INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILDREN

The sketch represents a Dacotah mother fondling a papoose with a little dusky imp near her in the shape of a son. To the right is a temporary lodge formed of twigs of osier bent, and the ends firmly fixed into the ground. Pieces traversing are secured to these and over this frame are stretched blankets, buffalo robes, or anything in fact that will answer for a covering. As it is only 4 feet in height the occupant can only creep in and lie down. Its only recommendation may be that it is rather better than no shelter at all.

In the middle distance is an Indian preparing dried meat. The meat is first cut into thin slices, laid on a frame over the fire and smoked, packed into bundles and laid by for scarcity in provender or for winter use.

Mr. Sublette, one of the first pioneers to the Rocky Mountains, when engaged afterwards in mercantile business in St. Louis, sent up every season for a supply of this meat. He was either fond of it or, what is more likely, it brought back old associations and memories.
The amusements of these young girls are very limited—riding horses when they can get them, swimming in the streams which they can do like ducks, and playing with the dog. Fashion does not trouble their simple heads, as in the case with their civilized sisters. Their dresses are not for the season but for all time, and as Nature has blessed them with a luxuriant supply of black glossy hair, what do they want with a bonnet? From the skins of the antelope, tanned and rendered very soft and flexible, the skirt of the dress is formed, reaching to the knees, from which a fringe depends. This facilitates mounting on horseback. They enjoy a life of comparative freedom and happiness until about 15 years of age, when a lord of the prairie, in the person of a free trapper or an Indian, takes a fancy, and generally without saying a word to her, marches off to her father who makes the best bargain he can under the circumstances—augmenting the price if she is pretty, "Elle faut suffrir pour être belle".

It is curious to remark that similar customs prevailed in Egypt about 3500 years ago, under the administration of Governor Potipher and others of that time. Indeed many of their customs bear a strong resemblance to that ancient people.
HEAD OF A SIOUX

The Sioux from which this sketch was made held no rank either as chief or brave; he was however a good specimen of the tribe, intelligent head, fine form, and was upwards of 6 feet high, of more than ordinary light color for an Indian, and his whole bearing manly and dignified. The Sioux, or Dacotahs, and the Snake Indians were the finest Indians decidedly that we met with; they seemed to be better dressed, had more horses, and were more cleanly in their habits than others; are very warlike and almost continually engaged in battle.

On the top of the head they wear a tuft of hair terminating in a long cue, ornamented with flat plates and rings made of brass, from the size of a dollar to that of a dime. The tuft of hair we were told, was not only left for an ornament but in case of defeat, that their enemy might secure their scalp. A wise forethought, certainly exhibiting a noble trait of character, and a most liberal provision for those that valued the article.
SHOSHONEE INDIAN PREPARING HIS MEAL.

The subjoined subject is from a Shoshonee Indian who was cutting up some meat by laying it against the palm of his hand and slicing it between the fingers.

An incident may be mentioned to show their patient endurance and power of abstinence. One day, while seated at our dinner, a Shoshonee Indian reached the camp, apparently very tired, and sat down at a little distance regarding us very quietly. When we had completed our meal we asked him, through an interpreter, to partake. He rose leisurely, giving the usual grunt of salutation, Howgh! and ate voraciously for about an hour. Our trappers were much amused, making rough witticisms on his expensive appetite, stowing away for a long journey, etc. On being questioned however we found that he had travelled on foot and eaten nothing for the past 3 days. Now all this suffering, no doubt in his own conception, was the will of the Great Spirit, and the poet must have had such an exemplar in his minds eye when he described the Indian Outalissi;

"Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook,
Impassive - fearing but the shame of fear -
A stoic of the woods - a man without a tear."
About 22 years of age, son of the Chief Ma-Wo-Ma. This Indian was an admirable specimen of the Shakes.

His form, straight as an arrow and a carriage of natural grace, that no dancing master could impart. It was impossible to look at him without admiration. He had already distinguished himself in battle and wore a trophy around his neck of his prowess in hunting the grizzly bear. This was a necklace composed of the claws of that formidable brute.

A lock of hair was worn in front, cut square above the eyes and the que worn behind his head extended in length to the bend of the knee joint, ornamented with huge brass rings at intervals. His bearing was that of a prince, courageous and self-reliant, his aspirations seemed to be like that invoked by the poet:

"Thy spirit Independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."
THE THIRSTY TRAPPER

One of the greatest privations to be combatted on the prairies is the want of water. The trapper leaves his camp in the morning and after travelling all day under a hot and oppressive sun, his tongue parched and swollen is almost cleaving to the roof of his mouth. You may fancy under such circumstances, with what delight he hails at a distance the life giving stream.

The subject of the sketch is an Indian girl supplying an exhausted trapper with a draught of water which she has brought in a buffalo horn. To fully appreciate the boon, one must absolutely go through the ordeal, by being subjected to the privation. It is impossible otherwise.

Under privations of all kinds the universal resort of the trapper was the pipe of tobacco. This is suspended in a "gage d'amour" from his neck. He carries also tinder and flint, with which to strike a light in a moment. With this he solaces every affliction and it gives him stamine (one would suppose) to combat any trouble. It is his universal "medicine."
SHOOTING A COUGAR.

It is a lucky circumstance for trappers and adventurers in the mountains that this animal is somewhat rare. He is of the genus feline and as treacherous as he is graceful in his movements. His favorite mode of attack is to lie hidden in the branches of a tree, or amidst some bushes on an overhanging rock, pouncing on his prey at a single bound as it passes underneath, or near enough to his place of concealment.

The Indians set a high value on his beautiful hide, in a superstitious view, as a grand "medicine," and in a practical view, as an elegant quiver for arrows. Nothing will induce them to part with an acquisition of this kind. They formed certainly the finest article that came under our view but we failed entirely in our trials to purchase one.

The sketch will convey an idea of the cougar's stealthy attack, and the reception he meets from a self-possessed and wily mountaineer.
BANNOCK INDIAN

A small deputation of this tribe visited us on Green River, and the sketch is from a favorable specimen. They have the reputation of being capital hunters, successful also in their defence against the Blackfeet. We learned a great deal of the Indian and of his habits while we encamped in Green River Valley; were told of a mound on one of the rivers wherein a warrior was buried seated on horseback and armed cap-a-pie. Likely there were some little matters yet to be settled in the Spirit-land, or may be his object was to give an opportunity to his departed enemies of having their revenge. In the burial of chiefs they lay his weapons aside of him. The poet happily describes it:

"Bring the last sad offerings hither; Chant the death lament; All inter with him together, That can him content."

"Then the knife – sharp let it be – That from foeman’s crown, Quick, with dexterous cuts but three, Skin and tuft brought down.

"Neath his head the hatchet hide, That he swung so strong; And the bears-ham set beside, For the way is long."

"Paints, to smear his frame about, Set within his hand, That he redly may shine out In the Spirit land."

If their intention and motive in these matters are sincere – that is everything – whether it accorded with our conventional notions is not to the purpose.

Apropos, here is an incident from civilized life. More than a score of years since, Mon. -- had a popular confec-
tienery on a principle street in B ---. A gentleman stepping in one day saw in the center of his store a large and handsome monument of sugar-plums, lavishly touched off with Dutch metal, and asked what it was for. Mon. -- approached and said (bowing with his hand on his heart), "Ah, Sare, dat is in memory of my poor wife."
TRAPPERS

The trappers may be said to lead the van in the march of civilization, from the Canadas in the north to California in the South, from the Mississippi east to the Pacific west. Every river and mountain stream, in all probability, has been at one time or another visited and inspected by them. Adventurous, hardy, and self-reliant, always exposed to constant danger from hostile Indians, and extremes of hunger and cold, they penetrate the wilderness in all directions, in pursuit of their calling.

Harris (nicknamed Black) told us at the camp fire that he carried expresses for the Fur Company from the western side of the Rocky Mountains to Fort Laramie for years. He said the journeys were made alone and his plan was to ride all night and to cache or hide himself all day. He carried with him a supply of dried meat so as to avoid making fires, which would have infallibly betrayed him. On being asked if he had not felt lonesome sometimes on these solitary excursions, he laughed as if it was a good joke, "never knew in his life what it was to be lonesome or low spirited." The trappers in the sketch are "en repose." The peculiar caps on their heads are made by themselves to replace felt hats long since worn out or lost. Their fringed shirts, leggings, moccasins, etc., are made by the Indian women and sewed throughout with sinew instead of thread, which they do not possess.
THE ARGALI—MOUNTAIN SHEEP

In the wildest and most secluded haunts of the mountains, on high rocky peaks, these animals are mostly found. They remain on the peaks all day long and in the evening and early morning come down seeking water and grass. The meat in season is excellent, having a trifle more of a wild flavor than ours. They climb almost inaccessible rocks and the trappers assert that when two male Argali meet on a ledge of rock and there happens not to be room for them to pass each other, a pitched battle takes place, whereupon one or the other must go down, the vanquished hero taking especial care in reaching the bottom, to fall on his horns which are immensely strong.

We brought down a fine specimen of these horns measuring over two and a half feet in length, curved backwards, outward and upwards, of five inches in diameter at the base. The spirals around the horns were much broken in front, either by fighting or falling on them. They were presented by Sir Wm. D. Stewart to Major Lorenzo Lewis, a near relative of General Washington, residing at that time on the Mount Vernon Estate.
IN-CA-TASH-A-PA

This name was translated by the interpreter "Red-Elk (a Snake warrior), a man of mark among his people. Around the head he wears an ornamented bandeau set off by a rosette surmounted with feathers. Around his neck are strings of wampum, beads and a species of flat shell or conchelina. In their native wilds these people appear to great advantage. How little they are fitted for civilization and its artificial habits, the following incident will show.

Some years since, a deputation from the far west visited Washington to see their Great Father, the President. They were feted and presented with fine dresses, trimmed with broad gold lace. One of them took his way down the avenue in full fig. It was extremely warm weather and his pantaloons began to chafe him. Seeing some steps he deliberately sat down and pulled them off, threw them over his shoulder (gold lace outward) and resumed his walk with greater freedom of movement, but the ladies were now running in all directions and it was not long before the police were after him, shuffling him with rough hands into the guard house. Now to this day, if the poor devil is still living, we will venture to say that he has never clearly comprehended what all the row was about or why he was so outrageously abused.
THE GRIZZLY BEAR

The hunters are in full tilt after the most formidable of all the animals met with in the journey. It is no child's play but downright dangerous sport. Strange that this should be its greatest charm to the reckless trapper and Indian. To hunt and capture the grizzly bear is a signal honor, and is considered a great "coup," - and as we only killed nine in our journey outward, it would seem that they are not plentiful.

It differs from the black bear in elongated, narrowed, and flattened muzzle, and is more than twice the size and weight. The hair is longer and finer but varies in color from dusky grey to dark brown, always more or less grizzled by intermixture, or the hair being tipped with grey. The eyes are small and the line of profile nearly straight, tail scarcely visible, breadth of fore-feet from 8 to 9 inches, claws on fore-feet 6 inches long. Their embrace, which is one of their most popular defences, is certain death to the receiver.
These Indians are anti-belligerant, and have some other qualities that are rare and commendable. They are said to be religious, also honest and truthful in their intercourse with the whites. Their observance of religious ceremonies and rites is uniform and remarkable. It is supposed that they derived this in part from Catholic Missionaries who have travelled amongst them. The ceremonial however is a mixture of the civilized and barbarous. They will not hunt on a fete day for fear of the "Great Spirit", although pinched with hunger, yet are they most inveterate gamblers, playing until everything they possess has departed from them. We find these inconsistencies in civilized life also and with less excuse.

All these Indians seem to bear the impress of a doomed race and with bitterness of heart may exclaim with the poet,

"They waste us, aye, like the April snow,  
In the warm noon we shrink away;  
And fast they follow us as we go  
Towards the setting day,  
Till they shall fill the land and we  
Are driven into the Western Sea."
ENCAMPMENT OF INDIANS.

It is near the close of day and the sun is throwing a warm glow over the distant hills. The group represented in the sketch is simply some Indians seated near their camp fire, talking and smoking, while preparations are briskly going forward for a feast. A warrior chief has just dismounted from his horse, returning from hunting, or something worse, and the inevitable pipe is ready for him. In the distance are lodges, Indians preparing their bows, etc.

The scene would appear almost Arcadian if we did not know that a sudden war-whoop would rouse instantly the demon within them, and change altogether the aspect of things. In a state of quietude they are merely sleeping volcanoes liable to break forth at any moment, the slightest provocation converting the fair scene into one of carnage and desolation.
The translation of this word into the vernacular is "Little Chief." It was somewhat of a misnomer, the subject of it standing nearly six feet in his moccasins. It did not apply in any instance for he was chief of about three thousand Snake Indians, and decidedly in every sense, superior to any Indian that we met with. He was a man of high principle, in whom you could place confidence. When our Commander on a former journey had a difficulty with the Indians and lost all his horses, this Indian exerted himself in his behalf and recovered the most of them. He stated also to him that if he had placed himself under his (Ma-Wo-Ma's) protection in the first place, he would not have lost any.

In drawing some bulletins of battles for me, such as they send to their colleagues, I noticed that all four of the legs of the horses were on one side. This arose from want of a knowledge of perspective. He also colored them with the stick end of a brush instead of the hair end, not probably ever having seen before an article of the kind.
ROASTING THE HUMP RIB

Three of our hunters, Lajeunesse, Burrows and Francois, are here encamped on the borders of a lake, well provided with substantials in the shape of delicious hump and side ribs. These are roasting in a lively manner near the camp fire, preparatory to a glorious supper, and with appetites waiting for them that a king might envy. After the meal some one of the trappers usually gave a narrative of some stirring events of his life in the mountains; to us these were intensely interesting. At other times our leader would entertain with his adventures in foreign lands, the curious cities and monuments of antiquity he had visited. It was edifying to see the patience with which he answered their simple questions, as if they were matters of course and full of importance; all the while maintaining a gravity that was most amusing. It is not to be wondered at that he became immensely popular amongst them. No doubt all of the men would have followed him into any danger regardless of consequences. One of them told us that he had a "H'ar (hair) of a grizzly in him," meaning bull-dog courage.
ANTOINE CLEMENT

The subject of the sketch is a half-breed (that is, his father was a Canadian his mother an Indian) and one of the noblest specimens of western hunter. In the outward journey he killed for us about one hundred and twenty buffalo; his temper however when roused, was uncontrolable.

Our Captain, Antoine and the writer of these notes left the camp one morning on a hunting expedition, and near noon on that day, Antoine and our leader unhappily commenced quarreling, owing to some order that had been given and not attended to. The latter was somewhat of a martinet and would not tolerate for a moment any neglect of orders by a subordinate. Now here were two men contending, one whose ancestors dated back to the conqueror (and how much farther Heaven only knows) the other, well if he knew who his parents were that was the extent. Nevertheless both were on a perfect equality, well mounted, armed with manton rifles and neither knowing what fear was. It was a question of manhood, not social position. As they rode side by side and were not at all choice in their language, I expected every moment to see them level their rifles at each other and also busy conjecturing how I was to reach the caravan for aid in case they came to extremities, having no compass with me, the company at least 10 or 12 miles distant, and the sun almost vertical - by this time they had completely
ignored the existence of No. 3, and gave him not the slightest thought or consideration. While things were in this critical situation but every minute growing worse, as Providence would have it, a herd of buffalo was discovered at a distance. This was too much. The ruling passion overtopped everything. Off went Antoine at a full gallop under whip and spur, and in a moment our Captain followed suit, No. 3 meanwhile drawing a long breath and mentally thinking with the poet,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them how we will."

The result in a short time was two noble animals biting the dust, each of the late belligerants in great good humor, and the subject of the quarrel entirely forgotten.
INDIAN WOMAN MAKING THE WAR DRESS

The warrior is here waiting impatiently for his costume. Wrongs have accumulated to that extent in his mind that nothing but sanguinary vengeance will restore his equanimity.

The dress is being made by his squaw. It is sewn throughout with sinew and is a most substantial and serviceable work. The body is made of the best antelope skin and the whole decorated profusely with dyed porcupine quills of all colors, beads, scalps, etc. The cap or helmet is filled with eagle feathers so as to extend to the knee joint. The quiver is filled with arrows and when all is ready he does his enemy the honor to make a most elaborate toilet, mounts his horse and is gone.

What a pity that civilization could not confer on them a few lawyers to settle their differences. Charles Lamb used to say, "It irks me to think of poor Adam laying out his halfpenny for apples in Mesopotamia." It would also mortify us to see the poor Indian paying out his big halfpenny for damages and costs, for injuries inflicted on his neighbors, but positively it would answer a better purpose than the missionaries sent amongst them.
The translation of this word by the interpreter was "High Lance". The subject of the sketch was held high in the estimation of his own people and mortally hated by his enemies - usually the fate of great men. We were not only favorably impressed with his face but also by his behavior, it was full of dignity and such as you would expect from a well bred gentleman.

When he first came we were engaged in drawing a common Indian. On his next visit he requested the interpreter to expostulate with us as regards common Indians sitting for a head, explaining that they could count no "coups" or show any prowess, in short he seemed to look on them as Falstaff did on his ragged soldiers, as "food for powder." His vanity and pride revolting at such a levelling proceeding. Oh heroes, civilized and savage! When time is up and you are compelled to deliver your cards "pour prendre conge", are not these two friends the last to part with you and bid you, Farewell?

The subject of our sketch carries a grave look and although the forehead retreats overmuch, has a well cut Roman nose, with an expression of eye like a lion in repose; from his ears depend elaborate ornaments and around the neck, strands of wampum, terminated by the inevitable "medicine."
It is only in savage life that real and absolute liberty exists. This man bears about him the appearance of it. We can see at a glance that he is not troubled with taxes. By the same token, we could almost affirm that he has left no Mrs. Caudle in his lodge to give him "a bit of her mind" on his return home.

A pipe, the great solace of his leisure hours, is lighted and he is exhaling the smoke in volumes from his mouth and nostrils alternately, with a thorough enjoyment of its aroma.

The great difficulty is that he has too much freedom for his own good. It causes him to be proud, overbearing and oppressive. Eventually he carries measures with such a high hand and becomes so intolerably tyrannical that it is found essential to knock him on the head. This he comprehends better than a long harangue, and may be called the "argumentum baculinum." In fact, it is reasoning to him as plain as a pike-staff. No successful bully has yet existed who, sooner or later, has not met his fate, from one who is still more powerful, and as Corporal Num says, "that is the moral of it."
IROQUOIS INDIAN

This once powerful and ambitious tribe has dwindled away into a mere shadow of what it was at the time of the revolution. During the war between the French and English for predominence in America, each of these parties made every effort to engage this tribe as an ally. It was designated as one of the six warlike nations; viz, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagos, Tenontowanans (or Senecas), Cayugas and Iroquois.

Their primitive name was "Agononsionni," signifying "United People," the French changing it to the above.

As regards themselves and the French, the feeling was akin to that of Slender's for Ann Page, in Merry Wives of Windsor, "there was no great love between them in the beginning and it pleased heaven to decrease it upon further acquaintance."
GROUP OF A MOUNTAINEER AND KANSAS INDIAN.

The Kansas Indians live pretty much now on the recollections of the past, the future for them is entirely hopeless. Somewhat like the beggars of Spain, who congregate about old ruins, and amuse themselves by relating to each other legends of hidden treasures and of former glories, this tribe reverts to a by-gone period when game was plentiful around them and the skillful use of their bows and arrows gave them an abundance of food for their lodges.

In the sketch a Kansas Indian is recounting to a trapper the remembrances of his youth, when the buffalo in countless herds traversed the prairie, and wild horses in large bands were captured and converted to their use. All these have disappeared, and the only mementos now left are the skulls of buffalo lying about the prairie and bleaching in the sun.

They are in receipt of Government annuities, but from several causes these are injurious to them. In a few, very few years, they will be swept from the face of the earth and the places that now know them shall behold them no more - forever.
PA-DA-HE; WA-GON-DA

ELK HORN - A CROW INDIAN

We found this Indian at our encampment near Wind River, - he differed from all others in one particular; he was a "bon vivant," a free, rollicking, laughter-loving Indian; a kind of "Mark Tapley," always jolly and extremely good natured. These traits recommended him to our trappers, who were always desirous of having this "rara avis" at our camp fire, feasting him to his heart's content.

He made himself welcome by the most pleasing of all qualities, continued gaiety and "bon-homie," his twinkling eyes showing how much he enjoyed the "bagatelle" of the Canadians. From his being somewhat more muscular and stoutly built than the generality of Indians, they gave him the name of "Bras de Fer." His fondness for fun, however, militated against him as regards position among his brother Indians, and not only precluded him from their councils, but also prevented his election as chief.

On one occasion he came to the door of my tent and commenced making some signs. I could not understand him at first, but at last he crooked his finger and put it on his nose. He wanted to see our Captain (who had a nose as acquisitive as Wellington's) and his ready wit seized hold of that feature to convey his meaning. We pointed out to him the direction in which he had gone.
Of all the Indian tribes, I think the Pawnees gave us the most trouble, and were (of all) the most zealously guarded against. We knew that the Blackfeet were our deadly enemies, forewarned here was to be forearmed. Now the Pawnees pretended amity and were a species of "confidence men." They reminded us of the two German students meeting for the first time, and one saying to the other, "Let's you and I swear eternal friendship." In passing through their country it was most desirable and indeed essential to cultivate their good will, but these fellows had "le main croche." They could not, or would not, distinguish "meum" and "teum." Whether they were in the camp or in our vicinity it was requisite to put a double guard over the horses, then when we were "en route" we were continually under their surveillance and we knew it. From the tops of bluffs, behind rocks, and out of the long grass of the prairie, they watched us and kept themselves posted; transmitting no doubt intelligence to "headquarters."

With such insinuating and prying rascals, it was difficult to act prudently; when the day came for quitting their dominions, we were relieved of our anxiety for our horses, which were here indispensable.
HEAD OF MATAN-TATHONCA

"BULL BEAR" AN OGILLALAH

The head of this grim chief almost shadows forth his character, - fierce and impetuous in his passion, he recognized no law but his own will. With Indian craft, he befriended the whites, knowing that he would gain advantages thereby.

In calling his people to council, he would listen to them - state his own opinion, and follow it: they would not dare to question his imperious will. A subsequent traveller to the Rocky Mountains thus describes his death, "Numerous Indians were with the Fur Company's men - Matan-Tathonca was also there with a few of his people. As he lay in his lodge a fray arose between his adherents and the kinsman of his enemy. The war-whoop was raised, bullets and arrows began to fly, and the camp was in confusion. The chief sprang up and in a fury, from the lodge, shouted to the combatants on both sides to cease. Instantly (for the attack was preconcerted) came the reports of two or three guns, and the twanging of a dozen bows, and the savage hero, mortally wounded, pitched forward headlong to the ground. The tumult was general and was not quelled until several had fallen on both sides."