though that would have been known at the time. The two sons murdered in the initial assault are scalped because of the tribe’s pride in killing English or because the French offered a bounty. The Frenchman to whom she is at last transferred is very kind or not mentioned. And so forth. The editor of *An Account* was English Quaker Samuel Bownas (1676-1753), who visited Elizabeth in 1727 as part of his second tour of America, just as George II had been crowned and a peace treaty with the Indians signed. Oddly, it was printed only posthumously in English and Irish editions. Perhaps it was published to reassure British Quakers that even *women* could survive the worst New Hampshire had to offer, including Indians, blizzards, and beaver-skin coat soup and barely cleaned tripe for supper (different meals).

16. *Françoise d’Issembourg d’Happoncourt, Mme de Graffigny (also spelled Grafigny)* (1695-1758) *Lettres d’une Peruvienne*. A Peine [Paris: Veuve Pissot, December 1747 or January 1748].

Though she did not go to Peru or leave Paris, our author did go to a performance of playwright/activist/satirist Voltaire’s play *Alzire*, whose plot was set in post-conquest Peru. After reading up on its history, novelist/activist/satirist Françoise whipped up this novel. An Inca princess is cruelly kidnapped by Spaniards, then rescued by a Frenchman who takes her to Paris. She writes letters home to her royal fiancé, first using traditional knotted cords or quipos (according to the transcriber) and later in French. Her savior proposes marriage and is bewildered when she chooses to remain a virgin unto death, even after learning the love of her life is now Christian and about to wed another. The subtext is the girl’s naive bewilderment at the ridiculous complexities of Parisian society, especially its disdain of women, compared to Inca customs. This version was one of twelve printed within the first year. *Lettres* was republished at least 132 times, in nine languages, and was of course condemned by the Inquisition in 1785.

17. *Fanny Noble Tilton Shute* (1754?-1819) “Narrative of Mrs. Shute’s captivity. (Communicated by John Kelly, Esq. of Northwood),” pages 116-123 of *Historical Collections [of New Hampshire]*, Vol. 1, No. 2, Concord, NH, 1832. This is bookseller/bibliographer Edward Eberstadt’s copy.

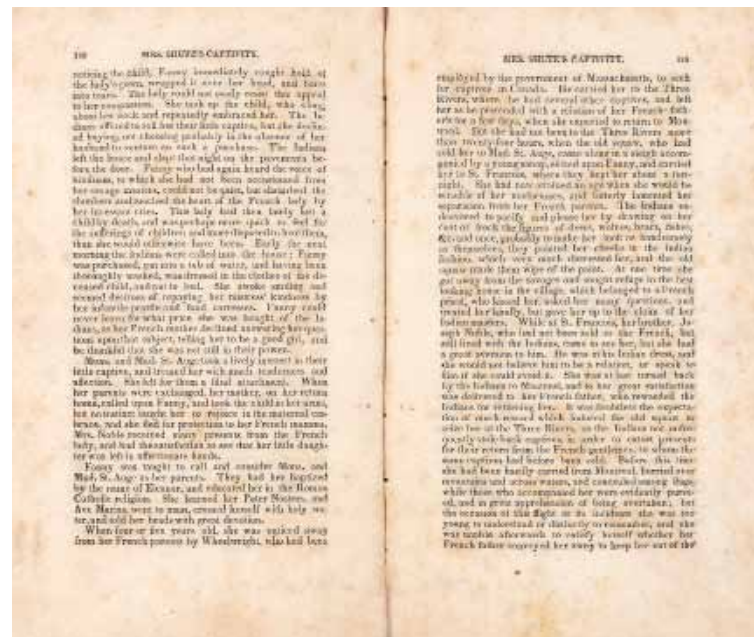
Fanny Noble was just over a year old when about 90 Indians snuck into the fort on Swan Island in the Kennebec River of which her grandfather, Captain James Whidden, was in command. He and his wife hid in the basement; their son Timothy, a daughter and her husband Lazarus Noble, their seven children, and Mary Holmes were kidnapped and marched to Canada. The French had



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a long-standing arrangement to swap captives for gifts and money, a very successful tool in destabilizing the English colonies. For the next decade or so, Fanny was passed around between various Indians, nuns, and a wealthy French merchant in Montreal. There were visits from her brother Joseph – wearing paint in the Indian custom, which made her hysterical until he washed it off – then her sister, and eventually her father (whom of course she did not recognize). The merchant family also eventually “adopted” Joseph as well. Her freedom was orchestrated by an English agent experienced in such transactions, hired by Lazarus. He died almost immediately thereafter, and the Captain returned to his Greenland, NH home and died as well. The French-speaking orphan was taken in and taught English by friends and distant family members. Timothy and Mary got married. Fanny, who twice married, never spoke of her eventful childhood until this deathbed testimony.

18. *Susanna Haswell Rowson* (1762-1824) *Reuben and Rachel; or, Tales of Old Times. A Novel. By Mrs. Rowson. . . . Boston: Printed by Manning & Loring . . . , 1789. 1st edition.* Forget *The Thornbirds* and *Downton Abbey*. This is the not true story of ten generations of Christopher Columbus’s family, starting with his son marrying a Peruvian princess. In the early 18th century, the eponymous Rachel and Reuben go to Philadelphia to find their complicated mixed-blood American roots and save their dead father’s estate from an evil lawyer. Among other adventures, Reuben is captured by Mohawks and saved by one chief’s daughter who was another’s wife, but whose mother had been a French captive. She hired the captive Reuben to teach her daughter Eumea English, so she could succeed in later life and she, in love with Reuben’s Irish chum, helps all three to escape, only to later drown in the Schuylkill River. Susanna was English, but lived in America for two extended periods and died in Boston. The prolific author wrote another drama set in America, *Charlotte, a Tale of Truth* (a tale of seduction and abandonment later retitled *Charlotte Temple*), eight other novels, six plays, and four books of verse. And she had time to spare, perhaps during the sea crossings, to create a perfectly good textbook, *An Abridgment of Universal Geography Together with Sketches of History, Designed for the Use of Schools and Academies in the United States* (1806).
19. *Mary (Mrs. Samuel) Smith* *Shocking murder! A distressing account of the murder of Mr. Samuel Smith, and his three daughters: one an infant at the breast, by the savages, in July 1805. Related by Mrs. Smith. “O Read with attention the melancholly Tale, and it shall send you weeping to your beds!”* New Haven, CT: [No publisher], 1805. Broadside, illustrated with woodcuts. While removal or eradication of American Indians was at its worst with President Jackson, it was well under way long before. Thomas Jefferson had found their disparate cultures fascinating and “noble” and avidly collected their artifacts, but as a practical matter his brand new nation was surrounded top to bottom by independent Indian nations holding affiliations with the French and Spanish governments. And there were so many millions of empty acres just the other side of the Mississippi! Long before becoming president, he and Southern politicians secretly agreed to ignore all Indian land treaties and remove the Indians to land previously ceded in the west, while encouraging Anglo settlement in the Southern states and Florida. One of the intended results of this vile plot, that the tribes would resist and revolt, is vividly described in this letter by young homesteader Mary Smith, who arrived in that advertised “emptied” Louisiana land in 1793. Once he is President, Jefferson pointed to such stories as Mary Smith’s to justify sending the U.S. Army to remove the hideous Indian threat to white communities. Of course the reader of this broadside in New Haven would not be privy to the back-story and be enraged at the thought of her hapless dead family.

20. *Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney* (1791-1863) Two-page autograph letter to Col. William Leete Stone (1792-1844), Hartford, November 16, 1842. 2 pages on one sheet, with integral posting marks.

Colonel Stone was editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, the first NY commissioner of schools, elected chief of the Senecas, and honorary member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of Copenhagen. Lydia had attended his speech, *Uncas and Miantonomoh; a historical discourse, delivered at Norwich, (Conn.) on the fourth day of July, 1842, on the occasion of the erection of a monument to the memory of Uncas, the white man's friend, and first chief of the Mohegans*. She writes, "It was to me, exceedingly interesting, for the many chords of association that it touched; my early days having been spent in the vicinity of the Royal Burial ground, which you have so well described, and varried [*sic*] by occasional intercourse with the aborigines of Mohegan – who have since become feeble & few, yet more intensely interesting to Christian philanthropy. Indeed, the remnant of our poor red men owe you, and your prolific pen, a great debt of gratitude, searching as you do, for their broken legends, in waste places, & the howling wilderness, and the mouldering grave. Few of them remain to thank you, but others will thank you in their name, and perhaps, more fervently, when a generation or two shall have passed, & our ears shall be no longer interested in the accents of earthly praise." Ever the professional author, she also hints that an announcement of her own latest work, *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*, in his newspaper would be greatly appreciated "(not of course, as prompted by me)."

21. *Juliette Augusta Magill Kinzie* (1806-1870) *A Narrative of the Massacre at Chicago, August 15, 1812, and of Some Preceding Events*. Chicago: Ellis & Fergus, 1844. First edition.

This work is valued not just for the light shown on early Chicago, but because it is a pre-Chicago-fire imprint. Juliette uses mostly second and third hand accounts of the massacre, though Kinzie's family was there, saved from certain death by local Indian friends. (The author was then age six.) Her father helped negotiate the subsequent Indian treaties. It was included in historian Juliette's impressive compilation, *Wau-Bun, the 'Early Day' in the North-west* (1856). This copy was owned by a direct descendant of Capt. Nathan Heald, the commander of Fort Dearborn (who is portrayed herein as an idiot), and is in a contemporary Chicago leather and marbled boards binding.

22. *Mary Godfrey* *An Authentic Narrative of the Seminole War; its Cause, Rise and Progress, and a Minute Detail of the Horrid Massacres of the Whites, by the Indians and Negroes, in Florida, in the Months of December, January and February. Communicated for the press by a Gentleman who has spent eleven weeks in Florida, near the scene of the Indian depredations, and in a situation to collect every important fact relating thereto. [Edited by David F. Blanchard.]* Providence, RI: Printed for D. F. Blanchard and Others, Publishers, 1836. First edition, first issue & 22A. First edition, second issue & 22B. Second edition, 1836 & 22C. First New York edition, Printed for D. F. Blanchard and Others, Publishers, 1836 & 22D. Second New York edition, Published by Saunders & Van Welt, 1836.

This slender publication tells Northern readers of the violence in Florida which started in December 1835, the opening of the second Seminole War. Anonymously and floridly written, the polemic was intended by President Andrew Jackson to get political and popular backing for pouring U.S. troops

but also, that of your dear & son, continues good
remembrance to them, & to all who love
your wife, - and believe me,
yours, with Respect & esteem,
L.H. Sigourney.

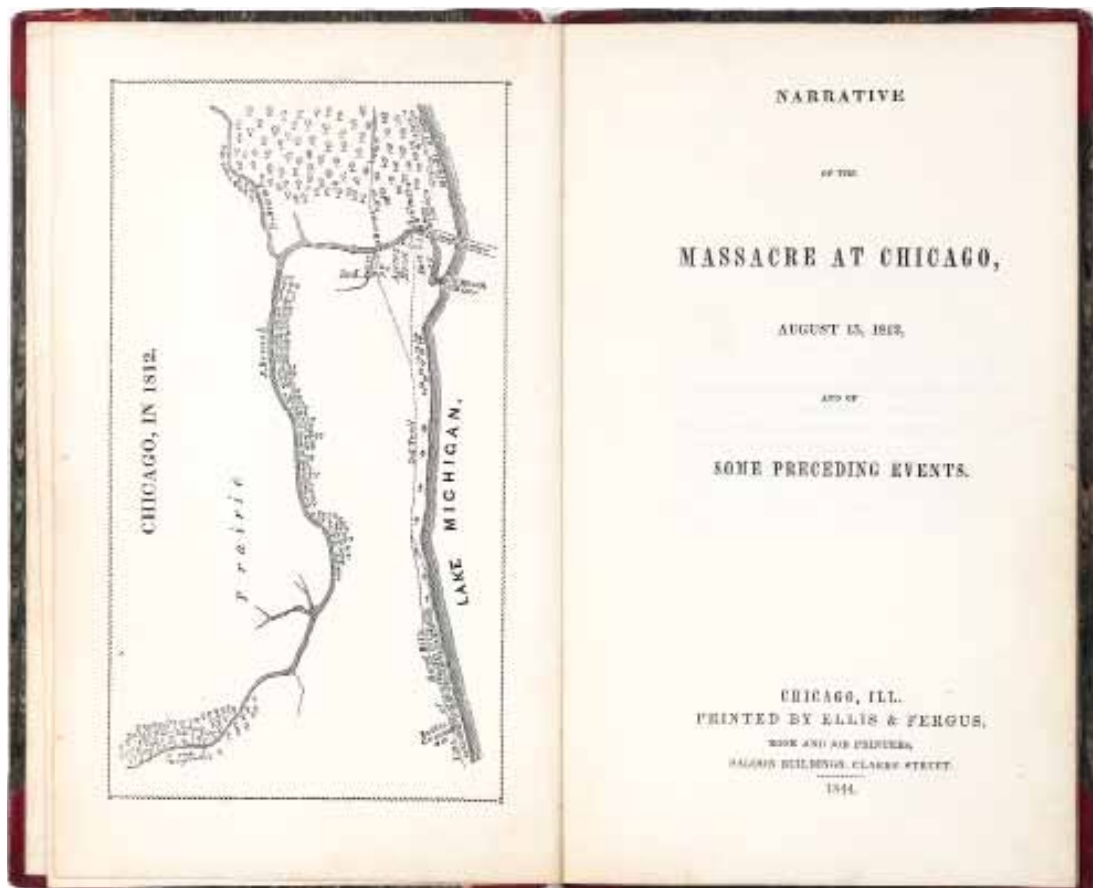
P.S. I have in the possession of James Monroe & Co., Boston,
a work, descriptive both in poetry & prose, of some
of the scenery & points of interest, of those parts of
England, Scotland & France - about I ordered in my
recent tour. - It will, probably, be out, by the first of
December. If you choose to announce it, in your
interesting paper (and of course, as prompted before),
the information is quite at your service. - I shall
have the pleasure of requesting your acceptance of a copy,
when I can obtain one. I may I wish, that any
announcement in notice of my writings, that you
bring at any time have the goodness to make, may
be forwarded to me, as I have not, for years, seen
a single number of the "Commercial Advertiser".
L.H.S.

Mr. Sigourney

through the wood, and when they reached Cape Florida,
they had scarcely a particle remaining to their backs, they
having been torn off by the Indians; and almost the whole
distance they ran without shoes, having lost them at the
commencement of their flight, and accordingly were
they exhausted, that they soon were compelled to fly,
and they! All of those who were thus compelled to fly,
and were not overtaken by the pursuing savages, took
refuge at Cape Florida Light, Key Biscayne, being about
sixty in number, men, women and children, where, with
the exception of the last, Mr. Holden, they, for their bet-
ter safety, mounted to and rode up their chests at the
Lighthouse, but not having a sufficient supply of provisions
and water for so many persons, they were com-
pelled on about a signal of distress, which was frequently
discovered by a small party in sight, and which revealed
them on board and rescued them to St. Augustine.

Among the many unfortunate families who were com-
pelled thus to leave their happy homes, to those of
and, on the same place where they would be best exposed,
and in the danger of falling victims to the cruel treatment
and cruelty of the savages, there was an interesting
instance in which a powerful interposition was made, re-
sulting in the preservation of the lives of the women and
children of Mr. Mary Gosselin, the wife of Mr. Thomas
Gosselin, and her five female children, one in each of
the boats. The husband of this unfortunate woman had
been, with others, drafted and compelled to leave his family
supposedly for the purpose of endeavoring to check
the enemy in their murderous career; it was not until the
last day of the flight of the pursuing savages, and
even the findings of her own neighbors in distress, and
the intense desire in every direction to escape from the
sword, death with which they were threatened, that she
was induced to follow their example; but being impeded
in her flight by the burden of her arms, and the darkness
of the night, she was only able to escape by which she
could escape from her pursuers was directed to persevere
and a thick and deep swamp. In the swamp and uncom-
fortable refuge, she subsisted on the food found in the
swamp and her children for the space of four

days, with nothing to eat but a few wild roots and
berries. As she dwelt in the almost constant
whispering of the Indians, that they had full possession of
all the adjacent country, and that it would be impossible
to escape discovery should she attempt to seek a more
favorable situation, she came to the conclusion that it
would be preferable to remain in the swamp, and with her poor
children to fall victims to hunger and death, than to sub-
mit themselves to the tortures, which in all probability,
would be added as their arms were taken to fall into the
hands of the enemy. As the savages appeared by their
sullen and sullen very many, to prevent a discovery she
was obliged to use every means to induce her suffering
children to take their food and conversation, through
distrust in her speaking longer and longer silent. On
the first day during this in consequence of her extreme
sufferings, and despondency, that she could no longer afford
the satisfaction to her wife that it required, she, with
her young children, endeavored to prepare for trial to
put with her precious charge, and to submit, without a
moment's delay, to the will of the enemy. On the second
day of the flight, the gentle moans of her mother's
breast (produced by the sufferings) were such as to be heard by
and to attract the attention of a neighboring Indian, who had
evidently in the course of the evening, guided by the moon,
and the fierce lamentations of his poor mother and children,
he was brought in the view of them, and in a long and
desperate and unprovoked approach, she poor mother re-
ceived their blows by a cruel stroke of her arm and de-
spised the little girls in the mean time clinging to their
poor, and expiring, that protection, which she poor
woman was unable to afford them. The next morning
nearly dead, and almost with the discovery, approach-
ed them with an Indian man, apparently killed by their
murderous destruction. The abandoned mother at the
moment, with her arms raised, begged for the lives of
her children; and on her passing to her almost expiring
breast, the negro dropped his gun, and after contemplating
the wretched spectacle for a few minutes, appeared
much affected, and broke silence by saying, Mrs. G.



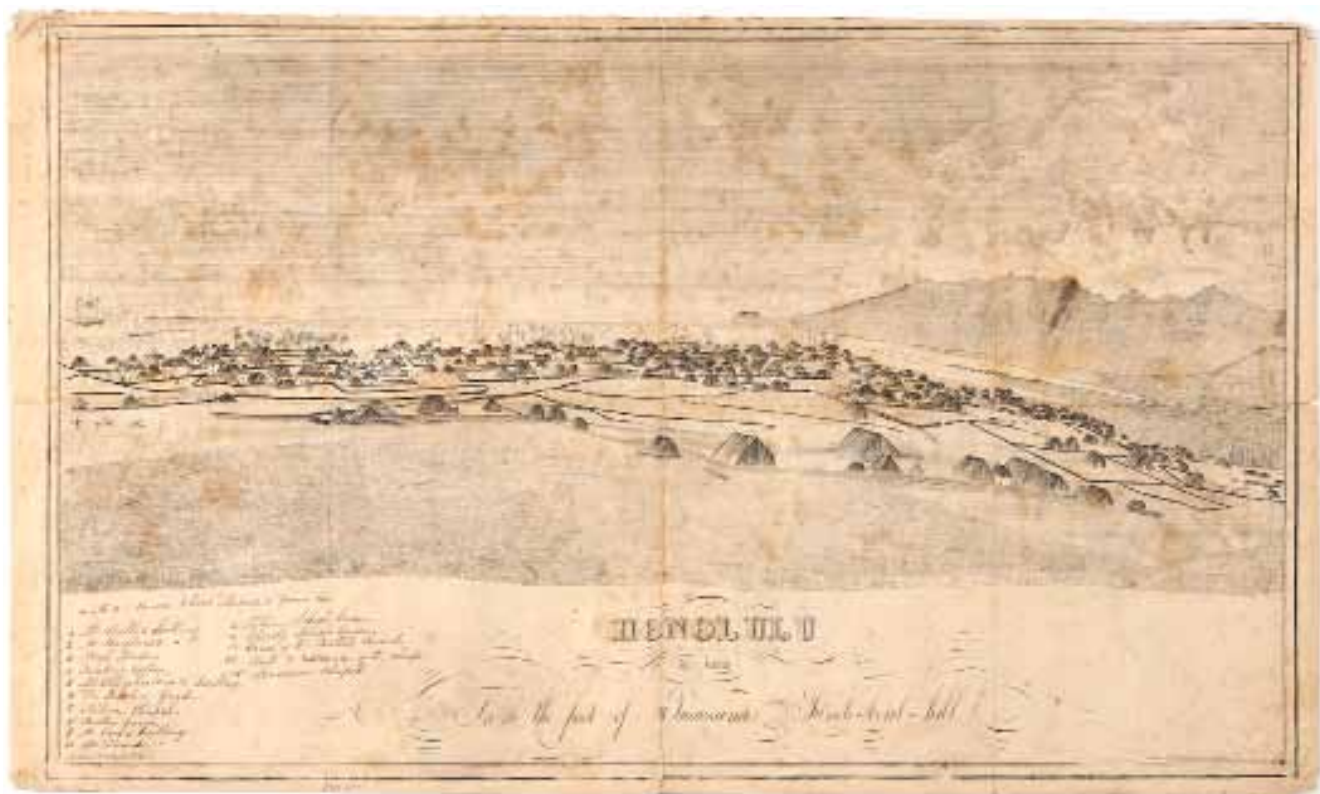
into Florida, which was not U.S. territory, and for the expulsion or extermination of the Seminoles and freed slaves in Florida. This had been his and other Southerners' goal for decades. The pamphlet's dramatic narrative of the "plight" of an illegal white settlement is reinforced by the dramatic oversize frontispiece, with hand-colored red faces and flames and blood. Mary Godfrey was the only survivor of the four colonizing families. Jackson and his generals were infuriated yet awestruck that Chiefs Micanopy and Jumper used the swampy terrain to their advantage, to attack and disappear, leaving the army decimated. The text has been altered with each printing, with fresh updates and dramatic images on the title page and frontispiece.

23. *Lucia Garratt Smith*, later the 2nd Mrs. Lorenzo Lyons (1808-1892) *Honolulu, As seen From the foot of Puawaina, Punch-bowl hill. Drawn by E. Bailey, Engraved by Samuel P. Kalamā*. Honolulu, 1837. With tiny ink annotations by Lucia: "a. No 1 Corner where Marcia's room is. 1. Mr. Castle's dwelling 2. Mr. Bingham's [ditto] 3. Book Bindery. 4. Printing Office 5. Mr. Chamberlain's dwelling. 6. Dr. Judd's Yard. 7. Native Chapel. 8. Bell house 9. Mr. Cook's dwelling. 10. Mr. Dimond's [ditto] 11. Native School-house. 12. Charity School-house. 13. House of the British Consul. 14. Fort & Residence of the chiefs. 15. Seamen's Chapel."

Honolulu was the most important north Pacific port in the 1830s. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions began as a student movement in Massachusetts in the early 1800s, part of the Second Great Awakening. It attracted and inspired feminists and defenders of indigenous peoples. Lucia and her sister Mary Marcia were early members. Hawaii's royal family was phlegmatic about being both Hawaiian and Christian, so the mission, started in 1820 with nine people, thrived. Lucia and Mary Marcia landed in April 1837. The gender lines were blurred and when a printing press arrived, it was staffed by women. The production of this bird's eye view by missionary Edward Bailey (1814-1903) is particularly interesting as there was no copper on the islands, so it would have been engraved, by a native Hawaiian, on metal salvaged from a ship. Lucia carefully annotated the dwellings in this copy for her mother with the locations where everyone lived. A testimony to the tight-knit and well-organized worldwide mission community, Lucia only wrote on the back "Mrs. Patty Smith," yet it got to her mother thousands of miles away in Massachusetts.

24. *Myra Fairbanks Eells* (1805-1878) Autograph letter from Tshimakain, Oregon Territory, January 20, 1840 to Alden Grout, Missionary, Port Natal, S. Africa.

Here is the apotheosis of my title. A well-educated woman from Massachusetts, and a fervent Congregationalist since a teen, Myra was well into spinsterhood when she met her husband-to-be Cushing Eells while studying to be a missionary. A war sidelined their original plan to teach among the Zulu and in 1838 she was one of the first white women to go to the west coast not by ship, but across the Rockies. Her essentials stuffed in a satchel 1/4 smaller than Annie Oakley's trunk, she and three other mission wives and their husbands, horses, milk cows, and mules joined 54 traders and 17 wagons. The ship with their china etc. would arrive in 18 months. For the final 1000 miles, the ladies rode the horses, sidesaddle of course. In this letter home to Charlotte Bailey Grout, a fellow congregant, missionary, and new bride, who had written the prior year that she and Alden had just been assigned to South Africa, Myra is still bitter about the trials of the journey, but proud that she was the only woman not thrown by her horse. They and another couple are "ministers, farmers,



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mechanicks & scholars,” building their own homes; growing, milking, and hunting for food; and tending to frequent visitors and new babies. Cushing was gone much of the time, responsible for the religious conversion and teaching of Native Americans within “a circle of 60 miles . . . 1500 to 2000 souls.” Myra includes a detailed description of the several local tribes, whose very different languages frustrate their task to write a single school primer. “The more wives they have the richer they are . . . If a man gets tired of a wife, as he says, he throws her away, & so with the women if they dislike their husbands they can throw them away. They appear cheerful & happy.” The postmarks indicate Charlotte finally received the letter in Zululand. My best guess at transcribing the horrid handwriting will be available as a handout during the exhibition.

25. *Hannah Anderson Ropes* (1809-1863) *Six Months in Kansas, by a Lady*. Boston: Published by John P. Jewett and Co., 1856. First edition, first issue, in the original printed paper wrapper.

This series of letters was written to her mother Esther back in Bangor, Maine, while Hannah and her young daughter Alice were in fledgling Wakarusa in Kansas Territory. They stayed from September 1855 to April 1856 to help her 18-year-old son Edward stake a homestead claim. The settlement was being created slave-free by the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, whose mainstay was Amos Adams Lawrence, my great-great grandfather, for whom the town was soon named (better than Wakarusa surely!). Despite the war-like conditions in the border community that she vividly describes (and from which the three fled in the spring), while slave-holding Missourian thugs and a corrupt sheriff wreaked havoc on the flood of in-comers, Uncle Sam’s postal service was working just fine. Her letters were received regularly by the grateful Esther. When she returned home, Hannah immediately had them published, along with a copy of her pleading letter to her friend Senator Charles Sumner, to poke awake the slumbering “Uncle Sam” she so often fretted about in faraway Kansas. Hannah later volunteered as a Civil War nurse in Washington, D.C., where she and Louisa May Alcott were among many to contract typhoid pneumonia. She saved the budding author’s life, but lost her own.

26. *Mary Adeline Butler Renville* (1830-1895) *Thrilling Narrative of Indian Captivity*. Minneapolis, MN: Atlas Company’s Book and Job Printing Office, 1863. Second edition, enlarged.

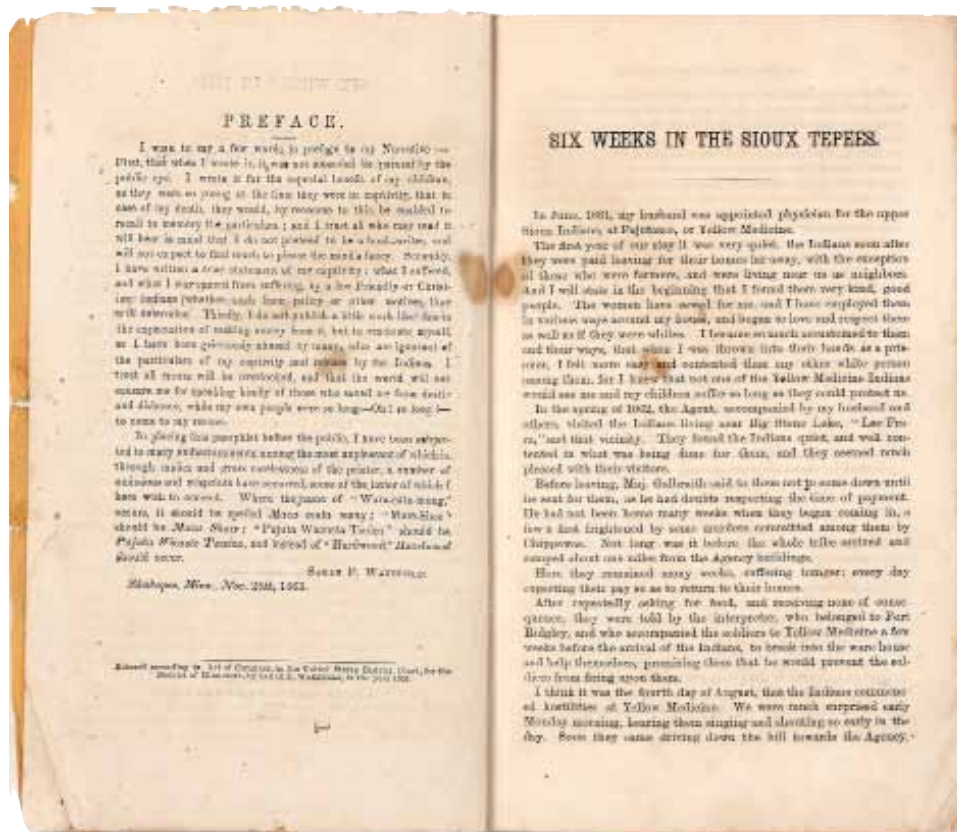
Like Sarah Wakefield, Mary was an Anglo living within and teaching at the bleak Minnesota reservation onto which the Dakota Sioux had been driven from Iowa and lower Minnesota by federal troops after the 1851 Treaty of Traverse des Sioux. To the horror of Anglo locals, Mary, a young mission teacher, married a fellow teacher and evangelist John Baptiste Renville (1831-1909). Born Kodamitawa Rainville, John (or Jean)’s ancestors were both Canadian French and Sioux. It is doubtful the average reader would have known of her husband’s Indian roots. Her narrative was about running away. She emphasizes the many incidents of “Christian and Friendly Indians” assisting and protecting the group of forty-plus government employees, women, and children as they fled the marauding Indians for days, enduring torrential rainstorms. When fellow teacher Hugh Doak Cunningham later turned in his own account (attributing his survival to God), Atlas Company cannily printed it as pages 49 to 52 and pasted that folded sheet in at the end.

27. *Sarah F. Burrus Wakefield* (1829?-1899) *Six Weeks in the Sioux Tepees*. Minneapolis: Atlas Printing Company, 1863. First edition & 27A. *Six Weeks in Little Crow's Camp*. Shakopee, MN: Argus Book and Job Printing Office, 1864. Second edition, reset and retitled.

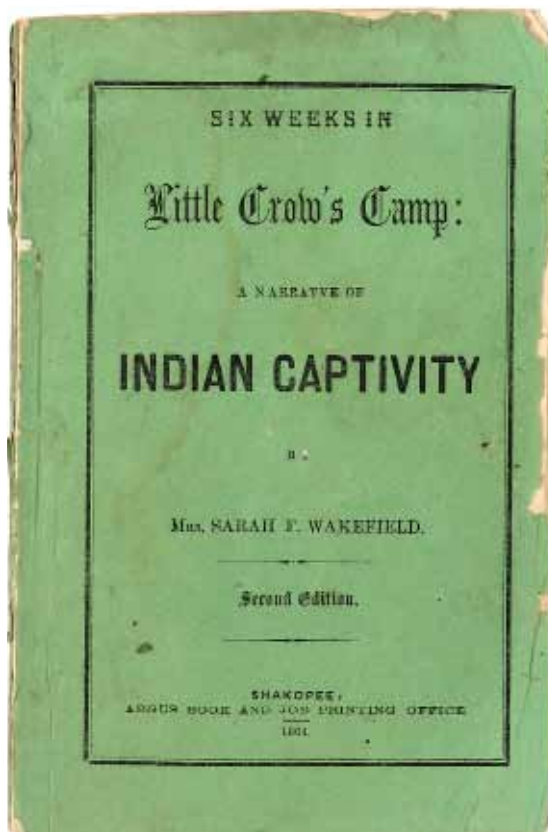
While the Renville account above seems an endless nightmarish camping trip, Sarah's gets to the root of the "Indian problem": the brazen systematic criminal behavior of the local Indian agents who kept rather than distributed the promised U.S. payments and rations, and the discovery by Washington that what they assumed to be useless land to send this tribe to, turned out to have silver in them thar hills. As Sarah explains, "People blame me for having sympathy for these creatures, but I take this view of the case: Suppose the same number of whites were living in sight of food, purchased with their own money, and their children dying of starvation, how long, think ye, would they remain quiet?" The recently-wed middle aged third wife of the local doctor, Sarah had the security and maturity to interact socially with her Sioux neighbors. It was in contrast with army wives and, like Mary Renville, she credits them with saving her life during her six weeks in captivity by Mdewakanton Sioux. A rumor spread that she'd been having an affair with her 'savior,' Chaska, which she angrily refuted at his trial. He was hung anyway. Copies of this account are incredibly scarce. Perhaps the U.S. government and military suppressed them, which makes the survival of this copy of the second edition, by a printer in Sarah's home town, all the more remarkable. Sarah's preface reverberates with righteous indignation: "The readiness with which the first edition of this work was disposed of has induced the writer to republish her Narrative in the present form, to which much has been added, and the many misprints have been corrected, very materially enhancing the value and attractiveness of the work."

28. *Helen Hunt Jackson* (1831-1885) *A Century of Dishonor: a Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with Some of the Indian Tribes*. NY: Harper & Brothers, 1881. First edition.

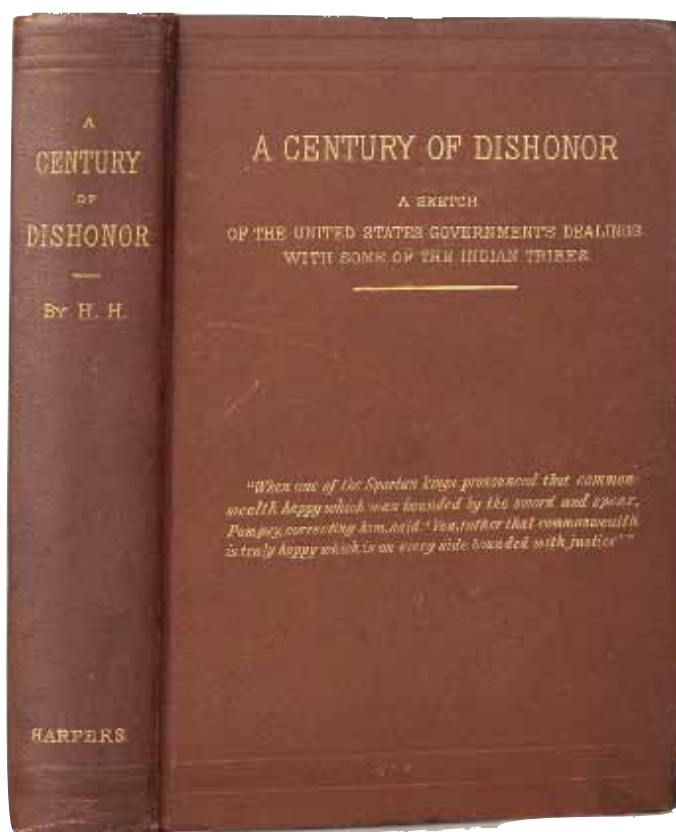
Already a popular writer of poetry, travel narratives, and children's books, "H. H." was disgusted by the Federal government's treatment of the indigenous people which she witnessed during her travels with fellow author Sarah Chauncey Woolsey (who wrote as "Susan Coolidge") and during her residence in Colorado. She burrowed into U.S. War Department records in Boston to itemize the continued passive and active theft of seven tribes' life, liberty, and land. At her own expense, a copy went to every member of Congress. This one is inscribed to Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark Van Cleve, wife of General Horatio Van Cleve and the first white woman born in Wisconsin, who herself wrote vividly of a childhood at Fort Snelling and elsewhere in *Three Score and Ten* (1888) and was an outspoken defender of "fallen women" in Minnesota and of women's suffrage. A later edition has a quotation from Benjamin Franklin on its front cover: "Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations." *Century* was met with stony silence, so she took up her pen again. *Ramona: A Story* (1886), an equally passionate appeal, but intended to entertain and persuade the people rather than their leaders, remains a best seller to this day. Do try to find a copy of the silent film version.



27



27A



28

29. *Hannah Last Cornaby* (1822-1905) *Autobiography and Poems*. Salt Lake City: J.C. Graham & Co., 1881. First edition, in a full morocco presentation binding, all edges gilt, with a marbled board & cloth slipcase. Inscribed with a poem to Zina Diantha Huntington [Henry] Jacobs [Joseph] Smith [Brigham] Young.

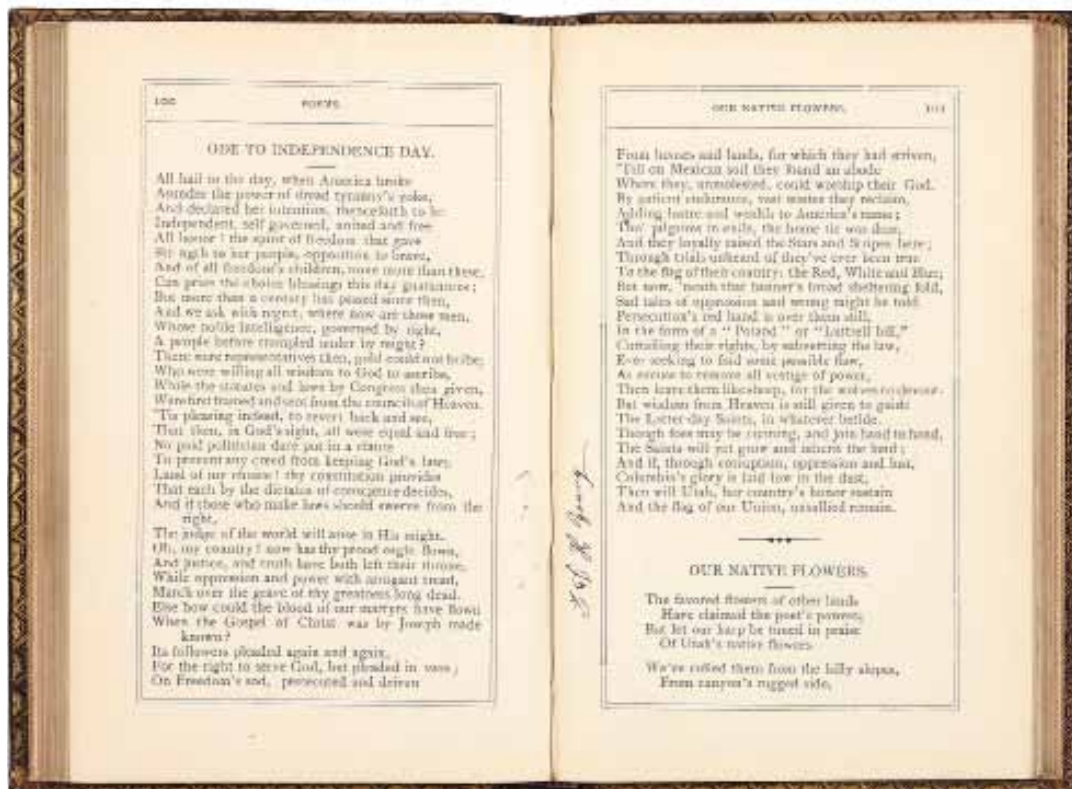
Long active in the West Indies Anti-Slavery movement in Britain, Hannah, at age 29, married a neighboring bookseller. Within two years they were members of the Church of Latter Day Saints, rejected by their Great Yarmouth community, and living with their baby daughter in a crude log cabin in Salt Lake City. A local famine then forced them to “rough it in the country” at Spanish Forks where Samuel taught school the rest of his life. The *Autobiography* in prose and poetry is a vividly written account of the early Church in Utah. There are many poems on tribulations, including the deaths of four of her six children by 1876, Samuel’s lengthy near-fatal illness, “being confined to my bed four years,” and the solace of the Gospel, nature, and charity work. She was an enthusiastic Mormon, a cheerful person grateful for the independence that America offered. Her obituary described the book as having “had a fair sale.” This copy belonged to trigamist Zina, President of the Relief Society from 1888 until her death in 1901. Laurel Ulrich has recently written that the strong social-service bonds formed by early Mormon women were enabled rather than ruined by polygamy.

30. *Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young*, later Denning (1844-1917) Autograph letter, signed, May 26, 1881 to Jennie Anderson Froiseth, 13 pages on 7 leaves, letterhead of Richmond House, Paducah, Ky. (p. 1) & John S. Hopkins Steam Packet “Leaves Evansville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4 O’clock” (pp. 2-13).

Jennie was completing the manuscript for *The Women of Mormonism; or The Story of Polygamy as told by the Victims Themselves* (1882) when this letter arrived. Ann Eliza was for five years a wife of Brigham Young. After she divorced him in 1875, she immediately wrote a scathing memoir, *Wife No. 19*. The 1908 fifth edition was retitled *Life in Mormon Bondage*, upping the ante. She became a highly sought lecturer against polygamy and for women’s rights. Jennie must have contacted Ann Eliza for material, and she provides it here, in spades. Her starter husband had beaten her, so the offer of marriage to Brigham Young seemed a good idea at the time. After a few years in Salt Lake City, “I tried twice to tell [Brigham] of my waning faith, but he sneered and scoffed at what I told him, and I said no more, but when the time came, I acted.” She discusses the other wives and their internal politics at length and confides to Jennie that “our marriage never was consummated.” Perhaps the letter came too late for *Women of Mormonism*, as it was not used in the book. The letter confirms Laurel Ulrich’s theory that a lot of women in polygamy were fleeing dreadful marriages.

31. *Willa Sibert Cather* (1873-1947) *April Twilights*. Boston: Richard Badger, 1903. First edition. Tipped-in card: “Dear Mrs. Swezley [?] I take pleasure in sending you a copy of the book you wish. It is out of print. Sincerely Willa Sibert Cather.”

Rural Virginia-born Willa would find her voice and audience with *O Pioneers* (1913) and *Death Comes For the Archbishop* (1927), but I am particularly fond of this, her earliest publication. The thirty-year-old had had poems and short fiction published in periodicals, a common entrée for women



29

person to be known - nothing.
 His ignorance is not surprising to me. Many think that I am a
 cutting alarmist. I should think
 the future would wait the sun, and
 their exchange not in order to answer
 their will of subversion. I will send
 you the copy I have for fear you may
 not find one. It renders me no impeding
 when I read it, that I cannot win
 myself to answer it, or write about it.
 I do not know whether you are
 posted as to the details of my time married
 to Brigham, or not. So I will give you
 a few points. Except that I lived on the
 farm, and then moved to the city, there
 isn't a word of truth in what she says
 about me. I was married to Joseph in
 the spring - April - of 1863. I lived with
 the family, which time I had
 two children - boys. After him the spring
 of 1864, because of his excessive drinking
 such as striking and choking me.
 I never saw Brigham young, at all, from
 the day he married me, until a year or
 year after I left my husband, and then I
 went to see him and get him out of prison, because he was so bad.

30

PRAIRIE DAWN

A crimson fire that vanquishes the stars;
 A pungent odor from the dusty sage;
 A sudden stirring of the huddled herds;
 A breaking of the distant table-lands
 Through purple mists ascending, and the flare
 Of water ditches silver in the light;
 A swift, bright lance hurled low across the world;
 A sudden sickness for the hills of home.

31

since magazines were invented. Mundanely printed with weird margins, and modestly bound, many of the thirty-six poems here are endearingly overwrought. Most are set in Europe, but one is set in Wyoming (which she visited with her brother Roscoe). A few portray nature and the prairie and “The Namesake” is a moving ode to a Virginia relative who died in the Civil War.

32. **Grace Purdie Moon** (1887-1947) *The Runaway Papoose*, by Grace Moon. Illustrated by Carl Moon. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1928. First edition.

This is one of the writer/artist couple’s fourteen books for juveniles set in their adopted Southwest, and the third featuring an intrepid if occasionally foolish young Pueblo heroine Nah-tee and her younger sister Chi-weé. The local scenery and the ceremonial dwelling of their ancient ancestors are pivotal to the plot of this page-turner for pre-teens.

33. **Zora Neale Hurston** (1891-1960) *Tell My Horse*. Philadelphia, New York, London, Toronto: J. B. Lippincott, 1938. First edition.

Anthropologist and storyteller, Barnard-graduate Zora grew up in the all-black community her father founded, Eatonville, Florida. Proud, driven, she spoke her mind. Gregarious, yet quick to be hurt, some might say “too smart for her own good,” she would be central to the Harlem Renaissance until she was not. She died in obscurity, her scholarly papers nearly ending up at the local dump. A student of Columbia’s Franz Boas during the Depression, she won a Guggenheim fellowship and used her magnetic charm to gain entrée into the Haitian and Jamaican black communities, which she writes about and photographs in an empathetic, personal narrative, particularly with regard to the ancient practice of voodoo. She recorded every problem and remedy, from how to keep a ghost from roaming outside the cemetery to determining an effective poison for a rival (leopard whiskers were best). Racist colonial attitudes still held a death-grip on Caribbean islands’ society when she arrived, proudly black and vocal in her disdain of those who were ‘passing’ and of a black society which shunned black women who were raped and impregnated by white men. Yet she was overjoyed to see a self-respect and an appreciation of the old folkways in the new generation of Jamaicans.

34. **Erna Gunther** (1896-1982) *Ethnobotany of Western Washington*. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1945. First edition.

Erna is today known for her scholarly yet gorgeous works on Alaskan native arts. This, inspired by similar studies of Frances Densmore in the Southwest, was her first major work, a groundbreaking study comparing and contrasting local Washington State Indian tribes’ medicinal and other uses of local plants. The wisdom Erna documented includes the awesome *Calium triflorum* (Scented Bedstraw), a plant able both to grow hair and, for a woman, to catch a new man: “The woman who told the informant this had had eight husbands and as each died she did this and got another by the action.” In 1973 it was republished with illustrations by Jeanne Janish, an edition rarely out of print since. Born in Brooklyn and educated at Barnard and Columbia, a student of Franz Boas like Zora Neale Hurston, Erna moved to Seattle. The Pacific Northwest was an ignored and hence fertile field for anthropology. A tireless educator, over the next 60 years she built for the University of Washington a world-class museum and ethnohistory department. She also organized the monumental exhibition of Northwest Coast Indian art at the Seattle World’s Fair.

35. *Dorothy L. Pinckney Pillsbury* (1888-1967) *No High Adobe, With Vignettes by M. J. Davis*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1953. Third printing. Robert S. Morris's copy, with correspondence, an undated note and 1953 4-page letter from the author.

A social worker in Los Angeles, Dorothy takes a trip to Santa Fe, falls in love with the place (as one does), and immediately decamps thereto. In the letter to a New Haven admirer, she describes how "the place pulled me like a magnet. . . . In my social work experience I had become interested in Spanish speaking clients. Here in New Mexico was the same racial stock [as Old Mexico and Puerto Rico]—but with a difference. It was indigenous—it was part of the soil and embedded in the glorious landscape." First published as short pieces in *The Christian Science Monitor*, then as a book in 1950, this is the first of four charming memoirs of the bumbling but eager newcomer. They became popular nationwide, and many a day she found a tourist on her stoop, books in hand, seeking her autograph.

36. *Marianne Greenwood* (1916-2006) *Indianerna kallar det sött salt*. Höganäs, Sweden: Bokförlaget Bra Böcker, 1975. First edition. Inscribed to me in 2005.

The Lapland-born art student who was the long-time in-house photographer for Picasso in Antibes was passionate about many things, first (maybe) among them being able to travel to meet indigenous people throughout the globe. Her exquisite photographs are matched by her narratives of these extended visits to the Pacific Islands, Papua, and parts of Asia, but she was most captivated by Central and South America. Her prose captures their peoples' daily lives, not as an anthropologist, but as one who shared it with gusto. Her books have been translated into many languages. When I met her, she was 89, but had more energy and enthusiasm than anyone in the room, except maybe Jane Goodall.

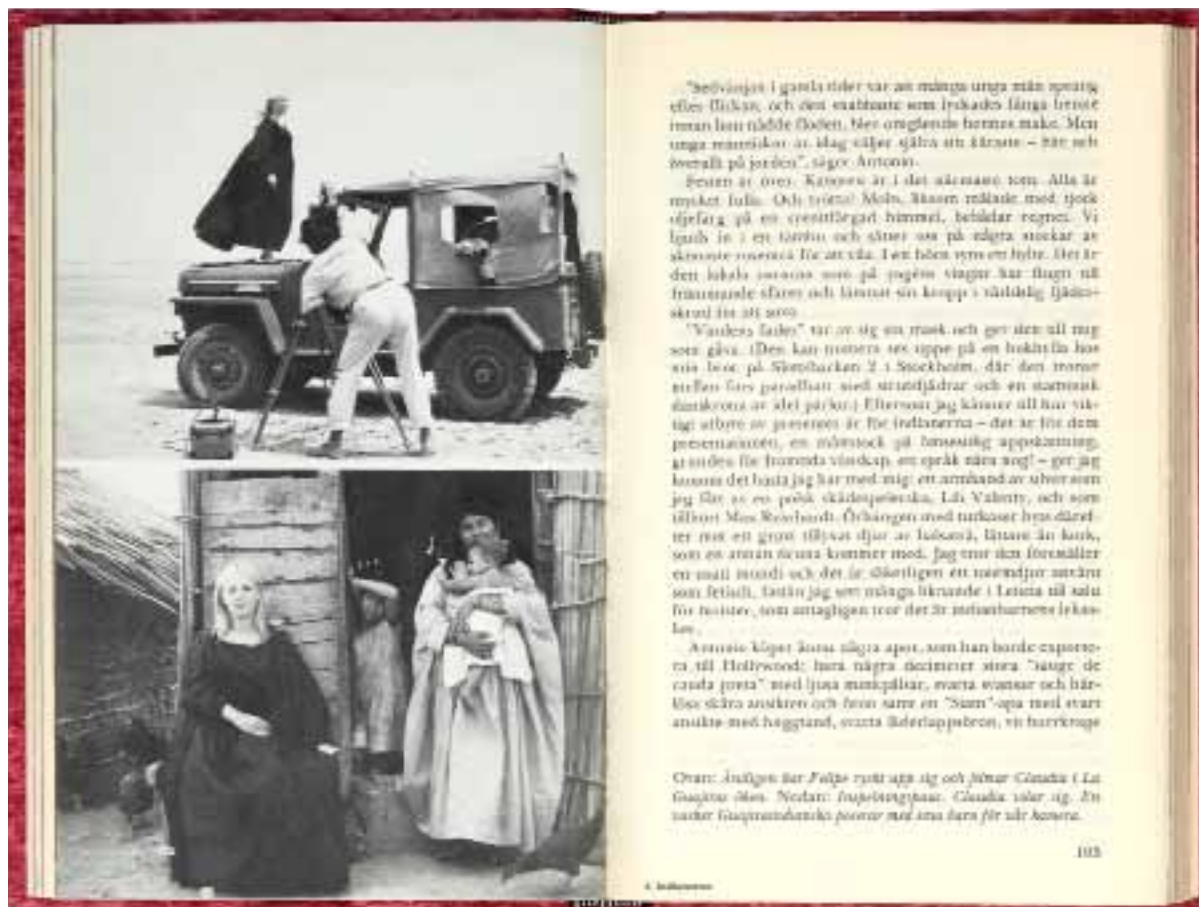
22 November 1952

Dear Mr. Morris:

The past nine months could easily be called "The Season of Fools" here. People have stopped by the little Adobe House from all over the United States, from Canada and one family of three from England. It is amazing what simple little looks can do. Evidently some of the reading public does not have a preconception, nor a who-dun-it.

I am amazed that you and Dr. Proulx are interested in my personal history. Here it is in tabloid form: Born in a little pre-revolutionary town in northern New Jersey where my maternal grandfather was editor for over a quarter of a century of the village newspaper. He was said to have the best private library of the region outside of state collections. At age 11 my parents migrated

brides burned, I settled down in the little Adobe House after doing much sketching around the region and as for field as old Mexico and Puerto Rico. In my social work experience I had become interested in Spanish speaking clients. Here in New Mexico was the same racial stock - but with a difference. It was indigenous - I was part of the soil and embedded in the glorious landscape. So naturally, in time I started to write about it because I was so full of the region and its people that I had to have a safety valve. It was all just as simple as that. Many people who want to write and publish want me to find out how to get started. I know only two things about writing - write about what you know



"Sedvänder i gamla tider var en många unga män springa efter flickor, och den exaktaste som brukade länga brist innan han nådde flickan. Men omgärdade hennes make. Men unga människor är idag vilja gå till en flicka - här och överallt på jorden", säger Antonio.

Besvär är över. Kanske är i det allra närmaste. Alla är mycket fulla. Och trötta. Men, kameran rullade med jock djupgå på en spänstfyllt himmel, beklädd regnet. Vi ligger in i en tårn och stannar på några stötar av skrikande människor till att gå. I en blick syns en lykt. Det är den lokala serien som på jagens dagar har flugit till framtida städer och lämnat sin kropp i världens ljusskrin för att vara.

"Vänder ledet" var av sig en frukt och ger den till mig som gåva. (Den kan möjligen ses upp på en bokstall hos min bror på Skärbacken 2 i Stockholm, där den möjligen finns parallellt med strandväggar och en gammal skinkkott av det gamla). Eftersom jag känner att här viktigt att vara av personerna är för folkarna - det är för dem personerna, en möjlighet på hemslutspåstämning, att också för honom vindskap, en språk nära nog! - ger jag honom det bästa jag har med mig: en armband av silver som jag fick av en polsk skidspeser, Lili Valenty, och som tillkom Mrs Rosbadi. Övergången med turkiser huvudstert till en grön tillvagn djur av ladan, linan är kark, som en annan kvinna kommer med. Jag tror den föreställer en matta i och det är sköntigen en mardröjsartad som följde, fastän jag var många år gammal i Leona till sista för hundra, som antagligen tror det är personerna i lekstaden.

Antonio köper flera små apor, som han borde exportera till Hollywood: bara några decimeter stora, "sauger de candy poets" med ljusa munspår, svarta ögon och hår. De skrika smekarna och även en "Siam"-opa med svarta smekare med huggtand, svarta ögonspår, en hurrkropp

Ovan: Antigen har Felipe rytt upp sig och hjälper Claudia (La Guajiro) över. Nedan: Ingrid och hennes. Claudia står sig. En svack Guajiroindianska personer med sina barn för att komma.

☯ *Toughing It Out*

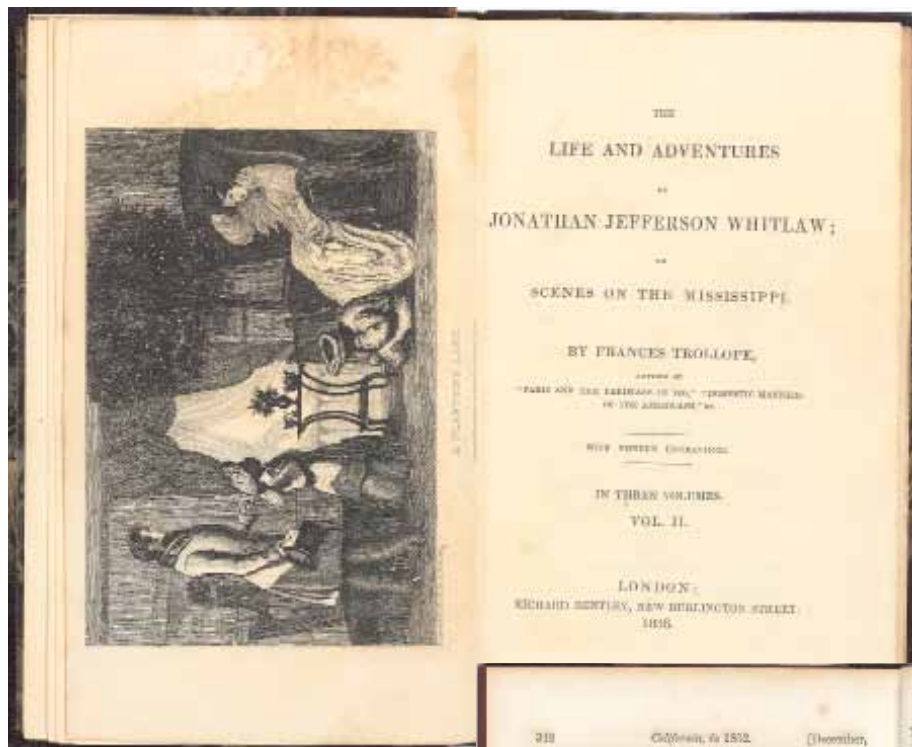
37. **Frances Milton Trollope** (1780-1863) *The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw; or Scenes on the Mississippi . . . with Fifteen Engravings. In Three Volumes.* London: Richard Bentley, 1836. First edition.

“To those states of the American Union in which slavery has been abolished, or never permitted, these volumes are respectfully dedicated by the Author. London, 27th April, 1836.” In 1827 Fanny Trollope, three of her children (but not school-aged Anthony), author Frances Wright, and artist Auguste Hervieu arrived in Cincinnati from England for a four-year residence and tour. They fled home after two and a half years. She recapitulated their experiences in the “revengeful and highly spiteful book” (sums up Joseph Felcone) *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832). Like others with passionate views – Aphra Behn, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Helen Hunt Jackson – she turned to fiction to find a wider audience. This anti-slavery romantic thriller is set on a plantation and in New Orleans and Natches. Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw was born in a hog hut on the Mississippi, but lusts for money and various maidens, who uniformly reject him, so he buys a plantation, whereupon owning slaves turns him crazy. The cast also includes the naive schoolteacher, her evangelist brother, abolitionist German neighbors, Choctaw Indians, and lots of slaves. The plot is propelled by the actual true slaveholders’ plan to criminalize teaching slaves to read. The now-utterly evil Jonathan’s slaughter by four slaves, for his earlier murder of two others, is gruesomely depicted in the final of Auguste Hervieu’s excellent illustrations. The 1857 English edition would tellingly be retitled *Lynch Law*. Trollope’s novel pre-dates *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* by fifteen years.

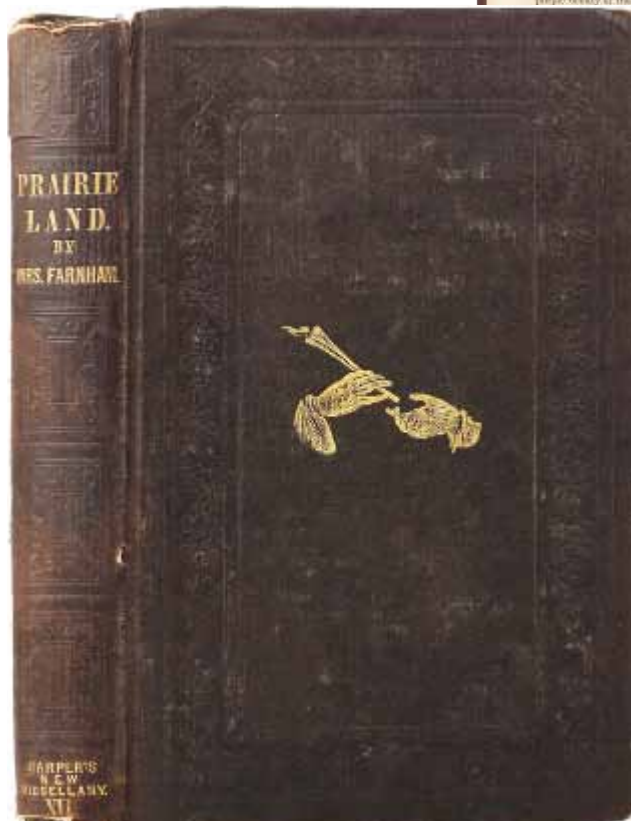
38. **Eliza Woodson Burhans Farnham** (1815-1864) *Life in the Prairie.* NY: Harper & Brothers, 1846. First edition.

Rensselaer, NY-born Eliza’s experiences traveling and farming in northern and central Illinois in the early 1840s with her husband, Army officer and explorer Thomas Jefferson Farnham, would be the foundation of her feminism. Noting that “a large class of minds have no adaptation to the conditions of life in the West,” Eliza uses her own example to urge other women to find self-confidence and travel. She discovered that the backbreaking work, illness and death, isolation, unpredictable horrible weather, and prairie fires were worthwhile because of the emancipation (her word) in that wilderness of females to think and act, to survive and thrive. Aptly, the cover image is of a torch being passed. Yet, as she writes in *California, Indoors and Out* (1856), the now-widowed mother of three found California an even better environment for her passions: feminism, abolition, prison reform (she was Matron of Sing Sing for 5 years), and aid for the disabled. She frequently proclaimed that men could never be the equal of women.

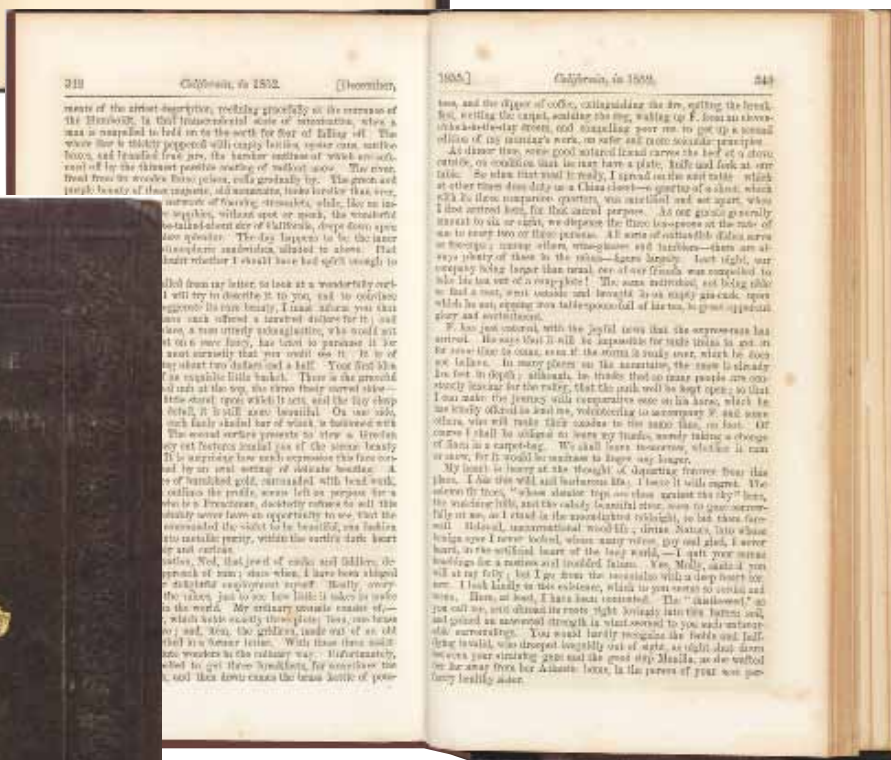
39. **Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe** (1819-1906) “*California, in 1851[-1852]. By Dame Shirley [pseud.]. Letter One [-Twenty-Three],*” in *The Pioneer: or, California Monthly Magazine*, Volumes 1-4, Jan. 1854-Dec. 1855. Four volumes bound in two, contemporary half morocco.



37



38



39

Louise was a well-educated woman living contentedly in Amherst, when her lightly educated physician husband Fayette Clapp decided to set up a clinic in the chaos which was the California gold mines. She wrote these 23 letters to her sister back in New England (their other sister died on the voyage to the Pacific and was buried at sea). Between the normal hazards of western life and the masses of complete amateurs trying to mine (brawling when they weren't having accidents), the couple had plenty of business in their log cabin on Indian Bar. She describes it all with a wonderful good-naturedness. Back in San Francisco, Fayette leaves for Hawaii, then Massachusetts, and she divorces him in 1856, adding an "e" to Clapp. With these "Letters" published and popular, she joined the literary circle of Bret Harte and became a teacher of rhetoric to girls and women (to empower them to speak up and lean in). This magazine printing of the "Shirley Letters" was discovered in 1922 by Thomas C. Russell and printed as an elaborate fine press book, in several versions using different papers and colored illustrations. Alas, he died during (because of?) this complicated production. Rather than leave the limitation page blank, his signature was forged by the pressmen on many copies.

40. *Abigail Duniway* (1834-1915) *Captain Gray's Company*. Portland, OR: Printed and Published by S. J. McCormick, 1859. First edition.

This was the first piece of literature written, printed, and bound in Oregon. Abigail traveled overland in 1852, a self-described frontier-farmer's wife, "lady, nurse, laundress, seamstress, cook and dairy-woman by turns." Soon the suffragist became a journalist. It is a not-bad romance, though weighed down with such moralizing subplots as the rights of the recently-widowed to homestead, rampant sexism, the appalling diet of bacon and more bacon on the trail, and poisonous mercury in many medicines. It has never been reprinted (and much of the print run was destroyed in the print shop's fire), yet so many worse ones have been. This copy is open to where the female narrator is questioning a young teen who married her elderly neighbor, so he could claim more land.

41. *Teresa Griffin Vielé* (1831?-1906) *Following the Drum*. NY: Rudd & Carleton, 1868. Fourth issue (first edition, 1858). A unique copy with a reprinted redated title page created for Teresa's youngest son, sixteen-year-old [Egbert] Francis Griffin-Vielé, in a morocco presentation binding and slipcase by Belz-Niedrée of Paris.

Another young bride on a working honeymoon, teenage Teresa and her husband Egbert, fresh from West Point in 1850, sail to his new post in Texas by way of Canada, Cuba, and New Orleans. The New Yorker found a fairly liberating milieu at Ringgold Barracks near the Rio Grande, where she could ride unaccompanied, agog at the natural inhabitants of the desert. Unlike many of her fellow army wives, she eagerly visited a local Indian camp and had no compunction critiquing the filthiness of the army camp and the dangerously thin U.S. manpower at the frontier forts. She mentions only in passing the death of her baby, the first of eight children. Her avid curiosity, eye for detail, and self-confidence make the adventure narrative sparkle, but apparently would doom her marriage when the Brigadier General found a more docile companion.

ed all the problems of old Algebra, but her teachers knew that what she had learned had made no lasting impression. "To begin at the beginning," said her mother, "every value" as she styled them, was a task to her restless mind, but she would not say so, for Delphine should rejoice over her punishment. "She was mistress of the rules within a week, and recited them with a triumphant air." She said after words, to Mr. Barton's hearing, that "she believed she'd best *begin* to next time." She despised it as much as Delphine did.

"But the punishment," suggested Wanda.

"It took a head, I believe it's the mother dove."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEARTING FOR LARK.

REMARK, as we wish to give you a general idea of the different classes of Oregonians, we propose to take you to a mountain home, where lives the proprietor of a section claim, and as much more vigor will as his estate devote to feed upon or even upon. A road leading on top of about four acres, is the first object to be seen that denotes civilization, as we wind through the labyrinthine paths of a tall, dark fir and pine forest that forms the dwelling. A bevy of birds, kept by the host of the wilderness to seek in the dense, dense to meet us as we approach the little cabin, which appears at the termination of the lily clearing, but hidden by thickwood log-knives, waiting the silent word for a general landing. A gulch through which the rapid waters of a sparkling spring are sending their glassy way, pours out from the logs, black stumps, receding mammoth vegetables.

A rising road back and the towering woodland creep over the gentle side of the cabin, showing that even in this rude forest some busy hand has been at work transferring the heavily projecting logs into a business lotus.

Gustave Willard "said to be" a man of some pretensions to business, but he had money with which he purchased a large herd of migrant cattle at very low rates, at the Valley of the Columbia. He remained there until the worst out stock until the fall rains removed the grass, enabling his slowly increasing herd to sustain the journey down the pack trail. He settled at the foot of the mountain, and extended his claim into the beautiful valley, while the forestable range of the mountains, offered abundant food for his rapidly increasing herd.

Gustave Willard soon found himself immensely rich. But as the rapid accumulation of property brought insurance advice for more, he became eager to hold more of the valley (which then as a bachelor, he was entitled to claim).

Gustave Willard must have a wife. That was settled, if he couldn't get *somebody* he must take *somebody*, or her sister. A squatter lived about three miles from our bachelor's ranch. He had a daughter thirteen years of age, "recluse" as the girls she took; more thoughtful than the ones she milked. Our bachelor called at the residence of the mountain house. He thought she wasn't much like the dark-eyed ones who kept house for him at his ranch, neither did she suit his fancy like Fanny Waters, who wouldn't leave him.

"But then," he mused, "she'll hold that splendid half section of land in the bottom, if I'll marry her, and I can't think of giving it up. I'll be compelled to though, by next December, if I don't marry *somebody*."

So the matter was settled. And the big-headed, large-headed

They returned towards evening, heavily laden, receiving my gratitude as "ample compensation" for a day's toil. A fine illustration of the word *politeness* and quite worthy of record.

Under the most favorable circumstances, the food was flavored with red meat, which was as thick that it was impossible to eat without devouring them by means. They tasted something like curaway seed, and were not as disagreeable as a novice might suppose!

The water we drank came from the Rio Grande, and was invariably lukewarm. After straining it, it was kept in a stone jug exposed in hot flames, and impounded by a cord in the air, for the purpose of cooling it as much as possible.

The butter was almost insupportable from its soft liquid appearance, and was kept in stone jars under ground with bricks laid over them. The milk was that of cows and goats, previously milked in the same pail.

The cereals, the *famine*, hot winds, and dry soil, which caused clouds of dust to fill the early air of July and August and lodge on everything, made me begin to think that General Twigg

advice, that it would be better to remain in New Orleans and keep a thread and needle store than go to Texas, had been quite judicious!

However, these evils began to disappear in a measure in the season of fall and winter approached, and our rides became longer and more varied.

42. *Frances Anne Kemble Butler* (1809–1893) Manuscript recipes written while at Butler Place, in *The Manuscript Receipt Book and Household Treasury*. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Electrotyped by J. Fagan & Son, 1870.

Over what appears to be many years, Fanny's steady hand filled in the blank pages with 146 recipes. A few are credited to other women, including a version of egg-drop soup by Elizabeth Cady Cabot Agassiz, the Boston writer of natural history textbooks and *A Journey in Brazil*. As one does, she stuck extra recipes in the book as well as a shopping list for a huge party. While mostly a vegetarian (which word the OED says she invented, and whose practitioners often overlapped with abolitionists), the English-born actress and author had a perpetual stream of visitors who were not. There is an over-the-top two-page boneless stuffed turkey concoction, which needs to be roasted three hours, "being basted perpetually." Nauseated with the slavery on the Georgia plantation owned by her American husband Pierce Mease Butler, she wrested a divorce from him in 1849, and wrote several engaging, scathing books on this country's mores. In 1867 she began a new cosmopolitan life at Butler Place near Philadelphia and obviously provided tasty entertainments for her many friends and her grandson Owen Wistar, the writer of *The Virginian*.

43. *Jessie Ann Benton Frémont* (1824–1902) *A Year of American Travel*. NY: Harper & Brothers, 1878. First edition, paper-bound issue.

In 1848 Jessie and her young daughter Lily set off from New York to California via Panama, about which she had nothing nice to say. Her brother-in-law got sunstroke and went back to New York; the ship built for 80 packed in 400 gold-rushers; her weird roommate had set a fire that burned down San Francisco; etc. etc. Meanwhile, her husband John was slogging overland across the continent, not having any better of a time. Their plans for retirement and leisure had been laid before gold was discovered, reversing Washington's disinterest in the state; and their goal of a leisurely 7-year respite at their Mariposa ranch in the Sierra foothills was tossed aside as John plunged back into politics. He ran for the Senate to represent California as an anti-slavery state and won, so they returned East in 1850. *A Year of American Travel* was written to earn badly-needed money for her family after her husband went bankrupt in 1873; it first appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine*. She wrote two more books on her western travels, and a children's book, and also co-authored the paean to her husband, *Memoirs of My Life* (1887). The highlight of the Frémonts' lives was of course the Civil War years spent in St. Louis.

44. *Martha Ann Dartt Maxwell* (1831–1881) *On the Plains, and Among the Peaks*, by Mary Dartt. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1879. First edition.

Martha grew up in Colorado and Wisconsin fascinated by the local animals and birds and, despite her family and friends' embarrassment, took up taxidermy as a profession, advertising herself as "proficient in all sizes . . . from the young hummingbird in its nest . . . to the Buffalo . . ." She accompanied her husband James on his business travels in Colorado, and there amassed a huge collection representing the fauna of that state. In 1875, the city of Denver offered her a site for Mrs. Maxwell's Museum (which Helen Hunt Jackson visited and wrote about). Featured at the Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, the display moved on to Denver, then Washington,

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

+ Coffee Plantation Receipt.

Shuck depends on the coffee being freshly & evenly browned without burning. A full $1\frac{1}{2}$ breakfast cups of ground coffee. Mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, add an egg-shell broken in half; add two cups of hot water; pour on the fire & boil for two or three minutes only; take it off, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cold water & let it settle in. takes a couple of minutes; pour it off the grounds, - strain through a hair sieve if necessary, - & serve. This quantity will make two breakfast cups or six after-dinner cups.

Harber's Receipt.

Put a large cup of ground coffee back over fire with shell; mix well, add as much cold water to wet the grounds thoroughly; pour on a pint of boiling water, boil, & strain for ten or fifteen minutes; let it stand three or four minutes; & strain through a fine wire sieve into a warm coffee-pot. enough for 4 cups.

Fayer's Receipt.

2 oz. of ground coffee in a sauce-pan, set on the fire & stir until hot. Add 1 pint boiling water, cover closely for 5 minutes; pass it through a cloth, warm again & serve.

OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

take the dug-out canoes, with of naked, screaming, barbarous Indians, I was put in the "com- die-boat, with a responsible crew puny's" service; this was a dif- fi I learned to appreciate more on hearing afterwards of the passengers by their crews. With stages, we only made a few miles king three to reach Gorgona, ore to exchange our boats for rich we crossed the mountains, is so changed by the railroad is interesting to know just how crossing in 1849. The other ask their chances of sleeping d or in the huts of the Indians, way contracted fevers from the night air, the tropical mists, and all causes of ill-health that were so well known, while I was protected from all this through Mr. Aspinwall's care. He had sent with me one of his trusted employes, a captain of a vessel in the mahogany trade, who had had his wife with him on his different journeys on that coast, and knew just what to do for

A YEAR OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. 47

the health and safety of a lady. When Mr. Aspinwall told him that he was to see me across, and leave me in safety at Panama, his wife objected, because, she said, I would be a Washington fine lady, and make objections to the Indians having no clothes on, and make him a great deal of trouble altogether, and he had better ask Mr. Aspinwall to have some one else do this; but after Mr. Aspinwall introduced him to me at his house, the captain, as he told me afterwards, told his wife he would take care of me; "that I was not a fine lady at all; that I was a poor thin pale woman, and not a bit of a fine lady; that he would see me through. And she agreed to it."

While the sun was still bright we made our landing. One needs to realize it in the tropics to know how true is the line,

"Down dropped the sun, up rose the moon;"

and with the dropping of the sun, rose not only the moon, but the discordant noises of night in the tropical forests; a hideous, confusing rush of sound without, which made more comfortable the pleasant interior of

42

43

78 MOUNTAIN ALTITUDES

mountain raspberries; and Mr. Maxwell decided to camp, gather seeds, and collect specimens of the animals of that altitude, till Mr. Maxwell came back.

This notion of altitude seems very strange to one who has never thought about it. It modifies everything, even the rocks. Though they had travelled but ten miles from home, they had seen at least two thousand feet, and were in a climate materially changed by its proximity to the clouds. Boulder and its vicinity are over five thousand feet bounded feet above the sea, almost as high as the top of Mount Washington; still it is so much farther south, that wheat, corn, and almost all kinds of grains and vegetables, raised in any of the Northern States, mature there. But, two thousand feet above it, a different sort of things exist. There, only potatoes, oats and vegetables that will mature in a few weeks, or that will bear frost, can be raised. Each foot added to the altitude shortens the season for growth, until upon the Snowy Range—that succession of peaks rising above timber line which forms the watershed between the streams flowing into the Gulf of Mexico and those emptying into the Pacific ocean—discouraged vegetation gives up altogether, and winter and snow have their own way the year round.

The effect of the change in altitude upon the

79 CAMPING STORIES.

animal world makes mountain regions among the most favorable of all fields for the study of the variation of species, and therefore, especially interesting to the naturalist.

Although Mr. Maxwell hoped to return so soon, it was two weeks before he was again at liberty. Mrs. Maxwell and her little girl spent the time chattering over the rocks in quest of larks, in pursuit of the sky-birds and sparrows, who were their only companions, and in possessing the varied birds of their rambles. The berries were taken into camp, and by a process of which Mrs. Maxwell was perfect mistress, made into delicious jam, while the care of her other trophies so fully occupied her remaining time, that even had she been disposed, she had no leisure to be approached by landladies.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a varied language," leaving no more occasion for that kind of oppression, if can be a good nature, than would be to be in the company of many friends. In no place is her voice more audible than amid the mountains, and Mrs. Maxwell had no more thought of loneliness, than had Thomas in his hermitage, or Aristotle in his wanderings.

Mountains, like the sea, satisfy one's deepest craving for what is grand and sublime, and like

44

D.C. in 1876-77. Author Mary Dartt (her half-sister) was a guide there and describes its reception vividly and amusingly. According to her, male visitors were offended at the very thought of Martha, an under-five-foot gentlewoman, mucking about with wildlife, but zoologists of her day considered her work a significant contribution to natural history.

45. *Elizabeth Bacon Custer* (1842-1933) *Boots and Saddles*. NY: Harper & Brothers, 1926 (first edition, 1885) & 45A. Her two-piece mohair & cotton dress, made by James McCreery and Co., New York City, n.d.

Husband George's dramatic demise in 1876 left Elizabeth with little money, an impugned reputation, and an extended family to support, so she returned to writing (she had ghost-written the General's 1874 memoir *My Life on the Plains*). The Harper ad in the 50th-thousand printing rightly proclaimed "her style is racy, agreeable, and different from that of any other author now before the public." She regaled an avid readership with details of her experiences in the wild west, as she followed the General from post to post. Sequels *Tenting on the Plains* (1887) and *Following the Guidon* (1890) are also still in print. This copy is inscribed to a Mrs. Benson, forty-two years after the Battle of Little Big Horn: "Motto on Gen. Custer's Spanish Sword 'Do not draw me without cause, Do not Sheathe me without honor.'" The date of the well-worn (and quite itchy) floor-length outfit with the suggestion of mourning and of military style in the trim is unknown, but McCreery's dry-goods emporium opened for business in 1868.

46. *Calamity Jane*, born Martha Jane Cannery, a.k.a. Marthy C. Burke (1852-1903) *Life and Adventures of Calamity Jane. By Herself*. Livingston, MT, 1896. Second edition, original pink wrapper, engraved portrait on front cover & 46A. Studio photo by R. L. Kelly, signed in the plate.

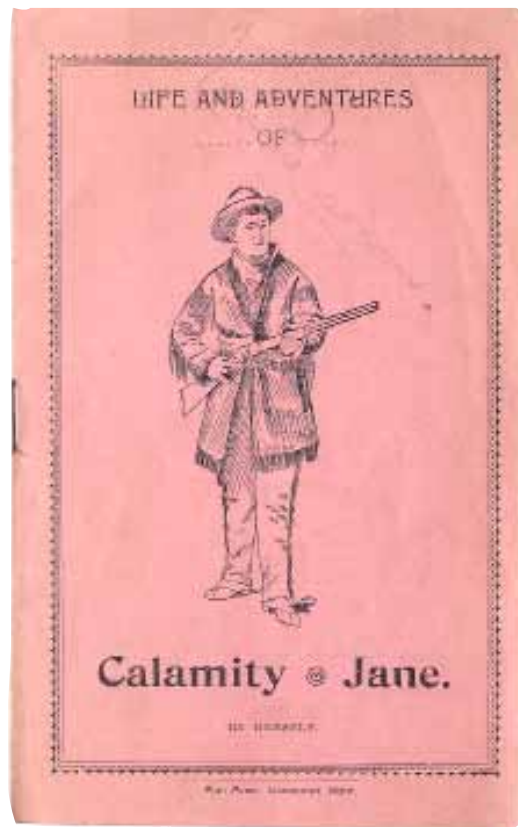
Calamity Jane was the delight of the public and the bane of historians. Ramon Adams claims the only accurate fact in her story is her birth. In this brief account, she piled uncountable untruths on a fascinating life—disguised herself as a boy and joined George Custer as a scout in 1870; dallied with Wild Bill Hickok; was a Pony Express rider in the Black Hills; captured with a meat cleaver the desperado who'd shot Hickok in the back; prospected; drove wagon trains; raised cattle; married Clinton Burke in 1885 and had a baby girl in 1887 in Texas (that she *did* do); and ran a hotel in Boulder. This, the personal copy of the bookseller and bibliographer Edward Eberstadt, is one of only a handful of either edition to survive, though thousands must have been printed since they were intended to earn her a living in retirement.

Motto on General Custer's
Spanish Sword
"Do not draw me without cause
Do not sheathe me without honor."
To Mrs Benson
With thanks for her
interesting kindness
Elizabeth B. Custer
1927



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45A



46

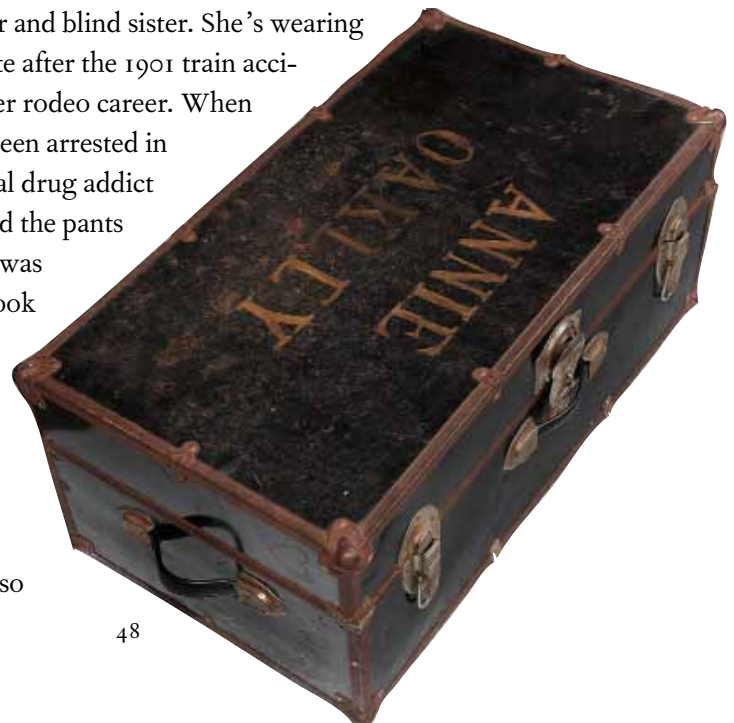
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47. *Mollie Evelyn Moore Davis* (1844-1909) *The Wire Cutters*, by M. E. M. Davis. Boston & NY: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1899. First edition & 47A. An autograph letter in pencil, signed, 1899.

The only daughter of nine children, Mollie was raised on a plantation near San Marcos, Texas, and eventually settled in New Orleans, marrying the editor of the *Times Picayune*, becoming a successful writer of prose and poetry, and nurturing a salon. Both locales are important elements in this romantic drama of the range wars of the 1880s. In the exhibition, the book is open to the page where the cattle-raising heroine first discovers her neighbor is not one of the gang of barbed-wire cutters. The publisher used only her initials on the title page, as was common to increase the likelihood that men would purchase the book. She signs this brief thank-you note the same way. It is very possible the fan has no idea that she is a she. The pictorial binding design of rolling hills with a superimposed fence of six horizontal barbed-wires resonates; its artist is thus far anonymous.

48. *Annie Oakley* (born Phoebe Ann Mosey, 1860-1926) Photo, London, 1891, inscribed "Compliments of Annie Oakley, Strassburg, April 18th, 1891" & 48A. 2 pairs of gloves, leather & beaded suede, ca. 1900, each signed in pen on the lining & 48B. A heart card pierced by 5 bullets & 48C. A typed telegraph letter on Pennsylvania Limited stationery to Emma Butler & 48D. Steamer trunk, ca. 1917 & 48E. Photo of the leads in "The Western Girl," NY, 1902?

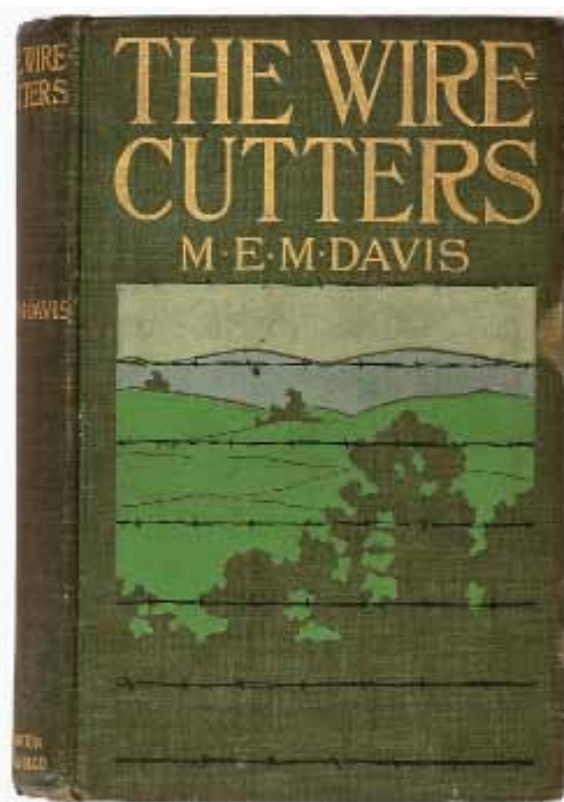
Annie is still so mythologized—a lot due to her—but this is a sampling from her real life. The aptness of her nickname "Little Sure Shot" is evidenced by the slew of medals covering her chest. She gave this particular photo to Nate Salisbury, manager of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. Five bullets went through the red heart of this promotional card, tossed in the air twelve yards away from the sharpshooter. She always wore gloves to shoot, and had surprisingly big hands for a tiny woman, size 9 or 10. The brown leather ones bear her signature logo of three running horses' heads. In 1902-4 she starred in a play written for her, "The Western Girl," in New York. She is standing on the left with the actors who played her father and blind sister. She's wearing a curly brown wig, as her own hair had turned white after the 1901 train accident and five surgeries on her spine which halted her rodeo career. When in 1903 the Hearst tabloids published that she had been arrested in Chicago for shoplifting a pair of men's pants (a local drug addict told the cops her name was Annie Oakley), she sued the pants off them. The telegram celebrates her victory. She was awarded the enormous sum of \$27,500, though it took until 1910 for the foot-dragging Hearst to pay up. Annie and her husband Frank Butler traveled extensively during World War I to raise funds and entertain at troop camps. She also gave classes on sharpshooting to women. The Seward wood and metal trunk is stencilled upside down, so that when the lid is raised, it advertises her name. She also scratched her signature heart near the handle.



48

My dear Miss Russell
 With many thanks
 for your letter and with
 the hope that we
 may one day meet
 face to face. I am
 Sincerely yours
 M. E. M. Davis

Miss Russell
 1899



47

47



48



48A

49. *[Anonymous author/photographer]* “Yakima river, near the starting place . . .” Washington State, 1900? Album of 22 annotated candid photographs.

This slender album documents a riverboat trip down Yakima and Columbia Rivers by a young woman and two young male companions, arriving days later at the tent on her brother’s homestead. The giddy joy of her adventure, which included running rapids and a lot of climbing in a full-length wool skirt, as well as pride in her homestead on the hay-farming prairie of Washington, are evident in the annotations: “A part of the rapids. We were three days running them, going most of the time they [y crossed out] are now. I was in the boat. I tried to wade here. The third step and down I went to my neck. Next second my chin was hanging over the edge of the boat and my toes were pounding the bottom of it. How those boys laughed. The water ran so fast I could not keep my feet under me.”

50. *Bessie Marchant* (1862–1941) *Daughters of the Dominion: A Story of the Canadian Frontier, Illustrated by William Rainey, R.I.* London &c: Blackie & Son, Limited, 1909. First edition.

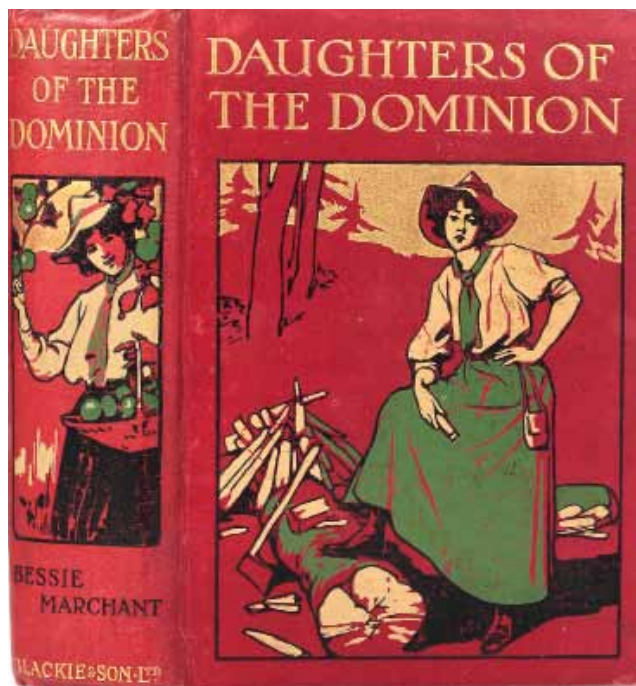
Right alongside “write what you know,” advice to authors has always been “write what sells.” *Lettres d’une Peruvienne* is an excellent example. Bessie Marchant wrote at least thirty-seven young adult books set in the Americas, from the Andes to the Pampas to the Everglades to the Northland; other titles were set in India, Turkey, and South Africa. Not only were they all thrilling tales, glorious page-turners, but they were also published and republished in irresistibly gorgeous pictorial bindings. They were a favorite for British school prizes, this one for First Class to Edith Wardle at Upperthorpe, Sheffield in July 1909. Not once did Bessie ever set a toe outside England.

51. *Ellen Elliott Jack* (1842–1921) *The Fate of a Fairy*. Chicago: W. B. Conkey, 1910. Signed in pencil & with photo portrait laid in & 51A. “*The Miner’s Dream, copyright 1909 Ellen E Jack.*” Burlington, Wisconsin: Badger, Multiscope and Film Co., 1909. Real-photo postcard.

“Captain Jack,” a sobriquet the originally wealthy educated English woman adopted from her deceased ship captain American husband Charles who was also a Mason (yes, that matters in her saga), moved to New York in 1860. Widowed in 1872, she moved west and operated boarding houses before becoming a prospector and then partner in the successful Black Queen Shaft in Gunnison County, Colorado. According to her own account—which may not be entirely trustworthy—she carried a six-gun and a pickax in her belt, could shoot a pistol in each hand while riding horseback, fought off the advances of amorous men (including a Mormon who wanted her as his third wife) and highwaymen, and bore a scar from a poisoned tomahawk. She was also deeply into seances. She retired to Colorado Springs in 1903, where she ran a curio shop and sold this book (most copies I’ve seen are signed), and entertained tourists with tales of her many adventures. The two photos, like Calamity Jane’s, are in rustic and fancy-dress personas. Why is she holding two parrots on a stick? Your guess is as good as mine.



49



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51A



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52. *Sarah Bernhardt* (1844-1923) Photo portrait, draped on a *chaise longue*. NY: Sarony Publishing Company, 1888? & 52A. A group photo portrait at Niagara Falls, 1911, signed by the entire Bernhardt troupe.

The drama queen of the French stage of course toured America, first as a still-nubile heart-throb starlet, cultivating the provocative image seen here. Napoleon Sarony fancied himself the photographer to the stars, but managed to misspell her name. In the second image taken some years later, her entire oil-slicker clad group is at – actually under – Niagara Falls in 1911. The Falls froze that year. She’s the short dumpy one seated in the middle. What actors will do for publicity!

53. *Margaret O’Bannon Womack Vandercook* (1877-1958) *The Ranch Girls at Rainbow Lodge*. NY: The John C. Winston Co., 1911. First edition.

After her husband of eight years died and she was left with a young son and no money, Margaret began to write. And write. And write. Over the next half century, she produced nearly 50 girls’ books. In each, a small group of young women would band together to solve a problem or a mystery: Ranch girls, Red Cross girls, Camp Fire and Girl Scout girls. *Rainbow Lodge* is the first of eleven in the Ranch Girls series. Whereas Bertha Muzzy Sinclair (writing in disguise as B. M. Bower) spoke from firsthand experience of Minnesota and Montana in the wonderful *Flying-U* series for children, Margaret wrote adventures of Wyoming ranchers and Indians in the comfort of her Gramercy Park apartment. The dust jacket quite falsely proclaims, “Mrs. Vandercook not only has a delightful narrative style, but a remarkable knowledge of the West and her audience.” No matter! They both, like Bessie Marchant and scores of other children’s series authors from the turn of the twentieth century on, created feisty female role models for generations of young readers.

54. *Vivian Breckenfeld* (1895-1992) *Maggie*, by *Vivian Breck* [pseud.]. Garden City, NY: Doubleday and Company, 1954. First edition.

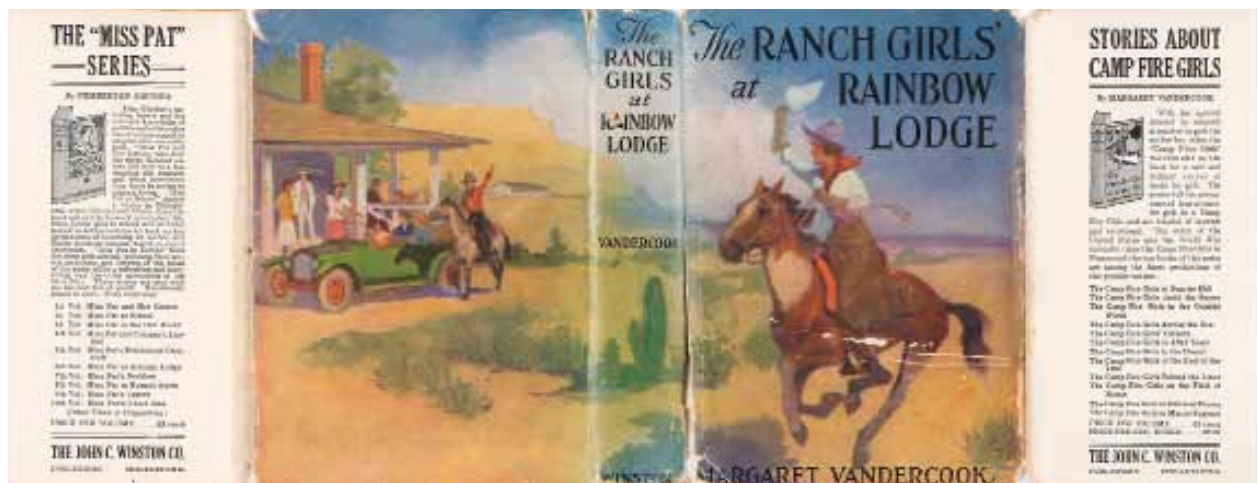
This is the fictionalized story of Vassar-graduate Vivian and her adventurous childhood. Her San Francisco-born mother Leonide Cook Gurney forsook an utterly pampered life at the turn of the last century when she fell in love with a British engineer. Maggie (Leonide) quickly discovered that successful mines are generally found where no one would want to live voluntarily—in her case, the mountains of western Mexico, replete with dysentery and bandits. Vivian recalls, “Until I was ten, my pony, a pet fawn, a parakeet, and my parents were almost my only companions. Occasionally my mother corralled some Mexican children for delousing, after which I was allowed to play with them. We traveled from village to village with a cow for me and twenty-four volumes of the *Century Dictionary* packed on muleback so my American mother and my British father could settle their arguments about pronunciation . . .” Yet, given the option to go home, Maggie emphatically chose Mexico. In the dust jacket blurb, Doubleday enthused that “girls today (who may be living in G.I. villages and trailer camps) will find the up-to-date realism and the warm love story a prescription for their own problems.” Vivian’s story was still in print in the 1970s.



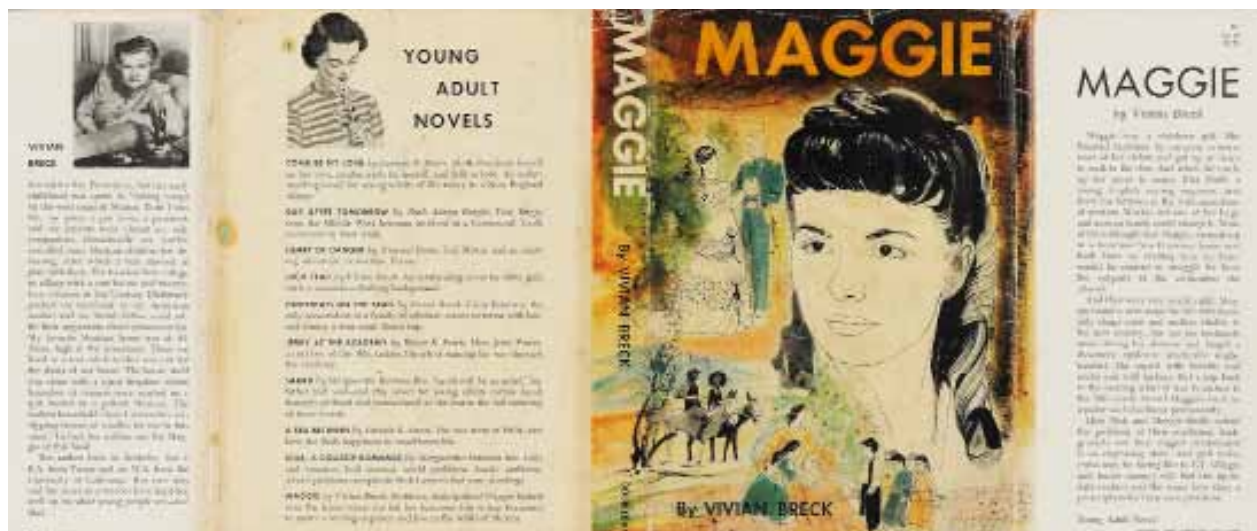
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55. *Elinore Pruitt Rupert Stewart* (1876-1933) “*Letters of a woman homesteader*,” p. 433-43, 589-98, 820-30, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, October-December, 1913, with four annotated candid photos laid in: her son; “Maggie Fosdick and family . . . Maggie is Mexican, a daughter of Uncle Phil Mass, who was an honorable and interesting man”; “A bit of the road at Lonetree Wyo. A little place ten miles west of us”; “our house but not my baby, his name is Albert Becksted . . .”

Widowed while pregnant (or she ran away) and now with a two-year-old daughter, Elinore Rupert decided to answer a newspaper ad for a housekeeper for an older Scottish rancher in Burnt Fork, Wyoming in 1909. She homesteaded the adjacent plot as well. Once she figured out his thick accent, she and Clyde married and two children ensued. She adored the wilderness and (mostly) the close-knit community therein. The “ex-Washlady” (as she signs herself) wrote many engaging letters to Juliet S. Coney (1837-?), a former Boston schoolteacher and her former employer in Denver. Juliet was so enchanted by the letters, she saved them all and arranged for them to be published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. A book version followed, and a sequel the next year, *Letters on an Elk Hunt by a Woman Homesteader*. In 1979 they were made into the wonderful movie *Heartland* with Conchata Ferrell and Rip Torn. On the back of the photo of her son she wrote, “This is Robert Clinton Stewart when he was twenty months old he was two years old Dec. 3. Isn’t he a husky chap? The mountain you see in the distance is Phil Mass mountain. It is north of us and is full of fossils. Mrs. Gillis, 68 years old homesteaded on its side.” Imagine keeping that white-clad toddler in clean clothes!

56. *Amanda Case (Mrs. John J.) Crooks* (1862-?) *Let ’Er Buck*, by Charles Wellington Furlong. NY: G. P. Putnam’s Sons; The Knickerbocker Press, 1921. First edition. Amanda’s copy, extensively annotated and extra-illustrated with memorabilia.

Heir to a farm equipment fortune, Californian Amanda was an avid horsewoman. She attended Oregon’s three-day Pendleton Roundup in 1926, where she was enchanted especially with the female and Indian performers and appalled that this entertainment form was losing audiences to film houses. She returned to San Rafael and within days had purchased a 50-acre racetrack to revive the bankrupt Tuolumne County Rodeo, which is still going strong today. Her copy of adventurer and Pendleton resident Furlong’s elegy on the old West, published by Furlong’s travel buddy George P. Putnam, is extensively annotated with Amanda’s observations during her three summer visits, and stuffed with clippings and more notes on expenses, performers, and attendees.

57. *Patricia McCormick* (1929-2013) *Lady Bullfighter: The Autobiography of the North American Matador, Illustrated with Photographs [&] Line Drawings by the Author*. NY: Henry Holt and Company, 1954. First edition, inscribed to “the excellent ‘aficionada’ Mary McFarland” and extra-illustrated with nine newspaper articles, including “Pretty Pat’s a Texas Torera,” *Houston Chronicle*, Sept. 26, 1954.

Say you’re a little girl living in St. Louis in the 1930s, and your dad gets a new job in Big Spring, Texas, and on the weekends takes you across the river to Mexico to see the bullfights. What would you want to do when you grew up? Yes, Pat became a bullfighter, and a really good one at that, though she was gored by six different very angry, very large bulls. There were actually quite a few women performers throughout the 1950s, including Maria De Marrero, Janita Aparicio, and Rosita

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1913

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

These are creative letters, without thought of publication, ready to tell a friendly story. The writer, a young woman, who had lost her husband in a railroad accident, went to Denver to seek support for herself and her two-year-old daughter, Jennie. Finding her hand in the western work, she went out by the day as house-cleaner and laundress. Later, seeking to better herself, she sought employment as typewriter for a well-to-do hotel's manager, Mr. Stewart, who had taken to a correspondence in Wyoming. The letters written through wordy pen in a former employer in Denver tell the rest of her story.

No way add that the letters are printed as written, except for occasional omissions and the addition of one or two words. — THE EDITOR

BURTON POST, WYOMING,
April 16, 1908.

DEAR MR. STEWART:

Are you thinking I am lost, like the Babes in the Wood? Well, I am not and I assure the editors would have the time of their lives getting leaves to cover me out here. I am 'way up close to the Forest Reserve of Utah, within half a mile of the line, sixty miles from the nearest town. I was twenty-four hours in the train and two days on the stage, and oh, those two days! The snow was just beginning to melt and the mud was about the worst I ever heard of.

The first stage we tackled was just about as rocky as it could very well be and I had to sit with the driver, who was Mormon and so handsome that I was a bit offended when he insisted on making love all the way, especially after he told me that he was a widow. But, of course, as I had to chaperon I looked very fierce (not that that was very difficult with the wind and mud as allies) and told him my actual opinion of Mormonism in general and particular.

FOLIO, 20, 2

Mountain my new employer, Mr. Stewart, sat upon a stack of baggage and was cheerfully concerned about something he calls his 'tookie', but I am unable to tell you what that is. The road, being so muddy, was full of ruts and the stage acted as if it had the faintest thought and made us all talk as though we were affected in the same way. These Mr. Stewart asked me if I did not think it a 'dair guy trip'. I told him he could call it gay if he wanted to but it did not seem very hilarious to me. Every time the stage struck a rock or a rut Mr. Stewart would 'hoist', until I began to wish we would come to a hollow tree or a hole in the ground so he could go in with the rest of the crew.

At last we 'arriv' and everything is just lovely for me. I have a very, very comfortable situation and Mr. Stewart is absolutely no trouble, for as soon as he has his meals he retires to his room and plays on his bagpipe, only he calls it his 'hugpipe'. It is 'The Campbell are Coming' without variations, at intervals all day long and from seven till eleven at night. Some-

WHY THIS ONE WAS NOT IN THE FINALS

The main reason being that one would not get up for enough from the middle row if the horse then play 'back a line' with it. But this also and some other rider, Stewart McCornick, seems that they are for the horse. To analyze the cause, one has but to take note of the broken-hobby way on the upstroke of the horse.

Holding the reins, the rider is supposed to keep the horse's head which jumps down and up and the rider is keeping a seat. How important this is, this picture amply shows. It also demonstrates that broken-hobby is not a fault but a disadvantage in that, when they break, the rider is taken off guard and finds it impossible to so suddenly adjust himself to the other form of riding.

Also, if a horse falls, the rider made it much more difficult to dismount himself or turn her form or position in relation to the saddle, all of which greatly increases her danger. Then the likelihood of not only the problem, but the cowboy, makes them shrink from remaining in the saddle. This was evidenced by Stewart McCornick after Brown's fall and when on Foggie Watson's face, crossing half the arena in about three leaps to reach her, he then rubbed his chest across his chest forward and backward, "I sure do hate to see a girl get hurt."

*Don't be sure
Held a line
I saw the picture
He looked like a
of the horse*



Why This One Was Not in the Finals

Photo by W. H. Bennett

55

56

Just Bulls, No Beans



BULLFIGHTER SINKS HOME HER SWORD

Patria McCormick Makes It Quick

Are women would like to know why a pretty girl chooses bullfighting as a career?

Patria McCormick, 28, of the Apache, gave me her answer during her recent visit to the arena at Mexico City's San Carlos.

"Bulls are very vicious," she declared. "I just don't have the time to kill them, but I love the thrill of the fight. The two don't mix."

HOW TO FIGHT bulls is a problem, which stresses one day and night eating, sleeping and dreaming are required.

Fighting is like most sports, it is a pretty woman who

thinks the life.

"The whole business of bullfighting is a matter of taking the danger zone, and there's no danger."

You have to learn to be as fairly strong as a man, and you have to learn a certain approach for each one. You have to have the confidence of some boys, giving them long, slow, I have to have them to come back and back for me. I have to make them down to be absolutely like a man."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909
THE HOUSTON POST



Knights and Matadors

was never

My first

Mother an

remember

going to I

grace. I

Mexican,

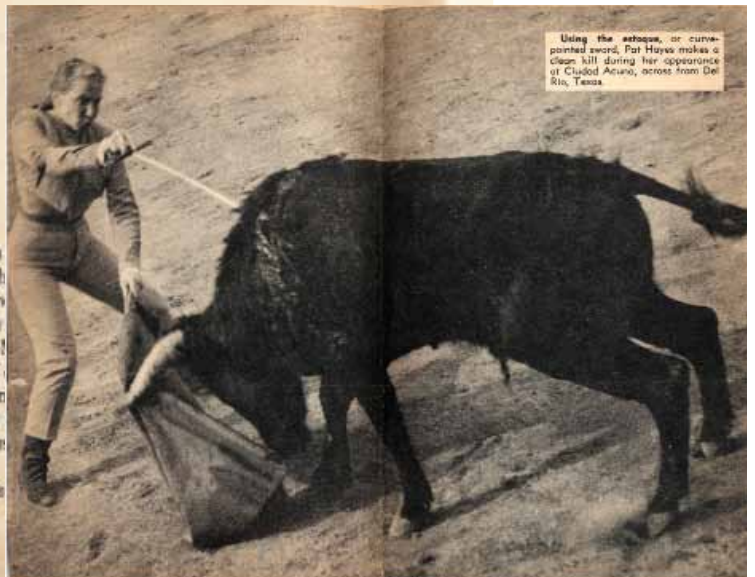
and have

pose my 2

music.

Perhaps

23



Using the estoque, or curved sword, Pat Hayes makes a clean kill during her appearance at Ciudad Acuna, across from Del Rio, Texas

57

Barrios, at rings in Central and South America. There were even all-female events. To be designated a Matador required being nominated by a matador, and no man would do that for any of them, despite facing death, defeating hundreds of bulls, and having tens of thousands of fans. They were stuck, paid only as apprentices, “novillera,” and by the 1960s they threw down their capes and quit.

58. *Dale Evans* (1912-2001) Black and white photo, 1946? Inscribed to another singing actress, Jean Sargent & 58A. Pink rhinestone boots, 1940s & 58B. *Dale Evans and Danger in Crooked Canyon: an Original Story Featuring Dale Evans, Well-Known Television and Motion-Picture Star, by Helen Hale, Illustrated by Henry Luhrs*. Racine, WI: Whitman Publishing Company, 1958. First edition.

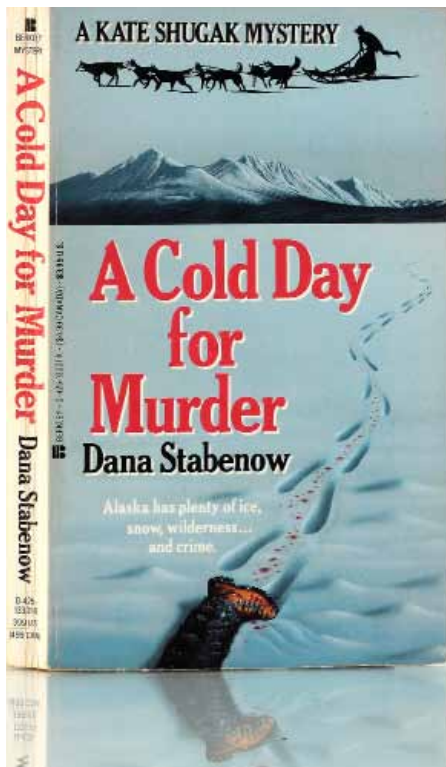
Anne Cameron remarks in the preface to her wonderful 1982 feminist western *The Journey*, “When I was a girl, Saturday meant movies. Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy . . . The boys could identify with the heroes. We had Dale Evans. She was the one with no guns, the one on the slower horse, who rode behind Roy just in time to catch the mud flying from his gallant steed’s hooves. Not much of a role model.” Actually, I was told by one of Dale and Roy’s sons that Buttermilk was the alpha horse and it took all the pint-sized singing cowgirl’s strength to stay behind Roy (her fourth husband) and Trigger in the dozen movies and 101 episodes of “The Roy Rogers Show,” garbed in over-the-top costumes designed by famed Hollywood costumer Nudie to show off her gorgeous legs. Is it any wonder these sparkly boots are so well worn? The book is a typical Whitman TV spin-off (even the Lennon Sisters had a series). The plot involves a half-Apache half-Navajo rejected by both tribes who turns renegade cattle thief. Peppy Dale persuades all the white and brown locals around her ranch to work together to catch the varmint.

59. *Mesannie Wilkins* (also known as Annie Wilkins, 1898?-1980) *Last of the Saddle Tramps, by Mesannie Wilkins with Mina Titus Sawyer; Preface by Art Linkletter*. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1967. First edition.

In 1954 Mesannie, a diminutive 63-year-old resident of Maine, was told that she only had a couple of years to live. She was destitute and without close kin, so she hopped on her horse Tarzan, whistled for her border collie Depeche Toi, and headed west. The little “family” soon acquired a second horse Rex. They ambled from Minot, Maine, to Hollywood, carried along the 7,000 miles by her faith in God, her sturdy Maine-settler roots, and the kindness of hundreds of strangers. Wildly famous television comedian Art Linkletter followed her adventure, which was being chronicled in the California papers. When he heard Rex had died, he shipped her King, to complete the last couple of hundred miles. Don’t look at the map of her route on the endpapers unless you’re sitting down!

60. *Dana Stabenow* (1952-) *A Cold Day for Murder*. NY: Berkley Books, 1992. First edition, signed copy.

First in the riveting series of some twenty Alaska murder mysteries featuring Native American police detective Kate Shugak. She manages the ice and snow and local busybodies and murderers and monster summertime mosquitoes with laconic common sense and a very healthy sex life. Many are a version of a locked room mystery, with the room being Alaska’s hinterlands, where mostly everybody knows everybody’s business, but everyone still has secrets.



Minerette Wilkins, founder for California, shows Minerette riding Tarran. Dispatch Tarran's horse, backed on the saddle. Later, the dog made much of the way around the horse.

61. *Constanza Ceruti* (1973-) Trekking pole. Zhejiang, China: Aoqila, n.d. & 61A. A color photo portrait with the “Inca Ice Maiden” on the summit of Volcán Llullaillaco, 1999.

In 1999 the only female high-altitude archaeologist and climber in the world, Chilean Constanza, and lead climber Johan Reinhard, were dealing with blinding snow and 70-mile-an-hour winds when they discovered this female mummy at about 21,000 feet (almost 1.3 miles) up in the Andes. Johan and his team had found the first ice maiden, whom he named “Juanita,” on Mount Ampato in 1995, and three other mummies in the intervening years. The thirteen-year-old, whom they named “La Doncella,” and two much younger children had been sacrificed 500 years ago, but their bodies were wondrously well preserved by the freakishly cold and dry conditions there. As was tradition at the time, they were sheltered by a pile of rocks and gifted with an array of gold and silver statues, cloth, shoes, and other sumptuary objects. Testing of their hair revealed they had consumed large amounts of coca and alcohol for many months before being sacrificed. The little boy had been tied up with rope and beaten (so he was not a willing victim). These three small bodies form the core of the exciting new Museo de Arqueología de Alta Montaña. Constanza’s books, including *Llullaillaco: Sacrificios y Ofrendas en un Santuario Inca de alta Montaña*, detail her adventures. From the start of her career, Constanza was determined to be a role model, speaking to third through eighth grade students about her explorations to find and study ancient Inca ceremonial centers and the role of young children in those ceremonies.





Wensislaus (Vaclav) Hollar (1607-77) "A Virginian Woman; Mulier ex Virginia / W. Hollar fecit." Antwerp?: [1643-6]. Similar but not identical to images by John White in Theodore de Bry's Frankfort, 1590, illustrated edition of Thomas Hariot's 1588 *A briefe and true report of the new found land of Virginia*, Frankfort, 1590.

Nature

62. *Maria Sibylla Merian* (1647-1717) *Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium. Ofte Verandering der Surinaamsche Insecten . . . Door Maria Sibylla Merian*. Amsterdam: Voor den auteur, . . . als ook by Gerard Valck, [1704-5?]. First edition in Dutch, almost all of the plates in counterproof (reverse images), with contemporary hand coloring, by or supervised by Maria herself.

Born in Frankfurt am Main into a famous family of printers and engravers, Maria was trained as an artist. Since childhood, she had raised caterpillars and other larvae, experimenting with what they would eat, observing them as they shed their skins, spun cocoons, and, if conditions were just right, metamorphosed magically into butterflies, moths, beetles, or flies. She used her painting skills to record their stages of development, illustrating, on a single page, all of a species' stages, each set on the plant essential for its growth. Her observations produced two stunning studies on European species in 1679 and 1683.

A bustling seaport, Amsterdam was an exciting center for studies of worldwide natural history, but all the specimens which arrived were of course quite dead. In 1699, accompanied by one of her daughters, Maria set sail for tropical Surinam to study insect metamorphosis *in situ*. You see here the result—a monumental work of science and beauty.

Despite dangers, diseases, and intense heat, she stayed almost two years, making foraging trips into the jungle, bringing larvae and plants back to her rented house and garden to observe and paint. She credited local Amerindians and the Dutch colony's slaves from Africa for essential help and information, from medicinal secrets such as an abortion potion to chopping down trees so she could see what lived in their tops. Some creatures, including cockroaches, army ants, and wasps, obliged her scientific curiosity by appearing inside her home, serving as subjects, but making life difficult for all. A number of the plants and animals she pictured and described had not previously been known in Europe, among them a species of pink-toed tarantula and an astonishing frog with its eggs embedded in the skin of its back.

63. *Lydia Byam* (1752?-?) *A Collection of Fruits from the West Indies, Drawn and Coloured from Nature, and, with Permission, Most Humbly Dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth. By Lydia Baum [sic]*. London: Printed, at the Oriental Press, by Wilson & Co., For the Author; And sold by J. Booth, No. 14, Duke-street, Portland-place, 1800. First edition, with six hand-colored engraved plates.

The Byam family was beginning its second century as slave owners and East India traders, so among the British colonial elite on the island of Antigua. Lydia was the eldest child of 10 and never married. In 1797 she anonymously published a twelve-plate folio *Collection of Exotics, From the Island of Antigua, by a Lady*. The *London Monthly Review* summary of *Exotics* concluded: "though the plates may not be of considerable utility to professed botanists, they shew that the leisure hours and the attention of this lady are better employed than they often are by the dissipated part of her sex." Undiscouraged, or complimented, Lydia continues here the theme of introducing unfamiliar plants like the avocado and cacti to royalty back in England. Whereas the plates in *Exotics* are delicate in line and color, the *Fruits* are emphatically bold. She summarizes the nine fruits' useful quali-



ties, though oddly admits that the date tree (*Phoenix Dactylifera*) “has rather an insipid taste.” This time “a Lady” reveals her name, which the publisher misspells right on the title page.

64. *Abby Amy Gove Tenney* (1836–1903) *Pictures and Stories of Animals For Home and School by Mrs. Sanborn Tenney: Sea-Urchins, Star-Fishes, and Corals*. Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1887. Third edition.

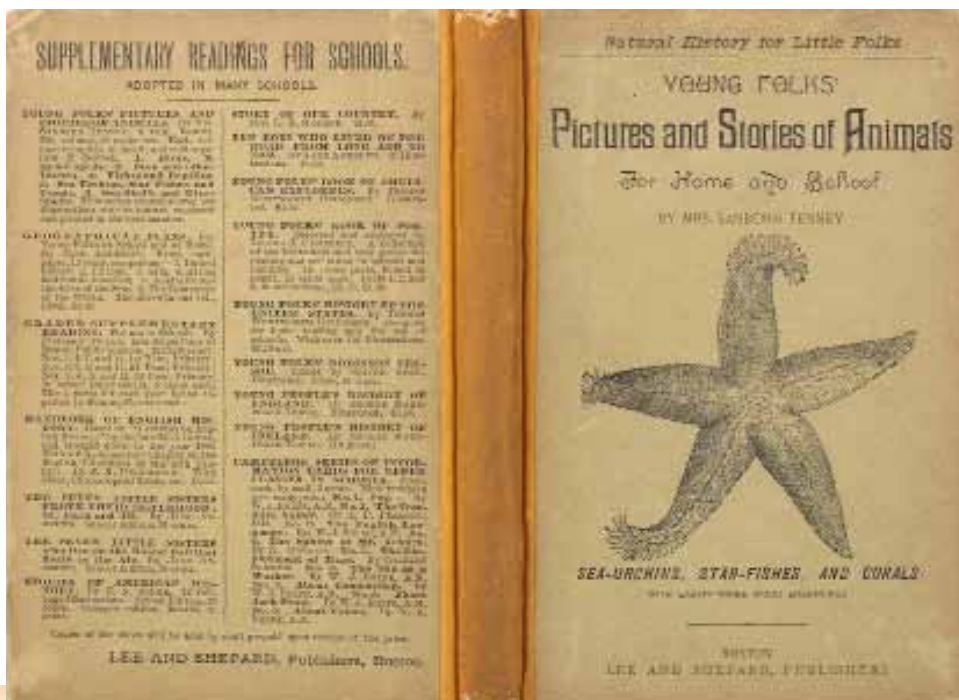
I wish I had had the six-volume series “Natural History for Little Folks” when I was a little folk. Abby adds just the right dash of humor to the textbooks. The first edition was printed in 1868. I chose to show *Sea-Urchins, Star-Fishes, and Corals* in the 1887 printing because the covers that year were illustrated boards, rather than plain cloth. You might actually become fond of jellyfish after reading it. She cleverly references the other books in the series in the text – extra advertising which apparently helped. The series was reprinted well into the 1890s. Her husband Sanborn, a creationist, was the first professor of “natural history” at Vassar, hired in 1865. In fact the president of the college hired him precisely because of his stand against that Darwin nonsense. The next year the busy Tenneys collaborated on another popular textbook, *Natural History of Animals*, a children’s version of an earlier scholarly work of his.

65. *Catharine Parr Strickland Traill* (1802–1899) *Canadian Wild Flowers. Painted and Lithographed By Agnes Fitzgibbon, With Botanical Descriptions By C. P. Traill*. Montreal: Printed and Published by John Lovell, 1868. First edition.

Up until 1868, Canadian books were printed and illustrated in Britain. This large-format study, one of the first serious botanical works on indigenous plants, was home-produced. Readers have long delighted in the graceful, yet scientifically precise text by Catharine, and in the beautiful hand-painted lithographs by her niece, Agnes Dunbar Moodie Fitzgibbon. Canadian art and literature would never have become this amazing this early without the arrival of two of the prodigiously talented Strickland sisters, Catharine and Susanna (Agnes stayed in England).

66. *Mina Benson Hubbard* (1870–1956) *A Woman’s Way Through Unknown Labrador: an Account of the Exploration of the Nascauppee and George Rivers, by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Junior; with Portraits and Illustrations*. NY: The McClure Company, 1908. First edition.

In 1903, her journalist husband died while doing a survey of interior Labrador with Dillon Wallace for *Outing Magazine*. The magazine spread rumors that this was due to his utter incompetence. Mina was convinced it was instead because the Geological Survey he had been using was wrong. Furious, the young widow decided to retrace his route and complete his work. She spent two months of 1905 crossing Labrador top to bottom with a crew of four Native men, George, Job, Gilbert, and Joe. Along the 576 mile journey, she charted the course of its two major rivers and took extensive notes on the flora and fauna, as well as the two local native tribes, and absolved her husband of all blame. The book was a popular success and quickly reprinted in New York, London, and Toronto. Wallace’s “official” expedition set out the same day as Mina’s. She beat him home by seven weeks.



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THESE TWO SPECIES OF *Artemisia* GROW IN CANADA, THE
LEAF OF WHICH IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT (SEE PAGE 64).

THESE TWO SPECIES OF *Artemisia* GROW IN CANADA, THE
LEAF OF WHICH IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT (SEE PAGE 64).

THESE TWO SPECIES OF *Artemisia* GROW IN CANADA, THE
LEAF OF WHICH IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT (SEE PAGE 64).



66

67. **Margaret Neilson Armstrong** (1867-1944) *Field Book of Western Wild Flowers by Margaret Armstrong in Collaboration with J. J. Thornber, M.A. . . . With Five Hundred Illustrations in Black and White, and Forty-Eight Plates in Color Drawn from Nature by the Author.* NY and London: C. [sic] P. Putnam's Sons; [The Knickerbocker Press], 1915. First edition. Artist, book-cover designer, murder mystery writer, and biographer of Fanny Kemble, Margaret also produced this prodigious first compendium of the wild flowers in and west of the Rocky Mountains, all drawn from life during extended trips with a few female companions or from samples sent by botanist friends. She was one of the first white women to reach the bottom of the Grand Canyon. This copy of the handy pocket-size tome was used exactly as intended, with pencilled notes throughout of the owner's own floral sightings, and samples pressed between the pages.
68. **Celia Thaxter** (1835-1894) *An Island Garden with Pictures and Illustrations by Childe Hassam.* Boston & NY: Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1894. First edition, issue in olive cloth. From the ages of four to twenty-one, Celia lived on the Isles of Shoals, a cluster of rocks off Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her parents built a hotel on Appledore Island. Its sun-daubed flowers and sea were a magnet for urban-dwelling artists and writers. The hotel quickly became a salon, attracting the likes of Hawthorne, Twain, William Morris Hunt, and Childe Hassam. At sixteen Celia married her tutor Levi Thaxter. Island summers were indeed enchanting, but he soon tired of year-round island life with two young sons, and moved the family to the mainland. She found solace in penning poetry about the islands, which swiftly gained an audience in popular periodicals. She separated from Levi Thaxter when the boys were grown, and returned to the island every summer to help her brothers run the hotel and to nurture the gardens for which she was justly famous. This would be her last book, a lovesong in diary form to a tamed wilderness by Celia and Childe in a beautiful Sarah Wyman Whitman-designed binding.
69. **Nancy Ruth Leavitt** *Early Morning—Excerpts from An Island Garden.* Full-color manuscript created in Stillwater, ME, 2010-11. Inspired by Celia's description of a moonset and sunrise, Maine book artist Nancy Leavitt employs gouache and watercolor to capture in twenty-seven pages the essence of Celia's "perfect happiness." It took her over two years to create this unique copy.
70. **Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson** (1872-1959) *Woman Tenderfoot.* NY: Doubleday, Page and Co., 1900. First edition, inscribed to Frances Larkin "With A Woman Tenderfoot's Best Wishes. Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson." When she was nine, Grace's wildly rich father fell for the Sacramento teenager living next door. With the hefty divorce settlement, her infuriated mother Clemenzie took her youngest child traveling across America for the next decade. Grace's artistic and writing talents were blooming, so they went to Paris in 1894. On the ship she and dashing moustache-bedecked Scot-Canadian adventurer Ernest Evan Thompson (1860-1946) fell in love. He was an avid outdoorsman, and her life suddenly took a decidedly rustic turn. Petite, stylish Grace combined her aesthetic sensibility with good humor and common sense as "Nimrod" took her roughing-it in the West. The result is this gor-



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68



69

geous, funny book. She learned photography, and learned to demand, if not get, a cook on each journey. He would create a boys' camping group "Woodcraft Indians," based on American Indian ethos, and co-found the Boy Scouts of America. She would find in wilderness travel the self-confidence to become an active suffragist. Ernest signed his books with a doodle of a paw, she with the symbol for female in her inscriptions. He would find a new younger love interest. Grace and their daughter Ann (later "Anya Seton") traveled the globe, writing six more very readable travelogues, including the daring *Poisoned Arrows* on the Southeast Asia opium trade. Ernest's second wife, Julia Buttree (Seton) (1889-1975), wrote seven excellent books herself about American Indians, also in my collection.

71. *Mary Blair Rice Beebe* (later Niles) (1880-1959) *Our Search For a Wilderness. An Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe . . . Illustrated with Photographs from Life Taken by the Authors.* NY: Henry Holt and Company, 1910. First edition.

Another adventurous, wealthy plantation-born author, Mary Rice became one of the first women to succeed in the largely male world of neotropical ornithology. She married scientist C. William Beebe in 1902 and they traveled the world birding, especially for pheasant species. *Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico* (1905) has her writing only in the appendix. In this other popular work, they alternate chapters, including "A woman's experiences in Venezuela." For the armchair birder, they weave sightings of 161 species into tales of an intrepid journey. Mary's successful 1913 divorce suit based on his "cruelty" was written up in *The New York Times*. The next day the bobbed-haired beauty married architect Robert Niles and adopted the androgenous pen name Blair Niles. William reacted by expunging her name from all his writings. Robert loved travel too, and she would produce sixteen more books on Central and South America, including *Black Haiti: a Biography of Africa's Eldest Daughter* (1926) and *Condemned to Devil's Island* (1928), a romantic thriller based on their visit to that notorious penal colony. She was the first woman permitted inside the jail. The tale became a *film noir* with Ronald Coleman. She was also a founder of the Society of Women Geographers.

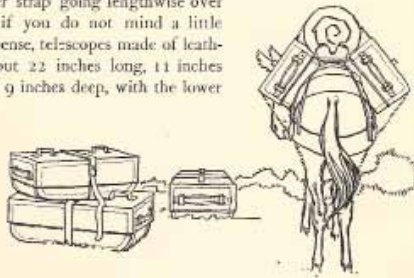
72. *Lady Bird Johnson* (1912-2007) *Texas: a Roadside View.* San Antonio: Trinity University Press, 1980. First edition, signed on the color pictorial bookplate & 72A. A group of candid color photos taken by me at the LBJ ranch, October 1981.

Lady Bird's project started with the Johnsons' return from DC to their ranch in 1969 – reviving the 1929 Texas Highway Beautification Project. Frustrated by the lack of interest in native plants, and having the interest, contacts, and wherewithal, "on my seventieth birthday, in 1982, I 'threw my hat over the windmill' and celebrated by giving sixty acres of land on the Colorado River just outside Austin and enough seed money to found the National Wildlife Research Center" (*Wildflowers Across America*, 1988). The book's photos are of the first decade's winners of an annual beauty contest she created, to inspire the next generation. Just as Helen Hunt Jackson sent her book *A Century of Dishonor* to many politicians, Lady Bird (yes, that is her given name) gifted her proselytizing work to Texas businesses, this copy having the bookplate of the El Paso Products Company in Odessa.



get lost), and there are rings and strings in which other bundles such as lunch can be attached while on the march. A horsehair army saddle blanket saves the animal's back. Nimrod's saddle is exactly like mine, only with longer and larger stirrups.

You have now your personal things for eating, sleeping and riding. It remains but to clothe yourself and you are ready to start. Provide yourself with two or three champagne baskets covered with brown waterproof canvas, with stout handles at each end and two leather straps going round the basket to buckle the lid down, and a stronger strap going lengthwise over all. Or if you do not mind a little more expense, telescopes made of leatheroid, about 22 inches long, 11 inches wide and 9 inches deep, with the lower



It was all like a dream: the shifting water of the creek, the deep, vegetation-laden growth along the water's edge, the

WILDERNESS.

go to sleep. But he would be always talking himself or to Spanish or again in all strange all time.

specter. The, the man, of order the spell of the tropical to the crew, cutting in they passed, they passed, they passed and very beautiful for many hours, and for his most lovely face became tale in which the crew of the lovers was to lie all still like a corpse; another on the same night dreamt what was to represent the resurrection of the devil, and a

Of course none of them any less were by the fact we the fantastic lover was it passed the night quickly using to claim his bride.

calm and the water the we moved to utter a low the entrance of the ghost, a devil, at which the poor

first through it all, started off and the superstitions night. We — and I lay, empty out into the night,

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN VENEZUELA 81

area of unknown birds and beasts, the lightning storm came and the extraordinary brilliancy of the moonlight shining down upon the star deck of the "Jocely Jacinta," and open we and the sleeping fauna of its dark crew.

We were sometimes awakened in the night by a sudden bright light to our faces. It was Masimo making a fire, to



FIG. 4. GUARANO RIVER, and THE WIFE MOTHER.

which operation he used alarming quantities of kerosene, to prepare the midnight repast for the crew, who whenever they woke in the night would call loudly "Masimo — light!"

Again the sound of an unusually heavy downpour of tropical rain on the tarpanke overhead would wake us, and I would occasionally dream that my feet were in a puddle of water. A shaking of beds to prevent our being drowned while we slept would inevitably result in our feet being



Coreopsis
SH 6
District 17 Bryan

My philosophy of wildflowers is like that of my friend, Mary Lasker, philanthropist and pioneer supporter of urban beautification in New York, Washington, D.C., and other places, including Austin, Texas. What Mrs. Lasker wants is "masses of flowers where the masses pass." And I think we have to say that masses do pass on the Texas highways.

73. **Leslie Marmon Silko** (Laguna, Pueblo, Mexican, White, 1948-) *Rain. Photographs by Lee Marmon*. NY: Library Fellows of the Whitney Museum of American Art; The Grenfell Press, 1996. One of 130 copies, signed by the author and photographer.

Like Sarah Plimpton, Leslie is an observant soul, but she is a desert dweller, where “water is not a resource, it is a way of life” (as an uncredited protester at Standing Rock recently proclaimed). This contemplation weaves together centuries-old Pueblo tales and her own experiences into a commonplace book which can be read and reread with pleasure. The stunning illustrations are by her father Lee Marmon (1925-), one-quarter Laguna, grandson of the first white governor of Laguna Pueblo, and a professional photographer.

74. **Ann Patchett** (1963-) *State of Wonder*. NY [&c]: Harper, 2011. Limited edition, signed.

Verging on a pastiche of the pastiche which was “Krippendorf’s Tribe,” this ripping yarn revolves around secretive scholars deep in the Amazon in contemporary Brazil. The author spent one week there while writing the book and later said she wished she’d spent two days. The narrator, a Minnesota pharmacologist, starts out feeling that way too. As with John Stedman over two centuries earlier, Ann’s characters are confronted with weird illnesses, poisonous plants, and lethal snakes, but it’s the gaggle of white scientists rather than the slaves who are at war here. The limited edition, issued in a slipcase and with a set of 11 cards containing an interview with the author, is part of the West Coast book chain Powell’s Books “Indispensables.” The staff-curated series extends the reading experience, involving their customers in actual live discussions, as with 19th century book clubs. Every author and publisher hopes for a great review. This is miles better. Next steps, the Movie! the Theme Park!!

75. **Sarah Plimpton** (1936-) *The Noise of the Rain*. NY: Brad Ewing, The Grenfell Press, 2007. One of 15 copies, inscribed to me.

The granddaughter of Blanche Ames Ames (*sic!*), feminist, artist, and a force of nature, Sarah explores the intersection of poetry and the myriad artistic formats available today. One poem in a series about nature, *Noise of the Rain* contemplates the universality of that weather event. She chose the technique of pochoir to express the drops outside being heard inside, then earth’s gravity taking them ever downward as through a maze. Just last winter she told me that this is her favorite production.

76. **Paula Barragán** (1963-) *Manuela*: Quito: Taller Seri Grafico, 2015. One of 60. & 76A. *Jungla de Papel*. Quito: Taller Seri Grafico, 2013-4. Suite of 12, each one of 10 or 15 copies.

Educated in art schools in America and Paris, Paula is back in her hometown of Quito, where she produces vibrantly colored art on fabric, paper, and canvas, even stage sets. Mosquitoes are mentioned by many of the women in the exhibition and my collection, never happily. The title of this image of the prehistoric insect is an homage to the three Manuelas of Ecuador’s Independence days, who were like a pest to the Spanish crown, and a fourth ‘mosca,’ Manuela Picq, the French activist who was expelled from Ecuador just as Paula was finishing this image. The gorgeous wrenching series of huge color prints on the Penn Libraries’ walls represents the 51 lush nature parks and reserves of that country and the disastrous impact of mining and oil drilling therein.

by Uta Staudmann, an ivory trader in East Timor and, until her 1990s arrest, the United Nations and all the aid and assistance people depend on for survival.

[illegible]

Of course the people who are in charge of the show would be looking for things to catch the fans' eyes. And since the fans were becoming more and more aware of the show's history, it's probable that historical Legends and Ancients were images. So just to get along with the audience who resented the Fan Clubs to begin with, the Fan Legends (i.e., fans of Old Legends) made a special set of costumes, very reminiscent of the old, which was highly praised for evoking good memories and making people think about the past (even just wearing a good guildie is usually enough). With long fingers, the girls who usually seemed like normal girls wore the tops of the Fan guildie. It is quite likely, however, that a person there, which is called an old, was not as much as some of the legends is good as the guildie. A guildie seems to be not as fine as the legends who go to school in black gowns. Long ago the people would have been happy guildie when no students in black gowns and long hair in the Fan (Feminine) position.



73



the noise of the ruin

75



74



76

Popularizers

77. *Mary Austin Holley* (1784-1846) *Texas: Observations, Historical, Geographical and Descriptive, In a Series of Letters, Written During a Visit to Austin's Colony, With a view to a permanent settlement in that country, in the Autumn of 1831*. Baltimore: Armstrong & Plaskitt, 1833. First edition, state B of map & 77A. *Texas*. Lexington, KY: J. Clarke & Co., 1836. First edition.

On a river trip from Kentucky to New Orleans, a traveler asked Mary how she dared travel by steamboat on a Sunday. She retorted by asking why on Sunday God allowed the sun to shine and the river to flow. New Haven-born Mary Austin found a kindred-spirit, Horace, walking on the Commons at Yale, where he was in the divinity school, which was then teaching a Fire & Brimstone theology. Their own loving-Christ viewpoint became hugely popular in various New England pulpits, and in Lexington, Kentucky, where he was President of Transylvania University, but he never won over the powers that be, which kept firing him. They and their son and daughter moved to New Orleans, where he caught yellow fever and died on the ship home in 1827. The grieving, penniless widow sought solace (and work) back in New Orleans as the nanny for mulatto friends. She holidayed visiting her brother at the new Texas colony of her cousin Stephen Austin, and found the air fresh, the land fertile, and the rolling vistas vast. Her rhapsodic letters home were published in 1833. The earliest book published on the American outpost in Mexico, it was well received, and she found a new cause. The confusingly named *Texas* (1836) was a more rigorous description, detailing economic opportunities and its welcoming of strong, willing women. In Washington she lobbied for Texas' statehood, though one has yet to understand how she rationalized its being a slave state.

78. *Harriet Martineau* (1802-1876) *Retrospect of Western Travel*. NY: Charles Lohman, 1838. 2 volumes, original cloth-backed boards, printed spine labels.

Harriet was one of the few "Lady Travelers" whom book dealers had heard of when I started collecting in the 1970s, and she was equally renowned in Victorian times. The nearly-deaf nearly-destitute English spinster – whose father had given up getting her a husband (so the pressure was off) – toiled for years as an anonymous reviewer for a periodical. All the while she was writing novels. *Illustrations of Political Economy*, a thirty-four volume series (!) became the hit of 1832. With the earnings, she set off across the Atlantic. The trip (1834-6) took in all the East coast high spots, from Niagara Falls to plantations as far south as New Orleans, then up through the 'west' to Cincinnati. Her agenda was to out herself as anti-slavery, a deeply-held passion, and, like Fanny Trollope, to study social institutions like prisons and schools for the deaf. She made a point of meeting politicians, including Calhoun, Clay, Garrison, Webster, and Jackson. The edition on display here is a pirated one (there was no copyright law yet, so it was not illegal to steal from an author!), printed to grab the market from Harper & Brothers. It has pencilled notes by an early owner, Mabel Carrington, who was not taken with the book: "I can hardly see what good this volume will do. It leaves no particular impression one way or the other, & on the whole is rather tiresome." Mabel takes particular exception to Harriet's unfavorable comments on slavery. (Actually, Mabel is right about the dull writing style, with which opinion even Harriet in later life heartily agreed.)

79. *Anonymous author* *Amelia Sherwood; or, Bloody Scenes at the California Gold Mines, With a Narrative of the Tragic Incidents on a Voyage to San Francisco*. NY: Published by C. W. & G. E. Kenworthy, 1849. First edition.

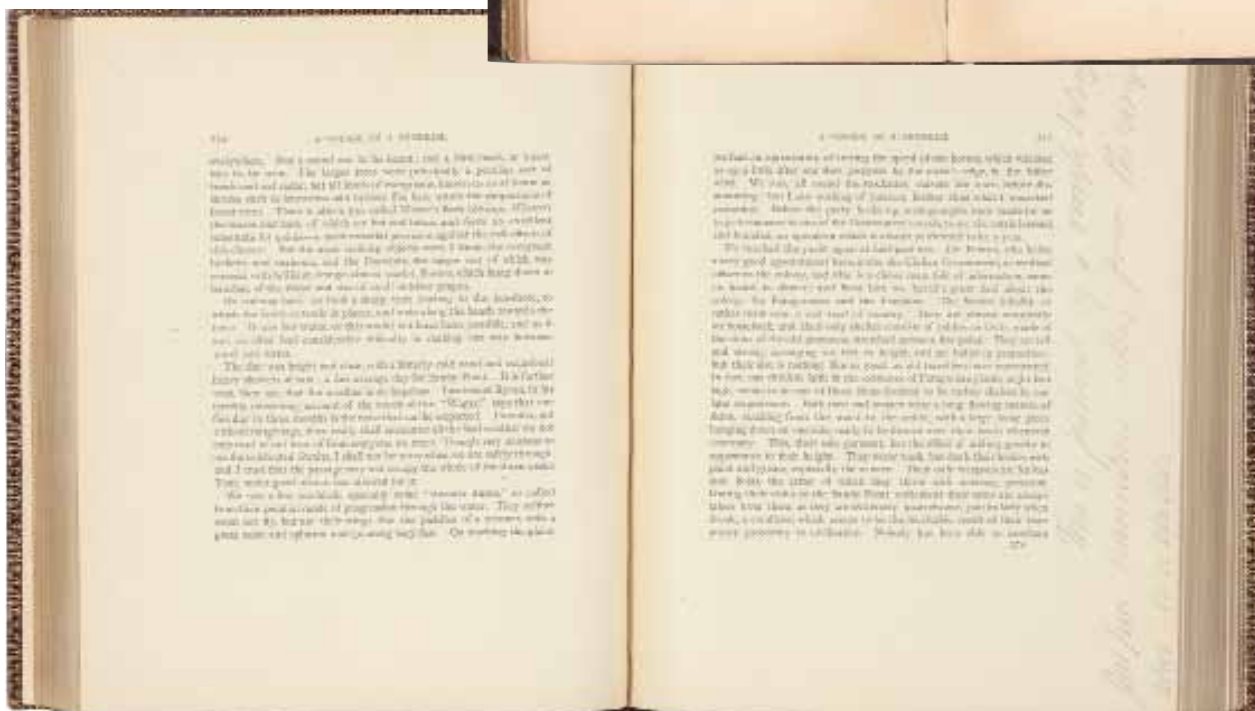
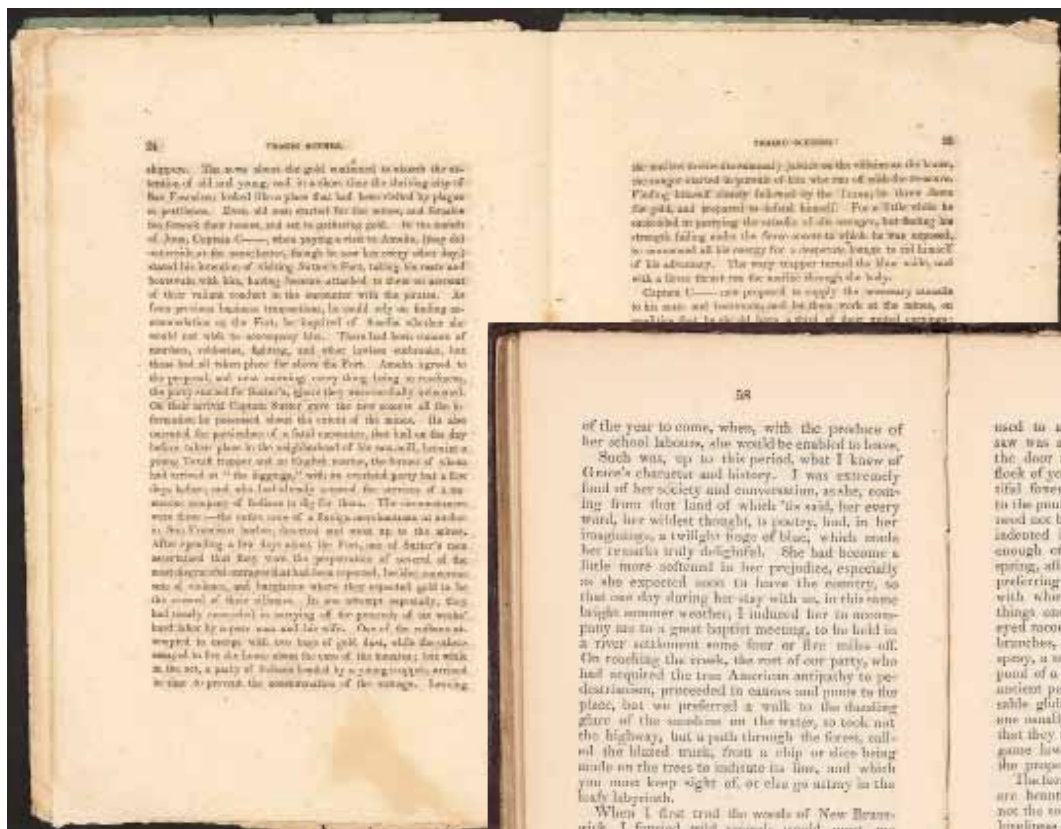
In 1847 young and innocent Easterner Amelia was pining for her fiancé. His best friend suggests she run away from home with him in order to join the lad in New Orleans, but he's really kidnapping her. On a fraught sea voyage, all is revealed, the (not) friend is crushed by a mast in a storm, and she saves the captain by shooting dead the leader of the pirates with the captain's pistol. Meanwhile her clueless bookkeeper fiancé toils in backwater Galveston, accompanies a friend on a holiday to St. Louis, and there learns of the gold rush. Of course the couple reunite in California and marry. He heads to the hills to save travelers rumored to be trapped in the Sierras, she insists on going too, and they discover the remains, in both senses, of the Donner Party. One wonders if this pulp fiction, embellished with eight colored woodcut scenes, didn't give readers a better sense than any guide-book of what travel to and being in the gold rush was really like. This is one of two known copies.

80. *Emily Elizabeth Shaw Beavan* (1818-1897) *Sketches and Tales Illustrative of Life in the Backwoods of New Brunswick, North America. Gleaned From Actual Observation and Experience During a Residence of Seven Years in That Interesting Colony*, by Mrs. F. Beavan. London: George Routledge, 1845. First edition.

The Irish-born emigrée and school teacher carefully notes the dearth of "wild" animals (except a baby chick-murdering porcupine and the occasional bear) and the obvious differences in the gardens of Irish, Scottish, and French communities, the last liking "gaiety and amusement more than work, and consequently are rather poorer than the other inhabitants; but, of course, there are exceptions." After assuring readers that the "days when the war-whoop of the Indians was yelled above the burning ruins of the white man's dwelling are gone," she proceeds to tell several allegedly true tales of singularly shocking gore and bloody mayhem in the three appended short stories.

81. *Anna "Annie" Allnutt, Baroness Brassey* (1839-1887) *A Voyage in a Sunbeam*.

Privately printed, 1877. First edition, the author's own copy with her armorial bookplate. Traveling around the world on her incredibly wealthy husband Thomas's private yacht, the *Sunbeam*, a sailing steamer, with their three young children, a camera, and a sketchpad, was an experience of a lifetime which Annie documented in breezy daily letters. It is only as they arrive in Yokohama, half way through the 35,000 mile journey, that she admits to chronic debilitating seasickness! This is the deluxe first printing of the letters, ending with their arrival in Japan and printed for family and friends. She was already under contract with Longmans, Green, so Annie used this copy to note chapter divisions, edit deletions, and show where her illustrations should be inserted. She is absolutely correct in her description of her handwriting as being "by no means the most legible in the world." This and her four subsequent witty travel accounts were wildly successful. In Chile she makes much of her disappointment that the "giants" of Patagonia are six, not eight feet tall, and never bathed. She was very well connected, and canny about politics. The entire Hawaiian royal family except the ailing Queen came aboard the *Sunbeam*, and her own visits included now-ageing missionaries Sarah and David Lyman, whose house is in Lucia Smith's 1837 map on view here.



There are wry observations of the tensions over socializing with American vs. British visitors, similar to those on Tahiti between British and French (where she gaily picnicked in native dress). On their 1886–87 trip to Australia and India, she died of malaria and was buried at sea.

82. *Mary Noailles Murfree* (1850–1922) *In the Tennessee Mountains*, by Charles Egbert Craddock [pseud.]. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1884. First edition.

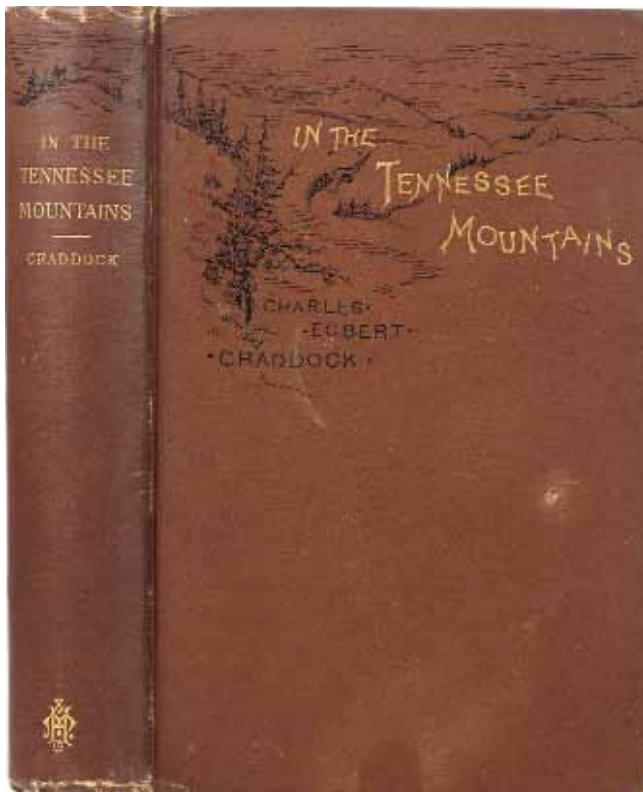
The finest among the many “regionalist writers” (until recently a condescending term) of the Reconstruction Era, Mary was the child of Tennessee wealth (the town of Murfreesboro was named by them!) with a crippled leg, hence unmarriageable. The spinster was permitted to roam the Allegheny Mountains unchaperoned on a donkey, pony, or horse from an early age. She heard and absorbed the personal tales and lore of the locals, and her stories, written in the dialect of the mountaineers, began to be accepted (as exotic?) by *The Atlantic Monthly*. This, her first of twenty-three novels and short story anthologies, was reprinted at least 28 times, many in the lovely ornamented bindings of that era. All were published under her Craddock pseudonym; indeed editor William Dean Howells never knew her secret. These eight short stories capture the souls of both the individuals who left to struggle and survive in a semi-unforgiving but magnificent American wilderness and of the relatives they left behind.

83. *Isabel Sharpe Shepard* (1861–?) *The Cruise of the U. S. Steamer “Rush” in Behring Sea, Summer of 1889*. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company, 1889 & 83A. *Passport: United States of America*, Washington, DC, 1931[–35].

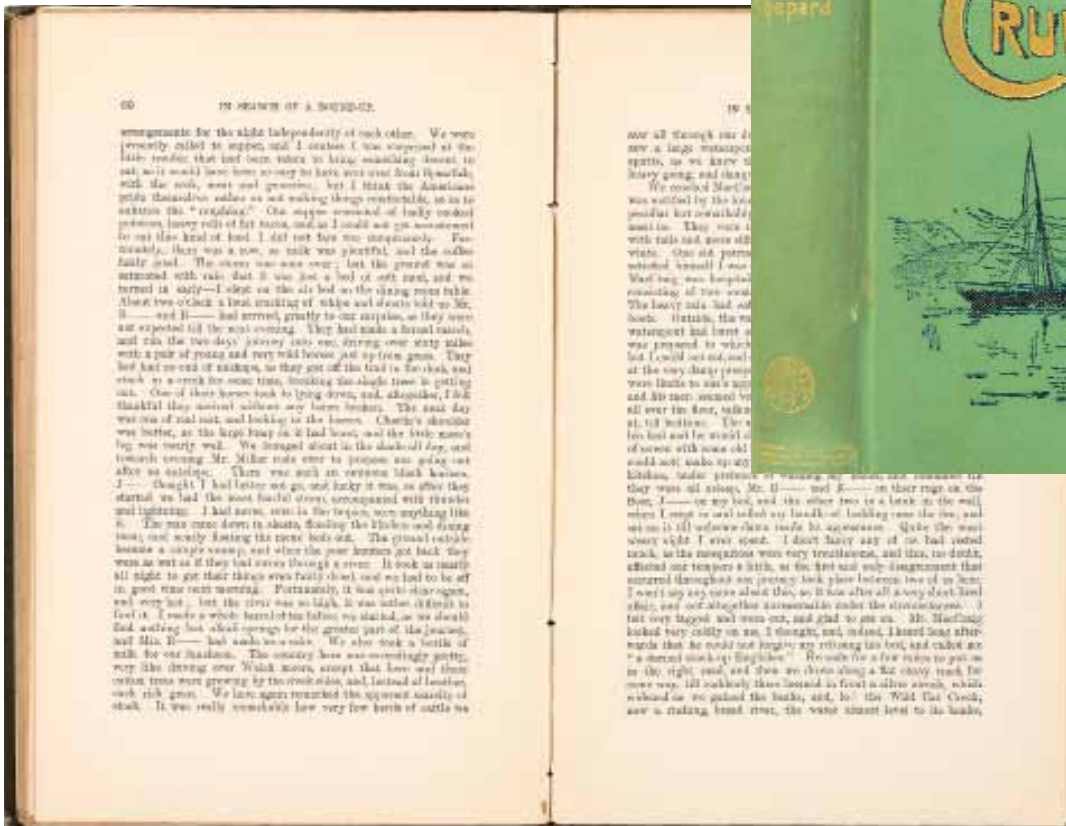
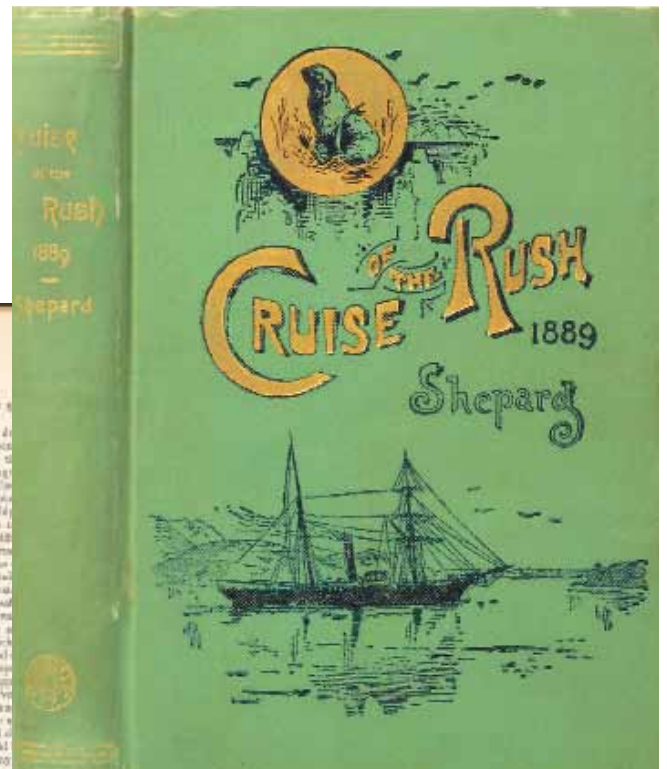
Isabel’s husband, Captain L. G. Shepard, worked as a revenue agent for the U.S. Treasury, tasked with assuring quota laws were obeyed and taxes paid on fish and animals. If caught, miscreants’ catches and vessels could be seized and added to the government’s coffers. At \$8 per Alaskan seal fur, though, the temptation to cheat was enormous. This year the *Benjamin Rush* also searched for several missing vessels and crews, the weather even in summer being brutal. This was Isabel’s second time in the Aleutian islands, and she had read Eliza Scidmore’s 1885 guidebook *Alaska* as well, so was eager for experiences and carefully documented them all, from the fresh radishes consumed one lunch to the amusing but awesome bull seal frantically trying to control his harem of eight. Death was a climber’s faulty footstep or an overturned *bydarka* away; doctors were few. Missionaries were in every hamlet. Russia’s presence was still strongly felt, and British vessels lurked. Aleut, Thlinket, and Yakutat customs and languages fascinated her, their nuanced similarities and differences. The passport (stumbled upon in March on Ebay!) says she was born in Bogotá and the many European rubberstamps indicate that she still adored travel forty-some years later. There is a lot more for us to learn about intrepid Isabel.

84. *Rose Pender* (1842?–1932) *A Lady’s Experiences in the Wild West in 1883*. By Rose Pender. London: George Tucker, 1888. First edition, issue in cloth, “Price Two Shillings and Sixpence” on cover, the Pender family copy, with James Pender’s armorial bookplate.

The English author’s full name was Mary Rose Gregge-Hopwood Pender. Her father-in-law John Pender, wildly wealthy from his trans-Atlantic cable business, sent James and Rose on the four-month jaunt to look into his cattle investments in Wyoming. First came a spring of sightseeing by



83



83

84

train, looping all the way to San Francisco and including clambering up Pike's Peak and a near-death experience at Yosemite. Then the couple and a companion toured much of Wyoming in a buckboard drawn by their new best (equine) friends Charlie and Frank, who hauled their frequently drenched bags, fur coats, and "rugs" over mountains and across rushing rivers. One newly popular tourist destination was the huge spring round-up near Fort Robinson, Wyoming; another was a buffalo hunt. Written to "dear reader" in a jaunty style, she recounts myriad adventures, including almost drowning twice during river crossings, surviving barely edible food and miserable weather, and chancing upon many lonely and utterly generous folks. One glum young man moaned that he had not laid eyes on another man in several months, nor a woman in six. Rose later enthuses: "Never in my life had I enjoyed anything half so much as our wild rough life of the past weeks. The pure air, the scenery, the strange sights and experiences, the sense of utter freedom and independence, and, above all, the immunity from any ailment whatever . . ."

85. **Nellie Bly** [pseudonym of Elizabeth Cochran Seaman] (1864-1922) *Game of Around the World with Nellie Bly; A Novel and Fascinating Game With the World's Globe Circler; with Plenty of Excitement by Land and Sea*. NY: McLoughlin Bros Pub., 1890.

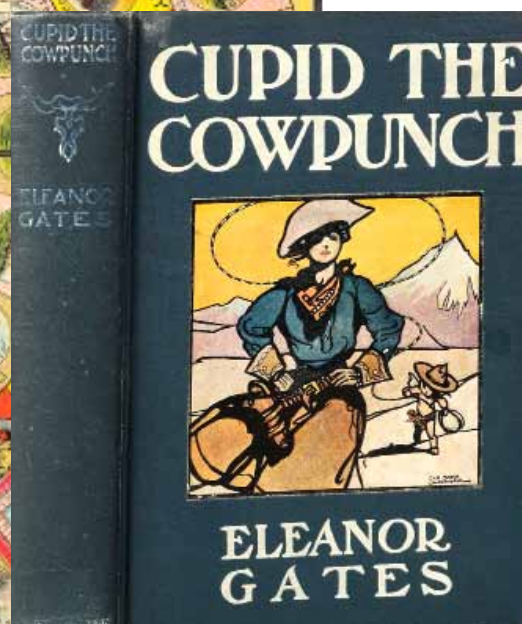
Still in print and sold at all the National Park Service shops as a puzzle, this board game celebrates the wager that a journalist and her bosses at *The New York World* made: to best the 80-day-jaunt of Jules Verne's fictional Phileas Fogg. Under the nom-de-plume Nellie Bly, she sent back regular reports of the sights, sounds, and smells of places she reached by ship, train, rickshaw, sampan, camel, horse, and burro. The nation was agog, and huge crowds cheered as Elizabeth disembarked in New York on day seventy-two!

86. **Eleanor Gates** (1875-1951) *Cupid – the Cowpunch*, Cover art by Dan Sayre Groesbeck. NY: The McClure Company, 1907. First edition.

The romantic comedy written mostly in Western twang is narrated by Cupid, an Oklahoma cowboy in love with the purtiest gal in town, who wants to be an opera singer. He hangs out in town with his fellow cowpunchers, and goes to a medicine show, but then follows her to New York and for weeks woos her on horseback in Central Park. He also figures out how to help her win a singin' contest. Portions of the popular and prolific author's tale were published in *McClure's Magazine*, and it was reprinted twice by 1911.

87. **Juliette Gordon Low** (1860-1927) *How Girls Can Help Their Country, Adapted from Agnes Baden-Powell and Sir Robert Baden-Powell's Handbook [by Juliette Gordon Low]*. NY: G.S.A. National Council, 1917.

Long, long ago, during a rainstorm as I sat on the dirt in a pup-tent at Girl Scout summer camp in Philadelphia, I realized my own keenest desire while in the wilderness – was to not be there. That would mature slightly into awe at those girls and women who went therein, voluntarily or not. This small but information-packed volume is from the intermediary state in the organization. Juliette Low had established an American organization based on and shadowing the British model in 1912-13. Here she takes the next step, publishing a local version of the handbook, sticking in a few pages at the end about *The Star Spangled Banner* and a reading list of mostly American authors, but still

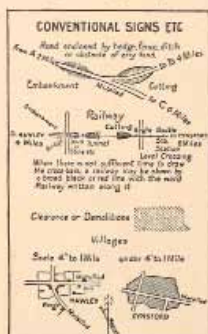


HOW GIRLS CAN

HOW TO READ A MAP

Conventional Signs & Lettering Used in Field Sketching

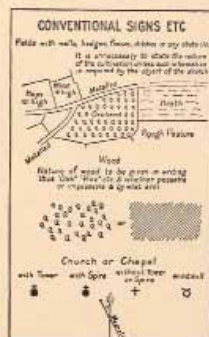
Conventional Signs enable you to give information on



a sketch or map in a simple manner which is easily understood. In addition to the sign it is often necessary to give an additional description, e. g., whether a railway

HELP THEIR COUNTRY

is double or single, the width of roads, the nature of woods (oak, pine, etc.), etc.



Remember to fill in the North point on your sketch.

a, ornary, lay-in-the-sun-and-
 eothin's is likely t' think 'most
 says. "Peibo, let go my arm."
 of the cholee come runnin' up

seen things was gittin' pretty
to wrestle with the feller that
st. all the women and kids out
in'. Mrs. Bridger cryin' the
n't ready to play my last card.
front of the gang and belt up

"boys! Give the man a charst
rock ain't like the rocks on the

‘It’s done!’ yells Bergin. * Use you’
 id I ‘a’ hefted the darned
 ‘I ‘a’ done it!’ (This from the
 -hands t’gether, and comin’

c woman," says the sheriff.
better.)

wasn't a-foolin'—they was in
it minute, part of 'em grabbed



[†] *We pulled his arm, they jerked at each other's hand.*

focusing on girls' readiness for war on the home-front. Since then GSA has nurtured millions of equally bewildered young women in finding a place of confidence and control *of* their environment and care *for* the environment.

88. *Katharine Lee Bates* (1859-1929) "*America the Beautiful*." Wellesley, MA: Privately Printed, 1918. Four-page pamphlet, signed by the author for D. F. Bond, University of Chicago, with typed stamped envelope.

As a fledgling professor of English Religious Drama at Wellesley, Katharine was invited to teach at a summer school in Colorado Springs in 1893. To celebrate the end of the semester, she and her fellow professors visiting from the East coast, not eager to climb or to ride up on a burro, were hauled by horse, then mules, to the top of Pike's Peak. Two in the party soon swooned from the thin air, so back down the spiral dirt road they bounced and plummeted. Yet in the brief time with the 360 degree vista, the opening lines of a poem popped into her head. Back at the hotel she jotted the fully formed verses in her diary, and published them in a church newspaper. By 1918, as the U.S. was taking up arms, she published this "final" version, exasperated at the changes made without asking in the hundreds of publications and dozens of musical versions.

89. *Mary Ann Adams Maverick* (1818-1898) *Memoirs of Mary A. Maverick*. 1881 hectograph, one of six copies, manuscript in the hand of Samuel A. Maverick, Jr. & 89A. *Memoirs of Mary A. Maverick, Arranged by Mary A. Maverick and Her Son Geo. Madison Maverick; Edited by Rena Maverick Green*. San Antonio: Alamo Publishing Company, 1921. First trade edition, inscribed "From Albert Maverick, Xmas, 1941, Sun Shine Ranch, The home of your Grand Father, Albert Maverick. This book has been noted the best one written [sic] West of the Miss, about that time, by the historical Society. The notes & dates were kept carefully in Mrs. S. A. Maverick's note book she kept from a young woman when starting to Texas. Mrs. Albert Maverick, Sun Shine Ranch, Texas."

Tuscaloosa-born six-foot-tall Mary Adams married future land-baron Samuel Augustus Maverick in 1836, a year after he signed the Texas Declaration of Independence in Washington (and thus escaped the slaughter at the Alamo). The couple arrived back in Texas two years later. She was later deemed (semi-truthfully) "San Antonio's First American Woman." A devoted diarist and note-taker, Mary's fluid, vibrant style captures many of the pivotal events in the turbulent transition to statehood, including four years of deadly skirmishes with the Comanches and tending to her ten often-sickly children, one of whom was born in a covered wagon. In 1865 the Union victory forced them to free their 20 slaves. Samuel, a pillar of the community, died five years later leaving six surviving children and a bereft wife who here ended her memoir. The hectograph, one of two known copies of an edition of six, has been corrected by hand (by George?). It was revised by two generations of familial pens for the printed edition forty years later, and the changes are interesting.

Worcester's Council, the story of the Camp Fire Girls, and has been translated, for the benefit of our immigrants, into Italian and German. It is sung at the Food Hall meetings, at Riverside, at River Day, in Vassar's Little Bazaar. It has been played, illustrated for Christmas cards, shown in the farthest continental script of the author, illustrated for the theatre and remounted for the Victoria.

But here comes a difficulty. Over fifty original settings, some of them by distinguished musicians, have been written for the hymn, while these settings form an embarrassment of riches. It is estimated with us one tune. The original setting which has, thus far, won widest acceptance is that of the Methodist Episcopal of Portland, Will C. Macfarlane (1841 by Crosby and Allen, 1844 (London Street, Portland, Maine). His tune, which is played on the very streets of Springfield, Mass., has been made the theme of a spiritual march, *America the Beautiful*, arranged for hand organ. An octave published by Oliver Ditson Company are included four settings, one by Charles D. Henshaw, professor of music at Wesleyan College and another by W. W. Mason, the musical pastor of the Wesleyan Congregational Church. Both these settings have found favor with chorists and made their way into various hymnals. The second setting also, setting by William Allen Fisher, musical vicar of the Boston house of music. Another setting by Dr. Fisher, specially selected to children's voices, is similarly published. Other tunes that have a strong following are those of the celebrated composer, Herman W. Parker (in the Methodist Sunday School Hymnal), Charles S. Brown (in Isaac Carole, Society of Christian Endeavor), John Stainer (in the Plymouth Hymnal), J. A. Deane, graduate of music at Oberlin (in Oberlin's Favorite Hymns, published by Arthur W. Schmidt), and Herbert O. Paulsen of Victoria, B.C., (published by H. W. Gray Company of New York). Other attractive settings, published, primarily printed or set in manuscript, have their special circles and the words have been dated by various all times, as those of *And I Sing Hymn, The Day that Once through Yale's Hall*, *The Song of God goes forth in War and O Mother Dear, Jerusalem*. To this list, *Materna*, by A. A. Wood, is every hymn and well known throughout the century, *America the Beautiful* is at present most often sung.

That the hymn has gained in these twenty odd years, such a hold as it has upon our people, is clearly due to the fact that *America the Beautiful* is a hymn of such a nature, with a far-reaching faith in human brotherhood—what faith for which our nation, in this cruel hour of history, stands ready to risk and suffer all.

Katherine Lee Bates

April 4, 1918

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain;
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America!
America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, unquenchable flame
A lighthouse for the weary quest
Across the wilderness!
America!
America!
God mend these weary
Pathways thy feet have trod,
And give us, Lord, thy gifts
The liberty we need!

O beautiful for heroes
Who more than self their lives
And energy have spent
In thy service, O America!
Thy God thy gallant
Fell all heroes to relieve
And every gallant soldier!

O beautiful for patriot
That rose beyond the grave
Thine abiding place
Thine abiding place
Thine abiding place
Thine abiding place
Thine abiding place
Thine abiding place



88

the jail - The Court House yard, back of the Court House, was what is now the City Market on Market Street. The Court House and jail were of stone, you know, and the Court House was a high, light-colored building. The Court House and jail were of stone, you know, and the Court House was a high, light-colored building. The Court House and jail were of stone, you know, and the Court House was a high, light-colored building.

This was the third time that Indians had come for a talk, promising to bring peace, and trying to get ransom money for their American and Mexican captives. Their purpose was to ransom the captives, and they had just given up. And that was the last time that Indians had come for a talk, promising to bring peace, and trying to get ransom money for their American and Mexican captives. Their purpose was to ransom the captives, and they had just given up.

The above ultimatum being interpreted, the Comanches indignantly refused, and a terrific war was waged, during which our soldiers and Comanches fought with deadly effect, and at the same

MEMOIRS OF MARY A. MAYERICK

and being all the captives, and then we will pay off you set for them. Meanwhile, these chiefs we hold will trust as brothers and not one hair of their heads shall be injured." This we have determined, and if you try to fight, our soldiers will shoot you down.

This being interpreted, the Comanches instantly, with one accord raised a terrific war-whoop, drew their arrows, and commenced firing with deadly effect, at the same time making efforts to break out of the council hall. The order "fire" was given by Captain Howard, and the soldiers fired into the midst of the crowd. The first volley killed several Indians and two of our own people. As soon as the Indians saw the soldiers, the soldiers to procure arms, the Indians to flee, and the soldiers in pursuit. The Indians generally made for the river—they ran up Soledad, and on Commerce Street and for the bridge, now known as Bowen's, southeast, below the square. Citizens and soldiers pursued and overtook them at all points, shot some swimming in the river, had desperate fights in the streets—and hand to hand encounters after firearms had been exhausted. Some Indians took refuge in stone houses and fastened the doors. Not one of the fifty-five Indians escaped—thirty-three were killed and thirty-two were taken prisoners. Six Americans and one Mexican were killed and ten Americans wounded. Our killed were Julian Bond, the sheriff, Judge Thompson, a doctor from South Carolina, G. W. Coyle from the Bureau, one officer and two soldiers whose names I did not learn, nor that of the Mexican. The wounded were Lieutenant Thompson, brother of the Judge, Captain Tom Howard, Captain Nat Caldwell, citizen volunteer from Omaha, Judge Robinson, Mr. Moran, deputy sheriff, Mr. Higginbotham and two soldiers. Others were slightly wounded.

When the deafening war-whoop sounded in the Court room, it was so loud, so shrill and so execrably horrid and suddenly raised, that we women looking through the fence at the women's and boy's marketable for a moment could not comprehend its purpose. The Indians however knew the first note and instantly shot their arrows over the houses of Judge Thompson and the other gentlemen near by, instantly killing Judge Thompson. We fled into Mrs. Higginbotham's house and I, across the street to my Commerce Street door. Two Indians ran past me on the street and one reached my door as I got in. He seemed to raise his hand to point it just as I beat down the heavy bar; then he ran off. I ran in the north room and saw my husband and brother Andrew sitting calmly at a table inspecting some plate of silverware—they had heard nothing. I soon gave them the alarm, and hurried on to look for my boys. Mr. Navasack and Andrew seized their arms, always ready—Mr. Mayerick rushed into the street, and Andrew into the back yard where I was shouting at the top of my voice "Here are Indians!" "Here are Indians!" Three Indians had gotten in through the gate on Soledad street and were making direct for the river! One had passed near Jimmy Anderson, our cook, who stood bravely in front of the children, mine and mine, with a great rock (used in both hands) above his head, and I heard him cry out to the Indian "If you don't go away from here I'll smash your head with this rock!" The Indian seemed regretful that he hadn't time to dispatch Jimmy and his troop, but his time was short, and pausing but a moment, he dashed down the bank into the river, and struck off for the opposite shore.

As the Indian hurried down the bank and into the river Andrew shot and killed him, and shot another who he gathered and ran on the opposite bank,—then he ran off on Soledad street looking for more Indians.

I crossed my little ones, and then looked out of the Soledad Street door. Near by was struck an Indian, wounded and dying. A large man, journeyman-apprentice to Mr. Higginbotham, came up just then and aimed a pistol at the Indian's head. I called out: "Oh, don't, he is dying," and the big American laughed and said: "To please you, I want, but it would put him out of his misery." Then I saw two others lying dead near by. Captain Leonard Wells, about this time, passed by riding

89A

90. *Julia Mood Peterkin* (1880-1961) *Roll Jordan, Roll, The Photographic Studies by Doris Ulmann*. NY: Robert Ballou, 1933. Two copies: first trade edition, with 76 photos & 90A. Special edition with 98 copperplate photogravures, one of 23 out-of-series copies.

After earning a master's degree at seventeen and teaching school, in 1903 Julia married another South Carolinian, a cotton plantation owner, and raised a son. But she wanted to write, and wrote what she knew, novels set in the South and with much dialogue in dialect. For her third work, *Scarlet Sister Mary* (1928), she was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. She spoke the language fluently, as a Gullah woman had helped raise her from the age of two when her mother died and she was sent to live with her abolitionist Methodist grandfather and slave-owning-family grandmother. Like Zora Neale Hurston, she determined to document the vibrant African culture of the tenant farming Gullah, although long ago removed from their native homes. She and Doris Ulmann (1882-1934) did a magnificent job. The anonymous owners of this copy of the trade edition have supplied the names and even genealogies for seven of the portrait sitters, and written other comments in the text margins, turning it into a wonderful cultural artifact.

91. *Annie Smith Peck* (1850-1935) "A woman in the Andes: my attempt to ascend Mount Huascaran, by Annie S. Peck," *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, December, 1906 & 91A. "The Miss Annie S. Peck Travel and Mountain Pictures, Series 1—Peru and Mount Huascaran, The Highest Mountain On This Hemisphere." 1906? & 91B. Ten candid photographs, text on verso, original envelope addressed to Mrs. Sherman L. Smith & 91C. "Miss Annie S. Peck, A.M., F.R.G.S . . . Lectures With or Without Illustrations . . .," 1924?

Annie was a mountaineer and professional lecturer, with a B.A. and M.A. from the University of Michigan, and was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, as am I. She specialized in explaining South America to North Americans, especially through her guidebook *The South American Tour* (1914). The *Harper's* article describes one of her several assaults on the dreaded Nevado Huascaran in Peru's Andes mountains. Trying since 1904 (when she was fifty-four), her expedition finally succeeded in 1908, but not without many trials. Proving to the male porters that she was capable was always a challenge. She summed up her fourth foray: "While regretting that my attempt on Huascaran had turned out so badly, I congratulated myself on getting back alive and resolved never again to go climbing with one who has been really mad." In 1924 she wrote with pride that it was still the highest point on this hemisphere reached by an American of either sex.

92. *Armine Von Tempski* (1892-1943) *Dust: A Romance of Hawaii*. NY: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1928. First edition.

Born Ethel Armine Von Tempsky, the author used the exotic experiences of her childhood at her grandparents' Haleakala cattle ranch to write seven adult and three children's books and three memoirs. An early environmentalist, she shapes the plot of *Dust* around a man's vision to rid a small Hawaiian island of the thousands of goats who were destroying the vegetation, and create a cattle ranch. Not only did he have to deal with passionate goat-huggers, but he would put a spotlight on his father's opium trade — a father whose parentage is a deep secret. Islands themselves have power and emotion, Hawaiian gods are among the characters, of course, and it turns out human sacrifice only works if the human is white.



skirted on the long flat
 with a lithe, limning
 top.
 a him, dejected cast,
 huddled forlornly in
 a sun of the gray pill
 wind bent back steep-
 w retreating green in
 Saxon passed his way
 the island. He knew
 named *Monsie*, Little

up and he had to hold
 ed the great hands wind-
 fit and to left. Their
 of the island's abandon-
 I island to index their
 a quest for food.
 timent of rock faces
 as being eaten away by
 t goats. His aquainted
 ing over, the reason for
 heat the wind swept it
 out a vestige of vegeta-
 d of a brick. The fine
 ad was drifted like red
 like ruddy smoke on the
 , until the whole island
 looking away.
 f the back ahead came
 in, and the thrill that
 He worried with life's
 gift that the island had

for him and his mind rushed ahead, down the years.
 Was he a mad man to dream that he, that any one, could
 reclaim Kahoolawe? It was late by many years. He
 looked at the desolation of the endless flats. Could any-
 thing be made to grow on them? He listened to the gulls
 rattling over the island, busy upon their annual work of
 destruction. A dry gust of wind whirled viciously past
 and died. He heard the small known of coming evening,
 the still small moans of rocks and soil affected by atmos-
 phere, and the minute whispering of millions of spears of
 dry grass.

There were no high mountains to attract clouds, no
 growth of trees to precipitate moisture. . . . A man might
 give his whole life to this work and make no visible im-
 pression. The goats could be collected and driven off, but
 could the island "come back"? Then as it dimmed of
 too much thinking he walked on and gained the summit.
 The dizzying beauty of Kahoolawe's crimson flats set in
 the fierce blue of sky and sea overcame him. He felt the
 great cry of the worn island, beautiful to him beyond all
 the others in their conventional green with the piled clouds
 above them. Its fierce quick came up to him. What manner
 if its beauty had a sinister quality? He felt the vibrations
 of the years that had passed over it, the echoes of the stories
 that were whispered about it, and the mighty tragedy of its
 destruction. He straightened his shoulders and threw up
 his chin. He would give himself, his youth and his strength
 and his effort, as a sort of sacrifice to the gods that had
 cursed it.

All his life he had been lonely, now he had found some-
 thing lonelier than himself. He felt closer to Kahoolawe
 in that instant than he had ever felt to any human being
 in the twenty-three years of his life.



93. **Frances Toor** (1890-1956) *Frances Toor's Guide to Mexico*. Mexico City: Printed by A. Mijares y Hno., 1933. First edition, inscribed "For Mrs. Elmhurst. A Happy New Year."

As capitalism seized post-war America, some artists and intellectuals found a simpler, more humane lifestyle in the pre-Hispanic roots of our neighbor to the South. Upstate New York-born Frances found her "home" while on holiday and spent the rest of her life in the rural nooks of Mexico, recording folk tales and buying art or in her shop in Mexico City selling those works, including some by Frida Kahlo. This is the first of sixteen editions, inscribed to Dorothy Elmhurst, a fabulously wealthy Brit who with her husband Leonard was an early Labour supporter. Back in England, they founded an arts school in their home which became a magnet for writers and artists worldwide. Frances wanted visitors to meet locals, so she also published several editions of *Easy Spanish*. She wanted Northerners to understand the arts, so from 1925-35 she produced a charming periodical, *Mexican Folkways*. Diego Rivera was its art editor. Young travel writer Kate Simon's first literary effort was as co-author of the 1957 edition of the chatty, personal "uncommon guidebook." After Frances's untimely death, Kate would produce at least eight more editions of the guide.

94. **Sheila Every Burnford** (1918-1984) *The Incredible Journey: A Tale of Three Animals, With Illustrations by Carl Burger*. Boston & Toronto: Little, Brown and Company, 1978.

The journey is through the northwestern part of Ontario, Canada, the Scotswoman's adopted home, with its many lakes, rivers, and widely dispersed small farms and towns. A story of escape, quest, and fellowship of the protagonists – two dogs and a cat – who are thrown together by bad luck. It is marketed as a children's book, yet Sheila stated in interviews that she did not write it specifically for children; indeed, it first appeared in *McCall's Magazine*, a periodical with an adult readership. One delightful plot twist is when an Ojibway elder is stunned to realize that the bulldog is the reincarnation of a well-known mythic being. Though not a best-seller when published, in both America and Britain, the Disney version four years later was immediately considered a film classic.

95. **Carol J. Blinn** (1946-) *A Poultry Piece: Being a Discourse on the Joys of Raising Ducks and Geese. Written and Illustrated by Carol J. Blinn*. Easthampton, MA: Warwick Press, 1978. One of 250 copies.

In one of her moving and amusing 'memory pieces,' Carol recalls her young self living on her own for the first time, in a spare and remote dwelling with an outhouse, raising an array of semi-friendly incredibly smart ducks and geese. She had been brought up in rural Massachusetts. Carol apprenticed with three amazing New England artists, Harold McGrath, Leonard Baskin at The Gehenna Press, and Arno Werner before opening the Warwick Press in 1973. As usual, the multi-talented writer illustrated, letterpressed, hand-colored, and bound this booklet with her own hand-made paste paper. Look for other writings under her nom-de-plume Frieda Fitzenmeyer.

96. **Elizabeth Emeny Renkert** (1943-) "High One and Five." Kaycee, WY, 2000. Printed illustrated greeting card.

Food is an issue for everyone, but more so in the wilderness – a worry, a joy. My school roommate Zebbie, an Ohio-born artist, singer, interior designer, and MD with homeopathic tendencies, and

men carved out of one piece of fine Puebla porcelain, dating from the 17th Century. The color and oak doors are also very remarkable.

At the end of one of the halls is a miraculous Christ that was brought from Catalun shortly after Cortez. In a crypt in the basement of the Convent are mummified corpses of church dignitaries and nobles, just as they were found in their coffins buried in the niches under the altars. Lying from their clothes, in a perfect state of preservation, some of them are hundreds of years old.

The view from the roof of the town and valley and the Volcanoes is magnificent. A lovely time is still here and to linger for hours in the afternoon.

The Indians celebrate their festival to the Virgin of El Carmen July 16th, when they decorate the church with beautiful floral garlands and bring their dances. Also on Thursday following Holy Thursday, in memory of the agonies of Christ to Mary Magdalene in the guise of a gardener, takes place there the Festival of the Puppies of the Fiesta de Los Amapoles. Again the church is decorated and as the priest and altar boys go around in procession, Indian women throw puppy petals from painted bowls called *patatas*. Soon the church is filled with them and they look like litterfall.

In the hills around San Angel are many beautiful garden villages, in which the Indians devote themselves separately to the celebration of flowers. They all come down to the Sunday market on the Plaza of San Juanito, and also on Festival days.

EL FUEBREGAL OR LAVA FLOW: A current of basaltic lava, very deep and serious, a mile long and two and a half wide, beginning immediately south of San Angel and tumbling Copacapan and Tlalpa, believed to have come from the crater of Ajusco or from the more recently active one, Northwest of it. Kill. There are caves and marked rocks and interesting botanical specimens here, and people often go there to explore, but it is not safe to do so without a guide. The antiquity of the flow has not yet been determined. There are those who believe that it is a continuation of the saturation that forced the

thousand. The Masore is a short distance south of the Convento del Carmen, through the narrow streets and over a stone bridge.

LA PAZ: A short distance out on the Nuevo Camino to San Angel, through the town, is the brick road of La Paz, where Archaic edifices can be found or brought.

COTOACAN: In addition to the two ways already mentioned for reaching Cotoacan from the Capital, there is still another out through Insurgentes and the Calles de Copacapan. Over this road, at the entrance to the town, are the Vivande de Cotoacan, Government tree and flower nurseries, open to the public. Within a few blocks of these gardens is the lovely old Zoala. Cotoacan, (meaning place of seclusion), an Indian community even before Aztec days, was the first Spanish settlement near the Capital. It is a very ancient and beautiful town and historically important. Cortes directed his last steps of Tenochtitlan from here and the present Municipal Palace was the first office he constructed immediately after the Conquest. It was here also that the first Spanish Council met in 1525. In Cotoacan Cortes' wife was found strangled to death, and gossip has it, by his own hand, because he was annoyed by her jealousy. Cotoacan, the fact of the Aztec Princess, was forced here, so that he might reveal the hiding place of Montezuma's treasure.

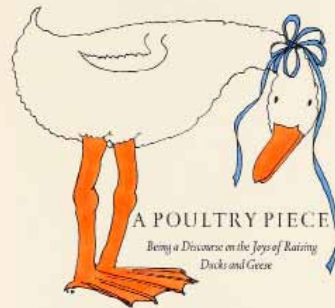
Across from the main Plaza stands the Parish Church, of San Juan Bautista, dating from 1583 and torn at the Dominican Monastery, 1590. This church, although it has undergone many reforms, is still a fine example of the early Mexican architecture, showing strong Aztec influence in its stone-carved decorations. In the altar, shaded by handsome old trees, is a modern work of art, "Las Consuevas", by the Indian sculptor Rodolfo Magaña, who lives in Cotoacan.

Following the car tracks West toward San Angel a short distance, is the Casa de Alvarado, constructed by Pedro de Alvarado, son of Cortes' chief Captain. The mellowed rose color of the facade is broken by a gray stone-carved niche over the door and an iron railing running along a terrace that runs the same way. The present chapel, has a (beautiful) object, great deal of a great many.

The Basil is an ideally perfect. If the Zoala is a little chapel.



THE THRO journeyed on, the pattern of the next few days being very much the same, free of incident or excitement. Leaving their resting place at daylight, they would jog steadily along by day, their pace determined mainly by the endurance of the old dog. Their favorite sleeping places were hollows under uprooted trees where they were sheltered from the wind, and able to hunker down among the drifted leaves for warmth. At first there were frequent halts and rests, but daily the journey became stronger, after a week he was no longer weary, and his shoulders were healing, and he was in better health; in fact, he was in better shape than at the time he had always had a happy disposition looked perfectly content, and a stillness of the body with humor. He was almost always



WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY CAROL J. BLINN
WARWICK PRESS, EASTHAMPTON
1978

her husband Mike followed their dream (or as my godson Mickey moaned, “their midlife crisis”). They left a small Pennsylvania farm and her medical practice among the Amish and purchased a Wyoming ranch in 2000. She wrote me soon thereafter that they live in “one of 2 remaining ‘cow towns’ – Hard living. Must have been really hard a long time ago.” At least she can count on a not-too-distant grocery store (or maybe Amazon) for a steady supply of chocolate chips, as “when work is done, it’s time for milk + cookies.”

97. *Sharyn McCrumb* (1948-) *The Songcatcher*. NY: Dutton, 2001. First edition, inscribed “For Jan—with best wishes to a fellow Appalachian writer and Cosmic Possum, Aug. 3, 2001” and annotated with brightly colored inks and highlighters throughout.

Sharyn creates a unique mix of history and contemporary fiction set in her native Appalachia. This particular excellent adventure expertly interweaves fictional famous folk singers in 20th-century North Carolina dealing with tourists with actual thrilling episodes in the lives of Sharyn’s ancestors. In her own 18th-century Scottish Western Isles immigrant stock, apparently the men were all adventurers, the women bitches or ciphers. The backbone of this story is provided by wise elderly recluse Nora Bonesteele. “Regional fiction” was held in disdain, handkerchief to nose, by (East Coast) literary scholars and reviewers well into the 20th century. I’ll confess to “reading” the dialect-laden dialogue, including Zora Neale Hurston, on audiotapes.

98. *Florence C. Bryant* *Memoirs of a Country Girl*. NY [&c]: Vantage Press, 1988. First edition, signed on the title page.

The Virginia educator recalls her “humble beginnings” in the early 20th century as the sixth of nine children on a farm her parents (from West Indian slaves and freeholders and some part Indian way back) built and ran during the Depression in Caroline County. It was half black, half white, all rural, so they were off the grid even after the Federal electrification program came through the area. “My life on the farm had shielded me from many of the problems of the outside world, like racial discrimination, segregation, and feelings of inferiority. That same shelter had enabled me to develop the strength, courage, faith, and determination to overcome such obstacles” as did, I’m sure, living a holler from many relations.

99. *Jean Creighton* (1923-) *Dude on Arrival [by] J. S. Borthwick [pseud.]*. NY: St. Martin’s Press, 1992. First edition, inscribed “To Julienissimor and Ethelissima from former Dunes person . . . What a curious & ugly name— Sounds like a blunt instrument or a bad soup!”

The fifth in her series about some-time detectives Professor Sarah Deane and doctor Alex McKenzie, the murder mystery is set on a contemporary Arizona dude ranch. Earlier mysteries had used her native Maine coast and a Texas national wildlife refuge as both setting and character. Jean sent this copy of the book to Chicago friends Julian and Ethel Goldsmith, bemoaning her Borthwick pseudonym. One muses – what other authors have yearned for a different fake identity after a youthful mistake or a publisher’s enthusiasms. She also wrote as Scott Craighead. A mystery-addict, I have found that genre the perfect painless (except for the murder victims) alternative to actually traveling the world.

two sticks of butter melted, one cup each: packed brown + white sugar, two Tsp vanilla, two or three large eggs, one tsp peach: bake powder, bake soda, cinnamon, + ginger, 2 1/2 cups quick oats, bake @ 375° until golden brown (12-15 min), one cup raisins, three quarters cup chopped nuts.



High One and Five
when work is done,
it's time for milk + cookies.

one tsp peach: bake powder, bake soda, cinnamon, + ginger, 2 1/2 cups quick oats, bake @ 375° until golden brown (12-15 min), one cup raisins, three quarters cup chopped nuts.

96

DIANE McCRAWM

"Do you think we'll find him?"

"Well, neither one here. Of course, we all hope he's around. And I hope it's not some... for her sake and mine. I have to get back to the Coon's house this evening, so that my helper can get to his other job." He showed the Local Board and turned right onto a gravel road that wound its way up the mountains. "We're almost there," he said. "We go to the end of this, and then walk up a old logging road in the snow-cuts."

"Should we search together or split up?"

"Split up. Cover more ground that way. But stay within hailing distance if you can. In case we find something. If the lady's still alive, she may need medical attention. You can do first aid, can't you?"

"Yeah, sure I can," Anne reassured, "but I think she was a golden retriever."

David Christopher grinned. "Now, that's a pretty young, smart one, and she is."

Nora Bonstead had been up her fingers, she was not used to being outdoors before noon. The dark-haired young man in the pool's built-in wooden and lattice-work look of one who has not slept at all. He was a good-looking fellow, but she did not recognize him. One of the men people there. She hoped he was one of those foolish souls who had heard the talk about her having the right and came to have their pants pulled over their heads. As a reporter looking to make a name for herself, she had no patience with fools like that. They never get past the first door, she did wonder, though, why he was holding a gun in his hand.

Ten minutes later, Ben Fletcher was doing at the old chimney, still adding the new from the bay window in Nora Bonstead's study kitchen. In front of him was a mass of steaming black coffee, a loaf of homemade bread, and a pot of Nora Bonstead's own raspberry preserves.

He had apologized twice for calling earlier so early in the morning, but he explained that working two jobs didn't leave him much time, but that this evening was an important one.

Those remedies, along with the old patented stand-bys, 666, Black Draught, and castor oil, kept the family in reasonably good health.

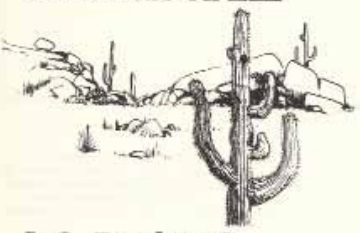
Following Papa's death in 1885, Mama managed the house alone for the next twenty-one years, until age eighty-nine. During that time she saw June (Otelia) through college, took care of two grandchildren for seven years and a nephew for two, and remained active in her church and community. When managing the home and loneliness became more than she wanted to cope with, she moved to Baltimore, Maryland, to live at an adult care facility run by my brother Leonard and his family, where she currently resides. Characterized in a nutshell, Mama was, in essence, "Superman."

Together, Mama and Papa were wonderful role models for us children. They taught us the value of togetherness and cooperation. They were survivors who refused to let life's circumstances prevent them from achieving their goals. Together they carefully nurtured our physical, moral, and religious development and maintained a stable home environment. Under their guidance, we developed wholesome personal values and attitudes. They established a strong foundation that has remained firm in our lives.

97

To Julien ISSIMOR
and Ethel ISSIMA
from former
Dunes person

DUDE ON ARRIVAL



J. S. Borthwick

What a curious & ugly name -
Sounds like a blunt instrument or a bad soup!

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS
NEW YORK

99

Mama was not only Papa's faithful and loyal partner in performing much of the farm work, but she was the sole manager of the family budget. She was ingenious in devising ways to earn and save money. A talented seamstress, she never threw anything away. She used the scraps from her major sewing projects to make quilts and pillow tops of the most intricate designs. She salvaged the fabric of which feedbags were made to make us girls dresses or to make coats for the lad. She seemed to know how to can or preserve anything that was edible, from homegrown fruits and vegetables to a wide assortment of wild berries. She could turn the most unappealing wild game into a gourmet's delight. Modern America would have called our family poor and disadvantaged, but Mama made sure that we had the necessities of life, and we never thought ourselves poor.

Mama was also the family's doctor. She used home remedies so effectively that licensed doctors were seldom called to our house to treat the family's illnesses. Some of her home remedies included the following:

- a mustard plaster bound to the chest to relieve a deep chest cold
- herbal tea made from the root of a special briar plant to treat diarrhea
- homemade cough syrup
- a plaster made from a mullen plant to draw out infection and reduce fever
- tea made from sassafras roots to "flush out" the system
- a wad of spider's web to stop bleeding
- sourched alum to heal burns
- her original "pacifier," made by forming a ball of moistened cornmeal seasoned with sugar and spice and tied into a piece of cheesecloth.

98

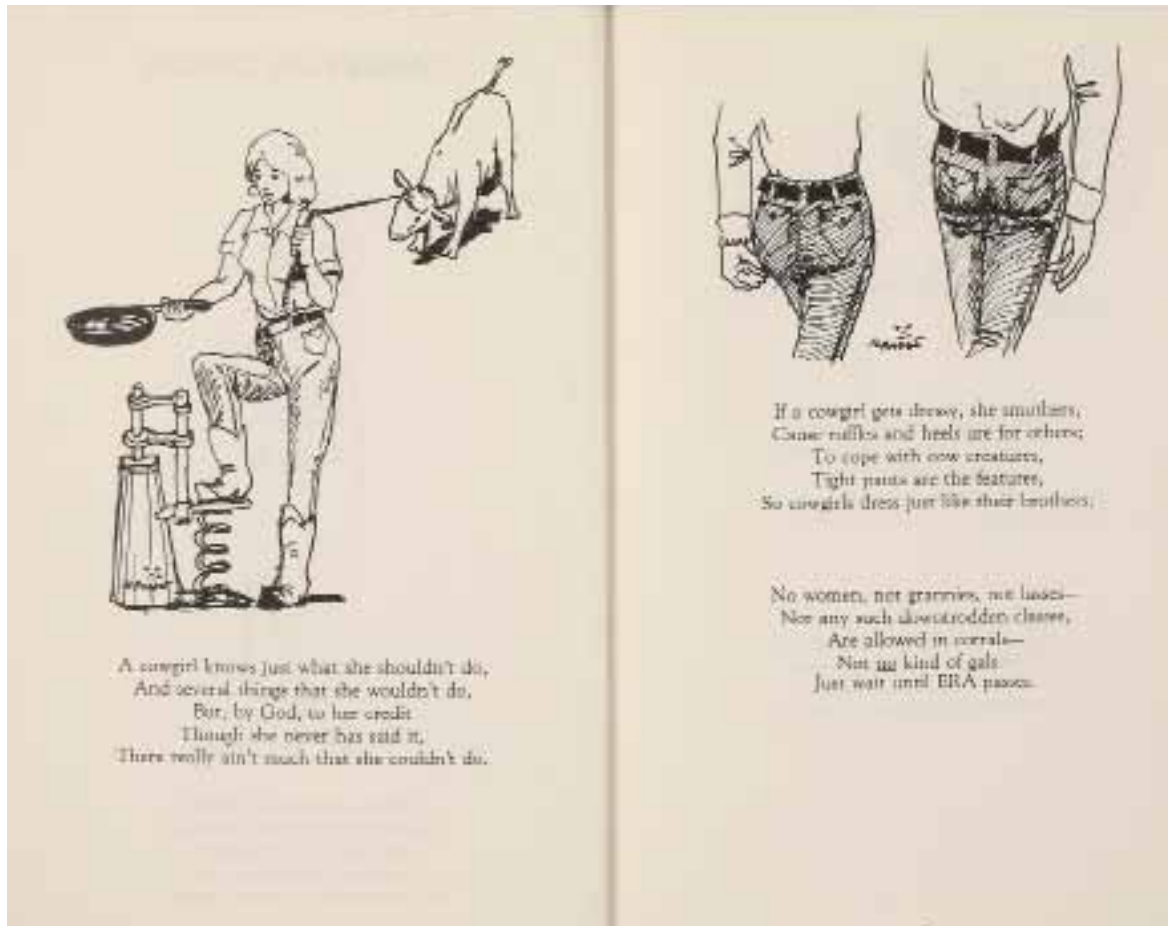
100. *Gwen Petersen* (1928?-) & *Jeane Rhodes* *Cowpunchers, Sheep Herders and Plain Pig Farmers: Wild West Limericks; Illustrated by Alan Rhodes*. Big Timber & Whitefish, MT: Cowpunchers, 1985. First edition.

A cowgirl knows just what she shouldn't do,
And several things that she wouldn't do,
But, by God, to her credit
Though she never has said it,
There really ain't much that she couldn't do.

The authors are both Montana cowgirl-poets. Gwen has written nine books including the important *Everything I Know about Life I Learned from My Horse* (2009).

101. *Ann E. Bancroft* (1956-) Color photo with Anne Dal Vera, Sue Giller, and Sunniva Sorby, South Pole, 1993 & 101A. Black Gore-Tex mittens & 101B. Bollé Irex 100 sunshield glasses & 101C. Souvenir shoulder patch, embroidered in black, red, white, and blue, including the USA and Norwegian flags, all from the 2000-01 Trans-Antarctica Expedition.

Minnesotan Ann Bancroft's trek north by dogsled in 1986 as part of Will Stegner's team took seven weeks. On January 14, 1993 she became the first woman to have reached both the North and the South Poles. The photo shows the four women joyously standing on the South Pole. The Trans-Antarctica Expedition involved Ann and Norwegian Liv Arnesen (1958-) – who found Ann following a plea on the internet for an expedition partner. They intended to go all the way from one coast of Antarctica to the other. For 97 days they skied, each pulling a sledge weighing 250 pounds. The rule of Antarctica is: What you carry in, you carry out, even the pee and poop. They crossed the South Pole, but at mile 1,717 bad weather forced them to call off the trip. These gloves and goggles were used on that grueling journey. As always, Ann and her companions actively engaged young people and school groups around the globe via the internet, before, during, and after her trips, to raise awareness of global warming's impact on the Poles and the rest of the world. At the Explorers Club one evening I was lucky enough to meet Ann and Liv. These two calm, self-effacing, and funny women are the ones you want to share an adventure with, whether intrepidly through snows and untamed wildernesses or, like me, virtually, on the computer screen, sprawled on my sofa like Sarah Bernhardt.



100



101



Studio daguerreotype of a Native American mother and child, in a gilt frame in a blindstamped full leather case, n.d.

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Margaret Bourke-White (1904-1971) "Mother and Child, Happy Hollow, Georgia."
Gelatin silver print, 1934. Photo © Estate of Margaret Bourke-White/Licensed by
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 *Photography by Robert Lorenzson.*

Set in Fournier and Surveyor types.

Design by Jerry Kelly.



Mourning art, ca. 1850, a framed miniature photograph of a deceased young woman, framed with locks of her brown hair wrapped around wire to form a floral design, laid on a white silk ground.