

FAMOUS INDIANS.

PORTRAITS OF SOME INDIAN CHIEFS.



FEW years ago the buffalo stopped the way of the Union Pacific trains, but to-day it is to be found only as a rarity in parks and menageries. The typical North American Indian is nearly as extinct.

Judging from my own observation among them, the generation which is now passing away will be the last which will truly exhibit the finer qualities of the natural savage.

It would be foreign to the present subject to discuss the reasons for the decay of the Indian; it is enough to accept the fact that he receives from civilization little or nothing which benefits him. Morals are largely mere customs or habits of thought; the essential morality of life, which, broadly speaking, is truth and honesty, is known and valued among every people. The Indian always esteemed bravery, virtue, and truth, so I believe he has gained little or nothing from the white civilization, and has lost everything. He has lost the fine flavor of the wilderness, much of the simplicity and integrity of natural life, or "savagery," and has readily absorbed the pleasant vices of civilization. With drunkenness, disease, dependence upon a paternal government which is not paternal, and the annihilation of his environment, it has become as impossible for the Indian to exist as for the buffalo. Therefore, it is thought that the medallions here presented of some of the greatest Indian chiefs, men who are typical of all that was best in the original life of this people, will have great ethnological, as well as artistic, interest, and that the careful modeling of their faces by Mr. Olin L. Warner, an artist conscientiously realistic in his portraiture, yet subtly imaginative in his delineation of character, will prove a work of national importance.

The entire expedition, which, as a private enterprise, has preserved these valuable memoranda for the future generations of America, is perhaps worthy of extended comment; but only this will now be said—that the reader may appreciate the rare opportunity which placed such valuable material at his disposal. It was undertaken by Mr. Warner from a love of the subject, and was accomplished without aid from any one, except that he was fortunate in the sympathy of Mr. Edward McNeill, Gen-

eral Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway, who lent valuable assistance. Indeed, one of the medallions—that of Seltice—was modeled in the car placed at Mr. Warner's disposal, and could not have been obtained in any other way, as Seltice's engagement to be at the camp of some of his people was of far more importance in his eyes than mere dabbings in mud; but he had no objection to the sculptor making what use he pleased of his features during the time he himself was being forwarded on his way. As I am not competent to speak for them, the reproductions of the medallions must speak for themselves; but no reproduction can do justice to the sculpturesque and poetic qualities of the original. Joseph was modeled life-size, the others about one half or two thirds life-size. One of the most noticeable traits of Mr. Warner's subjects was their personal indifference to his work. They obliged him by posing as an act of courtesy or hospitality, but it was evidently a great bore, and when they were notified that the work was done, they quietly walked away without even looking at it. Whether they really saw everything out of the corners of their eyes, as an Indian has a habit of doing, and whether this lack of interest in themselves was affected or not, I cannot say; but I am inclined to think it was genuine, for when they were asked to inspect the medallions and to give an opinion, they did so pleasantly and simply.

JOSEPH.

EASILY first among all the chiefs with whom I have a personal acquaintance, and, I believe, among the first of any whom our history records, is Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt, or, as he is generally known, Joseph. His remarkable retreat in 1877 from Camas Prairie, Idaho, to the Bear Paw Mountains, Montana, through the Yellowstone National Park, twice crossing the Rocky Mountains, and bringing with him for nearly two thousand miles the wounded, the aged, the infirm, and the children of his whole tribe, and within forty miles of his goal, from the middle of June to the beginning of October, fighting pitched battles with fresh troops at frequent intervals, and often with success,—this achievement gave him a standing as a great military commander; and his



JOSEPH, CHIEF OF THE "NEZ PERCÉ" INDIANS.

sparing of prisoners and setting free of women captured by his band, whenever the cases came within his personal control, form the first instance in all Indian warfare of such magnanimity. His features, as here modeled by the sculptor, present the man who surrendered in October, 1877. But at that time he looked much younger than the difference in the years would suggest, and was as lean as a hawk, with, however, the same dignified air and the same curiously gentle look in the eyes. He has faithfully kept his word that he would "fight no more forever," and though he has had opportunities since then to head malcontents, his efforts have been to restrain, not to inflame them. He has recently visited Washington in the effort to obtain permission to return among his own people on the Lapwai Reservation, and it may possibly aid that effort to repeat what has once before been said in this magazine, that his banishment from this reservation is only another instance of the uniformly bad faith with which the colossal machinery of

our Government treats the insignificant Indian. At the time of Joseph's surrender, the general in command of our troops was already in receipt of orders from General Sherman and General McDowell to care for these Indians (if captured) in his own department,—that is, the military department of the Columbia, which included that part of Idaho inhabited by Joseph's band.

As the whole war had arisen from the attempt on our part to force Joseph's band of Indians, in violation of our treaty with them, upon this Lapwai Reservation, it was naturally supposed when he surrendered that the result of his defeat would be simply to compel him to enter upon those limits which he had rejected, and accordingly, in the preliminary negotiations for the surrender, it was substantially promised, in view of the orders just referred to, that he should return to Idaho, but that he must go upon the Lapwai Reservation. Undoubtedly he would have been at once returned to this district had the season permitted, but, as the order

itself recited, the snow in the mountains prohibited travel, and Joseph was left in the charge of General (then Colonel) Miles, until the spring should open the mountain passes. But the Government, instead of performing its part, and returning him to Idaho as promised, transported him and his people to the malarial river-bottoms of the Indian Territory, which were fatal to most of them. After some years, the few survivors were finally permitted to return north-

General Miles. He was chief of that large band of the Nez Percés known as the "Non-Treaty Nez Percés," and is still chief of the remaining handful, and is looked up to by the entire Nez Percé nation. He is the Indian of most authority and reputation in all the Northwest.

When on the expedition to obtain these medallions, we stopped for a while at The Dalles of the Columbia River to watch the gaffing of salmon by the Indians, and there heard that



ENCHEASKWE, CHIEF OF THE COEUR D'ALENES.

ward, and to go upon the Chelan Reservation in the State of Washington, but Joseph is still asking that the surrender stipulation of fifteen years ago be fulfilled. He speaks loyally of the President, who, he says, he well understands cannot trouble himself much with anybody so unimportant as himself. But it seems to others that there is a moral obligation upon that Government which, after depriving him of his native land, has penned him within prescribed limits, and left him a captive robbed by the fortunes of war of his horses and all his savage wealth, and has not furnished him or his people with a plow, a blanket, or a sack of flour. His best friends are those who have met him as man to man — General Howard, General Gibbon, and

a drunken Indian had shot Joseph. We asked some of the fishermen on the rocks about this, and they laughed and said: "Joseph lives a great way up north, but is a big chief, and no Indian would kill him; but if he were dead from any cause, every Indian in the country would know it right off, so you may be sure it is a lie," as it proved to be. His name means "Thunder Rolling in the Mountains." His father and his father's father were chiefs before him. He is about fifty years of age, temperate in his habits, quiet and modest in his demeanor, speaks in a low, sweet voice, which rises and falls in a melodious chant after the fashion of Indian oratory. He is so eloquent and imaginative as to be celebrated even among a race



SELTICE, CHIEF OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

naturally eloquent; but probably he has never delivered a more truly heart-touching speech than the few lines in which he pictured the unhappy fate of himself and his people, and resigned his freedom forever. His camp was at that time a camp of wounded and sick, of women, children, and old men. His brother Ollicut had been killed. His own daughter was at that moment lost upon the prairie, whither she had fled in the confusion of the attack. The prairie was bleak and snow-covered. They had no wood save a few lodge-poles that they had saved, and were living on raw horseflesh. They had been a tribe comfortable, happy, and wealthy in horses; now they were burrowing in the earth for shelter, and had not robes enough to keep the children warm. Their horses were all gone. The preliminary negotiations had been completed during the day, and Joseph came to his surrender as a wintry sun was nearing the horizon. He said:

Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before—I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead. Too-hul-húl-suit is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say "Yes" or "No." He who led on the young

men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people—some of them—have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun *now* stands I will fight no more forever!

Joseph has only one wife, and his youngest child, a daughter, was born during the heat of the fight in White Bird Cañon in 1877. He told me, however, when last I saw him, that his teepee was now empty and he was alone, for all his children were dead. He is a great Indian, a great soldier, and, more than that, he is a great man.

ENCHEASKWE.

If seniority were to determine the order of rank, Encheaskwe, or Vincent, chief of the Cœur d'Alenes, would stand at the head. He is one hundred years old, but with a mind today quick and intelligent. Always a celebrated orator, none of his powers of eloquence have diminished with age, for, as the reverend Father



LOT, CHIEF OF THE SPOKANES.

Mackin writes, Encheaskwe recently, at a general assemblage of the tribe, made one of the most brilliant and impassioned addresses to his people, "a masterpiece of eloquence." He is called by the Indians "Barsa," that being their nearest approach to the French pronunciation of Vincent. He is no longer the active head of his tribe, having voluntarily retired in favor of the Ulysses-like Seltice. Vincent was a brave or full-fledged warrior when the first white people crept into his country, and he was engaged in the earlier wars against them; but by the efforts of the Jesuit missionaries, at a later period, he gave his adherence to the whites, and his influence has since then uniformly been exercised in their favor. He is only one other illustration of the remarkable integrity and devotion to truth characteristic, as I think, of the high-type Indian in his natural condition. His name means "The Old Man with a Staff." His youthful name was Sellepstoe, or Barren Soil. His eyesight is nearly gone, and his hair is quite gray, but otherwise he seems to be in vigorous health, and is still ready to resent injustice in

any form. His last campaign against the whites was in 1857, in the war known as the Steptoe campaign. During the succeeding, or Wright, campaign he remained at home, using his influence to quiet his people. I am glad to add to my slight testimony in favor of the generally honorable character of the Indian the better testimony of Father Mackin and Father Joset, the latter of whom has lived fifty years among these Indians, that Vincent is not only an ideal Indian in courage, honesty, truthfulness, and wisdom, but that he adds to this a certain magnanimous nobility which in their eyes, as they say, makes him an ideal man.

SELTICE.

SELTICE is also a Cœur d'Alene Indian, and is the successor in whose favor Vincent abdicated. His mother was a Spokane, the Spokanes and Cœur d'Alenes being tribes of the same stock. The name is a family or hereditary name, and I do not know its meaning. Seltice is about sixty years of age, and was

made a principal man or sub-chief of his tribe at Fort Vancouver, Washington, after his surrender to Colonel Wright. Seltice was engaged against the whites in both the Steptoe and the Wright campaign, but since 1857 has used his great influence in the interests of kindly relations. As he is a shrewd man, full of expedients and resources, having perfect control of himself and his emotions, he has, since his assumption of the chieftainship, and even before

of never having injured a white man. A brave man himself, of a quiet, philosophic disposition, he seems to have recognized from the outset (probably from his observation of results upon his neighbors) that after resistance by the Indians, their last state was invariably worse than their first. By quiet persistence and by a firm adherence in discussion to what he believed were the rights of his people, he has managed to obtain for them as good treatment and as



"YOUNG CHIEF," CAYUSE INDIANS.

that time, successfully competed with the whites in all trades and negotiations, whether with the regular settlers or the authorities at Washington; in fact his great power comes from his recognized ability and tact as a diplomat, and his aid is always asked, whether by private parties, railroad corporations, or others, who desire assistance of, or concessions from, his tribe.

LOT.

LOT is chief of the Spokanes, and bears the enviable reputation (which Joseph and his whole tribe shared prior to the outbreak of 1877)

complete recognition as the Government has given to any neighboring tribe. His home is on the Colville Reservation. I should think that he is about fifty-eight years old, though possibly older. His method of address is singularly quiet, his oratory being always of a persuasive character, delivered in low, musical tones. He is not so poetical and imaginative as some of the others. Lot also, like the others of the group here presented, has been to Washington to aid the negotiations with his people. The common conception of an Indian chief as a despot or autocrat is entirely erroneous. The office is not hereditary, but the chief is selected



MOSES, OR SULK-TASH-KOSHA, CHIEF OF THE OKINOKANES.

because of his fitness for the place, and while naturally, among such a people, courage is a great virtue in the chieftainship, there must be added to this mental ability as well. If the chief's son has these qualities, he is very likely, under his father's influence, to succeed him; but not necessarily, and no chief can absolutely command the obedience of his tribe, or enforce a penalty for either tribal or individual disobedience except as any man may enforce obedience by his personal strength or mental power. Thus it will be understood what a compliment to the moral force of a chief it is that for a long number of years he should continue to be the leader of his people.

YOUNG CHIEF.

YOUNG CHIEF would have been chief of the Cayuses, if the office were hereditary, his father, Old Young Chief, having led the tribe during his lifetime; but at his death Yatiniawitz was elected, and a brief sketch of him will be given later.

Young Chief's father derived his name from the fact that at birth he had a small lock of

white hair, and his son took the name as a hereditary one, a custom very common among the Indians. Under the recent legislation allotting lands in severalty to the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation, Young Chief has become possessed of a considerable ranch, part of which he lets to white men, and part of which he farms himself. Altogether he is a well-to-do and prosperous young man. He is one of the leading men of the tribe, and upon the death of Yatiniawitz may be elected chief. Since he arrived at maturity, the temper of the times has been such that he has had no opportunity to distinguish himself in any way, and so is without a record. His face was selected as being as typical of the high type of the present generation as any other which Mr. Warner could find. But he can never, in my opinion, equal the true men of the wilderness, his ancestors.

MOSES.

MOSES, or Sulk-tash-Kosha (the Half Sun), is chief of the Inamehin or Okinokane tribe, which is only a local branch of the great Nez Percé nation. Their present home is on the

Chelan Reservation, which special reservation Moses procured for himself, during Secretary Schurz's administration in the Interior Department, by methods of skilful diplomacy. The year following the campaign against Chief Joseph, there was a general outbreak among the Indians, beginning with the Bannocks at Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho, and extending northward, through the Pi-Utes, Snakes, and Cayuses, beyond the Columbia River, and enlisting malcontents from the Indians of the extreme north, near the British line, where Moses's authority extended. A family named Perkins was murdered in Moses's jurisdiction, and the settlers, who were exasperated by the outbreak of the year before and by the outrages of the present year, seized Moses with the intention of lynching him, but finally, unwilling to precipitate a war with his tribe, which as yet was at peace, confined him in the jail at North Yakima, Washington, to await the investigation of the Perkins murder. The agent in charge of the Simcoe or Yakima Reservation, a Methodist clergyman of remarkable force of character and ability known as Father Wilbur, succeeded in getting Moses placed in his own custody in the guard-house at the reservation, it being the desire and policy of Father Wilbur to use this imprisonment of Moses as the means of forcing him and his tribe to come upon the reservation and under civilizing influences, a pet project which Mr. Wilbur had for a long time unsuccessfully endeavored to accomplish. Meanwhile, General Howard, in command of the military department of the Columbia, had ascertained through the secret-service and other reports that Moses's influence had been steadily exercised for peace, and to restrain his tribe and the surrounding bands, and that his present confinement was having a very bad effect, arousing the suspicions of the Indians, and releasing the younger ones from the strong influence of Moses's personal presence. Therefore, as General Howard's aide-de-camp, I was sent with authority to release Moses and to order all legal proceedings against him to be quashed. Father Wilbur strenuously represented to me that he could bring Moses upon that reservation with his entire tribe, which would be an immense gain in the interests of peace. There was no possible doubt of this, and therefore I agreed to stand silent until Father Wilbur had exhausted his powers of persuasion. We spent the entire day in council, on the one side Moses, and against him Father Wilbur,—a man of indomitable character, and one of the shrewdest in the management of Indians I ever knew. It was one of the most interesting debates to which I ever listened, carried on in the true style of diplomacy, with exaggerated compliments on both sides. Moses had a reply ready instantly

for every argument. To summarize, it was something like this: To the offers of money, house, and cattle, Moses replied that these were very desirable, and he would be glad to have them, and he certainly would accept now and without hesitation, but it would be no use for him to come and live upon the reservation alone; that he must consult with his people, and unless they were willing to follow him, he did not care to come. "Give me my gun and my knife, and I will go see them, and unless they are very



SABINA, DAUGHTER OF KASH-KASH, CHIEF OF THE WALLA-WALLAS.

foolish, they will be glad to receive all these benefits, and come and live in peace and plenty with so good a man as you." To which Father Wilbur would reply: "If I give you your gun and knife, you will be sure to encounter some white man, and he will shoot at you, and you, to defend yourself, will shoot at him, and whether he kills you or you kill him, then there will be a great war." To which Moses would reply: "That is true; you are very thoughtful. I will not take either the gun or the knife, but will go unarmed, which will show that I have peace in my heart; and I will keep to the secret trails in the mountains, that no white man travels, so that there will be no reason of this danger that you fear." To this Father Wilbur in turn: "But your tribe lives in the wilderness, and it will be very difficult for you to go unarmed, and very unsafe. You might possibly be caught in the snow." To which Moses: "Oh, these are small matters to an Indian. I think nothing of them; I will reach my people safely." Then Father Wilbur: "But it is better that you should stay here with me, and I will furnish you with messengers to send word to your people to come in and see you and have the council here." Moses answered: "Yes; that would do very well, perhaps, at another time, but not

now. They have heard of my arrest; they are all excited; it was all I could do when I was with them to keep some of them from going upon the war-path. Now, when they get your message, they will say: 'This is childish. Moses is a prisoner, and the whites are using his name only to lure us into captivity. If Moses were free, he would come to us himself, not send a messenger,' and so they might perhaps kill the messengers, but surely they would never come.

has never engaged in hostilities against the whites, not, as I believe, from any great love for them, but because he had recognized the inevitable defeat of the Indians in every instance, and it has been purely a matter of shrewd policy with him; and he also has made his position as chief very profitable in the way of special salaries and gifts to himself. He has rented out the Chelan Reservation to cattlemen, himself pocketing the entire rental. From



YATINIAWITZ, OR "POOR CRANE," CHIEF OF THE CAUVSES.

No; Father Wilbur, that is not a good plan: I must go to them myself." This, of course, was the final result of the council. Moses was set free, and that part of the country never saw him again. Instead of that, he so represented things to the military, and through them to the Department of the Interior, that the Chelan Reservation was especially carved out and set aside for him and his people. Moses in his younger days was a great fighter against the Sioux in annual forays. He early acquired chieftainship by his great mental ability. He

the striking resemblance between the two, he is often nicknamed Henry Ward Beecher. For shrewd diplomatic ability he is, in my opinion, the first Indian of the Northwest — greater even than Joseph, because Joseph has a most direct and ingenuous character, which Moses, in my belief, has not; and therefore, while I acknowledge the great ability of the man, who has always held his own in argument, no matter who has been pitted against him, I do not respect his character as a specimen of the magnificent manhood exhibited in Joseph. Moses has a keen

sense of humor, and is himself a great jester and mimic. The popular error that the Indian never laughs would be dispelled by a few moments' listening to Moses amusing his companions.

YATINIAWITZ.

YATINIAWITZ is chief of the Cayuses, and though not at all related by blood to the head family of the tribe, was elected chief at the death of old Young Chief, as has been mentioned in speaking of Young Chief. He and Joseph are, after all, I think, decidedly my favorites. They have a childlike simplicity of character, a quiet and yet absolutely reckless bravery, are perfect in their truth and honesty, and I rather respect them for the wars that they have fought in defense of what they believed their rights. Yatinawitz is a fighter or nothing; he scents the battle afar, and would, I believe, be extremely unhappy to be shut out from the thick of the fight. A few years ago his hips were broken by his horse rolling down a cañon with him. Yatinawitz was of course without surgical aid, and the consequence has been that he is now a cripple and can walk only upon crutches. In renewing our acquaintance, he said to me: "Don't you remember those days when we used to chase the Pi-Utes and the Bannocks down here on the Columbia, and up in the Blue Mountains? Those were fine times, were n't they? I wish the Great Father in Washington would call on me again, and, old as I am, I would go on these two sticks to fight. But I am afraid I shall die in my bed, just like an old woman. I am no good any more except just to work, same as a Pi-Ute."

Yatinawitz has been engaged in every war or campaign since he was a young man, beginning with the Yakima war of 1855. He fought against Colonel Steptoe, and in 1857 against Colonel Wright. In this latter campaign they tell marvelous stories of his prowess in personal encounters with the soldiers; but after the Wright campaign, Yatinawitz pledged himself as thenceforth a friend of the whites. That pledge he has faithfully kept. In the Bannock and Pi-Ute uprising of 1878, he joined our forces and laid the plan, almost incredible in its recklessness, for the capture of E-He-Gant, chief of the Pi-Utes. Under E-He-Gant's powerful influence and skilful leadership, the entire forces of the Bannocks and Pi-Utes had been united, the Pi-Utes even deserting their great chief, Winnemucca, who was in absolute chieftainship when Frémont first crossed the plains. They enlisted under

the war-bonnet of E-He-Gant. He was an extraordinary Indian, tall, powerful, and intelligent. Yatinawitz, with only a young warrior as his assistant, went into E-He-Gant's camp to talk with him about joining the hostiles, and as the horde of Indians were moving out in the morning upon their day's march, he said to him: "Come, we do not want to talk where these people can listen to us; let us ride ahead and talk by ourselves." In this way he induced E-He-Gant to advance about one half or three quarters of a mile beyond his camp, but in plain sight of the immense throng of his followers, who mottled the mountain-side, and threaded down it like a slender stream. E-He-Gant, either through suspicion, or for some other reason, having pulled up his horse, Yatinawitz instantly threw his lasso over his shoulders, and, driving his heels into his own horse, jerked the hostile chief suddenly to the ground, and, by the tightening of the loop, pinioned his arms to his side. Urging his horse forward, he dragged his captive off the trail, and down the mountain-side into the timber; but E-He-Gant, having managed to get to his feet, caught the lasso and was trying to pull himself up on it, in order to loosen the loop, whereupon Yatinawitz shot and killed him, and, taking time to cut off one of his hands, which was slightly maimed, brought it into our camp as evidence of his death.

Yatinawitz has been a most valuable ally to the whites since he ceased fighting them, lending his fervid oratory, the poetical fire of which nothing can describe, to an advocacy of peace and friendship. He has engaged in their service against other Indians upon every occasion, and, as the record on his medallion recites, has been three times wounded in their behalf. His eye has in it something of the expression seen in Joseph's, the studied calm and quiet reserve, the contented consciousness of force, sometimes noticed in the eye of a lion; but with Yatinawitz there is also in the restless movements of the eye a suggestion of the hawk. Tall, lean, and wiry, he deserves his name of "Poor Crane." He is truly the embodiment of the wilderness, a creation of nature, and it would be as impossible for him to cultivate the lands allotted to him in severalty, as Young Chief is doing, as it would be for a cougar to turn sheep-dog. He still keeps to the simple wants of the savage, still lives as he has always lived, accepting the good and evil of his life with fortitude, and above all things insists that a man needs only two virtues—bravery and truth.

C. E. S. Wood.