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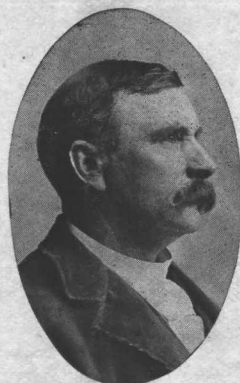
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Two Chinook Indians, Pendleton, Oregon



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# SOUVENIR ALBUM OF NOTED INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS



By MAJOR LEE MOORHOUSE  
PENDLETON, OREGON

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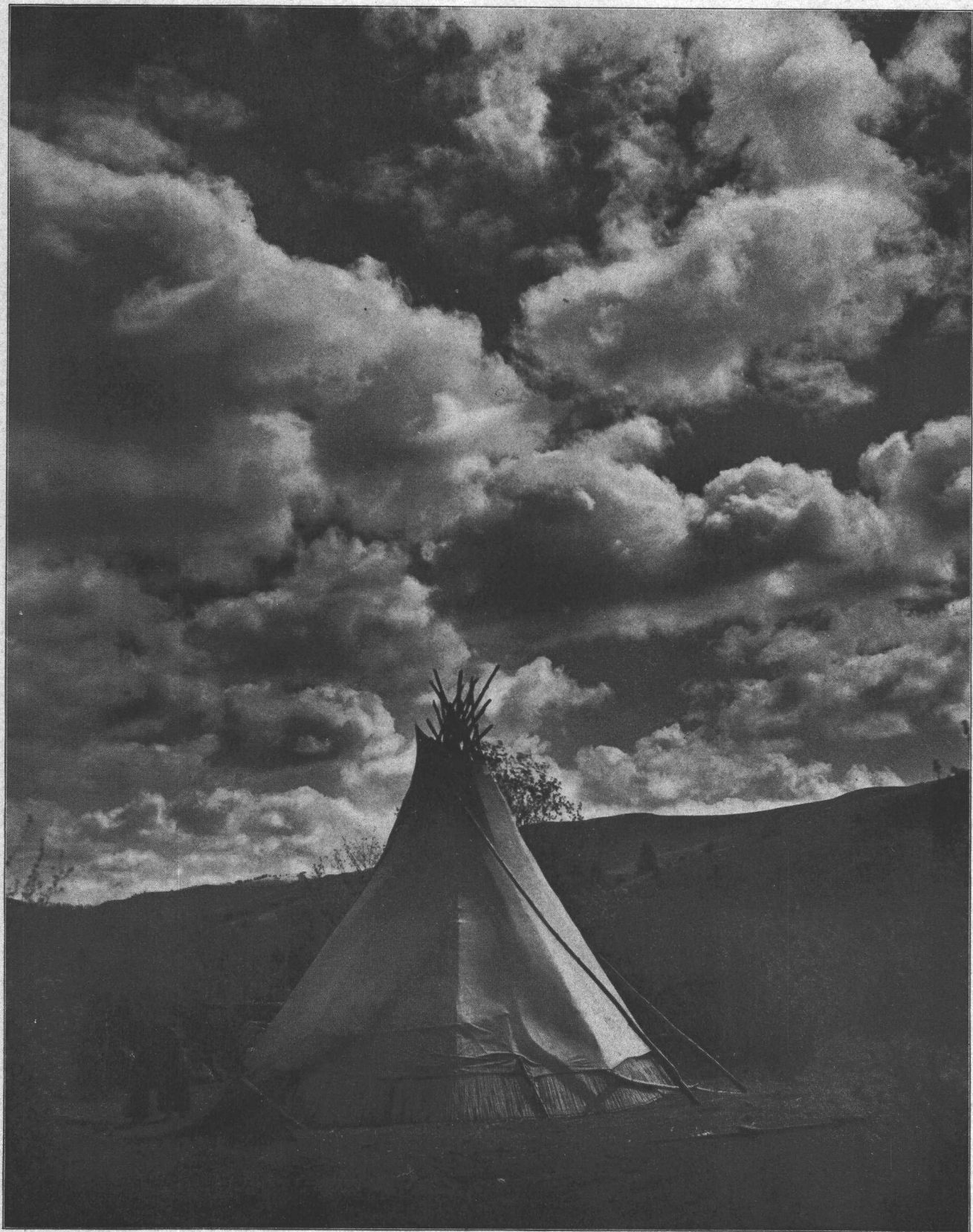
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EAST OREGONIAN PRINT

*An Indian tepee in the wilderness,  
The lonely outpost of a dying race  
That once were strong and conquerors of men;  
Perhaps some sachem, faring westward ever,  
His tribe dispersed, his gaudy braves all gone,  
Hath reared his nomad home in this far place.  
Remote from striving men and the fierce world  
Here museth he upon the day's that were  
Before an alien people drove him forth  
And all his tribe to wander and to die;  
Here museth he upon the days that were  
That moveth ever toward the western sea,  
Like his own driven people—there to cease.  
Perhaps some Indian maiden in this place  
Dreameth the blushing dreams of maidenhood:  
Hopeful as youth, not thinking of the past.*

*—Eustace Cullinan.*



*The Lonely Outpost of a Dying Race.*



## The Indian's Reverie.

Darkly and moodily by the wild water,  
Tossing their mists at his feet on the shore,  
Dreams the lone son of the war chieftain's  
daughter,  
Dreams of the glory of tribesmen of yore!  
Vanished the lodges that decked the green  
mountain,  
Silent the song from the tepee and plain,  
Cometh no warriors to drink from the fountain,  
Cometh no shout of the huntsman again!

Yet, as he lingers in silence and listens,  
There, where the Cascades make merry all  
day;  
Watches and waits where the tinted mist  
glistens,  
He hears the wild shouts of the children at  
play:  
Rising before him the dim, clustered legions,  
Spreading in glory upon the broad place  
Teeming with warriors the desolate regions,—  
Ah, in his dream he beholds the old race!

Thirsting for vengeance the fierce hosts as-  
semble,  
Wildly they're chanting the battle-mad  
hymn;  
Ah, but the war trails beneath the hoofs trem-  
bles,  
They gather like clouds on the horizon's rim!  
Far in the distance the tepees are guarded;  
War steeds are tethered and signal fires  
bright—  
Down the dim trails like an eagle from heaven,  
Sweeps the wild horde on the foeman at  
night.

\* \* \* \*

Then the closed eyes of the Dreamer are  
opened—  
Only the music and mist of the stream  
Only the mountains forbidding and lonely,  
Only the flush of a heart-breaking dream.  
Singing so blithely the Tumwater whispers—  
"I am the voice and the spirit of yore!  
Here let the redman in reverie linger,  
Dream and drink deeply my song, evermore!"  
—Bert Huffman.



*Tumwater Falls on the Columbia River.*



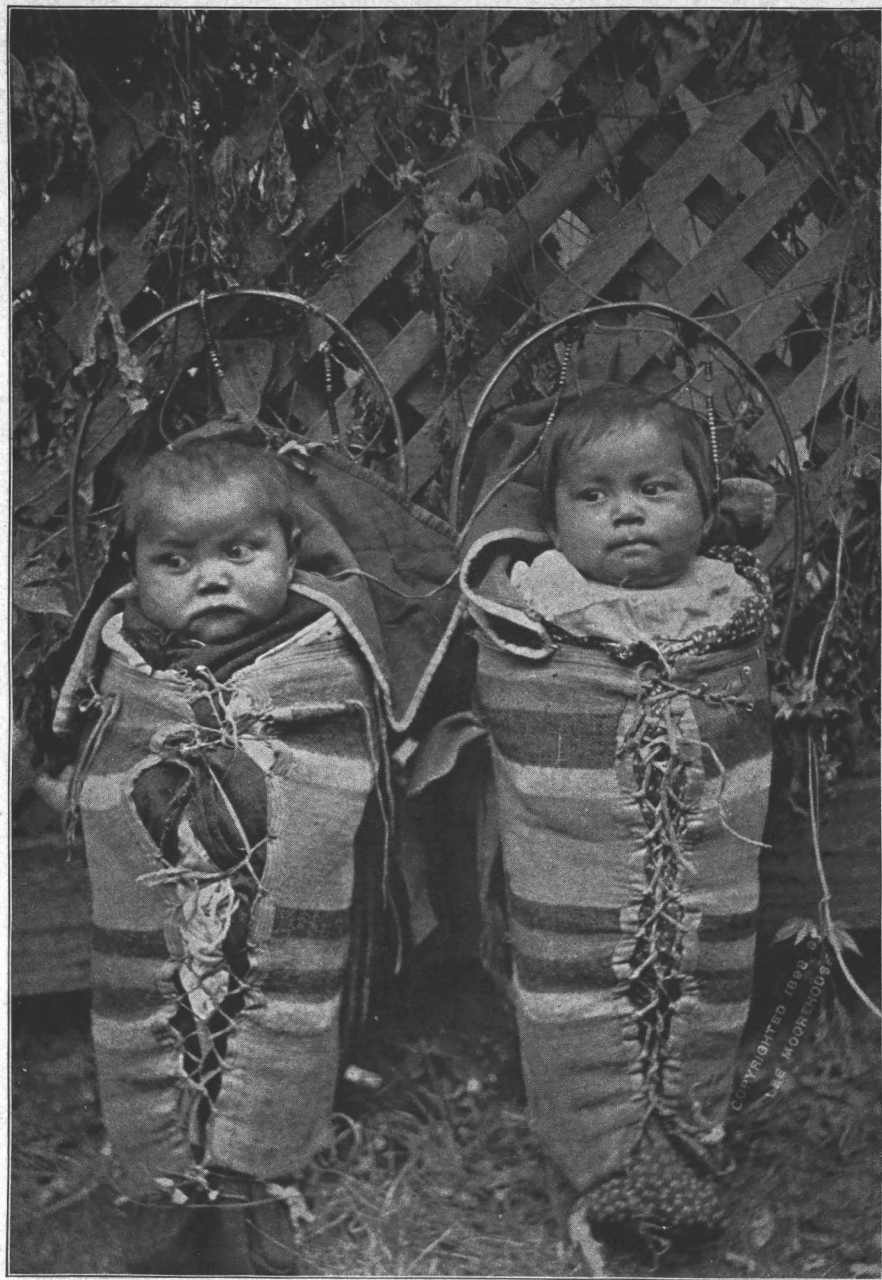
## The Famous Cayuse Twins

It was by a stroke of good luck that Major Moorhouse obtained these pictures. He had secured consent from the mother, Him-ye-an-hi-hi, to photograph the children. She had prepared the papooses for the event, and the artist had set his camera.

According to the custom, he had provided an extra plate holder, and, when the twins began to cry vigorously, after one exposure

had been made, he quickly placed the extra plate in the camera and "snapped" them crying.

Peculiar interest attaches to these twins, from the fact that they are the second pair ever born on the Umatilla reservation, and the only pair now alive. Their being alive, too, many assert, is contrary to the dictates of Indian superstition, for it is commonly believed that Indians never permit twins to live.



*The Cayuse Twins.*



It is their belief that twins are signs of the displeasure of the Great Spirit, hence they are usually killed as soon as born. Recently, on another reservation, incidents have occurred tending to establish the truth of the assertion that Indians have a superstitious dread of twins.

The names of these famous Cayuse twins are Tox-e-lox and A-lom-pum, and they are great

grand nieces of Chief Joseph, of Nez Perce war fame.

The subjects of this sketch, Tox-e-lox and A-lom-pum, twin girl papooses, were born on How-tim-e-ne (McKay) creek, near Pendleton, Oregon. McKay creek flows through the southern boundary of the Umatilla reservation. The parents' names are Ha-hots-mox-mox (Yellow Grizzly Bear) and Him-ye-an-hi-hi (White Fawn).



*The Cayuse Twins.*



## Wa-lu-lah

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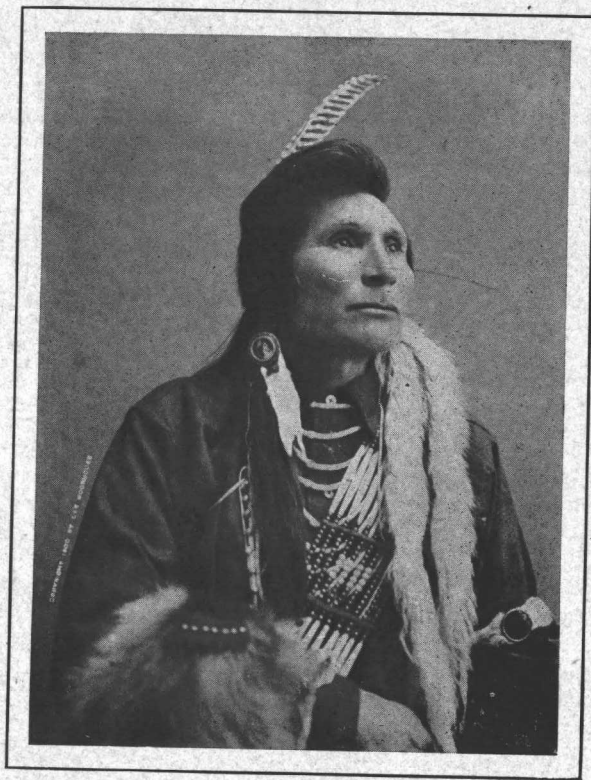
*Ere the pale-face saw the Westland in its grandeur  
by the sea,  
Lived a dusky Indian princess, fair as fairest flower  
to see!  
By Columbia's thundering Cascades, o'er the beautiful  
upland plain,  
Wandered lone the fair Wah-lu-lah, chanting e'er  
some wild refrain.*

*Dusky suitors thronged about her, pleaded for Wah-  
lu-lah's hand,  
But she wept her absent lover—pointed to yon western  
strand!  
By Columbia's murmuring Cascades, long and lone  
her tireless quest.  
Now she sleeps, but still awaits him with her face  
toward the West!  
Drifting sands above her mingle, happy homes be-  
deck her plain,  
But her spirit sings and murmurs in Columbia's wild  
refrain.*

*--Bert Huffman.*



*Wal-lu-lah.*



*U-ma-pine.*



## Chief Joseph the Younger. .

Chief Joseph the Younger, was one of the greatest Indians of the Pacific Coast, and well merits a place in history. He was hereditary chief of the Nez Perce Indians and was born at the mouth of the Imnaha river in what is now Wallowa county, Oregon, in June, 1837, and died at his lonely place of exile on the Colville reservation, in Northern Washington, on September 21, 1904, at the age of 67.

The most remarkable period in the history of Joseph's life was his conduct of the Nez Perce war in 1877. With a band of warriors, women and children, he held at bay and successfully evaded for three months the United State troops sent against him under General Howard, and was only captured at last at Bear Paw Mountain, in Northern Montana, by the intervention of Colonel Nelson A. Miles, with a strong force of fresh troops from Fort Keogh, Montana.

The retreat and running fight of Joseph's band of warriors in this war was the most remarkable in the history of Indian warfare. He was held a prisoner of war from the time of

his capture in 1877; until his death, having spent nine years in the Indian Territory. He was never allowed to look upon the Wallowa valley for which he fought the Nez Perce war. Joseph, and with his brother, Ollicut, inherited the name and power of his father. Old Joseph called the two sons to his death bed and requested them to hold forever the beautiful Wallowa valley, in Oregon, and it was in defense of this valley and protest against its settlement by the whites that the famous Nez Perce war was fought.

Joseph was a wise and just Indian and was as resourceful in council as in war, and the one burning desire of his life was to look upon the valley of his youth which his father had left him as a heritage and for the defense of which Joseph the Younger became a prisoner and an exile from his people. He died on the Colville reservation, surrounded by a small band of his intimate friends who never deserted him. A splendid monument erected by the state of Washington now marks his grave.



*Chief Joseph of Nez Percés.*



*Paul Show-a-way, Hereditary Chief of Cayuses.*

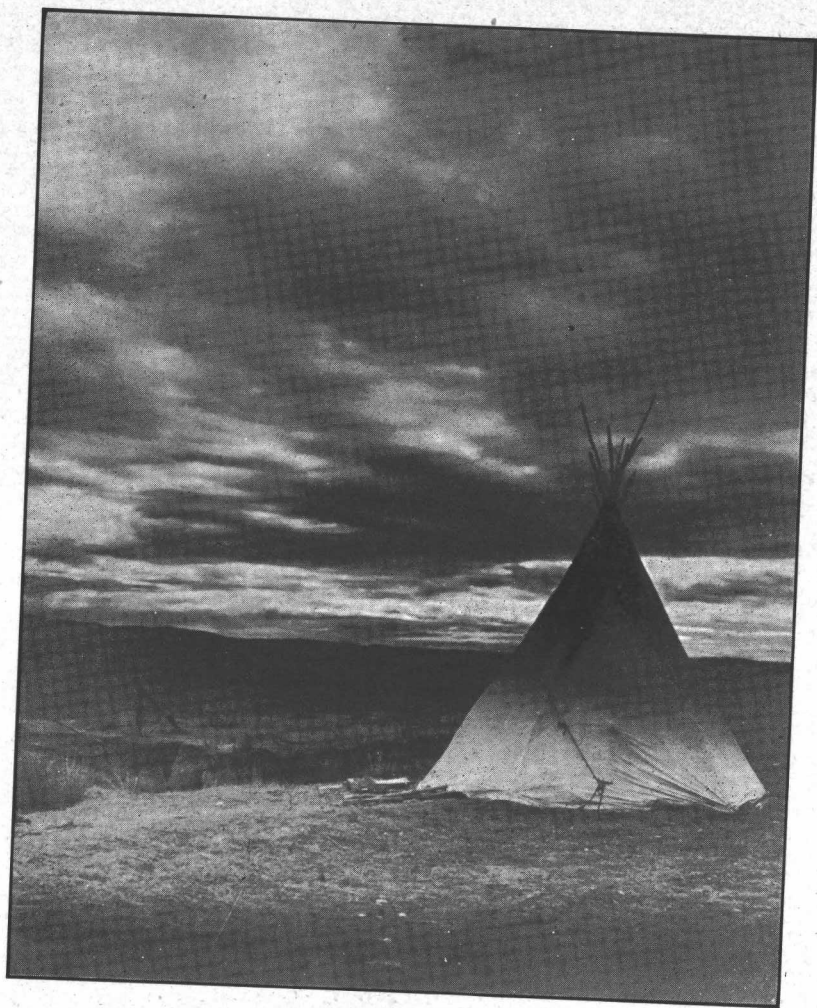
## The Lone Tepee

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*How cold and bleak the barren wastes appear;  
No singing birds, no beauteous flowers to greet  
The dying year with clouds of fragrance sweet.  
No fresh surprise, no kindling, keen delight—  
Only the weight of fast descending night,  
Only an awe, almost akin to fear.  
Afar the sun and far the gloomy sky,  
And silence, save for whispers, all around;  
No graceful trees, no brooks go laughing by,  
No signs of life; no merry, joyful sound.  
Cold and deserted, 'gainst the sombre sky,  
The lonely tepee of a brave appears;  
We pass in silence with a whispered sigh,  
And offer all we have—our tears!*

—Momas, Jr.





*The Lone Teepee.*

## Lament of the Umatilla.

### I.

Spirit of the Yesterday  
Hovers near and croons;  
Brings my heart the hunting grounds  
Of the long-lost Junes!  
Sings of years forgotten,  
Chants of races dead—  
Weep, my wondering baby,  
For the good moons fled!

### II.

By the silvery river  
All your race has died—  
Sleep and dream my baby,  
By its lisping tide!  
Comes no more the huntsman  
From the glorious chase—  
O'er yon templed mountains  
Swarms the paler face!

### III.

Hark! I hear a whisper  
Calling from the past!  
Hear the warrior's frenzied cry  
On the tempest cast!  
Hush, my heart, and listen!  
Calling, calling still!  
Ah, 'tis but the moaning wind  
O'er the silent hill!

### IV.

Hark! the hurried hoofbeats  
Of the warrior band!  
Ah, my heart betrays me  
In this empty land!  
Sleep and dream, my baby,  
By the tepee fire!  
Nothing for thy kindling hope—  
Nothing to desire!

### V.

Broken, let thy young heart ache!  
Crushed, thy spirit brood!  
What to thee the white man's ways?  
Worse than solitude!  
By a dying watch fire,  
Crooning in the night—  
Let the vanquished tribesmen  
Pass from human sight.

—Bert Huffman.



*Indian Mother and Babe.*



## SACAJAWEA.

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The following poem, written by Bert Huffman, editor of the East Oregonian, of Pendleton, Oregon, and dedicated to the Shoshone Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains, was first published in the East Oregonian in May, 1904, and since that time has been published in all the leading

papers in the East and Northwest, besides having been recited over 200 times in women's club meetings and Sacajawea Monument Association entertainments. It was recited by Mrs. George H. Pettinger at the unveiling of the Sacajawea monument at the Lewis and Clark Fair, Portland, Ore., on July 6, 1905:

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Behind them toward the rising sun  
The traversed wildernesses lay—  
About them gathered—one by one  
The baffling mysteries of their way!  
To Westward, yonder, peak on peak  
The glistening ranges rose and fell,—  
Ah, but among that hundred paths  
Which led aright? Could any tell?

Brave Lewis and Immortal Clark!  
Bold spirits of that best crusade,  
You gave the waiting world the spark  
That thronged the empire-paths you made!  
But standing on that snowy height,  
Where Westward yon wild rivers whirl,  
The guide who led your hosts aright  
Was that barefoot Shoshone girl!



*Sac-a-ja-wea, Lewis and Clark's Shoshone Indian Guide.*

You halted by those dim arcades—  
You faltered by those baffling peaks—  
You doubted in those pathless glades,  
But ever, ever true she speaks!  
Where lay the perilous snows of Spring,  
Where streams their westward course for-  
sook,  
The wildest mountain haunts to her  
Were as an open picture-book!

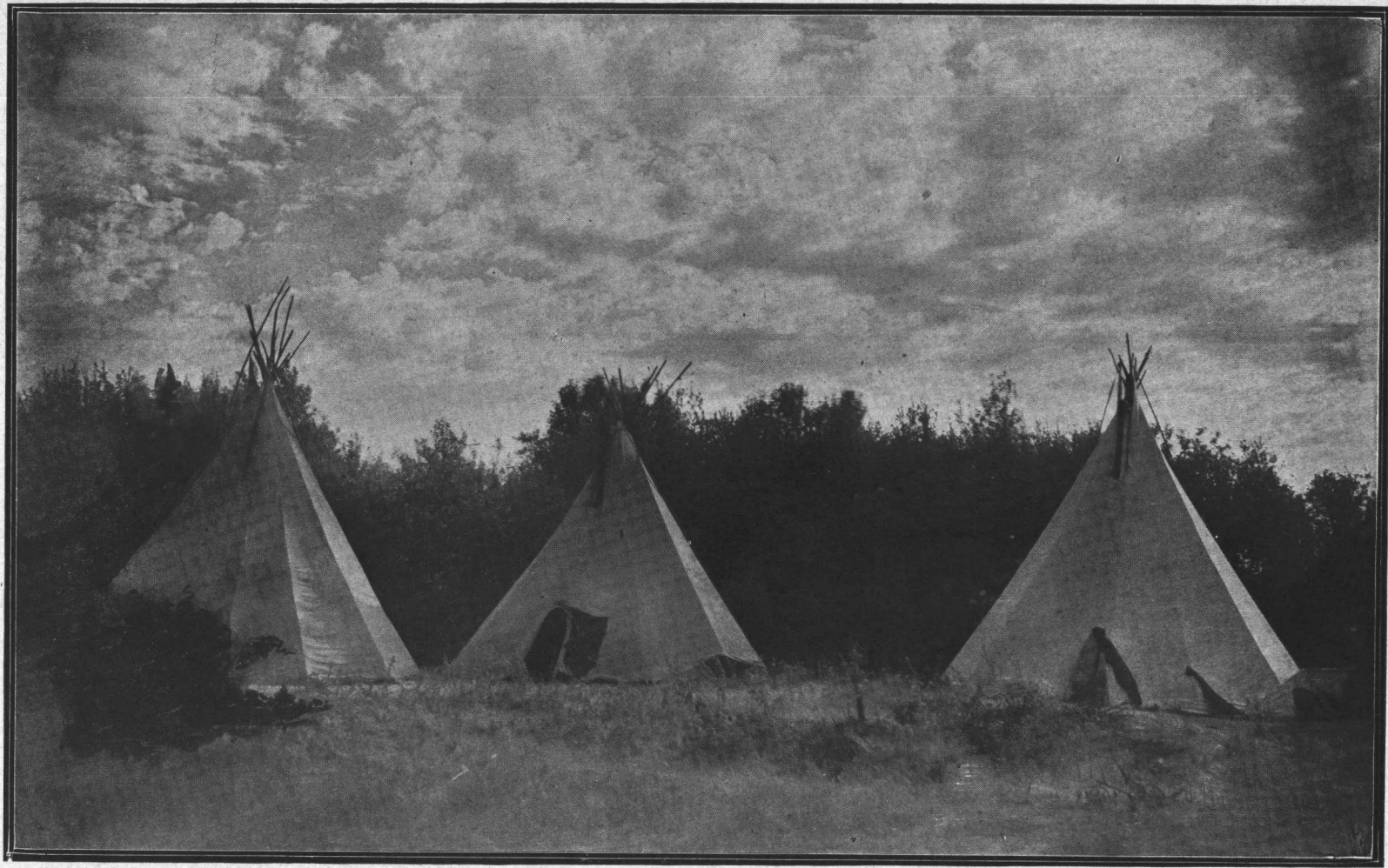
Where'er you turned in wonderment  
In that wild empire, unsurveyed,  
Unerring still, she pointed West—  
Unfailing, all your pathways laid!  
She nodded towards the setting sun—  
She raised a finger toward the sea—  
The closed gates opened, one by one,  
And showed the path of Destiny!

The wreath of Triumph give to her;  
She led the conquering Captains West;  
She charted first the trails that led  
The hosts across yon mountain crest!  
Barefoot, she toiled the forest paths,  
Where now the course of Empire speeds.  
Can you forget, loved Western land,  
The glory of her deathless deeds?

In yonder city, glory-crowned,  
Where art will vie with art to keep  
The memories of those heroes green—  
The flush of conscious pride should leap  
To see her fair memorial stand  
Among the honored names that be—  
Her face toward the sunset still,—  
Her finger lifted toward the sea!

Reside you on Fame's pedestal.  
Be hers the glorious fate to stand—  
Bronzed, barefoot, yet a patron saint,  
The keys of empire in her hand!  
The mountain gates that closed to you  
Swung open, as she led the way,—  
So let her lead that hero host  
When comes their glad memorial day!





*Umatilla Reservation, July 4th., 1905.*

## Peo, Chief of the Umatilla Indians.

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Peo, chief of the Umatilla Indians, was born on the banks of the Umatilla river a few miles east of the city of Pendleton, Oregon, in 1843, and is at present (November, 1905) confined in the government asylum at Canton, South Dakota, being addicted to strong drink in an excessive degree.

Peo was long a powerful and influential Indian, and it was to his persistent and untiring efforts that the Umatillas were persuaded to be allotted on their lands and begin a civilized life. Peo made several trips to Washington, D. C., in this matter and was highly respected by both whites and Indians.

He became chief of the Umatillas on the death of We-nap-snoots, in 1876, and was a brave and courageous chieftain. He won dis-

tinction as chief of scouts under Lieutenant Farrow, of the United States army, in the "Sheepeater" campaign in the Salmon river mountains in 1878.

About the year 1890 he began drinking to excess and from that time his power has declined until within the past few years he has become a wreck, remaining intoxicated for days at a time and losing all the respect and confidence of his people, he was at last taken to the government asylum at Canton, where he is now confined.

His life was spent on the Umatilla reservation in the vicinity of Pendleton, and he has taken part in all the important events in which his tribe has so prominently figured in Northwest history.



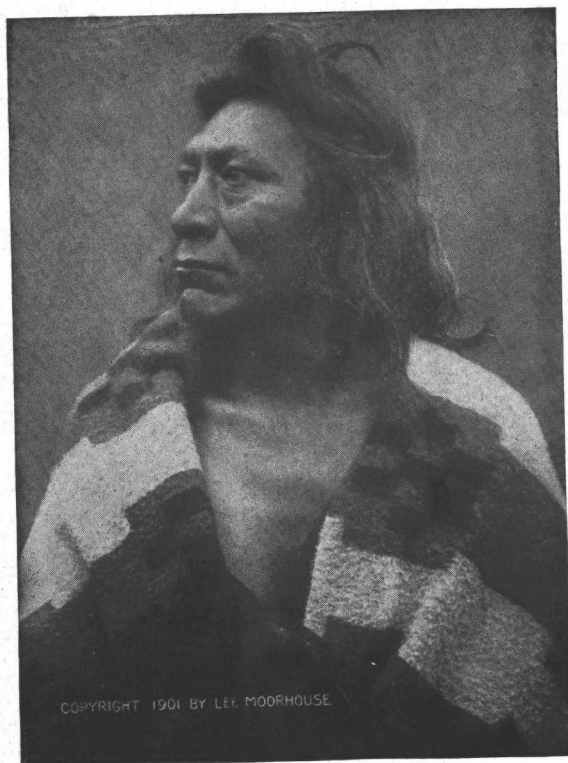
*Tots-homi "Good Man"*



*Peo, Chief of Umatillas.*



*Ip-na-sol-a-tok.*



*Fish Hawk, Head War Chief of Cayuses.*