

## AN INDIAN GIRL (SIOUX) ON HORSEBACK

Never having heard of the poet's "beauty unadorned", to an Indian girl full equipment is the realization of heaven on earth, and what with hawk bells innumerable and tags of tin fastened to her fringes, the movements of her horse create abundance of noise as she gallops over the prairie.

The ornamented cloth attached to the crupper is made of brightest colors, bordered with porcupine quills and beads, worked into geometric figures by her own hands. Streamers of the same material are pendant from the horse's ears, and a "possible" sack depends from the saddle to which it is attached. Her feet rest on stirrups of a peculiar form and make, well brought up, the effect of the whole turnout being extremely picturesque to an artist's eye.

After 20 years of age, these girls tend generally to obesity, which soon destroys all symmetry of form, and from exposure and ill treatment, lose all pretensions to good looks.

## INDIAN GIRLS WATERING HORSES

(EAU SUCRE RIVER)

The saddle of the females is of singular form, the pommel extending upwards about 2 feet, the cantle about 14 inches, the top of each turning outward, scroll fashion. The body of the saddle carved out of strong wood, is covered with tanned bull-hide, placed on when moist, it bleaches in drying, conforming precisely to the shape underneath, giving great strength and beauty of form.

From the end of each scroll hang pendants made of brilliant colors, worked tastily with beads and fringes and over the body of the saddle is a mass of scarlet cloth or a "mackinaw" on which the rider is seated. On one side hangs her sack of "possibles" worked most elaborately in porcupine quills, her dress also is ornamented with the same material, attached to the fringes are generally a number of hawk bells, a present from some trapper likely.

Having a great penchant for the "free trappers" (who are regarded as the highest ton) all their aspirations are in that direction.

The mode of riding on horseback by the female is "a la Turque."

## ARAPAHOS

This scene represents an Arapaho Indian "en famille," smoking his pipe and reposing under a blanket suspended from the branches of a tree to screen them from the sun. We saw some fine specimens of this tribe. They do not shave their heads like the Sioux, but braid the center or scalp lock with ribbons and feathers of the "war eagle." We noticed also a difference in their moccasins, the fronts extending only to the instep and wanting the side flaps. Indians are capable of designating a tribe very often by merely having the moccasin.

The Arapahos were tall, finely formed men, from 5 feet 8 inches to 6 feet in height. In setting out on their war parties, the process of painting, dressing and adorning themselves, occupies considerably of their time and attention. When a party is seen scouring over the prairies under these circumstances it bodes no good to those they happen to encounter.

As regards their steeds, they have no geldings and we saw none, except those brought from the States. The animal thus preserves all his game spirit and is capable of great endurance. They partake something of the Arabian breed.

## INDIANS WATCHING A CANOE

Among these wandering tribes "eternal vigilance is the price of safety." During our whole journey scarcely a day passed that we were not conscious of being under surveillance of unseen eyes. From the tops of bluffs, on the prairie lying in the long grass, behind trees, and in the midst of bushes, our every movement was noted, and reported to headquarters. In civilized life we appreciate the industry of that active person Mrs. Grundy, but in the matter of inquisitiveness the North American Indians surpass her, the motive is different however.

It is only when the Indian is captured and condemned to death by his enemies - in fact to be tortured and burnt alive - that his manly qualities come out in bold relief, "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." He marches to the stake with head erect, singing a death song, wherein he recounts his battles and victories and winds up by hurling defiance and scorn at his persecutors, a stoic and as complete a fatalist as any Turk. In the presence of death he disdains to ask for quarter and dies exultingly. In Missouri some years ago, an Indian was convicted of killing a white man, and condemned to be shot. The only thing he requested was that he might visit his aged father, promising to return in three days, One of his tribe volunteering as a hostage he was permitted to depart. Prompt to the time, he returned after a journey on foot for many miles, walked to the place designated in the courtyard of the fort and received the fire of a detachment of musketry, killing him instantly.

## THREATENED ATTACK

On this eventful morning, our caravan pursuing as usual the even tenor of its way, we descried one of our hunters returning to the camp at full gallop. His speech was to the purpose, "Injins all about, thar will be some raisin' of ha'r, as sure as shootin'." On his heels followed others confirming this. At this juncture it would have been a good study, if the matter had not been so serious, to watch the countenances of the different men. The staid indifference of the old trappers, ready for any emergency, the green-horns, braggarts of the camp fire, pale about the gills and quite "chop-fallen," No boasting now!! Monsieur Proveau, sub-leader, "with a corpus round as a porpoise," revolving in his mind what was to be done. A problem! "quod erat demonstrandum." All of us more or less uncomfortable, decidedly, and as sensitive about our scalps as a Chinese concerning his pig-tail. We were not kept long in suspense. A cloud of dust soon divulging a piratical horde of wretches painted without regard to harmony of color, coming down on us at top speed, armed to the teeth, and when they reached us they commenced riding round in a menacing manner. We now stopped the camp and held a parley. Their argument was capital. They were on their own grounds and we were interlopers, winding up with a demand for blackmail on the instant.

"So down we got with loss of time,  
Although it grieved us sore,  
Yet loss of scalp full well we knew  
Would grieve us still the more."

The great point was to get the chiefs or leaders to smoking as soon as possible so as to gain diplomatic time. At last we got the chiefs seated in the council circle and the pipe circulating, each taking a few whiffs, the first two with much ceremony and muttering to the sun for the Great Spirit, and the next to the earth. The upshot of all was that we had to blackmail them extensively, cloths, blankets, guns, tobacco and knives were accordingly hauled out of the wagons and given to them. After losing the day and taking leave of our most unwelcome guests, we asked them which way they were going. They pointed to about southwest. Well, ours was northeast and we absolutely started in that direction, resolving to turn on the right course as soon as we were ready.

## LAKE SCENE

While on the borders of this lake we one day ascended to the top of the rock on the left in the middle distance of the sketch and on reaching the brow looked sheer down without interruption to the surface of the lake from an elevation more than a thousand feet above. From this point also we had a most magnificent panorama of the plains we had passed over, the Sweet Water and Platte Rivers serpentine through it like threads of silver.

The snow region commences about 2000 feet above the lake but our limited time - to say nothing of the dangers and difficulties of the ascent - prevented our undertaking it. Colonel Fremont however did ascend to one of the highest peaks of the range, about 14,000 feet above tide water (showing that the thing was practicable) standing on a crest at least not over 3 feet wide and from a ramrod inserted in a crevice, unfurling the national flag. Very likely he was the first man to accomplish the feat.

## BOURGEOIS W...R AND HIS SQUAW

The term "bourgeois" is given in the mountains to one who has a body of trappers placed under his immediate command. Captain W...r being trustworthy and intelligent received this appointment and with his men had many battles with the Indians.

A story is told by the trappers, of an exquisite revenge practised on them. He had been victorious in a battle with a tribe, and the Indians finding themselves worsted, proposed to bury the tomahawk and invited him to a feast and pipe smoking. Of course the worthy Captain was ready to make friends and smoke the pipe of peace, for no matter how hard you may pound in battle you must of necessity receive some pounding in return, and the Captain felt sore from losing some of his men. The feast was plentiful and our Captain always with a good appetite enjoyed it, doing full justice to their hospitality and after a hearty smoke returned to his men - but horror of horrors! - in a short time they had let him know that he had partaken of a meal composed of his own men! (It must not be inferred from this that the American Indians are essentially cannibals. Their purpose was revenge, which they would have at any price.) Only fancy his blasphemy and rage. We thought of asking him the particulars of this matter but prudence forbade. It was not complimentary to his usual acuteness - he had evidently been taken in and done for.

The sketch exhibits a certain etiquette. The squaw's station in travelling is at a considerable distance in the rear

of her liege lord and never at his side. W...r had the kindness to present the writer a dozen pairs of moccasins worked by this squaw, richly embroidered on the instep with colored porcupine quills, He did him also the favor to have some Indian dances exhibited, that he might have an opportunity of seeing them, so he did not care to risk his friendship by questions touching his famous and recherche feast.

## SIOUX RECONNOITERING

In looking at a body of these fellows scouring the prairies, one cannot fail to be impressed with their admirable horsemanship, and that such subjects originally gave birth to the conception of the fables centaur. A piece of buffalo robe serves for a seat and their bridle is composed of a piece of rope made of plaited bull hide attached to the lower lip of the horse. This is all they required. Their great hold on the horse is with their knees, and it is almost impossible for an animal to throw them. We have seen them, when their horses have been in full motion, stoop and break a switch close to the ground recovering their seat in a moment. One of their greatest delights is to mount a wild or unbroken horse. They master him in a short time, let him be as intractable and vicious as he may.

Their usual arms are a lance about 8 or 9 feet long, tipped with an iron spear, bow, quiver and arrows, tomahawk and sometimes a shield covered with tough bull hide. The indispensable scalping knife in a highly ornamented scabbard, is either suspended from the neck or worn in the belt.

## CAPTURE OF WILD HORSES BY INDIANS

The lariat is used for this purpose, is composed of plaited bull hide, is remarkably strong, pliable and of sufficient weight for throwing well, about 25 feet long, one end generally secured to the rider's horse, the other having a running noose, held by the right hand, the coil being so arranged as not to tangle when the rope is thrown.

On approaching the band, his body swaying to and fro, the noose part is flourished above the head and as opportunity offers, is flung with great precision and dexterity around the neck or leg, whichever appears most feasible to the Indian; and the tame horse is so trained that he immediately resists the strain by bracing himself back, against the suddenness of the jerk. Another mode of capturing is called by the trapper "creasing" with the rifle. The object is to lodge the ball at the junction of the mane with the neck. If this is attained the horse is knocked down and only stunned, is secured and broken. This requires of course a good marksman or, in the vernacular, one who shoots "center."

## LAKE SCENE - WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS

We found the way exceedingly rough in journeying to these lakes, and as if that was not enough, were dogged a great part of the distance by about 20 Crow Indians who had some cause of grievance with one of our party. As we rode the trappers levelled at them fierce expletives in French, interspersed with sacr-r-res, with a fearful roll to the r's. "Enfants des garces", etc., they of course not understanding a word. At length we rid ourselves of them by riding at night and crossing some mountain torrents, thereby losing the trail for them. No "primrose road of dalliance" met our eyes, we scrambled over rocks, through briars and brushwood, crossed rapid streams, and ascended steep acclivities. We at last found ourselves at the borders of these beautiful lakes and were richly repaid for all our difficulties. From immense sheets of clear water, mountains rose back of mountains, each higher than the other, until the highest terminated in needle points of solid granite covered with snow.

"Mountains on whose barren breast  
The laboring clouds do often rest."

The sketch, although conveying some idea, must of necessity fall short of the enchanting reality.

## GREEN RIVER - OREGON

The source is near Fremont's Peak and runs southerly, making one of the tributaries of the great Colorado. As it is in close proximity to the Rocky Mountains, every bend almost produces fine views, the mountains forming a glorious background. Indians encamped "en route" for the rendezvous were all about us, for this gathering at a fixed time brings them from far and near.

A few days before reaching this spot we had the misfortune to lose one of our best men. He was driving his team in the train when the driver in the one before him, reaching back in his wagon, touched the lock of his rifle suspended at his side. The ball struck the man in the breast, passed through him and broke his squaw's arm, seated directly behind him. He was immediately laid on the grass but never spoke a word and died in less than ten minutes. The sun did not seem to shine so brightly for the balance of the day.

## INDIANS IN A STORM - NIGHT SCENE.

We found among the northwestern Indians a belief in a great over-ruling power. They believed also in an evil one, and while they regard auspiciously the former, take precious good care also to conciliate the favor of the latter, having something probably of the views of Edgar in "Lear" who says, "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

When a storm prevails and thunder is crashing over their heads, they know nothing of positive and negative clouds approaching each other and discharging a surplus of electricity. With them it is the "anger of the Great Spirit" who is displeased with his children. They become frightened, hang their heads, and deprecate his wrath, their resolution for the moment is to do better. These resolves pass off however as soon as the cause is removed, their consciences being quieted and reconciled by the appearance of clear weather.

## APPROACHING BUFFALO

This mode of killing buffalo is often resorted to and with attention to certain rules very successfully. The hunters having descried the animals at a distance, decide whether it is most prudent to run or approach them. If the latter, as in the present case, they ascertain how the wind is. If from the buffalo, they immediately commence their approach. If from themselves, they immediately start off, making a wide circuit to the other side of the herd. The reason of this is that the animal's keenness of scent is most acute, and will take the alarm at a distance of a mile or more, while his eye sight is obstructed with the great mass of hair covering his head. The hunters reaching their favorable position, hide their horses in a ravine or behind bushes, and commence approaching on hands and knees. Within proper range they discharge their guns simultaneously, filling their game bag at once if lucky.

## TAKING THE HUMP RIB

With the aid of two or three of the hunters the buffalo is raised from his fallen position and placed in a sitting posture, in order to take that most superlative morceau, the hump rib. A cut is made longitudinally with a knife, the skin on each side flapped on the shoulder and a trapper to the right in the sketch is receiving a tomahawk in order to separate the spinal process.

After this valuable piece is secured, the fleece and side ribs follow and the balance, if there is no pressure in the camp, is left for the expectant wolves who appear to claim it as their perquisite and often are sitting at a distance watching their interests in the matter.

The horse to the left is new to the business and is alarmed at the smell of blood and carnage. Directly in front of him is a sumpter mule, equipped to bear the meat to camp.

## INDIAN ELOPEMENT

The young Indians are adepts in obtaining their wives or squaws clandestinely, having great faith and belief in the sentiment of ancient Pistol "base is the slave that pays." Our hero here has been struck by the dusky charms of a girl in the camp of a different tribe and could readily effect his purpose by purchase but his sole possession is a horse. Will he give that for her? Not he! By strategem and adroitness he knows the prize may be gained. In watching the opposite camp he ascertains when the warriors leave for hunting or forays and seizing the opportunity alights from his horse at the entrance of her lodge, persuades, or if need be, forces her to mount his steed, throws himself on before, and makes for the river at top-speed. To be sure the old men bustle, mount their horses, and pursue, but they want young blood in their veins to catch him. He is half across the river by the time they reach the banks. The chase being hopeless is soon abandoned and as the Indians are sublime in their stoicism, it may be surmised that they do not let a trifle like this disturb their equanimity.

## FORMATIONS OF ROCK.

In this district of prairie, west of Laramie, and south of the Platte, these monstrous rocks rise immediately from the level plain, attaining altitudes from 500 feet upwards. They are of all imaginable shapes, as if nature had been in an eccentric and merry mood, taking care however to have the center of gravity fall in such a manner as to combine the most complete solidity with the utmost strength. They will be as they are now when the great pyramids of Egypt are forgotten, with the proviso however of Ochiltree in "Antiquary" "Ye maun keep hands and gunpowther frae them."

Of what possible use can they be? With a telescope you can see the mountain sheep looking down complacently on us. They scale these dizzy heights with ease and defy us to follow. This is the use to them. At night if they discover no enemy near, the flock descends for food and drink and by daylight they return to the tops of these impregnable forts where they sleep secure. Trappers state that when two males from opposite directions meet on a narrow ledge of rock, neither makes way, but give battle and continue, until one or the other is thrown down.

## SNAKE INDIANS

"Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun."

In starting out on their war parties, these tribes, as is their custom, put themselves "en grande tenue," donning their best dresses, arming at all points, and using their brightest colors to paint themselves. Every week while we were encamped amongst them, preparations of this kind might be seen. From one of these parties we received 3 scalps on their return from a Victorious foray, as a great favor.

Take him by the hand, pale face, and treat him as well as you can. Dont hold back. Why, you would be very like him, besides, recollect that with all his faults he has received immense injury from you, he has sold his birthright to you for a mess a pottage, your Jacob has been played with immense energy to his poor character of Esau. It was an unlucky day for him when he first saw you. Even now you and yours pursue him with fire and sword to extermination. You perceive the faults are not on one side, and can well afford to be generous under the circumstances of the case.

## A HERD OF ANTELOPE

The hunters are here taking advantage of a peculiar trait or failing of these animals. A large number are in sight, and although they have taken the alarm and the greater part are in full retreat, yet a few remain, gazing in stupid curiosity at the approaching hunters. The latter seeing this, push on with all speed in the hope of getting a shot at them before they recover from this apparent trance. It is perfectly useless to run them when they once start, for their speed far outstrips the fleetest horse.

When about a half dozen men are in the field, by a process called "ringing antelopes," they capture a goodly number. The first object after discovering the band is to get a party on every side of them. When the herd puts itself in motion, the hunter in the direction to which it tends gallops forward and the timid animals dart off at another angle to be frightened by the same apparition in that quarter. It is continued until they are nearly exhausted, when the hunters close in and shoot. This seems to recall their scattered senses, when all not wounded, take courage, make a charge through the circle and are gone in a moment.

## BUFFALO CHASE BY A FEMALE

To win renown amongst the Indians and adventurers of the Far West, the first step is that of being a successful hunter. Every one at all ambitious strives to this end, and as the fever is catching, an Indian woman at intervals starts up who is capable of running and bringing down a buffalo. Her success is not attained suddenly, but by practise and perseverance. First attempts are invariable failures and when it is considered how many things are to be attended to in the same moment, the default is not to be wondered at. No sooner does she reach the animal than she must watch his every movement, keep an eye to her horse and guide him, must look out for rifts and buffalo wallows on the prairie, guard against the animals forming an angle and goring, manage bow and arrows or lance, and while both are at full speed to wound him in a vital part. To do all this requires great presence of mind, dexterity and courage, and few women are found amongst them willing to undertake or capable of performing it.

## BUFFALO AT BAY

The scene represents a rolling prairie and this is always unfavorable to the buffalo. To urge his huge weight up hill is to him not a labor of love. He is here at bay and has fallen at the top of the hill, wounded but by no means vanquished. The Indians in the mean time are racing round about, tantalizing and menacing him, fluttering a red cloth, and yelling at the top of their lungs. He bellows from impotent rage, rises on his feet, stamps the ground, flings the earth all around him, and makes a dash at the nearest. Being perfectly familiar with the habits of the animal, they are quite prepared for this and a general stampede follows, the attack is renewed as soon as he stops, until exhausted from weakness and loss of blood, he falls again and is dispatched with spears and arrows. At times they require a good deal of killing, being tenacious of life.

## STAMPEDE OF WILD HORSES

Among the wild animals of the west, none gave us so much pleasure or caused such excitement as the bands of wild horses that at intervals came under our view. The beauty and symmetry of their forms, their wild and spirited action, long full sweeping manes and tails, variety of colour, and fleetness of motion, all combined to call forth admiration from the most stoical. One of the greatest difficulties we experienced was to get near enough. They fought shy and held us at a long range, showing that they were prudent and sensible, in addition to other fine qualities. Often we had to resort to a telescope.

They wheel like trained columns of cavalry, charge, scatter and form again. Again they are seen in battalions scampering across the prairie, stopping for a moment, snuffing the breeze, taking a final look at the intruders from the last undulation, and are gone.

The sketch will convey to the observer some idea of this glorious scene, but it is almost impossible to catch such magic convolutions and secure the spirit of such evanescent forms, under the excitement and difficulties that may be readily imagined to transpire at the moment.

## LAKE SCENE - MOUNTAIN OF THE WINDS

From the elevated rock in the foreground, from whence the sketch was taken, a wide expanse of land, declining gently to the margin of the lake, spreads out before you, broken up with groups of trees. To the left the rocks rise abruptly from the bosom of the lake and behind these rocks a junction takes place with the lake, to the north of this. The peak covered with snow in the distance, to the left of the sketch, is the highest of this range, probably not less than 15,000 feet above the prairie. Silence reigned supreme over this beautiful sheet of water, only at long intervals broken by the descent of an avalanche, crashing through the trees and among the rocks. As we viewed these lakes a single line of Keats' occurred to us wherein he says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and truly it is so! It would require but a slight stretch of imagination to fancy the myriads of people in the next generation flocking to see these sublime scenes. The whizzing of steam on the "Sweet Water", the whirring of car wheels through the "South Pass", are a foregone conclusion. It is only a question of time.

*Pawnee* (?)

## INDIAN LODGES ON THE MISSOURI

The principal lodge, the first in the sketch, is the council chamber. In this they hold their talk and harangue their people. Its dimensions were about 60 or 70 feet in diameter with a dome-like roof, possibly 40 feet in its greatest height. Light is admitted only from the top through an aperture 6 feet across. The effect of light on entering it reminded us strongly of the Pantheon at Rome. The framing is composed of poles, supported on uprights and roughly planked, the whole exterior being covered with adobe (clay and water). From exposure to the sun this becomes very hard and durable, indeed entirely waterproof. The fire is built in the center of the lodge and the smoke finds its way to the opening at the top without the interference of a chimney.

On fine days the Indians are fond of seating themselves on the roofs, making arrows or other implements, smoking and chatting, and in excessive drouths the "medicine man" here also takes his station to implore the "Great Spirit" for rain.

## BEATING A RETREAT

Although this Sioux Indian has an immense range of his own to hunt over, he is not content with it, and we find him here on the grounds of the Blackfeet. The latter from a bluff have discovered the marauder, are discharging their arrows at him, and in a rage because they are not nearer to secure his scalp. The retreating Indian is defending himself as he runs, as best he can. The shield which he uses is covered with bull hide, and becomes so tough in time that no arrow can penetrate its surface. His great care is to protect the head and body, letting his extremities take their chance. In case an arrow penetrates his leg or arm, he still continues his flight to a place of safety, his capability to bear pain, and patience under its infliction, is wonderful. When he is no longer pursued, if wounded, he sits down and cuts out the arrow, compressing the wound with a bandage drawn tightly around it and enclosing medicinal plants very often, if they are to be found.

## INDIAN GIRLS RACING

Just before sunset these girls have been sent out to search for and bring in the horses. These have been found and are making their way home instinctively. The girls are doing something of the same kind, with an addition. A challenge has been given and a scrub race ensue, the goal being the old Indian fort located on the distant prairie. Their long hair is streaming in the wind, and the housing of their horses are gingling and clattering about them to their great delight. They are fast girls in every sense of the word and in their costumes no colors can by any possibility be too bright for them. This is a sensible enjoyment. Few pleasures (we take it) exceed in this world that of breathing a fine generous horse over a broad prairie.

## RIVER "EAU SUCRE"

The point of view here is some 40 or 50 miles from the mountains, whose summits are seen reflecting the light from the sun. In the immediate foreground are some Indian lodges, with a chief and his satellites watching the return of a party who have been sent out on a marauding expedition, and are seen coming up the defile.

The source of this river is in the vicinity of the South Pass, and ultimately finds its way to the Platte; before doing so however, it passes through the famous Canon(Kanyon) called the "Devil's Gate," of which a sketch will be forthcoming. From Fort Laramie along the Platte we have seen almost daily the magpie, a large sprightly bird, long tailed, with plumage white and jet black. It is never seen (we believe) in the States. The cactus plant was also abundant, bearing large rich flowers, scarlet and white; on the Eau Sucre it is less frequent. Dwarf trees, bearing excellent plums, were to be found occasionally, not to be despised by men whose only change of diet was coffee and meat at breakfast, meat and coffee at noon, and "dacapo" at night.