

AMERICAN SCENE

THE THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA, OKLAHOMA



AMERICAN SCENE

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TWO VIEWS

One of the aims of the late Thomas Gilcrease in amassing his collection of Western Americana was to gather the works of artists who knew first hand the American Indian of the Plains. He collected the works of artists who had preserved in paint and other media the life of the Indian and the natural environment in which the Indian lived.

The Gilcrease Museum, therefore, became the place of residence for outstanding collections of the works of George Catlin, Carl Bodmer, and A. J. Miller. These men went west to seek the Indian out, to live with him and to learn his ways.

Catlin made his journey in 1832, Bodmer went west in 1833, Alfred Jacob Miller, the subject of one of the articles in this American Scene, followed in 1837.

Another of the aims of Mr. Gilcrease was to gather the works of artists whose records were oriented to the lives and environment of another sort of visitor to the west. This other newcomer seemed not so much concerned with being an observer of a life style already existent in the west as he was determined to change much of it by imposing his own ways on the land. We speak, for example, of the traders, the trappers, and finally the white settlers.

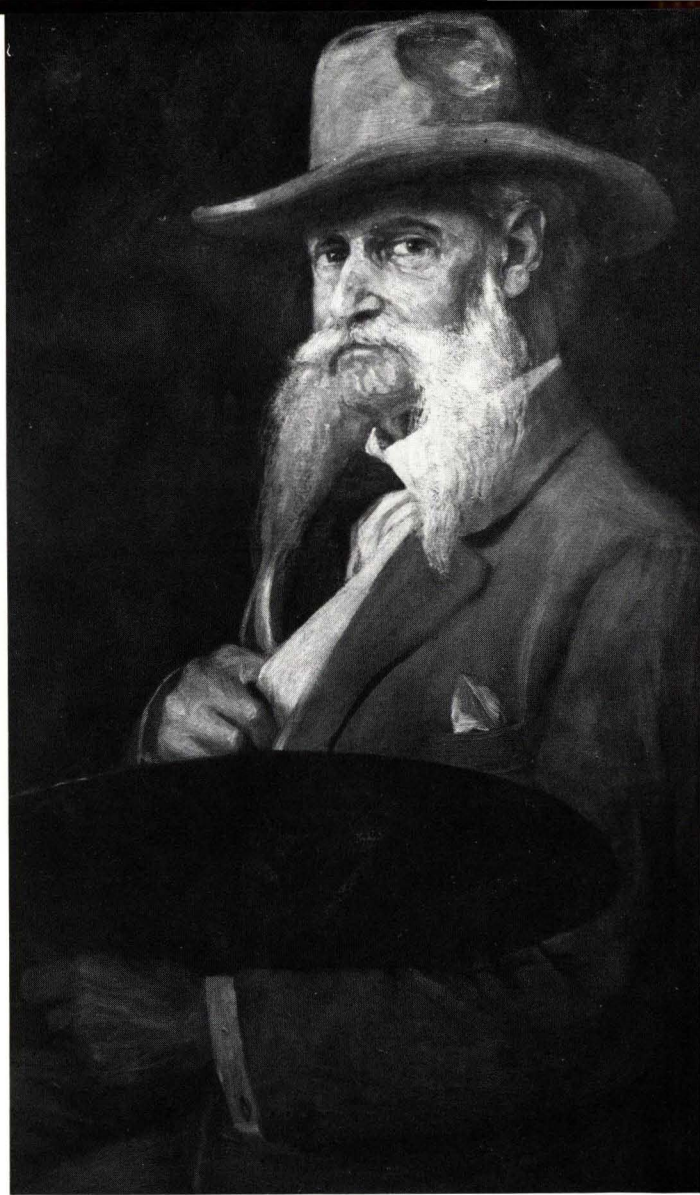
William de la Montagne Cary seems more like this second type of visitor who followed the general geographic paths, if not the philosophical directions, of Catlin, Bodmer, and Miller. Approximately thirty years separate the western trips of Miller and Cary.

We present, thus, in this issue of our magazine two views of the west; two statements made by artists who kept their records in both paint and print. We include, as textual support for their paintings, the words they set down.

Some of the verbal language used is colorful, to say the least. A bit of it may even seem offensive to some readers. Yet, to exclude it would be to alter the self-portrait which the artist has provided, and show us a less-than-true picture of what life was like for these men.

Therefore, we present to you William de la Montagne Cary and Alfred J. Miller; in their own words and paintings, two views of the west.





Portrait of Cary by Robert Hamilton

WILLIAM de la



Medicine Man Offering Peace Pipe to Setting Sun

MONTAGNE CARY

William de la Montagne Cary was born in Tappan, New York, in 1841, the same year that A. J. Miller was in Scotland painting pictures of the American West from his sketches for his patron Sir W. D. Stewart's Murthly Castle. Little is known of his early years save that he was interested in art and that his ability resulted in his being apprenticed to an engraver. At the age of twenty, he left for the West and his ultimate career as a painter of the Western scene. He died at Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1922.

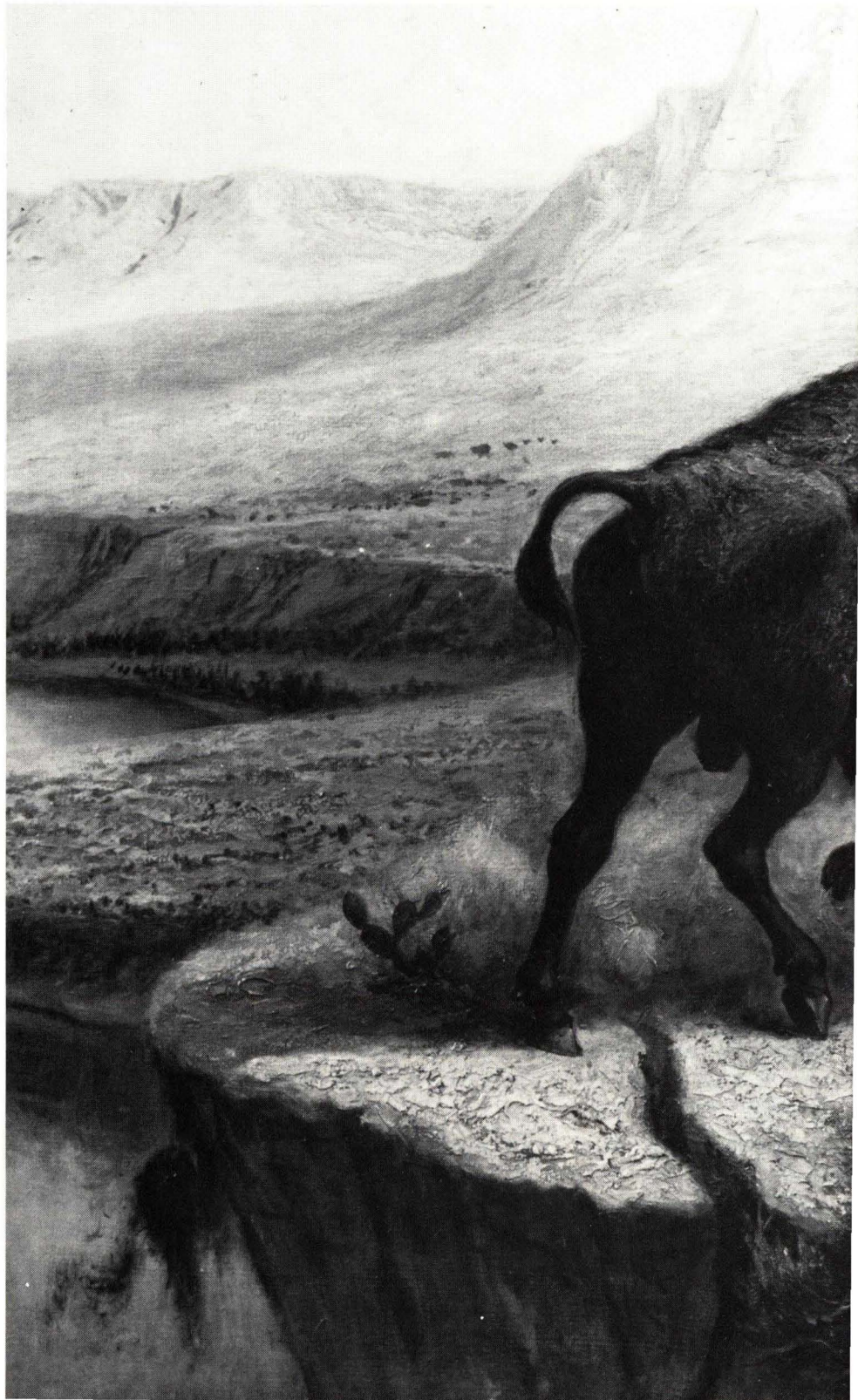
Cary painted military posts, mountainmen, and traders, and knew Generals Custer and Sheridan. His pictures depict Indians in their games, hunting, and life styles plus attention given to wild life of the plains. Cary made his first of many trips

to the West in 1861 with two of his friends, W. H. Schieffelin and E. M. Lawrence. On these expeditions to the frontier, Cary made any number of pencil sketches which were later transformed into oil paintings, his favorite medium. In 1874, he traveled with the United States Government Northern Boundary Survey and from that adventure, he produced a number of paintings of Indians and life along the Missouri.

At the time Cary was making his sketches for his future pictures, he also wrote several short stores of his adventures in the West. The Gilcrease Library has selected one of them to be illustrated with his own work. William Cary was a much better artist than writer, however his writing style does capture a definite feeling and flavor of the times.

Reminiscences of personal experiences in the West of
William De La Montagne Cary

BUFFALO HUNT



Buffalo Bulls Fighting for Mastery of the Herd

IN 1861



In about a week or ten days after John the hunter, for the Fur Company at Fort Union, had brought in a supply of fresh buffalo meat that he had in some way learned of a herd of buffalo out in the large or open prairie and as our supply of meat was getting low, he determined to start out the next morning at daybreak and bring back a fresh supply by night.

John, the hunter, was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, a Creole, standing six feet four in his moccasins, with immense broad shoulders and in perfect proportion. He had a mass of blond hair reaching almost down to his waist. He was perfectly fearless but lacking in caution and had an ungovernable passion, with a hatred and contempt for the Indian, which resulted in his death, a few years afterwards.

John called me aside and asked if I would like to go with him the next morning, on a hunt, explaining the plan and telling me not to say a word about it to my friends, as there were not enough ponies at the Fort, after the loss of some horses several days before.

I jumped at the chance, so it was arranged that I should sleep that night, near the window, in my quarters, where he could poke me with a stick with-out arousing my companions. The plan worked perfectly and at the first peep of day, I had my clothes on and came out. John took me to his quarters where his squaw had prepared a breakfast of bacon, hardtack and coffee, which we soon disposed of and on coming out found the horses, eight in number, already saddled, four packs and four saddle horses. The blacksmith and halfbreed were to accompany us.

The gates were thrown open and we rode out on the plain and took a Northern direction, at the edge of the buttes. It was a lovely morning, the air much cooler than it had been for a week and we went loping along with John in the lead. He was a picturesque figure with his blond hair streaming behind him, with his slicker thrown back and the fancy capuche hanging from the collar; the red, yellow and blue stripes of the blanket coat; his rifle balanced across his knees and lariat trailing behind him, which he now and then used to assist the blacksmith and halfbreed to drive the pack horses.

The blacksmith was a powerful fellow but not as large as John. He was shorter and thickset, with a kindly face and weighed his words as he spoke while John seemed to bluster and talk without caring much what he was saying. Yet, these two men were very fast friends.

The halfbreed was one of the descendents of Mackenzie, one of the Hudson Bay Company, who has been known so well in Northwest.

We had been riding along the edge of the buttes that ran parallel with the Missouri river, about two miles back from the river bank and were just coming to a small canyon leading back to the large, when John the hunter, who was in the lead, discovered a trail of fresh blood. The blood followed the little trail up the canyon where we expected to go.

John did not stop to examine whether the blood came from a horse or buffalo or some other animal but it was evident to me it must be from a large animal as the blood was in large



clots spattered along the white earth. John called to the halfbreed in Indian language, to leave the trail and strike directly for the Red Willow, which grows from twelve to twenty feet high and fringes the river, for several hundred feet from its banks.

We got under the cover of this brush as soon as possible and drove the pack horses through it, keeping them as near the bank of the river, as the fallen cottonwood trees would permit. We were, by this means, sheltered from view of any Indians who might be lurking on the buttes.

It was John's intention to go up this canyon, which led directly out on the large, as it was called, or open prairie, a couple of miles back of these buttes. Instead of doing this, we now felt it necessary to keep away from the plains, at least for a day, in this immediate vicinity so we trudged on, forcing our way through this brush for a distance of six or seven miles, when we came out again into a beautiful cottonwood forest.

We crossed the forest, keeping near the bank of the river, knowing that it would be safest and as John intended to make a large circle or detour around the trail of blood we had crossed, it favored our movements.

We had noticed a heavy, dark cloud coming up from the Northwest, which indicated rain. This was favorable to us as we knew the Indians of those days, only used the bow for hunting, in fact almost for all purposes.

Rain, we knew, was bad medicine for the Indian as it slackened the sinews of his bow, making it useless for a time and would therefore force him to leave the plain for more sheltered quarters.

That night we camped with a party of four voyagers who had left the Fort two or three days before, cordelling a mackinaw boat up the river. It had now commenced to rain and became quite chilly. We could not sleep in the willow which we had entered again so we sat in the mackinaw all night, the rain beating down upon us as our saddle blankets were thrown over our shoulders.

Our pack animals and riding horses were hobbled and picketed in the willow on the river bank where they were left to feed on Red Willow.

The voyagers had nothing but their rations of dried buffalo meat and a little hard tack and tea. Just about enough to last them on their trip.

We had about six biscuits each and a little tea in a cow skin bag. We made some tea on the platform, built in the center of the mackinaw and filled with earth, for cooking purposes.

We did not get much sleep that night on account of the rain and were wet to the skin but did not dare build a fire to dry our clothes, on account of the Indians.

We were delighted to see the light of day and I for one, felt I could endure anything rather than sit in the Mackinaw any

longer. The rain was still coming down in a steady stream while we had our horses saddled and bridled, so we bid our companions of the night bon voyage and left the river and willow, striking directly back over the buttes to the prairie beyond, determined to get the game we were seeking.

The rain had washed out almost all of the signs of the game and the water was pouring down the sides of the buttes, in rivulets, cutting out gullies.

We knew that our trail was washed out in a very little while after passing and it would be impossible for an enemy to follow us by that means.

The few biscuits left had become a mass of dough and this was all we had to eat but it was impossible to make a fire to cook with and so we chewed tea as a stimulant. We had plenty of tobacco and the men had that consolation but I being a novice with the pipe had but little satisfaction in smoking.

We reached the open prairie, in the course of two hours, after climbing the steep sides of the Bad Lands, up and down, crossing ravines and our horses slipping at almost every step. We were greatly relieved when we struck the short curly buffalo grass, where our horses could travel with so much ease to their riders and themselves.

We were now taking a North-easterly course, towards the North Fork of Muddy Creek and were on the lookout for buffalo for we expected to come across them at any moment.

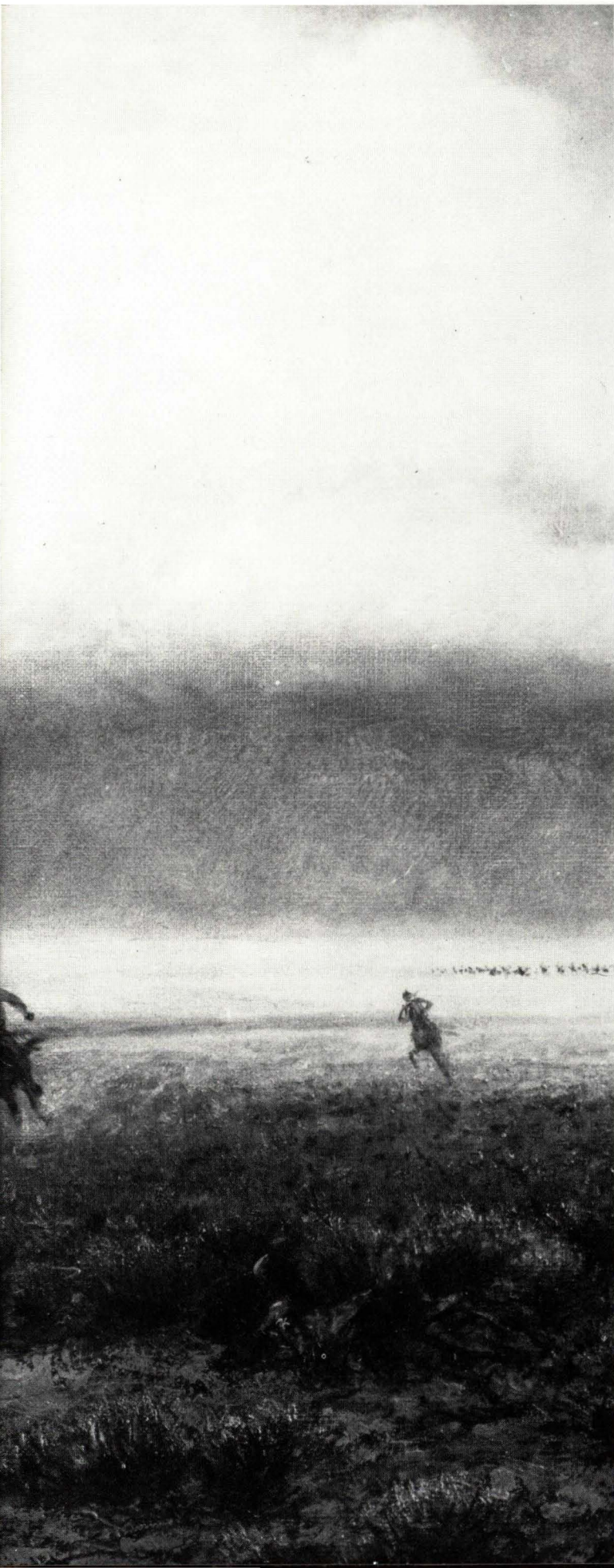
It was necessary to travel with caution and so whenever we came to a rise in the ever rolling prairie, John would ride ahead and cautiously peer over into the basin or hollow we were approaching, expecting to see a herd feeding or lying down to rest, as is their habit, especially in rainy weather.

From time to time we were disappointed in not seeing buffalo, so the day passed with no cessation of the rain. We were getting discouraged and the blacksmith proposed that we go and camp as we were but a short distance from Muddy Creek. It was then about six o'clock in the afternoon and John consented.

We managed to build a fire which proved to be a great comfort as we could at least partly dry our clothes. We had seen a few antelope and while Babtist the halfbreed was building the fire, John and the blacksmith went out on foot and tried to get an antelope but they were too shy and the hunters were unable to get within gun-shot of them, so they returned to camp.

The next morning, after a comparatively good sleep, in spite of the rain and hunger, we were aroused by the halfbreed calling out in a sing-song manner, lave! lave! which seems to be the custom in that country.





WE had a cup of tea which is a favorite stimulant on the plains. Our horses were then driven to camp and soon saddled.

Driving our pack horses before us, we started further back in the large, continuing our course Northeast by East. We traveled slowly as the grass was slippery from the immense amount of rain and about noon we came to a rise in the plains. John being ahead, he dropped from his horse and bending low, motioned to us to stop where we were, while he cautiously crept to the edge of the hill, peering into the valley beyond.

We knew John either saw Indians or buffalo and we all hoped for the latter. John had left his horse standing where he had dismounted and now came back in the same crouching manner, quietly mounted his horse and rode to where we were anxiously awaiting him. When he told us of buffalo in the basin beyond feeding, we were delighted at the prospect as we were starving of hunger.

John commenced to make his preparations for killing the necessary amount of buffalo. It was decided the best way to accomplish this was by a still hunt, that is by creeping upon the game without disturbing them and shooting at long range. One of the cows is shot first and as soon as the bull smells blood, he stands up and paws the ground and the fattest and best cows showing a broadside, are dropped by a bullet.

We employed this method and John using an army musket and I using a very fine rifle, a muzzle loader, and in this way we killed seven buffalo which we considered sufficient. We then rose and on showing ourselves, the buffalo took to their heels.

The halfbreed and blacksmith who had remained with the horses, were signaled and they brought up the pack horses. Then commenced the butchery.

The buffalo were rolled over and sat upon, with their knees under them and commencing at the hump, the knife was slipped under the skin and slid down along the backbone to the tail, then it is peeled off from each side. The shoulders are unjoined and the hips also and the legs cut off at the knees with a hunting axe, six ribs are cut from each side and the backbone is cut in sections. After this is all done, the skin is cut in strips and insertions are cut into the flesh, the strips of skin are then passed through and tied, forming a loop, which is hung on the pack saddle. In this way the buffalo meat is loaded on the pack horses.

We were now ready to return to the Fort but as it was already noon, we know it would be impossible to reach our destination that night.

John led the way and started straight towards the river but in a different direction from which we had come. I noticed the change and spoke to him about it. He replied it would be



all right so I was satisfied he knew what he was doing. In two or three hours we came to the edge of the large and the ground became more broken. We knew the buttes were not far off and that we were nearing the river below them.

After some rough climbing we began the descent, the night was fast approaching and as we entered the willow at the edge of the river, it was almost impossible to see one another. We passed through the willows and reached a secluded spot where we camped under a large cottonwood tree. John and the blacksmith took the campkettle and went to the river for water. Imagine my surprise to see them returning with John holding a keg on his shoulder and the blacksmith carrying the kettle of water.

John seemed amused at my surprise and had a very mysterious air about him. He put the keg on the ground and took a tin cup, filling it half full from the cask and gave it to me, after adding a third water to it. The whiskey, for such it proved to be, warmed us and we felt its exhilarating effects.

THE authorities would not permit any liquor being kept at the fort so John had his own method and he hid a small keg under an old Beaver dam, but the exact spot was known only to himself. Whenever off on a hunt John always camped in this vicinity.

The halfbreed had a fire made and shortly two sides of ribs were roasting before it and we enjoyed a hearty meal as we were nearly starved.

Some willow was cut and the buffalo meat taken from the pack horses and laid upon it. The horses were then turned loose to graze after being hobbled. Our camp was located in a safe place and we had no fear of being surprised by Indians. We had a good rest that night, the hearty meal and warm fire enabled us to thoroughly enjoy a much needed sleep.

I was awakened at daybreak by John. It had ceased to rain and the morning mist was rising from the river. We had breakfast and soon after the pack horses were saddled with their loads with the keg of whiskey on top of all.

We were ready to start and I was about to mount my horse, when we heard tramping in the willows, coming along our trail. I was on a small rise in the ground, somewhat in advance of the others. John said, what is that can you see? Yes, said I, a young buck Indian, whom I saw through the willows. He had evidently discovered us and beat a hasty retreat.

It was plain that John and the blacksmith were worried. We all mounted our ponies and started driving the packs before us. Directly ahead, lay a stretch of prairie for several miles, which we had to cross to reach cover. Beyond the prairie, we could see the buttes.

We followed the trail, keeping a sharp lookout and we discovered black objects appear and disappear, on the top of the buttes, like so many crows. We felt sure they were Indians watching us and so pressed along quickly, never ceasing to be vigilant for fear of an ambushade, knowing our lives would be the forfeit.

Just as we had crossed the bed of a dry creek and were emerging from the bull berry and wild plum bushes which skirted it, we saw to our horror, the dust flying along the trail at the top of the buttes, a large band of Indians, making a mad dash on their ponies, straight for us.

John yelled with a savage curse, the Indians! Make for the cottonwood! But too late, we saw the Indians had timed their charge upon us so well that they knew we could never reach cover in time to escape them. We were trapped in this little prairie and at their mercy.

Seeing how useless the effort would be, to attempt to reach the cottonwood, John shouted, strip your guns! We dropped from our horses, holding the bridles over our arms and quickly placed our horses to form a breastwork of them, so as to give the best possible protection. Our chances looked hopeless as the Indians rushed madly upon us with their horrible yells. They were now almost within rifle range and now separated, forming two lines, passing to the left and right of us, riding in a circle.

A number of shots had been exchanged at long range without effect on either side when a strapping big warrior pressed forward and shouted to his companions. He raised the palm of his hand towards us and our halfbreed Babbit discovered he was a brother of his squaw. Babbit making the discovery, stood on one of the horses and calling in the Indian language was answered by signs.

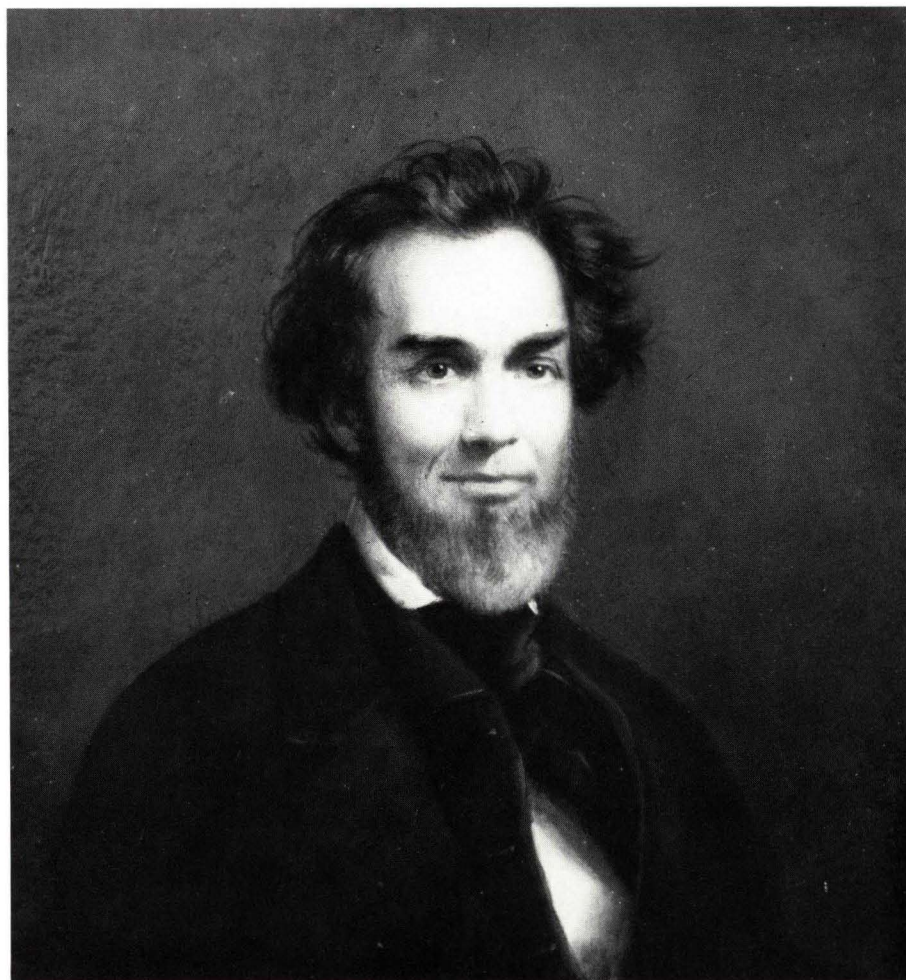
The brotherinlaw, with three other Indians, rode forward and we all went through the handshaking and the how! how! of the Indians.

John the hunter, having brought the keg of whiskey from our last camping place, now poured out three or four quarts and gave it to the Indians who left us after some more talk and how! how!

We pushed on to the Fort as fast as our pack horses could travel and in a few hours came in sight of it. We were soon discovered from the lookout, the gates were thrown open and all came forth to hug and welcome us back for we had been given up for lost, when we did not return the next day, as hostiles had been seen in the vicinity of the Fort.

We were doubly welcome for not only had we returned unharmed but had brought in a fresh supply of meat, which was so much needed. The Fort was in the heart of a game country but it was very dangerous to venture out to kill game, as the hostiles were constantly watching the Fort, in the hopes of getting a white man's scalp or of some of the Assiniboinis who were known to be stopping at the Fort, at that time.





A. J. Miller, Self Portrait

ALFRED JACOB MILLER

During the spring of 1837 a young artist named Alfred Jacob Miller (1810-1874) was employed by Captain William Drummond Stewart to accompany the American Fur Company's supply caravan on an excursion to the Rocky Mountains to "sketch the remarkable scenery and incidents of the journey."

Going to the Far West was a completely new and thrilling adventure for the twenty-seven year old artist but a return visit for Stewart, a seasoned traveler and sportsman. Stewart was a Scottish nobleman with a fascination for traveling and hunting in the Western wilds. After having served in the

British Army for twelve years and having fought at Waterloo, Stewart made his first trip with the Rocky Mountain Company to the Green River "trapper's rendezvous" in 1833. The "trapper's rendezvous" referred to many times by Miller, was just that: a rendezvous or meeting place for the trappers, Indians, and traders.

For his 1837 excursion, he chose Miller to accompany him to make paintings to adorn the walls of his castle in Scotland. Certainly he made an excellent choice for Miller was a well-schooled artist. Miller was born in Baltimore and at the age of twenty-one began studying under Thomas Sully.



In 1833, he entered the *École des Beaux Arts* in France. After studying in Europe, he returned to Baltimore and opened a studio where he first met Captain Stewart. The results of that meeting are the remarkable pictorial records of the first artist to visit that area of the Rocky Mountains.

Stewart and his party of men, including Miller, left the vicinity of Independence, Missouri, along with representatives of the American Fur Company. The caravan followed the North Platte to Fort Laramie, along the Sweetwater River crossing the South Pass and on to the "trapper's rendezvous" on the Green

River. Next they moved on to Stewart's favorite camping ground at the headwaters of the New Fork in the Wind River Mountains. Sketching along the way, Miller captured the splendor of the mountains, lakes, and streams. He captured glimpses of the trappers, the buffalo hunts, and caravans along the rivers. He sketched Fort Laramie, the trapper taking an Indian bride, and the dashing Indian warriors, and graceful maidens, as well as the excitement of a near attack by Indians and numerous other action-filled events.

The Gilcrease Institute Collection includes some 109 watercolors and sketches

and twenty-seven oil paintings by Alfred Jacob Miller. In addition to these brilliant visual records, Miller wrote the following descriptive accounts of the subjects he painted. Some 166 of the original annotations, "Rough Draughts for Notes to Indian Sketches" are in the Gilcrease Library.

Miller truly captured the wild, free spirit and romance of the western wilderness. Even today his paintings remain as fresh and vital as the day they were painted. The reader is invited to share the experience of the young artist's first and only trip to the western frontier in a glorious era now past.



Attack By Indians (Crow) (far left)

Cardinal Wiseman who saw an oil painting from this sketch thus describes it.

"He (Captⁿ Stewart) is at the head of his tribe a small & insignificant body of men, threatened by one far more powerful & numerous which is bent upon its destruction. — He has himself become the Chief of his tribe; but as the enemy are coming to battle they have been told by their soothsayer that they will not succeed unless the other side strikes the first blow, — The picture represents this gentleman at the head of his little body of men, surrounded by yelling & irritated savages provoking him to strife & for this purpose thrusting their fists into his face shaking their tomahawks over his head, using the most insulting gestures, & uttering the most offensive words; but he stands calm & composed in the midst of them knowing that the safety not only of himself, but of all who trust in him depends entirely upon his complete command of self."

Antoine (half cast) his faithful friend who had stood by him in many such emergencies—reckless & brave to rashness, is prominent in the group near him.

Dodging An Arrow (Crows) (above)

Although an Indian's life is tolerably worthless to any but himself, Yet he uses every stratagem fair & foul to preserve it, & is often indebted to his ligheness & activity for this result, — The duello would by no means suit him, — In battle (if on foot) he chooses his ground, so that he may retreat behind trees rocks &c in case of emergency.

In skirmishing on horseback, he makes a target of his horse, — watching the deadly arrow of his adversary, — he quick as lightning clings to his horses neck, — dropping his body to the opposite side, exposing but a part of his arm & leg to his enemy, — sometimes he holds on simply by the heel while the horse is in full motion.

In such an attitude he will discharge his arrows under the horses neck, recovering his seat in a moment, — this is only attained by long practice. — A broken neck certainly awaits any one who tries to accomplish the feat for the first time.

In case an arrow strikes them either in the arm or leg — they bear the pain with a wonderful stoicism — until reaching a retired spot enables them to have it cut out.



Fort Laramie

This post built for the American Fur Company, — situated about 800 miles west of St Louis is of a quadrangular form with block houses at diagonal corners to sweep the fronts in case of attack.

Over the front entrance is a large block house in which is placed a Cannon, — the interior of the Fort is about 150 ft square surrounded by small cabins whose roofs reach within 3 feet of the top of the palisades against which they abut; — The Indians encamp in great numbers here 3 or 4 times a year, bringing peltries to be exchanged for dry goods, tobacco, beads, & alcohol.

The Indians have a mortal horror of the "big gun" which rests in the block house as they have had experience of its prowess, & witnessed the havoc produced by its loud "talk;" — They conceive it to be only asleep and have a wholesome dread of its being waked up.

On entering the principal room of the Fort we noticed 5 or 6 first class engravings, — one of which was Richard & Saladin, battling in the Holy-Land, & from these immediately surmised that the Commander of the post was a refined gentleman, — when he came in we found our surmise correct, — His name was Fontenelle already famous in Indian history, — he tendered at once the hospitalities of the place and attendants, — gave orders for crocks of milk to be brought to us, a luxury we had been deprived of for a length of time & to which we did ample justice; — & while we rested here, seemed never tired of extending to us every comfort & aid that he could command.





The Trappers Bride (left)

The Scene represented in the Sketch transpired at the American Fur Co's rendezvous on Green River, Oregon, in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains.

Francois (a half breed Trapper) is seated on a bank to the left, his hand extended to his promised wife, supported by her father & attended by an Indian Chief, — who holds the Calumet an article indispensable in all ceremonies.

The price of the acquisition in this case was \$600 paid in the legal tender of the Country viz Guns \$100, Horse blankets \$50, Red Flannels \$20 per yd. — Alcohol \$64 per Gal & Sugar, Tobacco, beads &c at corresponding rates.

The Trapper (half-breed or white) being "ton" or upper circle is considered a most desirable match, — but it is conceded that he is a ruined man after such an investment, — the lady immediately running him into unheard of extravagancies. — She wants rich dresses, — a horse, gorgeous (sic) saddle & trappings to cover the whole steed, countless hawks bells, a peck of different colored beads, & the deuce knows what beside, — For this the poor-devil Trapper sells himself body & soul to the Fur Comp'y for a number of years. — He Traps Beaver, — hunts the Bison, — Grizzly Bear — Elk &c, — for peltries, the value of which the Comp'y credits to his account, — the latter charging immense prices for goods that the Trapper must have & which They only can furnish, — at the same time getting the peltries for a mere nominal sum.

Si-Roc-U-An-Tua (below left)

This young Indian, Son of the Chief Ma-wo-ma, was an admirable specimen of the "Snakes" with whom we sojourned at the Rendezvous.

He was about 20 years of age, — form as straight as an arrow & a carriage of natural grace never acquired from the dancing master, — amiable & quiet in deportment, — social but not obtrusive, — brave but not boastful, — he at once engaged your sympathy & admiration; — he had already distinguished himself in Battle & 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, & the cue worn behind his head extended to the knee joint, plaited & ornamented with brass rings at intervals, — lessening in size to the end; — As he was somewhat of a beau, we furnished him with some vermilion to aid him in his toilet;

Indian Girl (Sioux) (right)

The education of these wild imps of the prairie consists mainly in learning to embroider saddle cloths, & dresses with beads, and porcupine quills; — they soon become adept also in manufacturing the soft pliable buckskin of which their costume is composed, — which is by no means subject to a change of fashion. — Towards evening their business is to mount horses & bring in the band of mustangs belonging to the tribe & which stray off some distance in the course of the day feeding. — Their princes come at last in the shape of a free-trapper or Indian the former holding an Envidable position from his known recklessness & liberality, who hands over to the father of the girl he fancies a handsome "douceur" & she becomes his Squaw by right of purchase, — reminding one of similar customs among the Egyptians under the Governship of the Pharaohs.







Crow Indian, — On the Look-Out

The scene represented in the Sketch is an Indian riding out on the point of a bluff, for the purpose of overlooking the prairie far & near forming at once a subject of unconscious wit grace & beauty. — From these elevations their eyes sweep the horizon & from long practice they discern an object much sooner than an unpracticed person, — Sailors on the ocean having in a marked degree the same advantage.

From these Bluffs they observe in which direction game is to be had, & notify their hunters; — the direction of rivers & land-marks; — the approach of an enemy, or a

caravan of "pale faces," & make their preparations accordingly. All are fish that come to their net.

Although at all times they are ready to give battle to a different tribe of Indians, they generally try to conciliate the whites, — Experience having taught them that from the superior armament of the latter, they have usually come off second best in a skirmish — besides they always receive presents when they exhibit a friendly disposition, which produces the best results, as they are appreciative of kindness & good will, — besides this, many articles indispensable to their comfort & need must be obtained from the whites. hence for these & other reasons, they are friendly.

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