

Bravery, Beauty & Sacred Power: The Cheyenne, Crow, Lakota & Blackfeet
Portraits of Edward S. Curtis, The North American Indian, folios



EXHIBITION DATES

MARCH 13 TO JULY 4, 2021

Director's Statement

Bravery, Beauty & Sacred Power: The Cheyenne, Crow, Lakota & Blackfeet Portraits of Edward S. Curtis represents work selected from 3 of the 20 volumes comprising Curtis's ***The North American Indian***. Our exhibit focuses on the Indian People recorded in the portfolios' photogravures and the documentation Curtis recorded in these three publications. Our exhibition owes its genesis to two very important Brinton patrons, Mrs. Janet Wilson, who offered to support the undertaking if we were willing to shoulder the effort, and Father Peter Powell, Brinton Board Member and President of the Foundation for the Preservation of American Indian Art and Culture.

Once we received word that the Foundation for the Preservation of American Indian Art and Culture had agreed to the loan, we began writing the initial funding request to help cover exhibition costs to the Irwin Wilson Family Foundation. This show is testament to the Irwin Wilson Family Foundation's belief in the exhibition and Janet's support of this institution.

Father Powell's commitment to The Brinton and to the work of his foundation is without parallel. Fr. Powell served as co-curator of the show, lending the curatorial department his expertise of the Indian People documented in the photographs by guiding our selection of the exhibition's 75 images.

In closing, I urge you to read The Brinton Museum's land acknowledgement which can be found in this publication. The statement expresses our acknowledgement of Indian occupation of this land and why we feel exhibiting the Cheyenne, Crow, Lakota & Blackfeet Portraits of Edward S. Curtis is a crucial exhibition to fulfill our mission,

Kenneth L. Schuster
Director & Chief Curator

To Honor Four Great Plains Native Nations

The Foundation for the Preservation of American Indian Art and Culture

Founded in 1974, at Saint Augustine's Center, in the midst of Chicago's American Indian community, our foundation's witness is to the sacral nature of American Indian tribal cultures and the art created by them. Today's Native people are both reservation and urban. Desiring to serve both, the major body of art from the Plains Nations is on display at The Brinton Museum. Chicago's urban Native community is served through our art on exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Now our foundation is pleased to share our Edward S. Curtis portraits with the national audience visiting The Brinton Museum.

And we do so as an honoring of the four great Plains nations whose people, country, and way of life is preserved in them: the Cheyenne (Tsitsistas and Só'taeo'o); Apsaalooke; Lakota (primarily the Oglalas); and Piegan Blackfeet. All are distinguished for the spiritual power and beauty of their sacred ceremonies and beliefs. All dwelled on lands filled with supernatural power and beauty.

Our foundation's great desire is that the supernatural power and beauty of four Plains Nations radiating from these portraits of them, bless all viewing them at The Brinton Museum.

For the Foundation,
Father Peter J. Powell

The Brinton Museum Land Acknowledgement Statement

The Brinton Museum stands upon the original lands of the Apsáalooke, Cheyenne, both Tsistsistas and So'taeo'a, Lakota and Arapaho People.

These indigenous Nations continue to retain their intimate relationship to these lands in their traditions, recollections, prayers and in the offering of their traditional sacred ceremonies. They hold fast to their traditional belief that they are holy nations, their land sacred.

Thus The Brinton Museum expresses acknowledgement of the original Apsáalooke, Tsistsistas and So'taeo'o, Lakota and Arapaho occupation of the land on which this museum stands. At the same time the museum expresses its commitment to witness to the sacral nature of the cultures and beliefs of the Native Nations whose art and other creations are exhibited and protected by the museum.

About Edward S. Curtis (1868 – 1952)

Edward S. Curtis was born in rural Wisconsin and raised in Minnesota. He came from a family of humble means. His father, Johnson Curtis, a reverend, was a Civil War private and army chaplain. In 1887, the family moved to the Pacific Northwest. Curtis spent many an hour in his early days digging for clams in the mud flats of Puget Sound, his hands blistered raw from tedious labor. His arms were sliced with surface cuts from picking berries in the thorny thickets above the shore. He did whatever was required to feed his family.¹ It could not have been foreseen that the man in tattered clothes combing through mire and muck was to become one of the most well-known photographers of the period.

It was by chance in the summer of 1898 that Curtis was ten thousand feet high on Mount Rainier's Nisqually, climbing the formidable, fog-covered glacier alone, when he heard men's cries for help. Among those he rescued that midsummer day was the preservationist and anthropologist George Bird Grinnell, widely renowned for his knowledge of Plains Indians. Clint Hart Merriam, co-founder of the National Geographic Society and chief of the U.S. Biological Survey, was also there, as well as Gifford Pinchot, head of the U.S. Forest Service. It was Grinnell who invited Curtis to join him in 1900 to witness a Sun Dance ceremony of the Blackfeet in Montana. The experience solidified Curtis' monumental decision to photograph the remaining Indian tribes in North America. He had found a certainty of purpose. Sacredness and spirit of a people who had lived on these lands for centuries resonated in the passion of the man who was driven by fierce determination to photograph them all.

Curtis elected to use the photogravure medium to publish *The North American Indian* folios. Photogravure – a printmaking or photomechanical process – allowed for multiple images to be produced more quickly than individual printed photographs and offered a means by which the photographer could manipulate tonal areas and subtleties that would not have been possible with individual prints. Curtis was successful in publishing twenty-volume sets in *The North American Indian* folio series; three hundred sets were completed in his lifetime.

Curtis' photographic work aside, it can be said his thirty years in documenting the voices of the North American Indian peoples and his copious, highly detailed notes of the life and culture of those he photographed, is, in some measure, perhaps of greater importance than the images he took with the camera lens.

The 'Shadow Catcher', a reference to Curtis made forever synonymous by the book title of Timothy Egan's biography, adeptly describes a man who became but a shadow of himself giving his life to his life's work.

Barbara McNab,
Curator of Exhibitions

¹ "Short Nights of the Shadow Catcher, The Epic Life and Immortal Photographs of Edward S. Curtis", Timothy Egan, Mariner Books, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, copyright 2012, pg. 8

Image titles and descriptions are as they appear in the Curtis folios.

Additional notes, in abbreviation, are taken from *The North American Indian* book by Edward S. Curtis, and are identified by volume number and page number(s).

Invocation and supplication enter so much into the life of the Indian that this picture of the grim old warrior invoking the Mysteries is most characteristic. The subject of the illustration is Slow Bull, whose biography is given in Volume III, page 189 of the Curtis folios.

Slow Bull

Ogalala. Born 1844. First war-party at fourteen, under Red Cloud, against Apsaroke. Engaged in fifty-five battles with Apsaroke, Shoshoni, Ute, Pawnee, Blackfeet, and Kutenai. Struck seven first coups. At seventeen he captured one hundred and seventy horses from Apsaroke. In the same year he received medicine from buffalo in a dream while he slept on a hilltop, not fasting, but resting from travel on the war-path. Counted two honors in one fight, when the Lakota charged an Apsaroke camp and were routed. Slow Bull returned to the enemy; his horse stepped into a hole and fell, and an Apsaroke leaped on him. He threw his antagonist off, jumped on his horse, and struck his enemy in the face with his bow. At that moment another Apsaroke dashed up and dealt him a glancing blow in the back with a hatchet. Slow Bull counted coup on him also. He has been a subchief of the Ogalala since 1878.





Volume Three, Plate 77, *Ogalala War-Party*

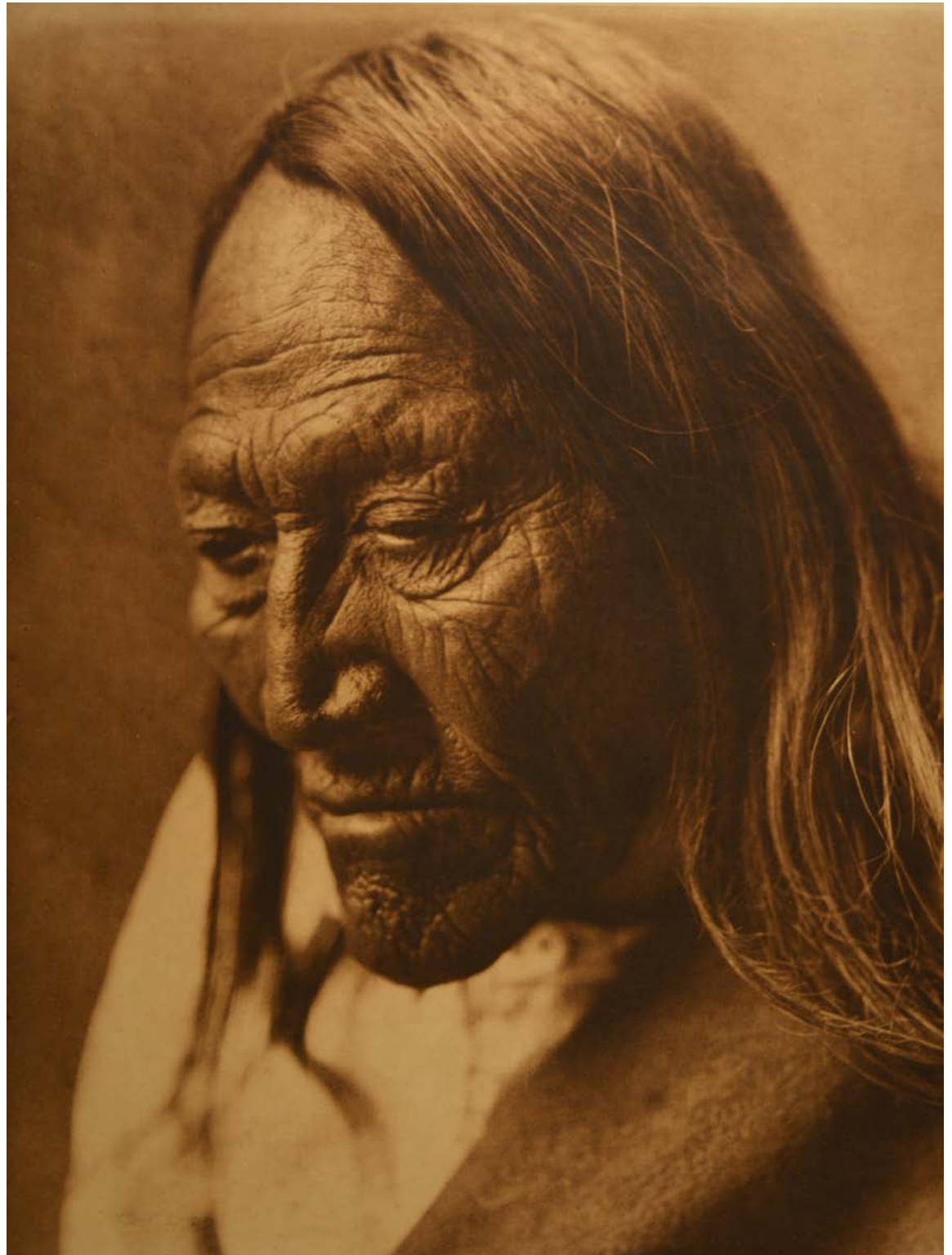
Here is depicted a group of Sioux warriors as they appeared in the days of intertribal warfare, carefully making their way down a hillside in the vicinity of the enemy's camp. Many hold in their hands, instead of weapons, mere sticks adorned with eagle-feathers or scalps --- the so-called coup-sticks --- desiring to win honor by striking a harmless blow therewith as well as to inflict injury with arrow or bullet.

Volume Three, Plate 78, **Two Strike**

A biographical sketch of this Brulé chief appears in Volume III, page 190 of the Curtis folios.

Two Strike

Brulé. Born 1821. At the age of twelve he accompanied his first war-party against Pawnee. At thirty-one he led a party against the same tribe and counted coup. Twelve coups, all on Pawnee, and twenty-two battles. Two Pawnee counted coup on him, but the second he killed. Was never wounded. Name changed from Living Bear to Two Strike after unhorsing two Pawnee riding the same animal. After the sixth coup he was declared chief, and, as others died, gradually ascended to the position of head-chief of the Brulés. He never fasted for the purpose of seeing a vision, and had no medicine, but wore a bear's ear "to frighten the enemy."





Volume Three, Plate 79, *Sioux Chiefs*

Very often two or three men would form themselves into a war-party and ride away to be gone weeks or months. Sometimes they returned with scalps, or horses, or women; and again the war-party, whether large or small, met defeat and none survived to bring back to anxious wives and children the story of the disaster.



Volume Three, Plate 80, *An Oasis in the Bad Lands*

This picture was made in the heart of the Bad Lands of South Dakota. The subject is the sub-chief Red Hawk, a sketch of whose life is given on page 188 of Volume III in the Curtis folios.

Red Hawk

Ogalala. Born 1854. First war-party in 1865 under Crazy Horse, against troops. Led an unsuccessful war-party at twenty-two against Shoshoni. (Continued on page 76)



Volume Three, Plate 81, *Jack Red Cloud*

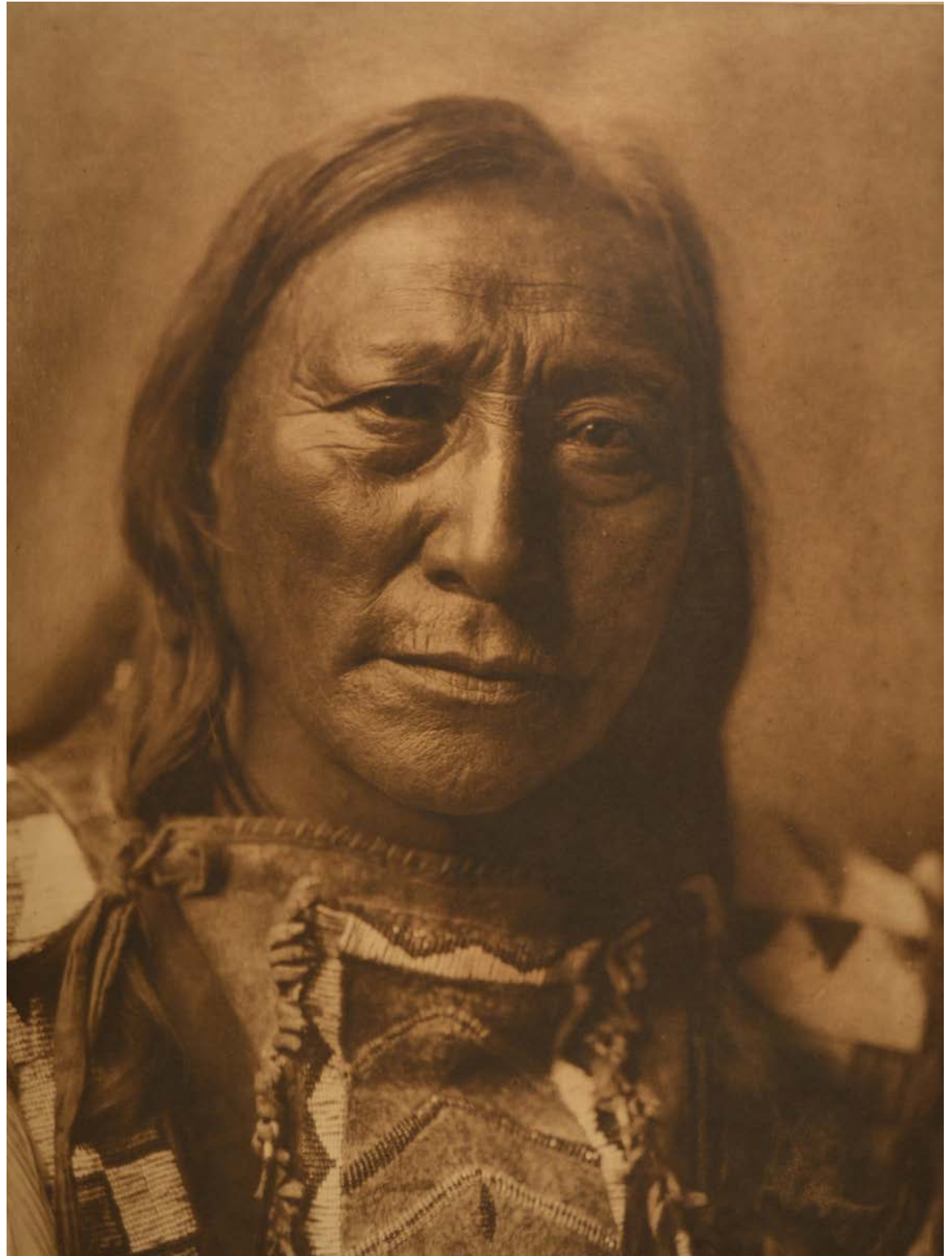
The subject of this portrait is the son of the Ogalala chief Red Cloud. (See No. 103 in the Curtis folios)

Volume Three, Plate 82, **Hollow
Horn Bear**

The life of this Brulé Sioux is briefly treated in Volume III, page 186 of the Curtis folios.

Hollow Horn Bear

Brulé. Born 1850. First war-party at twelve, against Pawnee. At nineteen he took the pipe and led a party, which killed a number of Pawnee wood-haulers. Struck a first coup - "kill right" - in that battle. After that his father, Iron Shell, desired him to take that name, but he said he would take his grandfather's name instead, and make the name Hollow Horn Bear good. During his career as a warrior he counted coup many times and participated in twenty-three fights with Pawnee, Omaha, Ponca, Shoshoni, Ute, Arikara, and United States troops. He was present at the Custer fight.





Volume Three, Plate 83, *The Sun Dancer*

“As they dance, the performers never leave the spot on which they stand, the movement consisting in a slight upward spring from the toes and ball of the foot; legs and body are rigid. Always the right palm is extended to the yellow glaring sun, and their eyes are fixed on its lower rim. The dancer concentrates his mind, his very self, upon the one thing that he desires, whether it be the acquirement of powerful medicine or only success in the next conflict with the enemy.” --- Volume III, pages 95-96 of the Curtis folios.

Volume Three, Plate 84, *Slow
Bull - Ogalala*

A biographical sketch of this
subject is found on page 189
of Volume III of the Curtis folios.





Volume Three, Plate 85, *Brulé War-Party*

This rhythmic picture shows a party of Brulé Sioux reënacting a raid against the enemy.

Volume Three, Plate 87, *High Hawk*

The subject is shown in all the finery of a warrior dressed for a gala occasion ----scalp-shirt, leggings, moccasins, and pipe-bag, all embroidered with porcupine-quills; eagle-feather war-bonnet, and stone-headed war-club from the handle of which dangles a scalp. High Hawk is prominent among the Brulés mainly because he is now their leading historical authority, being much in demand to determine the dates of events important to his fellow tribesmen. His calendar, or “winter-count,” is explained, and in part reproduced, in Volume III, pages 159-182 of the Curtis folios.





Volume Three, Plate 88, *Prairie Chief*

This picture was made on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota at a time when the Indians were assembled in a large encampment, reliving the days of old.

Volume Three, Plate 90, *HŪ^NKÁ-LOWA^NPI*
Ceremony

The subject of this picture is Saliva, an Ogalala Sioux, a priest of the HŪ^NKÁ-LOWA^NPI ceremony, which is fully described in Volume III, pages 71-87 of the Curtis folios.

The Foster-Parent Chant

The name of the HŪ^Nká-lowan^Npi ceremony is derived from HŪ^Nká, a term of respect for one's parents or ancestors, and Lowa^Npi, they chant. As the Singer becomes the grandfather of the initiate, child or adult, a proper translation of the name seems to be Foster-parent Chant. The principal purpose of HŪ^Nká-lowan^Npi is to implant in the initiate virtues of kindness, generosity, hospitality, truthfulness, fairness, honesty. At the same time it is a prayer for continued prosperity - for abundance of food, for health, strength, and moral well-being as a people.

HŪ^Nká-lowan^Npi is usually observed for a child who has been near to death, whose recovery is regarded as the result of the father's solemn promise to worship the Mystery by means of these rites. Having made such a vow, he begins to bend every effort to the accumulation of property - horses, skins, clothing, deerskin bags and parflèches, and many varieties of food. A sufficient quantity collected, he goes to the HŪ^Nká-lowan^Nkta, the Hunka Singer, and after the usual formal smoke announces his intention, requesting him to take charge of the ceremony.





Volume Three, Plate 91, *Prayer to the Mystery*

In supplication the pipe was always offered to the Mystery by holding it aloft. At the feet of the worshipper lies a buffalo-skull, symbolic of the spirit of the animal upon which the Indians were so dependent. The subject of the picture is Picket Pin, an Ogalala Sioux.

Volume Three, Plate
92, ***Fast Elk***

A brief sketch of this
Ogalala appears on
page 184 of Volume
III of the Curtis folios.

Fast Elk

Ogalala. Born 1838. He first went on the war-path at eighteen; the party searched for the Pawnee, but finding only a deserted village, returned. Fast Elk never led a war-party, but fought in four great battles with other tribes, and participated in the Fetterman massacre in 1866. He counted coup once in a fight with Apsaroke, when their village on Pryor creek was surrounded by the Sioux.



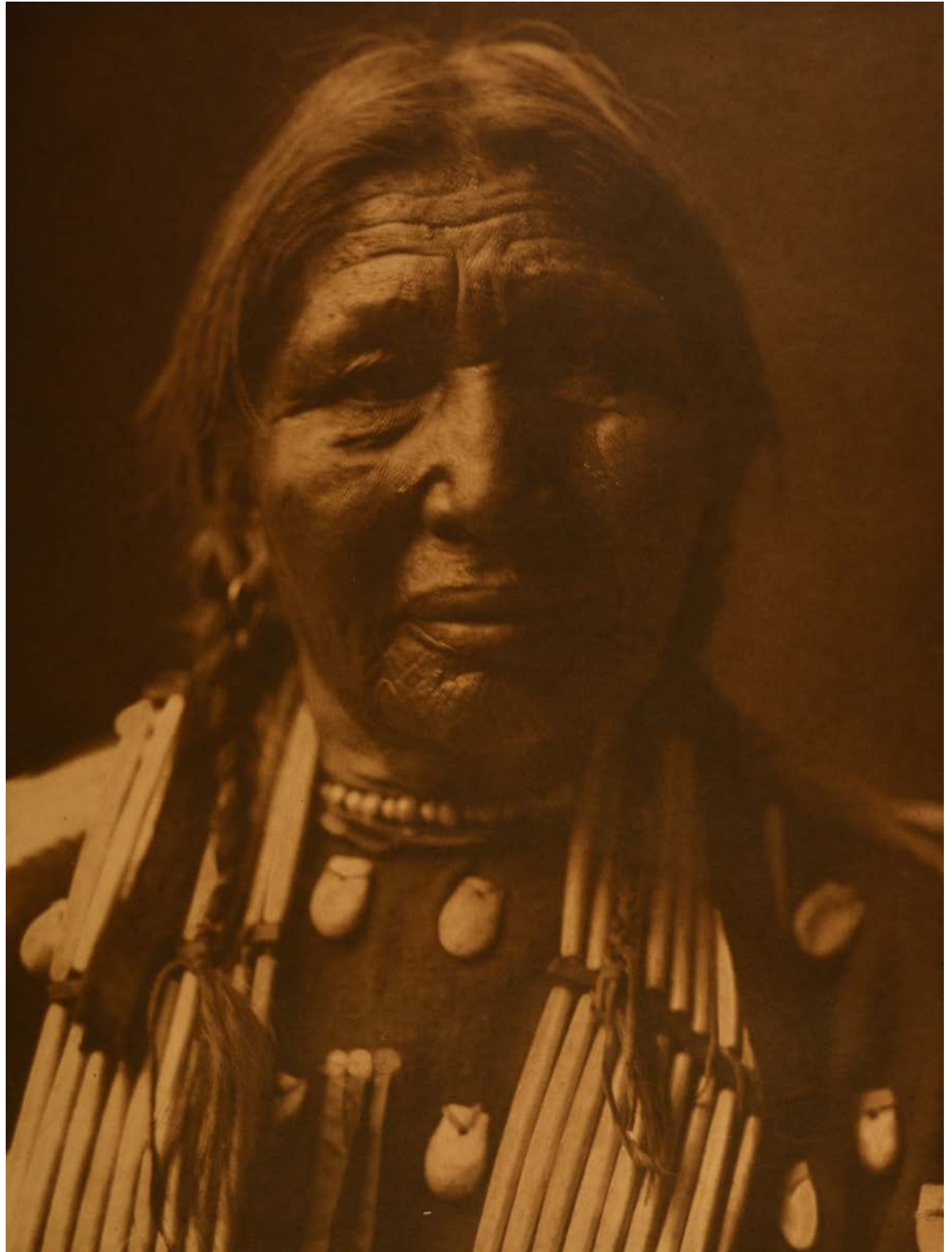


Volume Three, Plate 93, *Sioux Camp*

It was customary for a war-party to ride in circles about the tipi of their chief before starting on a raid into the country of the enemy.

Volume Three, Plate 94,
Ogalala Woman

A face so strong that it is almost masculine, showing strikingly how slight may be the difference between the male and female physiognomy in some primitive people.





Volume Three, Plate 96,
Ogalala Girls

As a rule the women of the plains tribes are natural horsewomen, and their skill in riding is scarcely exceeded by that of the men. As mere infants they are tied upon the backs of trusty animals, and thus become accustomed to the long days of journeying.

Volume Three, Plate 97, *Sioux Girl*

A young Sioux woman in a dress made entirely of deerskin, embroidered with beads and porcupine-quills.





Volume Three, Plate 99, *Morning Attack*

The favorite moment for attack was just at dawn, when the enemy was presumably unprepared to offer quick resistance.

Volume Three, Plate 100,
A Heavy Load - Sioux

Summer and winter the Sioux woman performed the heavy work of the camp, and what was seemingly drudgery was to her a part of the pleasure of life.





Volume Three, Plate 101, **Black Eagle - Assiniboin**

The life of Black Eagle is briefly treated in Volume III, page 182 of the Curtis folios.

Black Eagle, Waⁿbŭdi-sápa

Assiniboin. Born in 1834 on the Missouri below Williston, North Dakota. He was only thirteen years of age when he first went to war, and on this and on the next two occasions he gained no honors. On his fourth war excursion he was more successful, alone capturing six horses of the Yanktonai. While engaged in a fight with the Atsina near Fort Belknap, Montana, he killed a man and a boy. In a battle with the Yanktonai he killed one of the enemy, and in another repeated the former success. Black Eagle led war-parties three times. He had a vision in which it was revealed to him that he would capture horses, and the vision was fulfilled. He had the same experience before he killed the man and the boy. He claims no medicine. Black Eagle married at the age of eighteen.

Volume Three, Plate 103, **Red Cloud - Ogalala**

A biographical sketch of this well-known chief and celebrated warrior is given on page 187 of Volume III of the Curtis folios.

Red Cloud, Makpíya-lúta

Ogalala. Born 1822. At the age of fifteen he accompanied a war-party which killed eighty Pawnee. He took two scalps and shot one man. At seventeen he led a party that killed eight of the same tribe. During his career he killed two Shoshoni and ten Apsaroke. Once going against the Apsaroke, he left the party and approached the camp on foot. About daylight a man came driving his herd to the range. Red Cloud charged him, killed him with arrows, stabbed him with the Apsaroke's own knife, and scalped him; he then took his clothes and started back, driving the horses. Men from the camp pursued, and a severe fight followed between the two parties. Once an Apsaroke captured his herd. He followed all night, and at daylight caught up with and killed the raider.

(Continued on page 76)





Volume Three, Plate 104, *Crazy Thunder*
- *Ogalala*

A splendid specimen of the Teton Sioux.

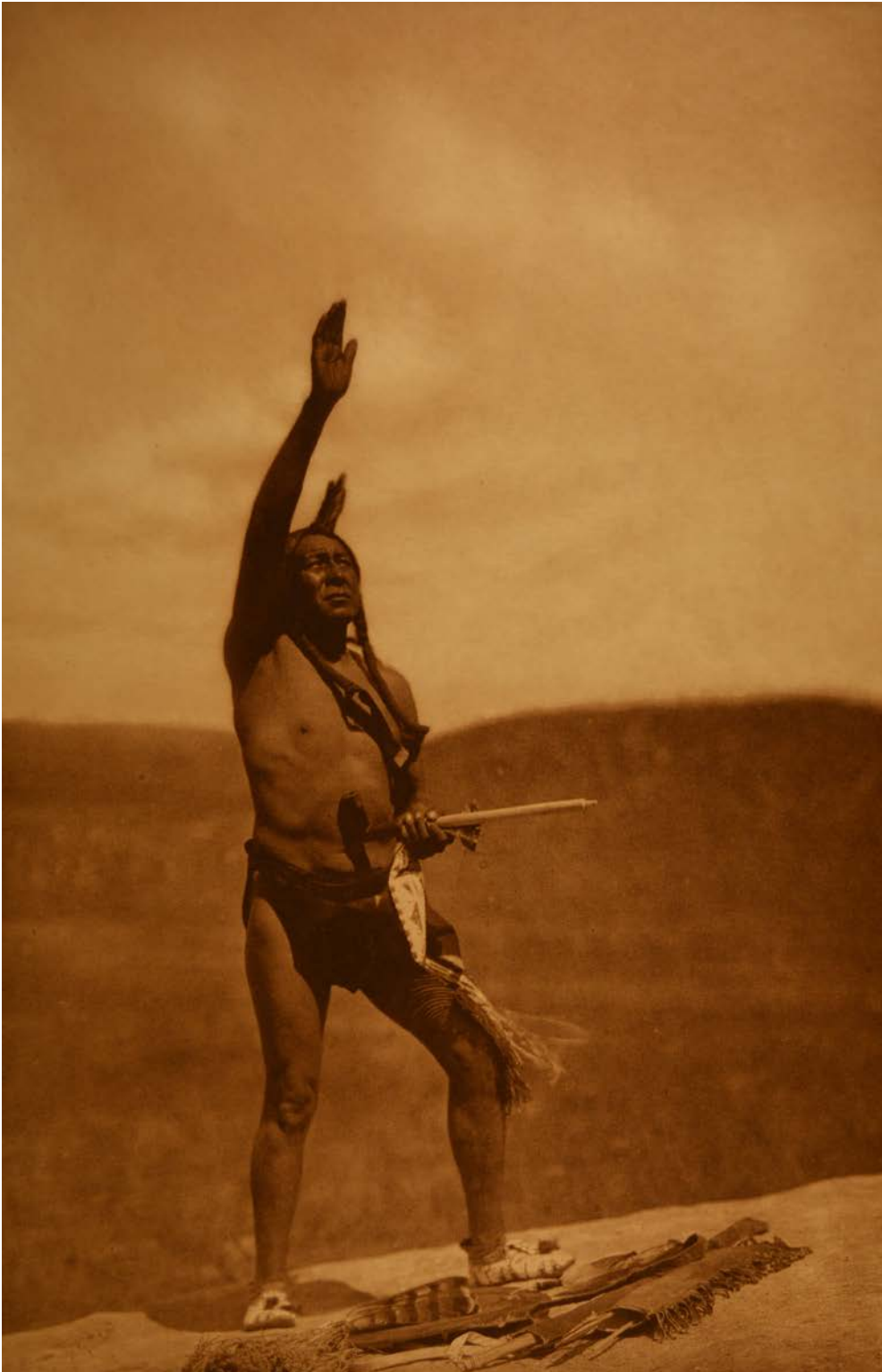
Volume Three, Plate 108, **American Horse - Ogalala**

This subject is one of the four chiefs whose election is described in Volume III, page 16. He died in December, 1908.

Another society was the Short Hair, *Pehi^N-ptéchela*. This is a modern designation, used only within the last fifty years, the old name being *Tatá^Nka-wapáhao^N*, Wear Buffalo Head-dresses. The short buffalo-hair of the head-dresses gave rise to the modern name. Only warriors of renown were eligible, men who had gained undisputed honors, and they were appointed, rather than elected, by the four chiefs of the tribe. When a warrior was deemed worthy of membership, the Soldier Chiefs were sent for, and he was brought to the tipi, placed before the chiefs, and told of the honor conferred on him. An address of advice was made to him, and his relatives distributed such gifts as were expected of those to whom distinction had come. The members of this society are said to have had the elective power of new chiefs.

Chief *M̃nihúha* relates the following of the time when four new chiefs, Crazy Horse, Man Afraid Of His Horses, Sword, and American Horse, were elected to succeed the four who had become superannuated: (Continued on page 77)





Volume Three, Plate 109, *Invocation - Sioux*

Scattered throughout the Indian country are found spots that are virtually shrines. These are often boulders (sic) or other rocks which through some chance have been invested with mythic significance, and to them priests and war-leaders repair to invoke the aid of the supernatural powers. The half-buried boulder on which the suppliant stands is accredited with the power of revealing to the warrior the foreordained result of his projected raid. Its surface bears what the Indians call the imprint of human feet, and it is owing to this peculiarity that it became a shrine. About it the soil is almost completely worn away by the feet of many generations of suppliants who have journeyed hither for divine revelations.



Volume Three, Plate 119, *In the Bad Lands*

This striking picture was made at Sheep Mountain in the Bad Lands of Pine Ridge reservation, South Dakota.



Volume Four, Plate 111, **Two Whistles - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject is given in Volume IV, page 207 of the Curtis folios.

Two Whistles, Íshíchošhtupśh

Born 1856. Mountain Crow of the Not Mixed clan and Lumpwood organization. Never achieved a recognized coup, but at the age of eighteen he led a party consisting, besides himself, of two others, which captured a hundred horses from the Sioux. Participated in four severe battles against Arapaho and Sioux, one being the engagement at the mouth of Pryor creek. First fasted at the age of thirty-five. The first night he saw the war-bonnet of a Sioux; the next day he cut the skin and flesh of his arms in representation of eight hoof-prints; and that night the moon came to him and said, "At Íyèhopiśh (the country about Livingston, Montana) are buffalo and horses mixed; you will never be poor." In the outbreak caused by the medicine-man Wraps Up His Tail, at Crow Agency in 1887, Two Whistles was shot in the arm and breast, necessitating the amputation of the arm above the elbows. His medicine of hawk was purchased with a horse from a Sioux.

The three fox-tails hanging from the coup-stick show the subject – Medicine Crow, whose biography appears in Volume IV, page 203 of the Curtis folios – to be the possessor of three first coups, that is, in three encounters he was the first to strike one of the enemy's force. The necklace consists of beads, and the large ornaments at the shoulders are abalone shells.

Medicine Crow, Pédhilst-wahpásh

Born 1848. Mountain Crow; member of the Newly Made Lodge clan and of the Lumpwood organization. At eighteen he fasted four days and three nights, and on the morning of the fourth day a spirit resembling a white man appeared and foretold the passing away of the buffalo and the coming of many white men with cattle, horses, and steamboats. His medicine of hawk was purchased from another man. Counted three first coups, captured five guns and two tethered horses, and led ten successful war-parties. In a fight with the Nez Percés he killed a warrior, counted first coup upon him, and captured his gun – two regular honors at one time, besides the distinction of killing an enemy. This act he twice repeated in battles with the Arapaho and the Sioux.
(Continued on page 77)





Volume Four, Plate 113, **Two Leggings - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this warrior will be found in Volume IV, page 207 of the Curtis folios.

Two Leggings, Isátshadúűsh

Born about 1848. River Crow; Not Mixed clan; Lumpwood organization. Having no great medicine derived from his own vision, he was adopted into the Tobacco order by Bull Goes Hunting, who gave him his medicine of a fossil, or a stone, roughly shaped like a horse facing both ways. Two Leggings thus became a war-leader. In pursuing some Piegan who had killed a woman in the Apsaroke camp opposite Fort C. F. Smith on the Bighorn, he counted *dákshě* and captured a gun by the same act – a high honor. Led two parties against the Hunkpapa Sioux, each time taking scalps. Captured fifty horses from the Yanktonai at Fort Peck, and with Deaf Bull led a party that brought back eighty horses from the Teton Sioux.

Volume Four, Plate 115, **White Man Runs Him - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject appears in Volume IV, page 208 of the Curtis folios.

**White Man Runs Him,
Maschídit-kuduśh**

Born about 1854 or 1855. Mountain Crow; Big Lodge clan; Lumpwood organization. His only coup was counted by the capture of a tethered horse. Noted for his many successful horse-raiding expeditions against the Sioux. Scouted with Custer in his last campaign, and was one of the party of three or four scouts who, at dawn of the morning of the Custer fight, first sighted the Sioux camp. A small party of Crow and Arikara scouts under Lieutenant Varnum, having travelled nearly all night, arrived shortly before dawn almost at the summit of the highest peak in Wolf mountains, where the party slept for a short time. At approaching light, White Man Runs Him and a couple of companions went to the top of the high peak which gave them the first view of the Sioux encampment. (Continued on page 77)





Volume Four, Plate 116, *Watching for the Signal - Apsaroke*

When there were indications that the war-party was near the enemy, a halt was made while the scouts reconnoitered the position of the hostile party. Their appearance on a distant hilltop was awaited by the main body with great anxiety, for if they were seen running in zigzag lines it meant that the enemy had been actually discovered.

Volume Four, Plate 117, **Medicine Crow -
Apsaroke**

The hawk fastened on the head is illustrative of the manner of wearing the symbol of one's tutelary spirit. A biographical sketch of this subject is given in Volume IV, page 203 of the Curtis folios..





Volume Four, Plate 118, **Hoop on the Forehead - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject appears in Volume IV, page 200 of the Curtis folios.

Hoop On The Forehead, Ahiwáhŭwíshésh

Born 1852 or 1853. Mountain Crow, son of Bull Chief; Whistle Water clan, and Fox organization, which he and a brother left because Wolf Lies Down, who had attempted to take the brother's wife in the annual contest between Foxes and Lumpwoods, joined the former society. First fasted at eighteen, when he offered a finger to the sun and in return received a vision which later brought him a pistol in battle. Thrice more he fasted, each time self-inflicting some bodily torture, and each time experiencing a vision. At about twenty he went on the war-path, but there was no fighting, a failure attributed to the fact that the leader lacked the favor of the spirits. In all he took part in forty-three war expeditions, winning one *dákshě* and capturing a gun; but he was never a war-leader.

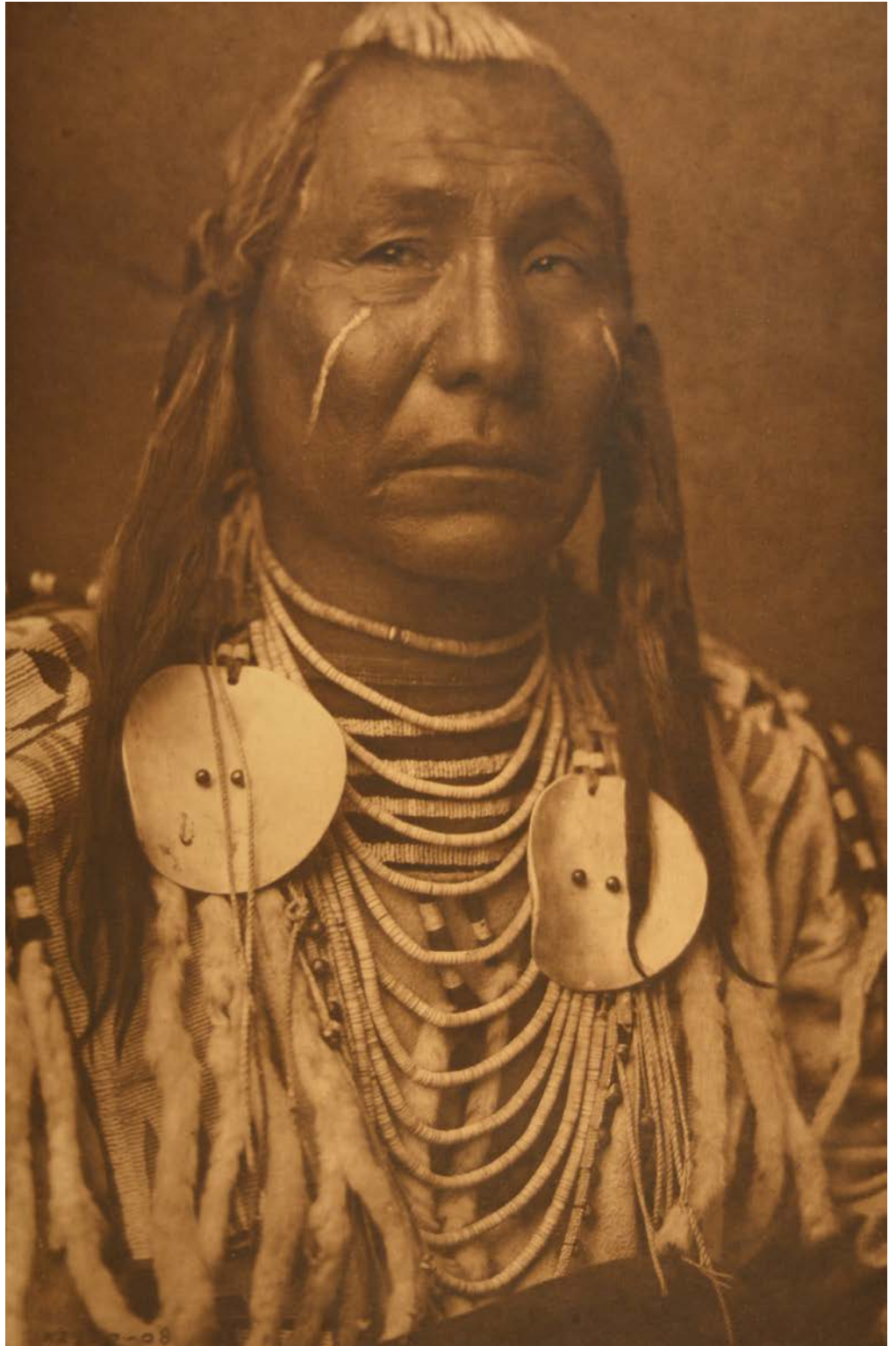
(Continued on page 77)

Volume Four, Plate 120, **Red Wing - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of Red Wing is given in Volume IV, page 204 of the Curtis folios.

Red Wing, Ahpišhišh

Born about 1858. Mountain Crow; Piegan Lodge clan; Lumpwood society. Obtaining no medicine by fasting, he purchased that of brown cane and owl, and led a successful war-party with it. Captured two guns in battle. When stationed at Fort Custer as United States scout he accompanied a detachment of troops in pursuit of Sioux horse-raiders; the latter surrendered, and Red Wing shook hands with one of them, subsequently claiming *dákshě* since he had been the first to touch the enemy. A strict interpretation of the rules allowed the honor.





Volume Four, Plate 121, **Bread – Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject will be found in Volume IV, page 197 of the Curtis folios.

Bread, Mahŭwúsh

Born 1863. Mountain Crow; Whistle Water clan. First war experience under Young Wolf Calf, when the party captured a hundred horses from the Piegan. On another occasion, under Wet, he himself captured a horse from the Yanktonai. Married five times; “threw away” four wives; is the father of one child. Never fasted and never achieved an honor.

Volume Four, Plate 122, *The Spirit of the Past - Apsaroke*

A particularly striking group of old-time warriors, conveying so much of the feeling of the early days of the chase and the war-path that the picture seems to reflect in an unusual degree “the spirit of the past.”





Volume Four, Plate 123, **Wolf Lies Down**
- **Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject is given in Volume IV, page 208 of the Curtis folios.

Wolf Lies Down, Tsét-hŭpśh

Born about 1843. Mountain Crow; Never Shoots, Packs Game clan; Fox organization. Never obtained medicine by vision, but purchased wolf-medicine, paying five hundred elk-teeth. Counted one *dákśhě* by leaping over a rocky barrier among the enemy, who were in a deep hole protected by stones and brush – the leap was in itself a dangerous feat. Captured one gun, and one horse tethered in the enemy's camp; led one successful party against the Yanktonai at Fort Peck; was one of the leaders of a party that killed seven Sioux. Once accepted the curved staff of the Foxes, but did not have occasion to use it, as there was little fighting in the succeeding summer. In the battle with the Sioux on Pryor creek his brother-in-law, One Feather, lost his horse and was surrounded by the enemy; Wolf Lies Down turned back, took him on his own horse, and though wounded in the head made his escape with great difficulty.

Volume Four, Plate 124, **Plenty Coups - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this noted warrior appears in Volume IV, page 203 of the Curtis folios.

Plenty Coups, Adhahtsí-ahuśh

Born 1847. Mountain Crow of the Whistle Water clan. When he was about sixteen years of age his brother was killed at Tongue river by the Sioux, and the boy climbed for two days to reach a peak in the Crazy mountains, there to give vent to his grief and to pray for revenge. He addressed the sun: "Father, the enemy have slain my brother. I wish them to cry often for my hand, and in return I give you my finger." Then he hacked off the end of his left index-finger, crying, "Father, my body is clean and pure; I give a portion of it to you. I am a poor young man; take pity on me." "In those days," says Plenty Coups, "no white man had defiled the mountains; the spirits dwelt there and I sought their power." He had at that time already been on the war-path, and now began to take the trail with great frequency, so that at the age of twenty-six he had counted a coup of each kind and was called chief. (Continued on page 78)





Volume Four, Plate 127, *Winter - Apsaroke*

In the thick forests along the banks of mountain streams the Apsaroke made their winter camps.

Volume Four, Plate 128, **Bull Chief -
Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this veteran is given in Volume IV, page 197 of the Curtis folios.

Bull Chief, Tsídŭp-batſěſiſh

Born 1825. Mountain Crow. Believing he could win success without fasting, he joined many war-parties, but always returned without honor. He therefore climbed Clouds Peak, the highest point in the Bighorn mountains, and there on the bare rocks he stood a day and a night. The mountain-rats ate holes in his robe and a fierce blizzard swept across the peak, so that he could not remain longer. Soon afterward the camp was moved, and he fasted four days and four nights in the southern part of Wolf mountains; no vision appeared. At this time all the men were possessed of an especial desire to count coups, and everybody was fasting. Bull Chief soon endured two more unsuccessful fasts, and then at the head of Redlodge creek, lance in hand and clad only in loin-cloth, moccasins, robe, and a piece of old lodge-cover, he fasted four days and four nights, much of the time in blinding snow. He saw his own lodge and a splendid bay horse standing in front of it. The vision was soon followed by the capture of a tethered bay, his first honor. Thenceforward he very frequently counted coup. (Continued on page 78)





Volume Four, Plate 129, *For a Winter Campaign - Apsaroke*

It was not uncommon for Apsaroke war-parties, mounted or afoot, to move against the enemy in the depth of winter. See Volume IV, page 105 of the Curtis folios, for the narrative of such an expedition. The warrior at the left wears the hooded overcoat of heavy blanket material that was generally adopted by the Apsaroke after the arrival of traders among them. The picture was made in a narrow valley among the Pryor mountains, Montana.

That first night with dead logs we built a sort of stockade in a circle, and filled the cracks with dry grass; overhead we piled brush, leaving a smoke-hole. (Continued on page 79)

Volume Four, Plate 131, *The Scout in Winter - Apsaroke*

The accounts of scouting and hunting parties during the severest winter weather furnish many thrilling stories and show a manly indifference to bodily discomfort. The hardships of winter hunting are well shown in the narration found on page 114 of Volume IV. A biographical sketch of this veteran is given in Volume IV, page 197 of the Curtis folios.

I was sent out as a scout, and through my glass saw a great band of elk. I went back and reported to the chief, and we all started out to hunt elk, each man with his slow and his fast horse. Crossing to the southwest we divided into two bands, and one on each side of the herd we chased them like buffalo, for down there the soil is soft, so that the elk could not run fast. We killed a great many and had something in our stomachs.
(Continued on page 79)





Volume Four, Plate 133, **Shot in the Hand**
- **Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject is given in Volume IV, page 204 of the Curtis folios.

Shot In The Hand, Maóhpiśh

Born about 1841. Mountain Crow; Whistle Water clan; Fox organization. By fasting he obtained his hawk-medicine; it was his custom to make a powder of a hawk's heart, sweet-grass, and green paint, and to eat a portion of the mixture just before going into battle. Counted three *dákśhě*, captured three guns and one tethered horse, but lacked the medicine to become war-leader. Once rushed up a height to strike the Piegan who were entrenched on the summit, when a shot brought him to the ground; he arose and charged again, and was again shot, this time rolling to the foot of the hill. Seven times he struck an enemy who was firing at him. After the suspension of intertribal hostilities the Ogalala chief Red Cloud, who boasted of having performed this feat four times, sent a challenge to the Apsaroke to produce a man who could equal the record, and Shot In The Hand was promptly named. Shot In The Hand played a spectacular part in the battle against the Sioux on Pryor creek. On another occasion he dismounted beside his father, who had been shot in the thigh, and though the latter was killed the son was rescued, wounded in the arm. (Continued on page 80)

Volume Four, Plate 134, *Swallow Bird -
Apsaroke*

This picture illustrates the characteristic
Apsaroke manner of arranging the hair.





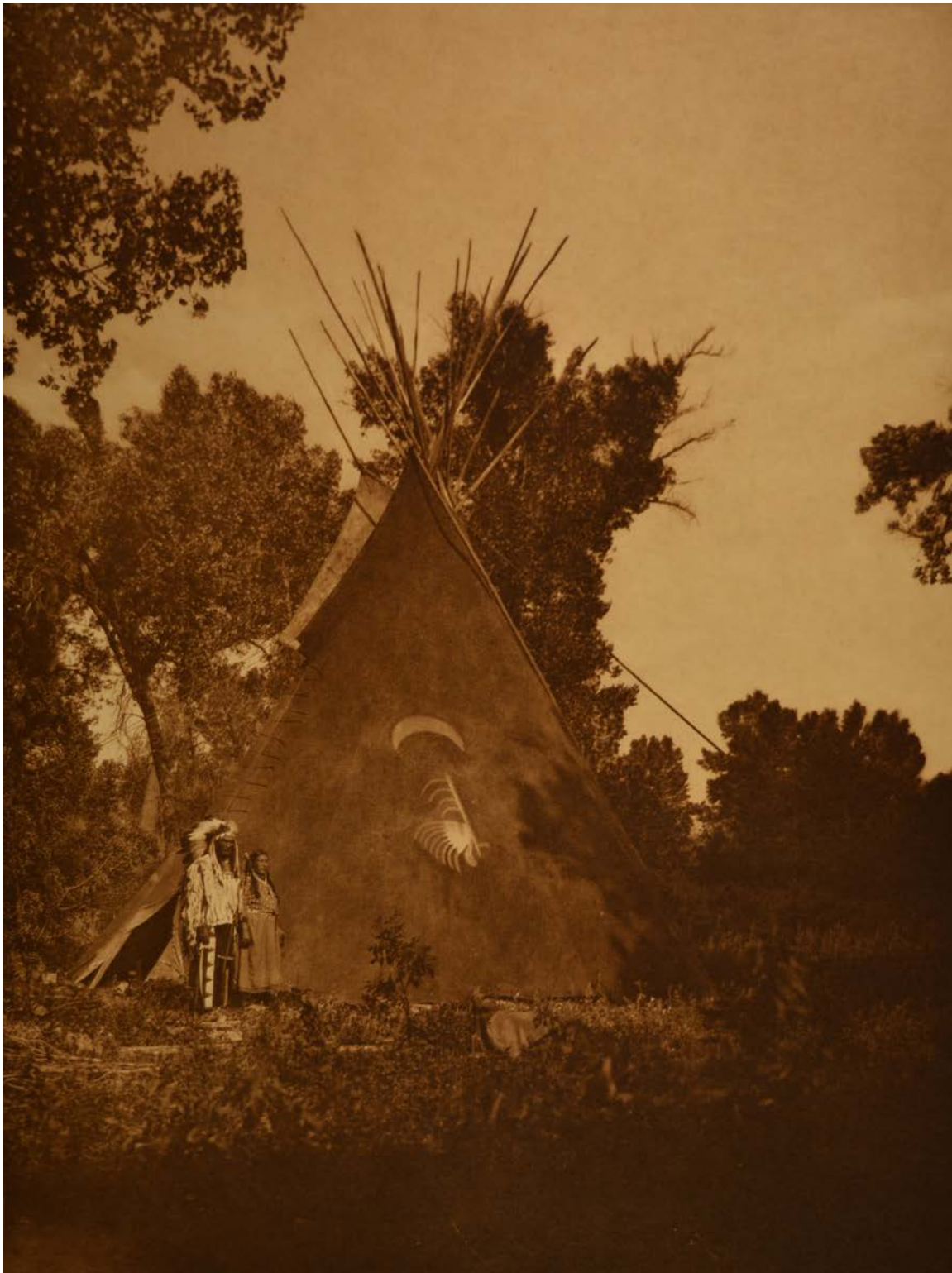
Volume Four, Plate 136, *In Black Cañon - Apsaroke*

The Apsaroke, although not exclusively mountain dwellers, were ever fond of the hills, preferring the forest shade and the clear mountain streams to the hot, ill-watered, monotonous prairies. The picture illustrates the Apsaroke custom of wearing at the back of the head a band from which fall numerous strands of false hair ornamented at regular intervals with pellets of bright-colored gum. Black Cañon is in the northern portion of the Bighorn mountains, Montana.

An educated Apsaroke, son of Crazy Pend d'Oreille (see Volume IV, page 18 of the Curtis folios). Upshaw has assisted the author in his field-work, collecting material treating of the northern plains tribes.

The Lumpwoods, owing to the valor of their great warrior, Bull, held this position of influence for many years. They proclaimed their many victories by parading through the camp, singing in honor of their renowned leader, and throughout the village men, women, and children joined in songs of praise. Bull, astride a proud, high-stepping black horse with a string of jack-rabbit feet about its neck, rode at the head of the procession. His short deerskin shirt, fringed at the bottom and the sleeves, was painted blue, and eagle downfeathers fluttered from the back. His hair was brought together above the forehead, and one long eagle tail feather with two jack-rabbit ears attached to the quill stood upright in the knot. (Continued on page 80)





Volume Four, Plate 141,
Apsaroke Medicine Tipi

The Apsaroke medicine-men usually painted their lodges according to the visions received while fasting and supplicating their spirits. This tipi was painted dark red, with various symbols on the covering. No man would dare so to decorate a tipi without having received his instructions in revelation from the spirits.

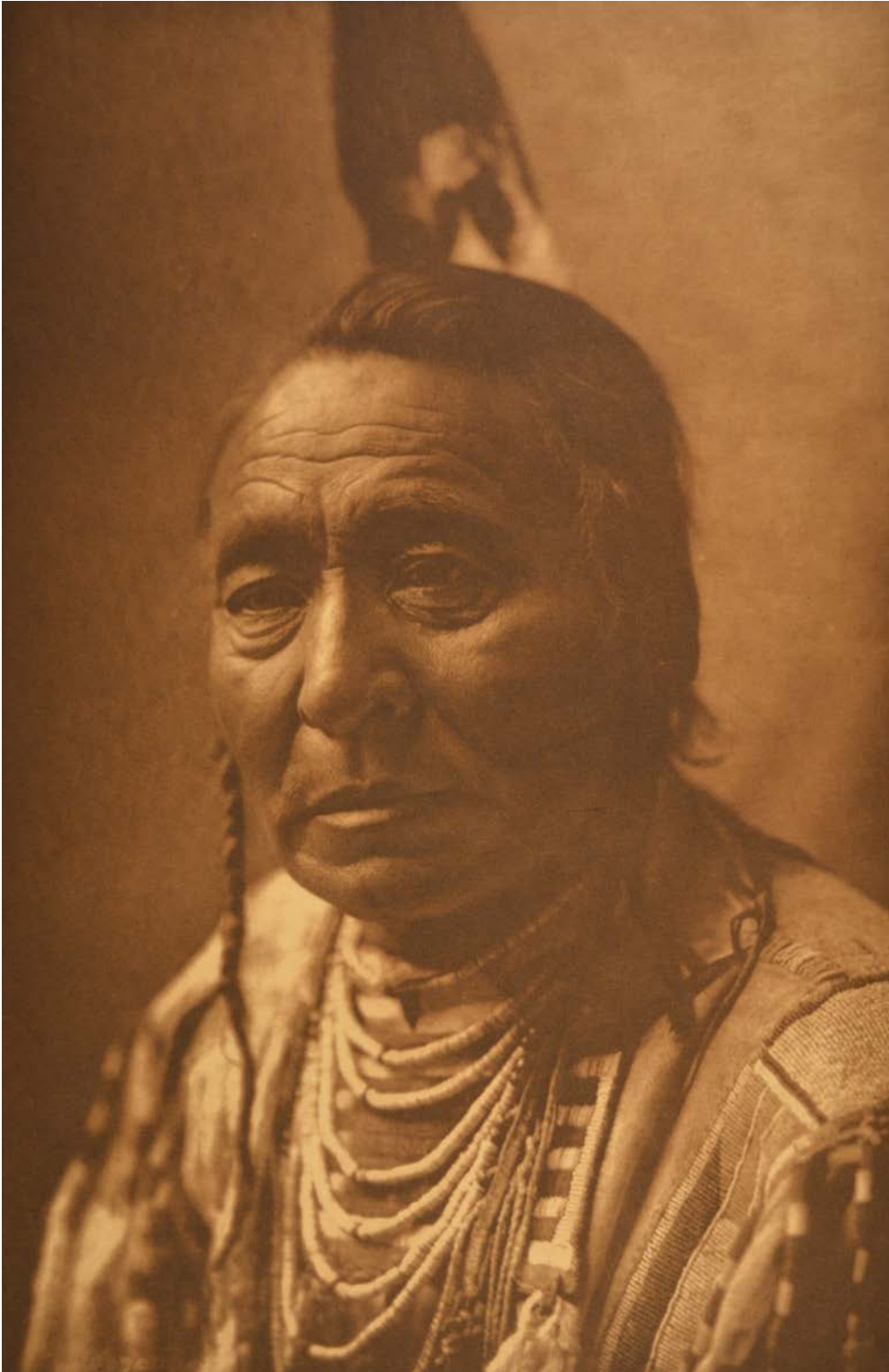
Volume Four, Plate 142, **Wolf**
- **Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of Wolf is given in Volume IV, page 208 of the Curtis folios.

Wolf, Tsétűsh

Born 1857. Mountain Crow; Not Mixed clan; Fox organization. His medicine of wolf was obtained by purchase. He has to his credit a dáksǰě and a captured gun, both honors having been won at the same time, when he rushed into a protected hollow where were concealed two Yanktonai who had already killed three and wounded two of the attacking Apsaroke. Again, when six of a party of seven turned back without finding the enemy, Wolf alone went forward and captured a tethered horse from the camp. In pursuing some Yanktonai who had taken Apsaroke horses, he and a companion charged; his horse went down, and as he arose he himself was shot.





Volume Four, Plate 145, **Wet - Apsaroke**

For a biographical sketch of this noted leader, see Volume IV, page 207 of the Curtis folios.

Wet, Ahichísh

Born about 1851. Mountain Crow; Whistle Water clan; Fox society. As a boy he was a natural leader among his companions, planning and conducting mock war-parties, captaining sham battles, imitating all that warriors did. He fasted on the small nearby hills just as did the men in the mountains. When he was sixteen, having already accompanied a war-party, his father, Daśhkyúsh, Blown Down, made the morning-star medicine for him and bade him go, with the medicine bundles on his back, into the mountains for a real fast. He climbed many of the high peaks in the Bighorn and Pryor mountains, seeking a guardian spirit. At length the morning star appeared before him as a war-chief and explained the secrets of medicine bundles. He was dressed in a long deerskin shirt, from the shoulders of which hung scalps and weasel-tails, indicating that he was a chief. Spots of white paint were at the temple. As he turned to go, the tails of foxes could be seen at the heels of his moccasins, showing that he possessed many war-honors. On the back of the shirt was painted his image, in the centre of which appeared eagle-feathers. A few steps away the spirit looked back and said, "My child, you shall be as I am."

(Continued on page 81)

Volume Four, Plate 146, **Sitting Elk - Apsaroke**

A biographical sketch of this subject is given in Volume IV, page 204 of the Curtis folios.

Sitting Elk, *İfsídikyaśhe-watśh*

Born about 1828-1830. River Crow of the Never Shoots, Packs Game clan, and Fox organization, which he joined at about thirty, having been chosen to take the place of a friend who had been killed. He never fasted. "I cannot help it," he remarked; "it is the truth." But when he was six years of age he was taking part in a sham fight with mud balls thrown from sticks. A ball that had not been rolled in the sparks of the fire and consequently could not be seen as it came, struck him in the eye, which soon swelled shut. The next evening the boys were playing again, and a woman relative said chidingly, "Foolish boy, go and get your eye hurt again!" He went, but stood at the end, and was the last to charge and the first in the retreat. Soon a mud ball struck the same eye, and it seemed as if his "brains would fall out." A sister-in-law cared for him that night. Toward morning he fell asleep and dreamed. He saw the sham fight continued; gradually it changed, and he suddenly saw two opposing war-parties contending. A man with a lance decorated with hawk-feathers stood forth, sang three songs, and charged among the enemy. As he entered their ranks he became a chickadee. Soon he reappeared without a scratch on his body.

(Continued on page 81)





Volume Six, Plate 186, *Painted Lodges - Piegan*

Symbolically painted tipis are frequently observed among the Piegan. Sometimes incidents in the owner's career, especially as a warrior, are depicted, but more often, as in this picture, the painting is conventional, and imitative of a tipi seen by the owner in a vision.

Volume Six, Plate 187, *Tearing Lodge*
- Piegan

Pínokiminúksh is one of the few Piegan of advanced years and retentive memory. He was born about 1835 on Judith river in what is now northern Montana, and was found to be a valuable informant on many topics. The buffalo-skin cap is a part of his war costume, and was made and worn at the command of a spirit in a vision. The first fasting of Tearing Lodge for the sake of experiencing a vision is narrated by him in Volume VI, pages 79-81 of the Curtis folios.

"One day I was thinking of the fighting that occurs on war expeditions, and that it would be a good thing to be able to escape bullets. So I thought I would go and ask an old man to help me. I knew Red Short Robe had strong medicine. I built a sweat-lodge and brought out a robe, a shirt, a quiver of arrows, a knife, a saddle-blanket, and some tobacco. I stood by the sweat-lodge, and called; 'Red Short Robe, here is a sweat-lodge ready for you!' It was an honor for a medicine-man to be selected for this purpose. He brought five old men with him, and they entered without a word. I handed in the pipe and the presents, and the old men smoked.
(Continued on page 82)





Volume Six, Plate 188, *In a Piegan Lodge*

Little Plume with his son Yellow Kidney occupies the position of honor, the space at the rear opposite the entrance. The picture is full of suggestion of the various Indian activities. In a prominent place lie the ever-present pipe and its accessories on the tobacco cutting-board. From the lodge-poles hang the buffalo-skin shield, the long medicine-bundle, an eagle-wing fan, and deerskin articles for accoutering the horse. The upper end of the rope is attached to the intersection of the lodge-poles, and in stormy weather the lower end is made fast to a stake near the centre of the floor space.

Volume Six, Plate 189, *White Calf*
- *Piegan*

Unistaí-poka (White Buffalo-calf) died at Washington in 1903. He was then almost eighty years of age, and had been the chief of his tribe for about a generation. In 1855, being then known as Feather, he signed the treaty negotiated by Governor Stevens. As a warrior, White Calf was famous among the tribes, but with the passing of intertribal warfare he devoted himself to working in peaceful ways for the good of his people. He was remarkable in the breadth of his judgment, and in the readiness with which he recognized, and adapted himself to, the changes which his people were obliged to face when the buffalo vanished. Kindly, benevolent, and gentle of nature, White Calf yet possessed a sturdy determination and independence that bullying and threats could not move. Yet if reasons were advanced which appealed to his judgment, he was quick to acknowledge error and to modify his views. ---George Bird Grinnell.





Volume Six, Plate 191, *Double Runner - Piegan*

Double Runner's is an excellent type of the Piegan physiognomy, as well as of the ideal North American Indian as pictured by the average person. The native name of this individual is Áhkutômahka.

Volume Six, Plate 196, *Yellow Kidney*
- *Piegan*

The portrait shows Apuyótoksi
(Light-colored Kidney) wearing a
wolf-skin war-bonnet.





Volume Six, Plate 198, **A Grizzly-Bear Brave**
- **Piegan**

At least two of the Piegan warrior societies (the Braves and the All Brave Dogs) included in their membership two men known as Grizzly-bear Braves. It was their duty, at the time of the society dances, to provide their comrades with meat, which they appropriated wherever they could find it. Their expression and demeanor did justice to their name, and in their official capacity they were genuinely feared by the people. See Volume VI, pages 20-21 of the Curtis folios.

The Braves painted their bodies red, and each had a bone whistle and a spear whose long head consisted of a Hudson's Bay dagger and whose shaft was wrapped with bright cloth and ornamented at intervals with feathers. At the beginning of their ceremony they sat on the ground in an incomplete ellipse. Ten or twelve paces to the westward sat four men of fine physique, naked and painted white. These were Apáfsi, White Braves. At the north were four others, painted black – the Crows – each with a bag on his back. About twenty-five yards to the eastward sat two men wrapped in buffalo-robcs, each wearing a broad belt of grizzly-bear fur and having grizzly-bear claws around the biceps of each arm and around each calf, and on his head a pair of claws projecting upward and inward like buffalo-horns. These were Kyáyafsi, Grizzly-bear Braves. (Continued on page 83)

Volume Six, Plate 199, A
Medicine Pipe - Piegan

Medicine-pipes, of which the Piegan have many, are simply lone pipe-stems variously decorated with beads, paint, feathers, and fur. Each one is believed to have been obtained long ago in some supernatural manner, as recounted in a myth. The medicine-pipe is ordinarily concealed in a bundle of wrappings, which are removed only when the sacred object is to be employed in healing sickness, or when it is to be transferred from one custodian to another in exchange for property. Such exchanges, occurring at intervals of a few years in the history of each pipe, are attended by much ceremony.





Volume Six, Plate 200, *New Chest*
- *Piegan*

Volume Six, Plate 203, *Weasel Tail - Piegan*

The accoutrement of this brave (Ápôhsuyîs) comprises the well-known war-bonnet of eagle-feathers and weasel-skins, deerskin shirt, bone necklace, grizzly-bear claw necklace, and tomahawk-pipe of Hudson's Bay Company origin.





Volume Six, Plate 204, *Old Person - Piegan*

The young men eagerly seize every occasion of public festivity to don the habiliments of their warrior fathers.



Volume Six, Plate 205, *Bringing the Sweat-Lodge Willows- Piegan*

Young horsemen are coming toward the Sun-dance encampment with willows for the faster's sweat-lodge, as described in Volume VI, pages 42 and 43 of the Curtis folios.

When service-berries were fully ripe, the attendant of the faster publicly ordered the members of one of the four younger warrior societies to select the place for the dance. The formula was: "Braves, Spotted Eagle asks you to go ahead and look about for a place where there is tall timber and a suitable spot for the medicine-lodge!" The Big Comrade of the designated society then rode about the camp calling on the members to hasten. The young men assembled in ordinary dress and set out on horseback. They remained away all day, and on their return the Big Comrade reported to the faster what place had been chosen. Then he rode about the camp announcing the news. (Continued on page 84)



Volume Six, Plate 206, *Iron Breast - Piegan*

The picture illustrates the costume of a member of the Bulls (see Volume VI, page 28 of the Curtis folios), an age society for many years obsolete.

Some of the members had war-bonnets consisting of a circlet of feathers, others had circlet and trailer (the trailer representing the hump of the buffalo), and others caps formed of the scalp of the buffalo with the horns, shortened by cutting off the base, still attached. All wore buffalo-robcs with the hairy side exposed. Two, wearing the caps of buffalo-skin, used robes made of the skins of very old bulls, and they were known as Scabby Bulls. The chief wore on his head a circlet of eagle-feathers with a small pointless arrow-shaft attached to it in such a manner that it lay straight across his forehead. From the arrow hung pieces of weasel-skin, like fringe, to about the level of the eyes, and at each end was a reddened down-feather of the eagle.

Volume Six, Plate 208, *A Piegan
Dandy*



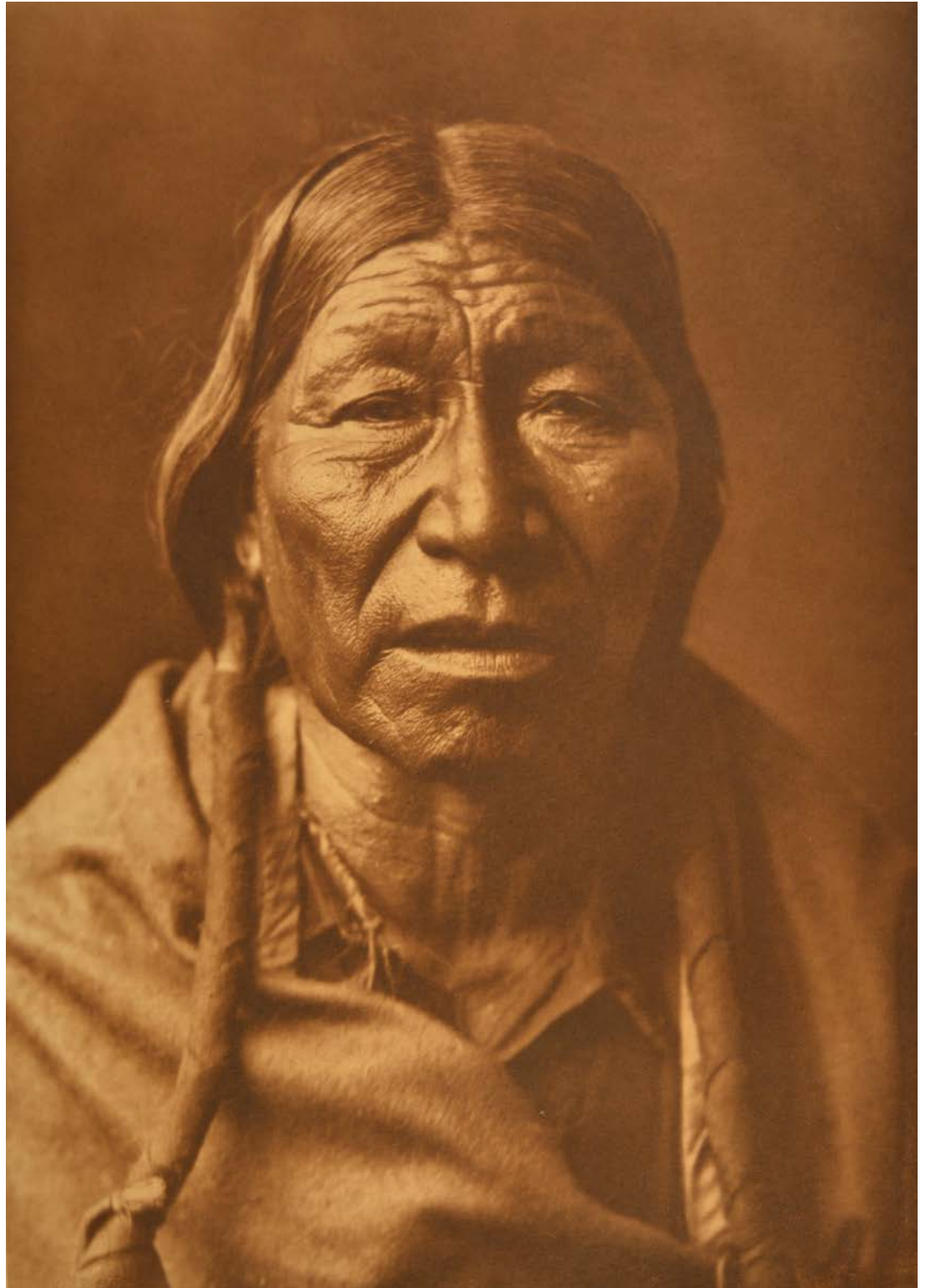


Volume Six, Plate 209, *The Three Chiefs - Piegan*

Three proud old leaders of their people. A picture of the primal upland prairies with their waving grass and limpid streams. A glimpse of the life and conditions which are on the verge of extinction.

Volume Six, Plate 210, *Cheyenne
Type*

The original of this portrait is
Wakó'yami (His Horse Bobtailed),
of the Northern Cheyenne.





Volume Six, Plate 211, *Cheyenne Profile.*

Volume Six, Plate 212, *Cheyenne
Girl*





Volume Six, Plate 213, *Two Moons*
- *Cheyenne*

Two Moons was one of the Cheyenne war chiefs at the battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876, when Custer's command was annihilated by a force of Sioux and Cheyenne.



Volume Six, Plate 214, *At the Ford - Cheyenne*

The picture represents a party of warriors on the march. The scene is at Tongue river, in Montana.

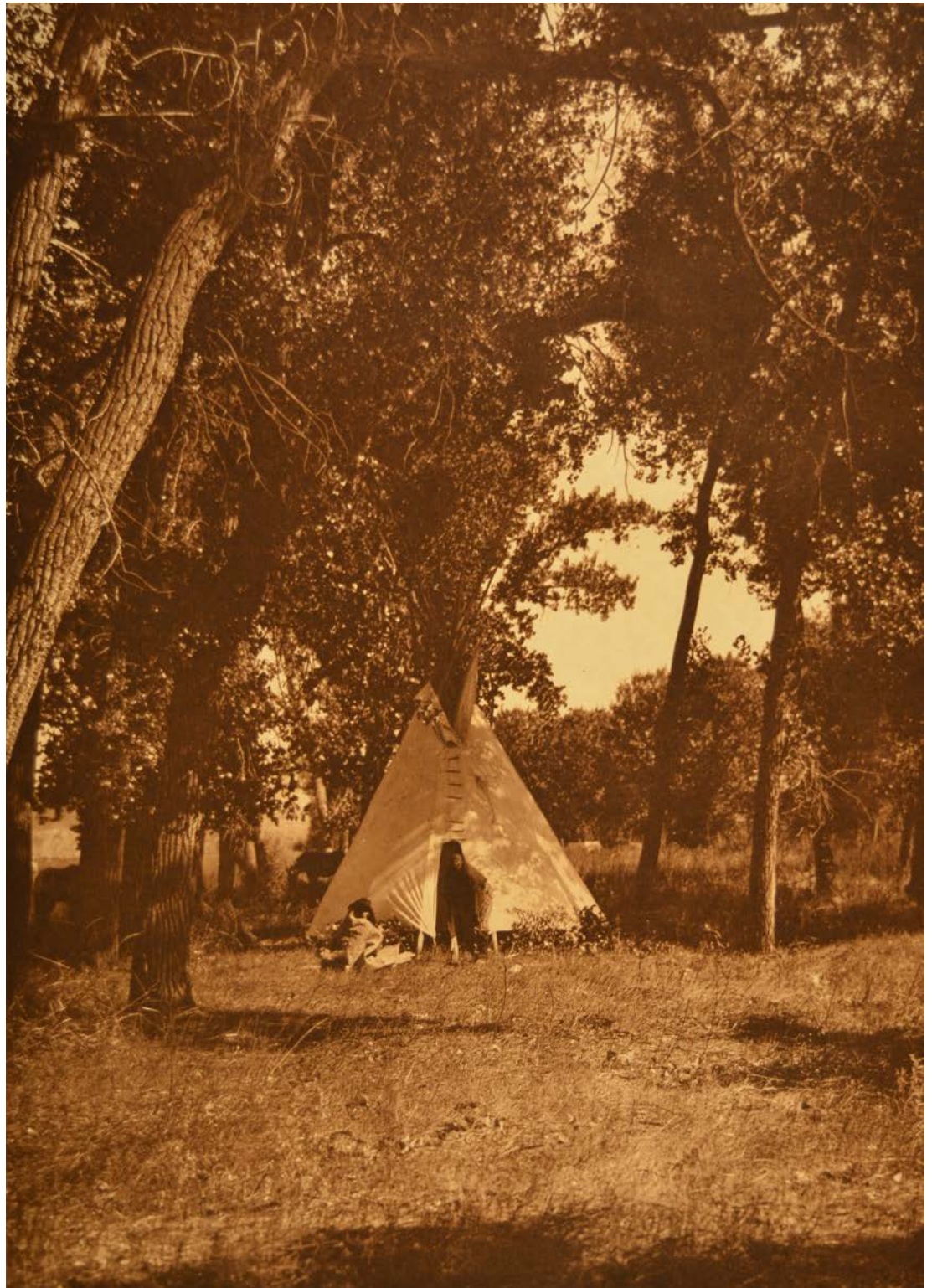


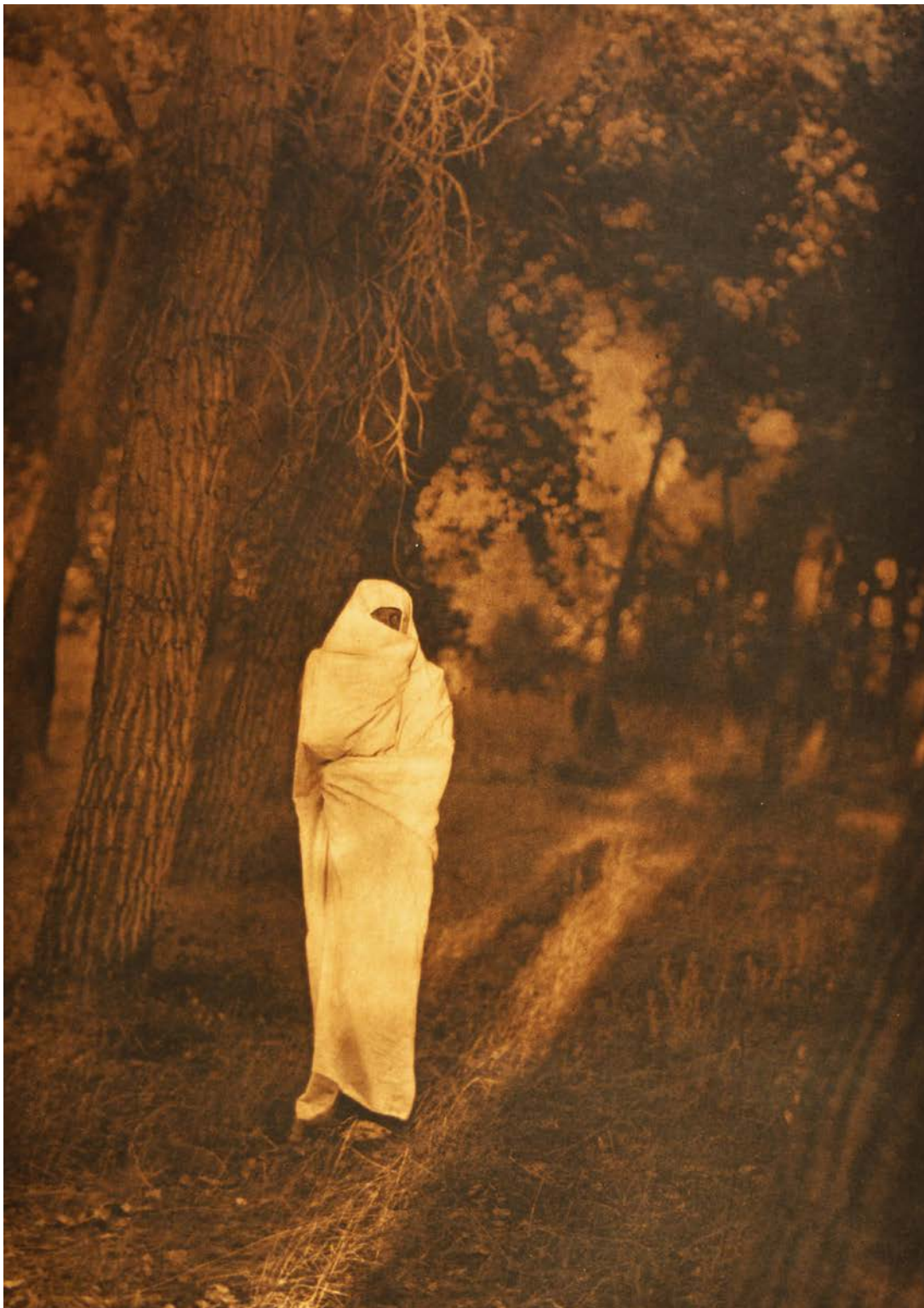
Volume Six, Plate 216,
Porcupine - Cheyenne

At the summer gatherings for such occasions as the Sun Dance, the men sometimes protect their heads from the merciless sun by a thatch of cottonwood leaves.

Volume Six, Plate 217, *Camp in the
Cottonwoods - Cheyenne*

The scene shows a single lodge pitched in one of the cottonwood groves in the bottoms along Tongue river, in Montana.





Volume Six, Plate 218, *Waiting in the Forest - Cheyenne*

At dusk in the neighborhood of the large encampments young men, closely wrapped in non-committal blankets or white cotton sheets, may be seen gliding about the tipis or standing motionless in the shadow of the trees, each one alert for the opportunity to steal a meeting with his sweetheart.

Volume Six, Plate 219, *Little Wolf* -
Cheyenne



Continued from page 5 (Red Hawk)

First coup when twelve horse-raiding Blackfeet were discovered in a creek bottom and annihilated. Led another party against Shoshoni, but failed to find them; encountered and surrounded a white-horse troop. From a hill overlooking the fight Red Hawk saw soldiers dismount and charge. The Lakota fled, leaving him alone. A soldier came close and fired, but missed. Red Hawk did likewise, but while the soldier was reloading his carbine he fired again with his Winchester and heard a thump and “O-h-h-h!” A Cheyenne boy on horseback rushed in and struck the soldier, counting coup. Engaged in twenty battles, many with troops, among them the Custer fight of 1876; others with Pawnee, Apsaroke, Shoshoni, Cheyenne, and even with Sioux scouts.

Red Hawk fasted twice. The second time, after two days and a night, he saw a vision. As he slept, something from the west came galloping and panting. It circled about him, then went away. A voice said, “Look! I told you there would be many horses!” He looked, and saw a man holding green grass in his hand. Again the voice said, “There will be many horses about this season”; then he saw the speaker was a rose-hip, half red, half green. Then the creature went away and became a yellow-headed blackbird. It alighted on one of the offering poles, which bent as if under a great weight. The bird became a man again, and said, “Look at this!” Red Hawk saw a village, into which the man threw two long-haired human heads. Said the voice, “I came to tell you something, and I have now told you. You have done right.” Then the creature, becoming a bird, rose and disappeared in the south. Red Hawk slept, and heard a voice saying, “Look at your village!” He saw four women going around the village with their hair on the top of their heads, and their legs aflame. Following them was a naked man, mourning and singing the death-song. Again he slept, and felt a hand on his head, shaking him, and as he awoke a voice said, “Arise, behold the face of your grandfather!” He looked to the eastward and saw the sun peeping above a ridge. The voice continued: “Listen! He is coming, anxious to eat.” So he took his pipe and held the stem toward the rising sun. This time he knew he was not asleep, or dreaming: he knew he was on a hill three miles from the village. A few days later came news that of five who had gone against the enemy, four had been killed; one returned alive, and followed the four mourning wives around the camp singing the death-song. Still later they killed a Cheyenne and an Asparoke scout, and the two heads were brought into camp.

Continued from page 23 (Red Cloud, Makpíya-lúta)

Red Cloud received his name, in recognition of his bravery, from his father after the latter’s death. Before that his name had been Two Arrows, Wa^N-nó^Npa. His brother-in-law, Nachili, gave him medicine tied up in a little deerskin bag. Always before going to war Red Cloud rubbed this over his body. All the tribe regarded his medicine as very potent. He first gained notice as a leader by his success at Fort Phil. Kearny in 1866, when he killed Captain Fetterman and eighty soldiers. In the following year he led a large party, two to three thousand, it is said, in an attack on a wood-train at the same post, but was repulsed with great loss. Previously only chief of the Bad Face band of Ogalala, he became head-chief of the tribe after the abandonment of Fort Phil. Kearny. Red Cloud was prevented from joining in the Custer fight by the action of General Mackenzie in disarming him and his camp.

Continued from page 25 (American Horse - Ogalala)

“The chiefs and the members of the Short Hairs met in open council and selected the four who were adjudged to be most fit for the positions. When the new men had been decided on, with the concurrence of the retiring chiefs, the latter sent the two Soldier Chiefs to bring the men selected. They were brought one at a time, and given place side by side in front of the chiefs. The retiring chiefs made addresses of advice and placed on the newly elected leaders scalp-shirts made especially for the occasion. Four men were then called who had led war-parties that had returned after striking an effective blow at the enemy without a man or a horse being wounded; four others, also, who had counted first honors in battle. The first four sewed the hair on the newly made shirts; then the other four sewed the feathers on: the first feather on the right shoulder of each shirt, the second on the left, the third on the right elbow, the fourth on the left.”

Continued from page 29 (Apsaroke War-Chief)

Twice he fought on the side of the white men when “their flag was on the ground”: once against the Nez Percés in Chief Joseph’s retreat, and again under General Crook when the Sioux under Sitting Bull were fleeing across the Canadian border. Medicine Crow participated in ten severe fights, killed three men, had two horses shot under him, and had the distinction of having “thrown away” six wives.

Continued from page 31 (White Man Runs Him - Apsaroke)

Following Custer’s coming up to view the valley and its camp of hostiles, he was with Custer until the Sioux made their attack on him. White Man Runs Him’s recollections of that day are exceedingly clear. The author spent several days with him travelling carefully over the ground covered on the day of the disastrous fight on the Little Bighorn, part of this time being accompanied by Gen. C. A. Woodruff. White Man Runs Him possesses no medicine derived from his own vision, but once fasted four days and four nights in the Bighorn mountains on a peak still known to the Apsaroke as “Where White Man Runs Him Fasted.” Of his seven wives he gave up six “good ones,” that is, those who had borne him children: to discard such was an indication of a strong heart.

Continued from page 34 (Hoop on the Forehead - Apsaroke)

*He scouted with Crook on the Rose-bud, with Miles against the Bannock, with Howard in the pursuit of the Nez Percés, and with Gibbon against the Sioux; started to join Miles’s command in a campaign against the Sioux, but met the enemy, counted his *dákšhě* and returned. Married at about thirty; took seven wives in all, and gave away five.*

Continued from page 39 (Plenty Coups - Apsaroke)

Subsequently his record was four coups of each of the four sorts – striking the first enemy in a battle, capturing a gun, taking a tethered horse from the enemy’s camp, and leading a successful war-party – and as no other Apsaroke could equal his achievements he became, on the death of Pretty Eagle in 1903, the chief of the tribe.

Continued from page 41 (Bull Chief - Apsaroke)

Not long after his marriage, a bank of earth fell upon his young wife and killed her; and though he was looked upon with favor by all the tribe, and many women were hoping to be chosen by him, he sorrowed for the dead girl and determined to go through a form of torture. Two friends killed an old buffalo bull and dragged the fresh head, with a broad strip of skin down the back, including the tail, to the edge of the village. While the people were making merry that night, Bull Chief’s heart was sad with the thought of what was at the edge of the camp. Early in the morning he bathed in the river and went to the lodge of Big Shadow, a clansman, and said, “My friend, pierce me.” Big Shadow had heard of the buffalo-head, and answered, “Go! I shall come.” He directed Bull Chief to bathe again, remove every ornament from his body, and rub himself with sage. The young man did so, and went and sat beside the buffalo-head, after which his clansman came with three other men. He painted Bull Chief from head to foot with white clay, then pierced the muscles of his back in two places, and to the skewers which he thrust through the slits he attached thongs that were fastened to the nostrils of the buffalo-head. Then he pierced the shoulders, and from the slits hung the shield and tomahawk. He pulled the thongs tight, gave Bull Chief a staff, and bade (sic) him arise. While the other three sat behind and smoked, Big Shadow sang and exhorted Bull Chief to be a man and go four times about the camp, which stretched along the river for about half a mile. So he dragged the head and skin along, wailing, while dogs rushed out barking, leaped upon the skin, and jerked the sticks in the slits. Sometimes the skin caught in the sage-brush, and he had difficulty in refraining from turning back. At sunset he went to a hilltop to which Big Shadow had directed him, and lay down, his head between the horns of the buffalo and his feet at the tail, pointing eastward. As day dawned a man seemed to come and stand at his feet: then he turned and departed. Just before sunrise Big Shadow came. “Last night someone came to you; I know it,” he said. “I did not sleep,” said Bull Chief; “how then could anyone come to me?” “Someone did come, I know it,” persisted the other. “Yes,” said Bull Chief, “I will tell you of it.” Big Shadow returned to the camp, leaving the young man to bathe before coming to his lodge for food. After the faster had eaten, Big Shadow said, “Last night in my dreams I saw a man before you. Why should you conceal it from me?” Then Bull Chief told him how the man had been dressed, and the other said, “It is the Morning Star, my Father, that came to you.” Thereafter Bull Chief dressed as the spirit had been dressed, and he believes that all his honors and long life are the result of its guidance and protection. Bull Chief counted three first coups on Sioux and two on Indians killed by white men; but the latter are “not good.” Three times he captured guns from enemies who were still alive and shooting at him. On another occasion he took two revolvers and a box from a Sioux. Captured two tethered horses. He never led a war-party from the camp, but four times he took detachments from parties that were turning back, and each time came home with undisputed honor. Three times he dismounted in battle and alone held the enemy back. He has a record of having killed eight men – three Sioux, two Nez Percés, one Shoshoni, and two Piegan. Member of Never Shoots, Packs Game clan, and of the Fox organization. Never accepted the lance of the Fox society, but was four times placed at the head of the procession as they marched to the dance, a position accorded the bravest man present. Married fifteen times; gave up thirteen of his wives. Father of thirteen children.

Continued from page 42 (For a Winter Campaign- Apsaroke)

Within was a good warm shelter. Each man had one buffalo-robe, and the horsemen had for saddles large pieces of old lodge-covering, which were now hung around inside the lodge. We wore cloth shirts, which our women had made of stuff bought of the traders; and each had a flannel overcoat with a hood, also made by the women. We had a good many flintlocks. At night the horses were placed in sheltered spots by herders from each society, who then returned to the lodge and rubbed their bodies warm with dry buffalo-chips. The trees were covered with frost.

The next morning was so cold that the smoke went up straight. I did not stay inside much, but was always up on a hill, looking. Balky was chief of the scouts for this party, and we scouts had to obey him. He sent different ones to different hill-tops, and sometimes if we saw no enemy we sang to our sweethearts back at home and taunted the men belonging to other societies. Scouts had only one meal a day, and that was after going in at night. That day we moved to the head of the Little Bighorn. Nose That Shows, whose brother had been killed by the Lakota, had shaved nearly all the hair from his head, and sang as he went along, "Young men, I have no one to run to!" That was to excite us young men.

Our third camp was at the place where Aberdeen, Montana, now is, and in that country the snow was becoming very deep. All this time we had had no buffalo cows, only bulls, but between there and Tongue river we found plenty of buffalo and killed a great many cows. The back fat was half an inch thick. We camped northwest of where Sheridan, Wyoming, now is. Then we followed up Tongue river for some distance, and saw the trail of the Lakota and Cheyenne who had killed First Feather Of The Tail and the brother of Nose That Shows. There had been about forty of them. The same day, the fifth, we came to a frozen lake that was surrounded with buffalo. We scouts crossed on the ice, but it was thin, and cracked a good deal. In the middle was an open hole: we thought that was a mystery-place.

Continued from page 43 (The Scout in Winter - Apsaroke)

Early in the morning, when the women began to throw down the lodges, we started, wearing flannel overcoats with hoods of buffalo-hair, and buffalo-skin mittens fastened to the shoulders with strings. Besides the coats we had buffalo-robcs, for the weather was very cold. We crossed Pryor creek, and just then a hard cold wind fell on us and the fine snow was thrown in our faces. That was the coldest day I can remember. It was so cold that the order was given to run the buffalo, kill some, cut out a few pieces of meat, and then rush for camp. I rode a big bald-face horse, the fastest one in the party. My saddle was a little pad cinched around the horse, and it had stirrups. My father was with me; though he was an old man, he was strong, and I gave him my riding horse, saying, "I will kill a fat buffalo, and you come to me quickly." The cold went into the skin, and we could not even throw off our robes to shoot. When we got very close to the buffalo they began to run through the snow, but I was soon in the herd and alongside of one whose back was broad. My knees almost touched her, and I put an arrow into her side. Then before my hand was bad I sent another arrow into another fat one and jumped off my horse, and while he ran around me I put my hands under my arms. They were stiff and had no feeling.

My father rode up and cut the buffalo down the belly, took my hands and thrust them in between the two sides. It was just like putting them into fire; the ends of the fingers pricked as if cactus needles were going into them, and I wanted to pull my hands out, but he held them there. When he took them out, the finger-nails were black. He rubbed my hands in the snow, then I put them under my arms again, and soon I was able to use them. In a short time we had the buffalo cut up and the pieces strung together as they should be; we threw them on the horses, hurried to the other buffalo and cut it open, took out the calf, and ran for the camp. Most of the men took only a few pieces. My father was riding the fast horse and I the packhorse,

sitting on the load of meat; but it was too cold, so I jumped off and drove the horses before me on a run. Then the chief and his old men talked together: "There is nothing in this country; let us run back to the Bighorn and see what there is north of the Place Of Many Fast" (Pryor mountains). So we moved north. That night we camped on Many Dry Heads; it was very cold. Red Bear instructed me to scout ahead early in the morning. "We shall move northward to Muddy creek," he said. "Go up on the high places and look to see if there are any buffalo." I put on my belt of cartridges, hung my gun over one shoulder and the telescope at my side, and started out before camp was broken. When I got on the high places on the north side of Many Dry Heads, the snow was deep everywhere, even down below. It came about half-way to my knees. All the country from the Bighorn river on the east as far as I could see toward the Yellowstone in the northwest was dotted with buffalo. In the meanwhile the people had passed by me on the east, and about sunset I joined the camp at Muddy creek.

Continued from page 44 (Shot in the Hand- Apsaroke)

Four times in as many different fights he seized an unharmed enemy by the hair and hurled him from his horse. He once accepted the staff of the Foxes, but there was no occasion to use it that summer. He "threw away" seven of his eight wives.

Continued from page 47 (Upshaw - Apsaroke)

As the cavalcade approached the lodge where the Foxes were assembled, the members of this band ran inside, for they became ashamed in the presence of Bull. Old men and the chiefs who had once been members of those societies saw the embarrassment of the Fox men, and cried aloud: "Foxes, behold the champion of the Lumpwoods! He is running over you! He will wipe your society out of existence! Wake up, Pretty Eagle, Tattooed Face, Goes To War, Plenty Coups, Crazy Pend d'Oreille!" But all were silent, for even to attempt to surpass Bull's valorous deeds seemed to mean death at the hands of the enemy.

Only Crazy Pend d'Oreille remained outside, and he hid his face as the bold leader approached. Bull looked down upon him and said, "I did not know there was such a poor creature under my horse's feet; it would be a pity to step on such a wretch!" Pend d'Oreille remembered the vision of his last fasting, and with bravery in his heart he went inside the lodge, declaring in the name of the Fox society, "In the next great battle Bull shall not strike the enemy before me! Brothers, take the songs away from the Lumpwoods! Tell the herald to give my word to the village!"

The herald rode about crying in a loud voice the words of Crazy Pend d'Oreille. The village was in an uproar; everyone was saying, "Crazy Pend d'Oreille is going into the midst of the enemy in the next fight, and he has taken the songs of Bull!" They were astonished to hear this, as Bull's reckless bravery was so renowned that it seemed no warrior could excel him.

Crazy Pend d'Oreille's vow caused the Foxes to cheer themselves hoarse in anticipation of their triumph over the Lumpwoods. After the parade the Lumpwoods withdrew into the lodge of one of their members to consider what they should do. Bull said, "Be brave, men, I am still alive and among you." He raised his right hand to the sun, saying, "Oh, Man, bring forth the warriors of the Lakota to prove whether Crazy Pen d'Oreille is the Apsaroke or if I am the man of this nation!"

In a few days the entire Apsaroke village moved from the Yellowstone to Pryor creek, and following it up a few miles came face to face with the advance of a force of Cheyenne and Arapaho under Mountain-sheep and Two Moons. The invaders concealed themselves in the thick woods, four miles south of where Coburn, Montana, now is, and sent half of their command forward to meet the Apsaroke in an effort to hide their real strength, which was not far from a thousand warriors. The Apsaroke

women hurriedly unpacked their horses, formed a circular encampment with the tipis turned inside out, as was the custom when the enemy appeared in force. Inside the circle the women and children dug trenches, and the horses were hobbled and thrown on their sides out of the way of stray bullets and arrows. The warriors advanced to meet the enemy.

A Cheyenne rode out alone in front of the line, gayly dressed in war-bonnet, deerskin shirt, and beaded leggings. Forty or fifty yards from his own line his horse was shot under him. When Pend d'Oreille, who had been closely watching Bull, saw the Cheyenne horse fall, he dashed forward at full speed and struck the enemy in sight of all, then whipped his horse headlong into the line of the Cheyenne and Arapaho. As he passed into the thick of their ranks, a Cheyenne on a powerful horse rode directly toward him. The animals crashed together, reared high into the air, and Pend d'Oreille was hurled to the ground, where he was completely surrounded by the enemy, striking at him with spears and shooting at him at close range. Leaping to his feet he dashed in and out among their plunging horses. A hundred and twenty yards he ran, fighting alone in the midst of the enemy, and when the Apsaroke charged and forced them back, one Cheyenne continued to pursue Pend d'Oreille alone and shot him through the hand as he stumbled and fell over a clump of sage-brush. This Cheyenne was shot and killed by Hillside, a cousin of Pend d'Oreille, who with others rescued his relative. The Cheyenne and his horse fell in a heap, and their bones remain there to this day, while a line of stones still marks the course of Crazy Pend d'Oreille's retreat.

A few minutes after Pend d'Oreille charged the enemy's line, Bull, the leader of the Lumpwoods, mounted on his black horse, dashed in among the foe, but came out with a bullet wound through his body and died in a few moments. The Cheyenne and Arapaho were driven from the field, leaving their dead behind, and the songs of Bull have ever since remained the property of the Fox society.

Continued from page 50 (Wet - Apsaroke)

Wet returned to his father's lodge, and after the usual purification in the sweat-lodge, described his vision. Soon afterward the old man sent his son with a war-party, which had not gone far when he charged upon an antelope hunter, killed and scalped him in plain view of the other Lakota, and with the scalp dangling from his belt dashed across the plain, swam the Bighorn, then in flood, and from the other bank waved the scalp in defiance. Wet became a great war-leader and a man whose words in council always commanded respect. He counted two *dákshě* and several secondary coups; he also captured a gun and a tethered horse. He threw away many wives as offerings to the spirits.

Continued from page 51 (Sitting Elk - Apsaroke)

Having had a vision and obtained songs, Sitting Elk felt that it would do no good to fast; yet with some doubt, fearing that it might have been merely a dream, he said nothing about his medicine. At forty he began to feel certain that it had been a real vision from the spirits, and thereafter used the songs and made his medicine known. He accompanied his first war-party in his eighteenth year, but though he went many times on the war-path, for one reason or another he participated in no fighting until he was thirty-three, when in an engagement he counted a second coup. On this occasion he was scouting in advance of the party when the deed was done and consequently gained a distinct honor, though not one of the four regular coups. Counted one *dákshě*, and captured two guns and one tethered horse. The last honor he does not count, because during the night retreat it was discovered that the animal was a mare, hence the capture could not count as an honor. When a companion informed him of the fact he threw the rope from her neck in disgust and turned her loose; and though others

at once pursued her, she could not be retaken. Sitting Elk never saw any spirit that gave him power to lead war-parties. Six times he turned back alone, dismounted, and checked the enemy while his companions retreated, a deed which he performed three times in one fight with the Piegan. North of the Yellowstone, a little above the mouth of Tullock's fork, a hunting party was suddenly attacked by Flatheads. Sitting Elk dismounted. His friends not only retreated, but deserted him, and he was completely surrounded. He charged upon the enemy, one of whom, also on foot, was shooting at him from under his horse's neck. As the Apsaroke rushed at him he abandoned his horse and ran; Sitting Elk seized the bridle, just as another Flathead dashed up and shot as he passed. The bullet struck his shoulder, but did not enter the flesh. The Apsaroke leaped upon the horse and charged among the Flatheads, who scattered, and as he passed between them they mounted and pursued. One was gaining rapidly, kicking his horse and holding his gun in the air. Sitting Elk turned suddenly; the Flathead shot, and the bullet passed through the horse's shoulder into the rider's leg. In the resulting collision both men were hurled to the ground. The Flathead leaped to his feet and ran, but not before Sitting Elk had secured his gun in the *melée*. With two guns in his hands he gave chase; the Flathead turned and shot with his revolver, the bullet striking the Apsaroke in the elbow as he instinctively threw up his arms. Another of the enemy rode close and struck him with a lance. He was now completely hemmed in, and the enemy paused to reload. Not knowing who they were, he called out, "Pieigans, stop! Let us talk!" They made no reply. Then, "Nez Percés," he cried, "let us talk!" Still there was no answer. In anger he shouted: "Why are you keeping silent? You cannot kill me this day. You are women and would better go home!" Then they rushed him again, shooting, but still he was not seriously wounded. "My body was full of bullets, and I was wild," says Sitting Elk. "The sun was low and I was anxious to die and be done with it." He put out his hand toward them, sang, and charged madly upon them; they broke and ran. Again they rallied and charged back at him, and so they continued fighting, running hither and thither, backward and forward. Suddenly a horseman appeared on the crest of a hill and dashed down to the scene of the fray. It was Little Crane. The Flatheads began to scatter, and the fight was over. Sitting Elk gave his rescuer a gun, the one he had captured, and was taken up on the horse, and thus they rode toward the hill where his tribesmen were waiting. Sitting Elk roundly upbraided them for not having come to his assistance. All the Apsaroke know of this single-handed fight, and all maintain that it lasted for what we would call several hours. Sitting Elk married at thirty-four and has had eleven wives, ten of whom he has "thrown away." He is the father of four children.

Continued from page 53 (Tearing Lodge - Piegan)

They gave me the pipe, and I laid it behind the lodge; then I rolled in the stones and gave them the water. He sang the medicine-songs which he had received in one of his dreams, and I raised the blankets. They came out, and the old man said, 'Come to my lodge to-night, and I will paint you,' and he told me to bathe in the river to make myself pure. That night, after washing my body, I went to his lodge with a pipe, and after he had smoked, he painted me and gave me a small pipe with tobacco, and steel, flint, and tinder. He said: 'When you get up there on the mountains, and it is dark, fill this pipe, light it, and hold it up in the air to the person of whom I have been singing. Then, after that, take a few puffs yourself.' He did not say who this person was, only that it was a spirit. He painted my face yellow, then put black on the forehead, and told me that was the way the person looked who came in his dream. Then he sang the four songs he had received, and called, 'Ks̄stui-tapiw, help this boy!'

"From his lodge I went home and slept, and the next morning, according to his instructions, I bathed again in the river, washing off the paint, and rubbed perfume on my body and clothing. Then I mounted my horse, and accompanied by

another boy went to the mountains. When we got as far as the horses could go, I sent my companion back with them and went on afoot. When I reached my destination, I erected a little cell of stones, about two and a half feet wide, and as high, and long enough to receive my body when lying down. On the bottom I laid sage and green brush, and made a roof of the same. Then I sat in the shade of a pine, and after it was dark I put off my clothing, lighted the pipe, and held the stem in the different directions for the spirits to smoke. I placed my clothing some distance away, and, after praying, went into the little cell. In whatever way you lie down, you must remain all night without moving. The next morning I went out, put on my clothing, and passed the day sitting or walking about. When night came, I did as I had done on the preceding night. So it went each day and each night. And each night I had the same dream: a person came and told me how to cure myself if wounded, and each night he said just the same thing and sang the same songs. This person was a man, and I think he was the same one who came to Red Short Robe, though he was painted in a different way. After he had come to me seven times, it seemed to me that it was a true dream, and it was useless to stay any longer. If it had not been the same dream seven times I would have remained the full ten days.

“After reaching home I went into the lodge and sat down to rest. Then I bathed in the river and perfumed my body, and went to the old man, whom I told that I had had a dream. But I did not tell him what it was. He said, ‘It is good.’ The next day I built another sweat-lodge and called Red Short Robe. I covered the sweat-lodge with a fine red blanket, and said, ‘I have a great belief in this dream, and I want you to continue to help me.’ That night I went again to the old man’s lodge, and again he painted me and sang for me and prayed to the spirit.

“As soon as I returned from the mountain my sister started to prepare food for me, but I said: ‘No, wait! At night I will eat.’ That night I counted the mouthfuls, and ate only five. The next day I ate nothing until night, and then ate six mouthfuls. The third day I ate seven, the fourth eight, the fifth nine, the sixth ten mouthfuls. During all this time I remained quietly in the lodge, but after the sixth night I ate as usual, and began going about. This was what the spirit told me to do.

“The spirit who came to me told me also to wear a certain kind of feather. Several moons passed before I saw any feather like that one, and I asked the man who had it to give it to me. He did not wish to, and asked why I wanted it. I said, ‘Just to have it.’ I gave him a good blanket-coat for three of his feathers. A man never kills any animal whose body he is to use for medicine: such things must always be bought from other people. But there is no wrong in killing such animals for food or for trading. If a spirit came to me and told me to wear eagle-feathers, it would be right to kill all the eagles I could catch, only I would not use the feathers myself, but would trade them or give them away. To use them for my own medicine would be like killing the dream.”

Continued from page 58 (A Grizzly-Bear Brave - Piegan)

Near the southeastern horn of the open ellipse sat a man called *Síksikafsi*, Brush Brave. Representing a herder, he wore a robe consisting of a piece of old lodge-cover, and carried a bundle of brush, as if driving a herd toward a buffalo-fall. Two songs were used alternately, four times each. During the four repetitions of the first song the Grizzly-bear Braves came forward and made the members rise and dance, after which they returned to their station and sat down. During the four alternating repetitions of the second song all danced, including the Grizzly-bear Braves, who imitated bears. While they danced they held arrows aloft, and at the end of the fourth repetition each Grizzly shot one blunt arrow into the air, and all the people ran, but the Braves stood fast, demonstrating their fearlessness. When the arrows fell, two of the Crows picked them up and put them into the bags on their backs. The Braves scattered, running quickly just outside the camp-circle, removed their

moccasins, left them there, and ran singing into the camp to their respective lodges. Then the people rushed out to get the moccasins for good luck. Meantime the Grizzlies were running about the camp, taking whatever good food they could find and giving it to the others, who carried it to the double lodge, where a feast was held far into the night. At any time when food was scarce in the Braves' lodge, the Grizzlies made requisition on any person coming in from the hunt. The last dance of the Braves was held in 1877.

Continued from page 63 (Bringing the Sweat-Lodge Willows - Piegan)

Early the next day the faster's attendant called on the members of another of the younger societies to build a sweat-lodge. They soon mounted and rode away in a body to the willow brush, where their leader appointed ten men to gather ten willows each for the sweat-lodge, ten more to collect ten stones each for the same purpose, and one to secure the skull of a buffalo-bull. The skull was to be perfectly preserved, and to have large horns. The remaining members sat on the ground smoking and conversing while the twenty-one departed on their missions. Before cutting each wand, the willow gatherers prayed: "I am going to cut you for the medicine-lodge. You are strong and straight. May I grow to be the same!" As he picked up each stone, each of the other ten prayed: "Sun, I am picking up this stone for you. May we have success!" The other young man, after finding a perfect skull, said: "Sun, this buffalo-head is taken for your benefit. In a certain battle a man with a fine head of hair was killed, and I took his scalp. That is why I take this skull." Each willow gatherer tied his willows into a bundle and took it to the meeting-place, and the other ten brought their stones in their blankets. There they waited until the skull was brought. Riding abreast with the Big Comrade in the lead, the man with the buffalo-skull at the extreme end of the line and a little apart from the others, they moved slowly into the camp from the east, rode completely round it on the inside of the rows of lodges, then passed out toward the east, and a short distance away they laid down their burdens. Immediately they began building the sweat-lodge, and the Big Comrade sent some of those who had taken no part in the gathering of material into the camp-circle to get wood, one stick from each lodge. The remainder of those not occupied with the building he dispatched for buffalo-robies to be used in covering the lodge. Six he appointed to put the willows in place, three men on each side. After all the willows had been thrust into the ground and bent over, he chose a man who had performed a notable exploit in war to dig the stone-pit. This man arose and briefly recounted his coup, then with an axe making a motion as if to strike at each corner of the space to be cut out, starting at the southeast and passing round in the direction of the sun's course, he began to cut off the sod and take out the earth from a space about twenty by twelve inches, and as deep as the length of his hand, placing the earth and sod on a robe, which, after completing the work, he carried out and around on the southern side of the lodge, depositing the material at the rear. The buffalo-skull was placed on the pile of earth, facing the west. A messenger was sent to the faster, to say, "Give us the paint." He returned with black and red paint, and the willows were painted, black on the northern half, red on the southern.

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