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1. Log Cabin

This building situated at that time on the extreme frontier of the United States, was the last house we encountered previous to entering on the wilderness. It was inhabited by a Shawnee Indian, who for a wonder had been benefited by civilization; he cultivated successfully about 100 acres of land. We encamped near this house about a week & here made our final preparations for a prairie life.

The main building was probably 50 feet in length, flanked by 2 offices each 15 feet front, built of squared logs, dovetailed at the corners. It was altogether a most comfortable residence, a wide hall through the centre (admitted a free passage of air) on one side of which stairs ascended to the attic.

Here we witnessed an Indian marriage by an ordained Minister & after the ceremony, attended a feast profuse in substantial comforts, concluding in music & dancing.

While getting every thing ready for our departure, we occupied the attics of this building. A violent storm one night gave us a foretaste of what we had to expect in our distant journey, we knowing full well that no friendly roof after that would shelter us. Regrets however were unavailing and worse than useless, so we "let it storm" protested not against the rain although it clattered with noisy demonstration on the roof & kept us awake, and objected not to the wind, with the proviso however that it would graciously condescend not to blow the roof off. Memo: Joseph Parkmen the Shawnee Indian proprietor at that time of these premises deceased in 1859.

2. The Trapper's Bride

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

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

The price of the acquisition in this case was \$600 paid in legal tender of the country; viz, guns \$100, horse blankets \$50, red flannels \$20 per yard, alcohol \$64 per gallon, and sugar, tobacco, beads, etc., at corresponding rates.

The Trapper (half breed or white) being "ton" or upper circle is considered a most desirable match, but it is conceded that he is a ruined man after such an investment, the lady immediately running him into unheard of extravagancies. She wants rich dresses, a horse, gorgeous saddle and trappings to cover the whole steed, countless hawk bells, a peck of different colored beads, and the deuce knows what beside. For this poor devel Trapper sells himself, body and soul, to the Fur Company for a number of years. He traps beaver, hunts the bison, grizzly bear, elk, etc., for peltries, the value of which the Company credits to his account, the latter charging immense prices for goods that the Trapper must have and which they only can furnish, at the same time getting the peltries for a mere nominal sum.

3. Black Hills

The observer here looks upon a wide defile in the mountains, through the bottom of which a brook takes a serpentine direction, along whose course may now & then be seen a deserted Beaver dam, the industrious animals either killed or driven off by the tide of emigration; on the right a meadow intervenes, while opposite on the other side of the brook the mountain rises almost perpendicularly like a wall, some 800 feet in height, the tops & fissures clothed with stunted pines, the major part of the mountain being of the reddish grey granite.

In the distance higher peaks are seen overtopping these & closing in the view.

The plant called "artemesia" or wild sage the traveller encounters every where hereabouts, with its gnarled twisted stems, the atmosphere being saturated with its odors of camphor & turpentine -- the clumps are infested however with Rattlesnakes who give you nevertheless fair warning to stand off; one of our mules who happened to be over curious, had his nose bitten by them and it immediately swelled to an excessive degree. The Trappers managed to reduce it in a day or two & the animal completely recovered.

The Indians have a root said to be infallible in bites of this kind and we were told by Trappers that by consideration of a pint of alcohol they had witnessed Indians submitting themselves to the bite of the Rattlesnake -- using this root successfully as an antidote.

3. Continued

On our route through the district in which this plant abounds our drivers had continually to bring into requisition their long whips in order to do battle with this dangerous reptile -- the place was infested with them. In one or two cases they were found coiled up under the Buffalo robes that had been slept upon through the night.

4. Moonlight Scene - Trappers

The guard of the night is seated to the left. English John (the cook) is engaged in spitting a hump-rib. A stick is inserted through the fleshy parts and set at an angle before the fire, which fire, by the by, was often composed of the "bois des vaches"; this did not dismay us, as we wrought the best sauces for eating, that is, a most ungovernable appetite and most impatient for the finishing of this same roasting operation. When supper was ready, each man seated himself on the ground in the manner of a Turk, unsheathed his bowie-knife and cut away as the French say "a la discretion."

Stories and adventures largely taxing your credulity but doubtless correct in the main are addressed to willing listeners. Hunting bears, the perils of the Indian raid, savage warfare and narrow escapes are the prevailing topics, interspersed with accounts of their successes and disasters in pursuit of buffalo, wild horses, elk, etc. Hero-worship will never cease in this world, while there are men ready to do and dare anything, to face and brave any danger, and to encounter any peril for the sake of this charming incense.

5. Camp Receives a Supply of Meat

The Hunter for the camp must be a prime marksman of indomitable perseverance and unflinching courage. Where 150 men are to be provided for daily, with capital appetites, no excuses for failure will do. When the hunter "draws a head" he shoots "plum center" as he styles it and the "buffler" must "go under." Selecting his animal "seal-fat," he takes the finest morsels; hump rib, fleece, tongue and side ribs; packs them on his mules and away to camp. While the animals are being unladen he rests apart smoking his "kinnick-kinnick" and "bacca." The Trappers in the mean time gather round to learn of his adventures. If he has seen "sign" of "Ingins" on the "prairie" or "leastwise F'ar?" If the last he tells where the "sign" is, if the former he probably answers "Ingins is about, this child says so. Blackfeet at that"; or gives the negative as the case may be. If Indians are in the vicinity a little flurry and preparation of arms are the result -- in order not to be caught napping.

6. Indian at his Meals

The subject of the sketch is an Indian preparing his meat for cooking, laying a piece on the palm of his hand and slicing between the fingers.

An incident may be mentioned to show their power of abstinence. One day seated at our dinner, an Indian reached the camp, he seemed very tired & sat quietly near us without saying a word. On finishing our meal we invited him to partake, he very leisurely sat down and ate a prodigious quantity. The Trappers looking on were astonished and ventilated all sorts of jokes & witticisms. When the interpreter questioned him however we found that this poor savage had not eaten food for 3 days. The patience & fortitude exhibited were highly characteristic, it was indeed a part of his religion, a submission to the will of the "Great Spirit." His sublime faith never waivering or questioning, but carrying out fully the Poet's Sentiment: "Whatever is -- is right."

This fortitude under extreme suffering & the most exquisite torture belongs "par excellence" to the Indian. History abounds with instances and no traveller who has been amongst them will gainsay it. He marches to the stake with flashing eyes of loathing to his enemies, & so far from asking any quarter or favor, taunts them with their inability to break his spirit or weaken his resolution, recounts his victories and dies, singing his war song of defiance.

7. Independence Rock

On the approach to this famous landmark when within 10 miles of it, we were struck with its resemblance to a huge tortoise sprawling on the prairie. On nearing it however this illusion vanished. We found it composed of a reddish granite or coarse porphery, exceeding probably 600 ft in height, & covering a vast area. On a prominent part were carved the names of all the principal pioneers of the mountains; Bonneville, Sublette, Wythe, Campbell, Sarpy, Pilcher, &c. A man also by the name of Nelson had had the temerity to leave his name. "Odds Chisels & Hammers," as Bob Acres would say. We were determined that this last personage should not lose his chance of immortality so we quietly added the short sentence "of the Nile," giving a finish that he little dreamed of.

It will puzzle the antiquaries a little hereafter in speculating how in the deuce "Nelson of the Nile" happened to stray into this region.

Antelopes are bounding along in the foreground & so swift & phantom-like are their movements that with a little latitude of imagination one might imagine that they embodied the spirit of departed Warriors visiting again their favorite hunting grounds.

We encamped about one quarter of a mile beyond this rock & when the Camp was settled, I gathered my sketching materials

& walked back in order to make a drawing. Selecting the best site & setting to work being completely absorbed, about half an hour transpired when suddenly I found my head violently forced down & held in such a manner that it was impossible to turn right or left. An impression ran immediately through my mind that this was an Indian & that I was lost. In five minutes however the hands were removed. It was our Commander. He said, "Let this be a warning to you or else on some fine day you will be among the missing. You must have your eyes and wits about you."

9. Full Equipment of an Indian Girl

Like her sisters of civilized life, the Indian girls is extremely fond of dress & ornaments. Never having heard of the Poet's sentiment of "Beauty Unadorned" she goes to the other extreme & is lavish to excess in brilliant colors. To have a horse & full equipment is in short an Indian Girl's Heaven on Earth & what with hawk bells innumerable & tags of tin fastened to fringes, the motion of her horse creates an abundance of music with which she is delighted.

The ornament attached to the crupper is made of brightest red or blue cloth attainable, bordered with porcupine quills executed with great neatness -- the work of her own hands. Streamers of the same material are pendant from the horse's ears. The saddle itself is a wonder to look upon, from its construction & ornamentation. Attached to it is a "possible sack" in which are carried a small mirror, any work she may have on hand, beads, &c. When equitation is performed by a mother with papoose the latter is suspended to the saddle bow, swinging as a pendulum in harmony with the motion of the horse. This is about the nearest approach to cradle-rocking that the youngster ever receives & as he or she cannot have a knowledge of any thing better no doubt they are quite well satisfied with the arrangement.

10. Preparing for a Buffalo Hunt

Auguste has ready the Captain's horse, who is giving some directions to Antoine (a half breed) his prime hunter to the camp.

While in London the Captain had purchased three "Joe Mantons" at about 40 guineas each. These guns were famous in their day for shooting point blank and in the hands of a true marksman like Antoine failure was comparatively out of the question. One of these guns had been presented to Antoine carrying twelve balls to the pound (that is, a ball near an inch in diameter) and with it he made a tremendous onslaught among the buffalo. These hunts occurred while the caravan was "en route" and as Antoine leisurely left in the morning you would hear him roll out some of his favorite ditties, commencing in this wise:

Man'selle Marie, qui est bon comme elle?

or

Dans mon pays, je serais content, etc.

It would go hard indeed if he did not return well laden with buffalo meat, to the camp in the evening, with a supply left behind to be sent after by some of the Trappers with sumpter mules.

11. Cut Rocks, Indian Female with Papoose

In riding out the child being secured to a board and bound to it by a covering of buckskin is attached by a thong to the saddle bow in front. Children here are soon taught to refrain from crying by the perfect indifference manifested and in a short time learn to desist from this annoyance of civilized life. Children of delicate and sickly habit no doubt succumb and die from exposure and the rough nursing that is here in vogue.

On returning to camp the papoose is dismounted and hung up anywhere on the outside of the lodge, to a limb of a tree or any convenient location out of the reach of harm. In fact the child must in a great measure take care of itself. If the mother, poor creature, had the inclination she has not the time to attend to its amusement. On reaching the camping ground she must help to erect the lodge, build a fire, prepare the meal if there happens to be any provision for that purpose, in short she must make herself generally useful and attend to the orders of her grim consort, who is exacting enough in all conscience.

12. Indian Woman Sleeping

Nothing so clearly marks the difference between civilized & savage life as in their treatment respectively of females and the comparison is overwhelmingly in favor of the former. In savage life the female becomes the obedient slave of a hard task-master having no other will than what he may ordain. Between the ages of 14 & 18 years however she has some respite & this is her season of happiness. At length a new tyrant comes along in the shape of a grim Indian warrior or free Trapper who purchases her from the father (without the slightest consent often from herself). Now arbitrary will & tyranny is the rule & kindness the exception. It must be said in justice to the Trapper that his conduct is exemplary in contrast with his red brother. He is never tired of lavishing presents on his helpmate, running heedlessly in debt to accomplish this purpose. His mode of payment is in having it charged on the Company's books, pledging his future peltries in the Beaver hunt to clear off the score. The prices charged however for the goods, groceries &c are enormous, the Company making large profits on both what they sell & the peltries received in exchange.

13. Scene on Big Sandy River

The sketch may be said to represent a small slice of an Indian's paradise. Indian women, horses, a stream of water, shade trees and the broad prairie to the right, on which rove in countless herds buffalo, elk and deer.

The women look innocent enough, but some of the Trappers conceive them difficult studies. An experienced Trapper giving his advice to a younger who had been smitten discoursed to him in this wise. "Look ye hyar now. From Red River away up among the Britishers to Healy (Gila) in the Spanish country, from old Mis-sou-rye to the sea of Californy I've trapped and hunted: b'ar and beaver sign are as plain to me as Chimley rock on Platte, but this child never could shine in discovering the sign lodged in a woman's breast. Look ye sharp or you're a gone beaver. You darned green horn. Waugh!!"

These Indian women invariably ride their horses a la mode Turque and what with the brilliant caparisons of their horses, together with the rich ornamentation of their own costumes, they certainly form very picturesque objects and make admirable studies for the artist who desires a rich arrangement of color with the accessories of fine scenery as a background.

14. Fort Laramie

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

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

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

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

15. Crow Encampment

The Crows form yet a large nation with a character warlike and predatory. It has been said of them that if you trust to their honor you are safe, if to their honesty they will steal the very hair from your head. In this last trait they cannot be held to a very strict accountability, they really know no better, -- as their forefathers have done, so they also do, in short non-progressive. While in Camp all warriors are busy in making preparations for forays against rivals or enemies, -- the women in making war dresses for the chiefs.

These Indians & indeed all other tribes that we travelled amongst, are remarkable for fine forms -- straight as an arrow, & entirely free from any tendency to obesity. This must arise from simple living & active exercise.

In the foreground a Chief in full war dress, armed cap-a-pie, with some of his warriors, are watering their horses forming a picturesque group.

16. Lake Scene

We had an exceedingly rough journey to reach these Lakes, & as if that was not enough, were dogged a great part of the way by 15 or 20 Indians who had some cause of grievance with one of our men. These gentry we eventually rid ourselves by riding hard all night, thereby losing the trail for them. No "Simplon" road presented itself, we were forced to scramble over rocks, through mountain streams, tangled brushwood & ascend steep acclivities, -- these difficulties surmounted, & reaching the shores of the Lake we found them worth all the trouble. At every turn a new scene presented itself of the most charming description. Mountains bosom'd themselves in forests & were reflected in the quiet water, --- their surfaces broken up with rock, mountain firs & green slopes. The highest covered with snow & closing in the scene. The Lakes running from one into another, formed a series for many degrees of latitude giving birth to every variety of picturesque sublimity, the only drawback being the wild & difficult passages to attain sites, from which to get the finest & most extensive views.

17. Snake Indians -- Shooting Elk

Creeping with the stealthiness of a cat towards its prey, perfectly understanding the nature of the animal that he has to deal with, watching his chances with great patience and perseverance, together with his long experience, make the Indian a most successful hunter. Then the victim as in the present instance is worth all the trouble from his size and weight (about that of a mule) the meat although somewhat coarse is excellent, when the animal is in good order.

In attaining their full growth the horns of the male are exceedingly large, measuring near five feet in length.

We frequently had opportunities of examining these graceful animals by carefully approaching the heads of bluffs on hands and knees, overlooking the spot where they happened to be lying down or feeding, utterly unconscious of our close proximity. The slightest touch of a bush, the roll of a gravel stone was quite enough to frighten them and off they bounded, being out of sight in a few moments.

18. Crossing to North Fork of Platte River

On reaching the banks of the river, our goods were transferred to Bull Boats which were thus constructed, -- The bodies of the largest wagons were removed from the wheels, hunters were sent out to secure a sufficient number of Bull hides for our purpose & these sewed together with sinew until a sufficient length and breadth were obtained to cover completely the outer surface of the wagon, -- the seams were then covered with tallow & the boats ready for lading.

A number of Sioux were watching our operations all this time, -- but none could be induced to lend a helping hand, although we offered strong inducements.

The Trappers finding that smooth & persuading words would not do, became enraged & now launched at them their choicest anathemies in French. "Allons donc! "Enfants des Garce" "Allons - nous disons" "Sacre-r-re nom de Dieu," with fearful roll on the r, &c.

Of all this the poor savages understood not one word & manifested to the last the most stoical indifference -- seeming to consider it completely beneath their dignity to touch anything that required manual labor although the temptation of tobacco & other luxuries were proffered without stint, -- now these same Indians would labor at the hunt of animals all day long, where the fatigue is much greater & result uncertain, there are no people so completely unfitted for the duties of civilized life.

19. Indian Guard

A double purpose is secured by the Guards placed on the bluffs, -- one is to watch the horses that they do not stray beyond certain bounds, -- the other is to give notice of the approach of hostile bands of Indians; Horses are here invaluable & the first object of the enemy is to create a stampede amongst them. They are sometimes hobbled in order effectually to prevent their hunting.

This article is composed of stout leather either buckled on or tied around each fore-leg, with this impediment, they can only move by leaping awkwardly with great labor to themselves.

These bluffs are admirable stations for sentinels & command an uninterrupted view to the horizon. It may be added also that, like sailors at sea, an Indian will descry a horseman long before a white unused to the prairie. This advantage is only attained by long practice.

Invariably severe punishment is meted out to the guard who is caught sleeping or straying from his post & as this is certain to follow any dereliction it seldom occurs.

20. Pawnees Migrating

When the grass in the camp is eaten up by the animals & the Buffalo & Deer all driven off by repeated forays against them, the Chief must then perforce break up & remove his encampment. His natural indolence is adverse to the measure but stern necessity, who rules her children with an iron rod, drives him into this alternative; nothing short of an Indian Yell, that dreadful gage to battle, once heard never to be forgotten, can rouse him to his wonted activity. So he must leave his "dolce far niente" his solacing pipe, his comfortable camp fire, pack up his moveables & go. Now every thing is brought into requisition. Even the dogs are harnessed to Lodge poles (secured near the end by a transverse piece of wood) on which is secured plows of Beaver & other peltries.

"The world is ll before him where to choose
His place of rest, & providence his guide."

The Chief usually rides ahead with great dignity, followed by his tatterdemalion army of warriors, braves, women & children, some mounted while others proceed on foot, -- his prime wants being good Buffalo grass for his animals, with a stream or river at no great distance to give them drink, -- when these are attained, his habitation is erected in twenty minutes.

21. Fur Trappers in Trouble

The Scene is near Independence Rock where two Trappers having expended all their ammunition & reduced to the necessity of eating rattlesnakes were discovered by our commander.

On reaching them our Captain accosted one of them in this fashion, or something like it.

"Good God, You surely cannot eat such disgusting food."

The answer was characteristic & full of pluck, -- "This child doesn't savez what disgustin' is [&] glad to get snake meat after 3 days with nothin' to eat, I'm thinking."

When the wagons came up, as they were nearly famished, a soup was made for them & in a little while a substantial dinner of venison & Buffalo tongues flanked with bottled porter.

Seeing their destitute condition he ordered to be laid out 2 makinaw blankets, 2 cans powder, a supply of balls & flint, with sufficient buckskin for clothing, mounted each on a horse & sent them on their way rejoicing.

22. Hunting Buffalo in the Vicinity of Independence
Rock.

In the immediate foreground an Indian is coursing a Buffalo. While both are running the Hunter's safety depends on keeping parallel with the animal, at a distance of about 6 feet. He must by all means prevent the latter from making an angle. As soon as he discharges either gun or arrow, his horse (if well trained) turns off, the Buffalo immediately showing fight on being wounded, & attacking his enemy with fury.

In the middle distance Hunters are teasing a wounded Buffalo. Surrounding him on horseback, they are alternately discharging their arrows at him & goading him to make an attack, which with a quick movement of the horse, they manage to avoid. Eventually he pitches headlong to the ground & expires.

In the extreme distance, the great mass of Buffalo are retreating through a defile pursued by the Hunters, the prime marksmen rushing into their midst & selecting out the fattest cows with unerring aim and fatal precision.

23. Trappers Escaping from Blackfeet

This is one of the unlucky incidents in the life of Trappers. "Black Harris" & his chum are here making good their escape from Blackfeet Indians the "betes-noirs" of the mountains.

The former was a remarkable man, his cognomen "Black" must have arisen from an appearance as if gunpowder had blown into his face, which face seemed composed of whip-cord & tanned leather, lighted up with a lively & restless eye.

He was a long time engaged in carrying express for the Fur Co. between the Rendezvous & Fort Laramie, making the journey alone, his plan was to lie by through the day & ride all night. He was fond of recounting an adventure in which he had discovered a "putrified" (petrified) forest & its wonders, exciting the envy and very often the frank denial of less lucky mountaineers.

Touching his solitary journeys, we had the curiosity to ask if he never felt lonesome or the want of company. He laughed heartily at this, "Never knew what it was to have 'ennui' or low spirits & was always ready for any service solitary or otherwise."

24. Chinook

The sketch is from a young Chinook Indian who came to the rendezvous from Columbia River. The face has something of the Asiatic type, the eyes being almond shaped and turning up at the corners.

Lewis, Clark and other travellers who have met them on Columbia River describe them as peaceable, hospitable and harmless.

The bow he carries in his hand is made of elk horn, formed of two pieces and joined in the centre. Thick sinew is cemented to the back, making it very strong. When unstrung its appearance is directly the reverse of that when strung. Its resisting power is great and requires an expert to bring the arrow back to its head with steadiness. At times it drives an arrow completely through an animal and has much greater projectile force than the yew-bow.

(drawing of bow unstrung and bow strung at bottom of the page.)

25. Indians Attacking the Fur Company's
Boats.

The boats of the American Fur Company have at times to run the gauntlet on the Platte River & are at all seasons narrowly watched by the Indians from the fluffs or banks.

Sometimes the attack commences on one side of the river, causing them to sheer off to the opposite shore, but often they suddenly find themselves between two fires from opposite banks. In such cases there is no retreat. The victory belonging to those who can pound the hardest. A parley between the belligerents (if the Indians are in great force) is considered lucky under these circumstances, the natives being enjoined to keep the peace by presents of tobacco, blankets, knives &c, forming a kind of black mail which they lay on heavily enough.

As the river at certain seasons is very shallow, the greatest danger impends on the boats running aground. In this case they become an easy prey to a large party of savages & are truly fortunate if they escape with their lives. The successful voyage of course is attended with great profit.

26. A Young Woman of the Flat Head Tribe

At the rendezvous on Green River a large body of Indians had congregated & as there were a variety of Tribes represented, it gave us a fine opportunity to select specimens from each. Our present subject we met there who was pointed out to us as one of the belles of the Rocky Mountains. We found little difficulty through an interpreter in obtaining her assent to sit for a likeness. Now when we started from St. Louis a young gentleman named P_____ whose father did not approve of the life he was leading in that city, dispatched him with us for a wholesome change of air. He was very handsome & accomplished but no sooner did he cast eyes upon this dusky "Hebe" (being very susceptible & of an amorous complexion) than forthwith he fell madly in love with her, (P_____ did not know at this time that a stalwart Canadian Trapper had already commenced paying court to her), & as his attentions & presents flattered & were kindly received by the girl, being of a sanguine temperament, he had made up his mind to a conquest, but "mirabile dictu" an eventful morning came, P_____ hears something whereat he turns pale, before daylight the stalwart Trapper and Indian beauty had mounted their horses and were off to the beaver streams to be seen by him no more.

As we occupied the same tent with P_____ we had the benefit of his curses, levelled at the absent Trapper. Consolation was attempted but like Rachel or yore he refused to be comforted (by the by, its truly wonderful with what equanimity we can bear the misfortunes of our friends). The most wonderful

26. continued

part to him was that having been a lady killer in St. Louis he should now be jilted by a simple Indian girl. At this the laugh at the Camp-fire would be severe. For diverse reasons perhaps the girl was right & prudent in her decision.

P_____ was drowned in swimming his horse across one of the swollen mountain torrents & so his excellent father had no more anxiety or trouble on his account.

27. Fording a Stream.

In the foreground of the sketch a young Indian mother with a papoose is crossing a stream, a band secured to the back of what may be termed a cradle passes around her forehead while her arms encircling the child secures it in a steady position. These cradles are of the most simple construction but could not be made safer or more efficient in an other manner, two flaps of buckskin one on each side are fastened to the board between which the child is placed and laced up in front having a strong guard surrounding the head. It may be thrown down with violence in any position without the slightest injury to the occupant. In camp it is usually hung on the limb of a tree or a lodge pole where it may be rocked by the winds, while the mother attends to her domestic duties, being bound to these boards when young no doubt contributes in a marked degree to that straight erect posture & carriage we notice in this people, indeed we do not recollect in the whole journey of seeing an Indian with a stoop in the shoulders. We encounter them often enough in civilized life. When it is time to release them from this thralldom they are tied on horseback in the midst of packs & soon learn to ride. On one occasion we saw a horse run away with a child about 3 years old in this position. The mother, mounted also, galloped after him, screaming in the most approved fashion. The little fellow whose head seemed likely to roll off with the violence of the motion was nevertheless instinctively tugging at the reins, when a Trapper overhauled him & stopped the horse.

28. Big-Bowl

The Indian name of this Chief has been lost but the translation into the vernacular is as above. A man of wars & woes.

In making the sketch of his head a request was proffered for a "profile." To this he strongly objected, stating through the interpreter that I might in case of battle cause one half of his face "to be sick," he evidently viewing the matter as a piece of "mystery" or conjuring. As we could not combat his prejudices a three quarter face was the result.

While he sat he recounted his battles & victories. In a quiescent state his eyes were dull & heavy, reminding us of a Caged Lion in repose. These same eyes under other circumstances would have no lack of fire, but would light up with the ferocity of a demon.

When the sketch was finished he expressed his pleasure by the exclamation "Howgh! Howgh" pronounced rapidly. The Interpreter signified to him that it would be carried a great way towards sunrise and shewn to a "heap" of pale faces which seemed to gratify him exceedingly. By way of ornament he had cut the rim of his ear around the circumference and hung on brass ornaments as pendants. This he considered as graceful. It is merely an exaggeration of a lady boring her ears for rings -- both are relics of barbarism & one is not in much better taste than the other.

29. Pierre & the Buffalo

The incident from which this sketch was made seems to have had a fatality about it as the hero Pierre although escaping this time eventually lost his life in a similar encounter.

His usual practice in hunting the animal was (as he expressed it) to have "lots of fun" out of him. For this purpose after wounding the Buffalo he would commence tantalizing him, either by displaying a red cloth or, in the absence of this, running at him suddenly, whooping & yelling, causing the brute to chase him in its rage and agony.

All the caution from his elder & more experienced brother could not induce him to desist. The hair-breadth 'scape was a complete infatuation. The Buffalo is never more courageous or dangerous than after being wounded. He fights to the last & dies game. Incidents were not rare in which they would receive a dozen ounce balls before falling, dashing into a stream to cool their blood occasionally.

30. Scott's Bluffs

This singular formation is one of the great landmarks, about 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. At a distance as we approached it the appearance was that of an immense fortification with bastions, towers, battlement, embrazures, scarps & counterscarps. As we neared it we found this appearance caused by strata of rock running in veins through the earth & broken into these eccentric forms by the action of the elements.

From all appearances there is ground for the conjecture that these prairies were at one time entirely covered with water.

The name above originates from a lamentable event that occurred here many years ago. A band of men were proceeding to the mountains. On reaching these bluffs one of the party named Scott sickened & was so ill that after waiting some days they were compelled to go on, leaving however a man to take charge of S _____. On their return a year or more afterwards, they found Scott's bones bleaching in the sun. They ascertained also that the man left in charge after remaining a few days & becoming tired, had left, to die most probably by starvation.

31. Caravan "en route."

In the immediate foreground to the right are Trappers departing for the chase, to the left a Trapper with a mule well laden with "hump-ribs" & choice pieces of Buffalo is about to report. While the caravan moves on with a slow & dignified pace comprising a heterogeneous mass of people from all sections of America & of all colors, there are "company & free Trappers," half breeds, Canadians, Spaniards, Indians, &c.

Although we lost some of these by casualties, not an hours sickness occurred to any during the whole journey, the body comprising near 200 men.

The government of the band is somewhat despotic. Our Leader who had served under Wellington in the peninsular campaigns, & at Waterloo understood well the management of unruly spirits. For example, in Camp one day two of our men engaged in a desperate fight. It was reported to him. His answer was "let them alone." Finally one was thoroughly beaten & put "hors de combat." On learning this he sent for the vanquished who presented himself in sorry plight. "You have been fighting and are well whipped." "Qui mon Capitain." "By jove, I am heartily glad to hear it" quoth the Captain, "no doubt you richly deserved it. I shall have no further trouble with you & am certain you will not boast of it. You can go." He then sent for the conqueror who approached the presence with a jaunty, impudent air, as who should say "Voyez-vous, je suis vanqueur de le vanqueur." Whereupon the Captain told him (instead of complimenting him as he certainly expected) if he ever heard of his boasting in any matter of

31. continued

having whipped Louis he would dismount him & make him walk for a week. This was cold comfort for our hero. The idea of winning the battle & not suffering to boast about it swept clean away all the glory of the thing, but the mode of treatment was effectual, there was no more fighting amongst the men.

32. "Reconnoitre."

In looking at a body of these savage fellows scouring the prairies, one cannot fail to be impressed with their admirable horsemanship, & that some such subjects originally gave birth to the conception of the fabled centaur. A piece of Buffalo robe (apishamaux) serves for a seat & their bridle is simply composed of plaited bull hide attached to the lower lip of the horse. This is all that they require.

Their great hold seems to be by the knees, & it is almost impossible to throw them, for we have seen them when their horses were in full motion, stoop & break a switch close to the ground, recovering their seat in a moment. Nothing delights them so much as to mount a wild & unbroken horse. They master him in a short time, let him be as vicious as he may.

Their usual arms are a lance about 8 or 9 feet long tipped with an iron spear, bow, & quiver of arrows, tomahawk & a shield covered with tough bull-hide, painted with figures & ornamented with eagle feathers & scalps.

33. Breakfast at Sunrise.

The sketch represents "our mess" at the morning meal. Jean who is pouring out coffee, although in person as shapeless as a log of wood, seems to our hungry eyes more graceful than Hebe dispensing nectar to the olympians. The service of the table or rather rubber cloth (the table being anyth) was of the best block tin & the etiquette quite rigid in some particulars. For instance nothing in the shape of fork or substitute for it must be used without you wished to be ridiculed in the extreme. With the "bowie" you separated a rib from the mass in the centre, holding firmly the lower end & cut away. The mode of sitting was cross-legged "A la mode Turque," Indians meanwhile looking on patiently in order to be ready for the second table.

On one occasion our Commander who had purchased some boxes of sardines at St. Louis intending to keep them in reserve for sickness or scarcity of meat ordered one of the boxes on the table (a double box containing more than a pint). A Trapper opened it, pronounced the word "fish" & emptied the whole on his plate. Seeing this the Captain ordered out the whole lot, as he saw that nothing short of this would go round. He would not for the world have hinted to them that it was customary to eat only 5 or 6 as a relish. The breakfast must at least have cost him \$60. but it furnished with a capital after dinner story for Europe & that was worth the money.

The whole of this journey was performed & the health of the Camp maintained without carrying with us either Bread or Salt. The entire company of 120 men subsisting comfortably on meat & coffee.

34. Lake Scene

While on the borders of this Lake we climbed to the top of the rock on the left in the middle distance, & looked sheer down without interruption from an elevation more than a thousand feet above the lake. We approached the edge of the rock on hands & knees, very few having the nerve to stand & look down from the giddy eminence. From this point also we had a capital view of the plains we had passed over, the Sweet Water & Platte Rivers threading it like silver.

The Region of snow commences about 2000 feet above the Lake. This we did not attempt to reach as it is attended with great difficulty & danger.

Col. Fremont & a few men however did ascend to one of the highest elevations in these mountains (some 14,000 ft or more) standing on a crest at last not over 3 ft wide & from a ramrod inserted in a crevice, unfurled the National flag, very likely the first men to accomplish the feat.

35. Camp Scene (Sioux)

The subject of the sketch may be called an Indian's home. He has placed his Lodge on the border of a stream, screened from the prairie by hills in the middle ground, near which are some of his party. His worldly property does not amount to much but is amply sufficient, as his wants are few.

Among this tribe we found some as fine specimens of Indians as any that we met. They reminded us strongly of antique figures in Bronze & presented a wide & ample field for the sculptor. Nothing in Greek art can surpass the reality here. Most unquestionably the student who reaches this place (supposing him to have equal power & genius) & models from what he sees, will far surpass any other who merely depends on his "beau-ideal" & imagination alone.

Sculptors travel thousands of miles to study Greek statues in the Vatican but here at the foot of the Rocky Mountains are as fine forms stalking about with a natural grace (never taught by a dancing master) as ever the Greeks dreamed of in their happiest conceptions. The man is yet to come to take advantage of these noble subjects but without he journeys here and sees them as they are he will never have a correct conception of them. All his "beau ideal" will fall far short of the reality to say nothing of the prestige that this truthfulness will give his work. No time is to be lost as they are melting away like snow flakes in the sun.

36. Auguste Watering his Horse.

Auguste, a half breed Canadian who is here represented, was one amongst the finest of all of our mountain men. With a lithe & active habit of body, quick perception especially of the ridiculous, & of bravery amounting to recklessness, he was the life of the Camp from his excessive drollery and bon-homie.

When we reached within a mile of Fort Laramie our Captain dispatched Auguste to the Fort with an order to bring him a blooded stallion (a racer) which he had left there six months previous (with strict injunction that he was not to be ridden by any one until his return) but only to be led by the bridle for exercise or to water. Auguste was delighted with the commission & set off at once. We saw him when he reached the Fort & in a short time both emerged from the great gate coming towards us at top speed. A. yelling like an Indian & the horse frightened out of his wits. On they came furiously & when within 10 yds or so the horse made a shy at something & in the next moment A was incontinently thrown over head & lying on the prairie. We were at first disposed to laugh but fearing that he was hurt raised him up, one of the Trappers saying to him in French, "Auguste, I should have been rather afraid of that horse." "Quant a moi," said A. "je le craign rien de tout. Non, ma chere, pas encore le Diable lui-meme. Sacr-r-re nom de Dieu, de Dieu!!!"

37. Crow Encampment

At this encampment some of the specimens of Crow Indians met us. They were well mounted on good horses and plenty of them living in new and handsome lodges and dressed handsomely. Being of a war like disposition they had almost always "an affair" on hand.

In one of their forays they brought in some scalps of their enemies and after being prepared by a species of tanning (and the war dance around them finished) we managed to get three of these relics. They varied in size from four to six inches in diameter at the crown with long black hair attached.

Their code of morals was peculiar and perhaps a little loose. Captain Stewart possessed a tomahawk of a singular make, elaborately mounted with silver. Instead of the usual termination opposite the blade there was a pipe bowl, the handle being perforated and a mouth piece at the end for smoking.

A Crow Indian visiting him admired greatly the article while he was using it and asked to have the pipe as a present. The captain declined as he wanted it himself. The Indian offered beaver skins. This was refused. After other offers were made the Crow then stated to him that he had better guard it well or he would steal it from him. The Captain, on the strength of this threat, did take particular care but in three days after the pipe had vanished.

Although the Captain regretted the loss yet he said the Indian had given him fair warning and as the incident told rather against himself made no further effort to recover the pipe. No doubt he treasured the incident as a "bon bouche" for an after dinner narrative on his return to Old England.

38. Aricara (Female)

The subject of the sketch may be considered a favorable specimen of the women of this tribe, complexion of a rich bronze, hair black, exceedingly long and glossy from the use of buffalo or bear oil. Beauty however is the exception and not the rule amongst Indian women. This may arise in some measure from exposure and hard treatment, they being mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

One of our men became eventually the affianced of the girl and on his departure for the beaver hunt made her a present of an outfit of a handsome horse, gorgeous saddle and bridle with other paraphernalia that nearly ruined him, he pledging himself and services for three years to the American Fur Company to secure the debt incurred by his liberality, galantry and recklessness.

It is often the case also that the father receives a handsome bonus and the whole thing is what ladies would call a very desirable match.

The etiquette of the pair when on horseback is that the female's station is 50 or 100 yards in the rear of her liege-lord and this regulation is "de rigueur."

39. Lake Scene

The tourist who journeys to Europe for a new sensation must by this time begin to find that his vocation is nearly gone.

Italy has been described so often that it begins to pall like a twice told tale. Egypt, the Nile, Cairo & the Pyramids have been "done" to death. Greece & her remains are as familiar as household words. What will the enterprising traveller do under these circumstances? Well! here is a new field for him. These mountain lakes have been waiting for him thousands of years & could for that matter wait for thousands of years longer for they are now as fresh & beautiful as if just from the hands of the creator. In all probability when we visited these lakes not 20 white men had ever stood on their borders. A single lake & Mount Blanc are the wonders of Europe but here are mountains and lakes from Tehnantepec (south) to the Frozen Ocean in the north. A wide field for exploration. The time is rapidly approaching when villas & hotels in their midst will rise on the shores of these charming sheets of water & when railways are carried through the South-pass this will inevitably not only become the "grand tour" but the grand highway to the Celestial Empire.

40. Running Buffalo

The scene of action is near the "Cut Rocks." An Indian on a well trained horse has separated an animal from the herd and preparing for a shot while others are going pell-mell after the retreating band among the hills in the background. In the immediate front is a horse who has not been trained frightened at the sight of the huge beasts & with the confusion & yells of the hunters. Such an animal is almost useless & cannot be brought alongside of the Buffalo.

The prairie is admirably adapted to these hunts, from its level surface & freedom from bogs, quick sands, or inequalities of surface.

English hunters of the fox would consider it likely hard work. Indeed to make a successful hunter of these huge brutes requires endurance, long practice, with great address and activity, both of man & horse, & is always attended with considerable danger.

To watch a hunt of this kind where numbers are engaged in it -- from a bluff which commands the whole field -- is a rare and exhilarating sight and cannot be matched any where else in the world.

41. Arapahos

The scene is an Arapaho Indian, his squaw & child, reposing under a blanket. We saw some choice specimens of this tribe. They do not shave their heads like the Sioux but braid the centre or scalp lock with ribbons and feathers of the War Eagle. We noticed also a difference in their moccasins, the fronts extending only to the instep and wanting the side flaps. Indians designate a tribe very often by merely having the moccasin.

The Arapahos we met were tall finely formed men, from 5 feet⁸/₈ to 6 feet in height. In setting out on their war parties the process of painting and adorning themselves occupies considerably of their time and attention. When a party is seen scouring over the prairies under these circumstances it bodes no good to those that they happen to meet.

In the matter of horses they have no geldings and we saw none except those brought from the States. The animal thus preserves all his game spirit and is capable of great endurance. They partake something of the Arabian breed, are of good bottom, fast runners and usually well trained for hunting wild animals.

42. Indian Caressing his Horse

If an Indian displays an affection for anything it is manifested towards his favorite horse. When mounted he realizes at once the fabled centaur, man and horse becoming as one. What could he do without this useful animal? Many a buffalo and Bear has he aided his master to overtake and conquer. Many a time and oft has he brought him with a whole skin out of his manifold difficulties and rascalities, frequently indeed when he was afr from deserving such good offices.

They are well acquainted and understand each other. The savage master is proud of the bottom and pluck of his charger, has put him in fact to the most severe tests to prove it and firmly believes that no other can compare with him. In a word they are indispensable to the safety, comfort and well being of each other.

The subject of the sketch is a Shake Indian fondling his horse, seated near his lodge. In the background are some Indians beyond which is the broad Prairie.

In the winter season when the snow is very deep the Indians are often driven to their wits end to feed their animals. Among other expedients they strip the bark from trees and use the inner coating of sap to sustain them until the grass appears in the Spring.

43. Indians on the War Path

When a tribe of Indians has a grievance or conceives itself wronged through loss of any warriors or depredations committed against them, they forthwith arm and paint themselves in the most hideous manner and set out on the "War Path." Blinded by rage and ungovernable passion they now become dangerous — it is by no means pleasant to meet them under such circumstances. Revenge is one of their most powerful incentives to action, overtopping reason and exciting to the uttermost their savage appetite for blood. They never stop to ascertain whether the party they meet is the aggressor, but kill right and left with indiscriminate slaughter.

"Their compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb....

Their bloody thoughts with violent pace

Shall ne'er look back....

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up."

Of all others the Blackfeet have the worst reputation for warlike propensities and keep their neighbors generally in active and lively movements to repulse them.

44. Indian Guide

The Commander (in company with his Indian Guide and Interpreter) has left the caravan on the plain and advanced to a butte or bluff to reconnoitre, interrogate the Indians and to see how the land lies. While availing himself of this useful auxiliary it nevertheless behoves him to keep a sharp look-out in order to guard against ambush and treachery. These guides are picked up haphazard on the prairie and have sometimes their own projects in view. From these high bluffs an extended view is had in all directions so that with the aid of the compass the hills and river courses, a pretty accurate testing of the guide's knowledge of the locality may be reached and his abilities as a pilot decided on.

The conversation is carried on by signs when the Interpreter is at fault and persons who have experience in this mode of communication find it quite sufficient for all useful purposes. It is constantly resorted to in interviews between the whites and Indians.

45. Si-Roc-u-an-tua

This young Indian, son of the Chief Ma-Wo-Ma, was an admirable specimen of the Snakes with whom we sojourned at the Rendezvous.

He was about 20 years of age, form as straight as an arrow and a carriage of natural grace never acquired from the dancing master, amiable and quiet in deportment, social but not obtrusive, brave but not boastful, he at once engaged your sympathy and admiration. He had already distinguished himself in battle and wore a trophy around his neck of his prowess in hunting the grizzly bear. This was a necklace composed of the claws of that formidable brute.

A lock of hair was worn in front, cut square above the eyes and the cue worn behind his head extended to the knee joint, plaited and ornamented with brass rings at intervals lessening in size to the end. As he was somewhat of a beau we furnished him with some vermillion to aid him in his toilet.

His bearing was that of a prince, courageous, self reliant, and dignified. He seemed to embody the spirit of the poet's invocation,

"Thy spirit Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-hearted and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

46. White Plume (Kansas)

From a formidable nation this tribe has become poor and very much reduced in numbers, in a great measure if not wholly independent on the United States Government for subsistence. The buffalo have long ago migrated west and their chance provision is confined to small deer, antelope, turkeys and prairie hens.

The subject of the sketch seems to have been a popular Indian amongst his tribe and represented as a great friend of the whites. Below the necklace of wampum on his breast was worn a silver medal about four inches in diameter, suspended by a silver chain and probably eight or ten ounces in weight, bearing a bas-relief of the head of John Quincy Adams. This was no doubt presented to him by his great Father (the President) for meritorious services and as a mark of appreciation, of which he was justly very proud, always exhibiting it with great satisfaction and pleasure to all strangers, calling on him, as his badge of honor and distinction.

The Kansas Indians have essayed to make some progress in agriculture but rarely with success. A few however (at that time) did possess farms of a hundred acres and these were very well stocked and in a prosperous condition, with farm houses and out buildings in good order.

47. Indian Girl (Sioux)

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

48. Chimney Rock

The curious formation here presented is situated some eight or nine hundred miles west of the Mississippi, near the Platte River. It forms one of the great land-marks on the journey to the mountains and when we saw it was probably one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet in height. It is composed of clay with strata of rock at intervals. In its neighborhood are other formations taking their names from familiar buildings in cities from their fancied resemblance, such for instance as Court House, the Cathedral, etc. In the vicinity we camped and had an opportunity while here of seeing an extremely rare animal named the Carcagieu. It was about the size of a Mount St. Bernard dog, dark-brown (almost black) in color, and body long like a panther's. The Trappers have a superstition amongst them that it cannot be killed with a ball, and tell the most incredible stories concerning it. They believe it to be a cross between the Bear and Wolf.

The Carcagieu is said to secure its game by lying concealed in the boughs of a tree or fissure of a rock, until a deer or antelope pass beneath, when they spring upon the victims's back and holding on with their sharp claws bring him to the ground.

49. Green River, Oregon

The source of this river is near Fremont's Peak and runs southerly making one of the tributaries of the Colorado. As it is in close proximity to the mountains every bend of the river is productive of noble scenery, the Rocky Mountains forming a glorious background. We found at intervals tribes of Indians encamped on its borders, their white and brown lodges forming picturesque objects in the landscape and their warriors, some mounted on hardy and wild looking animals waiting their Chief's order, either for the hunt or foray, others reclining in the shade smoking, shaping bows and arrows or sleeping.

They were all "en route" for the grand rendezvous which congregates yearly near the foot of the mountain range for trading purposes.

A few days before reaching this locality we had the misfortune to lose one of our best men. A loaded rifle in the charette moving in advance of him was discharged by the jolting of the vehicle, striking him in the region of the heart. He died in less than ten minutes. The sun did not seem to shine so brightly for the balance of the day.

50. Indians Testing their Bows

While resting in camp one of the Indians' chief amusements is a trial of skill with the elk-horn bow. Of course wagers are laid in order to give zest to the matter and earnestness to the business on hand. The stakes are of a multitudinous character, pews of beaver against blankets, beads against wampum, pipes versus tobacco. This proceeds until at last the very dresses they have on are placed in the scale of chances, sometimes reducing the poor devils almost to the condition of Adam, gambling being one of their strong passions. They prefer a calm day and at a distance of thirty or forty yards strike within the circumference of two or three inches. The arrow is tipped with iron or flint and the feathering is remarkable for its neatness and balance. This exactness is essential to a good aim. With an elk-horn bow they sometimes drive an arrow completely through a buffalo, its propelling force being far greater than the bow made of yew although the former is much shorter in length.

51. Presents to Indians

The scene represented by the sketch transpired at the Rendezvous where the "elite," the "creme de la creme" of the Indians had assembled near our tents by invitation in order to receive certain presents.

The grim chiefs, braves and warriors were selected from many, either for some meritorious action or because they had rendered some service personally useful to our band.

While Antoine is busily engaged in selecting the articles our Captain is conferring them on the elect, the commonalty having no chance whatever, they submit to this with the best grace and are content to receive honor through their best men. In the foreground is a young mother with her papoose. She is a mere looker on and is highly gratified with that modest privilege. The value and estimation of women increase with the civilization of man, for among savages they are little better than beasts of burden, subjected at all times to ill usage from their tyrannical masters.

To give an idea of the little value of money in this region of country, a silver quarter of a dollar that happened to remain in our pocket at starting (for we had managed to get rid of all ready money, as were told to do, before leaving Independence in Missouri) remained with us at the end of our pilgrimage.

52. Pierre

The subject of the sketch was at the time about seventeen years of age, a half breed Canadian with a complexion lighter than that of a Spaniard, extremely good natured and a great favorite. Although so young he was a capital hunter, active in the chase, courageous, and very successful. He wears as dress a complete Indian shirt of buckskin, his hat decorated with turkey feathers, a fox-tail brush and his dear darling pipe -- his chief solace in all his troubles. A clever writer has said "He who does not smoke hath either known no great griefs or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from Heaven." So when Pierre suffered from thirst he smoked, when buffalos vexed him he had recourse to his pipe, when scolded or punished, in joy or sorrow, this was the "elixir" and universal resort.

One day he tumbled into the river and was fished out exhausted and nearly drowned. As soon as he recovered breath our Captain, who was always striking people on the breast (by no means to ascertain their strength of lungs, but looking out for hidden motives and springs of action) asked him in French what was the first thing he thought of whilst he was in the water. Pierre answered "Je le pense a Montreal" the place that gave him birth. This we believe will be found almost invariably to be the case -- that the prominent events of life in a drowning person rush through their thoughts in a moment and Pierre recurred to that of his boyhood.

53. "Bourgeois" Walker and
his Squaw.

The term "bourgeois" is given in the mountains to one who has a dozen or more of Trappers under his command to hunt the beaver.

On a journey the etiquette is that the squaw invariably rides a certain distance in the rear of her liege-lord, as represented in the sketch.

Captain Walker being trust-worthy and intelligent received this appointment. He had been in many battles with Indians, giving him great experience from which he profited.

A curious story was told us of him by the Trappers. He had been victorious in battle with a tribe and the latter finding themselves worsted proposed to bury the tomahawk and invited him to a feast. Of course the worthy Captain was ready for this and to smoke the pipe of peace. He had learned the fact that no matter how hard you may pound in battle you must of necessity receive some pounding in return. A losing game on both sides.

The feast was plentiful and sumptuous and the guest expressed his pleasure but they played him a trick (so the story goes) that must have put the Captain into the greatest rage imaginable and it was supposed for revenge. We thought of asking him about the truth of this story, as trappers' tales must be taken "cum grano salis," but prudence forbade. If true it was certainly not complimentary to his judgment at all, to say nothing of the painful reminiscence, besides he had been extremely kind in getting up some Indian dances for our express amusement and conferring on us other favors. No! it was better decidedly to give the worthy Captain the benefit of the doubt and say nothing about it.

54. Wounded Buffalo

The hunters have detached a Buffalo from the band, wounded him and he is down, yet by no means conquered but gathering up his energies for a final struggle with his unrelenting enemies, hunters and horses both being on the alert keeping a chary distance and watchful eye. Once on his feet his onset from his great weight (about 2500 lbs) is terrible but as he is blinded with rage and the shock of long hair over his eyes he strikes as the boxers have it "all abroad." The cunning of man is too much for him. All will not do, while he is furiously attacking one party another with a well simed ball strikes a vital part which brings him heavily to the earth, glaring with a defiant eye to the last and seemingly to ask no quarter.

In the middle distance hunters are pursuing the retreating band. It is impossible to resist the excitement and all go in pell-mell, amid a cloud of dust.

A part of the Wind River chain of mountains looms up in the distance covered with snow of so dazzling a brilliancy that the eye can scarcely rest on it.

55. Trappers Starting for the
Beaver Hunt

Trappers are usually divided into three classes; the "hired," "free," and the trapper "on his own hook," that is entirely independent.

After the "Saturnalia" that continues for a few days, when they take their fill of eating, drinking and frolicking, they then commence seriously their preparations for departure. On starting the Trapper fits himself out with a full equipment. In addition to animals he procures five or six traps usually carried in a trap-sack, ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, supply of moccasins, a wallet called a "possible sack," gun bowie knife, and sometimes a tomahawk. Under his right arm is placed his powder horn and bullet pouch; bound round his waist is a belt in which is carried a knife in a sheath of buffalo hide worked with beads, made fast to the belt by an incision or chain, and on his breast a pipe holder usually a "gage d'amour" worked in porcupine quills by some dusky charmer, in the shape of a heart. Encircled with danger they wander far and near in pursuit of "sign," ever on the watch. A turned leaf, grass pressed down, or uneasiness of his animals, are warnings palpable to him and place him on his guard. With these precautions he generally outwits the slippery savage. Their motives of action may be happily illustrated by the lines of the Poet:

"Let him who crawls enamored of decay,
Cling to his couch and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath and shake his palsied head
Ours, -- the green turf and not the feverish bed."

56. Threatened Attack

On this eventful morning (our caravan pursuing the even tenor of its way) we descried one of our hunters returning to the camp at a full gallop under whip and spur. He pronounced only one word, "Indians." Another came in, more explanatory. He cried out "Injins is all about and there will be some raising of ha'r, as sure as shootin." A silence ensued for some moments and all eyes turned in one direction. At this juncture it would have been amusing if the matter had not been so serious to watch the countenances of the different men.

The staid phiz of the old Trapper rolling his quid, wonderfully self possessed and ready for any emergency or fate that might betide; green-horn boosters and braggarts, who at the camp fire never ceased to recount what they were going to do under certain contingencies were now somewhat "chop-fallen" and mute as mice; Monsieur Prov (sub-leader)

"With a corpus
Round as a propoise"

who had been in many such scrapes revolving in his mind what was best to be done; all of us in fact more or less uncomfortable and as sensitive about the scalp as a Chinese about his long cue. We were not kept long in suspense. A cloud of dust at a distance soon divulged a piratical hoarde of painted wretches coming down on us at top speed, armed to the teeth and riding round us in a menacing manner. We now stopped the camp and held parley. Their argument was capital and persuasive, "they were on their own ground and we were interlopers," and demanded blackmail on the instant.

56. Continued

"So down we got, for loss of time
Although it grieved us sore,
Yet loss of scalp full well we knew
Would trouble us much more"

The great point was to hold a council, get the Chiefs or leaders to smoking as quick as possible in order to gain a little diplomatic time. At length we formed a circle and put the pipe in circulation, each of them taking a few whiffs, the first two with much ceremony and muttering towards the sun (for the great Spirit) the next to the earth.

The upshot of all was that we were to blackmail them extensively, cloths, ammunition, knives, tobacco and blankets were accordingly hauled out of the wagons and distributed. What had we to gain by fighting? Even victory would have presented the strange paradox of defeat. We were glad to get rid of our most unwelcome guests, and on learning from them the direction in which they intended to go we started on a course almost opposite, the Trappers invoking peculiar blessings on their livers, hearts and other interior organs.

57. Indians Watching
a Canoe

From the tops of bluffs, on the prairie lying in the long grass, behind trees, from the midst of bushes, in fact from every piece of vantage ground, we were under the surveillance of Indians. Our every movement no doubt was noted, this happened more particularly in certain districts of hostile Indians.

In battle and when taken prisoner the swarthy savage displays his best qualities. He marches to the stake as if it were to be a bridal feast, singing his death song wherein he recounts his prowess in many battles, the tortures he has inflicted on his captives and winds up by hurling defiance and scorn on his enemies.

In Missouri some years ago, an Indian was convicted of killing a white man and condemned to be shot. On leaving a hostage, he was permitted by the U. S. troops to visit his father promising to return in three days. Prompt to the time he returned after a journey of many miles, walked to the place designated and received the fire of a detachment of musketry killing him instantly.

58. Sioux Indian

We selected this Indian not because he was a great warrior chief or brave, in fact he was neither, but for the reason that his face pleased our fancy and bore an agreeable expression.

"His head was bare, save only where
Waves in the wind one lock of hair
Reserved for him who e'er he be,
More mighty than Si-oux in strife,
When breast to breast and knee to knee
Above the fallen warrior's life
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping knife."

It was edifying to hear the grim old chiefs expostulating and endeavoring to dissuade us from making a sketch of this Indian. The objections urged by them were that he had not distinguished himself in battle, could count no "coups." This rather recommended him to us. It was refreshing to meet with one Indian at least who had not stained his hands with human blood.

His chin was as smooth as any woman's, as they all are. We were told by the Trappers that when beard appears they pluck it out with an instrument made of bone and as this operation continues the germ of the hair is eventually completely destroyed and it ceases to grow, giving somewhat an effeminate appearance to their faces.

59. Crow Indians on the Look-out

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

From these bluffs they observe in which direction game is to be had and notify their hunters, the direction of rivers and land marks, the approach of an enemy or a caravan of "pale faces," and make their preparations accordingly. All are fish that come to their net.

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

60. Hunting Elk -- Black Hills

The pursuit of this animal by running is often so futile that the hunters prefer a more certain mode of getting a shot, either by creeping cautiously to the points of bluffs under which he or they may be feeding or approaching behind bushes and trees on the mountain side where they may be browsing. When the men are providing for the camp and two or three hunters are together the best shot of the party takes the "pas" for the reason that more than a hundred men are waiting the result and it does not answer to miss valuable game by inexpert marksmen. The rule is, have as much fun and "bagatelle" as you please but be sure and bring home the game!!! Excuses are a poor subterfuge and are received with contempt. Ravenous appetites have no sympathy or reasoning power.

The Elk (for provender) is next in size to the buffalo and is found in all parts of the mountains and in the vicinity of licks. The meat when the animal is in good order, although somewhat coarser than that of the deer, is excellent in proper season.

61. Iroquois Indian

This once powerful and ambitious tribe has dwindled away into a mere shadow of a shade, in comparison with what it was in former times. During the war between the French and English for predominance in America each party made every effort to engage these savage allies. Every kind of inducement and bribery were used.

The tribe was designated as one of the six warlike nations; viz, Mohocks, Oneidas, Onondagos, Tentowanas (or Senecas), Cayugas and Iroquois.

Their primitive designation was Agonnonsonni, signifying United People, the French changing it to the above.

As regards themselves and the French, the feeling was akin to that of Slender's for "sweet Ann Page," "there was no great love between them in the beginning and it pleased heaven to decrease it upon farther acquaintance."

We met but very few of them and the subject of the sketch forms a fair specimen. In travelling they usually get the escort of either whites or friendly Indians.

62. Dodging an Arrow, Crows

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

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

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

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

63. Moonlight -- Camp Scene

An old Trapper is up on his feet spinning a yarn wherein he is giving an account of an adventure of Markhead's with a grizzly Bear. According to his account Markhead was afraid of nothing on or under this earth and "was bound to shine in the biggest sort of crowd." The story stripped of the Trapper's ornamentation was to this effect: that Markhead for a wager determined to go into some wild cherry bushes where a bear was known to be and dispatch him simply with a tomahawk. In this affair the bear was too much for him. In approaching him through the bushes he was not aware that Bruin was so near and in a moment the powerful brute had his huge paw on our Hero's head tearing away the entire scalp. Most wonderful of all in the course of time the Trapper entirely recovered and when we reached the Rendezvous in Oregon we saw him well and hearty, his head having little or no hair on it and presented a very singular appearance.

During the recital there was a running commentary from the Trappers "Waugh, he was some" -- "had old grit in him" -- "could take the grissle off a darned panther's tail" -- "B'ar was b'ar to him and nothing else," etc.

In the distance some Canadian Trappers are relieving their exuberance of spirits by dancing to the inspiring tunes of a Jews harp. The music of Orpheus would not have better served their turn.

64. Ma-Wo-Ma

The translation of this word into the vernacular is "Little Chief." It was somewhat of a misnomer, the subject of it standing nearly six feet in his moccasins. It did not apply in any instance for he was Chief of about three thousand Snake Indians and decidedly in every sense superior to any Indian that we met with. He was a man of high principle in who you could place confidence. When our Commander on a former journey had a difficulty with the Indians and lost all his horses this Indian exerted himself in his behalf and recovered the most of them. He stated also to him that if he had placed himself under his (Ma-Wo-Ma's) protection in the first instance he would not have lost any.

In drawing some bulletins of battles for me, such as they send to their colleagues, I noticed that all four of the legs of the horses were on one side. This arose from want of a knowledge of perspective. He also colored them with the stick end of the brush instead of the hair end, not probably ever having seen before an article of the kind. By a slight "poetic license" the calves of the enemy were placed before the "os tibia" instead of behind. Another thing noticeable was that his war horse, himself and immense helmet of eagle feathers occupied the whole field. The enemy are diminutive creatures and he is spitting them like larks. Of course we are left to imagine that his aids and men are with him. Fifteen arrows above the enemy signified that number had "gone under" but Ma-Wo-Ma, like a prudent and crafty general, says nothing of his own losses.

64. Continued

A running commentary was kept up while he proceeded with the drawing. There was a little more of the "ego" than good taste might have dictated but it sat with exceeding grace on our excellent friend Ma-Wo-Ma and the interpreter so far from softening no doubt exaggerated -- as such gentry are wont to do.

65. Taking the Hump-Rib

With the aid of two or three of the hunters the buffalo is placed in a sitting posture in order to secure that most superlative morceaux, the hump-rib.

A cut is made diagonally and lengthwise, the skin turned down from the neck, while a Trapper to the right is receiving a tomahawk in order to separate the spinal process.

The fleece and side ribs follow, all choice bits, the balance being left for the wolves who are usually distant spectators, watching the transaction with great apparent interest.

The horse to the left is new to the business, alarmed by the smell of blood and carnage, the Hunter's object is to tether him to the horns of the buffalo, there being no other alternative or place to secure him.

In the foreground is the sumpter mule fitted with a pack saddle on which the meat is secured when ready.

The choicest pieces are only taken usually; the hump, side ribs, fleeces and the tongue. The hide which forms such a useful robe is also left on the field.

The wolves who wait in the neighborhood take charge as soon as the Trappers depart, determined in all cases to have their share of the feast.

66. Nez Perces Indian Warrior

These Indians are anti-belligerent and have some other qualities that are rare and commendable. They are said to be religious, also honest and truthful in their intercourse with the whites. Their observance of religious ceremonies and rites is uniform and remarkable.

It is supposed that they derived this in part from Catholic Missionaries who have travelled amongst them. The ceremonial however is a mixture of the civilized and barbarous. They will not hunt on a fete day for fear of the "Great Spirit" although pinched with hunger, yet are they most inveterate gamblers, playing until every thing they possess has departed from them. We find these inconsistencies in civilized life also and with less excuse.

All these Indians seem to bear the impress of a doomed race and with bitterness of heart may exclaim with the Poet.

"They waste us, aye, like the April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow as we go
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land and we
Are driven into the Western Sea."

The Nez Perces of our sketch has caused his tonsor to make an incision with a knife and cut around the whole rim of his ear and when this is healed as many rings and strings of wampum as possible are suspended from it. A ring is then thrust through his nose, when this part of his toilet is supposed to be complete.

67. Indian Encampment of the "Eau Sucre" River

The sketch presents an almost Arcadian scene, the simple minds of the savages give them no brighter heaven hereafter. Their paradise is constructed with (at least) as much facility as a Persian's.

"A Persian's Heaven is easily made,
Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

It is a question whether with all our boasted civilization we enjoy more real happiness than these children of the Prairie, on whom we exhaust a good deal of superfluous sympathy. They would certainly not be willing or in a hurry to exchange with us. And are at least contented with their lot. We (generally speaking) never are, so that after toiling through pain and suffering for a life time, with (rarely if ever) being able to accomplish the work before us, we go out of the world in about the same sort of stupid astonishment with which we came into it.

The scene is on the River "Eau Sucre." Two Indian women are seated on its border and in the distance an encampment. In the immediate foreground is an Indian canoe made of birch-wood bark. These boats are light and swift, are beautifully modelled and remind one much of the gondolas of Venice.

68. The Grizzly Bear

The hunters are in full tilt after the most formidable of all the animals met with in the journey. It is no child's play but downright dangerous sport. Strange that this should be its greatest charm to the reckless Trapper and Indian. To hunt and capture the Grizzly Bear is a signal honor and is considered a great "coup," and as we only killed nine in our journey outward it would seem that they are not plentiful.

It differs from the black bear in elongated, narrowed, and flattened muzzle, and is more than twice the size and weight. The hair is longer and finer but varies in color from dusky grey to dark brown, always more or less grizzled by intermixture, or the hair being tipped with grey. The eyes are small and the line of profile nearly straight, tail scarcely visible, breadth of fore-feet from eight to nine inches, claws on fore-feet six inches long. Their embrace, which is one of their most popular defences, is certain death to the receiver.

69. The Argali -- Mountain Sheep

In the wildest and most secluded haunts of the mountains, on high rocky peaks, these animals are mostly found. They remain on the peaks all day long and in the evening and early morning come down seeking water and grass. The meat in season is excellent, having a trifle more of a wild flavor than ours. They climb almost inaccessible rocks and the Trappers assert that when two male argali meet on a ledge of rock and there happens not to be room for them to pass each other a pitched battle takes place, whereupon one or the other must go down, the vanquished hero taking especial care in reaching the bottom to fall on his horns which are immensely strong.

We brought down a fine specimen of these horns measuring over two and a half feet in length, curved backward then outward and upwards of five inches diameter at the base. The spiral around the horns much broken in front either by fighting or falling on them. They were presented by Sir. Wm. D. Stewart to Major Lorenzo Lewis, a near relative of General Washington, residing at that time on the Mount Vernon Estate.

70. A Shoshonee Indian Smoking

It is only in savage life that real and absolute freedom exists. This man bears about him the appearance of it. We can see at a glance that he is not troubled with taxes. By the same token, we could almost affirm that he has left no Mrs. Caudle in his lodge to give him "a bit of her mind" on his return home.

A pipe, the great solace of his leisure hours, is lighted and he is exhaling the smoke in volumes from his mouth and nostrils alternately, with a thorough enjoyment of its aroma.

The great difficulty is that he has too much freedom for his own good. It causes him to be proud, overbearing and oppressive. Eventually he carries measures with such a high hand and becomes so intolerably tyrannical that it is found essential to knock him on the head. This he comprehends better than a long harangue and may be called the "argumentum baculinum." In fact it is reasoning to him as plain as a pike-staff.

No successful bully has yet existed who, sooner or later, has not met his fate from one who is still more powerful and as Corporal Nym says, "that is the moral of it."

71. Shoshonee Female Throwing the Lasso

As a general thing women who are experts in throwing the lasso confine their operations to the home department. In securing the horses at evening some are so refractory that it is impossible to catch them without a resort to the rope. At rare intervals a female takes the field against wild animals, seated on a demi-pique saddle, so constructed that she cannot be unhorsed, her feet resting in broad wooden stirrups. It requires a horse well trained for this work to resist the captured animal's strain on the lasso, in his efforts to escape.

A well trained animal is always prepared for this emergency and resists it effectively by planting his feet firmly and swaying his body to the opposite side.

Those well practised in throwing the lasso secure the animal pursued either by the neck or leg at their choice.

This is altogether preferable to the other method called "creasing" described under another head, resorted to when the lasso is not at hand or the rider not sufficiently of an expert in its use.

72. Interior of Fort Laramie

The view is from the great entrance looking west and embraces more than half the court or area. When this space is filled with Indians and Traders as it is at stated periods the scene is lively and interesting. They gather here from all quarters; from the Gila at the south, the Red River at the north, and the Columbia River west, each has its quota and representatives, Sioux, Bannocks, The Walters Gallery notes show that the illegible word is "Mandans." BDV, , Crows Snakes, Pend-Oreilles, Nez Perces, Cheyennes and Delewares, all except the Black Feet who are "betes noirs" and considered "de trop." As a contrast there are Canadian trappers, free and otherwise, half breeds, Kentuckians, Missourians and Down-Easters. A saturnalia is held the first day and some excesses committed. But after this trading goes briskly forward.

There was a cannon or two sleeping in the towers over the two main entrances, the Indians having an aversion to their being wakened, entertaining a superstitious reverence for them. They are intended to "keep the peace."

This fort was built by Robert Campbell who named it Fort William in honor of his friend and partner William Sublette. These gentlemen were the earliest pioneers after Messrs. Lewis and Clarke and had many battles with the Indians. Once in an encounter with the Black-feet they made their wills in true soldier fashion as they went along, appointing each the executor of the other. We had almost daily intercourse with Messrs. Sublette and Campbell, and Governor Clarke in St. Louis before we started. Captain Lewis had at that time deceased. In an encounter with the Black-feet Mr. Sublette received a poison ball from which he never recovered.

73. Crossing the Kansas

In a large company of men, horses and wagons the crossing of the rivers is quite an undertaking. Dry goods and powder must be kept dry at all hazards. Guides are sent out to cross and examine the river at different points in advance, in order to discover the most preferable places for embarking and landing.

If the river is deep the goods must be unladen and transported in boats. The horses are compelled to swim across, some being so averse to this that it was necessary to catch and throw them into the water from the bank, from whence they found their way opposite as best they could.

Although this business is attended with down-right hard work, the Canadians especially have great fun, taking advantage of all mishaps to season their jokes and witticisms. A man is sometimes unhorsed in the middle of the river, they immediately go to his succor but while dragging the poor devil out overwhelm him with a torrent of quizzing on his horsemanship until he at last wishes them at Jericho or a still warmer latitude. Sometimes the animals swim opposite a bluff. Of course they must be immediately rescued.

74. Buffalo at Bay

The sketch represents a rolling prairie and is unfavorable to the movements of the buffalo.

To urge his huge weight up hill is to him most laborious. The hunters have wounded and brought him down but he is not vanquished. The Indians in the mean time are racing round, tantalizing and menacing, fluttering a red cloth and yelling at the top of their lungs.

The animal now bellows from impotent rage, regains his feet and makes a dash at the nearest. "Sauve qui peut" is the cry and a general stampede follows until exhausted with loss of blood he falls again and is despatched with lance or arrows.

Tenacious of life, they require at times a "good deal of killing" as the Trappers have it, before they are vanquished. Both Trappers and Indians have great admiration for the pluck and game spirit displayed by the animal -- fighting to the last with no disposition to surrender. His eye at such times is not pleasant to look upon, it is round, red and fiery, and seeming to ask no quarter.

75. Snake Indian and his Dog

As tobacco is a scarce commodity with the Indians they have found a plant of a delicious flavor to mix with and in default of the former to use in its stead. This is called by them "Kinnick Kinnick," the leaves resembling in shape the box of the gardens and is cured by a process similar to that for tobacco. With a good supply of this article he lays by for a time the deadly War Club and quiver of arrows, fills his pipe bowl and inhales the fragrant mixture.

"His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depths of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No friends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

While reposing quietly with his pipe you might suppose him to be one of the meekest of beings but let only the "gage to battle" sound, and the whole man is transformed. His savage blood is heated and he becomes furious, rushing into battle as if it was merely child's play, neither asking nor giving quarter.

76. Indian Lodges on the Missouri

The principal lodge, the nearest in the sketch is the council chamber; its diameter about seventy feet with the light admitted only from the top through an aperture six feet in diameter. This also gives egress to the smoke from a fire located in the center of the lodge.

The effect of light on the interior coming from above and passing through a column of smoke ascending has a fine effect and is picturesque in the extreme. A broad mass of light illuminating the one side, while the other is in half shadow.

The framing is composed of poles radiating from the center, supported by uprights and girders and roughly flanked.

The whole exterior is then covered with adobe. From exposure to the sun this becomes very hard and firm and entirely water proof.

On fine days the Indians are found seated on the roof making arrows and other implements, smoking and chatting.

In excessive drouths also the "medicine man" here takes his station in order to invoke the "Great Spirit" to grant them rain. Guards are also placed here to scan the horizon and give the alarm if hostile Indians are prowling about. It enables them also to watch their horses, that they may not wander far in feeding.

77. Indian Woman Making the War Dress

The warrior is here waiting impatiently for his costume. Wrongs have accumulated to that extent in his mind that nothing but sanguinary vengeance will restore his equanimity.

The dress is being made by his Squaw. It is sewn throughout with sinew and is a most substantial and serviceable work. The body made of the best antelope skin and the whole decorated profusely with dyed porcupine quills of all colors, beads, scalps, etc. The cap or helmet is filled with eagle feathers so as to extend to the knee joint. The quiver is filled with arrows and when all is ready he does his enemy the honor to make a most elaborate toilet, mounts his horse and is gone.

What a pity that civilization could not confer on them a few lawyers to settle their differences? Charles Lamb used to say "It irks me to think of poor Adam laying out his halfpenny for apples in Mesopotamia."

It would also mortify us to see the poor Indian paying out his big half-penny for damages and costs, for injuries inflicted on his neighbors, but positively it would answer a better purpose than the missionaries sent amongst them. Before this can come to pass however they must be first taught the value of money -- they having the greatest contempt for that medium in Oregon.

78. Elk Hunt

Pressed by the hunters, after a hard run, the elk has here indiscreetly jumped into a stream too shallow for him to swim, which seals his fate. The enemy is hovering about him, one in the act of giving a "coup de pistolet," while others are in the back-ground hurrying on with a ball in reserve if required.

No animal can be more graceful than a full grown male elk carrying eight or ten antlers and in full speed over the prairie, his feet seem scarcely to touch the ground and if any obstruction stands in his way of a practicable height he takes a flying leap, bringing up his fore-hoofs almost to meet the shoulder joint, but he carries with him such a weight of venison that sentiment must stand aside while prudence steps in to secure the prize. It must be recollected that there was a company exceedingly a hundred men to feed daily, voracious feeders all of them, so that the larder had to be supplied at all hazards. The successful hunter, in short, takes an imperial status, while excuses for failure no matter how plausible receive the cold shoulder.

79. Approaching

This mode of killing buffalo is often resorted to very successfully if certain rules are observed. The hunters having descried the animals at a distance, they now decide whether it is most prudent to run or approach them.

If the latter (as in the present case) they ascertain the direction of the wind. If it is from the buffalo nothing can be more favorable. If not then from where they stand a circuit is made until the difficulty is surmounted. The reason for this is that the buffalo's power of scent is most acute, giving him alarm at the distance of a mile or more, his sight from the great mass of hair covering his head is obstructed partially.

The hunters reaching their position hide their horses in a ravine or behind bushes and commence approaching on hands and knees. With any thing like prudence they are sure of one shot and by firing simultaneously secure game in proportion to the number of hunters. When practicable however they prefer running the animal. It gives the brute a chance for his life and is also attended with more pleasurable excitement.

80. Lake Scene, Mountain of the Winds

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

81. Indian Girls Racing

Just before sunset all stray horses must be driven in and picketed for the night. In this case two Indian girls have been charged with the task, having found the horses they now engage in a kind of scrub race, an open prairie and the exhilaration of quick motion being the temptation.

The riders and horses are "en grande costume" with sumptuously decorated cruppers, fringes and head stalls. No colors can by any possibility be too bright for them, no glitter too dazzling.

The Indian Fort in the distance is built of crotched logs, so interlaced that they cannot be separated readily. When peace prevails they use it as a corral for horses and store house for furs. Mr. Sublette who was a complete "fire eater" stated to us that he was several times repulsed in encountering these strong-holds, losing both men and horses, and was compelled either to retreat or wait for reinforcements.

The truth is they (the Indians) rarely fight, if possible to avoid it, without some decided advantage of overpowering numbers or ambush of one kind or another.

82. Beating a Retreat

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

83. Buffalo Turning on his Pursuers

Hunters after wounding the buffalo and seeing him fall sometimes alight from their horses and approach on foot. In this case they have reckoned without their host. The animal has again regained his feet and gives battle.

One of them to escape his fury, has thrown down his blanket in order to have time to regain his saddle. On this unlucky blanket the buffalo is expending his fury under the pleasing delusion that he is pitching into somebody and while so engaged another shot is preparing for him which gives him his quietus.

At times they are so tenacious of life that they will receive five or six balls, retaining their feet and active in charging their enemies, but an ounce ball touching a vital part is sufficient. Staggering about a minute or two, he falls heavily to the earth and is put out of pain by a blow from a bowie knife at the back of the neck.

One of our best hunters on a certain occasion dismounted from his horse and while the buffalo (wounded) still retained his feet and was quite active, ran and caught hold of the animal's tail wrapping it around his hands. The curiosity of the lookers-on was highly excited to see how this would terminate. The buffalo would turn to get at his tenacious enemy but his turning was the signal for the hunter to jump in the opposite direction and we found that he vaulted (holding firmly by the tail) and alighted with his feet wide apart, as a stumble would have been fatal under such circumstances. This exhausting exercise had to be continued until the buffalo fell, as he (the hunter) could not retreat from his position without great danger.

84. Snake Indian Pursuing a Crow
Horse-thief

The avenger is behind and no house of refuge for the offender. The disgrace to the poor devil in advance is not the act of stealing -- his misfortune is in having been detected. A successful thief has his merit fully acknowledged among this peculiar people.

"For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The Snakes and Crows being in close proximity near the Rocky Mountains are in frequent collision and of course do each other as much harm as possible. They make forays into each others districts to redress grievances that increase instead of diminish, and while in the valley of Green River we received three scalps from the Snakes, presented to us as a great favor from a successful war party that came into camp. They, to be sure, had a grand war dance before the delivery and were somewhat un-heroic in boasting.

85. Hunting Elk

The man who here deliberates is lost: i.e., loses his shot. There is not much use in running the elk without stratagem is used either in heading them off, forcing them into the river, or waiting at some point hidden and shooting them as they pass. Their speed outstrips that of the horse. When buffalo are scarce these are a desirable acquisition to the prairie larder, more from their weight than excellence as food.

The meat is inferior to either buffalo, bear, mountain sheep or deer. The Indians manufacture a beautiful buckskin from their hides, very soft and strong, with which they make leggins, giving it a rich tint by a peculiar process of smoking. They form of it also sacks to carry their pemican and jerked meat and from the horns they make their most efficient bows.

The scene represented in the sketch is near a bluff in the vicinity of the upper waters of the Nebraska River. The herd of elk rarely number more than four or five hundred and when coursing over the prairie are marvels to look upon, from their graceful action, combined with unapproachable speed.

86. Indians in a Storm -- Night Scene

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

When a storm prevails and thunder is crashing over their heads, they know nothing of positive and negative clouds approaching each other and discharging a surplus of electricity, with them it is the "Anger of the Great Spirit" who is displeased with his children. They become frightened, hang their heads and deprecate his wrath. Their resolution no doubt for the moment is to do better. These resolves pass off however as soon as the cause is removed, their consciences being quieted and reconciled by the appearance of clear weather.

Rash promises in desperate situations are as often made in civilized as in savage life and there would be no difficulty in pointing out in the former instances almost as gross (as regards fine resolves) under certain circumstances as that of the poor Indian.

87. Roasting the Hump Rib

Three of our hunters, Lajeunesse, Burrows and Francois, are here encamped on the borders of a lake well provided with substantials in the shape of delicious hump and side ribs. These are roasting in a lively manner near the camp fire, preparatory to a glorious supper and with appetites waiting for them that a king might envy. In our camp after the meal some one of the trappers usually gave a narrative of some stirring events of his life in the mountains. To us these were intensely interesting. At other times our leader would entertain them with his adventures in foreign lands, the curious cities and monuments of antiquity he had visited. It was edifying to see the patience with which he answered their simple questions as if they were matters of course and full of importance, all the while maintaining a gravity that was most amusing. It is not to be wondered at that he became immensely popular amongst them. No doubt all of the men would have followed him into any danger regardless of consequences. One of them told us that he (the Captain) had a "h'ar (hair) of the Grissly in him," meaning bull-dog courage.

88. In-Ca-T'ash-A-Pa

This name was translated by the interpreter "Red-Elk" (a Snake warrior). Around the head he wears an ornamented bandeau set off by a rosette surmounted with feathers. Around his neck are strings of wampum, beads and a species of flat shell or conchelia. In their native wilds these people appear to great advantage. How little they are fitted for civilization and its artificial habits the following incident will show.

Some years since a deputation from the far west visited Washington to see their Great Father, the President. They were feted and presented with fine dresses, trimmed with broad gold lace. One of them took his way down the avenue in full fig. It was extremely warm weather and his pantaloons began to chafe him. Seeing some steps he deliberately sat down and pulled them off, threw them over his shoulder (gold lace outward) and resumed his walk with greater freedom of movement, but the ladies were now running in all directions and it was not long before the police were after him, shuffling him with rough hands into the guard house.

Now to this day (if the poor devil is still living) we will venture to say that he has never clearly comprehended what all the row was about or why he was so outrageously abused.

In-Ca-T'ash-a-Pa while sitting for his portrait did not (you may be sure) leave us in ignorance of his warlike propensities, his many battles and his many cruelties. He expected to receive commendation and praise. We looked on him simply

88. Continued

as a bloody-minded fiend. A man can however only act according to the light shown him and the misfortune was that we looked at the matter from entirely different standpoints.

89. Elk Swimming the Platte

After an exciting chase over the prairies the Indian hunters have at length driven the elk just where they would like to have him. The elk in his extremity has plunged into the Platte River and making for the opposite shore, while the hunters are approaching the margin at full gallop, knowing very well that if he is not captured before he reaches the other side there is slender chance for them. Even in the water he is a dangerous customer, for he has a trick of using his long horns to great advantage and keeping his enemies at bay.

The Platte varies from half a mile to three quarters in breadth and when swollen by recent rains is a formidable and rapid river. Very often however it is so shallow that charrettes cross it without the water covering the hubs of the wheels. The banks of this river form the great highway to the Rocky Mountains, parties passing from the south to the north fork as their destination may require. Down its current also sweep the Fur boats, with their rich cargos for St. Louis and a market.

90. Antoine Clement

The subject of the sketch is a half-breed (that is, his father was a Canadian, his mother an Indian) and one of the noblest specimens of a western hunter. In the outward journey he killed for us about one hundred and twenty buffalo, his temper however when roused was uncontrollable.

Our Captain, Antoine and the writer of these notes left the camp one morning on a hunting expedition and near noon on that day Antoine and our leader unhappily commenced quarrelling, owing to some order that had been given and not attended to. The latter was somewhat of a martinet and would not tolerate for a moment any neglect of orders by a subordinate. Now here were two men contending, one whose ancestors dated back to the conqueror (an how much farther Heaven only knows) the other, well if he knew who his reputed parents were that was the extent, nevertheless both were on a perfect equality, well mounted, armed with "Manton" rifles and neither knowing what fear was. It was a question of manhood, not social position.

As they rode side by side the Captain with great tact riding on the right, and were not at all choice in their language, I expected every moment to see them level their rifles at each other and also busy with conjecturing how I was to reach the caravan for aid in case they came to extremities, having no compass with me, the company at least ten or twelve miles distant and the sun almost vertical, -- by this time they had completely ignored the existence of number 3 and gave not the slightest thought or consideration.

90. Continued

While things were in this critical situation but every minute growing worse, as Providence would have it, a herd of buffalo was discovered at a distance. This was too much. The ruling passion overtopped everything. Off went Antoine at a mad gallop under whip and spur and in a moment our Captain followed suit; number 3 meanwhile drawing a long breath and mentally thinking with the poet,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The result in a short time was two noble animals biting the dust, each of the late belligerents in great good humor and the subject of the quarrel entirely forgotten.

91. Encampment of Indians

It is near the close of day and the sun is throwing a warm glow over the distant hills. The group represented in the sketch is simply some Indians seated near their camp-fire talking and smoking while preparations are briskly going forward for a feast. A warrior chief has just dismounted from his horse returning from hunting or something worse, and the inevitable pipe is ready for him. In the distance are lodges, Indians preparing their bows, etc.

The scene would appear almost Arcadian if we did not know that a sudden war-whoop would rouse instantly the demon within them and change altogether the aspect of things. In a state of quietude they are merely sleeping volcanoes liable to break forth at any moment, the slightest provocation converting the fair scene into one of carnage and desolation. All the civilization that can be brought to bear on this people will never convince them that victory does not mean extermination to their enemy, in which torture and cruelty of the worst kind predominates.

92. Conversing by Signs

In one of our hunting excursions we encountered a small party of Indians. Our interpreter was not present and it was desirable to have some information that we stood in need of. The sketch represents the Indian communicating this by signs which he does by graceful action and significant gesture, so that in the main it is readily comprehended by persons, of course having some practice and experience. Some of the signs are easily interpreted -- for instance, joining the palms of the hands and throwing them upward and outward to signify day time; action reversed, palms downward, night. Time is indicated by pointing directly over head for meridian and at any point from east to west where the sun would probably be at the time for that hour.

Sleeping is indicated by inclining the head in the palm of the hand and closing the eyes for a moment, etc.

One of the chief difficulties in acquiring the Indian language is the guttural pronunciation -- without even this it is not an easy matter. Trappers who have been some time amongst them acquire a knowledge of this language and become useful by acting as interpreters.

93. Indian Returning to Camp with Game

The Red Men seem to be exempt from one curse that is quite general in civilized life. We allude to ennui. Low spirits and despair are not their attributes. Our Indian in the sketch, finding that all the large animals have been driven off, is glad to return home with smaller game. In default of this he would have contentedly gone to sleep without anything, indeed without much seeming inconvenience he could continue his fast for a day or two. He has been tortured in his youth by the most painful contrivances to give him endurance and courage; "par exemple" one of these consist in piercing with a knife the skin over the shoulder blades, splints are run through and then suspended by a lariat resting his whole weight on them. There are other ordeals still worse. If he goes through them without a murmur he is considered equal to any fate.

Near the lodge his squaw is busily employed in preparing a buffalo robe and near her in the water, "there are his young barbarians all at play."

94. Fording the River. Trapper Trying its Depth, etc.

The caravan having reached the banks of the river, the first thing to be ascertained is whether the wagons and charrettes can cross without resort to boats or damage to the goods with which they are laden.

A trusty and experienced man is now selected whose business it is to cross the river and try its depths and then return by a different route looking out the shallowest parts and marking them in his mind's eye as a trail for the company.

The sketch represents the trapper on his return, proceeding cautiously. When he has reached the caravan finding the river fordable the whole body is put in motion (single file) with the guide at their head and in this manner they make their way safely to the opposite bank.

The sun being near down the encampment is formed, fires lighted, hump-ribs at a premium, good jokes also, and then like Sancho they bless the man that invented sleep, lie down anywhere and are in a moment oblivious to all trouble present and prospective.

95. Pawnee Running Buffalo

The hunter has singled out and disengaged from the main body of the buffalo his preference and is now running and about to shoot him. While others are in hot pursuit of the retreating band on the rise of the hill. These hills militate against the speed of the animal as their great weight in front soon tires them down. The Pawnees are slaughtering them mainly for their furs. The robes they manufacture are for the market and they show great skill and considerable taste comparatively in ornamenting them in colours, depicting battle scenes, etc.

Women are chiefly engaged in tanning the inner side of the robes and are adept in giving softness and pliability to the skin. The larger ones are generally prepared in halves and sewed together very neatly at the centre. When ready they are packed in bundles of about a dozen and conveyed to the forts or stations for trading nearest to their camps, the Indians receiving in exchange guns, ammunition, mackinaw, blankets, tobacco, beads, and cloth of the brightest dyes.

96. Noon-day Rest

Every day at twelve o'clock the caravan halts, the horses are permitted to feed and rest, men receive their dinners and then take a siesta. "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

The time however to me was too valuable to indulge in this manner, so immediately after our halt I mounted the wagon seat, sought out my portfolio and went to work.

Our Captain who took great interest in this matter on one occasion came up and began his remarks by saying, "You should have sketched this view and that, and so on." "Well," I answered (possibly with a slight asperity) "if I had a half dozen pair of hands it should have been done." "That would be a great misfortune," quoth the Captain. "Why?" "Because," said the Captain smiling, "it would be very expensive touching the matter of kid gloves." In less than fifteen minutes we had an answer for this but it was too late. "Voyez vous" he had departed.

A guard of course is stationed on the bluff's to prevent surprise and look after horses, for "Some must watch, while others
sleep,
Thus runs the world away."

97. The Bee Hunter

This industrious little harbinger of civilization is fast spreading over the fertile plains of the far west and may as well have the credit also of having discovered the axiom that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points" long before that old fussy fellow Euclid ever dreamed of it.

The mode of finding their hives is illustrated in the sketch. A piece of honey-comb is secured to the top of the bush, this attracts the wild bees and when several are buzzing about it the hunters diligently watch them and as soon as one is ready to start keeps his eye on him. As he flies direct, the hunter runs with his eyes turned upward and never loses sight of him until he reaches his destination (usually an old hollow tree). Axes are now brought into requisition, the tree felled, split open and the household of the poor insects laid bare, filled to overflowing with its sweets, sometimes extending to eight or ten feet along the trunk.

The Indians are remarkably fond of this savory food and receive usually a portion from the good natured hunters.

To the left is seen a community of prairie dogs. It is a species of marmot and probably derives its present title from barking like a young pup. The hillock at the entrance of their subterranean dwellings would make a cart load of earth. They lay up no provision for the winter and the trappers say sleep the greater part of that season, closing the entrance to their dens previously.

97. Continued

A small species of owl lives among the community and seems to be welcome. The rattle snake also intrudes, but is avoided and by no means considered friendly.

As you approach their habitations they always set up a chorus of barking. In proceeding nearer, they throw up their tails in the air and dive down into their burrows, no doubt extending far underground.

98. Lake -- Wind River Mountains

The sketch will do more than any words to convey an idea of the beauty and sublimity of this scene. In the foreground our men are preparing the evening meal, bringing in supplies of provender, etc. To the left of the lake an almost solid rock coeval with the beginning of the world lifts its head to an immense height from the water.

In the distance a part of the chain of granite rocks cuts clean against the evening sky.

In proceeding to these lakes our Leader causes two ankers of brandy and port wine to be placed on a mule and carried with us and when we reached the shores of this charming lake it was resolved to christen them the same evening.

In strolling round the lake one of the men had found some wild mint. This was formed into a strong julep with brandy and sugar. We draw a partial veil over the proceedings. Gentlemen will mix their liquors. Wit came from heads not suspected of being troubled with it before now and "All went merry as a marriage bell." On retiring they went to bed without candles it was found advisable to let them lie under the first bush they happened to fall with no fear of their stirring till morning. They needed no farther opiate.

99. Prairie Scene -- Mirage

The caravan is proceeding at its usual steady pace, both men and horses suffering for lack of water. The day is hot and oppressive. Suddenly in the distance an extensive lake looms up, delightful to the eye, the surface reflecting islands and trees on its border. But what is the matter with the horses? They neither raise their ears, quicken their motion nor snort, as is their wont on such occasions. Poor brutes! well do they know that there is no water for them. It is the mirage, an optical delusion, the deception is so perfect that you can scarcely credit your senses.

On the prairie is seen a man dismounted. He is "doomed for a certain time to walk," has been caught asleep on his guard and this is the penalty for a week. In the army they ornament one ankle with a chain and ball and by way of variety sometimes mount him astride of a hot brass cannon often under midsummer's sun. The punishment is not probably too great when we consider the consequences that might follow the neglect. The losses of animals alone, in a raid made by savages entails an almost irreparable privation as they are indispensable in a journey of this kind.

100. Buffalo Hunt, Attack
with Lasso

The buffalo has been wounded in the flank -- not disabled, but full of rage is making savage onslaughts towards his enemies who on their part are tantalizing him with feints and retreating as he gives battle.

One has cast a lasso with the object of throwing him down. The hunters are remarkably expert in evading the attack of the unwieldy brute, their horses being more active and quick in turning, have greatly the advantage in a skirmish of this kind.

It is curious to see how nature prompts the buffalos to preserve their health and comfort by a substitute for currying. The herd selects a sandy district and one at certain intervals lies down. Straightway he makes a pivot of the center of his body and begins vigorously pushing backward with his forefeet, revolving in a circle. When tired another takes his place. In a short time a basin is formed of sand and alternately each resort to it. These round basins are found wherever they congregate, about eight feet wide and two and a half feet in depth, and are called by the trappers, Buffalo-wallows. When it is stated in addition that he affects a particular kind of grass called buffalo grass, found in abundance here, and that man offends his delicate nostrils at the distance of a mile, it must be granted that he is sufficiently fastidious in his tastes and luxurious in his habits.

101. Caravan -- Trappers Crossing the River, etc.

The scene depicts one of the crossings and not a favorable one. The water is deep and bull boats must be resorted to. The trapper in the foreground looking back at the approaching caravan is waiting for orders, while others are testing the depth of the river by swimming across with faint hopes of any fording that will answer, so as to avoid the construction of boats.

The preparation of the latter loses much time, sufficient buffalo must be killed at once to furnish the hides, and while one party is in search of these, another is removing the goods from the larger wagon and taking the bodies from the wheels. Hides are sewed and stretched over them and the contents of all the other vehicles transferred. The boats are then floated over by the men wading and swimming along side. Canadian trappers display wonderful good nature on such occasions, singing their simple French songs -- but when any fighting is to be done the Kentuckian and Missourian take precedence by long odds. Accustomed from infancy almost to the use of the rifle, sure shots, and of the most resolute determination, nothing can well stand against them.

102. The Thirsty Trapper

One of the greatest privations to be combatted on the prairies is the want of water. The trapper leaves his camp in the morning and after travelling all day under a hot and oppressive sun, his tongue parched and swollen and almost cleaving to the roof of his mouth. You may fancy under such circumstances with what delight he hails at a distance the life giving stream.

The subject of the sketch is an Indian girl supplying an exhausted trapper with a draught of water which she has brought in a buffalo horn. To fully appreciate the boon one must absolutely go through the ordeal by being subjected to the privation. It is impossible otherwise.

Under privations of all kinds the universal resort of the trapper was the pipe of tobacco. This is suspended in a "gaged'armour" from his neck. He carries also tinder and flint with which to strike a light in a moment. With this he solaces every affliction and it gives him stamina (one would suppose) to combat any trouble. It is his universal "medicine." If hungry it serves him as meat, if thirsty it assuages, if joyful it exhilarates, and if in sorrow it cheers and comforts him.

103. Bannock Indian

A small deputation of this tribe visited us on Green River and the sketch is from a favorable specimen. They have the reputation of being capital hunters, successful also in their defence against the Blackfeet.

We learned a great deal of the Indian and of his habits while we encamped in Green River Valley. Were told of a mound on one of the rivers wherein a warrior was buried seated on horseback and armed cap-a-pie. Likely there were some little matters yet to be settled in the Spirit-land, or may be his object was to give an opportunity to his departed enemies of having their revenge. In the burial of chiefs they lay his weapons aside of him. The poet happily describes it:

"Bring the last sad offerings hither;
 Chant the death lament;
 All inter with him together
 That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide,
 That he swung so strong;
 And the bears-ham set beside,
 For the way is long.

Then the knife -- sharp let it be --
 That from foeman's crown,
 Quick, with dexterous cuts but three
 Skin and tuft brought down.

Paints, to smear his frame about,
 Set within his hand,
 That he redly may shine out
 In the spirit land."

If their intention and motive in these matters are sincere -- that is everything -- whether it accords with our conventional notions is not to the purpose.

103. Continued

Apropos. Here is an incident from civilized life. More than a score of years since Mon. _____ had a popular confectionary on a principle street in B_____. A gentleman stepping in one day saw in the center of his store a large and handsome monument of sugar-plums, lavishly touched off with Dutch metal, and asked what it was for. Mon. _____ approached and said (bowing with his hand on his heart) "Ah, Save, dat is in memory of my poor wife."

104. Medicine Circles

The curious circles represented in the sketch we found on the upper waters of the Platte near our encampment for the night and puzzled ourselves sufficiently in surmises touching their origin and import. They formed nearly complete circles of about twenty feet diameter, composed of buffalo skulls with noses pointing each to the center. We were informed by the trappers and old mountain "voyageurs" of their having met with them in other districts composed entirely of human skulls, but could give us no farther information as to their purpose. The word "medicine" being equivalent in meaning to our word "charm." It is more than probable that they formed some part of a superstitious ceremony.

At night as the light of the moon shimmered on these bleached skulls we were forcibly reminded of the incantations scene in the opera of Der Freyschutz and it would only have required a light in each cranium to have made the resemblance still more apparent.

On the mound (covering graves of Indians) we frequently found a buffalo skull placed at the head; sometimes two, one at either end. They make long and painful journeys at certain seasons to these spots and show on all occasions great reverence for the last resting places of their dead.

105. Hunters in Search of Game

The incident of the sketch is an every day occurrence. Parties of from two to four men start out every morning after breakfast in different directions, to supply provision for the camp. Having been unsuccessful on the prairie, they have come down to the banks of the River "Eau Sucre," and in default of buffalo are now ready to bag any thing that offers; mountain pheasant, hare, geese, ducks, and "such small deer" are welcomed.

The Rocky Mountain pheasant is totally unknown in the States, being nearly as large as a full grown turkey. Feeding principally on Artemesia gave a wild and rather bitter taste to the flesh.

The hare of this part of the country is also "sui generis." It would make in size about three of our rabbits and in taste not perceptably different.

A large tortoise was occasionally captured, altogether different from any we had before seen. Its outside shell (top and bottom) was soft, the meat as delicious we think as that of our famous "diamond backs."

Hunger however (which forms a charming sauce for any food) might have deceived us in this last judgment.

106. Indian and his Squaw Fording a River

It will be perceived that etiquette among this wild people is observed with great punctilio. This poor woman would no more think of riding along side of the great man in front than of cutting off her right hand. She looks on him as her hero and as a condensation of all the virtues.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

This hero would not bear too close an examination, any more than would many civilized heroes. We should find him likely to be arbitrary, cruel and dictatorial, a man of seven principles; i.e., five loaves and two fishes, continually debating in his mind where is to be his next field of plunder, whose homes he will next desolate, and in the end leaving a name "linked to our virtue a thousand crimes." A large margin must be given however in charity to the Indian, having never been taught differently he solemnly believes that what he does is "comme il faut" and as his own people will not call his acts in question it serves only to confirm him in his belief.

107. The Grizzly Bear

The Indians have just driven the bear from his covert among some wild cherry bushes, which fruit is decidedly one of his weaknesses, of it he is remarkably fond.

They are preparing to run Bruin, giving him at the same time a wide berth, knowing very well the formidable qualities of the brute they have to deal with. As an arrow sometimes fails to pierce his body, owing to thick matter hair, they aim usually at the head, the most vulnerable part.

The greatest narratives at the camp fire are in connection with this animal. One of the most singular was that of a man named Glass. He with some companions on foot shot at a bear but only wounded him and now a chase commenced. He called to the others to run and in doing so himself, tripped and fell. By the time he rose and looked round the beast confronted him. As he closed on him G_____, never losing his presence of mind, discharged his pistol full into the body of the animal, at the same moment that the other fixed his claws deep into his flesh and rolled him on the ground.

By the time his companions reached the spot he was covered with blood and the bear dead lying upon his body. Both appeared dead. The others pulled the bear from him, took his arms and returned to camp. After many days the company was returning to the fort. They saw a solitary man slowly approaching by the banks of the river. As he came nearer their eyes rested on a cadaverous figure with a head so disfigured as to be unknown. The astonishment of the party may be conceived when they heard

107. Continued

a well known voice call out "Hallo Bill, you thought I was gone under, didn't you? Hand over my horse and fixens. I ain't dead yet by a cussed sight." It was the veritable Glass whom they had left with the bear. As soon as he could gain strength sufficient he took a supply of meat with him and on it and berries subsisted until he reached the fort.

108. High Lance) Crow Indian
 Schim-a-c-che)

The subject of the sketch stood very high among his people as a warrior and we were not only favorably impressed with his face but also by his behavior, which was such as you would expect from a well bred gentleman.

When he first came we were engaged in drawing a fine head, but it was of a common Indian. The next day he brought an Interpreter to expostulate with us. The purport of his speech was that we ought not permit common Indians to sit for a head. He could show no scalps taken in battle, could count no "coups," and had no merit whatsoever. His (High Lance's) vanity and pride revolted against this. It was of no use to explain to him that the delinquent had a fine head and stood no worse in our estimation in having abstained from shedding blood. No! prejudices must be respected and we soothed his ruffled feelings by promising all he wished. It was to be hoped that he slept more soundly after this. Warriors both civilized and savage have their weak points and are not heroes to those who see too much of them.

109. Lake Scene

From the foreground the eye of the spectator is conducted through a gentle slope with groups of mountain pines at intervals to a peninsular jutting out into the glorious sheet of water; thence it wanders across the lake to a bare salmon-colored granite rock, rising abruptly out of its depths clothed towards the top with stunted trees and hardy evergreens. Still more distant is the eternal ice and snow barrier that shuts in the scene. The solitary rock lying near the neck of the lake most probably formed at one time a part of the mountain to the right, the interval between having become dammed up and trees growing upon it. A horrible crash must have attended the advent of this huge fellow and he has lain so long that vegetation covers entirely the upper surface.

From these rocks we caught some noble trout. Losing on the route our hooks, we now formed them of common wire and large pins. The fish were unsophisticated and bit immediately we placed the bait near their mouths in the clear water.

Every thing must have an end. Time elapsed, we were in our saddles and the enchanting scene left as solitary as ever.

110. Crossing the Divide

The time is near sunset, squads are leaving the main band and rushing for the water, thirst is overpowering and human nature can stand it no longer, there is a general stampede among the horsemen. The team drivers being compelled to remain, headed by our Captain who would not move a jot from his usual walk, although he had been smoking for the last three hours to relieve this inexorable craving. No savage could be more stoical in his behavior. From a hill some Indians were watching and we could almost realize their expressions when they discovered the great end and aim of all this fussing. It was no doubt that of contempt.

The question may be asked why we did not take water along with us. The answer is that it would have been a innovation on established custom. Nobody did any such thing. It was looked on as effeminate, to say nothing of the ridicule and rough jests with which the former would be pelted. In all cases we found it best to humor the prejudices and conform to the customs of those about us, knowing very well how essential it was that harmony should prevail throughout the camp.

111. Group of a Mountaineer and Kansas Indian

The Kansas Indians live pretty much now on the recollections of the past, the future for them is entirely hopeless. Somewhat like the beggars of Spain who congregate about old ruins and amuse themselves by relating to each other legends of hidden treasures and of former glories. This tribe reverts to a by-gone period when game was plentiful around them and the skillful use of their bows and arrows gave them an abundance of food for their lodges and inmates.

In the sketch a Kansas Indian is recounting to a trapper the remembrances of his youth when the buffalo in countless herds traversed the prairie and wild horses in large bands were captured and converted to their use. All these have disappeared and the only momentos now left are the skulls of buffalo lying about the prairie and bleaching in the sun.

They are in receipt of Government annuities but from several causes these are injurious to them. In a few, very few years, they will be swept from the face of the earth and the places that now know them shall behold them no more -- forever. The expression of their faces seemed as if their sad destiny had already caused them to be hopeless and despairing.

112. Root Diggers

These wanderers are a branch from the great tribe of Snake Indians and call themselves Shoshocoes in contra distinction probably to Shoshonies, the name of the parent tribe.

They are very poor and subsist mainly on the roots of the earth but a mild inoffensive race. The trappers stated to us that they were not permitted by the warlike tribes to hunt the buffalo. "Hark you, Clinker (says the eccentric Matthew Bramble) you are convicted by your own showing of poverty, sickness and of being a vagabond, and have not a friend in the wide world. This is highly reprehensible and for it you deserve condign and exemplary punishment." Here is your sentence varlets! and it is meted out to you by your brother Indians. Thank your stars that you do not live near a civilized community. There would be something worse in store for you.

They are somewhat ingenious and construct bowls and jugs out of a kind of basket work. They make a serviceable rope also from a weed found in their vicinity.

113. Shooting a Cougar

It is a lucky circumstance for trappers and adventures in the mountains that this animal is somewhat rare. He is of the genus feline and as treacherous as he is graceful in his movements. His favorite mode of attack is to lie hidden in the branches of a tree or amidst some bushes on an overhanging rock, pouncing on his prey at a single bound as it passes underneath or near enough to his place of concealment.

The Indians set a high value on his beautiful hide in a superstitious view as a grand "medicine" and in a practical view as an elegant quiver for arrows. Nothing will induce them to part with an acquisition of this kind. They formed certainly the finest article of that kind that came under our view but we failed entirely in our trials to purchase one.

The sketch will convey an idea of the cougar's stealthy attack and the reception he meets from a self-possessed and wily mountaineer.

114. Indian Harangue -- Council

We had an opportunity while at the Rendezvous of attending one of their council meetings where a large body of Indians attended to listen to their favorite orators. The speeches delivered were generally a prelude to some contemplated foray on the neighboring tribes. As they were translated to us they seemed short, pithy, apothegms, intermingled with an inordinate quantum of boasting. Those of the listeners on foot were squatted on the ground, while horsemen dressed in picturesque colors, were as motionless as the statue of the commendatore in the opera of Don Giovanni.

There have been preserved on record many of these harangues full of native force and eloquence. The one taking precedence is that of Logan, a Shawnee Chief, stated to have been delivered to Lord Dunmore. It may be found in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. For sublime pathos it will bear comparison, probably, with any effusion that has been handed down to us from these warlike people.

115. The Lost Green Horn

On reaching the buffalo district one of our young men began to be ambitious and although it was his first journey boasted continually of what he would do in hunting buffalo if permitted. This was John (our cook). He was an Englishman and did no discredit to that illustrious nation in his stupid conceit and wrong headed obstinacy.

Our Captain when any one boasted put them to the test, so a day was given to John and he started off early alone. The day passed over, night came, but so did not John. Another day rolled over, the hunters returning at evening without having met him. The next morning men were dispatched in different directions and at about two o'clock one of the parties brought in the wanderer, crest fallen and nearly starved. He was met by a storm of ridicule and roasted on every side by the trappers. Thus carrying out that ugly maxim of Rochefoucault's "There is always something in the misfortunes of our friends not disagreeable to us."

Afterwards he described to us his adventures. In about an hour's ride from the camp he encountered a large herd of buffalo but found his trepidation and excitement so great that, although in running them he approached near enough, he could not shoot one. In the mean time they had led him off so far that he had lost his reckoning and wandered about until night, completely bewildered. He laid down on the prairie, hungry and exhausted and tried to sleep. As he began to doze

115. Continued

he was awakened by a great noise. Raising his head he found a large herd of buffalo making directly towards him. By shouting and action they swerved and passed him without injury. The next morning he was fortunate enough to find some wild plums and berries and on these he had subsisted until our hunters discovered him.

John gave no farther trouble after this, but attended to his duty as cook with becoming resignation.

(As originally typed from Miller's notes.)

116

116. Snake Indians -- Encampment Crossing
the River

A camp of Indians who leave an enemy in the rear very often cross streams or rivers when there is no apparent necessity for so doing, for the reason that it completely breaks the trail and throws their pursuers out in their purpose of dogging them, taking care also to proceed up or down the stream instead of passing directly across so as to afford no clue to their whereabouts. A whole village moves off in this manner with short notice, tents or lodges being packed on mules, while the poles are secured by their ends to the surcingle and suffered to trail on the ground. They carry with them a goodly number of dogs not only for service but as a reserve against scarcity of provender.

In forming a new encampment abundance of grass and a supply of water are the first considerations in all cases. The lodges and tents are raised in a few minutes, drift wood is at once secured for cooking and if not attainable then "bois des vache" which can be found without fail and makes a capital fire.

(Copy of corrections made in pencil on typed copy of Miller's notes)

116

116. Shoshonee Indians - Fording a River

A camp of Indians leaving an enemy in the rear, journeying towards the river, ford it, continue their course along its banks for a time, and then recross. This strategem is effected to baffle their pursuers, throw them out and afford no clue to their whereabouts. A whole village moves off in this manner with short notice, tents & lodges being packed on mules, while the poles are secured by their ends & trail on the ground. They have with them a goodly number of dogs, not only for active service but as a reserve against scarcity of provisions.

Among large bodies of different tribes coming under our notice, it is worth remarking that we do not recollect in a single instance meeting with a bald headed Indian. This must be in a great measure owing to their heads being uncovered & exposed to the air. The Sioux & some other tribes shave their heads closely, but as this is voluntary it does not prove an exception to the rule.

117. Pa-da-he Wa-con-da -- Elk Horn
A Crow Indian

We found this Indian at our encampment near Wind River. He differed from all others in one particular, he was a "bon vivant," a free rollicking laughter-loving Indian, a kind of "Mark Tapley," always jolly and extremely good natured.

These traits recommended him to our trappers who were always desirous of having this "rara avis" at our campfire, feasting him to his heart's content.

He made himself welcome by the most pleasing of all qualities, continual gaiety and "bonhomie," his twinkling eyes showing how much he enjoyed the "bagatelle" of the Canadians. From his being somewhat more muscular and stoutly build than the generality of Indians they gave him the name of "Bras de Fer." His fondness for fun however militated against him as regards position among his brother Indians and not only precluded him from their councils but also prevented his election as chief.

On one occasion he came to the door of my tent and commenced making some signs. I could not understand him at first but at last he crooked his finger and placed it on his nose. He wanted to see our Captain (who had a nose as aquiline as Wellington's) and his ready wit seized hold of that feature to convey his meaning. We pointed out to him the direction in which he had gone.

(As originally typed from Miller's notes)

118

118. Indian Encampment

Reclining against his beaver and buffalo packs, the warrior is here smoking his Calumet.

The first two whiffs (with much ceremony and muttering between) towards the sun, the next in similar manner to the earth.

He has without doubt time and again seen his father do this, who probably explained to him its meaning and without attaching too much importance to it he does the same thing, by way of variety he alternates the smoke, now in a volume from his mouth, now he breathes the fragrant fumes from his nostrils.

At a little distance (screened from the sun by a blanket overhead) sits his quiet and patient squaw ready to receive orders and cheerfully fulfil his behests. On the broad prairie beyond, his vassals encircle the camp fire about to roast some meat and all agog for any foray their leader may determine upon, never, certainly, for the benefit of the adverse party or their neighbors. Plunder being the "magnum opus" generally on which they set their minds.

*(Copy of corrections made in pencil on
tiffed copy of Miller's notes)*

118

118. Indian Encampment

Reclining against his beaver and buffalo packs, the warrior is enjoying his "dolce far triente" while smoking his Calumet. If disposed to be ceremonious he throws his first two whiffs upward, muttering some words between, the next in similar manner towards the ground. Sometimes he varies the ceremony by merely throwing the stem upwards and then commencing to inhale, he excludes the smoke alternately now through his nostrils and again the fragrant fumes encircling above his head in a small cloud.

At a little distance (screened from the sun by a blanket overhead) is seated his mild and patient help-mate, ready to receive his imperial orders, and execute them with cheerfulness. On the broad prairie beyond, his vassals encircle the camp fire, roasting their meat and all agog for any foray their pugnacious leader may hit upon, never in any case you may be sure, for the benefit of the adverse party or their neighbors.

119. Indian Runner

It becomes a matter indispensable at times that a communication should take place with a different tribe, either as preliminary to a treaty, to form a truce or a proposal to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. The tribe proposing this last remedy you may always rest assured has had the worst of the matter in battle. An Indian runner is selected, noted for craftiness and cunning, who is straight away dispatched on this delicate mission.

Coming within sight of the belligerent or rival camp he does not at once enter their village but seats himself within sight and here remains patiently until a deputation is sent out to meet him. During the time of waiting he does not know whether his reception will be friendly or whether they will lead him to the stake for torture.

If the last mentioned should be decided on, he at once braces himself up, and meets his fate in a manner that would shame any Christian, for faith in his own belief and fortitude under suffering. He sings his song of defiance and dies exulting, *taunting his enemies for their cowardice and treachery to the last.*

120. Lake and Mountain Scene

So far as sketching was concerned the borders of these lakes afforded the best positions for views, as the water did not rise in too sudden a perspective and the eye commanded with ease the full extent of mountain scenery beyond, but we were eternally debating the question of ascension to the extreme summits "We never are but always to be blessed." Were we contented? No! What now? We wanted to go to the tops of glittering peaks above us. The truth is, the sirens were singing to us and very like fools we were listening too. At last a strong practical voice placed a veto on the project.

The nights on the borders of these lakes were generally so cold that we were compelled to build a huge fire, wrap ourselves in horse blankets and place our feet to the fire, the body of each man forming a radii from a common center. The sleep under these circumstances was sound and refreshing. To be sure, sometimes it rained through the night and the blanket was like a sieve, but this did not disturb our repose *in the least.*

121. The Blackfeet

The loiterers at the camp-fire on the prairie never fail to hear narratives of startling adventures by the trappers and hunters in their collisions with these implacable "mauvais sujets."

They are the sworn enemies of all, Indians and white men alike. Their principle charge against the latter is that they trespass on their beaver streams and that they have time and again warned them off, threatening them with consequences. To all this the beaver hunters pay no heed, and are knocked on the head at the handsome average of some forty or fifty per season.

Undoubtedly the Blackfeet have the worst reputation for war and aggression of all the Indians of the northwest. Their very name is a terror to most of the Indian tribes and they are so strong in numbers, so determined in their vengeance that indiscriminate slaughter follows victory. The cloud, black as it is, has yet a silver lining. It is said that they do not torture their enemies and when their hospitality is invoked they consider it inviolate.

The sketch represents a party of Blackfeet on the war-path. Reckless riders and holding by the knees principally, the plains are scoured in all directions. It is decidedly rather unlucky to meet them on such occasions.

122. Buffalo Hunting near Independence
Rock

"The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red;
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
An o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair."

In the immediate foreground of the sketch an Indian is running a bull buffalo in the middle distance on the prairie is one at bay. A hunter is provoking and tantalizing him by feints. He, the hunter, does not precisely wish to lose his life, but merely to see how closely he can go without doing so. The great mass of buffalo pursued by other hunters are making good their escape through a distant defile, while in the extreme distance the lofty peaks of the Sweet Water Mountains close in the scene.

Where one party of hunters are successful and another less fortunate, they divide the spoils equally in the most chivalric manner, the motto in vogue is "we must help one another" and we believe this is universal, at least among the whites and half breeds.

123. Indian Elopment

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

124. Indian Girls Swinging

The sketch is derived from a simple incident that arrested the artist's eye. An Indian girl springing up to a branch of a tree, sustaining herself by the arms and thereby forming an impromptu swing. She had in truth almost "nothing to wear" and with her kith and kin in addition not worth a bauber, yet with these serious drawbacks one quality she possessed outweighed them all. It was youth. In that genial season every thing exhilarated, amused and invited her to be happy, every object was tinted with prismatic colours and shone with a celestial radiance.

"The common earth, the air, the skies,
To her were opening paradise."

Her companion seated at a little distance watched with mute regard and animated expression, her lithe and graceful motion, with elfin locks of dark hair streaming in the wind, to crown all, her picturesque but scanty robe.

"That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases."

125. Approaching Buffalo

The hunters form for themselves a peculiar kind of cap, it has two ears with a flap reaching to the shoulders. This is worn with a double object in view, - one of which is to deceive the Buffalo in approaching; in such guise the hunter is mistaken by the animal for a wolf and is suffered to advance quite near. The mass of hair covering the forehead of the buffalo obscures his sight and aids the trapper in his deception.

In the sketch a couple of bulls are lying down near the swell of a rolling prairie. A trapper (in company with an Indian) is stealthily creeping along the rise. As the arrows of the latter make no noise he is privileged to shoot first, the trapper reserving his fire until the animals regain their feet, when he instantly "draws a bead" using his ram-rod to steady his rifle, and planting his ball directly behind the fore shoulder.

This mode of hunting is used only under certain circumstances. Running being the favorite method from its affording more excitement, with the chivilric idea attached to it of giving the brute fair play and a chance for his life.

126. Hunting the Bear

As the grizzly bear takes precedence of all his congeners by his enormous weight, power and ferocious disposition, it is a favorable thing for the hunters that the first impulse of the animal is to escape. Indeed it is a rule with the Indians and white hunters not to attack him without a strong party and even then take care not to press him too closely.

The seasons in which they are most dangerous occur either at the time ^{in which} when they mate, suffer from hunger, or when they have cubs, then it is extremely judicious to let them alone.

The hair of the animal is very long towards the fall of the year and varies in colour from grey to dark brown, more or less grizzled by intermixture with grey. When in good condition they weigh from 1500 to 1800 pounds. [Trappers and hunters delight to recount at the camp fire startling adventures with Bruin, to the "Green horns" of the camp, enforcing at the same time salutary caution to fool-hardy adventurers, touching this fiercest of all, ^{the} animal tribes found in the mountains. The stories related sometimes verge on the incredible and require large capacities for belief.

127. The Indian Certificate

The Sioux's recommendation (who wishes to officiate as guide) is here being read by our Captain. The Indians in their intercourse with the whites, have had sagacity to discover the value of certificates of good character and procure such testimonials from those whom they have served, in order to recommend themselves to others; preserving these papers with great care. It sometimes happens that the writer (knowing that the poor savage cannot read) gives him a character not at all favorable, in short, tells too much. A recent traveller gives an amusing account of one of these "contretemps." On meeting with the Chief who assured him that he was one of the best friends of the whites he exhibited certificates from different white men testifying to his friendly disposition. Among these was one that he desired to be read with special attention, as perhaps it was not quite so favorable as others. It was as follows: "The bearer of this says he is a Comanche Chief, that he is the best friend the whites ever had, but I believe he is a d---d rascal so look out for him." Observing him to smile as he read, the Indian eagerly asked the reason. The answer was that the paper was not so favorable as it might be, whereupon he (the Indian) immediately destroyed it.

128. Formations of Rock

In this district of prairie west of Laramie, and south of the Flatte, these monstrous rocks rise immediately from the level plain, attaining altitudes from 500 feet upwards. They are of all imaginable and curious shapes, as if nature had been in an eccentric and merry mood, taking care however to have the centre of gravity fall in such a manner as to combine the most complete solidity with the utmost strength. They will be as they are now when the great pyramids of Egypt are forgotten, with the proviso however of Andres Fair-service in Rob Roy, [someone has changed this to read "Ochiltree in Antiquary"]⁷, "Ye maun keep hands and gunpowther frae them."

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

129. Buffalos Drinking and Bathing
at Night

Two things are essential to the well being and comfort of this animal, he must have his water bath, which he usually takes at night, and his earth bath, with which he solaces himself during the day. The "modus operandi" of the latter is curious. He stretches himself out at full length in the prairie and then making a pivot of the center of his body performs a quick gyration by pushing violently with his fore-legs. He continues this until he raises a cloud of dust and becomes fatigued, when his place is occupied by another who is replaced by a third. They form at last what is called a wallow, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep in the center. The pocket telescope was resorted to in order to see them engaged in this sport without alarming the animals.

The scene of the sketch is on the Platte. At night the buffalos come to the river banks in legions to quench thirst and refresh themselves by swimming. Luckily for them they are rarely disturbed at this hour.

130. Trappers

The Trappers may be said to lead the van in the march of civilization, from Canada in the north to California in the south, from the Mississippi east to the Pacific west, every river and mountain stream in all probability have been at one time or another visited and inspected by them. Adventurous, hardy and self reliant, always exposed to constant danger from hostile Indians and extremes of hunger and cold, they penetrate the wilderness in all directions in pursuit of their calling.

Harris (nicknamed Black) told us at the camp fire that he carried expresses for the Fur Company from the western side of the Rocky Mountains to Fort Laramie for years. He said the journeys were made alone and his plan was to ride all night and cache or hide himself during the day. He carried with him a supply of dried meat so as to avoid making fires which would infallibly have betrayed him. On being asked if he had not felt lonesome sometimes on these solitary excursions, he laughed as if it was a good joke, never knew in his life what it was to feel lonesome or low-spirited.

The Trappers in the sketch are "en repose" the peculiar caps on their heads are made by themselves, to replace felt hats long since worn out or lost. Their fringed shirts, "leggings," moccasins, etc., are made by the Indian women and sewed throughout with sinew instead of thread which they do not possess.

131. Rock Formations, etc.

The scene here presented is remarkable. Huge mounds of rock rise suddenly out of the prairie and near their summits and scattered about their sides were boulders seemingly detached, while the dry sandy plain below is covered with the gnarled bushes of the artemesias. (From these plants found here in the greatest abundance, the atmosphere is strongly impregnated with the smell of camphor and turpentine.) This whole region from its elevation and purity of air is said to be favorable to the restoration of health, particularly to consumptives. The respiration of air so highly charged with aromatic plants no doubt contributes to this influence.

Our hunters had great sport here with the mountain sheep, wherever they could get access to them. In ascending the rocks in herds they gave notice of their locality by the loose stones that came rattling along the declivities and thrown down by them in running. When in good order the meat was similar to our mountain mutton.

This animal is blessed with several names, "Big-horn," "Argali" and "Mountain Sheep." The horns of the males are enormous in proportion to the body of the animal. We brought home a pair measuring 2 feet long with a circumference of 20 inches at the base. The hunters stated to us that in descending the precipitous sides of the mountains the sheep frequently leap from a height of 25 or 30 feet, taking care always to light on their horns.

132. Breaking up Camp at Sunrise

At four o'clock in the morning, it is the duty of the last men on guard to loosen the horses from their pickets in order to let them range and feed. At daylight every body is up. Our provisors are busy with preparations for breakfast; tents and lodges are collapsed, suddenly thrown down, wrapped up and bundled into the wagons.

If the sun is twenty minutes above the horizon when our breakfast is finished, we conceive he has a reproachful look. By this time the horses are driven in and each man hurries after his own, saddles or harnesses him and the train puts itself "en route."

At this period one of the strongest contrasts presents itself and illustrates in a striking manner the difference between the white and red man. While all is activity and bustle with the ^{descendants of the} Anglo-Saxon, as if he feared that the Rocky Mountains would not wait for him, the Indian lingers to the last moment around the camp-fire. He neither enters into or sympathises with our diligence and seems to regret that stern necessity forces him to accept our company for his convoy.

The sketch conveys an idea of the scene. We had 25 or 30 Delawares with us and this ill-fated tribe has become nearly extinct.

133. Storm. Waiting for the Caravan

The sketch illustrates one of the disagreeable phases of mountain life. It is "raining cats and dogs" whilst the wind is of the hurricane order, rendering it difficult for the train to make its way. Some of the men who have ridden in advance and waiting in the foreground for the main body are enveloped in ponchos. We have found these coverings the most effectual of all in such unpropitious seasons. They are simply ^{formed} ~~made~~ from a mackinaw blanket, a straight incision is made in the centre to the length of about 14 inches. Through this you thrust your head and behold your poncho falling as graceful as a Roman toga all round you. Some of their caps are constructed of the same material, but these last exercise to the greater extent the genius of the trapper.

When the rains continued sometimes for 2 or 3 days, our captain would banter me about the depression I could not disguise. His question would be "What is the matter with you?" I told him, "Your early training," he would say, "has been faulty." "On such days I am more exhilarated, if possible, than if the day is clear. There is something to contend against." Morbleu! quel un homme curieux? Mais, il avait raison.

134. Distant View of the Lake -- Mountain of the Winds

We reached this point ^{near} about sunset on our way to the lakes, and from fatigue rested here for the night. It gave me ample time to obtain a sketch from the bluff rock to the left which completely overlooked one of the lakes, the object of our pilgrimage.

Solitude brooded over the scene and with the exception of our party the eye wandered in vain to discover a living being or sign of habitation. Like Selkirk in the Island of Juan Fernandez,

"We were monarchs of all we surveyed,
Our right there were none to dispute."

The rays of the declining sun glimmered on the distant tops of the snow covered peaks, while darkness had already begun to cast its pall on the valley below. The air becoming sensibly cooler as the night advanced. In the gorge or pass at the foot of the rock our men were engaged in building a huge bonfire, singing "chansons d'amour" and waiting for Francois and his mule to bring along the mountain sheep our hunters had secured. For it must be confessed that hunger took the "pas" of natural scenery with all its charms, -- sometimes! The fumes of roast meat needed no gong to hurry us around the camp fire, making us as savage, to use an ingenious simile of Mrs. Malaprop's, "as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

136. Snake Indians

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

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

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

137. Large Encampment near the Cut Rocks

At certain specified times during the year the American Fur Company appoints a "Rendezvous" at particular localities (selecting the most available spots) for the purpose of trading with Indians and trappers, and here they congregate from all quarters. The first day is devoted to "High Jinks," a species of Saturnalia, in which feasting, drinking and gambling form prominent parts. Sometimes an Indian becomes so excited with Fire-water that he commences "running a muck." He is pursued, thrown or knocked down, and secured in order to keep him from mischief. "Affairs of honor" now and then are adjusted between rival trappers. One of the parties, of course, receiving a complete drubbing, all caused evidently from mixing too much alcohol with their water. Night closes this scene of revelry and confusion. The following days exhibit the strongest contrast to this. The Fur Company's great tent is raised and the Indians erect their picturesque white lodges. The accumulated furs of the hunting season are brought forth and the company's tent is a besieged and busy place. Now the women come in for their share of ornaments and finery, being, as Tony Lumpkin expresses it, "in a concatenation accordingly." The free trapper most especially bestowing presents on his favorite, regardless of the expense.

To the left in the sketch a party of successful warriors are returning to the camp in single file, their lances decorated with scalps from the enemy. Other Indians near them are yelling a welcome, to be followed inevitably by a grand war-dance and festivity, served up with an inordinate quantity of boasting.

138. A Herd of Antelopes

The hunters are here taking advantage of a peculiar trait or failing of these animals.

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

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

139. Buffalo Chase by a Female

To win renown amongst the Indians and adventurers of the Far West the first step is that of being a successful hunter. Every one at all ambitious strives to this end and as the fever is catching, an Indian woman at intervals starts up who is capable of running and bringing down a buffalo. Her success is not attained suddenly, but by practice and perseverance. First attempts are invariable failures and when it is considered how many things are to be attended to in the same moment the default is not to be wondered at.

No sooner does she reach the animal than she must watch his every movement, keep an eye to her horse and guide him, must look out for rifts and buffalo wallows on the prairie, guard against the animals forming an aple and goring, manage bow and arrows or lance, and while both are at full speed to wound him in a vital part. To do all this requires great presence of mind, dexterity and courage, and few women are found amongst them willing to undertake or capable of performing it.

140. Trapping Beaver

In hunting the beaver two or more trappers are usually in company. On reaching a creek or stream their first attention is given to "sign." If they discover a tree prostrate it is carefully examined to ascertain if it is the work of beaver, and if thrown for the purpose of damming the stream. Foot prints of the animal on the mud or sand are carefully searched for and if ~~fresh~~ ^{recently made} they then prepare to set their traps. One of these is baited with "medecine," hidden under the water and attached to a pole driven firmly on or near the bank. A "float-stick" is made fast to the trap so that if the beaver should carry it away, the stick remains on the surface of the water and points out its position.

With all the caution the poor trappers take, they cannot always escape the lynx eyes of the Indians. The dreadful war-whoop with bullets or arrows about their ears, are the first intimations of danger.

They are destroyed in this way from time to time, until by a mere chance their bones are found bleaching on the borders of some stream where they have hunted. Months elapse frequently before this sad sight meets the eye of a succeeding party.

141. Snake Indians Fording a River

In comparing the Shoshonee or Snake Indians with other tribes on our route we found them superior in many points. Their horses and equipment were better. They were more friendly, social and hospitable. This latter trait is remarkable among uncivilized people. The Arabs are famous for it. Ledyard and Mungo Park were relieved and cheered by it among the benighted Africans and Asiatics. Other travellers give testimony to its truth who have visited the different Indian tribes of North America.

We have encamped in the midst of ^{upwards of} 3000 Snake Indians near the Rocky Mountains and maintained their good will as long as we sojourned with them. They would send out war parties against Blackfeet and other tribes but our intercourse was extremely satisfactory.

A leader of a large Mountain band does not repose always on a "bed of roses." A certain license must be given and much discretion used in tightening the reins. If he is too mild, they run riot, if too severe, on the contrary, they revolt.

The view presented is a quiet evening scene with Snake Indians looking for a good fording place on their way to the camp from a hunting excursion.

142. Wild Scenery -- Making a "Cache"

The scene represented is a gorge in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains. At the bottom the water is coming down in cascades caused by the melting snows above and forms one of the numerous feeders to the mighty Missouri. The defile is comparatively so narrow that the sun only penetrates it at mid-day.

To the left under some wild cliffs the trappers are building a "cache," out of the way ^{and} secluded places are selected for this purpose in order to escape the eyes of prying Indians. If the ground has a sod it is carefully cut and placed to one side, a hole is then dug of sufficiently capacity to contain all such articles as are to be deposited. This done, it is again filled up and the sod replaced in the same order as it was found. The first rain obliterates the slightest trace left of disturbance and in our journey out and home on re-opening them not one had been molested. In some of these were deposited sugar, tea, and coffee (in tin boxes) without receiving the slightest injury, the loss of which in any manner would have been a serious matter.

143. Head of Matan Tathonca (Bear Bull) an
Ogillallak

The head of this grim chief almost shadows forth his character, fierce and impetuous in his passion, he recognized no law but his own will. With Indian craft he befriended the whites, knowing that he would gain advantages thereby.

In calling his people to counsel, he would listen to them, state his own opinion and follow it. They would not dare to question his imperious will.

A subsequent traveller to the Rocky Mountains thus describes his death: "Numerous Indians were trading with the Fur Company's men, Matan Tathonca was also there with a few of his people. As he lay in his lodge a fray arose between his adherents and the kinsmen of his enemy. The war-whoop was raised, bullets and arrows began to fly and the camp was in confusion. The Chief sprang up and rushing in a fury from the lodge, shouted to the combatants on both sides to cease. Instantly (for the attack was preconcerted) came the reports of two or three guns and the hero, mortally wounded, pitched forward headlong to the ground. The tumult became general and was not quelled until a number had fallen on both sides."

144. Stampede of Wild Horses

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

no # They wheel like trained columns of cavalry, charge, scatter, and form again. Again they are seen in battalions scampering across the prairie, stopping for a moment, snuffing the breeze, taking a final look at the intruders from the last undulation, and are gone.

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

145. Indian Hospitality

The sketch represents the interior of a lodge and a Snake Indian entertaining a free trapper at the feast. The latter is engaged in recounting some adventure to his host, partly by his limited knowledge of the Indian language, and by signs.

To the right is seated an Indian woman who watches his (the trapper's) every movement with intense interest. She has no doubt often heard of the extravagant generosity of these reckless fellows, and worships him accordingly.

We had often opportunities of attending these feasts, but an invitation to one in the valley of Green River posed us -- it was to a "Dog Feast." Now, in the course of our time we have made some efforts to get rid of foolish prejudices of one kind or other, but here was one "that fire would not melt out of us." In order to hold a consultation we visited an old "Bourgeois" trapper. He said we had better go. How about the "dog-meat?" "Oh, we can manage that." He then called a trapper who in consideration of our promising to give him a paper of vermillion (1 ounce) would arrange the matter. On the day appointed the vermillion was forthcoming. We sat by the trapper at the feast who ate our share, seemed to enjoy it too, and the etiquette appeared satisfactory to our hosts in every respect.

146. Encampment

The sketch represents an encampment of Shoshonee Indians near Green River, Oregon. On the elevated ground or bluff are a group of Indians in painted robes. On the plain below they are preparing jerked meat. This is performed by cutting it up into thin slices, and laying it on a frame work composed of croched sticks supporting poles. Under these a suppressed fire is built, so as to smoke and dry it at the same time.

Before we started from St. Louis we became acquainted with Captain Sublette who was then a substantial merchant in that city. He had been one of the pioneers to the Far West and almost the first thing he did was to hand us a piece of this prepared meat so as to give us a foretaste of mountain life. He told us that every season he caused a bale of this meat to be brought down to him which lasted six or eight months.

The Indians and trappers after having prepared it properly, fold it in smoked buckskin and stow it away either for winter consumption or as a provision in making journeys where game is scarce. They also prepare "pemmican," a pounded or pulverized meat which is superior to the other but requires time in preparation which cannot always be spared.

147. Pawnee Indians Watching the Caravan

Of all the Indian tribes, we think the Pawnees gave us the most trouble and were of all to be most zealously guarded against. We knew that the Blackfeet were our deadly enemies, forewarned here was to be forearmed. Now the Pawnees pretended amity and were a species of "confidence men." They reminded us of the two German students meeting for the first time and one saying to the other, "Let's you and I swear eternal friendship." In passing through their country it was most desirable and indeed essential to cultivate their good will, but these fellows had "le main croche." They would not or could not distinguish between a "meum & teum." Whether they were within the camp or in our vicinity it was requisite to put a double guard over the horses. Then, while we were "en route," we were continually under their surveillance and we knew it. From the tops of bluffs, behind rocks, and out of the long grass of the prairie, they watched us and kept themselves posted, transmitting no doubt intelligence to "headquarters."

With such insinuating and prying rascals it was difficult to act prudently. When the day came for quitting their dominions we were relieved of anxiety for our horses which were here indispensable, and right glad to bid them adieu.

148. The Greeting

In approaching our destination one morning as we proceeded quietly along, our ears were saluted by sounds that raised the pulse immediately and to which we had become sensitively alive. It was a tremendous Indian yell of a large body of men and we heard the clattering of their horses as they came down the valley. As soon, however, as we had sight of them, we were relieved. It was a body of trappers who had heard of our approach and sallied forth to give us a greeting. This is done by a "feu de joie" of blank cartridges and a hearty shaking of hands among the merry fellows, for they found many of their old comrades in our company and when we encamped for the evening our thoughtful Captain gave them a grand carouse in the shape of hump ribs, buffalo tongues and mountain sheep. In addition to this a metheglin made of honey and alcohol, potent and fiery, was concocted and circulated amongst them. The jovial fellows paid their respects to it again and again, sung their French songs, related their adventures,

"Wherein they spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood by field."

It was soon evident that they could not hold out, in short one after another toppled over. The conqueror had it all his own way ^{until} and overpowering sleep came to their relief.

149. Attack by Indians (Crow)

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

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

Antoine (half breed) his faithful friend who had stood by him in many such emergencies, reckless and brave to rashness, is prominent in the group near him. (Metropolitan Magazine, p. 470, vol. IV)

150. The Mountain Torrent

While sketching this wild scene we observed our Commander and a mountaineer riding round to various points and to our question when he returned, whether he intended to cross, he answered - Yes. Not the slightest necessity existed for this (except that river looked a little in opposition), as we had to return again, but his wilfulness on the part of the torrent settled the question. As my companion P--- had been drowned in a similar crossing the prospect was not overpleasant. In a little while the mountaineer called out to us "Allons nous en, mes amis. J'ai trouve la place." We rejoined him and in he plunged. The water rushed with such force that although it was near his arm pit on one side, it was below his knee on the other, at the same time drifting him down the river, but we saw him reach the opposite shore in safety. Now our leader said to us, "Keep your horse's nose out of the water and let him have his own way." Whereupon in he went and we after him. The greatest danger was in drifting opposite a perpendicular bank on the other side where the horses and riders both would have infallibly have drowned, but it carried us beyond it and gave a good landing. After a shake or two in the manner of a canine he (the Captain) said "You swim, don't you?" "No." "Well," he remarked, "neither do I. It will teach you self reliance. You know not what you can do until you have tried."

151. Encampment of Indians

"Lo the Red Indian by Ontario's side
Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees
The white man's cottage rise beneath the trees;
He leaves the shelter of his native wood,
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood;
And forward rushing in indignant grief,
Where never foot has trod the fallen leaf
He bends his course where twilight reigns sublime,
O'er forests silent since the birth of time."

The scene represents an encampment on the border of a lake. In the immediate foreground a female is engaged in cording a bale of dried meat. The second group beyond have painted robes depicting battle scenes in which the bearers have been engaged. To the left are Indians testing bows, smoking, etc., and on the right of the central group a chief is describing the lake and its surroundings. In the rear are painted lodges cutting against an evening sky, the whole in reality forming a strange, wild and picturesque effect.

152. Crossing the Kansas

"Our Francois at the genial feast presides
The parts transfixes and with skill divides;
Meanwhile Jean Anglais sweats the fire to raise.
The tent is brightened by the rising blaze."

Our object (when nothing intervened of consequence) was to encamp before sun down, in order to rest the horses and give them full time to feed, but if a river was to be crossed we made every effort to get over the same evening either by moonlight or in case it was not convenient for her to hold the lamp, then without her aid. We wanted a clear start for the morrow.

Of course a feast is the first thing thought of. As soon as the camp is settled bright fires are raised in every direction. The never too much to be praised hump ribs are marshalled before the fire, fierce eyes regard them wistfully. Coffee, that precious beverage, is also preparing, and when ready a circle is formed and a general onslaught takes place, amid jests and fun of all kinds. Hunters recount their adventures of the day, sometimes these are exciting and perilous enough.

If not too tired the trappers get up a dance, as they are usually Canadian French in this amusement they are experts. There were some few of the new men who had a habit of boasting. No contradiction was usually given but the facts were treasured up by the listeners, the poor devil who vaunted would be assuredly put to the test when he least expected it, and compelled to perform every iota of his foolish braggadocia, if possible, but generally resulting in a break-down and failure.

153. Head of a Sioux

The Dacotahs or Sioux Indians and the Snakes were perhaps the finest class of men that we met among the savages.

The sketch is from one of the former and selected as presenting a favorable specimen for he was neither chief or warrior, bearing a strong resemblance to an antique bronze. On his head he wore a tuft of richly dyed feathers attached to the scalp lock. This latter, I was informed, was not only for ornament but religiously preserved as a trophy for his enemy in case of defeat in battle. A long cue depended from it reaching to his knee-joint, ornamented at intervals with brass rings, commencing at the neck of the size of a doubloon and gradually lessening to the end.

The nation is exceedingly warlike and almost always engaged in forays with their neighbors. They usually possess the finest lodges and are well furnished with horses and war dresses. In short they may be considered comparatively rich and well to do, having every thing essential to an Indian's comfort and happiness.

154. A Domestic Circle

The scene represented in the sketch is a Decotah mother fondling a papoose with a dusky imp near her in the shape of a son. To the right is a curious lodge formed of osiers bent into a circle, the ends firmly fixed in the ground, sticks running transversely are secured to these and on this frame covering is laid af blankets & buffalo robes to give shelter. As it is only four or five feet high the occupant can only creep in and lie down. Its sole recommendation being that it is better than no shelter at all.

In the middle distance is an Indian preparing what is called jerked meat. Cut into thin slices it is placed on frames over a suppressed fire. After being treated in this manner for a requisite time, the Indians pack it away into smoked buckskin and keep for use during the winter.

Captain Sublette, one of the pioneers in the mountains, was so fond of this preparation that he had a bale of it sent down every season to St. Louis and reserved as a "bonne bouche" at his place of business in the city for himself and old acquaintances who had been with him in his frequent journeys to the Rocky Mountains.

Three Indians and a half-breed (Antoine) are here congregated around a buffalo which they have brought down and placed in a sitting posture, preparatory to securing the meat. They are watched by wolves at a distance who patiently wait for their share of the entertainment, that is whatever remains after the hunters leave. The meat is usually packed on a sumpter mule and when that superlative morceau, the "hump-rib" arrives in camp it is at once taken in charge by Jean, our chef. Truly the manner in which he prepares it for the table, although simple, in the extreme, is perfection itself. With a stick sharpened at one end he skewers it lengthwise, leaving about sixteen inches of the stick bare. This part he plants in the ground near the fire, inclining the meat inwardly at the top. Gradually a crisp surface forms over the fat and as the roasting process goes on it is thus driven back into the meat without need of any basting. When done it is a dish for an Emperor, exceeding in flavor, richness and juiciness all other beef preparations and this judgment will be confirmed by all who have ever partaken of it.

Antoine, the half-breed (one of the hunters alluded to) was our best man and killed single handed about 120 buffalo for us on the outward journey. He was appointed by our commander to aid us in getting sketches of the buffalo. He did this effectually but after his own peculiar fashion. For this purpose he would wound the animal in the flank, bringing him to a stand still. This was our opportunity. Going as near

155. Continued

him as was prudent, holding sketch book in one hand and the pencil in the other, it often happened that while absorbed in drawing a ludicrous scene would ensue. The brute would make a charge. Of course sketch and pencil would be thrown down, the bridle siezed and a retreat made at double-quick time. This would convulse our Indian "fidus achates" with merriment, in which state he could not have aided us if he had wished.

156. Herd of Elk

"Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens
Tis just the fashion, wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

The Indian hunters have been lying in ambush waiting the advent of a herd of elk and as they rush by a charge is made upon them. They are so huddled together and move so swiftly that no direct aim can be well taken, the great desideratum being to shoot quickly in the line of the herd to secure the game. The wariness and speed of these animals, with their pluck and savageness when brought to bay, demand experienced and skillful hunters endowed with courage, endurance and activity.

The elk or as they are sometimes called the argoli?, are bound like the buffalo on the great plains of the west which they seem to prefer to timbered country. If taken young they are easily domesticated and would make magnificent animals for a park. We have seen them repeatedly trained to harness and under complete control of the driver. Their horns when full grown of which the Indians ingeniously make their best bows are over four feet in length.

157. Lassoing Wild Horses

One of the most exciting and exhilarating sights on the prairie is that of bands of wild horses. From the first moment that they heave in sight preparations are made to capture some of them. Indians provide themselves with lassos of hardly plaited bull hide having a running noose. Coiling the slack of the rope in their hand and throwing the remainder round their heads as they ride forward. They sit on their horses with an abandon perfectly reckless, swaying to and fro with the motion of the horse yet with a certain gracefulness and picturesque effect, realising almost the fabled centaur for the rider and horse are as one. The Greek sculptors must have had some such models as these to serve them in the production of the Elgin marbles.

They throw the lasso with all the dexterity and skill of the Spaniard, catching the animal either by the leg or neck as opportunity presents itself. The horse is generally a trained one and as soon as the rope is thrown braces himself back to resist the pressure and counterbalance the strain on the rope which is sudden and without this precaution he would infallibly lose his footing and bring himself and rider to grief.

158. Yell of Triumph

The Indian hunters in selecting a buffalo from the herd for themselves are generally much more influenced by the luxuriant coat of hair he wears, in reference to making a robe, than tenderness of beef for roasting purposes. The party here have secured an animal whose hide will make a first class robe. Placing him on his haunches in an upright position the conqueror is mounting the animal in full war dress and in his exultation sounds the key note for a "Yell of Triumph" in which all join. No description can give an idea of this wild ear piercing manifestation, it is something unearthly serving at the same time as a boast for the victors and a requiem for the buffalo.

After tanning one side of the robe in which they are experts they often paint on it reminiscences of battle scenes in most brilliant colors, thereby commanding a premium at the agency of the Fur Company. It is also when required cut into that serve them instead of a saddle. In fact it is indispensable in many domestic purposes among themselves, clothing them in winter and forming the most comfortable couches for repose.

159. Prairie on Fire

At the first appearance on the horizon of this dangerous visitor the whole camp is in commotion. It is sometimes the result of accident, much more frequently the work of Indians and takes place in the fall when the grass is long and dry, having a tendency to burn like tinder. Travelling with the speed of a race horse, licking up every thing it encounters with a forked and fiery tongue, all animal nature flies before it with terror. It spreads in all directions overshadowed by a dense cloud of smoke, like a funeral pall, until the waving grass becomes a sea of fire and threatens to cut off all retreat.

No time is to be lost however and the order given is to set fire to the camp. Men provide themselves with fire brands, blankets, and buffalo robes and while one party is setting fire to the grass another follows closely threshing out the flame in order not to let it gain too much headway. Spaces are soon formed where the horses and mules are hurried and closely picketed. From fright they are difficult to manage, giving rise to all manner of wicked objurgations and pure Saxon expletives from the Kentuckians and Missourians.

Trappers and Indians if overtaken contrive to save themselves (supposing that they have a buffalo robe) by throwing themselves prostrate, covering themselves with the robe, holding their breath and letting the fire sweep over them.

160. Stampede by Blackfeet

The camp has been suddenly roused by the guard at midnight. The drowsy trappers seize their guns, the Blackfeet are pouring in with unearthly yells and the frightened horses and mules are snapping their lariats in all directions.

These raids at night are, more or less, the lot of all companies who journey to the Rocky Mountains. The Pawnees, Crows, and Blackfeet being adept in such depredations. The consequences at times are very serious, for our Captain on one occasion lost nearly all his horses. The attack is so sudden, the hour at which it is made so cowardly and the confusion and sudden waking from sound sleep so bewildering that little can be done in defense before irreparable mischief ensues. The animals struck with terror instantly make off at a rapid pace into the darkness with the Indians after them, so that by day light they have had such a start that it is generally a hopeless case to attempt a pursuit.

161. Kansas Indian

A tribe of these Indians we found encamped on the Kaw or Kansas River. As the Buffalo and elk have been driven long ago from this district their hunting is now confined to the Black bear, turkeys, prairie hens and common red deer. The rivers abound in fish and they are instructed by government agents in agriculture but make slow work of it. It was essential at this point to cross our wagons but the bluffs being sixty feet and upwards in height, having but a rough road to the water's edge at an angle of 45 degrees, we had to take the horses from the wagons and charettes and attach ropes to let them down by manual power. Now, in order to induce these Indians to aid us, presents very desirable to them were offered. Not a solitary man would stir. No, they wrapped their blankets about them and stood looking at us with the most provoking stoicism, like so many bronze statues. It was too vexatious. The Canadian Trappers launching against them the most wicked anathemas in French, they, however, not understanding one word yet looking all the time immensely dignified, with a sneer on their countenances. Some of them wore on their breasts heavy medals of silver, suspended from the necks by chains of the same material, having on one side a "basso relieve" of the "great father," J. Q. Adams, President of the United States. These had been presented for meritorious conduct.

This district or territory was secured to them by government, in addition to which they received regular annuities.

162. Buffalo Rift

These rifts are large chasms formed by natural causes on the prairie, enlarged and deepened by heavy rains surging through them. When the Indians find a large herd in the vicinity of these precipices a hasty council is called and measures adopted for the wholesale destruction of these valuable animals. They instantly deploy young men on fleet horses along the opposite side of the herd from the rift, with instruction to close in at a given signal. In a short time the whole herd, sometimes from eight to ten thousand, literally blackening the prairie, are seen moving in the direction of the chasm. Indians are in the midst of the herd goading them with every species of weapon until the whole mass becomes panic-stricken and rush on to inevitable destruction. The poor creatures cannot stop for a moment the immense crowd forcing on those in front until the brink of the rift is reached where they topple over, falling upon each other, forming a hecatomb of victims at the bottom of the abyss and lying lifeless in the dust. The terrible scene is not^{to}/be paralleled anywhere.

Sometimes it happens that the Indians get so entangled with the herd as not to be able to extricate themselves and are hurled down with the main body of buffalo, a just retribution for the deplorable waste of animal life.

163. Indian Chief and his Squaw

Being a great observer of forms and ceremonies it almost naturally follows that the Indian is punctilious as regards etiquette. The sketch presents that of a Chief riding with his squaw. Her station is fifty or one hundred feet in the rear of her liege lord. She knows better than to attempt riding near or at his side. He presents to her eyes and imagination a princely being "the glass of fashion and mould of form," the observed of all observers." Yet it would not do to scan this hero too closely. We would probably find him to be an unmitigated tyrant and despot in every sense. His aspirations are not how he shall benefit his neighbor but on the contrary, how he shall contrive to do him the most injury.

It must be confessed however that the savage warrior dresses his squaw with barbaric magnificence and the horse's furniture is a wonder to look upon, porcupine quills of all dyes, hawk bells and beads being lavishly distributed over both rider and horse.

164. The Rendezvous near Green River,
Oregon

This was our ultima thule, our final destination.

Here we rested for a month under the shadows of the great spurs of Wind River Mountains, encamping among 3000 Snake and other Indians who had all assembled at this place for a special purpose, viz to trade buffalo robes and peltries for dry goods, ammunition, tobacco, etc. It truly was an imposing, animated and unique sight. The white lodges of the Indians stretching out in vast perspective, the busy throng of savages on spirited horses moving in all directions, some of them dressed in barbaric magnificence.

The first day is given up by established custom to a species of Roman saturnalia. King Alcohol is in great demand and attainable, although selling at that time here at \$64 per gallon. It sets the poor Indian frantic, sometimes causing him to run a-muck, when he is overpowered, knocked down and secured from mischief. Gambling, ball-playing, racing and other amusements are in the ascendant.

On the second and succeeding days all this is changed. The American Fur Company's great tent is elevated and trading goes briskly forward. Here the trapper gets his outfit and gangs of them depart under a "bourgeois" for the beaver streams, to trap that valuable animal. Here we saw all the botavilities, the great leaders, both Indian and pale-faces.

On the bluff in the sketch our commander, after making valuable presents, is smoking the Calumet with some warriors, and being very popular, the Indians composed processions in their war dresses to do him honor.

164. Continued

From this place also we made excursions to the charming lakes that form a chain through the upper portions of the mountains for the purpose of making sketches of the scenery.

Our commander at this Rendezvous presented Pilcher, a distinguished mountaineer, with a full suit of steel armor, such as is worn by the Horse Guards of London and which he had imported for this purpose. It is sad to record the infirmities of great men but my impression is that we saw Pilcher one evening reeling from the commander's tent where "high jinks" had been held, evidently having eaten too much dinner.

"The world was all before him where to choose
His place to rest."

The probability is that he rested quietly all night at the first place he fell.

165. Hunting Buffalo in Herds

The plain is literally covered with buffalo. They count by thousands and are seen as far as the eye can reach. Hunters are all on the "qui-vive" and as a "sine-qua-non" must have their wits about them. Fearless, self-possessed and well mounted on trained horses, they dash into the midst of the herd in order to select the best animals or those, as they express it, which are "seal fat." Amidst the dust nothing is seen of them except their heads and those of their horses. Others of the party have separated from the main herd and are pursuing their game in all directions.

At the right a buffalo, enraged beyond all endurance by his persecutors has turned and is charging on them. He is in no good humor and means mischief. Understanding this perfectly the hunters "vamosé" for a time, cheering the noble animal, being intensely delighted with his game qualities, but soon return to battle with him until wounded and from loss of blood he succumbs and rolls in the dust.

The scene is in the midst of the Black Hills, being alternate plain, bluff and mountain and is characteristic of that locality.

Indian Lodge

It was a lodge of ample size
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.

The sketch represents the interior of an Indian Lodge. Here they hold their councils and decide questions of war, discoursing at times right eloquently.

The building is extremely simple of construction but strong and durable. Notched poles surmounted with rafters support the roof or dome, the outside of which is covered with adobe and the light only admitted from the top, reminding one roughly of the Pantheon of Rome where the same arrangement for lighting the building exists.

In the center a number of Indians are seated round the fire engaged in playing the "game of hand." It is somewhat similar to the old game of "hunt the slipper." In this the object hidden is a small piece of wood called the "Cache," that may be concealed in the hand. This is passed through the hands of one party while the other guesses where it is. A choral chant with beating of Indian drums is raised and the excitement is increased by betting. The chant goes on faster as the bets are doubled and ceases not until one of the parties have staked and lost every thing, laboring under a species of mental frenzy. At a little distance without knowing what was going on, their wild gesticulations and furious singing would convey the idea of a set of maniacs, gambling being an all absorbing passion with them.