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TRAVELS

IN THE

GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES,

FOR ANGUS AND ONTARIO,

AND THE

O Regio S T R E T T O R Y.

By J. H. TANNHAM.
TRIBUNE PUBLICATION

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TRAVELS
IN THE
GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES,
THE ANAHUAC AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
AND IN THE
OREGON TERRITORY.

BY THOMAS J. FARNHAM.

PREFACE.
It was customary, in old times, for all Authors to enter the world of letters on their knees, and with uncovered head and a bow of charming meekness, write themselves some brainless doll's "most humble and obedient servant." In later days, the same feigned subserviency has shown itself in other forms. One desires that some other will kindly pardon the weakness and imbecility of his production; for, although these faults may exist in his book, he wrote under "most adverse circumstances," as the crying of a hopeful child—the quarrels of his poultry, and other disasters of the season.

Another, clothed with the mantle of the sweetest self-complacency, looks out from his Preface like a sun-dog on the morning sky, and merely shines out the query, "Am I not a Sun?" while he secures a retreat for his self-love, in case anybody should suppose he ever indulged such a singular sentiment.

Another few of our literary shades make no pretensions to modesty. They hold out to the world no need of aid in laying the foundations of their fame. And, however adverse the opinions of the times may be to their claims on immortal renown, they are sure of living hereafter—and only regret they should have lived a hundred years before the world was prepared to receive them.

There is another class who—confident that they understand the subjects they treat of, if nothing else, and that, speaking plain truth for the information of plain men, they cannot fail to narrate matter of interest concerning scenes or incidents they have witnessed, and sensations they have experienced—trouble not themselves with quibels of inability or lack of polish, but speak from the heart right on. These write their names on their title-pages, and leave their readers at leisure to judge of their merits as they develop themselves in the work itself, without any special pleading or any depreciatory prayers to the reviews, by "THE AUTHOR."

INTRODUCTION.
The Oregon Territory forms the terminus of these travels; and, as that country is an object of much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, I have thought proper to prefix my wanderings there by a brief discussion of the question as to whom it belongs.

By treaties between the United States and Spain and Mexico and Russia the southern boundary of Oregon is fixed on the 42d parallel of North Latitude; and the northern on an East and West line at 54° 40', North. Its natural boundary on the East is the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, situated about 400 miles East of the Pacific Ocean, which washes it on the West. From these
data the reader will observe that it is about 600 miles in length and 400 in breadth.

According to the well established laws of Nations applicable to the premises, the title to the sovereignty over it depends upon the prior discovery and occupancy of it, and upon cessions by treaty from the first discoverer and occupant.—These several important matters I proceeded to examine with Greenough's History of the Northwest coast of America and the works therein named before me as sources of reference.

From the year 1532 to 1540, the Spanish Government sent four expeditions to explore the North-West Coast of America in search of what did not exist,—a water communication from the Pacific to the Atlantic. These fleets were severally commanded by Mazuela, Grijalva, Becca and Ulloa. They visited the coast of California and the South-Western shore of Oregon.

The next Naval Expedition, under the same Power, commanded by Bartolome Ferrolo, penetrated the North as far as latitude 43° and discovered Cape Blanco.

Juan de Fuca discovered and entered the Straits that bear his name in the year 1592.—He spent twenty days within the Straits in making himself acquainted with the surrounding country, trading with the natives, and in taking possession of the adjacent territories in the name of the Spanish Crown. The Straits de Fuca enter the land in latitude 49° North, and, running one hundred miles in a South-easterly direction, change their course North-westwardly and enter the Ocean again under latitude 51° N. North. And thus it appears that Spain discovered the Oregon Coast from latitude 42° to 49° North 251 years ago—and, as will appear by reference to dates, 181 years prior to the celebrated English Expedition under Captain Cook.

In 1802, and subsequent years Corran and Viscaino, in the employment of Spain, surveyed many parts of the Oregon Coast, and in the following year Aguiler in the same service, discovered the mouth of the Umpquariver in latitude 44° North.

In August, 1774, Perez and Martinez under the Spanish flag discovered and anchored in Nootka Sound. It lies between 49 and 50 degrees of North latitude.

In 1774 and 1775 the North-West Coast was explored by Perez and Martinez of the Spanish service, as far North as the 58th parallel of latitude.

On the 6th day of May, 1789, the Spanish captain Martinez, commanding two national armed vessels, took possession of Nootka Sound and the adjoining country. Previous to this event, say the authorities referred to, no jurisdiction had been exercised by the subjects of any civilized power on any part of the North-West coast of America between 37 and 60 degrees of North latitude. Thus is it shown on how firm and incontrovertible data the Spanish claims rest to the prior discovery and occupancy of the Oregon Territory.

But as against England this claim was rendered possible more certain by the treaty of February 10th, 1763, between Spain, England and France—by which England was confirmed in her Canadian possessions, and Spain in her discoveries and purchased possessions west of the Mississippi. If, then, England has any claim to Oregon as derived from Spain, it must rest on treaty stipulations entered into subsequently to the 10th of February, 1763. We accordingly find her to have formed a treaty with Spain in the year 1800, settling the difficulties between the two powers in relation to Nootka Sound. By the first article of the convention, Spain agreed to restore to England those portions of the country around Nootka Sound which England had so occupied in regard to time and manner as to have acquired a right to them.

The 5th article stipulates as follows:—

"5th. As well in the places which are to be restored to the British subjects by virtue of the first article as in all other parts of the North-West Coast of North America, or of the Island adjacent, situate to the north of the coast already occupied by Spain wherein the subjects of either of the two Powers shall have made settlements since the month of April 1789, or shall hereafter make any. The subjects of the other shall have free access and shall carry on their trade without any disturbance or molestation."

The inquiries that naturally arise here are, on what places or parts of the North-West Coast did this article operate; what rights were granted by it, and to what extent the United States, as the successors of Spain, in the ownership of Oregon, are bound by this treaty?

These will be considered in their order.

Clearly the old Spanish settlements of the Californias were not included among the places or parts of the North-West Coast on which this article was intended to operate, for the reason that England, the party in interest, has never claimed that they were. But on the contrary, in all her diplomatic and commercial intercourse with Spain since 1800, she has treated the soil of the Californias with the same consideration that she has any portion of the Spanish territories in Europe.—And since that country has formed a department of the Mexican Republic, England has set up no claims within its limits under this treaty.

Was Nootka Sound embraced among the places referred to in this article? That was the only
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

settlement on the North West Coast, of the subjects of Spain or England, made between the month of April, 1765, and the date of the treaty, and was undoubtedly embraced in the 5th Article. And so was the remainder of the coast, lying Northward of Nootka on which Spain had claims. It did not extend South of Nootka Sound. Not an inch of soil in the valley of the Columbia and its tributaries was included in the provisions of treaty of 1763.

Our next inquiry relates to the nature and extent of the rights at Nootka and northward which England acquired by this treaty. They are defined in the concluding phrase of the article before cited. The subjects of both the contracting Powers "shall have free access, and shall carry on their trade without disturbance or molestation." In other words the subjects of England shall have the same right to establish trading posts and carry on a trade with the Indians, as were, or should be enjoyed by Spanish subjects in those regions. Does this stipulation abrogate the Sovereignty of Spain over those Territories! England herself has scarcely impudence enough to urge with seriousness a proposition so ridiculously absurd. A grant of an equal right to settle in a country for purposes of trade—and a guaranty against "disturbance" and "molestation," does not, in any vocabulary of common reason, imply a cession of the sovereignty of the territory in which these acts are to be done. The manner and nature of the rights granted to England by this treaty are simply a right of the joint occupancy of Nootka and the Spanish territories to the Northward for purposes of trade with the Indians; a joint tenancy, subject to be terminated at the will of the owner of the title to the fee and the Sovereignty; and, if not thus terminated, to be terminated by the operations of the necessity of things—the annihilation of the trade—the destruction of the Indians themselves as they should fall before the march of civilization. It could not have been a perpetual right, in the contemplation of either of the contracting parties.

But there are reasons why the provisions of the treaty of 1763 never have been and never can be binding on the United States as the successors of Spain in the Oregon Territory. There is the evidence of private gentlemen of the most undoubted character going to show, that Spain neither surrendered to England any portion of Nootka—or other parts of the North West Coast—for that if she offered to do so, the offer was not acted upon by England—and testimony to the same effect in the debates of the times in the Parliament of Britain, in which this important fact is distinctly asserted, authorize us to declare that the treaty of 1763 was annulled by Spain, and so considered by England herself. And if England did not mean to show the world that she acquiesced in the nonfulfilment of Spain, she should have asserted her rights, if she thought she had any, and not left third parties to infer that she had quietly abandoned them. The United States had every reason to infer such abandonment; and in view of it, thus manifested, purchased Oregon of Spain. Under these circumstances, with what justice can England, after the lapse of nearly half a century, come forward and demand of the successors of Spain rights in Oregon which she thus virtually abandoned—which were refused by Spain, and to which she never had the shadow of a right on the score of prior discovery, occupancy or purchase? The perpetually compelling impudence and selfishness of the policy is the only plea that history will assign to her in accounting for her pretensions in this matter.

England also places her claim to Oregon upon the right of discovery. Let us examine this:

The first English vessel which visited that coast was commanded by Francis Drake. He entered the Pacific in 1578; and, although his own country was at peace with Spain, robbed the towns and ships along the Mexican coast with all the hardihood and recklessness of a practiced pirate, and created such a sensation along the coast that his name was a terror to the people for a century afterwards. After he had amused himself in this manner to his satisfaction, he sailed up the coast to the 45th parallel of North latitude, and then returned to the 38th degree—accepted the crown of the native Prince in the name of his Queen—called the country New Albion—returned to England, and was, in virtue of the knighthood conferred upon him, changed from a pirate to an honest gentleman.

The parts of Oregon seen by Drake had been explored by the Spaniards several times within the previous thirty years.

Sir Thomas Cavendish next came upon the coast; but did not see so much of it as Drake had.

The celebrated Captain Cook followed Cavendish. He saw the coast in latitude 43 and 48 degrees. He passed the Straits de Fuca without seeing them, and anchored in Nootka Sound on the 16th of February, 1779. In trading with the Indians there, he found that they had weapons of iron, ornaments of brass, and spoons of Spanish manufacture. Nootka had been discovered and occupied by the Spaniards 4 years before Cook arrived.

The subsequent English navigators—Mears, Vancouver, and others—so far as the Oregon coast
was the field of their labors, were followers in the
tracks pointed out by the previous discoveries of
the Spaniards.

So ends the claim of England to Oregon on the
right of prior discovery. As opposed to England,
Spain’s rights on this principle were incontestable.

By the treaty of Florida, ratified February 22d,
1819, Spain ceded to the United States her rights
in the Oregon Territory, in the following words:
“His Catholic Majesty cedes to the said United
States all his claims, claims and pretensions to
any territory east and north of said line;” meaning
the 42d parallel of north latitude, commencing
at the head waters of the Arkansas, and running
west to the Pacific; “and for himself, his
his heirs and successors renounces all claim to
the said territories forever.”

But the United States have rights to Oregon
which of themselves annihilate the pretensions
not only of England but the world. Her citizens
first discovered that the country on which Noot-
ka Sound is situated was an island—they first
navigated that part of the Straits de Fuca lying
between the Sound and Queen Charlotte’s
Island, and discovered the main coast of North-
west America, from latitude 48 to 50 degrees
north. American citizens also discovered Queen
Charlotte’s Island, sailed around it, and discovered
the main land to the east of it, as far north as lati-
tude 55°. England can show no discoveries be-
 tween these latitudes as important as these; and
consequently has not equal rights with us, as a
discoverer, to that part of Oregon north of the
49th degree of latitude. We also discovered
the Columbia River; and its whole valley, in
virtue of that discovery, accords to us under the
laws of nations. One of these laws is that the
nation which discovers the mouth of a river, by
implication discovers the whole country watered
by it. We discovered the mouth of the Colum-
bia and most of its branches; and that valley is
ours as against the world. Ours, also, by pur-
chase from Spain, the first discoverer and occu-
pant of the coast. Ours by prior occupancy of
its great River and Valley, and by that law
which gives us, in virtue of such discovery and
occupancy, the territories naturally dependent
upon such valley. We are the rightful and sole
owner of all those parts of Oregon, which are
not watered by the Columbia, lying on its nor-
thern and southern border, and which, in the lan-
guage of the law, are naturally dependent upon
it. Oregon Territory, for all these reasons and
many others which will be found in the energy
with which, if necessary, our citizens will defend
it, is the rightful property of these United States.

TRAVELS, & c.

CHAPTER I.

The Rendezvous—The Destination—The Education of
Mates: The Santa Fe Traders—The Mormons—The
Holy War—Encore upon the Indian Territory—A
Scene—An Encampment—A Love—A Hunt—The
Dodge River—A Meeting and Parting—Kan-uck and
Indians—Encampment—Council—Bruce—An Indian
and his Widow—A Trapper—Captains Kelly—A
Comforrless Night.

On the 21st of May, 1839, the author and six-
ten others arrived in the town of Independence,
Mo. Our destination was the Oregon Territory.
Some of our number sought health in the wilder-
ness—others sought the wilderness for its own
sake—and still others sought a residence among
the ancient forests and lofty heights of the valley
of the Columbia; and each actuated by his own
peculiar reasons of interest began his preparations
for leaving the frontier. Pack mules and horses
and pack-saddles were purchased and prepared
for service. Bacon and flour, salt and pepper, suffi-
cient for 500 miles, were secured in vessels; our
powder-casks were wrapped in pointed curasses;
and large oil-cloths were purchased to protect
these and our sacks of clothing from the rains;
our arms were thoroughly repaired; bullets were
moulded; powder-horns and cap-boxes filled; and
all else done that was deemed needful, before we
struck our tent for the Indian Territory.

But before leaving this little woodland town, it
will be interesting to remember that it is the usual
place of rendezvous and “outfit” for the overland
traders to Santa Fé and other Mexican States.
In the month of May of each year, these traders
congregate here, and buy large Pennsylvania wagons,
and teams of mules to convey their calicos, cot-
tons, cloths, boots, shoes, &c. &c., over the plains
to that distant and hazardous market. And it is
quite amusing to a “greenhorn,” as those are
called who have never been engaged in the trade,
to see the mules make their first attempt at prac-
tical pulling. They are harnessed in a team, and
upon the shaft, and the remainder two abreast in
long swining iron traces. And then by way of
initiary introduction that they have passed from a
life of monotonous contemplation, in the seclusion
of their nursery pastures, to the bustling duties
of the “Santa Fé Trade,” a hot iron is applied to
the thigh or shoulder of each with an embrace so
cordially warm, as to leave there, in blistered
perfection, the initials of their last owner’s name.
This done, a Mexican Spaniard, as chief muleteer,
mounts the right-hand wheeled mule, and another
the left hand one of the span next the leaders,
while four or five elastic, as foot-guard, stand on
either side, armed with whips and thongs.
The team is stretched—and now comes the trial of
prosperous obedience. The chief muleteer gives
the shout of march, and drives his long spurs into
the sides of the animal that bears him; his compan-
ion before follows his example, but there is no
movement. A leer—an unearthly bray, is the
only response of these martyrs to human supre-
macy. Again the team is stretched; again the
bloody raval is applied; the body-guard on
foot raise the shout; and all as one apply the lash.

The untaught animals kick and leap, rear and
plunge, and fall in harness. In fine, these set
the minds; and generally succumbed in breaking necks or limb of some one of their number, and in raising a tumult that would do credit to any order of animals in the possession of the world.

After a few trances, however, of this description, they move off in time style. And, although some lack were not at intervals brace themselves, up to an uncomplaining resistance of such encouragement upon their freedom, still, the majority preferring passive obedience to active pelting, drag them onward, till, like themselves, they submit to the discipline of the trace.

"Independence" was the first location of the Mormon West of the Mississippi. Here they laid out grounds for their temple, built the "Lord's store," and in other ways prepared the place for the permanent establishment of their community. But, becoming obnoxious to their neighbors, they crossed the Mississippi, and founded the town of Far West! In 1838 they recommended certain practices of their faith in their own abode, and were ejected from the State by its military force.

The misfortunes of this people, and all that has arisen from practicing upon certain rules of action peculiar to themselves. The basis of these rules is the assumption that they are the "Sons of the Most High," to whom the Lord promised of old the inheritance of the earth; and that as such they have the right to take possession of whatever they may be inspired to desire. Any means are justifiable, in their belief, to bring about the restoration to the "Children of God" of that which He has bequeathed to them. In obedience to these rules of action, any Mormon or "Latter-Day Saint," laboring for hire on a "worldly" man's plantation, claimed the right to direct what improvements should be made on the premises; what trees should be felled, and what grounds should from time to time be cultivated. If this prerogative of sainthood was questioned by the warm-blooded Missourians, they were with great coolness and gravity informed that their godly servitors expected in a short time to be in comfortable possession of their employers' premises; for that the Latter Days had come, and with them the Saints; that wars and carnage were to be expected; and that the Latter-Day Prophet had learned, in his communications with the Court of Heaven, that the Missourians were to be exterminated on the first enlargement of the borders of Zion; and that over the graves of these "enemies of all righteousness" would spring that vast spiritual temple that was "to fill the earth."

The prospect of being thus inundated upon the altar of Mormonism, did not produce so much humility and trembling among these hardy frontiersmen as the prophet Joseph had benevolently desired. On the contrary, the pious intimation that their throats would be cut to glorify God, was resisted by some ruthless and sinful act of self-defence; and the denunciations of the holy brethren were innocently scorned as idle words. However, in spite of the irreligious wrath of these deluded, benighted Missourians, the Saints cut timber wherever they listed on the domains that were claimed by the people of the world. And if the "Lord's hogs or horses" wanted corn, the farms in the hands of the wicked were reset to at a convenient hour of the night for a supply. In all these cases, the "Saints" manifested a kind regard to the happiness even of the enemies of their faith. For whenever they took corn from the hands of men, or bestowed upon them, the love of God, the notion of appropriating the property of others would be innocently scorned as idle words. However, in spite of the irreligious wrath of these deluded, benighted Missourians, the Saints cut timber wherever they listed on the domains that were claimed by the people of the world. And if the "Lord's hogs or horses" wanted corn, the farms in the hands of the wicked were reset to at a convenient hour of the night for a supply. In all these cases, the "Saints" manifested a kind regard to the happiness even of the enemies of their faith. For whenever they took corn from the hands of men, or bestowed upon them, the love of God, the notion of appropriating the property of others would be innocently scorned as idle words.
by their power give victory to the "Saints."—
And to this end he ordered a breast-work of
high piles of boiler boards to be raised around the camp, to
show by this feeble protection against the artillery of their foes that their strength was in the "breast-
plate of righteousness," and that they were the
soldiers of the Almighty portion of the kingdom of
God. At moments of awful suspense in the camp of the "Saints." The Mis-
souri bayonets blushed brightly near their ranks, and
an occasional bullet carelessly punctured the pine-board rampart, regardless of the inhibition of the
Prophet. The Heavenly were gaz ed upon
for the shining host, and listening ears turned to
catch the rushing of wings through the upper air.
The demand of surrender was again and again repeated; but Faith had seized on Hope, and De-
lay was the offspring.

At this juncture of affairs, a sturdy old Mis-
сионник approached the brick stove, poked in hand,
appearing determined to do violence to the sacred
depot. One of the sisters in robes of whiteness,
coast, and with proper solemnity made known that the "Lord of the Faithful" had revealed unto
Joe, the Prophet, that every hand raised against
that "Holy structure" would instantaneously be withered.
The frontrunner hesitated, but the hardness of
characteristic of these men of the ride returning,
he replied, "Well, old gal, I'll go it on one hand
any how." The awful blow was struck; the
hand did not waver! "I doubles up now," said
the daring man, and with both hands inflicted a
heavy blow upon a corner brick. It tumbled to
the ground, and the building quickly fell under
the weight of a thousand vigorous arms. The
confidence of the Saints in their Prophet waned,
and a surrender followed. Some of the principal
men were put in custody, but the main body were
permitted to leave the State without farther mo-
mentation. We afterward met many of them
with their tents, &c., on the road from Far West
to Quincy, Illinois. It was strongly intimating of
the planters in that section of country, that these
emigrating "saints" found large quantities of the
"Lord's corn" on the way, which they appropi-
ated as need suggested to their own and their ani-
mate wants.
The origin of the "Book of Mormon" was for
some time a mystery. But recent developments
prove it to have been written in 1832 by the Rev.
Solomon Spaulding, of New Salem, in the State
Ohio. It was composed by that gentleman as a
historical romance of the long extinct race who
built the mounds and forts which are scattered
over the valley States. Mr. Spaulding read the
work while composing it to some of his friends,
who, on the appearance of the book in print, were
so thoroughly convinced of its identity with the
romance of their deceased pastor, that search was
made, and the original manuscript found among
his papers. But there was yet a marvel how the
work could have got into the hands of Joe Smith.
On further investigation, however, it appeared that
the Rev. author had entertained thoughts of pub-
lishing it; and, in pursuance of his intention, had
permitted it to be a long time in the printing
office in which Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so
prominently in the history of the Mormons, was at
the time employed. Rigdon, doubtless, copied
poor Spaulding's novel, and with it, and the aid
of Joe Smith, has succeeded in building up a sys-
tem of superstition, which, in villainy and base-
hood, is scarcely equalled by that of Mahomet.

Solomon Spaulding was a graduate of Dart-
The next day we made about 15 miles through the mud and rain, and stopped for the night near a solitary tree upon the bank of a small tributary of the Kanza river. Here fortune favored our fast-decreasing larder. One of the company killed a turkey, which made a substantial supper. This was the only game of any description that we had seen since leaving the frontier.

On the 7th, as the sun was setting, we reached Osage River—a stream which empties into the Missouri below Jefferson City. The point where we struck it, was 100 miles southwest of Independence. We pitched our tent snugly by a copse of wood within a few yards of it; staked down our animals near at hand, and prepared and ate in the usual form, our evening repast. Our company was divided into two messes, seven in one, and eight in the other. On the ground, with each a tin pint cup and a small round plate of the same material; the first filled with coffee, tea, or water, the last with fried side bacon and dough fried in fat; each with a butcher's knife in hand, and each mess sitting, tailor-like, around its own frying-pan, eating with the appetite of tigers, was, perhaps, the most entertaining company at supper on the banks of the Osage.

There were encamped near us some wagoneers on their return to Missouri, who had been out to Council Grove with the provisions and that part of the goods of the Santa Fe traders, which the teams of outrun mules had been unable to draw when they left Independence. With these men we passed a very agreeable evening; they amused us with yarns of mountain-life which from time to time had floated in, and formed the fireside legends of that wild border. In the morning, while we were saddling our animals, two of the Kanza Indians came within a few rods of our camp, and waited for an invitation to approach. They were armed with muskets and knives. The manner of carrying their fire-arms was peculiar, and strongly characteristic of Indian caution. The breech was held in the right hand and the barrel rested on the left arm; thus they are always prepared to fire.—They watched us narrowly, as if to ascertain whether we were friends or foes; and, upon our making signs to them to approach, they took seats near the fire, and, with the most unperturbable calmness, commenced smoking the compound of willow-husk and tobacco with which they are wont to regale themselves. When we left the ground, one of the men threw away a pair of old boots, the soles of which were fastened with iron nails. Our savage visitors seized upon them with the greatest eagerness, and in their pantomimic language, aided by harsh, guttural grunts, congratulated themselves upon becoming the possessors of so much wealth. At 8 o'clock we were on march.

The morning breezes were bland, and a thousand young flowers graced the grassy plains. It seemed as if the tints of a brighter sky and the increasing beauty of the earth lay close by the clouds from the Future and shedding visions upon our hopes. But this illusion lived but a moment. Three of my valuable men had determined to accompany the wagoneers to the States. And as they filed off and bade adieu to the enterprise in which they had embarked, and brightened many a cheering expectations of social intercourse along our weary
way-faring to Oregon, an expression of deep discouragement shaded every face. But it was of short duration. The determination to penetrate the valleys of Oregon soon swept away every feeling of depression; and, two hunters being sent forward to replenish our larder, we traveled happily onward.

The Osage River at this place is 100 yards wide, with about 2½ feet water. Its banks are clothed with timber of cotton-wood, ash and hickory. We crossed it at 8 in the morning; passed through the groves which border it; and continued to follow the Santa Fe trail. The portion of country over which it ran today was undulating and beautiful; the soil rich, very deep, and intersected by three small streams, which appeared from their courses to be tributaries of the Osage. At night-fall, we found ourselves upon a height over-looking a beautiful grove. This we supposed to be Council Grove. On the swell of the hill were the remains of an old fort and beautiful clear spring pushed out from the rock below. The whole was so inviting to us, weary and hungry as we were, that we determined to make our bed for the night on the spot. Accordingly, we fixed signal-guns for the hunters, pitched our tents, broke up the boughs which had been used to us, and set up our wigwams for, fuel, and proceeded to cook our supper. This encampment was made by the Kanesaus six years ago, on their way South to their annual buffalo-hunt. A semicircular piece of ground was enclosed by the outer lodges. The area was filled with wigwams built in straight lines running from the diameter to the circumference.—

These were spread blankets, skins of the buffalo, etc. Fires were built in front of each; the grass beneath, covered with skins, made a delightful couch. Several yards from the outer semi-circular row of lodges and parallel to it, we found large stakes driven firmly into the earth for the purpose of securing their horses during the night. We appropriated to ourselves, without hesitation, whatever we found here of earth, wood or water that could be useful to us, and were quite rich in it. Each ten in the morning, the Council breaks up; and the Commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the track and anticipate approaching danger.—

After this guard the head teams of each column lead off about thirty feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines; rising and dipping gloriously; 200 yards in Indian lines; the columns move slowly, and the wagon drivers, wagon drivers, and whistlings and whirrings, are all there; and, amidst all, a band of the hardy Yankees move leisurely onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the wagons. They are attacked on march by the Cumancha cavalry or other foes, and the leading team for the table, the front, the end, close the front; and the hindmost, by a similar movement, close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton goods that effectually shield teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The arrangement is made when they halt for the night.

Within the teams thus formed are put, after they are fed, many of the most valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals are ‘staked’—that is, tied to stakes, at a distance of 20 or 30 yards, around the line. The ropes by which they are fastened are from 30 to 40 feet in length, and the stakes to which they are attached are carefully driven at such distances apart as shall prevent their being entangled one with another.

Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this, by those who are wise in such matters, are that a
guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and the imprudent attempt to discern the approach of an Indian, creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light around the lower edge of the horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire and retreat to the wagons. The whole body then takes positions for defense; at one time sallying out, rescue their animals from the grasp of the Indians; and at another, concealed behind their wagons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. And many were the bloody battles fought on this "trail," and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the "Santa Fe" Trade.

And many are the graves along the track of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumananches. They slumber alone in this ocean of plains. No tears bedew their graves. No lament of affection breaks the stillness of their tomb. The wind and dust, the matted grass, the curious habit of the buffalo—the nighttime howl of the hungry wolf—the storms that sweep down at midnight from the groaning caverns of the "shining hills"; or, when Nature is in a tender mood, the sweet breeze that seems to whisper among the wild flowers that nod over his dust in the spring—say to him, "You are a few miles in the open country, when we discovered, on the summit to the right, a small band of Indians. They proved to be a party of Caws or Kauzaus. As soon as they discovered our approach, two of them started in different directions at the top of their speed, to spread the news of our arrival among the remote members of the party. The remainder urged on with all practical velocity their pack-horses laden with meat, skins, blankets, and other paraphernalia of a hunting excursion. We pursued our way, making no demonstrations of any kind, until one old brave left his party, came towards us, and stationing himself beside our path, awaited our near approach. He stood bolt upright and motionless. As we advanced, we noted his appearance and position. He had no clothing, save a blanket tied over the left shoulder and drawn under the right arm. His head was shaven entirely bare, with the exception of a tuft of hair, about two inches in width, extending from the centre of the occiput over the middle of the head to the forehead. It was short and sparse, and stood erect, like the comb of a cock. His figure was the perfection of physical beauty. It was five feet nine or ten inches in height, and looked the Indian in every thing. He stood by the roadside, apparently perfectly at ease; and seemed to regard all surrounding objects with as much interest as he did us. This every body knows is a distinguishing characteristic of the Indian. If a bolt of thunder could be embodied and put in living form before their eyes, it would not startle them from their gravity. So stood our savage friend, to all appearance unaware of our approach.

Not a muscle of his body or face moved, until he took up another bundle for we despatched. He seized eagerly, and continued to shake it very warmly, uttering meanwhile, with great emphasis and rapidity, the words "How do," "how,"
“how.” As soon as one individual had withdrawn his hand from his grasp, he passed to another, repeating the same process and the same words. From the ceiled watch we had kept upon his movements since he took his station, we had noticed that a very delicate operation had been performed upon the lock of his gun. Something had been warily removed therefrom, and slipped into the leather pouch with his side. We expected, therefore, that the never-failing appeal to our charities would be made for something; and in this we were not disappointed. As soon as the greetings were over, he showed us, with the most solicitous gestures, that his piece had no flint.

We furnished him with one; and he then signified to us that he would like something to put in the pan and barrel; and having given him something of all, he departed at the rapid swaying gait so peculiar to his race.

As we advanced, the prairie became more gently undulating. The heaving ridges which had made our trail thus far, appear to pass over an immense sea, the billows of which had been changed to undulations, by the insects which had escaped from the embasures of the tempest, gave place to wide and gentle swells, scarcely perceptible over the increased expanse in sight. Ten miles on the day’s march: the animals were tugging lustily through the mud, when the advance guard shouted “Elk! Elk!” and “steaks boiled” and “ribs roasted” and “marrow bones” and “no more hunger!” “Oregon for ever, starve or live,” as an appointed number of my companions filed off to the chase.

The hunters circled around the point of the sharp ridge on which the Elk were feeding, in order to bring them between themselves and the wind; and laying closely to their horses’ necks, they rode slowly and silently up the ravine towards them. While these movements were making, the cavalcade moved quietly along the trail for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Elk from the hunters. And thus were the latter enabled to approach within three hundred yards of the game without detection. But the instant— that awful instant to our grasping appetites—the instant that they perceived the encroaching forms of their pursuers nearing them, tossing their heads in the air, and snuffing disdainfully at such attempt to deceive their wakeful senses, they put hoof to turf in line style. The hunters attempted, however, to have a word or two on one side of the ridge, while the Elk in their flight descended the other, they were at least four hundred yards distant before the first bullet whistled after them.— None killed! none! And we were obliged to console our hunger with the hope that three hunters who had been dispatched ahead this morning, would meet with more success. We encamped soon after this tourney of ill luck—ate one of the last morsels of food that remained—pitched our tent, stationed the night guard, &c, and, fatigued and famished, stretched ourselves within it.

On the following day we made twenty-five miles over a prairie nearly level, and occasionally marshy. In the afternoon we were favored with what we had scarcely failed, for a single day to receive, since the commencement of our journey, viz.: all, several and singular the numerous benefits of a thunder-storm. As we went into camp at night, the fresh rats along the trail indicated the near vicinity of some of the Santa Fé teams. No sleep! spent the night in drying our drenched bodies and clothes.

On the 12th under way very early; and traveled briskly along, intending to overtake the traders before night-fall. But another thunder-storm for a while arrested the prosecution of our designs.— It was about 3 o’clock when a black cloud arose in the south-east, another in the south-west, and still another in the north-east; and involving and evolving themselves like those that accompany tornados of other countries, they rose with awful rapidity towards the zenith. Having mingled their dreadful masses over our heads, for a moment they struggled so terrifically that the winds appeared hushed at the voice of their dread artillery—a moment of direful battle; and yet not a breath of wind. We looked up for the coming of the cataclysm foretold by the awful stillness; and behold the cloud, rent in fragments, by the most terrific explosion of electricity we had ever witnessed. And then, as if every energy of the machine were brought into play, in a mighty effort, peal upon peal of thunder rolled around, and up and down the heavens; and towering clouds leaped from cloud to cloud across the sky, and from heaven to earth, in such fearful rapidity, that the hard glare of one had scarcely fallen on the sight, when another followed of still greater intensity. The senses were absolutely stunned by the conflict. Our animals, partaking of the stupifying horror of the scene, madly huddled themselves together, and became immovable. They howled neither whip nor spur; but with backs to the tempest dropped their heads, as if waiting their doom. The hail and rain came in torrents. The plains were converted into a sea; the sky, overflowing with floods, lighted by a continual blaze of electric fire! the creation trembling at the voice of the warring heavens! It was such a scene as no pen can adequately describe.

After the violence of the storm had in some degree abated, we pursued our way, weary, cold and hungry. About 4 o’clock we came in sight of Santa Fé traders commanded by Captain Kelly. The gloom of the atmosphere was such when we approached his camp, that Captain K. supposed us Indians, and took measures accordingly to defend himself. Having stationed his twenty-nine men within the barricade formed by his wagon, he himself, accompanied by a single man, came out to reconnoitre. And he was not less agreeably affected to find us whites, than were we at the prospect of society and food. Traders always carry a supply of wood over these naked plains, and it may be supposed that, drenched and chilled as we had been by the storm, we did not hesitate to accept the offer of their fire to cook our supper, and warm ourselves. But the rain continued to fall in cold, shivering floods; and, fire excepted, we might as well have been elsewhere as in company with our countrymen, who were as badly sheltered and fed as ourselves. We therefore cast about for our own means of comfort. And while some were cooking our morsel of supper, others staked out the animals, others pitched our tent; and all, when tasks were done, huddled under its shelter. We now numbered thirteen. This quantity of human
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

CHAPTER II.

SULLEN OF FOOD—An Incident—Losing and Finding—

Our hunters, who had been dispatched from Council Grove in search of game, had rejoined us in Kelly's camp. And as our horden had not been improved by the hunt, another party was sent out under orders to advance to the buffalo with all possible alacrity, and send back to the main body a portion of the first meat that could be taken.

This was a day of mend and discomfort. Our pack and riding animals, constantly annoyed by the slippery clay beneath them, became restless, and not infrequently relieved themselves of riders or packs, with little apparent respect for the wishes of their masters. And, as if a thousand thorns should have latched out at least one rose, we had one incident of lively interest. For, while halting to load the pack-mule, whose obstinacy would have entitled him to that name, whatever had been his form, we espied upon the side of a neighboring ravine several elk and antelope. The men uttered pleas for their stanchions at the sight of so much fine meat, and with teeth shut in the agony of expectation, primed anew their rifles, and rushed away for the prize. Hope is very delusive when it hunts elk upon the open plain. This fact was never more painfully true than in the present instance. They were approached against the wind, and the ravines that were deepest, and ran nearest the elk, were traversed in such manner that the hunters were within 300 yards of them before they were discovered; and then never did horses run nearer to their topspeed for a stake in dollars than did ours for a steak of meat. But alas! the little advantage gained at the start from the headlong inaction of the game, began to diminish as soon as those fleet coursers of the prairie laid their nimble hoofs to the sword, and pledged life upon speed. In this exigency a few balls were sent whistling after them, but to reap the earth, instead of the

flesh, standing upon an area of eighteen feet in diameter, gave off a sufficient quantity of animal heat in a short time to render our trembling forms somewhat comfortable. We ate our scanty suppers, drank the water from the puddles, and sought rest. But all our packs being wet, we had no change of wardrobe that would have enabled us to have done so with a hope of success. We however spread our wet blankets upon the amount, put our saddles under our heads, had a song from our jolly Joe, and amused and sheltered until morning.

As the sun of the 13th rose, we drove our animals through Cottonwood creek. It had been very much swollen by the rains of the previous day; and our packs and ourselves were again thoroughly wet. But, once out of the mud and the dangers of the flood, our hearts beat more as we lessened step by step, the distance from Oregon.

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panting hearts they were designed to render pulseless; and we returned to our lonely and hungry march.

We encamped at sunset on the banks of a branch of the Arkansas. Our rations were now reduced to one-eighth of a pint of flour to each man. This, as our custom was, was kneaded with water, and baked, or rather dried, in our drying-pan over a fire sufficiently destitute of combustibles to have satisfied the most fastidious miser in that line. Thus refreshed, and our clothing dried in the wind during the day, we huddled our rides to our hearts and slept soundly.

The sun of the following morning was unusually bright, the sky cloudless and delightfully blue. These were new pleasures. For the heavens and the earth had felt that morning since our departure from home, scourged us with every dis-
eat-fish. Their own keen hunger had devoured a part of them without pepper, or salt, or bread, or vegetable. The remainder we found attached to a bush in the stream, in an wholesome state of decay. They were, however, taken up and examined by the senses of sight and smell alternately; and viewed and smelt again in reference to our ravenous palate; and although some doubt may have existed in regard to the Hebrew principle of devouring so unclean a thing, our appetites allowed of no demurring. We roasted and ate as our companions had done.

I had an opportunity at this place to observe the great extent of the rise and fall of these streams of the plains in a single day or night. It would readily be presumed by those who have a correct idea of the floods of water that the thunderstorms of this region pour upon the rolling prairies, that a few miles of the channels of a number of the creeks over which the storms pass may be filled to the brim in an hour; and that there are phenomena of floods and falls of water occurring in this vast den of tempests, such as are found no where else. Still, with this evidently true, the phenomenon was with some difficulty that I yielded to the evidence on the banks of the Little Arkansas, that that stream had fallen 15 feet during the last 12 hours. It was still too deep for the safety of the pack animals in an attempt to ford it in the usual way. The banks also at the fording place were left by the retiring flood, a most unfriendly quadrate; so soft that a horse without burden could with the greatest difficulty drag himself through it to the water below. In our extremity, however, we tied our lashing lines together, and, attaching one end to a strong stake on the side we occupied, sent the other across the stream and tied it firmly to a tree. Our baggage, saddles and clothing suspended to hooks running to and from this line, were securely passed over.

The horses being then driven across the iillomened Ford, and ourselves over by swimming and other means, we saddled and loaded our animals with their several burdens and re-commissioned them for the march.

The 14th, 15th and 16th were days of more than ordinary hardships. With hardly food enough to support life—drenched daily by thunderstorms and by swimming and fording the numerous streams of this alluvial region, and weathed by the continual packing and unpacking of our animals, and enfeebled by the dampness of our couch at night, I was so much reduced when I dismounted from my horse on the evening of the 16th, that I was unable to loosen the girth of my saddle or spread my blanket for repose.

The soil thus far from the Frontier appeared to be from 3 to 6 feet in depth—generally modulating and occasionally, far on the western horizon, broken into rugged and picturesque bluffs. Between the swells we occasionally met small tracts of marshy ground saturated with brackish water.

On the night of the 16th, near the hour of 8 o'clock, we were suddenly roused by the rapid trampling of animals near our camp. "Indians!" was the cry of the guard. Indians! We had expected an encounter with them as we approached the buffalo, and were consequently not unprepared for it. Each man seized his rifle and was instantly in position to give the intruders a proper reception. On they came, rushing furious ly in a dense column till within 30 yards of our tent; and then wheeling short to the left, abruptly halted. Not a rifle ball or an arrow had yet left the air. Nor was it necessary that they should, as it might have been, had we not discovered that instead of h stripes of bloody memory, they were the quadrupeds that had eloped from the fatherly care of Mr. Bent, making a call of ceremony upon their compatriot mules, &c. tied to stakes within our camp.

17th. We were on the trail at 7 o'clock. The sun of a fine morning shone upon our racks of beasts and men. Were I able to sketch the wonted visages of my staving men, contorted with occasional bursts of wrath upon Mr. Bent's mules as they displayed their ungrateful heels to us, who had restored them from the indecencies of savage life to the dominion of civilized beings, my readers would say that the sun never looked upon braver appearances, or a more determined disregard of educated loveliness. A long march before us—the Arkansas and its tributaries, the buffalo with all the delicate bits of tenderibin of nature and mere scavenger, the prairie burning and alluring—pleased me—me with all these before us, who has the glorious sympathies of the gastric sensibilities within him, can suppose that we did not use the spur, whip and goad with a right good will on that memorable day! Thirty or forty miles, none but the vexed plains can tell which, were traveled by 1 o'clock. The afternoon hours, too, were counted slowly. High bluffs, and butes, and rolls, and salt marshes alternately appearing and falling behind us, with here and there a plat of the thick short grass of the upper plains and the stray bunched of the branching columnar and dotted prickly pear, indicated that we were approaching some more important course of the mountain waters than any we had yet seen since leaving the majestic Missouri. "On, merrily on," ran from our perched and hungry mouths; and if the cheery shout did not allay our appetites or thirst, it quickened the pace of our mules and satisfied each other of our determined purpose to hold the Arkansas by the light of that day.

During this hurried drive of the afternoon we became separated from one another among the swells over which our track ran. Two of the advance party took the liberty, in the absence of the command, to give chase to an antelope that seemed to tantalize their perseverance by exhibiting his fine surliom to their view. Never did men better earn forgiveness for disobedience of orders. One of them crept as I learned half a mile upon his hands and knees to get within rifle shot of his game—shot at 300 yards distance and brought him down! And now, who, in the tameness of an approaching herd, in the comfort of an enough-and-to-square state of existence, in which every emotion of the mind is suifected and gouty, can estimate our pleasure at seeing these men gallop into our ranks with this antelope? You may "guess," reader, you may "reckon," you may "calculate," or if learned in the demi-semi-quavers of modern exquisiteness, you may thrust rudely aside all these which you "despise and slight," and "shrewdly imagine" and still you cannot comprehend the feelings of that moment! Did we shout? were we silent? no, neither. We gathered quietly around the horse stained with the
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, etc.

blood of the suspended animal? No, nor this. An involuntary murmur of relief from the most fearful forebodings, and the sudden halt of the riding animals in their tracks were the only movements, the only acts that indicated our grateful joy at this deliverance.

Our intention of seeing the Arkansas that night broke upon us banished every other thought from the mind. Whips and spurs therefore were freely used upon our animals as they ascended tediously a long roll of prairies covered with the wild grasses and stunted flakes of the Sun-flower. We rightly conceived this to be the bordering ridge of the valley of the Arkansas. For on attaining its summit we saw miles of that stream lying in the sunset like a beautiful lake curved among the windings of the hills. It was six miles distant—

The sun was setting. The road lay over sharp-rolls of land that rendered it next impossible for us to keep our paled animals on a trot. But the sweet water of that American Nile, our recompense for all the toil upon its banks that offered us the means of cooking the antelope to satisfy our insatiable hunger, were motives that gave us new energy; and on we went at a rapid pace while light remained to show us the trail.

When within about a mile and a half of the river a most amusing circumstance crossed our path.—

A swarm of the most gigantic and persevering mosquitoes that ever gathered tribute from human kind, lighted on us and demanded blood. Not in the least surpnsed as to the manner in which they urged their claims, they fixed themselves boldly and without ceremony upon our organs of sight, smell, and whirring, the last not least in our situation, in such numbers, that in consequence of the employment they gave us in keeping them at the distance which a well-defined respect for our divine faces would have rendered proper, and in consequence of the pain which they inflicted upon our testifil animals, we lost the trail. And now came quagmires, mud-flows and mud, such as would have taught the most hardened rebel in morals that devotions from the path of duty lead sometimes to pain, sometimes to swamps. Long perseverance at length enabled us to reach the great Arkansas River.

We tarried for a moment upon the banks of the stream, and cast about to extricate ourselves from the Egyptian plagues around us. To regain our track in the darkness of night now mingled with a dense fog, was no easy task. We however took the lead of a swell of land that ran across it, and in thirty minutes entered a path so well marked that we could thread our way onward till we should find wood sufficient to cook our supper. This was a dreary ride. The stars gave a little light among the mist, which enabled us to discern on the even line of the horizon, a small speck that after three hours travel we found to be a small grove of cottonwood upon an island. We encamped near it. And after our baggage was piled up so as to form a circle of breastworks for defence, our weariness was such that we sank among it supperless, and slept with nothing but the heavens over us. And although we were in the range of the Cimarrone, in the midst of the savage eyes that were weeping with the guard kept in spite of the savage eyes that were weeping with the vigilance upon our little band. No fear nor whoop could have broken the slumber of that night. It was a temporary death. Nature had made its extreme effort, and sunk in helplessness till its ebbing energies should refresh.

On the morning of the 18th of June we were early up—early around among our animals to pull up the stakes to which they were tied, and drive them fast again, where they might graze while we should call. Then to the camp of our fellow-travelers. We wrestled manfully with the frying-pan and roasting-stick; and anon in the very manner that one sublime act always follows its predecessor, tore bone from bone the antelope ribs, with so strong a grip and with such unreserved delight that a true philosopher observer might have discovered in the flash of our eyes and the quick energetic motion of the nether portions of our physiognomies, that eating, though an uncom mon, was nevertheless our favorite occupation.

And then "catch up," "saddle up," "pack on," "mount," "march," all several and done, we went on the river, hurry-scurry, with forty loose mules and horses leering, kicking and baying; and some six or eight pack animals making every honorable effort to free themselves from servitude, while we were applying to their heads and ears certain gentle intimations that such ambitious views accorded poorly with their master's wishes.

In the course of the day we crossed several tributaries of the Arkansas. At one of these, called by the traders Big Turkey Creek, we were forced to resort again to our Chillian bridge. In consequence of the spongy nature of the soil and the scarcity of timber, there was more difficulty here in procuring fastenings for our ropes, than in any previous instance. We at length, however, obtained pieces of cross-timber, and drove them into the soft banks "at an inclination," said he of the axe, "of precisely 45 degrees to the plane of the horizon." Thus supported, the stakes stood sufficiently firm for our purposes; and our bags, packs, they, and beasts were over in a trice, and in the half of that mathematical fraction of time, we were repacked, remounted, and trotting off at a generous pace up the Arkansas. The river appeared quite unlike the streams of the East, and South, and Southwest portion of the Country, in all its features. Its banks were low—one and a half feet above the medium stage of water, composed of an alluvium of sand and loam, as hard as a public highway, and, in the main, covered with a species of half grass that seldom grows to more than one and a half or two inches in height. The sunflower of stunted growth, and a lonely bunch of willow, or an ill-shaped sapling, cottonwood tree, whose decayed trunk trembled under the weight of years, together with occasional bluffs of clay and sandstone, formed the only alleviating features of the landscape. The stream itself was generally three-quarters of a mile in width, with a current of five miles an hour, water three and a half to four feet, and of a chalky whiteness.

It was extremely sweet—so deliciously so, that none of my men declared it an excellent substitute for milk.

Camped on the bank of the river where the common tall grass of the prairie grew plentifully, we pitched our night-guard, and were not out of our meat in the least. Here I shall be expected by those civilized monsters who live by eating and drinking, to give a description of the
manner of making this soup. It was indeed a rare dish. And my friends of the trencher—ye who have been spiced, and peppered, and salted, from your youth up—do not distort your usual proudbenches when I declare that of all the vulgar innovations upon kitchen science which civilization has patched upon the good old style of the patriarchs, nothing has produced so bountiful an effect upon taste, as these selfsame condiments of salt, pepper, &c. Woful heresy! human nature peppered and salted! But to our soup. It was made of simple meat and water—of pure water, such as kings drank from the streams of the good old land of pyramids and vies; and of the wild meat of the wilderness, unseasoned with any of the aforesaid condiments—simply boiled, and then eaten with strong, durable iron spoons and kni ck-er-knives. Here I cannot restrain myself from penning one strong and irrepressible emotion that I well remember crowded through my heart while stretched upon my couch after our repast. The exceeding comfort of body and mind at that moment, more or less, I wrote already. It was an emotion of condescension for those of my fellow mortals who are engaged in the manufacture of rheumata tis and gout. Could they only for an hour enter the portals of prairie life—for one hour breathe the inspiration of a hunter's transcendent enthusiasm—for one hour feed upon the milk and honey and meat, that has been honestly and unadulteratedly bestowed on them, how soon would they forsake that ignoble employment—how soon would their hissing and vulgar laboratories of disease and graves be forsaken, and the crutch and Brandreth’s pills be gathered to the tombs of the fathers! But as I am an inefficient practitioner of these sublime teachings, I will pass and inform my readers that the next day’s march terminated in an encampment with the hunters I had sent forward for game. They had fared even worse than ourselves. Four of the seven days that they had been absent from the company, they had been without food. Many of the streams, too, that were forded easily by us, were, when they passed, wide and angry floods. These they were obliged to swim, to the great danger of their lives.

On the 18th, however, they overtook Messrs. Walworth and Alvarez’s teams, and were treated with great hospitality by those gentlemen. On the same day the Òdaily buffalo bull, pulled off the flesh from the back, and commenced drying it over a slow fire preparatory to packing. On the morning of the 19th, two of them started off for us with some strips of meat dangling over the shoulders of their horses. They met us about 4 o’clock, and with us returned to the place of drainage. Our horses were turned loose to eat the dry grass, while we feasted ourselves upon roasted tongue and liver. At this time we “caught up” and went on with the intention of encamping with the Santa Fés, and after traveling briskly onward for two hours, we came upon the brow of a hill that overlooks the valley of Pawnee Fork, the largest branch of the Arkansas on its northern side. The Santa Fés traders had encamped about a mile below, where the stream. The Santa Fés wagons surrounded an oval piece of ground, their shafts or tongues outside, and the forward wheel of each abreast of the hind wheel of the one before it. This arrangement gave them a fine peep when viewed from the hill over which we were passing. But we had scarcely time to see the little I described, when a terrible scream of “Pawnee!” “Pawnee!” arose from a thousand tongues on the farther bank of the river; and Indian women and children ran and shrieked horrify ingly, “Pawnee! “Pawnee!” as they sought the gens and lodges of the neighboring Wa-wa. We were puzzled to know the object of such an outburst of savage delight as we deemed it to be, and for a time thought that we might well expect our blood to stink with the buffalo, whose hooves lay bleaching around us. The camp of the traders also was in motion; arms were seized and horses saddled with “hot haste.” A moment more and two whites were galloping warily near us; a moment more brought twenty savage warriors in full paint and plume around us. A quick reconnoitre, and the principal chief rode briskly up to me, shook me warmly by the hand, and with a clearly apparent friendship said “Sacred Thuds” (holy league) “Kanzaus,” “Caws.” His warriors followed his example. As one of my blacks, who had been discovered by some of the minor chiefs, they galloped their fleet horses at full speed over the river, and the women and children issued from their encampments, and lined the bank with their dusky forms. The chiefs rode with us to our camping-ground, and remained till dark, examining with great interest the various articles of our outfit: particularly the tent as it unfolded its broadsides like magic, and assumed the form of a solid white cone. Every arrangement being made to prevent these accomplished thieves from stealing our horses, &c., we supped, and went to make calls upon our neighbors.

The owners of the Santa Fés wagons were men who had seen much of life. Urban and hospitable, they received us in the kindest manner, and gave us much information in regard to the mountains, the best mode of defence, &c., that proved in our experience remarkably correct. During the afternoon, the chiefs of the Kanzaus sent me a number of buffalo tallow, and other choice bits of meat. But the fifth discoverable on their persons generally deterred us from using them. For this they carried little. If their presents were accepted, an expectation was, by their laws secured on our part, from which we could only be relieved by present in return. To this rule of Indian etiquette we submitted; and a council was accordingly held between myself and the principal chief through an interpreter, to determine upon the amount and quality of our indebtedness in this regard. The final arrangement was, that in consideration of the small amount of property I had then in possession, I would give them two pounds of tobacco, a side-knife, and a few papers of vermilion; but that, on my return, which would be in fourteen months, I should be very rich, and give him more.

To all which obligations and pleasant prophecies, I of course gave my most hearty concurrence.
thunder-cloud in the northwest at sunset, proved a more efficient protection than the arm of man.

The cloud rose slowly during the early part of the night, and appeared to hang in suspense of executing its awful purpose. The lightning, and heavy rumbling of the thunder, were frightful. It came to the zenith about 12 o'clock. When in that position, the cloud covered one-half of the heavens, and for some minutes was nearly stationary. After this, the wind broke forth upon it at the horizon, and rolled up the dark masses over our heads—now swelling, now rending to sheds its immense folds. But as yet, not a breath of air moved over the plains. The animals stood motionless and silent at the spectacle. The nucleus of electricity was at the zenith, and thence large bolts at last leaped in every direction, and lighted for an instant the earth and skies so intensely, that the eye could not endure the brightness. The report that followed was appalling. The thunder thrilled—the horses and mules shook with fear, and attempted to escape. But could they or ourselves have found shelter? The clouds at the next moment appeared in the wildest commotion, struggling with the wind. "Where shall we fly?" could scarcely have been spoken, before the wind struck our tent upon the skies and ground, squatted the centre pole, and buried us in its enraged folds. Every man, thirteen in number, immediately seized some portion and held it with his might. Our opinion at the time was, that the absence of the weight of a single man would have given the storm the victory—our tent would have fallen. Some say the lightning struck a chieftain. We attempted to fit it up again after the violence of the storm had in some degree passed over, but were unable so to do. So that the remainder of the night was spent in gathering up our loose animals, and in shivering under the cold pelting of the rain.

The Santa Feans, when on march through these plains, are not so much afraid of these tempests. Accordingly, when the sky at night indicates their approach, they chain the wheels of adjacent wagons strongly together to prevent them from being upset—an accident that has often happened, when this precaution was not taken. It may well be conceived, too, that to prevent their goods from being wet in such cases, requires a covering of extraordinary powers of protection. Bows in the usual form, so that they are higher, are raised over long sunken Pennsylvania wagons, over which are spread two or three thicknesses of wooden blankets; and over these, and extended to the lower edge of the body, is drawn a strong canvas covering, well guarded with cords and leather straps. Through this covering these tempests seldom penetrate.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, "Catch up, catch up," rang around the wagons of the Santa Feans. Immediately each man had his hand upon a horse or mule; and ere we, in attempting to follow their example, had our horses by the hulker, the teams were harnessed and ready for the "march." A noble sight those teams were; forty odd in number, their immense wagon stills unmov ed, forming an oval breastwork of wealth, guided by an impatient mass of near 400 miles, harnessed and ready to move again along their solitary way. But the interest of the scene was much increased when, at the call of the commander, the two long team after team, straightened themselves into the trail, and rolled majestically away over the undulating plain. We crossed the Pawnee Fork, and visited the Cay Camp. Their wigwams were constructed of bushes inserted into the ground, twisted together at the top, and covered with the buffalo hides that they had been gathering for their winter lodges. Meat was drying in every direction. It had been cut in long narrow strips, wound around sticks standing upright in the ground, or laid over a rack of wicker-work, under which slow fires are kept burning. The stench, and the squall of appearance of the women and children, were not sufficiently interesting to detain us long; and we traveled on for the buffalo which were bellowing over the hills in advance of us. There appeared to be about 1,500 souls: they were almost naked; and filthy as swine. They make a yearly hunt to this region in the spring—to lay in a large quantity of dried meat—such as the caravans in winter buy and sell to obtain rosin and Tanner's extract. This is divided in the following manner between the males, females, and children: The men kill the game. The women dress and dry the meat, and tan the hides. The instruments of pitch and p卡片, the wealth of each individual. The high chief has a lance, with a handle six feet and blade three feet in length. This, in hand, mounted upon a fleet horse, he rides boldly to the side of the flying buffalo, and thrusts it again and again through the river or heart of one, and then another of the afflicted herd, till his horse is no longer able to keep near them. He is thus able to kill five or six, more or less, at a single heat. Some of the inferior chieftains also have these lances; but they must all be shorter than that of his Royal Darkness. The common Indians use mukedoks and pistols. Rides are an abomination to them. The twisted motion of the ball as it enters—the deep crack when discharged—and the direful singing of the lead as it cuts the air, are considered symptoms of witchcraft that are unsafe for the red man to mingle with. They call them medicines—incurable and irresistible sources of evil. The poorer classes still use the bow and arrow. Nor is this, in the well-handled hand of the Indian, a less effective weapon than those already described. Astride a good horse, beside a bellowing herd of wild beef, leaping forward upon the neck, and drawing his limbs close to the sides of his horse, the naked hunter uses his national weapon with astonishing dexterity and success. Not infrequently, when hitting no bones, does he throw his arrows quite through the buffalo. Twenty or thirty thus variously armed, advance upon a herd—

The chief leads the chase, and by the time they come alongside the hand, the different speed of the horses has brought them into a single file or line. Thus they ran until every individual has a buffalo at his side. Then the whole line fire guns, throw arrows or drive lances as often and as long
as the speed of the horses will allow; and seldom do they fail, in encounters of this kind, to lay upon the dusty plain numbers of these noble animals.

A cloud of squaws that had been hovering in the neighborhood, now hurry up, astride of pack animals—strip off hides—cut off the best flesh—load their packs—saddle, mount themselves on the top, and move slowly away to the camp. The lords of creation have finished their day's labor.

The ladies cure the meat in the manner described above—stretch the hides upon the ground, and with a blunt wooden naze haul them into leather. The younger settlers of the tribe during the day are engaged in watering and guarding the horses and mules that have been used in the hunt—changing their stakes from one spot to another of fresh grass, and crowning along the heights of the camp to notice the approach of foes, and sound the alarm. Thus the Konzas, Kausans, or Caws, lay in their annual stores. Unless driven from their game by the Pawnees, or some other tribe in vicinity with them, they load every minute with meat, and fell to the last of August, and commence the march back to their fields, fathers, and wigwams, on the Konzas River. This return march must present a most interesting scene in savage life—700 or 800 horses or mules loaded with the spoils of the chase, and the children of the tribe holding on to the packs with might and main, napping as calves, and shining with buffalo grease, their fathers' and mothers' loaping on foot behind, with their guns poised on the left arm, or their bows and arrows swung at their back ready for action, and turning their heads rapidly and anxiously for lurking enemies—the attack, the screams of women and children—each man seeing an animal for a breastwork, and surrounding thus their wives and children—the firing—the dying—the conquest—the whoop of victory and rejoicing of one party, and the dogged, fallen submission of the other—all this and more has occurred a thousand times upon the plains, and is still occurring. But if victory declare for the Caws, or they march to their home without molestation, how many warm affection springs up in their untamed bosoms, as they see again their parents and children, and the ripened harvest, the woods, the streams, and bubbling springs, among which the glorious days of childhood were spent! And when greetings are over, and welcomes are said, embraces exchanged, and their horses seen and smiled upon, in fine, when all the holy feelings of remembrance, and their present good fortune, find vent in the wild night-dance—who that wears a white skin and sentimentizes upon the better lot of civilized men, will not believe that the Indian too, returned from the hunt and from war, has not as much happiness, if not in kind the same, and as many sentiments that do honor to our nature, as are wrapped in the stays and tights of a fantastic, mawkish civilization—that flattering, pluming, gormandizing, unthinking, gilded life, which is beginning to measure mental and moral worth by the amount of wealth possessed, and the adornments of a slip or pew in church. But to our journey.

We traveled eight miles and encamped. A band of buffalo cows were near us. In other words, we were determined upon a hunt—a determination, the consequences of which, as will hereafter appear, were highly disastrous. Our tent having been pitched, and baggage piled up, the foremost horses selected, and the best marksmen best mounted, we trotted slowly along a circling depression of the plain, that wound around near the herd on the low and side. When we emerged in sight of them, we put the horses into a slow gallop till within 300 yards of our game; and then for the niimbler lull! Each was on his utmost speed. We all gained upon the herd. But two of the horses were by the side of the hubbers before the rest were within rifle-reach; and the rifles and pistols of their riders discharged into the sleek, well-furred body of a noble bu. The wounded animal did not drop; but the bulls had entered neither liver nor heart; and away he ran for dear life. But his musketry form moved slower and slower, as the dripping blood oozed from the bullet-holes in his loins. He ran towards our tent; and we followed him in that direction, till within a fourth of a mile of it, when our horses of the rifle laid him low with his blood, a mountain of flesh weighing at least 3000 pounds, the greatest of our hunters. Having turned him upon his brisket, split the skin above the spine, and pared it off as far down the sides as his position would allow, we cut off the flesh that lay outside the ribs as far back as the loins. This is our native and the "three-day." We next took the ribs that rise perpendicularly from the spine between the shoulders, and supporting what is termed the "hump." Then we laid our heavy wood axes upon the enormous side-rubs, opened the cavity, and took out the tender-loins, fettles, &c.—all this a load for two men to carry into camp. It was prepared for packing as follows: The flesh was cut across the grain into slices of an eighth of an inch in thickness, and spread upon a scaffold of poles, and dried and smoked over a slow fire. While we were engaged in this process, information came that three of Mr. Ben's mules had escaped. The probability was that they had gone to the guardianship of our neighbors, the Kausans, and the Caws were now in a more reducible intention of restoring them to their lawful owners. Search was immediately ordered in the Indian camp and elsewhere for them. It was fruitless. The men returned with no favorable account of their reception by the Caws, and were of opinion that further search would be in vain. But being disposed to try my luck with the principal chief, I gave orders to raise the camp and follow the Santa Féns, without reference to my return, and mounting my horse, in company with three men, sought his lodge. The wigwams were deserted, save by a few old women and small children, who were wallowing in dirt and grease, and regaling themselves upon the roasted intestines of the buffalo. I inquired for the chief—for whether they themselves were human or bestial; for, on this point, there was room for doubt: to all which inquiries, they gave an appropriate grant. But no chief other person could be found, on whom any responsibility would be thrown in regard to the lost mules. And after climbing heights to view the plains, and riding from band to band of His Darkness's quadrupeds for three hours in vain, we returned to our camp sufficiently vexed for all purposes of comfort.

Yet this was only the beginning of the misfortunes of this day. During my absence, one
of those petty bickerings, so common among men released from the restraints of society and law, had arisen between two of the most quarrelsome of the company, terminating in the accidental wounding of one of them. It occurred, as I learned, in the following manner: A dispute arose between the parties as to their relative moral honesty in some matter, thing, or act in the past. And as this was a question of great perplexity in their own minds, and doubt in those of others, words ran high and abusive, till some of the men, more regardful of their duty than these warriors, began preparations to strike the tent. The disputable combatants were within it; and as the cords were loosened, and its folds began to swing upon the centre pole, the younger of the braves, filled with wrath at his opponent, attempted to show how terrible his ire would be, if once let loose among his muscles. For this purpose, it would seem he seized the muzzle of his rifle with every demonstration of might, power, and a tendency to drag it to the very barrel of the weapon. The hammer of the lock caught, and sent the contents of the barrel into his side. Every thing was done for the wounded man that his condition required, and our circumstances permitted. Doctor Walworth, of the Santa Fe caravan, then eight miles in advance, returned, examined, and dressed the wound, and purposed to occupy the tent of the invalid. During the afternoon the high chief of the Caws also visited us; and by introducing discolored water into the upper orifice, and watching its progress through, ascertained that the ball had not entered the cavity. But notwithstanding that our attentions about the life of Smith were much lessened by the assurances of Dr. Walworth, and our friend the Chief, yet we had others of no less urgent nature, on which we were called to act. We were on the hunting-ground of the Caws. They were thieves; and after the Santa Fe traders should have left the neighborhood, they would, without any respect for our superiors, appropriating to themselves our animals, and other means of continuing our journey. The Pawnees, too, were daily expected. The Cunanchees were prowling about the neighborhood. To remain, therefore, in our present encampment, until Smith could travel without pain and danger, was deemed certain death to all. To travel on in a manner as comfortable to the invalid as our condition would permit—painful to him and tedious to us though it should be—appeared, therefore, the only means of safety to all, or any of us. We accordingly covered the bottom of the carry-all with grass and blankets, laid Smith upon them, and with other blankets bolstered him in such manner that the piling of the carriage would not roll him. Other arrangements necessary to raising camp being made, I gave the company in charge of my lieutenant: and ordering him to lead on after me as fast as possible, took the reins of the carriage, and drove slowly along the trail of the Santa Feans.

It was continually crossed by deep paths made by the buffalo, as a thousand generations of them had, in single file, followed their leaders from point to point through the plains. These, and other obstructions, jolted the carriage at every step, and caused the wounded man to groan pitiably. I drove on, till the stars indicated the hour of midnight; and had hoped by this time to have overtaken the traders, but was disappointed. In vain I looked through the darkness for the white embankment of their wagons. The soil over which they had passed was now so hard, that the man in advance of the carriage could no longer find the trail; and another storm was crowding its dark pall up the western sky. The thunder roared, and enraged the buffalo bulls. They pawed the earth and bellowed, and gathered around the car-
riage madly, as if they considered it a huge animal of their own species, uttering thunder in defiance of them. It became dangerous to move. It was useless also; for the darkness thickened so rapidly, that we could not keep the track. My men, too, had not come up—had doubtless lost the trail—or, if not, might join me if I carried them till the morning. I therefore halted in a deep ravine, which would partially protect me from the mad-
dened buffalo and the storm, tied down my animals head to foot, and sought rest. Smith was in great pain. His groans were sufficient to prevent sleep. But he was not left alone. The wind and rain, the storm poured such torrents of rain and hail, with terrible wind and lightning, around us, that life, instead of repose, became the object of our solicitude. The horseman who had accompanied me, had spread his blankets on the ground under the carriage, and, with his head upon his saddle, attempted to keep the wind and rain off. The rain drenched Stono would the toothache. But it beat too heavily for his philosophy. His Mackinaw blankets and slouched hat, for a time protected his un

happy body from the effects of the tumbling flood. But when the water began to stream through the bottom of the carriage upon him, the ivoz of the animal burst from his lank checks like the coming of a rival tempest. He cursed his stars, and the stars behind the storm—his garters, and the gar-
ters of some female progenitor—consigned to purgatory the thunder, lightning, and rain, and wag-
on, alas poor Smith! and gathering up the shamb-
tling timbers, completely converted into a suburbanist, train and the storm, and thus stood, quoted Shakespear, and ground his teeth till daylight.

As soon as day dawned I found the trail again, and at 7 o'clock overtook the Santa Feans. Hav-
ing changed Smith's bedding, I drove on in the somewhat beaten track that forty-odd wagons had made. Still every step was hard and trying. Men, a shackled man to scream with pain. The face of the coun-
try around Pawnee Fork was, when we saw it, a picture of beauty. The stream winds silently among bluffs covered with woods, while from an occasional ravine, long groves stretch out at right angles with its main course into the bosom of the plains. The thousand hills that swelled on the horizon, were covered with dark masses of buffalo peacefully grazing, or quenching their thirst at the sweet streams among them. But the scene had now changed. No timber, no, not a shrub was seen to-day. The soft rich soil had given place to one of flint and sand, as hard as Mc-
Adam's pavements—the green, tall prairiegrass, to a dry, wiry species, two inches in height. The

water, too—disgustling remembrance! There was none, save what we scooped from the puddles, thick and yellow with buffalo offal. We traveled fifteen miles, and halted for the night. Smith was extremely unwell. His wound was much inflam-
ed and painful. Dr. Walworth dressed it, and en-
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

couraged me to suppose that no danger of life was to be apprehended. My company joined me at 12 o'clock, on the 22d, and we followed in the rear of the traders. After supper was over, and Smith made comfortable, I sought from some of them a relation of their fortunes during the last night. It appeared that they had found the buffalo troublesome as soon as night came on; that the bands of bulls not unfrequently advanced in great numbers within a few feet of the men, pawing and bellowing in the most menacing manner; that they also lost the trail after midnight, and spent the remainder of the night in firing upon the buffalo, to keep them from running over them. Their situation was indeed dangerous in the extreme. For when buffalo become enraged, or frightened in any considerable number, and commence running, the whole herd start simultaneously, and pursue nearly a right-line course, regardless of obstacles. So that, had they been frightened by the Santa Fèns, or myself, or any other cause, in the direction of my companions, they might have trampled them to death.

The danger of being apprehended from such an event was certainly certain in the morning, when we perceived that the whole circle of vision was one black mass of these animals. What a sea of life—of muscular power—of animal appetite—of eternal enjoyment! And if lashed to rage by some preceding cause, how fearful the crouching and flying of its mighty wrath!

On the 23d the buffalo were more numerous than ever. They were arranged in long lines from the eastern to the western horizon. The bulls were forty or fifty yards in advance of the band of cows to which they severally intimated to give protection. And as the moving emblem of wagons, led by the advance guard, and flanked by horsemen riding slowly from front to rear, and guarded in the rear by my men, made its majestic way along; these fierce cavaliers would march each to his own band of dams and misses, with an air that seemed to say, "we are here!" and then back again to their lines, with great apparent satisfaction, that they were able to do battle for their sweet ones and their native plains. We traveled fifteen or sixteen miles. This is the distance usually made in a day by the traders. Smith's wound was more inflamed and painful; the wash and salve of the Indian chief, however, kept it soft, and prevented, to a great extent, the natural inflammation of the case.

The face of the country was still an arid plain—the water as on the 22d—fuel, dried buffalo offal—not a shrub of any kind in sight. Another storm occurred to-night. Its movements were more rapid than that of any preceding one which we had experienced. In a few moments after it showed its dark outline above the earth, it rolled its pale over the whole sky, as if to build a wall of wrath between us and the mercies of heaven. The flash of the lightning, as it bounded upon the firmament, and mingled its thunder with the blast, that came pouring down from the mountains; the masses of inky darkness crowding in wild tumult along, as if anxious to lead the leaping bolt upon us—the wild world of buffalo, bellowing and starting in myriads, as the drapery of this funeral scene of nature, a vast cavern of fire was lighted up; the rain roaring and foaming like a cataract—all this, a relenting world tottering under the great arm of its Maker, no eye could see and be unblest; no mind conceive this moment of terror.

I drew the carrai1 by which Smith and myself were attempting to sleep, close to the Santa Fè wagons, secured the curtains as firmly as I was able to do, spread blankets over the top and around the sides, and lashed them firmly with ropes passing over, under, and around the carriage in every direction; but to little purpose. The penetrating power of that storm were not resisted by such means. Again we were thoroughly wet and cold. It was blown down with the first blast; and the poor fellows were obliged to lie closely and hold on strongly to prevent it and themselves from a flight less safe than parachuting.

On the morning of the 24th, Smith being in charge of my excellent Lieutenant, with the assurance that I would join him at the "Crossings," I left them with the traders, and started with the remainder of my company for the Arkansas.

The buffalo, during the last three days, had covered the whole country so completely, that it appeared sometimes extremely dangerous even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fè traders to attempt to break its way through them. We traveled at the rate of fifteen miles a day. The length of sight on either side of the trail, 15 miles; on both sides, 30 miles; square miles of country so thickly covered with these noble animals that when viewed from a light it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface. What a quantity of food for the subsistence of the Indian and the white pilgrimage of these plains! It would have been gratifying to have seen the beam kick over the immense frames of some of those bulls. But all that any of us could do, was to 'guess or reckon' their weight, and contend about the indubitable certainty of our several suppositions. In these disputes, two nuts took the lead; and the substance of their discussions that could interest the reader is, "that many of the large bulls would weigh 3,000 pounds and upwards; and that, as a general rule, the buffalo were much larger and heavier, than the domesticated cattle of the States."

We were in view of the Arkansas at 4 o'clock, P.M. The face of the earth was ribbed again; for the buffa

lo were now seen in small herds only, fording the river, or feeding upon the bluffs. Near nightfall we killed a young bull, and went into camp for the night.

On the 25th we moved slowly along up the bank of the river. Having traveled ten miles, one of the men shot an antelope, and we went into camp to avoid, if possible, another storm that was lowering upon us from the North-West. But in spite of this precaution, we were again most uncomfortably drenched.

We struck a southern bend in the river, and made the Santa Fè "Crossings" at 4 o'clock, P.M., twenty-seventh, we lay at the "Crossings" waiting for the Santa Feans, and our worthy companions. On this day a mutiny, which had been ripest ever since Smith was wounded, assumed a clear aspect. It now appeared that certain individuals of my company had determined to leave Smith to perish in the re
encampment where he was shot; but failing in supporters of so barbarous a proposition, they now
envisioned to accomplish their design by less ob-
jectionable means. They said it was evident if
Smith remained in the company, it must be divi-
ded; for that they, pure creatures, could not longer
associate with so imparn man. And that, in
order to preserve the unity of the company, they
would propose that arrangements should be made
with the Santa Fe traders to take him along with
them. In this wish a majority of the company,
induced by a insatiable desire for peace, and the
preservation of our small force entire, in a country
filled with Indian foes, readily united. I was de-
sired to make the arrangement; but my efforts
proved fruitless. Gentleman traders were of opin-
ion that it would be hazardous for Smith, distin-
ctee of the means of support, to trust himself
among a people of whose language he was
ignorant, and among whom he could consequent-
ly get no employment; and he would, in their eyes,
right to expect protection from his comrades; and
they would not, by any act of theirs, relieve
them from so sacred a duty. I reported to the
company this reply, and dwelt at length upon the
reasons assigned by the traders. The multitudes
were highly displeased with the strong condemna-
tion contained in it, of their intention to desert
him; and boldly proposed to leave Smith in the
carry-all, and secretly depart for the mountains.
Had we done this inhuman act, I have no doubt
that he would have been treated with great hu-
manity and kindness, till he should have recovered
from his wound. But the necessity of the
proposition to leave a sick companion on the hands
of those who had shown us unbounded kindness,
and in violation of the solemn agreement we had
all entered into on the frontier of Missouri—"to
protect each other to the last extremity;"—was so
manifest, as to cause C. Wood, Jordan, Oakly, J.
Wood, and Blair, to take upon and strong ground
against it. They declared that "however un-
worthy Smith might be, we could neither leave
him to be eaten by wolves, nor upon the mercy
of strangers; and that neither should be done while
they had life to prevent it."

Having thus ascertained that I could rely upon
the company, at daybreak, two of the company
made a litter, on which the unfortunate man
might be borne between two mules. In the
afternoon of the 25th, I went down to the traders,
some miles below us, to bring him up to my camp.
Gentlemen traders generously refused to receive
anything for the use of their carriage, and fur-
nished Smith, when he left them, with every little
comfort in their power for his future use. It
was past sunset when we left their camp. Deep dark-
ness soon set in, and we lost our course among
the winding bluffs. But as I had reasons to sup-
pose that my presence in the camp the next morn-
ing with Smith was necessary to his welfare, I
drove on till 3 o'clock in the morning. It was
of no avail; the darkness hid heaven and earth from
view. We therefore halted, tied the mules to the
wheels of the carriage, and waited for the sight of
morning. When it came, we found that we had
traveled during the night at one time up and at
another down the valley, and were then
within a mile and a half of the traders' camp.
On reaching my encampment, I found every thing
ready for marching—sent back the carriage to its
owners, and attempted to swing Smith in his lit-
ter, for the match; but to our great disappointment
it would not answer the purpose. How it
was possible to convey him, appeared an inquiry
of the most painful importance. We deliberated
long; but an impossibility barred every attempt
to remove its difficulties. We had no carriage;
we could not carry him upon our shoulders; it
seemed impossible for him to ride on horseback;
the multitudes were mounted; the company was
afraid to stay longer in the vicinity of the Cum-
anche Indians, with so many animals to tempt
them to take their prey; the Santa Fe traders
were moving over the hills ten miles away on the
other side of the river; I had abjured the com-
mand, and had no control over the movements of
the company; two of the individuals who had de-
clared for myesy toward Smith had gone with the
traders; there was but one course left—one effort
that could not fail. He had failed to attempt to ride
an easy, gentle mule. If that failed, those who had
befriended him would not then forsake him.

About 11 o'clock, therefore, on the 25th, Smith
being carefully mounted on a pacing mule, our
faces were turned to Heat's trading-post, 160
miles up the Arkansas. One of the principal mu-
tiners, a hard-faced fellow of no honest memory
among the traders upon the Platte, assumed to
guide and command. His mea£s toward Smith
was of the bitterest character, and he had an op-
portunity now of making it felt. With a grin
upon his lip and withered physiognomy, that
shivered out the perpetual delight of a heart long
insensible of better emotions, he drove off at a rate
which none but a well man could have long en-
dured. His motive for this was easily understood.
If we fell behind, he would get rid of the wound-
ed man, whose presence seemed to be a living evi-
dence of his murderous intentions, thwarted and
astonishingly blustering upon his already sufficiently
foolish character. He would, also, if rid of those
persons who had devoted themselves to saving him,
be able to induce a large number of the re-
mainder of the company to put themselves under
his especial guardianship in their journey through
the mountains; and if we should be destroyed by
the Cumanque Indians that were pursuing around
our way, the blackness of his heart might be hid-
ned, while at least, from the world.

The rapid riding, and the extreme warmth,
well-nigh prostrated the remaining strength of
the invalid. He fainted once, and had to fall
headlong to the ground; but all this was to
 Ortiz, the self-conceived leader; and on be-
drove, beholding his own horse unce MUfefully
to keep up the gait; and quoting Richard's soliloquy
with a satisfaction and emphasis, that seemed to
say "the winter" of his discontent had passed aw-
ay, as well as that of his ancient prototype in
villainy.

The Buffaloes were seldom seen during the day;
the herd were becoming fewer and smaller:
Some of the men, when it was near night, gave
chase to a small herd near the track, and succeed-
ed in killing a young bull. A fine fresh steak,
and night's rest, cheered the invalid for the fa-
tigues of a long ride the following day. And a
long one it was. Twenty-five miles under a burn-
ing sun, with a high fever, and three broken rib,
required the greatest attention from his friends, and the exertion of the utmost remaining energies of the unfortunates. Here till he was in every instance that makes a man estimable and valuable to himself and others. Smith was really an object of pity, and the most inquisitive. His couch was spread—his cup of water from the stream, was always by his side—and his food prepared in the most palatable manner which our circumstances permitted. Every thing indeed, that his friends (no, not his friends, for he was unacquainted to attach either the good or the bad to his person, but those who communicated his condition,) could do, was done to make him comfortable.

In connection with this kindness bestowed on Smith, should be repeated the name of Blair, an old mechanic from Missouri, who joined my company at the Crossings of the Arkansas. A man of a kinder heart never existed. From the place where he joined us to Oregon Territory, when myself or others were worn with fatigue, or disabled in mind and body, he was always ready to minister whatever relief was in his power. But towards Smith in his helpless condition he was especially obliging. He dressed his wound daily. He slept near him at night, and rose to supply his least want. And in all the trying difficulties that occurred along our perilous journey, it was his greatest delight to diffuse peace, comfort, and contentment, to the extent of his influence. I can never forget the good old man. He had been cheated out of his property by a near relative, of pretended piety; and had left the chosen scenes of the toils and hopes in search of a residence in the wilderness beyond the mountains. For the purpose of getting to the Oregon Territory, he had hired himself to a gentleman of the traders' caravan, with the intention of going to the country by the way of New Mexico and California. An honest man—an honorable man—a benevolent, kind, helpful-minded friend—he deserves well of those who may have the good fortune to become acquainted with his unprecedented worth.

On the 30th, twenty-five miles up the river—
This morning the miscreant who acted as leader, exchanged horses that he might render it more difficult for Smith to keep in company. During the first day's march, Shakespeare was on the topics. Poor old gentleman's dust and ashes! If there be any of him about the ugly world, to hear his name banded by boisterous, and his immortal verse mangled by barbarians in civilized clothing, those ears stood erect, and his dust crawled with indignation, as this savage in nature and practice, discharged from his polluted mouth the inscriptions of his genius.

The face of the country was such as that found ever since we struck the river. Long sweeping bluffs swelled away from the water's edge into the boundless plains. The soil was a composition of sand and clay and gravel. The only vegetation—the short furry grass, several kinds of prickly pear, a stunted growth of the sunflower, and a few decrepit cotton-wood trees on the margin of the stream. The south side of the river was blackened by the noisy buffalo. And it was amusing when our trail led us near the bank, to observe the rising wrath of the bulls. They would walk with a steady tread upon the verge of the bank, at times almost yelling out their rage; and tramping, pawing, falling upon their knees, and tearing the earth with their hooves; but could not keep down the safety-valve of their courage, they would tumble into the stream, and thunder, and wade, and swim, and whip the water with their tails, and thus throw off a quantity of bravado perfectly irresistible. But, like the wrath and courage of certain members of the biped race, these manifestations received their natural course; for the neck of a rider, and the song fit of a bullet about their ribs, operated instantaneously as an analgesic to all such like nervous excitement. We pitched our tent at night near the river. There was no timber near. But after a long and tedious search we gathered fire-wood enough to make our evening fire.

The last of the day had wearied Smith exceedingly. An hour's rest in camp had restored him, however, to such an extent, that our anxiety as to his ability to ride to Bent's was much diminished. His noble mule proved too nimble and easy to gratify the whims of the vagabond leader. The night brought on, and as the storm was not near, we remained in it.

The last day of June gave us a lovely morning. The grass looked green upon the sandy plains—Nor did the apparent fact that we were doomed to the constant recurrence of long dry spells take from them some of the interest that they gather around the hills and valleys within the borders of the States. There is indeed a wide difference in the outline of the surface and the productions of these regions. In the plains there are none of the evergreen ridges, the cold clear springs, and sang flowers valleys of New England; none of the pulse of busy men that beats from the Atlantic through the great body of human industry to the western boarder of the republic; none of the sweet villages and homes of the old Saxon race. But there are the vast savannahs, resembling uenetian seas of emerald-spangling with flowers, arid, while stormy, and heaving, and fixed in eternal repose. Nor are there houses anywhere there, and heaving dells, that dependence on man has rendered submissive to his will. But there are there thousands of fleet and silent antelope, myriads of the beaving buffalo, the perpetual harmony of the wild, uncontrolled red man. And however other races may prefer the habits of their childhood, the well-armed domain and the still-thumped beast—still, even they cannot fail to perceive the same fitness of things in the beautiful adaptation of these conditions of nature to the wants and pleasures of her uncontrolled lords.

We made 15 miles on the 1st of July. The bluffs along the river began to be striped with strata of lime and sandstone. No trees that could claim the denomination of timber appeared in sight. Willows of various kinds, a cotton-wood tree at intervals of miles, were all. And so utterly sterile was the whole country, that, as night approached, we were obliged carefully to search along the river's bends for a patch of grass
of sufficient size to feed our animals. Our encampment was 12 miles above Chotean's Island. Here was repeated, for the twentieth time, the quarrel about the relative moral merits of the company. This was always a question of deep interest with the mutineers; and many were the amusing arguments awakened and insisted upon as unanswerable, to prove themselves great men, pure men, and brave. But here there was much difference of opinion on many points introduced into the debate, the author will not be expected to remember all the important judgments rendered in the premises. If, however, my recollection serves me, it was adjudged, on the authority of a quotation from Shakespeare, that our distinguished leader was the only man among us that ever saw the plains or mountains—the only one of us that ever drove an ox-wagon up the Platte—stole a horse and rifle from his employers—opened and plundered a "chance" of goods—and ran back to the States with beforehand pretensions to an "honorable" character. Matters were now pretty well brought thus satisfactorily settled, we gave ourselves to the musing of the night. These compositions of our sleeping hours were much attached to us—an amiable quality that "runs in the blood," and not unlike the birthright virtues of another race in its effect upon our happiness.

It can scarcely be imparting information to my readers to say that we passed sleepless night. But it is due to the guards outside the tent, to remark, that each and every of them, manifested the most praiseworthy vigilance, watchfulness, and industry, during the entire night. So keen a sense of duty did the musquitoes impart.

The next day we traveled 12 miles, and fell in with a band of buffalo. There being a quantity of wood near at hand whereewith to cure meat, we determined to dry, in this place, what might be needed, till we should fall in with buffalo to again beyond the hunting-grounds of the Messrs. Hunt. Some of the men, for this purpose, filed off to the game, while the remainder formed the encampment. The chase was spirited and long. They succeeded, however, in bringing down two noble buffaloes; and led their horses in, loaded with the choicest meat.

In preparing and working our meat, our man of the stolen rifle here assumed extraordinary powers in the management of affairs. Like other bravos, arm in hand, he recounted the exploits of his past life, consisting of the entertainment of serious intentions to have killed some of the men that had left, had they remained with us; and, also, of those dangerous events it would have been in the settlements and elsewhere, had any indigence been offered to his honorable person, or his plantation; of which latter he held the fee simple title of a "squatter." On this point "let any man, or Government even," he said to us, "attempt to deprive me of my inborn rights, and my rifle shall be the judge between us." "Government and laws! what are they but impositions upon the freeman." With this ejaculation of wrath at the possibility that the institutions of society might demand of him a rifle, or the Government a prior claim to the possession of the public lands in his possession, he appeared satisfied that he had convinced us of his moral acumen, and sat himself down, with his well-fed and corpulent coadjutor, to slice the meat for drying. While thus engaged, he again raised the voice of wisdom to "fill" the Democratic parties for the plains!—what are they! what is equality any where! A fudge." "One must rule; the rest obey, and no grumbling, by inferiors." The mutineers were vastly edified by these timely instructions; and the man of parts coming to speak, directed attention to quelling the mutiny. He then, with a calm and clear voice, found fault with every arrangement that had been made—and with his own mighty arm wrought the changes he desired. God, angels, and devils were alternately invoked for aid to keep his patience up in the trial of his "responsible station." Meanwhile he was raising the fire, already burning fiercely, to more activity and still more, till the dropping grease blazed, and our scatfolds of meat was wrapped in flames. "Take that meat off," roared the man of power. No one obeyed, and His Greatness stood still. "Take that meat off," he cried again, with the emphasis and manner of an Emperor in the middle of the road and about to sweep his ragged army from his path, by obeying his own command. No one obeyed. The meat burned rapidly. His ire waxed high; his teeth ground upon each other; yet strange to record, no mortal was so much frightened as to heed his command. At length he subdued the flames and restored the meat to its place.

The moral sense is said to have been rivaled and confounded with the human race. Indeed, there are many facts to support this opinion. But a doubt is sometimes thrown over the existence of this substratum of human responsibility, by the predominating influence of the baser passions over all the elevated impulses of the social affections, and that to be just. When the bounty enlists the brave and fort, the enemy, when the worst is the case, the same is the case, with the state of the world as it is the case, with the state of the world. The man, the man, when the worst is the case, with the state of the world as it is the case, with the state of the world. The mind that has gloated itself on dishes acts, has wrenched from the widow and orphan the pittance of comfort that the grave has spared them, has contrived upon the corpse of every virtue that abounds our nature, finds no alleviation of its baleful propensities, when nothing but salvation and the fearful artillery of the skies oppose their manifestation. But still, when reason controls, who does not believe that in the composition of our mental being, there is a sentiment of moral fitness. And, indeed, in my little band there were some in whose bosoms its sacred fires burned brightly under the most harassing difficulties, and I believe will continue to adorn their charecters with its holy subduing light under the darkest sky that malevolence and misfortune will ever cast over them. Nor would I be understood to conceal this tribute of my affection and good will to those that penetrated the mountain with me, and endured hardships, hunger, and thirst with me, among its desolate valleys. There were others who left the company for the Platte, Santa Fé,
and the States, who deserve the highest praise for their generous sentiments, and patient and manly endurance of suffering.

Three days more fatiguing travel along the banks of the Arkansas - shining with the trading-post of the Metoosi, Bents. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of July, when we came in sight of its noble battlements, and struck our canvas into a lively pace down the swell of the neighboring plain. The strain made us feel and in charge belonging to the Bents, scented their old grazing-ground, and galloped cheerfully afterward. Out our hearts, relieved from the anxieties that had made our camp, for weeks past, a traveling label, leaped for joy as the gates of the fort were thrown open; and "welcome to Fort William"—the hearty welcome of fellow-countrymen in the wild wilderness—greeted us. Peace again—safety again—safety again from the winged arrows of the savage—safety again from the depraved suggestions of inhumanity—bread, ah! bread again—and a prospect of a delightful tramp over the snowy heights between me and Oregon, with a few men of true and generous spirits, were some of the many sources of pleasure that struggled with my numbness on the first night's tour among the hospitable halls of the "beloved William." My company was to Goliad here—here, the property held in common to be divided—and each individual to be left to his own resources. And while these and other things were being done, the reader will allow me to introduce him to the Great Prairie Wilderness, and the beings and matters there contained.

CHAPTER III.

The tract of country to which I have thought it fitting to apply the name of the "Great Prairie Wilderness," embraces the territory lying between the boundary line of Indiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and the Upper Mississippi, the Iowa, the Missouri, and the Black Hills, and the eastern range of the Rocky and the Cordilleras mountains on the west. One thousand miles of longitude, and two thousand miles of latitude, 2,000,000 square miles, equal to 1,250,000,000 acres of an almost unknown plain!

The sublime Prairie Wilderness!

The portion of this vast region 300 miles in width, along the coast of Texas and the frontier of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi, and that lying within the same distance of the Upper Mississippi in the Iowa Territory, possesses a rich, deep, alluvial soil, capable of producing the most abundant crops of the grains, vegetables &c. that grow in such latitudes.

Another portion lying west of the irregular western line of that just described, 500 miles in width, extending from the mouth of St. Peter's River to the Rio Del Norte, is an almost unbroken plain, destitute of trees, save here and there one scattered at intervals for many miles along the banks of the streams. The soil, except the intervals of some of the Rivers, is composed of coarse sand and clay so thin and hard that it is difficult for travelers to penetrate it with the stakes they carry with them, with which to fasten their animals or spread their tents. Nevertheless, this plain is well watered with the extremely nutritious grass peculiar to this region of country, the blades of which are wiry and about 2 inches in height.

The remainder of this Great Wilderness lying three hundred miles in width along the Eastern Ridges of the Black Hills and that part of the Rocky mountains between the Black Hills and the Arkansas, and the Cordilleras range east of the Rio Del Norte, is the arid waste usually called the Great American Desert. Its soil is composed of dark gravel mixed with the sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with tall Prairie and bunch grass; others, with wild wormwood; but even these kinds of vegetation cease, and finally disappear as you approach the mountains. A scene of desolation scarcely equaled on the continent is this, when viewed in the death of mid-summer from the bases of the Hills. Above you rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, of shattered cliffs through which are struggling the dark foliage of dislodged shrubs; while below you spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn silence is broken only by the tread of any other animal than the wolf of the starved and thorny horse that bears the traveler across its wastes.

The principal streams that intersect the Great Prairie wilderness are the Colorado, the Brazos, Trinity, Red, Arkansas, Great Plate and the Missouri. The latter is in many respects a noble stream. Not so much so indeed for the intercourse it opens between the States, as the theatre of agriculture and the other purposes of a densely populated and distant interior; for these plains are too barren for general cultivation. But as a channel for the transportation of heavy artillery, military stores, troops, &c., to posts that must ultimately be established along our northern frontier, it will be of the highest use. In the months of April, May, and June it is navigable for steam-boats to the Great Falls; but the rapids decrease with the rising of the water in the spring of the year, as well as the scarcity of wood and coal along its banks, its steady rapid current, its tortuous course, its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, and its constantly shifting sand bars, will ever prevent its waters from being extensively navigated. How great a power may be the demand for it. In that part of it which lies above the mouth of the Little Missouri and the tributaries flowing into it on either side, are said to be many charts and productive valleys, separated from each other by secondary rocky ridges sparsely covered with evergreen trees; and high over all, in the South-west, West, and North West, tower into view the ridges in the Rocky Mountains, some inaccessible mountains of ice and snow that have from age to age supplied these valleys with refreshing springs—and the Missouri—the Great Plate—the Columbia—and Western Colorado rivers with their tribute to the Sea.

Lewis and Clark, on their way to Oregon in 1805, made the Portage at the Great Falls, 13 miles, or 19, the only ones of the arid waste that will make a favorable impression on the traveler. The Rocky Mountains, in the extreme west, are more forested than the Rockies; the Great Salt Lake (gallatin) is 248 miles long, and the Great Basin kingfisher will no doubt start its nest in the midst of the plains.

The Great Fork of the Colorado, the Great Fork having its entire course through these Prairies, is the Great Missouri - a long, wide, mountainous, and escapist river, with a gradual fall of Latitude for three days, from the Great Salt Lake to the Missouri. Not dry at any time of year, but only by way of some of the tributaries. The entire course of the Missouri is more than 2,500 miles; it is a shallow, meandering stream; and is estimated to be 10,000 feet wide.
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

miles. In this distance the water descends 362 feet. The first great pitch is 98 feet, the second 19, the third 48, the fourth 26. Smaller rapids make up the remainder of the descent. After passing over the Portage with their boats and baggage, they again entrained themselves to the turbulent stream—entered the chasms of the Rocky mountains 71 miles above the upper rapids of the Falls, penetrated them 180 miles, with the mere force of their own, against the current, to Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson's Forks—and in the same manner ascended Jefferson's River 245 miles to the extreme head of navigation, making from the mouth of the Missouri where they started 3096 miles;—429 of which lay among the sublince crags and cliffs of the Mountains.

The Great Platte has a course by its Northern Fork of about 1500 miles;—and by its Southern Fork somewhat more than that distance; from its entrance into the Missouri to the junction of the two rivers. The description of the Falls rises in Wind River Mountain—north of the Great Platte through Long's range of the Rocky Mountains, in Lat. 42° North. The South Fork rises 100 miles west of James Peak and within 15 miles of the point where the stream escapes from the chasms of the Mountains, in its descent, it is a very rapid river for steamboats at any season of the year. In the spring floods, the Battalions of American Fur traders descend it from the Forks on its Forks.

But even this is so hazardous that they are beginning to prefer taking down their furs in wagons by the way of the Kansas River to Westport, Missouri, thence by canal boat to St. Louis. During the summer and autumn months its waters are too shallow to float a canoe. In the winter it is bound in ice. Useless as it is for purposes of navigation, it is destined to be of great value in another respect.

The overland travel from the States to Oregon and California will find its great highway along its shores. So that in the year the Federal Government shall take possession of its Territory West of the Mountains, the banks of this stream will be whitened with forlorn and desolate caravans of American citizens emigrating thither to establish their abode; or of those who are willing to endure or destroy the petty tyranny of the California Government, for a residence in that most beautiful, productive country. Even now loaded wagons can pass without serious interruption from the mouth of the Platte to navigable waters on the Columbia River in Oregon, and the Bay of San Francisco, in California. And as it may interest any readers to possess a description of the Falls given me by different individuals who had often traveled thither, I will insert it. "Land on the north side of the mouth of the Platte; follow up that stream to the Forks, 400 miles; in this distance only one stream where a raft will be needed, and that near the Missouri; all the rest tolerable. At the Forks, take the north side of the North one; 14 days travel to the Black Hills; thence leaving the river's bank, strike off in a North West direction to the Sweet-water branch, at "Independence Rock," (a large rock in the plain on which the old trappers many years ago carved the word "Independence" and their own names; oval in form;) follow up the Sweetwater 3 days; cross it and go to its head; eight or ten days' travel this; then cross over westward to the head waters of a small creek running Southwardly into the Platte, thence westward to Big Sandy creek 2 days, (this creek is a large stream coming from Wind river Mountains in the North;) thence 1 day to Little Sandy creek—thence westward over 3 or 4 creeks to Green River, (Indian name Sheetslake,) strike it at the mouth of Horse creek—follow it down 3 days to Pilot Butte; thence strike westward one day to Hans Fork of Green River—2 days up Hans Fork—thence West one day to Muddy Branch of Great Bear River—down it one day to Great Bear River—down this 4 days to Soda Springs; turn to the right up a valley a quarter of a mile below the Soda Springs; follow it up in a North West direction 2 days to its head; there take the left hand valley leading over the dividing ridge; 1 day over to the west side of such in St. Paul Hill; thence down snake River 20 days to the junction of the Lewis and Clark Rivers—20 days travel westwardly by the Missoury's—thence through a natural and easy passage in the California Mountains to the navigable waters of the San Joquin—a noble stream emptying into the Bay of San Francisco, which is situated in relation to our intercourse with the habitable countries on the Western Ocean assumes an unequaled importance among the streams of the Great Prairie Wilderness! But for it, it would be impossible for man or beast to travel those arid plains, destitute alike, of wood, water and grass, save what of each is found along its course. Up on the head water, of its North Fork too is the only way or opening in the Rocky Mountains at all practicable for a waggons road through them. That traversed by Lewis and Clark is covered with perpetual snow; that near the debouchure of the South Fork of the river is over high, and nearly impassable precipices; that traveled by myself south of is, and ever will be impassable for wheeled carriages. But the Great Gap, nearly on a right line between the mouth of Missouri and Fort Hall on Clark's River—the point where the trails to California and Oregon diverge—seems described by nature as the great gateway between the nations on the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Red River has a course of about 1500 miles. It derives its name from a reddish color of its water, produced by red earth or marl in its banks, far up in the Prairie Wilderness. So abundantly is this mingled with its waters during the spring freshets, that as the floods retire they leave upon the lands they have overflowed a deposit of half a foot in thickness; that traveled by myself miles from its mouth commence what is called "The Rait," a covering formed by drift-wood, which conceals the whole river for an extent of about 30 miles. And so deeply is this immense bridge covered with the sediment of the stream, that all kinds of vegetable common in its neighborhood, even reeds and bulrushes are growing upon it. The annual inundations are said to be cutting a new channel near the hills. Steamboats ascend the river to the Rait, and might go fifty miles above, if that obstruction were removed. Above this latter point the river is said to be embarrassed by many rapids, shallows, falls,
and sandbars. Indeed, for 700 miles its broad bed is represented to be an extensive and perfect sand bar; or rather a series of sand bars; among which, during the summer months, the water stands in pools. As you approach the mouth of the Red River, however, it becomes contracted within narrow limits over a gravelly bottom, and a swift, clear, and abundant stream. The waters of the Red River are so brackish when low, as to be unfit for common use.

The Trinity River, the Brazos, and the Rio Colorado, have each a course of about 1200 miles, rising in the plains and mountains on the North and Northwest side of Texas, and running South Southeast into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Rio Bravo del Norte bounds the Great Prairie Wilderness on the South and South-west. It is 1550 miles long. The extent of its navigation is little known. Lieutenant Pike remarks in regard to it, that "for the extent of four or five hundred miles before you arrive near the mountains, the bed of the river is extensive and a perfect sand bar, which at certain season is dry, at least the water stands in ponds, not affording sufficient to procure a running course. When you come near the mountains, you find the river contracted, its bottom and a deep navigable stream. From these circumstances it is evident that the sandy soil imbibes all the waters which the sources project from the mountains, and render the river in dry seasons less navigable five hundred miles, than 200 from its source." Perhaps we should understand the lieutenant to mean that the sand bar and water unless immediately above, its source being taken from its whole course, the remainder, 950 miles, would be the length of its navigable waters.

The Arkansas, after the Missouri, is the most considerable river of the country under consideration. It takes rise in that cluster of secondary mountains which lie at the eastern base of the Arkansas Ridge, in latitude 41° North—89 or 90 miles North-west of James Peak. It runs about 240 miles—first in a southerly and then in a south-easterly direction among these mountains; at one time along the most charming valleys and at another through the most awful chasms—till it reaches a series of ravines and waterfalls on the granite face of the mountain to the north, about 39° North. From the place of its disembarkation to its entrance into the Mississippi is a distance of 1381 miles; its total length 2473 miles. About 50 miles below, a tributary of this stream, called the Grand Saline, a series of sand-bars commences and runs down the river several hundred miles. Among them, during the dry season, the water stands in isolated pools, with no apparent current. But such is the quantity of water sent down from the mountains by this noble stream in the time of the annual freshets, that there is sufficient depth even upon these bars, to float large and heavy boats; and having once passed these obstructions, they can be carried up to the place where the river escapes from the crags of the mountains. Boats intended to ascend the river, should start from the mouth about the 1st of February. The Arkansas will be useful in conveying munitions of war to our southern frontier. In the dry season, the waters of this river are strongly impregnated with salt and nitre.

There are about 153,000 Indians inhabiting the Great Prairie Wilderness, of whose social and civil condition, manners and customs, I will give a brief account. And it would seem natural to commence with those tribes which reside in what is called "The Indian Territory," a tract of country bounded on the south by the States of Arkansas and Missouri—the north and north by the Missouri and Punch Rivers, and west by the western limit of habitable country on this side of the Rocky Mountains. This the National Government has purchased of the indigenous tribes at specific prices; and under treaty stipulations to pay them certain annuities in cash, and certain others in facilities for learning the useful arts, and for acquiring that knowledge of all kinds of truth which evil, as is supposed, in the end create the wants—create the industry—and confer upon them the happiness of the civilized state.

These benevolent intentions of Government, however, have as yet a wider reach. Soon after the English power had been extinguished here, the enlightened men who had raised it over the temples of equal justice, began to make efforts to restore to the Indians within the colonies the few remaining rights that British injustice had left within their possession. The Government, by granting property with them, as to secure to the several States the right of sovereignty within their several limits, and to the Indians, the functions of a sovereign power, restricted in this, that the tribes should not sell their lands to other person or body corporate, or civil authority, besides the Government of the United States; and in some others restricted, so as to preserve peace among the tribes, prevent tyranny, and lead them to the greatest happiness they are capable of enjoying.

And various and numerous were the efforts made to raise and ameliorate their condition in their old haunts within the precincts of the States. But a total or partial failure followed them all. In a few cases, indeed, there seemed a certain prospect of final success, if the authorities of the States in which they resided had permitted them to remain where they were. But all experience tended to prove that their proximity to the whites induced among them more vice than virtue; and as the General Government, in all attempts to purify them, had been made to elevate them, had become obliged to remove them from those States in which they resided, both the welfare of the Indians, and the duty of the Government, urged their colonization in a portion of the western domain, where, freed from all questions of conflicting sovereignties, and under the protection of the Union, and their own municipal regulations, they might find a refuge from those influences which threatened the annihilation of their race.

The "Indian Territory," has been selected for this purpose. And assuredly if an inexhaustible soil, producing all the necessaries of life in greater abundance, and with a third less labors than they are produced in the Atlantic States, with excellent water, fine groves of timber growing by the streams, rocky cliffs rising at convenient distances for use among the deep alluvial plains, mines of iron and lead ore, and coal, lakes and springs and streams of salt water, and immense quantities of buffalo ranging through their lands, are sufficient indications that this country is a suitable dwelling-place for a race of men which is passing from the savage
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extreme south of the Territory. Its boundaries are:
the south, the Red River, which separates it from

the Republic of Texas; on the west, by that line
running from the Red River to the Arkansas River,
which separates the Indian American Territory
from that of Mexico; on the north, by the
Arkansas and the Canadian Rivers; and on the
east, by the State of Arkansas. This tract is
capable of producing the most abundant crops of
the small grains, Indian corn, flax, hemp, tobacco,
cotton, &c. The western portion of it is poorly
supplied with timber; but all the distance from
the Arkansas frontier westward, 200 miles, and
extending 160 miles from its northern to its south-
ern boundary, the country is capable of support-
ing a population as dense as that of England—
19,200,000 acres of soil suitable for immediate
settlement, and a third as much more to the west-
ward that would produce the black locust in ten
years after planting, of sufficient size for fencing
the very considerable part of it which is rich
enough for agricultural purposes will, doubtless,
sustain an increased population in this tribe that
can reasonably be looked for during the next 500
years.

They have suffered much from sickness inci-
dent to settlers in a new country. But there
appear to be no natural causes existing, which,
in the known order of things, will render their
location permanently unhealthy. On the other
hand, since they have become somewhat acclimated
to the change of climate, they are quite as healthy
as the whites near them; and are improving in
civilization and comfort; have many large farms;
much live stock, such as horses, mules, cattle,
sheep, and swine; three flouring-mills, two cotton-
gins, eighty-eight booms, and two hundred
and twenty spinning-wheels; carts, wagons, and
other farming utensils. Three or four thousand
Cherokees have not yet settled on the lands as-
signed to them. A part of these are in Texas,
between the rivers Brazos and Trinity, 300 in
number, who located themselves there in the
time of the general emigration; and others in
diverse places in Texas, who emigrated thither
at various times, twenty, thirty, and forty years
ago. Still another band continues to reside east
of the Mississippi.

The Chocswaw Nation, as the tribe designates
itself, has adopted a written constitution of
Government, similar to the Constitution of the

in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.
The President assigned the lands of the Chickasaws for the term of 20 years. Also, the sum of $2,500 is to be applied to the support of schools among them for the same length of time. There is, also, an unexpected balance of former annuities, amounting to about $25,000, which is to be applied to the support of schools, at twelve different places. School-houses have been erected for this purpose, and paid for, out of this fund. Also, by the treaty of 1832, they are entitled to an annuity of $6,000, for the support of schools within the Choctaw District.

The treaty of the 24th of May, 1834, provides that $33,000 annually, for fifteen years, shall be applied, under the direction of the Secretary of War, to the education of the Chickasaws. These people have become very wealthy, by the cession of their lands east of the Mississippi to the United States. They have a large fund applicable to various objects of civilization; $10,000 of which is, for the present, applied to purposes of education.

The country assigned to the Cherokee is bounded as follows: beginning on the northern bank of Arkansas River, where the west line of the State of Arkansas crosses the river; thence North 7° 35' West, along the line of the State of Arkansas, 77 miles to the South West corner of the State of Missouri; thence North along the line of Missouri, eight miles to Seneca River; thence West along the Southern boundary of the Senecas to Neosho River; thence up Neosho River to the Osage lands; thence West with the South boundary of the Osage lands, 281 miles; thence South to the Creek lands, and East, and along the North line of the Creeks, to a point about 43 miles West of the State of Arkansas, and 25 miles North of Arkansas River; thence South to Verdigris River, thence down Verdigris to Arkansas River; thence down Arkansas River to the mouth of Neosho River; thence South 53° West one mile; thence South 18° 19' West 33 miles; thence South 4 miles, to the junction of the North Fork and Canadian Rivers; thence down the latter to the Arkansas River, and thence down the Arkansas, to the place of beginning.

They also own a tract, described, by beginning at the South East corner of the Osage lands, and running North with the Osage line, 50 miles; thence East 25 miles to the West line of Missouri; thence West 25 miles, to the place of beginning.

They own numerous Salt Springs, three of which are worked by Cherokees. The amount of Salt manufactured is probably about 100 bushels per day. They also own two Lead Mines.—Their Salt Works and Lead Mines are in the Eastern portion of their country. All the settlements yet formed are there also. It embraces about 2,500,000 acres. They own about 20,000 head of cattle, 3,000 horses, 15,000 hogs, 600 sheep, 110 wagons, often several ploughs to one farm, several hundred spinning wheels, and 100 looms. Their fields are enclosed with rail fences. They have erected for themselves good log dwellings, with stone chimneys and plank floors. Their houses are furnished with plain tables, chairs, and beds, and with table and kitchen furniture, nearly or quite equal to the dwellings of white people in new countries.—They have seven native merchants, and one regular
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c. 27

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vegetables sufficient for their own use. They own about 800 horses, 1300 cattle, 13 yoke of oxen, 200 hogs, 5 wagons, and 67 ploughs—dwell in neat, hewed log cabins erected by themselves, and furnished with bedsteads, chairs, tables, &c., of their own manufacture; and own one grist and saw-mill, erected at the expense of the United States.

The country of the Osages lies North of the Western portion of the Cherokee lands, commencing 25 miles West of the State of Missouri, and thence, in a width of 50 miles extends westward as far as the country can be inhabited. In 1817, they numbered 10,500. Wars with the Sioux, and other causes, have left only 5,500. About half the tribe reside on the eastern portion of their lands; the rest in the Cherokee country, in two villages on Verdigris River.

This tribe has made scarcely any improvement. Their fields are small and hilly fenced. Their huts are constructed of poles inserted in the ground, bent together at the top, and covered with bark, mats, &c., and some of them with buffalo and elk skins. The fire is placed in the center, and the smoke escapes through an aperture at the top. These huts are built in villages, and crowded together without order or arrangement, and destitute of furniture of any kind, except a platform raised about two feet upon stakes set in the ground. This extends along the side of the hut, and may serve for a seat, a table, or a bedstead. The leggings, and more particularly the feet, are seldom worn, except in cold weather, or when they are traveling in the grass. These, with a temporary garment fastened about the loins, and extending downward, and a buffalo robe or blanket thrown loosely around them, constitute the sole wardrobe of the males and married females. The unmarried females wear also a strip of plain cloth eight or nine inches wide, which they throw over one shoulder, draw it over the breasts, and fasten under the opposite arm.

The Osage, were, when the whites first knew them, brave, warlike, and in the Indian sense of the term, in affluent circumstances. They were the hardest and fiercest enemies of the terrible Sioux. But their independent spirit is gone; and they have degenerated into the miserable condition of insolent, starving thieves. The Government has been, and is making the most generous efforts to elevate them. The treaty of 1825 provides, "that the President of the United States shall employ such persons to aid the Osages in their agricultural pursuits, as to him may seem expedient." Under this stipulation, $1,200 annually have been expended, for the last fifteen years. This bounty of the Government, however, has not been of any permanent benefit to the tribe. The same treaty of 1825, required fifty-four sections of land to be laid off and sold under the direction of the President of the United States, and the proceeds to be applied to the education of Osage children. Early in the year 1838, Government made an arrangement by which they were to pay $2 per acre, for the whole tract of fifty-four sections, 34,560 acres. This communion has accrued to the Osage tribe, the sum of $89,125 for education; a princely fund for 5,510 individuals. Government hered.
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

36,000 acres, and one which arrived subsequently, 49,000 acres, adjoining the first. They all live in great numbers, and, though enclosed with rail-fences, raise a comfortable supply of corn and garden vegetables, are beginning to raise wheat, have horses, cattle and swine, a small grist-mill in operation, and many other conveniences of life that indicate an increasing desire among them to seek from the soil, rather than from the chase, the means of life. A few, 25,000 Ottowas, residing in Michigan, are soon to be removed to their brethren in the Territory. The country of the Ottowas lies upon the western verge of the contemplated Indian settlement, and consequently opens an unlimited range to the westward. Their Government is based on the old system of Indian Chieftains.

Immediately on the north of the Woes and Piankashaws, the Peorias and Kaskaskias and Ottowas, lies the country of the Shawanoes. It extends along the line of the State of Missouri with 28 miles to the Mississinewa River at its junction with the Konzas, thence to a point 60 miles on a direct course to the lands of the Konzas, thence south on the Konzas line 6 miles; and from these lines, with a breadth of about 19 miles to a north and south line, 120 miles west of the State of Missouri, containing 1,600,000 acres. Their principal settlements are on the north-eastern corner of their country, between the Missouri border and the Konzas River.

Most of them live in neat-hewed log-cabins, erected by themselves, and partially supplied with furniture of their own manufacture. Their fields are inclosed with rail-fences, and sufficiently large to yield plentiful supplies of corn and culinary vegetables. They keep cattle and swine, work oxen, and use horses for draught, and own some ploughs, wagons and carts. They have a saw and grist-mill, erected by Government at an expense of nearly $8,000. This, like many other communitie tribes, is much scattered. Recent surveys made on the Konzas, already mentioned, there is one on Trinity River, in Texas, and others in divers places.

Under the superintendence of Missionaries of various denominations, these people are making considerable progress in Education and the Mechanical Arts. They have a Printing-Press among them, from which is issued a monthly periodical, entitled the "Shawawono Kesaulluwa Swanowonoe Sun."

The lands of the Delawares lie north of the Shawanoes, in the forks of the Konzas and Missouri Rivers; extending up the former to the Konzas lands, thence north 21 miles, to the north-east corner of the Konzas survey, up the Missouri 23 miles in a direct course to Cannelton Leave- worth, thence with a line westward to a point 10 miles north of the north-east corner of the Konzas survey, and then in a slip not more than 10 miles wide, it extends westwardly along the northern boundary of the Konzas, 210 miles from the State of Missouri.

They live in the eastern portion of their country, near the junction of the Konzas and Missouri Rivers; have good hewn log-houses, and some furniture in them; inclose their fields with rail-fences; keep cattle and hogs; apply horses to draught; use oxen and plough; cultivate corn and garden vegetables sufficient for use; have commenced the culture of wheat; and own a great and saw-mill, erected by the United States.

Some of the inhabitants of the Upper Lake country are as follows: a few are in Texas; about 100 reside on the Choctaw lands near Arkansas River, 120 miles west of the State of Arkansas. These latter have acquired the languages of the Cumanchae, Keaways, Pawnees, &c., and are extensively employed as interpreters by the Federal Government from the Indian Territory. The Treaty of September, 1825, provides that the sections of the best land within the district at that time ceded to the United States, be selected and sold, and the proceeds applied to the support of Schools for the education of Delaware children. In the year 1838, the Delawares agreed to a commutation of $2 per acre, which secures to them an Education Fund of $81,000.

The country of the Konzas lies on the Konzas River. It commences 60 miles west of the State of Missouri, and thence, in a width of 30 miles, extends westward as far as the plains can be inhabited. It is well watered and timbered and, in every respect, delightful. They are a lawless, dissolutive race. Formerly they committed many depredations upon their own traders, and other persons ascending the Missouri River. But, being latterly restrained in this regard by the United States, they have turned their predatory operations upon their red neighbors. In language, habits and condition in life, they are, in effect, the same as the Osages. In matters of Peace and War the two tribes are blended. They are virtually one People.

Like the Osages, the Konzas are ignorant and wretched in the extreme; uncommonly scrofulous, and easily managed by the white men who reside among them. Almost all of them live in villages of straw, bark, log and earth huts. These latter are in the form of a cone; wall two feet in thickness, supported by wooden pillars within. Like the other huts, these have no floor except the earth. The roofs are thatched with the largest reed in the interior area. The smoke escapes at an opening in the apex of the cone. The door is a mere hole, through which they crawl, closed by the skin of some animal suspended therein. They cultivate small patches of corn, beans and melons. They dig the ground with hoes and sticks. Their fields generally are not fenced. They have one, however, of 300 acres, which the United States six years ago ploughed and fenced for them. The principal Chiefs have log-houses built by the Government Agent.

It is encouraging, however, to know that these miserable creatures are beginning to yield to the elevating influences around them. A Missionary has induced some of them to leave the villages, make separate settlements, build log-houses, &c. The United States have furnished them with four yokes of oxen, one wagon, and other means of cultivating the soil. They have succeeded in stealing a large number of horses and mules; own a very few logs; no stock cattle. By a treaty formed with them in 1835, 36 sections, or 23,600 acres, of good land were to be selected and sold to educate Konzas children within their Territory. But proper care not having been taken in making the selection, 9,000 acres only have been sold. The remaining 14,600 acres of the treaty, it is said, will scarcely sell at any price, so utterly
worthless is it. Hence only $11,250 have been realized from this munificent appropriation. By the same treaty, provision was made for the application of $600 per annum, to aid them in Agriculture.

The Kickapoo lands lie on the north of the Delawares; extend up the Missouri river 30 miles direct, thence westward about 15 miles, and thence south 20 miles to the Delaware line, embracing 76,000 acres.

They live on the southeastern extremity of their lands, near Cantonment Leavenworth. In regard to civilization, their condition is similar to that of the Peorias. They are raising a surplus of the grains, &c.—have cattle and hogs—$700 worth of the latter, and 340 head of the former from the United States, in obedience to treaty stipulations; have about 30 yoke of oxen—11 yoke of them purchased chiefly with the produce of their farms; have a saw and grist mill, erected by the United States. Nearly one-half of the tribe are unsettled and scattered—some in Texas, others with the southern frontiers of the States; and the last remaining on the borders of the Kickapoo reservation.

The treaty of October 21, 1832, provides that the United States shall pay $300 per annum for 10 successive years, for the support of a school, purchase of books, &c. for the benefit of the Kickapoo tribe on their own lands. A school-house and teacher have been furnished in conformity with this stipulation. The same treaty provides $1,000 for labor and improvements on the Kickapoo lands.

The Sauks, and Recynars or Foxes, speak the same language, and are so perfectly consolidated by intermarriages and other ties of interest, as, in fact, to be one nation. They formerly owned the northwestern half of the State of Illinois, and a large part of the State of Missouri. No Indian tribe, except the Sioux, has shown such daring intrepidity and such implacable hatred towards other tribes. Their cunning, when once excited, was never known to be appeased, till the arrow and tomahawk had for ever prostrated their foes. For centuries the Sauks and Foxes of the Mississippi, Illinois, and Wisconsin frontiers were the theatre of their exterminating prowess; and to them is to be attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouris, the Illinois, Cahokias, Kas-kaskias, and Peorias. They were, however, steady and sincere in their friendship to the whites; and many is the honest old settler on the borders of their old dominion, who can never forget the warmth and tenderness of this beneficent treatment he has received from them, while he cut the logs for his cabin, and ploughed his “potato patch” on that lonely and unprotected frontier.

Like all the tribes, however, this also dwindles away at the approach of the whites. A disturbing fact. The Indians’ homes must enrich the soil, before the plough of civilized man can open it.—

The noble heart, educated by the tempest to endure the last pang of deporting life without a cringe of a muscle; that heart, educated by his condition to love with all the powers of being, and to hate with the exaggerated malignity of a demon; that heart, educated by the very essence of its own existence—the sweet whisperings of the streams—the holy flowers of spring—to trust in, and adore the Great producing and sustaining Cause of itself, and the broad world and the lights of the upper skies, must fatten the corn-hills of a more civilized race! The sturdy plant of the wilderness droops under the encroaving culture of the garden. The Indian is buried with his arrows and bow.

In 1832 their friendly relations with their white neighbors were, I believe, for the first time, seriously interrupted. A treaty had been formed between the chiefs of the tribe and commissioners, representing the United States, containing, among other stipulations, the sale of their lands north of the Rock River, &c., in the State of Illinois—This tract of country contained the old villages and burial places of the tribe. It was, indeed, the sanctuary of all that was venerable and sacred among them. They wintered and summered there long before the date of their historical legends. And on these flowering plains the seeds of war—the loves of early years—everything that delights man to remember of the past, clung closely to the tribe, and made them dissatisfied with the sale.

Black-Hawk was the principal chief. He, too, was unwilling to leave his village in a charming glen, at the mouth of Rock River, and increase the discussion on the mountains. It was, after all, “the white chiefs had deceived himself and the other contracting chiefs” in this, “that he had never consented to such a sale as the white chiefs had written, and were attempting to enforce upon them.” They dug up the painted tomahawk with great enthusiasm, and fought bravely by their noble old chief for their beautiful home. But, in the order of nature, the plough must hurry the hunter. And so it was with this truly great chief and his brave tribe.—

They were driven over the Mississippi to make room for the marshalled host of veteran husband-men, whose strong blows had leveled the forests of the Atlantic States; and yet unwearyed with planting the rose on the brow of the wilderness, demanded that the Prairies also should yield food to their hungry sickles.

The country assigned them as their permanent residence, adjoins the southern boundary of the the Kickapoos, and on the north and northeast the Missouri river. Under treaty stipulations, they have some houses and fields made for them by the United States, and are entitled to more. Some live stock has been given them, and more is to be furnished. The main body of the Sauks, usually denominated the Sauks and Foxes, estimated at 4,000 souls, reside on the Iowa river, in Iowa Territory. They will ultimately be removed to unappropriated lands adjoining those already occupied by their kindred within the Indian Territory. Both these bands, number 12,000. By the treaty of Prairie du Chien of 1830, the Sauks are entitled to $500 a year for the purposes of education. By treaty of September, 1830, they are entitled to a school-master, a farmer, and blacksmith, as long as the United States shall deem proper. Three commodious houses are to be erected for them; 200 acres of prairie land fenced and ploughed; such agricultural implements furnished as they may need for five years; one ferry-boat; 200 head of cattle; 100 stock hogs; and a flooring mill.

These benefits they are receiving; but are making an improvising use of them.

The country of the Iowas contains 128,000 acres adjoining the northeastern boundaries of the Sauks, with the Missouri river on the northeast, and the
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

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The Indian is.

great Nemaha river on the north. Their condition is similar to that of the Sarks. The aid which they have received, and which the Government, is about the same in proportion to their numbers. The village of the Sarks and Iowas, are within two miles of each other.

The Otoes, are the descendants of the Missouri, with whom they united after the reduction of the latter tribe by the Sanks and Foxes. They claim a portion of land lying in the fork between Missouri and Great Platte rivers.

The Government of the United States understand, however, that their lands extend southward from the Platte down the Missouri to Little Nemaha river, a distance of about forty miles; thence their southern boundary extends westward up Little Nemaha to its source, and thence due West. Their western and northern boundaries are not particularly defined. Their southern boundary is about twenty-five miles North of the Iowa's land. By treaty, such of their tribe as are related to the whites, have an interest in a tract adjoining the Missouri river, and extending from the Little Nemaha to the Great Nemaha, a length of thirty-seven miles, and a width of miles wide.

No Indians reside on this tract.

The condition of this people is similar to that of the Osages and Kaukauza. The United States Government has fenced and ploughed for them 130 acres of land. In 1838, they cultivated 300 acres of corn. They own six ploughs, furnished by Government. The Otoes, who numbered, were, when the French first knew the country, the most numerous tribe in the vicinity of St. Louis. And the great stream, on whose banks they reside, and the State which has risen upon their hunting grounds when the race is extinct, will bear their name to the generations of coming time. They are said to have been an energetic and thrifty race, before they were visited by the small-pox and the destroying vengeance of the Sanks and Foxes.

The site of their ancient village is to be seen on the north bank of the river, honored with their name, just below where Grand river now enters it. Their territory embraced the fertile country up the Missouri to the distance above the Missouri, above their village—and down to the mouth of the Osage, and thence to the Mississippi. The Osages consider them their inferiors, and treat them oftentimes with great indignity.

The Otoes own the country north of the mouth of the Great Platte. The Missouri river is considered its northeastern limit; the northern and western boundary are undefined. This tribe was formerly the terror of their neighbors. They had, in early times, about one thousand warriors, and a proportionate number of women, and children. But the small-pox visited them in the year 1802, and reduced the tribe to about three hundred souls. This so disheartened those that survived, that they burnt their village and became wandering people.

They have at last taken possession again of their country, and built a village on the southwest bank of the Missouri, at a place chosen for them by the United States. Their houses are constructed of earth, like those of the Otoes. A treaty made with them in July, 1839, provides that an annuity of $500 shall be paid to them in agricultural implements, for ten years thereafter, and longer if the President of the United States thinks proper.

is to be furnished them for the same length of time. Another treaty obligates the United States to plough and fence a certain acre of land for them, and to expend for the term of ten years, $500 annually, in educating Omaha children.

The Pawnees or Pounsars, are the remnants of a nation of respectable importance, formerly living upon Red river, of Lake Winnipee. Having been nearly destroyed by the Sioux, they removed to the west side of the Missouri river, where they built a fortified village, and remained some years; but being pursued by their ancient enemies, the Sioux, and reduced by continual wars, they joined the Omahas, and so far lost their original character, as to be indistinguishable from them. They however, after a while, resumed a separate existence, which they continue to maintain. They reside in the northern extremity of the Indian Territory. Their circumstances are similar to those of the Pawnees.

The Pawnees own an extensive country, lying west of the Otoes and Omahas, on the Great Platte river. Their villages are upon this stream, and its tributaries in the vicinity of Great Nemaha, about 2500 warriors. Among them are still to be found every custom of old Indian life. The earth hut—the scalping knife—the tomahawk—and the scalp of their foes, dangling from the posts in their smoky dwellings—the wild warriors—the levered medicine bag; with the calm manner of the squaw, and the name of their treaties—the feasts and dances of peace, and of war—those of marriage, and of sacrifice—the moccasins, and leggings, and war-caps, and horrid paintings—the moons of the year, as March, the 'horn moon,' April the 'moon of plants,' May the 'moon of flowers,' June the 'hot moon,' July the 'buck moon,' August the 'sturgeon moon,' September the 'corn moon, October the 'travelling moon,' November the 'beaver moon,' December the 'hunting moon,' January the 'cold moon,' February the 'snow moon,' and in reference to its phrases, the 'dead moon,' and 'live moon;' and days are counted by 'sleeps;' and their years by 'sound moons,' or 'sacred moons,' according to their treaties, among whom are the Smoky Hills, and the Smoky Valley, and the Smoky Mountains.

These are the emblem and native Indians with in the 'Indian Territory,' and their several conditions and circumstances, so far as I have been able to learn them. The other Indians in the Great Prairie Wilderness will be briefly noticed under two divisions—those living South, and those living North of the Great Platte river.

These are the emblem and native Indians within the 'Indian Territory,' and their several conditions and circumstances, so far as I have been able to learn them. The other Indians in the Great Prairie Wilderness will be briefly noticed under two divisions—those living South, and those living North of the Great Platte river.
There are living on the head waters of Red river, and between that river and the Rio Bravo del Norte, the remains of twelve different tribes—ten of which have an average population of two hundred souls; none of them number more than four hundred. The Carankas and Teunas or Cumanche are more numerous. The former live about the Bay of St. Bernard. They were always inimical to the Mexicans and Spaniards; never would succumb to their authority, or receive their religious teachers. And many hard battles were fought in maintaining their independence in these respects. In 1817, they amounted to about three thousand individuals; of which six hundred were warriors.

The Cumanche are supposed to be twenty thousand strong. They are a brave, vibrant tribe, and never reside but a few days in a place; but travel north with the buffalo in the summer, and as winter comes on, return with them to the plains west of Texas. They live in the open. During July and August, they encamp in the vicinity of the Trinity and Brazos to the Red River, and the head waters of the Arkansas, and Colorado of the west, to the Pacific Ocean, and thence to the head streams of the Missouri, and thence to their winter haunts. They have tents, made of neatly dressed skins, in the form of cones. These, when they stop, are pitched so as to form streets and squares. They pitch and strike these tents in an astonishingly short space of time. To every tent is attached two pack horses, the one to carry the tent, and the other polished cedar poles, with which it is spread. These horses, in a trip—the saddle horses harnessed in less than two hours—twenty thousand savages men, women, children, warriors, and chiefs—start at a signal, each the day, again raise their city of tents to rest and feed themselves and animals, for another march.

Thus passes life with the Cumanche. Their plains are covered with buffalo, elk, deer, and wild horses. It is said that they drink the blood of the buffalo warm from the veins. They also eat the river in its raw state, using the gall as sauce. The dress of the women is a long loose robe that reaches from the chin to the ground, made of deer skin dressed very neatly, and painted with figures of different colors and significations. The dress of the men is a shirt of the same material. They are a warlike and brave race, and stand in the relation of conquerors among the tribes in the south. The Spaniards of New Mexico are all acquainted with the strength of their enemy, and their power to punish those whom they hate. For many are the scalps and death dances among these Indians, that testify of wars and tomahawks which have dug tombs for that poor apology of European extraction. They are exceedingly fond of stealing the objects of their enemies’ affection. Female children are sought with the greatest avidity, and adopted or married. "About sixty years ago," as the tale runs, "the daughter of the Governor-General at Chiuhuahua, was stolen by them. The father immediately pursued, and by an agent after some weeks had eluded, purchased her ransom. But she refused to return to her parents, and sent them these words: ‘That the Indians had tattooed her face according to their style of beauty—and given her to be the wife of a young man by whom she believed herself enciente—that her husband treated her well, and reconciled her to his mode of life—that she would be made more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was.’ She continued to live with her family, in the nation, and raised a family of children.”

There are the remains of fifteen or twenty tribes in that part of the Great Prairies, north of the Great Platte, and north and west of the Indian Territory. They average about 800 each. The Sioux and the small-pox have reduced them this.

The Kiutseuou chiefly reside in the British possessions along the northern shores of Lake Superior. Some bands of them have established themselves south of latitude 40 degrees North, near the head waters of those branches of Red River of Lake Winnipesaukee, that rise south of the sources of the Mississippi. They are moderate in stature, well proportioned, and of great activity. Markenfels remarks that these females are well-formed—and their features are more regular and comely than those of any other tribe he saw upon the continent. They are warlike—number about 3,000; but the Sioux are annihilating them.

The Sioux claim a country equal in extent to one of the most powerful empires of Europe. Their boundaries commence at the Prairie des Chics, and extend to the Missouri on both sides of the river DeCorbeau, and up to its source; from thence to the sources of the St. Peter, thence to the Montaigne de la Prairie, thence to the Missouri, and down to the river that runs into the sources of the northwestern states of the continent. They also claim a large territory south of the Missouri. The country from river Corbeau to river DeCorbeau is claimed by them, and the Chipewa, and has been the scene of many bloody encounters for the past thirty years. The Indians have conquered and destroyed immense numbers of their enemies. They have swept the banks of the Missouri from the Great Falls to the mouth of Great Platte and the plains that lie north of the latter stream, between the Black Hills and the Mississippi. They are divided into six bands, viz: Theowa, the Minneconcas, the Mono, the St. Louis, the Saute-Co-tingas, and the river of St. Peter’s, the Washingston, and lower portion of St. Peter’s. The Washington, still higher on that stream; the Susseton, on its head waters and those of Red River, of Lake Winnipegs; the Yankton of the North, who move over the borders of the Missouri valley south of the sources of the St. Peter’s; the Yonkton Almas, who live on the Missouri near the entrance of James River; the Tonats Illeches; the Tonats Okandans; Tetons Minneconcas, and Tetons Saute-Hone, who reside along the banks of the Missouri from the Great Bend northward to the villages of the Riverheads. There is a country in the latter which is derived the coloring matter of that river. The plains are strongly impregnated with Glaber salts, alum, copperas, and sulphur. In the spring of the year immense bluffs fall in the stream; and these, together with the leachings from these impregnated prairies, give to the water their mud color, and purgative qualities.

These bands comprise about 26,000 souls. They
subsist upon buffalo meat, and the wild fruits of their forests. The form, is prepared for winter, and for traveling use, in the following manner:—The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire, in the sun, or by exposing it to frost—pounded fine, and then, with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the humps and brisket, or with marrow, in a boiling state, and sewed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wicker work. This " pemican," as they call it, will keep for several years. They also use much of the wild rice—avens fatum—which grows in great abundance on the St. Peter's, and among the lakes and head streams of Red River, of Winnipeg, and in other parts of their territory. It grows in water from four to seven feet deep with a muddy bottom. The plant rises from four to eight feet above the surface of the water, about the size of the red cane of Tennessee, full of joints, and of the color and texture of bulrushes; the stalks above the water, and the branches which bear the grain, resemble oats. To these strange grain fields the wild duck and geese revert for food in autumn, and the product from it being devoured by them, the Indians take it, when the kernel is in the milky state, just below the head, into large bunches. This arrangement prevents these birds from pressing the heads down within their reach. When ripe, the Indians pass among it with canses lined with blankets, into which they bend the stalks, and whip off the grain with sticks; and so abundant is it, that an expert square will soon fill a canoe. After being gathered, it is dried and put into sacks or baskets for use. They boil or parch it, and eat it in the winter season with their pemican. This plant is found no farther south than Illinois, no farther east than Sandusky Bay, and north nearly to Hudson's Bay. The rivers and lakes of the Sioux and Chippeway country are said to produce annually several million bushels of it. It is equally as nutritious and palatable as the Carolina rice. Carver also says that the St. Peters flows through a country producing spontaneously all the necessary of life in the greatest abundance, and that the Indians live on the grain as if it were the every part of the valley of that river is "filled with trees bending under their loads of plums, grapes, and apples—the meadows with hops, and many sorts of vegetables—while the ground is stored with edible roots, and covered with such amazing quantities of sugar-naple, that they would produce sugar enough for any number of inhabitants."

Mr. Carver seems to have been, to say the least, rather an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and although later travelers in the country of the Nez- Perces (Sioux) have not been able to find grouped within it all the fruits and flowers of an Eden; yet that their lands lying on the Mississippi, the St. Peters, and the Red Rivers, produce a luxuriant vegetation, groves of fine timber separated by open plains of the rich wild grasses, and by lakes and streams of pure water well stored with fish; and that there are many valuable edible roots there; and that wholetree, blueberry, wild plum and cran-agers, have been seen and declared; so that no doubt can be entertained that this talented and victorious tribe possesses a very desirable and beautiful country. A revoted band of the Sioux called Osimpicles, live near the Rocky Mountains upon the Saccawheine River, a pleasant camping country, abounding in game. They subsist by the chase, and the same skill, and their number is estimated to be 8,000. Their dwellings are neat conical tents of tanned buffalo skins.

The Chippewans of Chippeways were supposed by Lewis and Clark to inhabit the country lying between the 80th and 50th parallels of north latitude, and 100 and 110 degrees of west longitude. Other authorities, and I believe the more correct, assert that they also occupy the head waters of the Mississippi, Ottertail and Leach, Red River, and Winnipeg lake. They are a numerous tribe, speak a curious language, are timorous, vigilant, and selfish; stature rather low; features coarse; hair rank, and not infrequently a sunburnt brown; women more agreeable (and who can doubt the fact) than the men; but have an awkward side at a time gait; which proceeds from their being accustomed, nine months in the year, to wear snow-shoes, and drag sledges of a weight from 200 to 400 pounds. They are entirely submissive, and have no character for bravery. The killing or trilling causes are treated with such cruelty as to produce death. These people betroth their children when quite young; and when they arrive at puberty the ceremony of marriage is performed; that is, the bridegroom pays the market price for his bride, and takes her to his lodge, not for better or for worse, but to put her away and take another when he pleases. Plurality of wives is customary among them. They generally wear the hair long. The braves sometimes clip it in fantastic forms. The women always wear it of great length, braided in two queues, and dangling long the back. Jealous husbands sometimes despise them of these tresses. Both sexes make from one to four bars of lines upon the forehead or cheeks, by drawing a thread dipped in the proper color beneath the skin of these parts.

No people are more attentive to comfort in dress than the Chippeways. It is composed of deer and fawn skins, dressed with the hair on, for the outer, and with the hair off, for the under dressing. The male wardrobe consists of shoes, leggings, frock and cap, &c. The shoes are made in the usual mocassin form, save that they sometimes use the green instead of the tanned hide. The leggings are made like the legs of pantaloons unconnected by a waistband. They reach to the waist; and are supported by a belt. Under the belt a small piece of leather is drawn, which serves as an apron before and behind. The shoes and leggings are sewed together. In the former are put quantities of moss and reindeer hair, and additional pieces of leather as socks. The frack or hunting shirt is in the form of a peasant's frock. When girded around the waist it reaches to the middle of the thigh. The moccasins are sewed to the sleeves, or suspended by strings from the shoulders. A kind of tippet surrounds the neck. The skin of the deer's head furnishes a curious covering to the head; and a robe made of several deer or fawn skins sewed together covers the whole. This dress latter springs or doubles circumstances suggest; but in winter the hair side of the undersuit is worn next the person, and that of the outer one without. Thus arrayed,
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

the Chippewas will lay himself down on the ice, in the middle of a lake, and repose in comfort; and when rested, and disencumbered of the snowdrifts that have covered him while asleep, he mounts his snowshoes, and travels on without fear of frost or storm. The dress of the women differs from that of the men. Their legs are not below the knee; and their frock or chenuse extends down to the ankle. Mothers make these garments large enough about the shoulders to hold an infant; and when traveling carry their little ones upon their backs next the skin.

Their arms and domestic apparatus, in addition to guns, &c., obtained from the whites, are bows and arrows, fishing-nets, and lines made of green deer skin thongs, and nets of the same material for catching the beaver, as he escapes from his lodge into the water; and sledges and snow-shoes. The snow-shoes are of very superior workmanship. 

The inner part of the frame is straight; the outer one is curved; the ends are brought to a point, and in front turned up. This frame done, they are neatly lined with light thongs of deer skin. Their sledges are made of red fir-tree boards, neatly polished and turned up in front. The means of sustaining life in the country claimed by the Indians is of sufficient forethought were used in laying in food for winter, they might live in comparative comfort. The woodless hills are covered with a moss that sustains the deer and moose and reindeer; and when boiled, forms a gelatinous substance quite acceptable to the human palate. Their streams and lakes are stored with the greatest abundance of valuable fish. But although more provident than any other Indians on the continent, they often suffer severely in the dead of winter, when, to prevent death from cold, they live from their fishing stations to their scanty woods.

They are superstitious in the extreme. Almost every notion of their lives is influenced by some whimsical notion. They believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, that rule in their several departments over the fortunes of men; and in a state of future rewards and punishments. They have an order of priests who administer the rites of the dead. They believe in a world of spirits, &c. They have conjurors who cure diseases—such as rheumatism, flux and consumption.

"The notion which these people entertain of the creation is of a very singular nature. They believe that at first the earth was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living creature except a mighty Bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glance was lightning, and the flapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent Bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth except the Chippewas, who were produced from a dog. And this circumstance occasioned their aversion to the flesh of that animal, as well as the people who eat it. This extraordinary tradition proceeds to relate that the great Bird, having finished his work, made an arrow, which was to be preserved with great care and to be unsm.untouched; but that the Chippewas were so devoid of understanding as to carry it away; and the sacrifice so enraged the great Bird that he has never since appeared."

"They have also a tradition among them that they originally came from another country, inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery—it being always winter, with ice and deep snow. At the Coppern River, where they had made the first land, the ground was covered with copper, over which a body of earth had since been collected to the depth of a man's height. They believe also, that in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating. They describe a deluge when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves. They believe that immediately after their death they pass into another world, where they arrive at a large river, on which they embark in a stone canoe; and that aCURRENT PAGE

Fort William or Bent's Fort on the north side of the Arkansas 80 miles north by east from Taos in the Mexican dominions, and about 160 miles from the mountains, was erected by gentlemen owners in 1832, for pupils of the Spaniards of Santa Fe and Cheyenne and Cimarron. Of a parallelogram, the north and western 100 feet in length, and seven feet in thickness at the base, or eight feet in height, the walls, which swing a pair of iron gates the north and west, and another in the south, are cylindrical in section, about 50 feet in height. They are for the use of the cattle to command the fort, and the interior area is divided and the larger of them proportion. It is nearly a story houses, the walls, are on the side; the ranges of one-story houses are covered with thatch, the gate, and place of business. The servants have small houses, and here are the Indians in the several numbers and bars, the rooms and the adobe. The walls are loaded with grape, and this area a passage from the court wall and the story house yard, which occupies the space within the walls. These are small, &c., to repose in, and adaptations at night. Here is the wall and adjoining the wall, strongly built, and before the 13 of these large vehicles conveying the petitions to the post, and the comfort it necessitates.

The walls of the fort are constructed of adobe, and cemented together with the floors of the building, including brick, and beams. The upper floors are supported by the same material, girdle. The transverse timbers consist of the bases of the beams, and are strong in fine prairie in the full of the climate, in the business of the country, to be about 80. For the charge of one of the officers of the nation to market the beef gathered at the fort, and new stocks of them new, up stock, and from the trade. One or more of these parties post defend it and company, &c.
The country in which the fort is situated is in a manner the common field of several tribes unfriendly alike to one another and the whites. The Crows and Cheyennes from the mountains near Santa Fe, and the Pawnees of the Great Platte, come to the Upper Arkansas to meet the buffalo in their annual migrations to the north; and on the trail of these animals follow up the Comanches. And thus in the months of June, August and September, there are in the neighborhood of these traders from fifteen to twenty thousand savages ready and panting for plunder and blood. If they engage in battle, fling out old causes of contention among themselves, the Messrs. Bents feel comparatively safe in their solitary fortress. But if they spare each other's property and lives, there are great anxieties at Fort William; every hour of day and night is pregnant with danger. These untameable savages may drive beyond reach the buffalo on which the garrison subsists; may begirt the fort with their legions and cut off suppl spontaneous; may prevent them from feeding their animals upon the plains; may bring upon them starvation and the wearing their own flesh at the door of death! All these are expectations which as yet the ignorance of the Indians of the weakness of the Post, prevents from becoming realities. But at what moment some chief has or white desperado may give them the requisite knowledge, an uncertainty around which are assembled at Fort William many well grounded fears for life and property.

Instances of the daring intrepidity of the Comanches that occurred just before and after my arrival here, will serve to show the hazards and dangers of which I have spoken. About the middle of June, 1839, a band of sixty of them under cover of night crossed the river and concealed themselves among the bushes that grow thickly on the bank near the place where the animals of the establishment feed during the day. No sentinel being on duty at the time, their presence was unobserved; and when morning came the Mexican horse-guard mounted his horse, and with the noise and shoutings usual with that class of servants when so employed, drove his charge out of the fort; and riding rapidly from side to side of the rear of the band, urged them on and soon had them nibbling the short dry grass in a little vale within grape shot distance of the guns of the bastions. It is customary for a guard of animals about these trading-posts to take station beyond his charge; and if they stay from each other, or attempt to stroll too far, to drive them together, and thus keep them in the best possible situation to be hurried hastily to the ear, should the Indians, or other evil persons, swoop down upon them. And as there is constant danger of this, his horse is held by a long rope, and grazes around him, that he may be mounted quickly at the first alarm for a retreat within the walls. The faithful guard at Bent's on the morning of the disaster I am relating, had dismounted after driving out his animals, and sat upon the ground watching with the greatest fidelity for every call of duty; when these 50 or 60 Indians sprang from their hiding-places, ran upon the animals, yelling horribly, and attempted to drive them across the river. The guard, however, nothing daunted, mounted quickly, and drove his horse at
full speed among them. The mules and horses hearing his voice amidst the frightening yells of the savages, immediately started at a lively pace for the fort; but the Indians were on all sides, and bewildered them. The guard still pressed them onward, and called for help; and on they rushed, despite the efforts of the Indians to the contrary. The battle raged with men. They shouted encouragement to the brave guard—"Onward, onward," and the injunction was obeyed. He spurred his horse to his greatest speed from side to side, and whipped the hindmost of the band with his leading rope. He had saved every animal; he was within 20 yards of the open gate: he fell; three arrows from the bows of the Comanches had cloven his heart. And relieved of him, the lords of the quiver gathered their prey, and drove them to the borders of Texas, without injury to life or limb. I saw this faithful guard's grave. He had been buried a few days. The wolves had been digging into it. Thus 40 or 50 mules and horses, and their best servant's life, were lost to the Messts. Beasts in a single day.  I have been informed also that those horses and mules, which my company had taken great pleasure in covering for them in the plains, were also slain in a similar manner soon after my departure from them; and that gentlemen were in hourly expectation of an attack upon the fort itself.

The same liability to the loss of life and property attends the trading expeditions to the encampments of the tribes.

An old trapper was sent from this fort to the Eutaw camp, with a well assorted stock of goods, and a body of men to guard them. After a tedious march upon the snows and swollen streams and defilements of the mountains, he came in sight of the village. It was situated in a sunken valley among the hideously dark cliffs of the Eutaw mountains. And so small was it, and so deep, that the overhanging ledges not only protected it from the blasts of approaching winter, but drew to their frozen embrace the falling snows, and left this valley its grasses and flowers, while their own awful heads were glittering with perpetual frost. The traders moved upon a tunnel of such a length that overlooked the smoking wigwam, and sent a deputation to the chief; to parley for the privilege of opening a trade with the tribe. They were received with great haughtiness by those monarchs of the wilderness, and were asked why they had dared enter the Eutaw mountains without their permission. Being answered that they had traveled from the fort to that place in order to ask their hospitality permission to trade with the Eutaws; the principal chief replied, that no permission had been given to them to come there, nor to remain. The interview ended; and the traders returned to their camp with no very pleasant anticipations as to the result of their expedition.

Their baggage was placed about for brevets; their animals drawn in nearer, and tied firmly to stakes; and a patrol guard stationed, as the evening shot in. Every preparation for the attack, which appeared determined upon the part of the Indians, being made, they waited for the first signal. A loud yell, a crash of a few hundred blasts, and the painting of their faces with red and black, in alternate stripes, and an occasional scout warily approaching the camp of the whites indicated an appetite for a conflict that appeared to fix with propitious certainty the fate of the traders. Eight hundred Indians to fifty whites, was fearful odds. The morning light streamed faintly up the East at last. The traders held their rifles with the grasp of dying men. Another and another beam kindled on the dark blue vault, and one by one quenched the stars. The silence of the tomb rested on the world. They breathed heavily, with teeth set in terrible resolution. The hour—the moment—had arrived. Behind a projecting ledge the dusky forms of three or four hundred Eutaws un-dulated near the ground, like herds of bisonsentsient on their prey. They approached the ledge, and for an instant lay flat on their faces, and motionless. Two or three of them gently raised their heads high enough to look upon the camp of the whites. The day had broken over half the firmament; the rifles of the traders were leveled from behind the baggage, and glistening faintly; a crack—a whump—a shout—a roar! The scalp of one of the prairie-lords had been torn by the whistling lead from one of the rifles, the chief warrior had fallen. The Indians hasted to their camp, and the whites retained their position; each watching the other's movements. The position of the traders was such as to command the country between long rifle-shot on all sides. The Indians, therefore, declined an attack. The numbers of their foes, and perhaps some prudential consideration as to having an advantageous location, prevented the traders from making an assault. Well it would have been for them had they continued to be careful. About 9 o'clock, the warlike appearances gave place to signs of peace. Thirty or forty unarmed Indians, denuded of clothing and of paint, came toward the camp of the traders all; on the land, holding the Sacred Calumet, or Great Pipe of Peace. A chief bore it that was used as lieutenant to the warrior that had been shot. Its red marble bowl, its stem broad and long, and carved into hieroglyphs of various colors and significations, and adorned with feathers of beautiful birds, was: seen recognized by the traders, and secured the bearer and his attendants a reception into their camp. Both parties seated themselves in a great circle; the pipe was filled with tobacco and herbs from the incinerated medicine bag; the well-knedled coal was reverently placed upon the bowl; its sacred stem was then turned towards the heavens to invite the Great Spirit to the solemn assembly, and to implore his aid; it was then turned towards the earth, to avert the influence of malicious demons; it was then borne in a horizontal position, till it completed a circle, to call to their help in the great smoke. The beneficent, invisible agents which live on the earth, in the waters, and the upper air; the chief took two whiffs, and the signal of dreadful havoc was sent towards heaven, and then round upon the ground: and so on.
and so did others, until all had inhaled the smoke—the breath of Indian fidelity—and blown it to the earth, and behold all the women, that were supposed to mingle with it while it curled among the trees near the heart. The chief then rose and said, in the Spanish language, which the Entawas east of the mountains speak well, "that he was anxious that peace might be restored between the parties; that himself and people were desirous that the traders should remain with them; and that if presents were made to him to the small amount of $700, no objection would remain to the proposed proceedings of the whites; but on no account could they enter the Entaw country without paying tribute in some form. They were in the Entaw country—the tribute was due; they had killed a Entaw chief, and the blood of a chief was due; but that the latter could be compromised by a prompt compliance with his proposition in regard to the presents."

The chief trader was explicit in his reply. "That he had come into the country to sell goods, not to give them away; that no tribute could be paid to foreign traders; and that if fighting were a desideratum with the chief and his people, he would do his part to make it sufficiently to be interesting." The council broke up tumultuously. The Indians carried back the wampum belts to their camp held war council—and whipped and danced around post painted red, and recited their deeds of valor—and showed high in air, as they leaped in the frenzy of mimic warfare, the store of scalps that garnished the doors of the family lodges. And around their camp-fires, the following night, were seen features distorted with the most ghastly wrath. Indeed, the savages appeared resolved to destroy the whites. And as they were able by their superior numbers to do so, it was deemed advisable to get beyond their reach with all practicable haste. At midnight, therefore, when the fires had smoldered low, the traders saddled in silent haste—bound their bales upon their pack-mules—and departed while the wolves were bowling along and; and succeeded by the dawn of day in reaching a gorge where they had suspected the Indians—if they had discovered their departure in season to reach it—would oppose their retreat. On reconnoitering, however, it was fruitless and, with joy did they enter the defile, and behold from its eastern opening, the wide cold plains, and the sublime and mighty firmament before them, the distant outline of the morning sky. A few days after, they reached the post—not a little glad that their flesh was not rotting with many who had been less successful than themselves, in escaping death at the hands of the Utas. Thus runs the tale. But for the insults, robberies, and murders committed by this and other tribes, the traders—Bents have sought opportunities to take well-measured vengeance; and liberally and bravely they have often dealt it out. But the consequence seems to have been the exciting of the bitterest enmity between the parties; which results in a truce more inconveniences to the traders than to the Indians. For the latter, to gratify their propensity to theft, and their hatred to the former, make an annual levy upon the cavy-yard of the fortress, which, as it contains usually from 80 to 100 horses, mules, &c., furnishes to the men of the towmhawk a very comfortable and satisfactory retribution for the inhibition of the owners of them upon their immemorial right to rob and murder, in manner and form as prescribed by the customs of their race.

The business within the walls of the post is done by clerks and traders. The former of these are more commonly young gentlemen from the cities of the States; their duty is to keep the books of the establishment. The traders are generally selected from among those among individuals who have traversed the Prairie and Mountain Wilderness with goods or trances, and understand the best mode of dealing with the Indians. Their duty is to weigh sugar, coffee, powder, &c., in a convenient pint-cup; and measure red huize, beads, &c., and speak the several Indian languages that have a name for beaver skins, buffaloe robes, and money. They are few fellows as can any where be found.

Fort William is owned by three brothers, by the name of Bent, from St. Louis. Two of them were at the post when we arrived. They seemed to have thoroughly inducted Indian life; dressed like chiefs—in moccasins thoroughly greased with heads dripping with perspiration, in shawls of deer skin, with long fringes of the same extending along the outer seam from the ankle to the hip; in the splendid hunting-shirt of the same material, with sleeves fringed on the elbow seam to the waist to the shoulder, and ornamented with figures of porcupine quills of various colors, and baronial frame around the lower edge of the body. And chiefs they were in the authority exercised in their wild and lonely fortress.

A trading establishment to be known must be seen. A solitary abode of men, seeking wealth in the teeth of danger and hardship, tearing its towers over the uncalculated waste of nature, like an old baronial castle that has withstood the wars and desolations of centuries; Indian women tripping around its battlements in their glittering moccasins and long deer skin wrappers; their children, with most perfect forms, and the carnation of the Saxon cheek struggling through the shading of the Indian; and chiefs standing in the quiet of the piazza, with one eye in the sun or English; the grave owners and their clerks and traders, seated in the shade of the piazza smoking the long native pipe, passing it from one to another, drawing the precious smoke into the lungs by short hysterical sniffs till filled, and then ejecting it through the nostrils; or it may be, seated around their rude table, spread with reckless or tea, jerked buffalo meat, and bread made of unbaked wheat meal from Tons; or; after eating, laid comfortably upon their pallets of straw and Spanish blankets, and dreaming to the sweet notes of a flute; the traders withered with exposure to the tender elements, the half-painted Indian, and half civilized Mexican servants, seated on the ground around a large tin pan of dry meat, and a tankard of water, their only rations, relating adventures about the shores of Hudson’s Bay, on the rivers Columbia and Mackenzie, in the Great Prairie Wilderness, and among the snowy heights of the mountains; and delivering sage opinions about the destination of certain bands of buffalo; of the distance to the Blackfoot country, and whether my wounded man was hurt as badly as Bill the mule was, when the "meal party" was fired upon by the Cunanches; present a tolerable idea of everything within its walls. And if we add, the opening of the gates
of a winter's morning—the cautious sliding in and
out of the Indians whose tents stand around
the fort, till the whole area is filled six feet deep
with their long hanging black locks, and dark watchful
flashing eyes; and traders and clerks busy at their
work; and the traders walking the battlements
with loaded muskets; and the guards in the
hastiness standing with burning matches by the
caronades; and when the sun sets, the Indians
retiring again to their camp outside, to talk over
their newly purchased blankets and beads, and to
sing and drink and dance; and the night sentinel
on the fort that tends his weary watch away; and we
shall present a tolerable view of this post in the
season of business.
It was easy summer time with man and beast
when I was there. The fine days spent in the
enjoyment of its hospitality were of great service
to ourselves, and in recruiting our failing animals.
The man, too, who had been rounded on the
Santa Fe trade, recovered astonishingly.

The trappers, on the 14th of July, started
from Forts Union and Platte; and myself, with three
sound and good men, and one wounded and had
one, stowed our animals and took trail again for the
mountains and Oregon Territory. From our
mules at Fort William we passed the Great Rockies.
It is constructed of adobe, and consists of a series
of one-story houses built around a quadrangle, in
the general style of those at Fort William. It
belongs to a company of American and Mexican
trappers, who, wearied with the service, have
taken this trip to spend the remainder of their
days in raising grain, vegetables, horses, mules,
&c. for the various trading establishments in these
regions. And as the Arkansas, some four
miles above the post, can be turned from its
course over large tracts of rich land, these
individuals might realize the happiest results from
their industry—for, as it is impossible, from the
blessedness of the soil and the scarcity of rain,
to raise anything thereof without irrigation;
and, as this is the only spot, for a long distance
up and down the Arkansas, where any considera-
able tracts of land can be watered, they could supply the
market with these articles without any fear of
crisis.

Let these, like the results of my honest
intentions, be wholly cripplied by a paucity of money
and a superabundance of whisky. The proprietors
are poor, and when the log is on tap, dream away their
existence under its dangerous fascinations. Hence
it is that these men, destitute of the means to carry
out their designs in regard to farming, have found
themselves not wholly unmenclored in reeling,
rolling, and vomiting; a substitute which many indi-
viduals of undisciplined taste have, before been
known to prefer. They have, however, a small
stock, consisting of horses and mules, cattle,
sleep and gusts; and still maintain their original
intention of irrigating and cultivating the land in the
vicinity of their establishment.

We arrived here about 4 o'clock in the after-
noon; and, being desirous of purchasing a horse
for one of the men, and making some further ar-
rangements for my journey, I concluded to stop
for the night. At this place I found a number
of independent trappers, who, after the pack-hunt,
had come down from the mountains, taken rooms
free of rent, stored their fur, and opened a trade for
whisky. One skin, valued at $1, buys in that
market one pint of whisky; no more, no less;
unless, indeed, some theorists, in the vanity of
their dogmas, may consider it less, when plot-
tically muffled with water—a process that in-
creases in value as the fumes falters in the en-
ergies of its action. For the seller knows that if
the pure liquid should so modify the whisky as to
delay the hopes of remittance too long, another
beaver skin will be taken from the jolly trapper's
pack, and another quantity of the joyous mixture
obtained. And thus matters will proceed until
the stores of furs, the hardships of the hunt, the
toils and exposures of trapping, the icy streams
of the wilderness, the bloody light, foot to foot,
with the knife and tomahawk, and the long days
and nights of thirst and starvation, are satisfac-
tively canceled in the dreamy lethargy that whisky,
being brandy and opiummum, if properly ad-
ministered, is calculated to produce.

One of these trappers was from New Hampshire;
he had been educated at Dartmouth College,
and was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men I
ever knew. A splendid gentleman, a finished selec-
cr, a critic in English and Roman literature, a poli-
tician, a linguist, an Indian. This station was
something near the spot: his shoulders and
chest were broad, and his arms and lower limbs
were perfectly massive. His forehead
was high and expansive; Causality, Compari-
on, Eventuality, and all the perceptive organs, to use
a phrenological description, remarkably large;
Locality was, however, larger than any other
organ in the frontal region; Benevolence, Won-
der, Ideality, Secretiveness, Destructiveness and
Adhesiveness, Combative, Self-Esteem and
Hope were very high. The remaining organs were
low. His head was clothed with hair as
black as jet, 23 inches in length, smoothly combed
and hanging down his back. He was dressed in a
decent but sombre,3 stomach, and muscular; not
a shred of clothing on his person. On my first inter-
view with him, I addressed me with the still,
cold format:—an expression of his own im-
portance; not a manner in which he thought
woolcombed, semicircular, the movement of every
muscle of my face unarranged.
As and when any thing was said of political events
in the States or Europe, he gave silent and intense
attention. I left him without very good im-
pression; his character; for I had induced him
to open his compressed mouth once in a while, and
then to make the no very agreeable inquiries— When
do you start? and What are you going to?
At my second interview, he was more familiar.
Having ascertained that he was proud of his
learning, I approached him through that medium.
He seemed pleased at this compliment to his
superiority over those around him, and at
once became easy and talkative. His "Ahau Mathe"
was modest and refined; all the
fields and walks and rivulets, the beautiful Con-
necticut, the greenwood, primitive ridges lying
along its banks, which he said. "had smelled for
a thousand ages the march of decay"; were
successive themes of his gigantic imagination.
He described them minute and exquisite. He
saw in every thing all that Science, combined
with all that his capacious intellect, instructed
and imbued with the wild fancies and legends

of his master, and his early life in the
in the wilds of the

monos, scattered
neither through
ation, came to
they lived in the
egal vale.

As we proceed, the casual observation
extents, as the
monos spread and
wealthy for the
plains, the
hundreds, the
inhabitants, the
monos, and the
their helpless
rules under the
forms of divi-
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time.
of his race, could see. I inquired the reason of his leaving civilized life for a precarious livelihood in the wilderness, and in the nature of my race," he replied, "The Indian's eye cannot be satisfied with a description of things, how beautiful soberer may be the style, or the harmonies of verse in which it is conveyed. For neither the periods of burning eloquence, nor the mighty and beautiful creations of the imagination, can unseal the treasures and realities as they live in their own native magnificence on the eternal mountains, and in the secret, untrdden vale.

As soon as you thrust the ploughshare under the earth, it teems with worms and useless weeds. It increases population to an unnatural extent—creates the necessity of penal enactments—builds the jail—erects the gallows—spreads over the human face a mask of deception and selfishness—and substitutes villany, love of wealth, and power, and the slaughter of millions for the gratification of some royal cut-throat, in the place of the single-minded honesty, the hospital-ity of our forefathers, among the beings of natural state. Hence, wherever Agriculture appears, the increase of moral and physical wretchedness induces the thousands of necessities, as they are termed, for abridging human liberty; for fettering down the mind to the principles of right, derived, not from nature, but from a restrained and fixed condition of exterior, upon the existence of many natural laws, and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restifl under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless views, and the fictitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their toths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old breves, however, have always assured him it is all vain work, and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restifl under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless views, and the fictitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their toths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old breves, however, have always assured him it is all vain work, and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restifl under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless views, and the fictitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their toths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old breves, however, have always assured him it is all vain work, and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restifl under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless views, and the fictitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their toths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old breves, however, have always assured him it is all vain work, and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restifl under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless views, and the fictitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their toths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old breves, however, have always assured him it is all vain work, and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restifl under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless views, and the fictitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their toths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could clim
their hands for joy, at the sacred quiet that reigned among them.

The old Indian pitched his skin tent on the shore, in a little copse of hemlock, and set his trap. Having done this, he examined carefully every part of the neighboring mountains for ingress and egress, "signs," &c. His object in this was to ascertain if the valley were frequented by human beings; and if there were places of escape, if it should be entered by hostile persons through the pass that led himself to it. He found no other pass, except one for the waters of the lake through a deep chasm of the mountain; and this was such that no one could descend it alive to the lower valleys. For as he waded and swam by turns down its still waters, he soon found himself drawn by an increasing current, which sufficiently indicated to him the cave of the deep pool that resounded from the caverns beyond. He accordingly made the shore, and climbed along among the projecting rocks till he overlooked an abyss of fallen rocks, into which the stream poured and foamed and was lost in the mist. He returned to his camp satisfied. He had found an undiscovered valley, stored with heaps of fruit and grasses for his horses, where he could trap and fish and dream awhile in safety. And every morning, for three delightful weeks, he drew the beaver from the deep pools into which they had plunged when the quick trap had seized them; and stringing them two and two together over his pack-horse, bore them to his camp; and with his long side-knife stripped off the skins of fur, pinned them to the ground to dry, and in his camp kettle cooked the much-prized tails for his mid-day repast. "Was it not a fine hunt that!" asked he, "beaver as thick as musquitoes, trout as plenty as water." But the ungodly Blackfeet. The sun had thrown a few bright rays upon the rim of the eastern firmament, when the Blackfoot war-whoop rang around his tent—a direful "whoop-ah-hoo," ending with a yell, piercing harsh and shrill, through the clefted teeth. He had but one means of escape—the lake. Into it he plunged beneath a shower of poundings, splashing, deeply and woe under; while he could endure the absence of air; he rose; he was in the midst of his faces swimming and shouting around him; down again; up to breathe; and on he swam with long and powerful sweeps. The pursuit was long; but at last our man entered the chasm he had explored, plunged along the cascade as near as he dared, clinging to a shrub that grew from the crevice of the rock, and lay under water for the approach of his pursuers. On they came, they passed, they shrieked and plunged for ever into the abyss of mist.

Another individual of these veteran trappers was my guide, Kelly, a blacksmith by trade, from Kentucky. He left his native State about twelve years ago, and entered the service of the America Fur Company. Since that time, he has been in the States but once, and that for a few weeks only. In his opinion, every thing was so dull and tiresome that he was compelled to flee to the mountains again. The food, too, had well nigh killed him: "The villainous pies and cake, bacon and beef, and the nicknacks that one is obliged to eat among cousins, would destroy the constitution of an ostrich." And if he could eat such stuff, he said he had been so long away from civilization that he could never again enjoy it.

As long as he could get good buffalo cows to eat, the fine water of the snowy hills to drink, and good buckskin to wear, he was satisfied. The mountainers were free; he could go and come when he chose, with only his own will for law. My intercourse with him, however, led me afterwards to assign another cause for his abandonment of home. There were times when we were encamped at night on the cold mountains about a blazing fire, that he related anecdotes of his younger days with an intensity of feeling which discovered that a deep fountain of emotion was still open in his bosom, never to be sealed till he slumbers under the sands of the desert.

We passed the night of the 11th of July at the Puebla. One of my companions who had, previously to the division of my company, used horses belonging to an individual who left us for Santa Fé, and the excellent Mr. Blair, were without riding animals. It became, therefore, an object for them to purchase here; and the more so there would be no other opportunity to do so for some hours. They, however, that these individuals had no money nor goods that the owners of the horses would receive in exchange. They wanted clothing or cash. And as I had a surplus quantity of linen, I began to bargain for one of the animals. The first price charged was enormous. A little haggling, however, brought the owner to his proper senses; and the articles of payment were overhauled. In doing this, my whole wardrobe was exposed, and the vendor of horses became extremely enamored of my dress coat, the only one remaining not out at the elbows. This he determined to have. I assured him it was impossible for me to part with it; the only one I possessed. But with quite as much coolness, assured me that it would then be impossible for him to part with his horse. These two impossibilities having met, all prospects of a trade were suspended, till one or the other of them should yield. After a little, the idea of walking cast such evident dissatisfaction over the countenance of my friends, that I consented; and when the parts and overcoat, and all my shirts save one, and various other articles to the value of three such animals in the States. The horse was then transferred to our keeping. And such a horse! The biography of his mischief, would it not fill a volume! And that of the vexations arising therefrom to us poor mortals—would it not fill two volumes of "Pencilings by the Way," whose only deficiency would be the want of a love incident? Another horse was still necessary; but in this, as the other case, a coat was a "nine qua non." And there being no other article of the kind to dispose of among us, no bargain could be made. The night came on amidst these our little preparations. The owners of the horses and mules belonging to El Puebla, drove their animals into the court or quadrangle, around which their houses were built. We gathered our goods and chattels into a pile, in a corner of the most comfortable room we could obtain, and so arranged our blankets and books, that it would be difficult for any one to make deprivations upon them during the night, without awaking us. And after conversing with my Dartmouth friend con-
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, etc.

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cerning the mountainous country through which we were to travel, and the incidents of traversing and battle that had befell him during his tramping excursions, we retired to our coaches.

At 8 o'clock on the 12th, we were harnessed and on route again for the mountains. It was a fine mild morning. The snowy peaks of the Wallowa mountains, 170 miles to the southwest, rose high and clear in view. The atmosphere was bland like that of the Indian summer in New England. Five miles travel brought us to the encampment of Kelly's servant, who had been sent about the night before to find grass for his horses. Here another horse was purchased of a Mexican, who had followed us from Pukdha. But on adjusting our baggage, it appeared that three animals were required for transporting it over the broken country which lay before us. Messrs. Hair and Wood would, therefore, still have but a single saddle-horse for their joint use. This was felt to be a great misfortune, both on account of the mud and the delay it would necessarily cause in the prosecution of it. But these men felt no such obstacle to be insurmountable, and declared that while the plain and the mountains were before them, and they could walk, they would conquer every difficulty that lay between them and the plains. After we had ridden to Kelly's, and were well started, we followed the Okanogan, and moved on four or five miles up the river, where we halted for the night. Our provisions consisted of a small quantity of wheat meal, a little salt and pepper, and a few pounds of sugar and coffee. For meat we depended on our rifles. But as no game appeared during the day, we spent the evening in attempting to take cat-fish from the Arkansas. One weighing a pound, after much practical angling, was caught—a small consolation surely to the keen appetites of seven men. But this, and porridge made of wheat meal and water, constituted our supper that night, and breakfast next morning.

July 13, 15 miles along the banks of the Arkansas; the soil composed of sand slightly intermixed with clay, too loose to retain moisture, and too little impregnated with the nutritive salts to produce any thing save a spare and stunted growth of bunch grass and sun-flowers. Occasionally we met with the valley of the stream. In the afternoon the range of low mountains that lie at the eastern base of the Great Cordillera and Long's ranges became visible; and even these, though igneous in the mountain range, were, in midsummer, partially covered with snow. Pike's peak in the southwest, and James' peak in the northwest, at sunset showed their hoary heads above the clouds which hung around them. On the 14th, made 20 miles. Kelly relieved his servant by surrendering to him his riding horse for short distances; and others relieved Hair and Wood in a similar manner. The face of the plain became more broken as we approached the mountains. The waters descending from the lower hills, have been once a plain into isolated bluffs 300 or 400 feet in height, surrounded and surrounded with conical and pyramidal rocks. In the distance they resemble immense fortresses, with towers and bastions as skillfully arranged as they could have been by the best suggestions of art. Embankments raised by the summations of the stream—by the storms that have gathered and marshalled their armies on the heights in view, and poured their declining power over these devoted plains!

The Arkansas since we left Fort William had preserved a medium width of a quarter of a mile, the water still turbid; its general course east-south-east; soil on either side as far as the eye could reach, light sand, and clayey loam, almost destitute of vegetation.

On the 15th traveled about 18 miles over a soil so light that our animals sunk over their fetlocks at every step. During the forenoon we kept along the bottom lands of the river. An occasional willow or cotton-wood tree, ragged and gray with age, or a willow bush trembling, it almost seemed, at the tale of desolation that the winds told in passing, were the only remaining features of the general earth. The usual color of the soil was a grayish blue. At 12 o'clock we stopped on a plain to our right and left covered with moss and moisture, moistened by filtration through the sand, and sheltered our horses. Here were forty or fifty decrepit old willows, so poor and shrivelled that one felt, after enjoying their shade, that the heat of that sultry day, like beseeching arms upon them. At 1 o'clock we struck out across the plain with a small level in the line of 20 miles in length. Near the centre of this bend is the mouth of the river Fontanquonel, which the trappers who have traversed it for beaver say rises in James's Peak 80 miles to the northwest by north. We came upon the banks of this stream at sunset. Kelly informed us that we might expect to find deer in the groves which border its banks. And, like a true hunter, as soon as we halted at the place of encampment, he sought them before they should hear or scent us. He traversed the groves, however, in vain. The beautiful innocents had, as it afterwards appeared, been lately hunted by a party of Delaware trappers; and in consideration of the ill usage received from these gentlemen in red, had forsaken their old retreat for a less desirable but safer one among the distant hills in the north. So that our expectations of game and meat subsisted in a supper of 'tole'—plain water porridge. As our appetites were keen, the rice was boiled in the usual manner. The horse was too old for the servant, who declared upon his veracity that 'tole was no lúno. Our guide was, if possible, as happy at our evening fire as some one else was when he 'shoulder'd his crutch and told how battles were won;' and very much for the same reasons. For, during the afternoon's tramp, much of his old hunting ground had been traced in the hills, which varied from an undulating plain to a low range of hills, from flat to undulating plain, and the mountains on each side of the upper river began to show the irregularities of their surfaces. So that as we rode along gazing at these stupendous piles of rocks and earth and ice, he would often direct our attention to the outlines of chasms, faintly traced on the sandhills of the cliffs, through which various streams on which he had trapped, tumbled into the plains. I was particularly interested in his account of Rio Wallowa, a branch of the Arkansas on the Mexican side; the mouth of which is 12 miles below that of the Fontanquonel. It has two principal branches. The one originates in...
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

Pike's peak, 70 or 80 miles in the south; the other rises far in the west among the Eutaw mountains, and has an elevation of about 200 miles, nearly parallel with the Arkansas. We traveled 38 miles on the 16th over broken barren hills sparsely covered with shrub pines and pines. The foliage of these trees is a very dark green. They cover, more or less, all the low hills that lie along the roots of the mountains from the Arkansas north to the Missouri. Hence the name of "Black Hills" is given to that portion of them which lie between the Sweetwater and the mouth of the Little Missouri. The soil of our track to-day was a gray barren loam, gravel knolls, and bluffs of sand and limestone.

About 4 o'clock, P.M., we met an unheard of annoyance. We were crossing a small plain of red sand, gazing at the mountains as they opened their outlines of rock and snow, when, in an instant, we were enveloped in a cloud of flying ants with grayish wings and dark bodies. They lit upon our horses' heads, necks, and shoulders, in such numbers as to cover them as if they do the sides of a hive when about to swarm. They flew around our own heads, too, and covered our hats and faces. Our eyes seemed special objects of their attention. We tried to wipe them off; but while the hand was passing from one side of the face to the other, the part that was left bare was instantly covered as thickly as before with these creeping, hovering, menacing pests. Our animals were so much annoyed by their pertinacity, that they stopped in their tracks, and finding it impossible to urge them along, guided and kept our faces clear of the insects at the same time, we dismounted and led them. Having by this means the free use of our hands and feet, we were able in the course of half an hour to pave the infested sands, and once more see and breathe like Christians.

We encamped at the mouth of Kelly's Creek, another stream that has its source in James's peak. En- camped at the mouth of Oakley's creek, another branch of the Arkansas. It rises in the hills that lie 25 miles south of this. It is a clear, cool little brook, with a pebbly bottom, and banks clothed with shrub pines and pines. We had a pleasant evening here, a cloudless sky, a cold breeze from the snow-cloud mountains, a blazing cedar-wood fire, a song of our merry Joe, a dish of 'tole' and a fineouch of sand. Who wants more comforts than we enjoyed? My dilapidated system had begun to thrive under the bracing influence of the mountain air; my companions were well and happy; our horses and mules were grazing upon a plat of rich grass; we were almost within touch of those stupendous ridges of rock and snow which stay or send forth the tempest in its course, and gather in their ragged embrace the noblest rivers of the world.

July 17. We made 20 miles to-day among the deep gullies and natural fortresses of this great gateway to the mountains. All around gave evidence that the agents of nature have struggled here in their mightiest wrath, not the volcano, but the frozen earth, having crushed hundreds of feet in depth; vast insular mounds of earth towering in all directions, sometimes surmounted by fragments of mountains; at others with stratified rocks; the whole range of vision was a flowerless, bladeless desolation! Our encampment for the night was at the mouth of Wooda creek, 5 miles from the debouch of the Arkansas from the mountains. The ridges on the south of the river, as viewed from this place, presented a scene ofCongregated hills, piled one above another to the region of snow, and scored into deep and irregular charnous, frowning precipices, tottering rocks, and black glintening strata, whose recent fractures indicated that they were continually sending upon the humble hills below weighty testimony of their own superior light and might. Nothing could be more perfectly wild. The summits were capped with ice. The ravines which radiated from their apices were filled with snow far down their course; and so utterly rough was the whole mass, that there did not appear to be a foot of plain surface upon it. Eternal, sublime confusion!

This range runs down the Arkansas, bearing a little south of a parallel with it, the distance of about 50 miles, and then turning southward bears off to Taos and Santa Fe. Back of this ridge to the westward, and connected with it, there is said to be a very extensive tract of mountains which embrace the sources of the Rio Bravo; their passes, the Wolfland, and other branches of the Arkansas; and a number of streams that fall into Rio Colorado of the West, and the Gulf of California. Among these heights live the East and West hands of the Eutaw. The valleys in which they reside are said to be overlooked by mountains of shining glaciers, and in every other respect to resemble the valleys of Switzerland. They are a brave, treacherous race, and said to number about 8,000 souls. They raise mules, horses, and sheep, and cultivate corn and beans—trap the beaver—manufacture woolen blankets with a damask needle—and intermarry with the Mexican Spaniards.

Sixty miles east of these mountains, and 50 south of the Arkansas, stands, isolated on the plain, Pike's Peak, and the lesser ones that cluster about it. This Peak is covered with perpetual snow and ice down one-third its height. The subordinate ones rise near to the line of perpetual congelation, and are connected upon the sky like giant watchmen, as if to protect the vernal snows above them from the polluting tread of man. On the north side of the river a range of mountains, or hills, as they have been called by those who are in the habit of looking on the Great Main Ridges, rise about 2,000 feet above the plain. They resemble, in their general characteristics, those on the south. Like them, they are dark and broken—like them, sparsely covered on their sides with shrub pines and cedars. They diverge also from the river as they descend; and after descending it 40 miles, turn to the north and lose themselves in the heights which congregate around James's Peak.

On the morning of the 18th we rose early, made our simple repast of tole, and prepared to enter the mountains. A joyful occasion this. The storms, the mud, the swollen streams, the bleakness and barrenness of the Great Prairie Wilderness, in an hour's ride, would be behind us; and the deep, rich vales, the cool streams and breezes, and transparent atmosphere of the more elevated regions, were to be entered. Wood's creek, on which we had passed the night, is a cold, heavy torrent, from the northern hills. At the ford, it was about three feet deep and seven
yards wide. But the current was so strong as to bear away two of our saddle-horses. One of these was my Puebla animal. She entered the stream with all the caution necessary for the result. Stepping alternately back, forward, and sidewise, and examining the effect of every rolling stone upon the laws of her own gravity, she finally gathered her ugly form upon one of sufficient size and mobility to plunge herself and rider into the stream. She floated down a few yards, and, contrary to my most fervent desire, came upon her feet again, and made the land. By dint of wading, and partially drowning, and other like agreeable ablations, we found ourselves at last on the right side of the water; and having bestowed upon it sundry commemorative epitaphs of long and approved use under like circumstances, we remounted; and shivering in the freezing winds from the neighboring woods, trotted on at a pace so merry and fast, that three-quarters of an hour sufficed to bring us to the east of the cliffs, where the Arkansas leaps foaming from them.

This river runs 310 miles among the mountains. The first half of the distance is among a series of charming vallies, stocked with an endless number of deer and elk, which, in the summer, live upon the nutritious wild grass of the vales, and in the winter, upon the buds and twigs and bark of trees. The 100 miles of its course next below is among perpendicular cliffs rising on both sides hundreds, and sometimes thousands of feet in height. Through this dismal channel, with a rapid current down lofty precipices, and through compressed passes, it ploughs and roars to this point, where it escapes nimbly and glibly, as if glad for having fled some fearful edict of nature, consigning it to perpetual imprisonment in those dismal caverns.

Here we entered the Rocky Mountains through a deep gorge at the right, formed by the waters of a little brook which comes down from the north. It is a sweet, soft, gentle brook, lightly upon the ear, like those that flowed by one's home, when youth was dreaming of the hopes of coming years in the shade of the hemlock by the family spring. On its banks grew the dandelion, the angelica, the elder and bird, and the mountain-flax. The pebbles, too, seemed old acquaintance; they were so like those which I had often gathered with a lovely sister long since dead, who would teach me how to select the prettiest and best. The very mountains were dark and mighty, and overhanging and striped with the departing snows, like those that I viewed in the first years of remembrance as I frolicked with my brothers on the mossy rocks. We soon lost sight of the Arkansas among the small pines and cedars of the valley, and this we were sorry to do. The good old stream had given us many a fine cat-fish, and many a bumper of delicious water while we traveled wearily along its parched banks. It was like parting with an old companion that had ministered to our wants, and stood with us in anxious, danger ours times. And it was, therefore, pleasant to hear its voice come up from the caverns like a sacred farewell while we wound our way up the valley.

Thus gorge or valley runs about ten miles in a northward direction from the d'zouchure of the Arkansas, to the dividing ridge between the waters of that river and those of the southern head-waters of the south fork of the Great Plateau.

About midway its length, the trail or Indian track divides: the one branch makes a circuit among the heights to the westward, terminates in the great valley of the South Fork of the Platte, within the mountains, commonly called "Bouyon Salade," and the other and shorter leads northward up the gorge to the same point. Our guide carefully examined both trails at the diverging point; and finding the more western one most traveled, and believing, for this reason, the eastward one least likely to be occupied by the Indians, he led us up to the foot of the mountain which separates it from the vales beyond.—

We arrived at a little open spot at the base of the hill about 12 o'clock. The steepest part of the trail up the declivity was a loose, moving surface of sand and pebbles, constantly falling under its own weight. Other portions were precipitous, lying overhanging cliffs and the basons of deep ravines strewn with fallen rocks. To ascend it seemed impossible; but our old Kentucky was of a different opinion.

In his hunting expeditions he had often ascended and descended worse steeps with packs of beaver, traps, &c. And for a description of others of a much more difficult nature, which he had made with worse animals and heavier packs, through storms of hail and heaps of snow; and after the assurance that the Eautaw village of tents, and women and children, had passed this not many moons ago, we felt nettled at our own ignorance of possibilities in these regions, and drove off to the task. Our worthy guide led the way with his saddle-horse following him; the pack animals, each under the encouraging guardianship of a vigorous good, and the men and myself leading our riding animals, brought up the rear. Now for a long pull and a strong pull and a pull, not altogether at its cost, to the basin of the mountains, or to the plains, as those who are familiar with the Great Main famous for the plains—characteristics, are dark about their names. They diverge to the north and after the north and lose their cate around that beautiful.

And we rose early, prepared to commence this.—

We crossed the streams, the Great Prairie would be behind us, the streams and the mountains, and the more distant. Wood's night, is a pleasure in the hills. At four and seven
the cliffs, as they rose again and made their way among them. An hour and a half of this most dangerous and tiresome lumbers depositing us in a grove of yellow pines near the summit. Our animals were covered with sweat and dirt, and troubled as if at that instant from the race-track. Nor were their masters free from every ill of weariness. Our knees and each other with fatigue, as Belshazzar's did with fear.

Many of the pines on this ridge were two feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high, with small clusters of limbs around the tops. Others were low, and clothed with strong limbs quite near the ground. Under a number of these latter we had seated ourselves, holding the reins of our riding horses, when a storm arose with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and poured upon us hail and rain and snow with all imaginable liberality. A most remarkable tempest was this. Unlike those whose monotonous groans are heard among the Green Mountains for days before they feel the fury around you, it came in its strength at once, and rocked the stately pines to their most distant roots. Unlike those long "blows," which, generated in the frozen zone of the Atlantic seas, bring down the frosty blasts of Greenland upon the warmer climates of the States, it was the meeting of different currents, which, their fury around you, caused them to fall in strength at once, and tore the stately pines to their most distant roots. Unlike any thing but itself, one portion of it had gathered its electricity and mist around James's Peak in the east; another among the white heights northwest; and a third among the snowy pyramids of the Etaus in the southwest; and, marshalling their hosts, met over this connecting ridge between the eastern and central ranges, as if by general battle to settle a vexed question as to the better right to the Pass; and it was sinfully fought. The opposing storms met nearly at the zenith, and fiercely rolled together their angry masses. And as it to carry out the simple I have here attempted, at the moment of their junction, the electricity of each leaped upon its antagonist transversely across the heavens, and in some instances fell in immense bolts upon the trembling cliffs; and then instantly came a volley of hail as large as grape-shot, sufficient with which all the towers of this horrid war. It lasted an hour. I never before, not even on the plains, saw such a movement of the elements.--And if anything had been wanting to establish the theory, this exhibition sufficed to convince those who saw its movements and felt its power, that these mountains are the great laboratory of mist and wind and electricity, which, formed into storms, are sent in such awful fury upon the great plains or prairies that stretch away from their bases to the States; and that here alone may be witnessed the extreme power of the warring elements.

After the violence of the tempest had abated, we traveled up the remainder of the ascent and halted a few minutes on the summit to view the scene around us. Behind was the valley up which we had traveled, covered with evergreen shrubs. On the east of this, rose a precipitous wall of stratified rock, 2,000 or 3,000 feet high, stretching off towards the Arkansas, and dotted here and there with the small shrub pine struggling from the crevices of the rocks. In the southwest, the mountains, less precipitous, rose one above another in the distance till their blue tops faded into the semblance of the sky. To the east of our position, there was nothing in sight but piles of mountains, whose dark and ragged masses increased in height and magnitude till they towered in naked grandeur around James's Peak. From that frozen height ran off to the northeast and secondary range of mountains that lie between the head-waters of the South Fork of the Platte and the plains. This is a range of brown, barren, and broken ridges, destitute alike of earth and shrub, with an average height of 3000 feet above the plain. On the western side of it, and north of the place where we were viewing them, hills of a constantly decreasing height fall off for 50 miles to the northwest, till they sink in the beautiful valley of Banyon Sabado, and then rising again tower higher and higher in the west until lost in the haze about the base of the Anadahue range; a vast waste of mountains, devoid of shrub or leaf; and with the wind, prevailing from the west, we traveled down and left our horse trail, which, like those high mountain streams, trickled on in a pathless waste over the broken edge, until lost in the far-off haze of the range.

The Anadahue ridge of the snowy range was visible for at least 100 miles of latitude; and the nearest point was so far distant that the dip of the horizon exceeded all these, hidden and torn by the live thunder, among the sounding mountains. Unlike any thing but itself, one portion of it had gathered its electricity and mist around James's Peak in the east; another among the white heights northwest; and a third among the snowy pyramids of the Etaus in the southwest; and, marshalling their hosts, met over this connecting ridge between the eastern and central ranges, as if by general battle to settle a vexed question as to the better right to the Pass; and it was sinfully fought. The opposing storms met nearly at the zenith, and fiercely rolled together their angry masses. And as it to carry out the simple I have here attempted, at the moment of their junction, the electricity of each leaped upon its antagonist transversely across the heavens, and in some instances fell in immense bolts upon the trembling cliffs; and then instantly came a volley of hail as large as grape-shot, sufficient with which all the towers of this horrid war. It lasted an hour. I never before, not even on the plains, saw such a movement of the elements.--And if anything had been wanting to establish the theory, this exhibition sufficed to convince those who saw its movements and felt its power, that these mountains are the great laboratory of mist and wind and electricity, which, formed into storms, are sent in such awful fury upon the great plains or prairies that stretch away from their bases to the States; and that here alone may be witnessed the extreme power of the warring elements.

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among the sturdy solemn pines and musping trees, 12 miles north of the Arkansas's desolate, from the mountains, and 40 miles due west from James's Peak.

On the 19th we traveled in a northward course down the little stream bursting from the hills and bubbling among the bashes. We were upon an Indian trail full of sharp gravel that annoyed our animals exceedingly. The pines were often difficult to pass, so thick were they. But the right course was easily discovered among them, even when the soil was so hard as to have received no impression from previous traveling, by small stones which the Eskaws had placed among the branches. About mid-day we saw scattering spears of the wild thax again, and a few small shrubs of the black birch near the water courses. The endless climbing and descending of hills prevented our making much progress. At 2 o'clock we judged ourselves but 10 miles from the last night's encampment. A cloud of dust then beginning to settle and chill us, we took shelter in a small grove of pines. But as the hail had fallen two inches in depth over the whole adjoining country, every movement of the atmosphere was like a blast of December. Too cold to sleep, we therefore built fires and our watch guides, &c., till the howl of the wolves gave notice of the approach of morning. Tid for breakfast. It had been our only food for nine days. It seemed strange that we should have traveled 180 miles in a country like that we had passed through leaving Fort William, without killing an animal. But it ceased to be so when our worthy guides informed us that no individual had ever come from the Arkansas, in the region of the Fort, to the mountains, with as little suffering as we had. "It is," said he, "a starving country; never any game found in it. The buffalo come into these valleys from the north through the Bull Pen; and go out there when the storms of the autumn warm them to go to the south for winter quarters. But that valley off there, (pointing to a low smooth spot in the horizon) looks mighty like Boyou Salade, my old stamping ground. If it should be, we will have meat before the sun is behind the mountain."

We were well pleased with this prospect. Our Mexican guide cried at the top of his voice, "Esta muy bueno, Senor Kelly, si, muy bueno, este Boyou Salade; mucho carne por nosotros." And the poor fellow had some reasons for this expression of joy; for the tolle regimen had been to him what the water-gruel of the modem workhouse was to Oliver Twist, except that its excel- lent flavor had not induced the Mexican "to ask for more." He had, on previous occasions, in company with Kelly, gnawed the ribs of many a fat cow in Boyou Salade; and the instincts of his stomach put him in such a frenzy at the recol- lection, that although he could only understand the words "Boyou Salade," these were sufficient to induce him to cross himself from the forest to the abode, and to swear by Santa Guadalupe that tolle was not food for a Christian mouth.

On the 20th we were early on our way. The small prairie wolf that had howled us to sleep every evening, and howled us awake every morning, was gone. It left its place on the Platte. The existence,
Our meat here in the mountains never paimes one. Not the least bit tender, but piggish and lead; many's the time that I have starved six and eight days; and when I have found meat, ate all night; that's the custom of the country. We never borrow trouble from hunger or thirst, and when we have plenty, we eat the best pieces first, for fear of being killed by some brat of an Indian before we havejoyed them. You may eat as much as you can; any word for it, this wild meat never hurts one. But your chickens and bacon, &c. in the settlements, it came right near shoving me into the Kenyan when I was down there last."

While the excellent man was giving vent to these kind feelings, he was busy making preparations for another course. The marrow bones were undergoing a severe flagellation; the blows of the old hunter's hatchet were cracking them in pieces, and laying bare the rolls of "trapper's butter" within them. A pound of marrow was thus extracted, and put into a gallon of water heated nearly to the boiling point. The blood which he let to course down the cavity of the buffalo was then stirred in till the mass became of the consistency of rice soup. A little salt and black pepper finished the preparation. It was a fine dish; too rich, perhaps, for some of my esteemed acquaintances, whose digestive organs partake of the general bizarreness of their habits: but to us who had so long desired a healthful diet, it was a doubly expressive in that quarter, it was the very marrow and life-blood of— not Grahamism, for our friend Graham I think does not believe in marrow and fitness—the marrow and fitness and life-blood of whatsoever is good and wholesome: for famished carnivorous animals like ourselves. It was excellent, most excellent. It was better than our father's frying ale.

For while it loosened our tongues and warmed our hearts towards one another, it had the additional effect of Aaron's oil; it made our faces to shine with glee and gladness. But the remembrance of the paleate pleasures of the next course, will not allow me to dwell longer upon this. The crownings, the dainties, the luxuries for us.

While enjoying the soup, which I have just described, we believed the bumper of our pleasures to be sparkling to the brim; and if our excellent old trapper had not been there, we never should have desired more. But bow true is that philosophy which teaches, that to be capable of happiness, we must be conscious of wants! Our friend Kelly was in this a practical as well as theoretical Epicurean. "No giving up the beaver so," said he; "another shift and we will sleep." Saying this, he seized the intestines of the buffalo, which had been properly cleaned for the purpose, turned them inside out, and as he proceeded stuffed them with strips of well salted and peppered tenderloin. Our "boudoirs" thus made, were stuck upon sticks before the fire, and roasted till they were thoroughly cooked and browned. The sticks were then taken from their roasting position and stuck in position for eating. That is to say, each of us with as fine an appetite as ever blessed a New England heart at his grandfather's Thanksgiving Dinner, seized a stick spit, stuck it in the earth near our couches, and sitting upon our benches ate our last course—the desert of our mountain host's entertainment. These wilderness sausages would have gratified the appetite of those who had been deprived of meat a less time than we had been. The envelopes preserve the juices of which while cooking, thephlegm turned within, mingles and forms a gravy of the finest flavor. Such is a feast in the mountains.

Since leaving Fort William we had been occasionally crossing the trails of the Flat-scout parties, and had felt some solicitude for the safety of our little company. An overwhelming number of them might fall upon us at night and annihilate us at a blow. But we had thus far selected such encampments, and had such confidence in our rifles and in our dog, who never failed to give us notice of the least movement of a wolf or panther at night, that we had not stationed a guard since leaving that post. Our guide too sanctioned this course; always saying when the subject was introduced that the dawn of day was the time for Indian attacks, and that they would rise early to find his eyes shut after the howling of the wolf on the hills had announced the approach of light. We however took the precaution to encamp at night in a deep valley, which concealed the light of our fire, and slept with our equipments upon us, and our well primed rifles across our breasts.

On the morning of the 21st we were awakened at sunrise, by our servant who had thus early been in search of our animals. The sun rose over the eastern mountains brilliantly and gave promise of a fine day. Our route lay along the swelling hills, the sides of which were covered with vast beds of the large yellow pine and aspen. These latter trees exclude every other from their society. They stand so closely that not the half of their number live until they are five inches in diameter. Those also that grow on the borders of the groves are generally destroyed, being deprived of their bark seven or eight feet up, by the elk which resort to them yearly to rub off the annual growth of their horns. The snow on the tops of the hills was melting, and along the lower edge of it, where the grass was green and tender, the various beasts of buffalo and antelope were they from the vales through which we traveled, that they appeared a vast collection of dark specks on the line of the sky. By the side of the pebbly brooks, many beautiful plants grew. A species of convolvulus and honeysuckle, two species of wild hops and the mountain flax, were among them. Pears were also beginning to appear; as wild plums, currants, yellow and black; the latter like those of the same color in the gardens, the former larger than either the red or black, but of an unpleasant astringent flavor.—We had not, since entering the mountains, seen any indication of volcanic action. The rocky strata and the soil appeared to be of primary formation. We made 15 miles today in a general course of north by west.

On the 22d we traveled 8 miles through a country similar to that passed the day before. We were still on the waters of the Platte; but seldom in sight of the main stream. Numerous noisy brooks ran among the rolling hills over which we rode. During the early part of the morning buffalo bulls were often seen crossing our path; they were however so poor and undesirable that we shot none of them. About 10 o'clock we came upon a fresh trail, distinctly marked by hoofs and
dragging loose poles. Kelley judged these "signs" to be not more than 24 hours old, and to have been made by a party of Eautaws which had passed into Bayou Salado to hunt the buffalo. Hostile Indians in our immediate neighborhood was by no means an agreeable circumstance to us. We could not contend with any hope of success against 150 Tomahawks and an equal number of muskets and bows and arrows. They would also frighten the buffalo back to the Bull pen and thus prevent us from laying in a stock of meat farther along to support us across the desert in advance of us. We therefore determined to kill the last bull that we should meet, cure the best pieces for packing, and thus prepare ourselves for a siege or a retreat, our circumstances might dictate; or if the Indians should prevent our obtaining other and better meat and yet not interrupt us by any hostile demonstration, in pursuing our journey, we might, by an economical use of what we could pack from them, supply our wants. We should in the meanwhile be provided with hunger, the same which we hoped to find on tributaries of Grand River. We therefore moved on with great caution; and at about 2 o'clock killed a fine young bull. He fell in a glen through which a little brook murmured along to a cove just below. The bulls in considerable numbers were beating their surly tusks on the other side of the little wood with as much apparent complacency as certain animals with fewer horns and legs often do, when there is not likely to be any thing in particular to oppose them. But fortunately for the reputation of their pretensions, as sometimes happens to their biped brethren, a circumstance chanced to occur, when their courage seemed waxing to the bursting state, on which it could expend its energies. The blood of their slaughtered companion scented the breeze, and on we came, 20 or more, tall in air, to take proper vengeance. We dropped our butcher knives, mounted quickly, and were about to accommodate them with the contents of our quivers, when, like numberless similar bellowers, certain danger came, they fled as bravely as they had approached. Away they raked, for buffalo never trot, over the brown barren hills in the northeast, looking neither to the right nor left, for the long hair around the head does not permit such aberrations of their optics; but onward gloriously did they roll their massive bulks—two winding in the vale and now blowing up the ascents; stopping not an instant in the career of their indisputable course until they looked like creeping insects on the brow of the distant mountain. Having thus vanquished by the most consummate generalship and stern patriotism in the ranks never surpassed by Jew or German, and in which: we are the sincerest of our meat, and as one of the works of returning peace, loaded it upon our animals, and traveled in search of quinquagen wood wherewithal to dry it. The traders and trappers always prefer this wood for such purposes, because it is, when dry, more inedible than any other; and consequently does not so soon stem the flavor of roasted buffalo. In this manner we encamped over a fire made of it. Half an hour's ride brought us to a grove of this timber, where we camped for the night—dried our meat, and Eautaws near or far slept soundly. In this remark I should except, perhaps, the largest piece of human nature among us, who had, as his custom was, curled down hard by our brave old guide and slept at intervals, only an eye at a time, for fear of Indians.

29d. Eighteen miles to-day among rough precipices, overhanging crags, and roaring torrents. There were, however, between the declivities and among the cedars, cotton-wood, quaking asp, fir, and yellow pine, some open glades and beautiful valleys of green verdure, watered by the rivulets gushing from the stony hills, and sparkling with beautiful flowers. Five or six miles from our last encampment we came upon the brow of a woody hill that overlooked the valley, where the waters on which we were traveling unite with others that come down from the mountains in the north, and from what is properly called the South Fork of the Great Platte, within the mountains. Here we found fresh Indian tracks; and on that account deemed it prudent to take to the timbered heights bordering the valley on the west, in order to disinfect the Indians of the small, but long numbers, &c., before venturing within their reach. We accordingly for three hours wound our way in silence among fallen timber and thick-set cotton-wood—climbed every neighboring height and examined the depressions in the plain which could not be seen from the lower hills. Having searched the valley thoroughly in this manner, and perceiving the peaceable and careless bearing of the small bands of buffalo around its borders, that if there were Indians within it they were at some distance from our trail, we descended from the heights and struck through a deep ravine a short distance to the junction of the northern and southern waters of the stream.

We found the river at this place 150 yards wide, and of an average depth of about 6 feet, with a current of five miles the hour. Its course hence is E. N. E. about 100 miles, where its rushes through a magnificent kenyon or chasm in the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains to the plains of the Great Prairie Wilderness. This valley is a continuation of the valley that is, along the banks of the main and tributary streams a vale extends a few rods or miles, and is nearly or quite separated from a similar one beyond, by a rocky ridge or butte or a rounded hill covered with grass or timber, which protrudes from the height towards the stream. This is a bird's eye view of Bayou Salado—so named from the circumstance that native rock salt is found in some parts of it. We were in the central portion of it. To the north and south and west its isolated plains rise one above another, always beautiful and covered with verdure during the months of spring and summer. But when the storms of autumn and winter come on, they are surrounded by a cover of snow which fall or are drifted there from the Animas Ridge, on its western horizon. A sweet spot this, for the romance of the future as well as the present and past. The buffalo have for ages resorted here about the last days of July, from the arid plains of the Arkansas and the Platte; and thither the Eautaws and the Wanns from the mountains around the Santa F6, and the Shoebonies or Snakes and Arrapahoes from the west, and the Blackfeet, Crow and Sioux from the north, have for ages met and hunted and fought and loved.—And when their battles and hunts were interrupted by the chills and snows of November, they
have separated for their several winter resorts.—

How wild and beautiful the past, as it comes up
fledged with the plumage of the imagination!—

These vales studed with a thousand villages of
conical skin wigwams, with their thousands of
fires blazing on the starry bow of night! I see
the dusky bands crowding around the glowing
piles of ignited logs, in family groups whispering
the dreams of their rude love; or gathered around
the stalwart form of some noble chief at the hour
of midnight, listening to the harangue of venge-
ance or the whoop of war that is to cast the deadly
arrow with the first gleam of morning light. Or
may we not see them gathered, a circle of brave
men around an aged tree, surrounded each by the
musty trophies of half a century's daring deeds.

The eldest and richest in scalps rises from the centre
of the ring and advances to the tree. Hear him—

"Fifty winters ago, when the seventh moon's first
bom hung upon the green forests of the Eautaw
hills, myself and five others erected a lodge for the
Great Spirit on the snows of the White Blate, and
carved down the shadow of the white buffalo, as
dark as the heart of a bear, we said to the Great Spirit, 'No man can war with
the arrows from the quiver of thy storms; no man's
word can be heard when thy voice is among the
clouds; no man's hand is strong when thy hand
leaves the small of its owner'. The wolves gnawed the
heads of our fathers and the scalps of their murderers
hang not in the lodges of our mothers. Great
father spirit, send not thine anger out; hold in thy
hand the winds; let not thy great voice drow
the death yell while we hunt the murderers of our
fathers. I and the five others then built in the
middle of the mountains; and when the
moon was down and the shadows of the White Blate
were as dark as the heart of a bear, we said
to the Great Spirit, 'We must erect the lodge
in the forest for the protection of our
fathers'. The Great Spirit saw the wampum and the skins
and the white buffalo hide. Five days and nights
I and the five others danced and smoked the Medici
and beat the board with sticks and chanted
away the power of the great edict of the Munch
that they might not be evil to us and bring sickness into
our bones. Then when the stars were shining in
the clear sky we swore, 'I must not tell what, for
it was in the ear of the Great Spirit, and went
out of the lodge with our bosoms full of anger
against the murderers of our fathers, whose bones
were in the jaws of the wolf; and went for their
scalps to hang them in the lodges of our mothers.'

See him strike the aged tree with his war club,
again, again, nine times. "So many Cunnanches
did I slay, the murders of my father, before
the moon was round again and far upon the eastern
plain." This is not merely an imagined scene
of former times in Bayou Salado. All the essential
events related, happened yearly in 1830 and
other hunting grounds, whenever the old braves
assembled to celebrate the valorous deeds of their
younger days. When these exciting relations
were finished, the young men of the tribe, who
had not yet distinguished themselves, were ex-
horted to seek glory in a similar way. And woe
to him who passed his morning without ornament
the door of his lodge with the scalps of his
countrymen.

This valley is still frequented by some of these
tribes as a summer haunt. When the heat of the
plains renders them uncomfortable, the Eautaws
were scouring it when we passed. We therefore
crossed the river to its northern bank and followed
up its northern branch eight miles, with every eye
keenly searching for the appearance of foes; and
not made our encampment for the night in a deep
chasm overhung by the long branches of a grove
of white pines. We built our fire in the dry bed
of a mountain torrent, shaded by bushes on the side
of the valley, and above, by a dense mass
of bushes, so effectually, as not only to conceal
the blaze from any one the wild birds might
prevent the reflection from guiding too high.
The conspicuous foliage of the neighboring trees.

Aft' our horses had fed themselves we tied them
courches, that they might not, in case of
be driven away before we had an
out of defending them, and when we re-
tire, threw water upon our fire that it might not
the Indians in a search for us; put new
cants upon our arms, and trusting to our dog
and mule, the latter in such cases always the most
skilful, to scent their approach, tried to sleep.

But we were too near the snows. Chilling
winds sucked down the vale, and drove us out
blankets to a shivering watch during the remain-
der of the night. Not a cap however, was burst.
Ahs for our brave intentions, they ended in
an ague fit.

Our guide informed us that the Eautaws reside
on both sides of the Eautaw or Amahicuee mountains;
that they are sagacious of speech, that they are governed by the heads
of our fathers and the scalps of their murderers
hang not in the lodges of our mothers. Great
father spirit, send not thine anger out; hold in thy
hand the winds; let not thy great voice drow
the death yell while we hunt the murderers of our
fathers. I and the five others then built in the
middle of the mountains; and when the
moon was down and the shadows of the White Blate
were as dark as the heart of a bear, we said
to the Great Spirit, 'We must erect the lodge
in the forest for the protection of our
fathers'. The Great Spirit saw the wampum and the skins
and the white buffalo hide. Five days and nights
I and the five others danced and smoked the Medici
and beat the board with sticks and chanted
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that they might not be evil to us and bring sickness into
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out of the lodge with our bosoms full of anger
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were in the jaws of the wolf; and went for their
scalps to hang them in the lodges of our mothers.'

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again, again, nine times. "So many Cunnanches
did I slay, the murders of my father, before
the moon was round again and far upon the eastern
plain." This is not merely an imagined scene
of former times in Bayou Salado. All the essential
events related, happened yearly in 1830 and
through which the south fork of the Platte, after
having gathered all its mountain tributaries, for-
ces its roaring, cascade course to the plains. To
the north, the low, timbered and gravelized hills, some-
topped with snow and others crowned with lofty
pines, faded into a smooth, dim and regular hori-
zon.

CHAPTER V.

An Ascend—A Misfortune—A Death—The Mountain of the
Holy Cross—Leaping Plains—Killing a Buffalo—Avens and
Tyrants—Pantie. &c.—Geography—Something about
Descenting the Colorado of the West—Dwelling Ridge—
Scene—Twenty guns Park—A War Whoop—Meeting of
Old Fellow Trappers—A Notable Tny—My Mate—
The Magpie of the Mountains—Kid's Old Camp—A
Strait Heart—Little Bear River—Vegetation and
Hermose—Two White Men a Squaw and Child—A
Dead Man—What is Testud—Trapping—Blackfoot and
Nor—A Bloody Incident—A Cave—Hot Springs—The
Country—A Sparrow—A Trip to the Grand River—The
Platte—A Bear—Dancing before a Snake River—
Twin—Deserts—Mountains—Mountain Muntjens—
Religion—Pine Trees—Letters—Ranch of the Port, David,
Cross—Portraits—Friends—Spirits—Time and Beautiful—Trades—Winter and its Hurricane—
Love—The Way to get a Wife—A Recommendation to
Gentlemen—The Colorado of the West—Cliffs—
Indians—The Shoshone—An Indian Temperance Society—
The Seashore—A Story—The Shoshone—Mountains as
paired, and Citizenship among them—War Parties—
Lodge in the Great Sand—Religious Ceremonies—The
Vow and an Incident—The First Snowman who saw a
White Man.

The ascent to this height was not as laborious as
the one near the Arkansas. It lay up the face
of a mountain that formed a larger angle with
plane of the horizon than did the other. But it
was clothed with a dense forest of pines, a species
of double leaved hemlock, and spruce and fir
trees, which prevented our animals from falling
over the precipices, and enabled us to make long
sweeps in a zigzag course that much relieved the
fatigue of the ascent. We however met here
a misfortune of a more serious nature to us, than
the storm that pelted us on the other side.
One of the horses belonging to our guide shied just
before arriving at the summit and refusing to
bear further the burden he had there before
borne with ease and apparent pride, sunk under it.
We rushed him—he rose upon his legs and made
a willing attempt to do his duty—but the poor
animal failed in his generous effort. We therefore
took off his pack, put it upon my saddle horse,
drove him before us to the summit, from
whence we enjoyed a beautiful prospect I have
just described. But we felt little interest in the
expanse of sublimity before us; our eyes and
sympathies too, were turned to the noble animal
which was now suffering great pain. He had
been reared in the mountains; and it seemed to
be his highest pleasure to tread along their
ruddy brinks. Every morning at his post, with
the other horse belonging to his master, he
would stand without being fastened and receive his
burden; and with every demonstration of willing-
ness, bear it over the mountains and through tor-
rents till his task was ended in the night encamp-
ment. Such a horse in the desolate regions we
were traversing, the bearer of our wearing apparel
and food, the leader of our band of animals, the
property of our kind old Kentuckian, the one-
third of all his worldly estate was no mean ob-
ject of interest. After noticing him awhile, we
perceived symptoms of his being poisoned, ad-
ministered whatever medicines we possessed suit-
ted to the case, and left him to his fate for the
night. Rain during the day, frost during the night; ice
in the camp for an inch in thickness.

We were out early on the morning of the 25th,
and found our guide's horse living. We accordance-
lly saddled, packed and started down the valley
of a small head stream of Grand River. The sick
horse was driven slowly along for about five
miles when he refused to go farther. It now became
evident that he had been eating the wild pines
at our last encampment on the other side of
the ridge. That he must die became, therefore,
certain, and we unpacked to see the breath from
his body before he should be left to the merciless
wolves. He died near daylight down, and at the
path before us was rough and bushy, we concluded
to remain on the summit of the night. Our anxiety
for the life of this excellent animal had well nigh
led us to pass unobserved one of the most singular
curiosities in nature—a cross of crystallized quartz
in the eastern face of a conical mountain!

There were, on the western side of the stream
which we were following down, a collection of
butes or cumbustus, with pine and fir trees about
the top was somewhat in the form of the gable end
of an ancient church. This cluster was flanked on
each side by vast rolls or swells of earth and rock,
which rose so high as to be capped with snow. In
the distance to the West, were seen through the
openings between the butes, a number of spiral
peaks that might have arisen as clustered masses
about the western front of a vast cold edifice of the
eternal hills. On the eastern face of the gable bute
there were two transverse seams of what appeared
to be crystallized quartz. The upright was about
60 feet in length; the cross beam about 20 feet,
thrown athwart the upright near its top and lying
parallel to the plane of the horizon. I viewed it as
the sun rose over the eastern mountains and fell
upon the glittering crystals of this emblem of the
Saviour's suffering; built with the foundations and
treasured in the bosom of these granite solids.
A cross in a church, however fallen we may sup-
pose it to be from the original purity of worship,
excruciation, as a child in the midst of storms,
men, a sacred awe arising from the remembrance
of the scene in Judea which spread darkness like
the night over the earth and the sun. But how
much more impressive was this cross of living
rock; on the temple of nature where priest never
stood; the symbol of redeeming love, engraved
when Eden was unscathed with an, by God's own
hand on the brow of his everlasting mountains.
The trappers have reverently named this peak the
"Mountain of the Holy Cross." It is about 500
feet in height above the level of the little brook,
which runs a few rods from its base. The upper
end of the cross is about 100 feet below the sum-
it. There are many dark and stately groves of
pine and balsam fir in the vicinity. About
the brooks grow the black alder and the laurel; the
honey-suckle and a great variety of wild flowers
dorn the crevices of the rocks. The virgin snows
whiten the lofty summits around; the voice of the
low murmuring rivulets trills in the sacred
o solitude, o solitude, where art thou here,"
the lip moves to speak. "Pray, kneel, adore," one
Travels in the Great Western Prairies,

seems to hear softly breathed in every breeze. "It is holy ground."

26th. On March 6 o'clock and traveled down the small stream which had accompanied us on the 24th and 25th. As we advanced the valleys opened, and the trees, pine, fur, white oak, cotton wood, quaking asp, &c., became larger and taller. The wild flowers and grass became more luxuriant. It was our fortune to follow the Indian trail, our country was as nearly a right line as the eye of that race could trace along the lower hills. Hence we often left the stream and crossed the woody swells; not hills; not mountains; but vast swelling tracts of land that rise among these vales like half-buried spheres, on which, frequently for miles broken, and among the trees, and between the broken, we often seconded the eye. The groves of small quaking asp, that had toppled the trees in some places had fallen across our track so thickly that it became necessary to raise the foot over one at almost every step. Here my Pueblos more performed any a feat of a high and lofty tumbling. She could leap the large pines, one at a time, with satisfaction to herself, that was worthy of her blood. But to step, nearly step, over one small tree and then another, seemed to be too much condescension. Accordingly she took a firm unalterable stand upon her reserved rights, from which neither pulling nor whipping seemed likely to move her. At length she yielded, as great men sometimes do, her own opinion of constitutional duty to the will of the people, and leaped among them with a desperation that ought to have annihilated a square mile of such obstacles. But instead thereof, she turned a summerset into about the same quantity of them, and there lay "alone in her glory," till she was tumbled out and set up again.

A deep valley during the day's journey had appeared five miles in width. On its borders hung dark mountains of rock, some of which, lying westward, were tipped with shining ice. Far beyond appeared the Ahtahac ridge. Snow in the south was yet in sight—none seen in the east and north. The valley itself was much broken, with minor rocky elevations, bursting up between the "swells," and with fields of large loose stones laid bare by the torrents. The buffalo were seen grazing in small detached herds on the slopes of the mountains near the lower line of snow, those green fields of the skies—Many "elk signs," tracts, &c. were met; but none of these animals were seen. Our guide informed me that the habit of them is to follow the snow. In other words, that as the snow in summer melts away from the lowlands, they follow its retreating banks into the mountains. And when it begins in autumn to descend again, they descend with it, and pass the winter in the valley. He also said that the absence of the male deer in a similar way; and added that the does, when they bring forth their young, forsake their mates companions until the kids are four or five months old; and this for the reason that the

unnatural male is disposed to destroy his offspring during the period of its helplessness. Some rain fell today.

27th. We commenced our march this morning at 6 o'clock, traveled as our custom was usually, till the hour of 11, and then halted to breakfast, on the bank of the stream. The face of the country along the morning's trail was much the same as that of the day before; often beautiful and other scenes sublime. Vast spherical swells covered with buffalo, and wild flower glens echoing the voices of a thousand cascades, and countless numbers of lofty peaks crowding the sky, will give perhaps a faint idea of it. As the stream that we had been following bore to the westward of our course, we in the afternoon struck across a range of low hills to another branch of it that came down from the eastern mountains, and encamped upon its banks. These hills were composed of hard gravel, covered with two or three inches of black loam. In the deep vales the mountain torrents had swept away the soil and left the strata bare for miles along their courses. The half only of its altitude as seen from the dividing ridges was now visible. We were doubtles lessening our own altitude materially, but the difference in the apparent height of this ridge was in part produced by its increased distance. It had evidently begun to tend rapidly towards the Pacific.

A proper knight of the order of horse strode across our path near 4 o'clock, and by his princely bearing invited our old trapper to a tilt. His Kentucky blood could not be challenged with impunity. He dropped upon one knee—drew a close sight—clove the bull's heart in twain and sent him groaning upon the sand. He was very poor, but as we had reason to fear that we were "false to beat," it was deemed prudent to increase the weight of our packs with the better portion of his flesh. Accordingly the tongue, heart, liver, and the "fleece" were taken, and were being hauled upon our mule, when an attack of hundreds bravely seized our giant in the extremities, and he began to kick and beat his horse for presuming to stand on four feet, or some similar act, without his permission, in such gallant style, that our mule on which the meat was placed leaped affrighted from us and dropped it on the sand. We were all extremely vexed at this, and I believe made some disparaging comparisons between the intellects of asses and tyrants. Whether our mule or Smith felt most aggrieved thereby, we were never informed. But the matter was very pleasantly disposed of by our benevolent guide. He turned the meat with his foot and kicked it good naturely from him, and said in his blandest manner, "No dirt in the mounting but sand—the oath can't go that," and bounded his horse for the mountain; we traveled 20 miles and encamped.

28th. 18 miles down the small valleys between the sharp and rugged hills; crossed a number of
small streams running westward. The mountains along our way differed in character from any we had heretofore passed. Some of them were composed entirely of earth, and semi-circular in form; others embraced thousands of acres of which seemed to have been excavations of fine brown gravel, rising swell above swell and sweeping away to the height of 2000 feet; destitute of timber save a few slender strips which grew along the rills that trickled at long intervals down their sides. We encamped again on the bank of the main stream. It was 100 yards in width; water 15 feet deep, current 6 miles the hour.

29th. Today we struck Grand River, (the great southern branch of the Colorado of the west,) 20 miles from our last night’s encampment. It is here 300 yards wide, current 6 miles the hour; water from 6 to 10 feet in depth—transparent, but like the atmosphere of much higher temperature than we had met with since leaving the Arkansas. The hills to the east show this stream and some of its tributaries, are called by the hunters “The Old Park.” If the qualifying term were omitted, they would be well described by their name. Extensive meadows running up the valleys of the streams, woodlands skirting the mountain bases and dividing the plains, over which the buffalo, elk, white-tailed deer, the English hare, the big horn or mountain sheep, the grisly, grey, red and black bears, and the buffalo and elk, range, —a splendid Park indeed; not old, but new as in the first fresh morning of the creation. Here also are found the prairie and the large grey wolf, the American panther, beaver, bear, otter, and mink. The grisly bear is the largest and most ferocious—with hair of a dirty brown color, sparsely mixed with those of a yellowish white. The males not unfrequently weigh 5 or 6 hundred pounds. The grey bear is less in size, hair nearly black, interspersed along the shoulders and hips with white. The black bear and of the color indicated by the name. The black bear is the same in all respects as those inhabiting the States. The prairie dog is also found here, a singular animal partially described in a previous page; but as they may be better known from Lieutenant Pike’s description of them, I shall describe them. They live in towns and villages, having an extensive political establishment in their communities. The sites of these towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some creek or pond, in order to be convenient to water and to escape from inundation. Their residence is in burrows, which descend in a spiral form.

The Lieutenant caused 100 bottles of water to be pounded into one of their holes in order to drive out the occupant, but failed, “They never travel more than half a mile from their homes, and readily associate with rattle snake.” They are of a dark brown color, except their bellies, which are red. They are something larger than a grey squirrel, and very fat; supposed to be granivorous and herbivorous. They are seen sometimes over two or three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of them, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of “vihanowish,” uttered in a shrill piercing manner.” The birds of these regions are the sparrow, hawk, the jackdaw, a species of grousé, of the size of the English grouse; color brown, a tufted head, and limbs feathered to the feet; the raven, very large, turkey, turkey, buzzard, glee, all the varieties of ducks known in such latitudes, the bald and grey eagle, meadow-hen and robin red breast. Of reptiles, the small striped lizard, humped frog and garter snake, are the most common. Rattle snakes are said to be found among the cliffs, but I saw none.

We forded Grand River, and encamped in the willows on the northern shore. The mountains in the west, on which the snow was lying, were still in sight. The view to the east and south was shut in by the neighboring hills; to the north and north-east, it was open, and in the distance appeared the Wind River and other mountains, in the vicinity of the "Great Gap." During the evening, while the men were angling for trout, Kelly gave me some account of Grand River and the Colorado of the West. Grand River descends a branch of the Colorado. It rises far to the east among the precipitous heights of the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, about midway from the Great Gap and the Kenyon of the South Fork of the Platte. It intercourses the distance of 60 miles with the waters of the Great Platte; its course to the point where we passed, is nearly due west. From thence it continues in a west by north course 10 miles, where it breaks through the Animas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. From these it continues in a west by north course 100 miles, where it breaks through the Anasas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. From these it continues in a west by north course 100 miles, where it breaks through the Anasas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. From these it continues in a west by north course 100 miles, where it breaks through the Anasas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. From these it continues in a west by north course 100 miles, where it breaks through the Anasas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. From these it continues in a west by north course 100 miles, where it breaks through the Anasas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. From these it continues in a west by north course 100 miles, where it breaks through the Anasas Ridge. The chills of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high, and overhanging; within them is a series of cascades, which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June.
again to their boat. Night came on, and the difficulty of keeping their boat from being broken to pieces on the rocks, increased the anxieties of their situation. They must have passed a horrible night,—so full of fearful expectations, of the certainty of starvation on the crags, or drowning in the stream. In the morning, however, they examined the rocks again, and found a small projecting crag, some 20 feet above them, on which, after many efforts, they threw their small boat, roped and drew the moose caught. One of the number then climbed to explore. He found a platform above the crag, of sufficient size to contain his six companions, and a narrow chasm in the overhanging wall, through which it appeared possible to pass to the upper surface. Having all reached the platform, they unloosed their lasso, and, bracing themselves as well as they could, with their rifles in the moving, dry earth beneath their feet, they undertook the ascent. It was so steep that they were often in danger of being plunged together in the abyss below. But by digging steps in the rocks, where they could be dug with their rifle-barrels, and by making use of their lasso where it could be used, they reached the upper surface near sunset, and made their way back to the place of departure. The above is a mountain-legend, interesting indeed, but

"I cannot tell how the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

At day-light, on the 30th, our cavalcade was moving across the woody ridges and verdant valleys between the crossings of Grand River and its great north fork. We struck the stream about 10 o'clock. Its water was beautifully clear,—average depth 2 feet, and current 4 miles the hour. It is said to take its rise in the mountains, near the south side of the 'Great Gap,' and to flow, in a south-westerly course, through a country of broken and barren plains, into Grand River, 20 miles below the crossings. We ascended rapidly all the day. There was no trail to guide us; but our worthy guide knew every mountain-top in sight. Bee lines through immense fields of wild sage and wormwood, and over gravelly plains—a short halt for a short breakfast—a constant spur, or trail, and driving, deposited us at sunset at the foot of a lofty mountain, clothed with heavy timber. It was the dividing ridge between the waters of Grand and Green Rivers. We must cross it. We therefore turned out the animals to feed—ate a scanty morsel of dried meat, and went to our encamp, for the strength requisite for the task. About the middle of the night the panthers on the mountain gave us a specimen of their growling capacities. It was a hideous noise: deep and broken by the most unearthly screams! They were gathering for prey; for our horses and ourselves. We drove up the animals, however, tied them near the camp, built a large and bright fire, and slept till daylight. At sunrise, on the morning of the 31st, we stood on the summit of the mountain, at the base of which we had slept the previous night. It was the very place from which I wished to view the outline of the valley of Grand River, and the snowy ridge of the Anahum. And it was as favorable an hour for my purpose as I could have selected from the whole day. The sun had just risen over the eastern

lights, sufficiently to give the valley of the Grand River to the south-east of me, those strong contrasts of light and shade which painters know so well how to use when sketching a mountain-scene at early morning, or when the sun is half hidden at night. The peaks were bright, the deep shadows sprang off from the western sides, above faintly, and deepening as they descended to the bases, where the deep brown of the rocks and earth gave the vales the semblance of undisturbed night. The depression of the valley, as I have termed it, was in truth a depression of a vast tract of mountains: not unto a plain or vale; but a great ravine of buttes and ridges, decreasing in light from the limit of vision in the north-east, east and south—and falling one below another toward the stream, into the diminutive bluffs on its banks. The valley below the crossing was less distinctly seen. Its general course only could be distinguished among the bare hills upon its borders. But the great main chain, or Anahum range, came sweeping up from the Arkansas, and swept over us as when viewed from the heights farther south. It was about 100 miles distant, the length of the section in view about 160; not a speck on all its vast outline. It did not show as glaciers do, but like a drift of newly-fallen snow heaped on mountains—by some mighty efforts of the elements; piled from age to age; and from day to day widening and brightening its untold dimensions. Its width, its height, its cubic miles, its mass of rock, of earth, of snow, of ice, of waters ascending in clouds to shower the lowlands or renew its own robes of frost, of waters sent rushing to the sea, are some of the vast items of this sublimity of existence. The light of the rising sun falling upon it through the remarkably transparent atmosphere of these regions, made the view distinctly clear; the intervening space was thickly dotted with lesser peaks, which, in the lengthened distance, melted into an apparent plain. But the elevation of the great Anahum range, presenting its broad, side to the morning light in that day, clear and easy, seemed as distinctly seen as the tree at my side. An immensityheaping on the vault of heaven! In the north-west it manifestly trended toward the north end of the Great Salt Lake.

But we must leave this absorbing scene for the journey of the day. The ascent of the dividing ridge, from which I took this extensive survey of all this vast, unknown, unexplored portion of the mountains, was comparatively easy. We threaded, indeed, some half-dozen precipices in going up, within an inch of graver 500 feet deep. Yet, as none of us lost our brains on the rocks below, these narrow and slippery paths cannot be remembered in connection with incidents either remarkable or sad.

With this notice of mountain turnpikes, I will be obliged to my readers to step along with me over the bold summit, and look at the descent, yes, the descent, my friends. It is a bold one: one of the men said "four miles of perpendicular;" and so it was. Or if it was not, it ought to have been, for many very good reasons of mathematical propriety that are as difficult to write as to comprehend. It was partially covered with bushes and trees, and a soft vegetable mould that yielded to our horses' feet, but we, by dint of holding, bracing, and sliding, arrived safely at the bottom, and jogged on merrily six or
seven miles over barren ridges, rich plains, and
woodly hills to the head of Tumut Park. We
had turned out our animals to eat, hung our
camp-kettle over the fire to boil some bits of gris-
ly meat that we had found among the rubbish of
our packs, and were resting our wearied frames
in the shade of the willows, conversing about the
tracks which we had seen five miles back; one
supposing that they were made by Indians, the
Arrapahoe or the Shoshonies, while our old guide
insisted that they were made by white men's hor-
ses; and assigned as a reason for this opinion,
that no Indians could be traveling in that direc-
tion, and that one of the horses had shoes on its
fore feet; when the Arrapahoe war whoop and
the clattering of hoofs upon the side hill above,
bring us to our feet, rifle in hand, for a comfit.
Kelley seemed for a moment as if he was in doubt as to his
own conclusions relative to the tracks, and as to
the color of those making them. But at last
when they dashed up, he leaped the brook, and seized
the hands of three old fellow-trappers. It was a
joyful meeting. They had often stood side by
side in battle; and among the solemn companions
dug the lonely grave of some slaughtered
companion; and together sent the avenging lead into
the heart of the enemy; neither in our days
nor for a century were there any brothers, and so they met.
We shared with
them our last scraps of meat.
They informed us that they had fallen in
with our trail, and followed us under a belief that we
were certain friends whom they were expecting from St. Louis with goods for the post at Brown's
Hole and a party of Apaches on buffalo in the Bull Pen, on the north fork of the
Platte; that the Shoshones or Snakes were starr-
ing on roots on the Bear River; that the Black
and Sioux were on the neighborhood; that
there was no game in the mountains except on
the head-waters of Snake River; and that themselves
were a portion of a party of white men, In-
dians, and squaws, on their way to Bent's Fort
on the Arkansas, to meet Mr. Thompson with the
goods before named; that we might reasonably
anticipate starvation and the arrows of the Snakes,
and other kindred comforts along our journey to
Brown's Hole. Mr. Craig, the chief of the party,
and our first contact, assured us that the grass on the Columbia was already dry
and scarce; and if there should prove to be enough
to sustain our horses on the way down, that the
snows on the Blue Mountains would prevent us
from reaching Vancouver till the spring, and
would invite us to pass the winter at his Post.
After two hours' hurry with us he and his party
returned to their camp.
Tumutum Park is a beautiful savannah,
stretching northwesterly from our camp in an ir-
regular manner among groves of pine, spruce, fir,
and oak. Three hundred yards from us rose
Tumutum's Rock, one of those singular spires
found in the valley of the mountains, called
Butes. It was about 80 feet in height, 20 in dia-
eter at the base, and terminated at the top in
point. Soon after our new acquaintances had
left us, we "caught up" and struck across the
hills in a north-easterly course toward the north
fork of Little Bear River. The traveling was
very rough, but among fields of loose stones and
boulders, and now among dense forests; no trail to
aid us in finding the way; new ground even to
our guide. But he was infallible. Two hours'-
riding had brought us upon an Indian trail that
he had heard of ten years before; and on we rushed,
reader, among the fallen pines, two feet, three
feet, seven feet, fourteen feet, in diameter, raised, as you see, one foot, two feet
from the ground. The horses and mules are
testing their leaping powers. Over they go, and
tip off riders and packs, &c., &c. A merry time
there. This goes my Puebla mare, head, heels,
and neck, into an acre of crazy logs. Ho, hal! Puebla's
down, mortally wounded with want of
strength! She's unpacked, and out in a trice;
we move again. Ho! whistle that mule into the
track! he'll be off that ledge there. Move them
she goes! long legs a benefit in bestriding forests.
Ho! hold! hold! that pack-horse yonder has
an anchored upon a mountain. But no! as
they dashed up, he leaped the brook, and seized
the hands of three old fellow-trappers. It was a
joyful meeting. They had often stood side by
side in battle; and among the solemn companions
dug the lonely grave of some slaughtered
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very rough, but among fields of loose stones and
boulders, and now among dense forests; no trail to

ism; and with us awaited patiently a broiled steak, a few days along the track of time to come.

It was 10 o'clock at night when we arrived at this encampment. It had been raining in torrents ever since night-fall. The rippling of a small stream had guided us after the darkness shut in. Drenched with rain, shivering with cold, destitute of food, and with the appetite of wolves, we availed ourselves of the only comforts which our covering pine trees and such sleep as we could get, under the open heavens in a pelting storm. The general face of the country through which the afternoon's travel had carried us, was much broken; but the inequalities of hills and valleys, to a very considerable extent, were covered with a rich vegetable loam, supporting a heavy growth of pine, spruce, quaking, and hardwood. The glades of the prairie days, I have noticed a few days previous, were more beautiful than I have seen. Many were covered with a heavy growth of timber or herds of grass, and red top in blossom. Large tracts in the skirts of the timber were thickly set with Sweet-scent. The mountain thistles were abundant. I had previously seen it in small patches only; there herbaceous growth as usually stands in fields, and presented the beautiful sheet of blue blossoms so grateful to the lords of the plough. I have noticed a few days previous, a few blades of the grass just named, standing in a clump of bushes; but we were riding rapidly, and could not stop to examine them and I was disinclined to think that my sight had deceived me. But the same grasses of Europe, all that are valuable for stock, the best and most sought by every intelligent farmer in Christendom; these indigenous to the vales of the Rocky mountains? It was even so.

August 1st. As our horses had found little to eat during the past night, and seemed much worn by the excessive travel, we at early day, drew them around our camp, loaded the strongest of them with our packs, and led and drove the poor animals through three miles more of standing and fallen timber, to the opening on Little Bear River, and then turned the horse to feed upon the first good grass that we found. It was short and dry, the grass that is held together by the seed we had, some years before, sown them with oats, and remained 7 days with a sick fellow-trapper. At that time, the valley was alive with hostile Indians; but the good man valued the bodily principles of humanity more than his life, and readily put it at hazard to save that of his companion. A few hours time that same day, the redskins saw every turn of our heads during those seven days and nights. But I hoisted our horses within reach of my rifle during the day, and put them in that pen at night; so that they could not rush them off, without losing their brains. The buffalo were plenty here then. The mountains were then so high, that the limbs were so bold that they upset, with no little difficulty, and was, therefore, little incommode. We, however, had been out with his rifle, since the prepayment of day, and as we were lifting the packs upon our mules, it cracked in the direction of the trail we were about to travel. We hastened away to him with the eagerness of starving men, and found him resting unconcernedly upon his rifle, waiting for us to enjoy him with the roasted loins of anis bull beef. Formely, we ate nothing but cows, fat and young. More danger than to be sure; but more beans (for an apple of grass about the buffalo ribs. Ah! those were good times; but a white man has now no more business here."

Our general course since entering the mountains at the Arkansas, had been north by west. It now changed to northwest by north.

Our horses and mules, having eaten to their satisfaction their green grass and plenty of grass, we proceeded on down Little Bear River. The country, as we descended, became more and more barren. The hills were destitute of timber and the grasses; the plains bore nothing but prickly pear and wild wormwood. The latter is a shrub growing from 2 to 6 feet in height. It branches in all directions from the root. The main stem is at first a young plant, thin and green. The ground, the bark rough, of a light greyish color and very thin. The wood is firm, fine grained, and difficult to break. The leaves are larger, but less in number and color those of the common wormwood of the gardens. The flavor is that of a compound of garden wormwood and sage: it has a strong and sweetish flavor, and is called "wild sage." Its stiff and knotty branches are peculiarly unpleasant to the traveler among them. It stands so thickly over thousands of acres of the mountain valleys that it is well nigh impossible to urge a horse through it; and the individual who is rash enough to attempt it, will find himself without the aid of the moccasins, and his horse of his natural covering of his legs. There are two species of the prickly pear (cactus) here. The one is the plant of low growth, thick cleft leaves armed with thorns, the same as is found in the gardens of certain curios people in the States. The other is of higher growth, often reaching 3 feet. The color is a deep green, with a few points without thorns; the surface of the stalk is checked into diamonds of the most perfect proportions, swelling regularly from the sides to the centre. The corners of these figures grow strong thorns from an inch to an inch and a half in length. Six inches from the ground, branches shoot from the parent stalk's side, smaller than the main; with it, of about 45 degrees, and growing shorter as the point of union with the central stalk increases in height. The consistency of the whole plant is alternately pulpy and fibrous. We were making our tedious way among these thorny companions, musing upon our empty stomachs, when we were overtaken by a 4 inches, a square and child, from Craig's party. They made camp with us at night. Nothing to cut, starving and weak, we followed the example of the squaw, in eating the inner portion of large thistle stalks.

2d. We rose at break of day, somewhat refreshed by sleep, but weak, weak, having eaten but little for four days. The longings of appetite—they are horrible! Once there are used to longs, and was, therefore, little incommode. He, however, had been out with his rifle, since the prepayment of day, and as we were lifting the packs upon our mules, it cracked in the direction of the trail we were about to travel. We hastened away to him with the eagerness of starving men, and found him resting unconcernedly upon his rifle, waiting for us to enjoy him with the roasted loins of an
elk, which had tumbled from a neighboring cliff, in obedience to his merriment. Leaving his saddle-horse to pack the meat on, our little cavalcade proceeded onward, &c., among the willows on the bank of Little Bear River. The first work, after turning loose our animals, was to build a fire to cook meat. Our squaw companion thought otherwise. She selected a place for her camp beneath the willows, cleared a spot wide enough for her bed, formed an arch of the boughs overhead, covered it with a piece of buffalo tent leather, unhitched her infant from its prison, and laid it upon skins in the shade she had formed. After this, the horses of herself and husband were unharnessed and turned loose to feed. She was a good, cleanly, affectionate body, equally devoted to the happiness of her child, husband, and horses; and seemed disposed to imitate us into every little piece of knowledge that would enable us to discover the wild edible roots of the country, the best method of taking fish, hopping horses, tying knots in ropes, repairing saddles, &c., which experience had taught her. Our fire had just begun to burn brightly, when our guide arrived with the elk. It was very much bruised by its fall from the bottom of the hill, and when it was killed and broiled; it was eaten; it was sweet. No bread, or vegetables, or salt, to the contrary, it was delicious. Four days' fasting is confessed to be an excellent panacea for a bad appetite; and as all good and wholesome rules work both ways, it is, without doubt, a tasteful addition to bad food. I must confess, when I surveyed the contents of the same material in a pulverized state. The odor was so offensive, however, that we were glad to retreat before we had formed a very perfect estimate of its extent and contents. It was about six rods long, eight feet wide, and four feet high. Near it were a number of warm springs. On the bluff, a four rods above it, was a small tract of fused rocks. In all the circle of vision, however, there were no elevations that indicate any powerful volcanic action in former times; nor any from which these rocks could have tumbled or been thrown. The warm springs, however, in the vicinity may, perhaps, indicate their origin. The source of these springs proved to-day, was dry and barren. A single quaking asp tree here and there, on the sterile bottom lands, and small strips of cottonwood, whose tops peered from the deep gorges just above the level of the wormwood plains, and a few withered patches of the wild grasses among the patchy bluffs, present the whole aspect.

The sun had nearly set before we arrived at the desired place of encampment, the junction of the two principal forks of Little Bear River. When within half a mile of it, one of the trappers who had joined us suddenly started his horse into a quick gait, and hastened up the headwaters of Green River, where the soldiers were encamped, and secured a supply of beef and butcher meat. Another trapper had driven up with some very good cattle, and thus we were able to provide for our wants. The general feeling of the party was to pursue the Indians, and this we accordingly did, after the manner of Retford. We had selected a position well calculated to catch the enemy in an advantageous situation, and we expected a lively encounter. The Indians, however, were怯懦的, and we were able to pursue them without much difficulty. We were soon joined by some of the friendly Flatheads, who were anxious to assist us in our pursuit. They were very accommodating, and their services were of great value to us. We were able to provide for our wants, and thus we were able to continue our journey without much difficulty.
They had been attacked by a Sioux war party, a few days before, on Little Snake River, but had escaped with no other loss than that of a hat and favorite dog. Their opinion was, that we should have the pleasure of meeting them on their way to Brown's Hole. This prospect was extremely gratifying to our noble old Kentucky guide. "D—n their eyes," said he, "I'll try to pick up one of the rattish watchfulness deserves a bountiful as ever came to the mountains, and they shot him with his own rifle. He was a fool to let them have it, he ought to have shot one of them, d—n 'em, and then died, if he must."

Our elk meat was diminishing fast, under the kind administration of our own and our friend's appetites. And the certain prospect that we should obtain no more for 8 days, was a source of no inconsiderable uneasiness to us. And yet we gave Ward, Burns, the squaw, and the four French trappers, being destitute of food, as freely as they would have given us to under similar circumstances, the best piece and as much as they would eat for supper and breakfast.

These solitary Frenchmen appeared in their nakedness. Neither hunger nor thirst annoy them, so long as they have strength to travel and trap and sing. Their camps are always merry, and they cheer themselves along the weary march in the wilderness with the wild border songs of "Old Canada." The American trappers present a different phase of character. Habitually depressed in their temper, they are an unwilling party, and easily of mind and action. They seldom see; the expression of their countenances is watchful, solemn and determined. They ride and walk, like men whose breasts have so long been exposed to the bullet and arrow, that fear finds within them no resting place. If a horse is disabled in the dance, they put spurs to their animals, and are at his side at once, as the result may be, for death or life. No delay, no second thought, no cringing in their stirs; but erect, firm, and with a strong arm, they seize and overcome every danger, or perish," say they, "as white men should," fighting promptly and bravely.

We were to meet with Burns and Ward, and the French trappers. The latter pursued their way to the "Old Park," as they called the valley of Grand River, in pursuit of beaver; the former went into the highlands in the southwest, for the same object, and the additional one of waiting there, the departure of the Sioux and Blackfeet. These Americans had interested us in themselves by their frankness and kind manner; and before leaving them, it was pleasant to know that we could testify our regard for them, by increasing their scanty stock of ammunition. For every little kindness of this description, they sought to remunerate us ten fold by giving us moccasins, dressed deer and elk skins, &c. Everything, even their hunting shirts, epaulets, and backs, were at our service; always kindly remarking when they made an offer of such things, that the "country was filled with skins, and they could get a supply when they should need them." About 10 o'clock, we bade these fearless and generous fellows farewell, as party and honest as any that was ever uttered with them in the wilds and mountains in their mountain home, and they us a pleasant and prosperous journey, and took up our march again, down little Bear River for Brown's Hole. It was six or eight "camps" or day's travel ahead of us; the way infested with hostile Indians, destitute of game and grass; a horrid journey! We might escape the Sioux; we might kill one of our horses and so escape death by starvation! But these few chances of saving our lives were enough. Dangers of these kinds were not so appalling to us then, as they would have been when leaving the frontier, for we had been among the fresh trails of hostile tribes, in hourly expectation of hearing the whoop whoop raised among us; and certain, that if attacked by a war-party of the ordinary number, we should be destroyed. We had however crept over every hilly which we had crossed, with so much caution, and examined the plains below so much care; and when danger appeared near, wound our way among the timber and high trees till we had passed it, with so much success, that our sense of danger was blunted to that degree, and our confidence in our ability to avoid so great, that I verily believe we thought as little of Indians as we did of the lizards along our track.

We still climbed, to our disappointment. It was generally about 50 yards wide, a rapid current 6 inches deep, rushing over a bed of loose rocks and gravel, and falling at the rate of about 200 feet to the mile. During the day a grizzly bear and three cubs and an elk showed themselves. One of the men gave chase to the bear with the intention of killing one of them for food. But they eluded his pursuit by running into brush through which a horse could not penetrate with sufficient speed to overtake them. The man in pursuit, however, found a charming prize among the brush—a mule—an excellent pack mule, that would doubtless be worth to him, at Brown's Hole, $100. It was feeding quietly, and so tame as to permit him to approach within ten yards, without even raising his head over the haze bushes that partly concealed it. A double prize it was, and so accidental; obtained at so little expense; ten dollars time only—ten dollars a minute! But also for the $100! He was preparing to grasp it, and the mule most sublimely, wildly, most energetically, most courageously, had thrown itself into an elk!—fat as marrow itself, and sufficient in weight to have fed our company for 12 days—and fled away before our "maid and her milk pail" companion could shake his astonished locks, and send a little lead after it by way of entreaty to supply us starving creatures with a morsel of meat. After this incident had imparted its comfort to our disappointed appetites, we passed on, over, around, in and among deep ravines, and parched, sterile and flinty plains, for the remainder of our ten mile's march, and encamped on the bank of the river. The last of our meat was here cooked and eaten. A sad prospect. No game ahead, no provisions in possession! We caught 3 or 4 small trout from the river for breakfast, and slept. I was much debilitated by want of food and the fatigues of the journey. I had appropriated my saddle horse to bear the packs that had been borne by Kelley's before its death; and had, consequently, been on foot ever since that event, save when my guide could relieve me with the use of his small pack. But he had a small habit, and a small jackal is a good companion, and had been often on my side when I had to walk, and had an opportunity to bear the loads of the pack which the owner and myself, had only his horse's services to bear us along, the portion to each was far from satisfying to our exceeding wear.
ness. Blair and Wood also, had had only one horse from El Peublo. We were, therefore, in an ill condition to endure a journey of 7 days—over a thirty country, under a burning sun—and without food.

6th. 18 miles to-day over the barren intervale of the river. The wild wormwood and prickly pear were almost the only evidences of vegetative power in the soil prevented. A rugged depri-tion of loam and sand bluffs, barren vales of red earth, and an occasional solitary boulder of granite. No mountains even, to relieve the dreary monotonous of the sickening sight. About 12 o'clock it was pleasant to see a small band of antelope show themselves on the brink of a bluff. We halted, and attempted to approach them; but they had been hunted a few days before by the few trappers with whom we had met, and by no means relished our companionship. Away they ran like the wind. Our hopes of finding game were at an end; the French trappers had seen on all their way out, no other game than this band of antelope. Our faithful grey hound could be eaten as a last resort; we decided to proceed without any pocket of meat. This was inestimably kind in him. But the act flowed from his own goodness. For, during our long journey together, he had never failed to take every opportunity to make me comfortable. We arranged our camp to-night with unsalted pemmican and horns of hogs on the right, and every preparation was therefore made to receive an attack from them. But like many other expectations of the kind, this vanished as the beautiful mountain moon dawned upon the silent desert.

7th. To-day we traveled across a great southward head in the river—face of the country a desert—neither tree nor shrub, nor grass, nor water in sight. During the afternoon we fell in with an old grey beaver and two cubs. It was a dangerous business, but starvation knows no fear. Kelly and Smith, having horses that could run, determined to give chase and shoot one cub, with the greyhound should us the honor of a battle with the other. Under this arrangement the chase commenced. The old bear, unfaithful to her young, ran ahead of them in her fright, and showed no other affection for them than to stop occasionally, raise herself on her hind feet, and utter a most piteous scream. The horses soon ran down one cub, and the greyhound the other, so that in half an hour we were on the route again with the certain prospect of a supper when we should encamp. Had we found water and wood where we killed our meat we should have believed it impossible to have proceeded further without food. But as necessity seldom deals in mercy, she compelled us in this case, to travel till dinner when we found wood enough to cook our food, and water enough to quench our parching thirst. At last turning from our track and following down a deep ravine that ran toward the river, we came upon a filthy, oozing sulphurous puddle which our horses, though they had had no water the entire day, refused to drink. There was not a drop of it, but it had burnt off, and all but one horse's nose thrust into each other in the wearisome

were each of about 12 pounds weight. The live-ness, hearts, heads, and the fore legs of four of them, made us a filthy supper. It however served the purpose of better food as it prevented starvation. We had traveled 18 miles.

8th. The morning being clear and excessively warm, we thought it prudent to seek the river again, that we might obtain water for ourselves and animals. They had had no grass for the last 24 hours; and the prospect of finding some for the poor animals upon the intervale, was an addi-tional inducement to adopt this course. We accordingly wound down the ravine two or three miles, struck the river at a point where its banks were productive, and unpacked to feed them, and treat ourselves to a breakfast of cub meat. Boiled or roasted, it was miserable food. To eat it however, or not to eat at all, was the alter-native. Furthermore, in a region where liz-ards grow poor, and wolves lean against sand banks to howl, cub soup, without salt, pepper, &c., must be acknowledged to be quite in style.

Having become somewhat comfortable by feast-ing, we again proceeded, thus we traveled 20 miles, and encamped again on its banks. At this encampment we ate the last of our meat; and broke the bones with our hatchet for the oily marrow in them. The prospect of suffering from hunger before we could arrive at Brown's Hole, became every hour more and more certain. The country between the two points was to be so sterile, that not even a grey beaver was to be hoped for in it. It was a desert of black flint, sand and murl, rendered barren by perpetual drought.

9th. Traveled 23 miles along the river—nothing to eat, not even a thistle stalk. At night we tried to take some fish; the stream proved as ungenerous as the soil on its banks.

10th. Made 15 miles to-day; country covered with wild wormwood; at intervals a little bunch grass—dry and dead; face of the country for-merly a plain, now washed into hills. Our dog was frantic with hunger; and although he had trampled a cub and had made it to be so sterile, that we encamped ourselves in a ravine. As the reality of this fact, we determined to have a council to-night, if our hooks took no fish, to breakfast on his faithful heart in the morning. A horrid night we passed: 48 hours without a morsel of food! Our camp was 8 miles above the junction of Little Bear and Little Snipe Rivers.

11th. This morning we tried our utmost skill at fishing. Patience often cried 'hold,' but the appearance of our poor dog would admonish us to continue our efforts to obtain a breakfast from the stream. Thus we fished and fatted till eight o'clock. A small fish or two were caught—three or four ounces of food for 7 starving men! Our guide declared the noble dog must die! He was accordingly shot; but had burnt off, and his four quarters boiled and eaten!!! Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point, there existed among us what politicians term an honest difference of opinion. To me, it tasted like the flesh of a dog, a stinged dog; and appetite keen though it was, and edged by a French gallic woman drinking this mud for thirsting, and we submitted to the lesser of two evils. We drank it; and the mud of dry worm-wood for fuel, boiled our meat in it. These cubes
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

plains in a northerly direction for Brown's Hole. We had been traveling the last five days, in a west-ward direction when the river continued in that direction, we left it to see no more, I would hun-

bly hope, till the dews of Heaven shall cause its
deserts to blossom and ripen into something more
nutritive than wild wormwood and gravel.

We crossed Little Snake River about 10 o'clock.
This stream is similar in size to what we had just

drew it, and the river continued there fairly clear

and warm, the channel rocky and bordered by barren bluffs.

No trees grew upon its banks where we struck it; but I was informed that higher up, it was skirted

with pretty groves of cotton wood. But as the

Sioux war party which had attacked the

French trappers in this neighborhood, were proba-

bly not far from our trail, perhaps on it, and near

us, we spent little time in exploring the

sly, with every eye watchful, every gun well

primed, every animal close to his fellows, till ten

o'clock at night. We then halted near a place

where we had been told by the French trappers,

we could find a spring of water. The day had

been excessively warm, and our thirst was well

renewed by having been on the long search for the

cooling spring to slake its burning. It was in

vain. Near midnight therefore it was abandoned

by all, and we wrapped ourselves in our blankets,

hungry, thirsty, and weary, and sunk to rest upon the

sand. Another dreadful night! Thirst, burning

tire! The guns cease to moisten the mouth, the

thirst becomes dry and feverish, the hungry, so hot

the skin, the air they inhale the heart is sick and

faint; and the nerves, preternaturally active, do violence to every vital organ.

It is an inceptent three of death.

21st. We arose at break of day, and pursued

our journey over the gray, barren wastes. This

region is doomed to perpetual sterility. In many

places where it appeared there was even a little

grass, the trappers say that very little rain or snow falls

upon it; hence its unproductiveness. And thus

it is said to be with the whole country lying to the

distance of hundreds of miles on each side of the

whole course of the Colorado of the West. Vast

plateaux of desolation, yielding only the wild

wormwood and prickly pendants of thistles, so dry

so destitute is it of water, that can be obtained

and drunk, that the mountain sheep and hare

even, animals which drink less than any others

that inhabit these regions, do not venture there.

Travelers along that stream are said to be com-

pelled to carry it long distances upon animals, and

draw it if it is possible so to do, with a

rope and skin bucket from the channel of the

stream. And yet these animals frequently die of

thirst and hunger; and men often save their lives

by eating the carcasses of the dead, and by

drinking the blood which from time to time

draw from the veins of the living. Between this

river and the Great Salt Lake, there is a stream

called Severn River, which rises in the high pla-

taux to the S. E. of the lake, and running some

considerable distance in a westerly course—termi-

nates in its own lake. On the banks of this river

there is said to be some vegetation, as grasses,
trees and edible roots. Here are the "Fortifica-

tion," and "Landing Places," the most degraded

and least intelligent Indians known to the trappers.
They wear no clothing of any description—build

no shelters. They eat roots, lizards and snails.
Their persons are more disgusting than those of

the Hotentots. Their heads are white with the

gum of calabash or calabash, the green powdered

gum of calabash, not grass, but small branches

of the Sycamore tree, which is found in all

every part of the country.

This river is the only one we have seen with

forester to pass during our western journey; and

it is one of the main streams of those taboos,
whose annual return by the Indians is the sole

source of the country.}

At about 11 o'clock, we came to a stream of

good water and halted to slake our thirst, and eat

the remainder of our dog mutton. Our animals' suffe-

rings had nearly equaled our own. And while we ate and rested under the shade of a tree, it added

more to our enjoyment to see the famished beasts impose upon a plat of short

wiry grass beside the stream. Some marks of

dragging lodge poles along the now well defined

trail, indicated to us that a portion of the She-

shonie or Snake tribe had lately left Brown's

Hole. From this circumstance we began to fear

what afterwards would happen. The Indians

had been seen near the valleys, some friendly,

some unfriendly; we did not know. Finding the Snakes at that post and of getting meat from them would prove fallacious.

Our filthy meal being finished, we gathered up our lit-
tle caravan and moved forward at a round pace for

three hours, when the bluffs opened before us the

beautiful plain of Brown's Hole. As we entered

it, we crossed the barrier, so high that down from the

stratified cliffs near hand on the right; and a few rods beyond, the whole area became visible. The Fort, as it is called, perched

up in the centre, upon the windswept bank of the

Sheeptake. The dark mountains rose around it sublimely, and the green fields swept away into

the deep precipitous gorges more beautifully than

I can describe.

How glad is man to see his home again after a

weary absence! Every step becomes quicker as

he approaches its sacred portals; and kind smiles

greet him; and leaping hearts beat upon his, and

warm lips press his own. It is the holy emer-

cement of friendship. Yet there is another charm to

these emotions that appears to be not less holy. They arise when, having been long cut off from
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

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every habit and sympathy of civilized life, long wandering among the deep and silent temples of the eternal mountains, long and hourly exposed to the sculpin knife of savages and the agonies of starvation, one beholds the dwelling of civilized men—kindred of the old Patriot blood, rearing their hospitable rooms among those hights, inviting the homesick, wayward wanderer to rest; to relax the tension of his long watchful eyes, and repose the heart awhile among generous spirits of his own race. Is not the hand that grasps yours, then, an honest hand? And does it not distil by its sacred warmth and hearty embrace, some of the dearest emotions of which the soul is capable; friendship unalloyed, warm, holy and harmonious? Thus it seemed to me, at all events, as we rode into the hollow square and received from St. Clair, the person in charge, the hearty welcome of an old hunter to "Fort David Crockett." A room was appointed immediately for our reception, our horses were given to the care of his horse guard, and every other arrangement within his means, was made, to make us as comfortable as the limits of vertical space would permit. Amid the barrenness of the great Stony Range; far from the institutions of law and religion; far from the sweet ties of the family relations, and all those nameless endearing influences that shed their rich fragrance over human nature in its cultivated abiding places—that there even could be given us the fruits of the sorriest friendship. Such kindness, can be appreciated fully by those only, who have enjoyed it in such places; those only, who have starved and thirsted in these deserts and been welcomed, and made thrice welcome, after months of weary wandering, to "Fort David Crockett." And after partaking of the hospitality of Mr. St. Clair, I strolled out to examine more minutely this wonderful little valley. It is situated in or about latitude 43 degrees north; 100 miles south of Wind River mountains, on the Sheetskadee (Prairie Cow) River. Its elevation is something more than 4000 feet above sea level. It appeared to be about six miles in diameter; shut in, in all directions, by dark frowning mountains, rising 1,500 feet above the plain. The Sheetskadee, or Green River runs through it, sweeping in a beautiful curve from the north-west to the south-west part of it, where it breaks its way through the encircling mountains, between cliffs 1,000 feet in height, broken and hanging as if poised on the air. The area of the plain is thickly set with the rich mountain grasses, and dotted with little copses of cotton wood and willow trees. The soil is alluvial and capable of producing abundantly all kinds of small grains, vegetable, &c. that are raised in the northern States. Its climate is very remarkable. Although in all parts of the State snow falls more or less than in other parts of the country, the winter months bring snows and the severe cold that we should expect in such a latitude, and at such an elevation above the level of the sea, yet in this little nook, the grass grows all the winter. So that, while the storm rages on the mountains in sight, and the drifting snows mingle it through the eye, this little nook is blessed with unusual winter verdure. Their horses are cropping the green grass on the banks of the Sheetskadee, while they, themselves, are roasting the fat loins of the mountain sheep, and laughing at the merry tale and song.

The Fort is a hollow square of one story log cabins, with roofs and doors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort William. Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers who were away on their "fall hunt," and also the lodges of a few Indians, that, in their absence, were the fort's winter tenants. Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader, who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers. His skin lodge was his warehouse; and buffalo robes spread upon the ground, his counter, on which he displayed his butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish-hooks and whiskey. In exchange for these articles, he receives beaver skins from trappers, money from travelers, and horses from the Indians. Thus, as one would believe, Mr. Robinson drives a very snug little business. And indeed when all the "independent trappers" are driven by approaching winter into this delightful retreat, and the whole Snake village, 2 or 3,000 strong, with their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is next to no customers. These winters in Brown's Hole are somewhat like winters among the mountains of New-England, in the effects they produce on the rise and progress of all arts—the art of life. For among the good hills of my native clime, quiltings, and singing-schools, and evening dances, when the stars are shining brightly on the snow-crust, do soften the heart of the mountain lad and lassie, and cause the sigh and blush to triumph over all the counsel of maiden aunts and fortune tellers; so here in this beautiful valley and in the skin lodge village of the Snakes, there are bright evenings, beaming stars and mellow moons, and social circles for singing the wild dittics of their tribe, and for sewing with the snows of the deer, their leggings, mocassins and buffalo robes, and being bewitched with the tender passion. The drowsy drum of the sea, the di'sc jacent chants the wild song and marks the time by regular beatings with a stick upon a sounding board. And light heeds, and sturdy forms, and baxom forms respond to his call. To these and other gatherings, the young go, to see who are the fairest and best and most loved of the throng. Our friend Cupid goes there too. Yes, Cupid at an Indian dance! And there measuring bow and arrow with those who invented them, he often lays at his feet, I am told, the proudest hawk's feather that adorns the brow of Chief or Chiefess. For, on the morning after the dance it not only happens that he of the beard is enmeshed by force of certain men to sensations about the heart, to invincible emotion; and he seeks that mischievous fair one, her alone, who selected the arrow and the victim; her alone who was a "particeps crimins"
in the loss of that great central organ of his life—
called in the annals of Christian countries, "the heart."—No! his course is vastly more philo-
osophical and pure. (I mean no offence to
my countrymen, none to you, ye Britons over
the waters,) than the ginger-bread sugar-candy court-
ships of Christian people. He first pays his ad-
resses to his band or horses; selects the most
beautiful and valuable of them all, and then goes
with his chosen horse to the lodge of his chosen
girl's father; then another, or if both these be dead
to the lodge of his eldest sister, ties the animal to
the tent pole, and goes away. After his departu-
ure the inmates of the lodge issue from it, and in
due form examine the horse; and if it appears to
be worth as much as the girl whom the owner
seeks, an interview is had, the horse taken by
the parents or sister as the case may be, and the
lover takes the girl. A fair business transac-
you perceive, my readers—"a quid pro quo"—a
compensation in kind. The girl received in ex-
change for the horse becomes the absolute per-
sonal property of the courted jockey, subject to
be resold whenever the state of the market and
his own affections will allow. But if those, whose
right it is to judge in matters of opinion, are of opinion
that the girl is worth more than the horse, another
is brought; and if these are not enough, he of
the beard may bring another or get Cupid to shoot
his heart in another direction. There are many
benefits in this mode of obtaining that description of
legal chattels called a wife, over the mode usually
adopted. It is on the same plan, but there is no inten-
tion that the girl is worth more than the horse, another
is brought; and if these are not enough, he of
the beard may bring another or get Cupid to shoot
his heart in another direction. There are many
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legal chattels called a wife, over the mode usually
adopted. It is on the same plan, but there is no inten-

This is diverging. But after my reader is in-
formed that the only distinct aim I proposed to
myself in writing my journal, was to keep the day
of the month correct in other cases, and to
"keep a blotter," the transition from this strain of
true philosophy, to a notice of the white men and
their squaws, will be thought easy and natural.
If then a white man is disposed to take unto
himself a squaw among the Snakes, he must con-
form to the laws and customs of the tribe, that
have been ordained and established for the regula-
tion of all such matters. And, whether the color
in any individual case be of black or white, does
not seem to be a question ever raised to take it out
of the rules. The only difference is, that the prop-
erty, beauty, &c. of the whites frequently gives
them the preference on change, and enables them
to obtain the best squaws of the nation. These
connections between the white trappers and squaws
I am told, are the cause of so many of the former
remaining during life in these valleys of blood.—
They seem to love them as ardently as they would
females of their own color.
A trader is living there with a young Eutaw
squaw, for whose charm he has forsaken wealth and
civilization, for an Indian
lodge among all the dangers and wants of a wilder-
ness. This gentleman is said to have a standing
offer of $200 for his dear one, whenever, in the
course of a limited time, he will sell her.
But it is believed that his heart has so much to do
with his estimation of her value, that no considera-
tion could induce him voluntarily to deprive him-
selves of her society.
The above anecdotes, &c. were related to me
during the first evening I spent at Fort David
Crockett. It was a bright etherial night. The
Fort stood in the shade of the wild and dark cliffs,
while the light of the moon shone on the western
peaks, and cast a deeper darkness into the terri-
fible gorges on the face of the mountains. The
Sheetskreeker flowed silently among the alders—the
fires in the Indian lodges were smouldering; sleep
had gathered every inanimate thing in its embrace.
It was a night of awful solitude—the granule of
an immensity of silence! I enjoyed the lonely
scene till near midnight, when both Mr. St.
Clair; and when at last its excitement and the
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

thril ling pleasure of being relieved from the prospect of death by hunger allowed me to slumber: that gentleman conducted me to his own room, and bed, and bade me to be fine with him while I should remain with him. He expressed regret that he had so little provisions in the Fort,—a small quantity of old jerked meat; a little tea and sugar. "But," said he, "share it with me as long as it lasts; I have hunters out; they will be here in ten or twelve days; you have been starving; eat while there is anything left—and when all is gone we'll have a mountain sheep, or a dog to keep off starvation till the hunters come in." My companions and guide were less fortunate. We purchased all the meat that either money or gold could induce the Indians to sell. It amounted to one day's supply for the company. And as there was supposed to be no game within a circuit of 100 miles, it became matter of serious inquiry whether we should seek it in the direction of Fort Hall, or on the head waters of Little Snake River, 100 miles off our proper route to Oregon. In the latter place there were plenty of fine, fat buffalo; but on the way to the other point there was nothing but antelope, deer, and muskrat. A collateral circumstance turned the scale of our deliberations. That circumstance was dog meat. We could get a supply of these delectable animals from the Indians; they would keep life in us till we could reach Fort Hall; and by aid thereof we could immediately proceed on our journey, cross the Blue Mountains, and reach Vancouver on the lower Columbia during the autumn. On the contrary, if we sought meat on the waters of Little Snake River, it would be too late before we should be prepared to resume our journey, that we could not pass those mountains until May or June of the following spring—the dogs, therefore, were purchased; and preparations were made for our departure to Fort Hall, as soon as ourselves and our animals were sufficiently recruited for the undertaking. Meanwhile my companions ate upon our stock of baking mutton. And thus we spent 7 days—delightful days. For although our fare was humble and scarce, it acted upon our burdensome, our minds to resume their usual vivacity, and our hearts to warm again with the ordinary emotions of human existence.

The trials of a journey in the western wilderness can never be detailed in words. To be understood, they must be endured. Their effects upon the physical and mental system are equally prostrating. The desolation of one kind and another which meets the eye every where; the sense of vastness associated with earth and barrenness, and of sublimity connected with eternal, killing fests; and of loneliness coupled with a thousand natural causes of one's destruction; perpetual journeys over endless declivities—among tempests—through freezing torrents; one half the time on foot, with nothing but mocassins to protect the feet from the flinty gravel and the thorns of the prickly pear along the unbeaten way; and the starvings and thristings with the muscles, send preternatural activity into the system, that animals so weak and stupid as the Indians, and our companions, the Arikaros, and the American and British traders, for some few articles of wearing apparel; such as woolen blankets and hats. But as
their stock of skins is always very limited, they find it necessary to husband it with much care to obtain therefrom a supply of tobacco, arms and ammunition.

From the first acquaintance of the whites with them, these people have been remarkable for their aversion to war, and those cruelties so generally practiced by their race. If permitted to live in peace among their mountains, and allowed to hunt the buffalo—that wandering patrimony of all the tribes—where necessity requires, they make war upon none, and turn none hungry away from their humble abodes. But these peaceable dispositions in the wilderness, where men are left to the protection of their impulses and physical energies, have yielded them little protection. The Blackfeet, Crows, Sioux and Flatheads have alternately sought them for the better right to the Old Park, and portions of their Territory, with varied success; and, at the present time, do those tribes yearly send predatory parties into their borders to rob them of their horses. But as the passages through which they enter the Snake country are becoming more and more destitute of game on which to subsist, their visits are less frequent, and their number less formidable. So that, for several years, they have been in a great measure relieved from these annoyances.

From the time they met Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri to the present day, the Snakes have opened their lodges to whites, with the most friendly feelings. And many are the examples of the subject of Heaven, who have sought their villages, and by their hospitality been saved from death among those awful solitude. A guest among them is a sacred deposit of the Great Spirit. His property, when once entered within their camp, is under the protection of their honor and religious principle. And should want, capidity, or any other motives tempt any individual to disregard these laws of hospitality, the property which may have been stolen, or its equivalent, is restored, and the offender punished. The Snakes are a very intelligent race. This appears in the comforts of their homes, their well-constructed lodges, the elegance of their dress, and even in their domestic arrangements, and the living. The civilized medics-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits, had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit also had placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bones were broken; the fire in the Great Pipe was extinguished forever; their graves called for them; and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister; father his son; and mother her wenching child; and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well-scarred energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 3,000 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 500 only survived for savages. And even to this hour do the bones of 7,000 or 8,000 Blackfeet, lie unburiad among the decaying lodges of the lips of a savage—sends to our ears the starting rebuke—"Make not, vend, or vend to us the strong water. It prostrates your superior knowledge—your elevated capacities for happiness—your cultivated understandings. It breaks your strong laws; it rots down your strong houses; it buries you in the filthiest ditch of sin. Send it not to us; we would rather die by the arrows of the Blackfeet."

The Crows are a wandering tribe that is usually found in the upper plains around the head-waters of the north fork of Great Falls, Snakes, and Yellowstone rivers. Their number is estimated to be about 5,000. They are represented as the most patient race among the mountains. The traders say of them that "they have never been known to keep a promise or do an honorable act." No white man or Indian trusts them. Murder and robbery are their principal employments. Much of their country is well watered, timbered, and capable of yielding an abundant reward to the husbandman.

The Blackfoot Indians reside on the Marias and other branches of the Missouri above the Great Falls. In 1828 they numbered about 2,500 lodges or families. During that year, they stole a blanket iron, the American Fur Company's post on the Yellowstone, which had belonged to a man who had died of the small-pox on the passage up the Missouri. The infected article being carried to their encampments on the "left hand fork of the Missouri," spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease among them, but kept the fire, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to their medics-men; and the rotten corpse falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their phrenzy and ignorance, they increased the number of their sweet ovens upon the banks of the stream, and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed; whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely and plunged into the angry waters of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment was a parallel of the plague in London. They endeavored for a time to bury the dead, but these were cast over the brink of the living. The evil-minded medics-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits, had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit also had placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bones were broken; the fire in the Great Pipe was extinguished forever; their graves called for them; and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister; father his son; and mother her wenching child; and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well-scarred energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 3,000 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 500 only survived for savages. And even to this hour do the bones of 7,000 or 8,000 Blackfeet, lie unburiad among the decaying lodges of
their deserted village, on the banks of the Yellowstone. But this inclination has in no wise humanized their blood-thirsty nature. As ever before, they wage exterminating war upon the traders and trappers, and the Oregon Indians.

The Arrapahoes reside south of the Snakes.—They wander in the winter season over the country about the head of the property, Colorado of the West, and to a considerable distance down that river; and in summer hunt the buffalo in the New Park, or "Bull Pen," in the "Old Park" on Grand River, and in "Bayou Salade," on the south fork of the Platte. Their number is not well ascertained. Some estimate it at 3,000, others more, and others still less. They are said to be a brave, fearless, thrifty, ingenious, and hospitable people. They own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat. Hence the name Arrapahoe—dog eaters. They manufacture the wool of their sheep into blankets of a very superior quality. Moreover, they make blankets, and believe them to be made with something in the form of a darning-needle. They appeared to be wrought, in the first place, like a fishing-net; and on this, as a foundation, darned so densely that the rain will not penetrate them. They are usually striped or checked with yellow and red.

There is in this tribe a very curious custom of naturalization; it is based upon property. Any one, whether red or white, may avail himself of it. One house, which can run 30 feet, sufficient speed to overtake a buffalo cow, and another horse or mule, capable of bearing a pack of 200 pounds, must be possessed by the applicant.

These being delivered to the principal chief of the tribe, and his intentions being made known, I am declared a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, and entitled to a wife and other high privileges thereunto appertaining. Thus recognized, he enters upon a life of savage independence. His wife takes care of his horses, manufactures his saddles and blankets, and makes ropes for his horses, his mocassins, leggings, and hunting-shirts from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; hunts with a wooden adz buffalo robes, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent covering, and drives from the distant hills the clean white-pine poles to support it; cooks his meat both roasting and boiling it before him.

And should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaws watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cooks; sit and slumber on the couch which she spreads; and fight the enemies of the tribe. Their language is said to be essentially the same as that spoken by the Snakes and Comanches.

This, and other tribes in the mountains, and in the upper plains, have a custom, the same in its objects as was the ceremony of the "toga virilis" among the Romans. When entered into manhood, every young man of the tribes is expected to do some act of bravery that will give promise of his disposition and ability to defend the rights of his tribe and family. Nor can this expectation be disregarded. So, in the spring of the year, those of the age alluded to, associate themselves 40 or 50 in a band, and devote themselves to the duties of man's estate in the following manner: They take leave of their friends, and depart to some sequestered place near the woodlands; collect poles 20 or 30 feet in length, and raise them in the form of a cone; and cover the structure so thickly with leaves and boughs that the interior from the gaze of persons outside. They then hang a fresh buffalo head inside—near the top of the lodge where the poles meet; and below this, around the sides, suspend camp-kettles, scalp, and blankets, and the skin of a white buffalo, as offerings to the Great Spirit. After the lodge is thus arranged, they enter it with much solemnity, and commence the ceremonies which are to consecrate themselves to war, and the destruction of their own enemies, and those of the tribe. The first act is to seat themselves in a circle around a fire built in the centre of the lodge, and "make medicine," which is,—invoke the presence and aid of spirits; possessed one, of the Mystic Pipe. One of their number fills it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the bowl a bright coal from the fire within the lodge, draws the smoke into his lungs, and blows it hence through his nostrils. He then seizes the stem with both hands, and leaning forward, touches the ground between his feet with the lower part of the bowl, and smokes again. The feet, after a while, and breast, are successively touched in a similar way; and after each touching, the sacred smoke is inhaled as before. The pipe is then passed to the one on his right, who smokes as his fellow had done. And thus the Great Pipe goes round, and the smoke rises and mingles with the votive offerings to the Great Spirit that are suspended above their heads. Immediately after this smoking, is believed to be a favored time for offering prayer to the Great Spirit. They pray for courage, and victory over their foes in the campaign they are about to undertake; and that they may be protected from the forges and evils of war. They then make a solemn and irreconcilable vow, that if these medicines do not make them sick—do not enter into their bosoms and destroy their strength and courage, they will never again see their relatives and tribe, unless they do so in armament stained with the blood of their enemies. Having passed the pipe, they arise to the music of war chants, till they are exhausted and swoon. In this state of insensibility, they imagine that the spirits of the brave dead visit them and teach them their duty, and inform them of the events that will transpire during the campaign. Three days and nights are passed in performing these ceremonies; during which time, they neither eat nor drink, nor leave the lodge. At early dawn of the fourth day, they select a leader from their number, appoint a distant place of meeting; and emerging from the lodge, each walks away from it alone to the place of rendezvous. Having arrived there, they determine whose horses are to be stolen, whose scalp to take, and commence their march. They always go out on foot, wholly dependent upon their own energies for food and every other necessity. Among other things, it is considered a great disgrace to be long without meat and the means of riding.
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

It sometimes happens that these parties are unable to satisfy the conditions of their consecration during the first season; and therefore are compelled to resort to some ingenious and satisfactory evasion of the obligations of their vow, or, to go into winter quarters till another opening spring allows them to prosecute their designs. The trappers relate a case of this kind, which led to a curious incident. A war party of Blackfeet had spent the season in seeking for their enemies without success. The storms of approaching winter had begun to howl around, and a wish to return to the log fires and buffalo meat, and hilarious and friendly greetings at the moment of meeting. The tanner, as is the custom, was invited to eat; and all appeared friendly and glad. But soon the Indians became serious and, as was their custom, among themselves. At length came to the edge of the trap high words of debate in regard to his life. They all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the "Great Tribe" of their natural enemies, and that with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their agreement and could return to their friends and tribe. But a part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit, to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him—as a friend and brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger Him, and by no means relieve them from the obligations of their vow. Another party reasoned that the Great Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to Him. He had given him to their friend; they had murdered him; but he was also their natural enemy; and that the Great One to whom they had made their vow, would not release them at all from its obligations, if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to Himself. The other party rejoined, that the poor trapper was their natural enemy, he was not open to the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life would be an evasion of its sacred obligations—a blot upon their courage—and an outrage upon the laws of friendship—that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life. The other party rebutted, that the trapper was confessedly their natural enemy; that the conditions of their vow required the blood of their natural enemy; and that the Great Spirit had sufficiently shown His views of the relative obligations of friendship and obedience to Himself in sending the trapper to their camp. The trapper's friends perceiving that the obstinacy of their opponents was unlikely to yield to reason, proposed as a compromise, that, since, if they should adjudge the trapper their enemy within the requirements of their vow, his blood only would be needed to stain their garments, they would agree to take from him so much as might be necessary for that purpose.

and that in consideration of being a brother, he should retain enough to keep his heart alive. As their return to their tribe would be secured by this measure, little objection was raised to it.

The flint lance was applied to the veins of the white man; their garments were dined with his blood; they departed for their nation's village, and the poor trapper for the beaver among the hills.

My worthy old guide, Kelly, had often seen these medicinal lodges. He informed me that many of his votive offerings before mentioned are permitted to decay with the lodge in which they are hung; that the penalty to any mortal who should dare appropriate them to his use was death.

A certain man, however, who had been robbed of his blanket at the setting in of winter, came upon one of these sacred lodges erected by the young Arapahokas, which contained, among other things, a blanket that seemed well calculated to shield him from the cold. He spread it over his shoulders, and beholding it in its native splendor as it hung upon the Arapahoe village. The Indians knew the sacred deposit, held a council, called the culprit before them, and demanded why he had stolen from the Great Spirit? In explanation, he stated that he had been robbed; that the Great Spirit saw him naked in the wintry wind; pitied him; and showed him the sacred lodge, and made him take the blanket. "That seems to be well," said the principal chief, to his fellow-counselors, "the Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property," and the traitor was released.

Among the several persons whom I chanced to meet at Brown's Hole, was an old Snake Indian, who saw Messrs. Lewis and Clark on the head waters of the Missouri in 1805. He is the individual of his tribe, who first saw the explorers' cavalcade. He appears to have beenギャップing from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonee camp, when he suddenly fixed him in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. He had never seen as ashes, had never been seen by an enemy among his followers. The head rose high and round, the top flat; it fluttered over the eyes in a thin rim; their skin was bone and flowing, and of various colors. His tears at length overconquering his curiosity, fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites, they pursued them to their camp; exhibited to him the effects of their arms—loaded him with presents, and let him go. Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, and fire. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors, had seen men, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this they never heard before. A council was therefore assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange words was summoned before it; and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told others; but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men as pale as ashes." The Great Spirit made the thunder and the lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any color that could produce it. He had seen nothing; he did lie to his chief, and should die." At this
of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite new to them as pale faces were, it was determined that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered conclusive evidence against him, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinfolks." The pale men—the thunder-makers—were found, and were 

witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now over 80 years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want.

CHAPTER VI.


17th. An event of great interest occurred this day. It was the arrival of Paul Richardson and three of his companions from Fort Hall. This old Yankee woodman had been upon one of his favorite summer trips from St. Louis to the borders of Oregon. He had acted as guide and hunter to a party of missionaries to the Oregon Indians. Several other persons from the western States had accompanied him; one with the lofty intention of conquering California; and others with the intention of trading, farming, &c., on the lower Columbia; and others, as the Rocky Mountains and the wonders of Nature along the shores of the Pacific. The events of their tour were freely discussed. They had storms of hail and human wrath. The conqueror of California had been disposed to act the general before he had received his epaulettes; he had proved to be so troublesome that he was expelled from camp a short distance from the frontier; and obliged to ride, sleep, and eat, at a comfortable distance from his companions, during the remainder of the journey. The missionaries, too, Messrs. M'Gregor and Griffith, and their ladies, had had causes of irritability. So that, between all the conflicting feelings and opinions of the party, their little camp, was said, was frequently full of trouble. Oregon also caused much discussion. Mr. Richardson had traveled over the territory; knew it well; it was not as productive as New England; 15 bushels of wheat to the acre was an extraordinary crop; corn and potatoes did not yield the seed planted; rain fell incessantly five months of the year; the remainder was unrelieved even with dew; that the Indians, especially the men, had the fever and ague, or bilious fever, the year about; that what little of human life was left by these causes of destruction, was consumed by mosquitoes and fleas; that the Columbia river was unfit for navigation—fit only for an Indian fish-pond. Such a description of Oregon—the part of the American domain represented by traders, trappers, and travellers, as most delightful, beautiful, and productive—was astonishing, unlooked for, and discouraging. And did it not dishearten the heart of Mr. Richardson, who had reasons for desiring to increase the strength of his party through the dangers that the Columbia brings to the States, I should, after having seen Oregon, be at a loss to divine the purpose of such a representation of it.

18th. Mr. Richardson's descriptions of Oregon had the effect to draw off two of my companions. They had no desire for the same experience, for he which had hitherto journeyed on the journey. Oakley and Wood had stood by me in the trials and storms of the plains—had evinced a firmness of purpose equal to every emergency that had occurred—were men on whom reliance could be placed—were men—always ready to do their duty promptly and cheerfully. It was painful, therefore, to part with them at this time, when they were most needed. Alone in the heart of the Rocky Mountains—adventures through the range of Blackfoot and parties—in bad health—no men save poor old Blair, and the worse than useless yageboom Smith, alias Carroll, to aid me in resisting these savages. I felt alone. I was indeed kindly off the quarter of the morning of the 19th, distance 200 miles, 50 loads of ammunition, and three bunches of beads.

There is in this valley, and in some other parts of the mountains, a fruit called bulberry. It is the most delightful acid in the vegetable kingdom; of the size of the common red currant, with larger seeds than are found in that fruit; color deep red; grows upon bushes 8 or 10 feet high, which in general appearance resemble a young beech tree. Of these berries I obtained a small quantity, had a dog butchered, took a pound or two of dried buffalo meat which Mr. St. Clair kindly gave me, purchased a horse of Mr. Robinson for the use of Blair, and on the morning of the 19th of August, I set out to face the mountains and David Crockett for the dreary wastes and starving plains between it and Fort Hall. Blair, Smith, and my guide Jim, constituted my whole force. Numerous war parties of Blackfeet and Sioux were hovering over my trail. If discovered by them, death was certain; if not, and starvation did not assail us, we might reach the waters of Snake River. At all events the trial was to be made; and at 10 o'clock A. M. we were winding our way up the Shee-kadee.

Of the regrets at leaving this beautiful little val-
ey, there was no one that I remember more vividly than that of parting with my old guide. Kelly was a man of many excellent qualities. He was brave without ostentation, kind without making you feel an obligation; and preferred on all occasions the happiness of others to his own case or safety. The river during the twelve miles travel of the day, appeared to be about 100 yards wide, a rapid current two feet deep, water limpid. The mountains on either side rose half a mile from the river in dark stratiifed masses, 1,000 feet above the level of the stream. On their sides were a few shrub ec- clars. The lower hills were covered with the lated wild wormwood and prickly pear. The banks were of white clay, alternated with the loose light colored sandy soil of the mountain districts. The rocks were quartz, red sand stone and lime stone. Our camp was pitched at night on the high bank of the stream among the bushes; and a supper of stewed dog meat prepared up for us. 28th. At 7 o’clock in the morning we had breakfasted and were on our way. We traveled three miles up the east bank of the river and came to a mountain through which it broke its way with a noise that indicated the fall to be great, and the channel to be a deep rugged chasm. Near the place where it left the mountain, we turned to the right and followed up a rough, deep gorge, the distance of five miles, and emerged into a plain. This gorge had been formed by the action of a tributary of Green River upon the soft red sand stone that formed the precipices around. It winds in the distance of five miles to every point of compass. Along much of its course also the cliffs hang over the stream in such manner as to render it impossible to travel on the water side. Hence the necessity, in ascending the gorge of chambering over immense precipices, along brinks of yawning caverns, on paths twelve or fourteen inches in width, with not a bush to cling to in the event of a false step. And yet our Indian horses were so well used to pass over the kind, that they traveled the m with- out fear or accident till the worst were behind us.

How delusive the past as a test of the future? I was facilitating myself upon my good fortune as the caravan wound its way slowly over a sharp cliff, when the sound, from the men in advance, "well done Puebla," loud and clear to the top of the ridge. My Pu-bla mare had left the track. Instead of following a wide, well-beaten way down the mountain, she in her wisdom had chosen to thread the shelf of a cliff, which, wide at the place where it sprang from the pathway, gradually became narrower till it was lost in the perpendicular face of the Mountain. She was under a high bulki back at the time, and before she had quite explored the Vollermest inch of the interesting stratum she seemed disposed to trace to its lowest dip, the centre of gravity was suddenly thrown without the base; and over she reeled, and fell ten or twelve feet among broken rocks, and rolled and tumbled 600 feet more of short perpendicular descents and inclined plains into the stream below. On descending and examining her, I found her horribly mangled—the blood running from the nostrils, ears and other parts of the body. As it was apparent she would soon die, I stripped her of her pack, and as we were below a point of grass, where she could find food, should she need it, and left her to her fate.

This accident being disposed of we emerged from this gorge, traveled over barren gravelly plains dotted with pyramidal hills of the same material, whose sides were belted with strata of coarse gray sand stone. About 4 o’clock P. M., Jim halted beside a little brook, and pointing ahead said “What, ugh—ugh?” by which I understood that the next water on our way was too far distant to be reached that night; and we encamped. The scenery to the west was very beautiful. An hundreds rolls from our camp in that direction rose an apparently perfect pyra- mid of regular stratiifed black rocks, about 600 feet in height, with a base diameter of about 800 feet, and partially covered with bushes. Beyond it some 500 yards, erect away a circling ridge of the same kind of rocks, leaving a beautiful lawn between. And still beyond, 60 miles to the south-west, through a break in the hills that lay in clus ters over the intervening country, a portion of the Amatza Range was seen, sweeping away in the direction of the Great Salt Lake.

Jim had turned his horses loose as soon as he saw we were disposed to encamp according to his wishes, and was away with his rifle to the hills. In an instant he was on their heights, creepin stealthily among the bushes and rocks, and the crack of his musket soon returned to the right and followed up a rough, deep gorge, the distance of five miles, and emerged into a plain. This gorge had been formed by the action of a tributary of Green River upon the soft red sand stone that formed the precipices around. It winds in the distance of five miles to every point of compass. Along much of its course also the cliffs hang over the stream in such manner as to render it impossible to travel on the water side. Hence the necessity, in ascending the gorge of chambering over immense precipices, along brinks of yawning caverns, on paths twelve or fourteen inches in width, with not a bush to cling to in the event of a false step. And yet our Indian horses were so well used to pass over the kind, that they traveled the m without fear or accident till the worst were behind us.

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in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

Near night, however, we were gratified to find a few decrepit old cotton-wood trees on the bank of the Sheetlaskedee among which to encamp. Our horses having had little food for the last 48 hours, devoured with eager appetite the dry grass along the banks. Since leaving Brown's Hole, our course had been nearly due north.

22d. Travelled up Green River about three miles, crossed it three times and took to the hills on its western side. The course of the river as far as seen in this valley is nearly south; the bottom and banks generally of gravel; the face of the country a dry, barren, undulating plain. Our course, after leaving the river, was northwest by north. About 2 o'clock we struck Ham's Fork, a tributary of Green River, and encamped near the water side. This stream probably pours down immense bodies of water when the snow melts upon the neighboring highlands; for its channel, at the place where we struck it, was 3/2 a mile in width and 200 feet deep. Very little water is said to run in it in July, August and September. The current was three or four inches in depth, a red wide and sluggish. Three butes appeared in the northeast, about 12 o'clock, 15 miles distant. One of them resembled a vast church, surrounded by a paragon of rock, 500 or 600 feet in height. The swelling base resembled in color the sand of this region. The rock shaft was dark, probably basalt. By the side of this, springing immediately from the plain, rose another shaft of rock, about 150 feet high, of regular outline and about 15 feet in diameter.—Seven or eight miles to the north rose another bute, a perpendicular shaft 50 or 60 feet in height, resting upon a base of hills which rise about 300 feet above the plain. Beyond these butes to the east, the country seemed to be an open plain. To the south of them extends a range of dark mountains reaching far into the thinly-dispersed neighborhood of Long's Peak. The whole circle of vision presented no other means of life for man or beast than a few small patches of dry grass, and the water of the stream. Many of the sandy butes were covered with the prickly pear and wild wormwood. Generally, however, nothing green, nothing even an object of the eye, except the water and waste place, which no art of man can reclaim. Yet far in the north, the snowy peaks of Wind River Mountains, and to the southwest a portion of the Aulnake ridge, indicated that it might be possible to find along the borders of this great gravel of vegetation, green vales and prairie brooks to alleviate the desolation of the scene.

We travelled 15 miles today and encamped upon the bank of the stream; cooked supper and wrapping ourselves in our blankets, with saddles for pillows, and contained by the starry firmament, slept sweetly among the overhanging willows. Near midnight the light of the moon aroused me. It was a lovely night. The stars seemed smaller than they do in less elevated situations, but not less beautiful. For, although they are not so brilliant, they burn steadily, brightly on the hours of night in these magnificent wastes. It was midnight. The wolves are correct time keepers. I had eagerly viewed the delightful scene around me, when these sleepless sentinels of the desert raised their midnight howl. It rung along the chambers of the mountains, was at intervals taken up by kennel after kennel, till, in the deep and distant vales it yielded again to the all-pervading silence of night. This is one of the habits that instinct has taught their race. As soon as the first light of morning appears in the east, they raise a recital howl in the prairies of the Western States, which, keeping company with the hours, swells along the vast plains from Texas to the sources of the Mississippi, and from Missouri to the depths of the Rocky Mountains. All day they lurk in silence. At midnight another howl awakens the sleeping wilderness—more horrid and prolonged; and it is remarkable with what exactness they hit the hour.

23d. We were up this morning before the light; and while the sun rose in the Great Gap, mounted our laden horses for the day's ride. As we moved on we passed upon the elevated bluffs which border the river, the light of the morning showed the snow distinctly on the eastern horizon. Jim paid little regard to the course of the stream to-day; but struck a bee live for some object, unseen by us, across the hills—at times among wild wormwood, at others among sharp, flinty stones, so thickly laid over the ground that no but an Indian horse would be able to step on. We approached the stream, and were gratified with the appearance of a few solitary old cotton-wood trees on its banks. A poor, stunted shrub, woman, too, made great effort here and there to prolong existence, but with little success. Even in one little fold the wild grass, current and bullrushes had the effrontery to bear leaves. About 4 o'clock, P. M., very scarce patches of dry grass were seen in the ravines. On one of these were five buffalo; but they proved to us. more delightful to the sight than to any other sense; since I was unable to induce my guide to halt and hunt them. This apparently unpardonable still breathing was afterward explained. He had the only animal which could run fast enough to approach them—he alone could ride him—and Iaving lost his right thumb, protested that he could not discharge his piece from a running horse. But having no interpreter with us to render his frequent protestations intelligible, we have not a word about it. We returned to camp in a state of extreme hunger. Before dark we had a pork stew, which, though not well done, justified the use of the adage, 'A good hearty dinner does not resemble a pig.' We passed through a stretch of well-sown grass, and the west winds had brought in a delicious coolness. About 8 o'clock we came upon a patch of excellent grass around a clump of yellow pines. Near this, weary and hungry, we made our camp for the night; ate half the meat in our possession—a mere mile—and gorged ourselves with wild marrows, which grew plentifully among the pines, until the darkness made us cease. Course as yesterday; the butes out of sight during the afternoon. We supposed we had traveled 20 miles; weather exceedingly warm.

24th. Rode on a fast trot till about 3 o'clock, P. M. Made up about 25 miles. Our route lay over very dry and gravelly sweats, and the bottom lands of Ham's Fork; the latter, like the former, were well-nigh destitute of vegetation. When about to encamp we had the excellent fortune to enjoy an antelope on a bluff hard by. He fell before the well-levied rifle of one of our turned guide. A fat one was caught which gave us a great satisfaction. Several of our agitations of our hungry stomachs had all the day, been figuring to themselves would afford a pleasant variety in the matter of starvation. The
circle of vision, the last day or two, had been very much circumscribed by the increasing size of the undulating bluffs, among which our way usually ran. And from their tops, whenever we chanced to go over them, neither the Wind River Mountains nor the Absarokee Range were visible. In all directions, to the limit of sight, rolled away the dead, leafless, thirsty swells. Wolves and ravens live among them; but whence they derive subsistence is a difficult problem even for themselves to solve. Their howlings and croakings evidently came from famished mouths.

25th. Fifteen miles to-day along the river; course as on the 21st. N. W. by W., among the bluffs that border the stream. Of these that were tolerable, we traveled from bend to bend over the table lands on either side. In the valley of the stream small groves of young and thifty cotton-wood trees, currant bushes, and the black alder, gave us hopes of soon seeing the grasses and flowers, and the cool springs of the highlands, between us and the posts of the Bear and Head Horses. But however, was less sultry; scarcely a breath of wind moved; the dust that rose from our track lay on the air as the smoke of a village does on a still May morning. So that these occasional appearances of vegetable life imparted less pleasure than they would have done if we had been able to see them through another prism than the imprisonment from dust and perspiration. Near mid-day, we crossed the river from its northern to its southern side, and were emerging from the bushes which entangled our egress, when Jim, uttering a shrill whoop, pointed to a solitary horseman urging his horse up the bluff on half mile below us. Beckoning him to us, we dismounted to allow our jaded steeds to feed until he should arrive. In the style of a true mountain man, he dashed up to us on a rapid gallop, greeted us with as hearty aack of the hand as he could have bestowed upon a brother, and asked our names and destination: said his name was "Madison Gordon, an independent draper, that he was bound to Brown's Hole for his business;" and was glad to see us, as he had been in less time than is usually employed in saying half as much; and accepting an invitation to encamp with him, continued to express his pleasure at seeing us till our attention was diverted from him by a half for the night.

These remnants of the great trapping parties of the American Fur Company, commonly make Brown's Hole their winter quarters. Indeed I believe the owners of that post to be old trappers of the Company, who, having lost all their reliqu of former habits of life, by a long residence in the mountains, have established themselves there in order to bring around them, not only the means of subsistence according to their taste, but their merry old companions with their tales, jests, and songs, and honest and brave hearts. Gordon, like all other trappers whom I saw in the mountains, was convinced that there were few heavier, so little meat, and so many dangers among them, that "a white man had no business there." He therefore was bound to Brown's Hole, to be "precarious," and "possible prelatory to descending the Columbia to open a farm in the valley of the Willamette. He said that was also the intention of nearly all his fellow trappers.

They proposed to take with them their Indian wives and children, settle in one neighbor-

hood and cultivate the earth or hunt, as inclination or necessity might suggest, and thus pass the evening of their days among the wild pleasures of that delightful wilderness.

26th. Course northwest; distance 20 miles; some times on the banks of the river, and again over the swells to avoid its windings. The country through which we passed today, was in some respects more interesting than any we had seen since leaving Brown's Hole. Instead of plateaus, baked and flinty, or hills of loose unproductive loam and sand, shorn by perpetual drought of flower, shrub and tree, a journey of 20 miles over which would hardly cross grass enough to feed a dozen horses a single day, the slopes of a thousand spherical hills, as green as the fields of the States in May, sent forth the sweet fragrance of teeming vegetation; little streams ran away among the black, white and orange pebbles; and the dandelion, anemone, and other flowers rejoiced in the spring day breezes which swept over them. It was a May day, but May indeed here was rapidly past. The rains had still been falling as they do in April in other places. The insects were piping the note of an opening year. It was the dividing ridge between the tributaries of the Shoshone and the Bear River; and yet not a ridge. When viewed from its highest points, it appeared to be an elevated plateau of slightly rounded swells, so raised above the vast deserts on the east, as to attract moisture from the clouds. The soil of this region is however poor, not sufficient to bear timber. The grasses grow rankly over most of its surface; and those parts which are barren, are covered with red or white sand, that contrasts beautifully with the matted green of other portions. In a word it was one of those places among the mountains, where all is pure. There the air is dense—the water cold—the vegetation fresh; there the snow lies nine months of the year, and when it eventually thaws before the warm sun of June and July, the earth is clothed with vegetation almost in a day. An early, sharp deity of broken rocks, and encrusted a small stream running north. My indubitable Jim Shoshonek killed an antelope for our supper.

An unexpected favor this. For, from the representations given me of this part of my route, I expected to commence here a long consuming fast, which would not be broken till I reached Fort Hall, I am sure.

27th. Our last night's encampment proved to have been on a branch of the Great Bear River—the principal, if not the only feeder of the Great Salt Lake. We started down along its verdant little valley about 7 o'clock in the morning, and reached the main river about 9 A.M. It was 20 yards wide—water one foot deep and clear; current four miles per hour, 12 feet of brown sand and gravel. After feeding our cattle we descended the river till 11 o'clock, and had on its banks for the night. We had traveled 30 miles. The mountains which hemmed in the valley were generally of a conical form, pristive, hard, and very verdant. Their bright sunshine from 2 to 300 feet above the level of the stream. The bottom lands were from one to three miles wide, of a loose, dry, gravelly soil, covered with withered brush grass. By the waterside grew various kinds of trees, as quakingaspe, black birch and willows, also such small shrubs as juniper and currant.
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

also shrubs of various kinds, as the black alder, small willow, wild wormwood, black currant and service berry. In the ravines of the mountains, groves of trees sometimes appeared peering up luxuriantly among the black projecting cliffs.

29th. An early rising, a hurried meal, and a rapid sally between pack, competed their interview from camp at 6 o'clock. While gazing our saddled animals—the last act done in breaking up camp in mountain life—Jim's eagle eye discerned in the distance down the river, "hos, hos," Indian like, for we had become such in our habits, we put new caps on our noses, mounted quickly, and circled down a barricade of brushwood in order to ascertain the number, color, and purpose of such unceremonious intruders upon the territories of our solitude. Jim peered through the leaves with the utmost intensity of an Indian's vision. It was the place for wars-parties of Crow, Sioux and Blackfeet; and this early appearance of individuals approaching our camp, was a circumstance that required little capacity to perceive and understand. It was sufficient to recognize an enemy, a pleasant certainty, as Jim reined his horse from concealment and galloped away to the stranger, now within rifle shot of us.

A strong and warm shake of the head and various contortions of the face and smooth gestures of recognition between them, completed their interview, and the swarthy old trapper approached myself and men. He was no less a personage than the bear killer, Meeck, who figures in the St. Louis Museum, with the paws of an immense grizzly bear upon his shoulders in front, the fingers and thumb of his left hand bitten off, while with his right hand he held the hunter's knife, plunged deeply in the animal's jugular vein. He accosted me with "Good morning, how are ye! stranger in the mountains, ehh?" And before I could make a monosyllabic reply he continued "Have you any meat? Come, I've got the shoulder of a goat, (antelope,) let us go back to your camp and cook and eat it, and we can be away and on the move for the day's ride, and feel unwilling to lose the cool hours of the morning; and much more so, to consume the generous man's last pound of meat. Thanking him therefore for his honest kindness, we satisfied him with our refusal by the assurance that we had meat, and had already breakfasted—On descending from the mountain to the Columbia, his river, he informed us that we might probably go down with the Nezarees Indians, who, he stated, were encamped at the time on Salmon river, one day's journey from Fort Hall. He was on his way to Brown's Hole for his squaw and "possibles," with the design of joining their camp—These Indians would have their hunting grounds for their hours about ten days from that date—

This was another remnant of the American Fur Company's trapping parties. He came to the mountains many years ago—and has so long associated with Indians, that his manners much resemble theirs. The same wild, unsettled, watchful expression of the eye; the same unnatural gesticulation in conversation, the same unwillingness to use words when a sign, a contortion of the face or body; or movement of the hand will manifest thoughts; in standing, walking, riding—in all but complexion he was an Indian. Fidding us good morning and whizzing away to the day's ride, he said, "Keep your eye shining for the Blackfoot. They are about the 'Beer Springs;' and stay, my white horse tired, one camp down the river; was obliged to 'cache' my pack and leave him; use him if you can, and take him on to the Fort; and look here, I have told you I am a Meeck, the counter, and at St. Louis, and the boys at the museum in St. Louis might have done me up as it really was. The beast only jumped on my back and stripped off my blanket; scratched some, but did not pull my shoulder blade off. Well, after he had robbed me of my blanket, I shoved my rifle against him and blew out his heart. That same Indian—without fingers! The mountain man I merely drove a little lead into his palpitation."—So saying he spurred his weary animal to a trot, and was soon hidden among the underbrush of the interravels. Meeck was evidently very poor. He had scarcely clothing enough to cover his body, and while talking with us the frosty winds which suckled up the valley, made him shiver like a young leaf. He reverted to his destitution, and complained of the injustice of his former employers; the little remuneration he had received for the toils and dangers he had endured on their account, &c.; and a complaint which I had heard from every trapper whom I had met on my journey,—The valley opened wider as we pursued our way among its northern side; the soil, the water, and vegetation much the same in quantity and quality as those which we had passed on the 27th. The mountains on either hand spread into rocky precipitous ridges, piled confusedly one above another in dark threatening masses. Among them hung, in beautiful wildness from the crevices of the cliffs, numerous-herbaceous. The mountain-fern was very abundant, and ripe. The root resembled that of perennial plants—the fibers of the annual bluebowl of the States, the flower the same, the seed vessels the same; but the seeds themselves were much smaller, and of a very dark brown color. This valley is the grain field and root garden of the Indians, and was harnessed for the day's use. They grew in it a number of kinds of edible roots, which they dig in August, and dry for winter use. There is also here a kind of grass bearing a seed of half the size of the common rye, and similar in form. This they also gather and patch and store away in leather sacks, for the season of want. These Indians had been according to the Columbia a few days previous to our arrival. I was informed, however, that the crop was barely sufficient to subsist them while harvesting it. But in order to prevent their enemies from finding whatever might have escaped their own search, they had burned over large sections of the most productive part. This day's ride was estimated at 30 miles. Our camp at night was in a dense copse of black alders by the water-side. Ate our last meat for supper. No prospect of getting more until we should arrive at Fort Hall, four days ride.

29th. Up with the sun and on march. After an hour's ride we came upon Meeck's white horse. He came to us on as fast a gallop, and with a noisy neighing, as if Zimmerman had never dipt his quill in solitude, and wrote the laws for destroying nature for nature's good. Jim now put spurs to his noble animal with the regularity of the march of the treadmill. And by way of apology for his haste pointed to the ground, and
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

by James Cook

laying his head on one shoulder and snoring, said "u-gh, ugh," which being interpreted, meant that our next stopping place was a very, very long day's journey away. And our acquaintance with Indian firmness, would, had he in his countenance while making this communication, a determination to reach it before night-fall, whatever might be the consequences. And so we did. At sunset our camp kettle was bubbling over the bones of a pelican at the "Steamboat spring." The part of the valley seen to-day was generally covered with a stout coat of bunch grass. This and other indications led me to suppose it fertile. And yet it appeared questionable if it would yield the ordinary fruits of agriculture without being irrigated. I noticed however during the day's ride a number of points at which the waters of the river might be conducted over very large tracts of excellent soil. The scarcity of fencing timber appeared an obstacle, certainly; but other than this this seemed to me no considerable cause to doubt that the valley of the Great Bear River will, in the course of time, become one of the most prosperous abodes of cultivated life. Its situation, so remote from either ocean, only increases our expectation of such an event, when it is recollected that the most practicable wagon route between the States and Oregon Territory and the California, runs through it.

The north end of the Great Salt Lake is 30 miles from our present encampment, and the mountains on the borders of the valley are more abrupt and craggy, the water of the stream more abundant, and the soil more productive, than in the part already described. A number of creeks also entering the main stream from the east, open up among the black hills a number of lesser and charming vales; and around the union of the river with the Lake there are excellent water, soil and timber, under skies of perpetual spring. Of the Lake itself I heard much from different individuals who had visited different portions of its coast. The substance of their statements, in which they all agree, is that it is about 200 miles long and 60 or 100 wide; the water exceedingly heavy; and so salt, say they in their simple way, that pieces of wood dipped in it and dried in the sun are thickly frosted with pure white salt; that its coasts are generally composed of sand and brown loam, on which sufficient moisture does not fail to sustain any other vegetation than the wild wormwood and prairie grass; that all attempts to go around it in canoes have, after a day or two of trial, been abandoned for the want of fresh water; that the Great Bear River is the only considerable stream putting into it; that high land is seen near the centre of it; and here there is an island or a long peninsula where there was a difference of opinion among my informants. The valleys of the Great Bear River and its tributaries, as well as the northern portion of the Lake, are supposed to be within the territory of the States.

The immediate neighborhood of our encampment is one of the most remarkable in the Rocky Mountains. The facts that the trail to Oregon and California will forever of necessity, pass within 300 yards of the place where our camp fire is burning; that near this spot must be erected a resting place for the long lines of caravans between the harbors of the Pacific and the waters of the Missouri, would of themselves interest all who are witnessing the irresistible movements of civilization upon the American continent. But this spot has other objects of interest: its Geology and its Mineralogy, and I might well say the Chemistry of it, for there are laboratories and gases here in the greatest profusion will hereafter occupy the attention of the lovers of these sciences. The Soda Springs, called by the fur traders Bear Springs, are the most remarkable objects of the kind within my knowledge. They are situated on the north side of the river, a few rods below a grove of shrub cedars, and about 200 yards from the shore. There are six or seven of them; or in other words, there are six small hollows sunk about 2 feet below the ground, of circular form 7 or 8 feet in diameter, in which there are a number of fountains sending up large quantities of gas and water, and emitting a noise resembling the boiling of immense caldrons. These pools are usually clear, with a green scum or film; but, at others, grow bogsy or haystacks of coarse grass, among which are many little wells, where the water bubbled so merrily that I was tempted to drink at one of them. But as I proceeded to do so, the subsisting properties of the gas instantly drove me from my purpose. After this refusal however, I made another attempt at a more extended and drank with little difficulty. The waters appeared to be more highly impregnated with soda and acid than those of Saratoga; were extremely pleasant to the taste, and fumed from the stomach like the soda water of the shops. Some of them threw off at least 1 gallon of gas a second. And although they cast up large masses of water continually, for which there appeared no outlet, yet at different times of observation I could perceive no increase of diminution of the quantity visible. There are five or six other springs in the bank of the river just below, whose waters resemble those I have described. One of them discharges about 40 gallons a minute. One fourth of a mile down, is what is called "The Steamboat Spring." The orifice from which it casts its water is in the face of a perpendicular rock on the brink of the stream, which seems to have been formed from the dispositions of the fountain. It is 8 inches in diameter. Six feet from this, and on the horizon line of the rock, is another fountain, in the cavern below. On approaching the spring, a deep gurgling, hissing sound is heard underground. It appears to be produced by the generating of gas in a cavernous receiver. This, when the chamber is filled, bursts through another cavern filled with water, which it thrusts frothing and foaming into the stream. In passing over the orifice, the pent gas escapes with so much the same sound as steam makes in the escape pipe of a steamboat. Hence the name. The periods of discharge are very irregular. At times, they occur once in two, at others in three, four or five minutes. The force of its action also, is subject to great variation. Those who have visited it often, say that it has been heard to echo far among the hills. When I visited it I could not hear it at the distance of 200 yards. There is also said to be a difference at different times in the temperature of the water. When I examined it, it was a little above blood heat. Others have seen it much higher.
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, etc.

The most remarkable phenomenon connected with these springs, remains yet to be noticed. The whole river, from the Steamboat spring to the Soda springs, a distance of more than a fourth of a mile, which the thousand number, which bursting through two feet of superincumbent running water, throw their foaming jets, some six inches, and some less, above the surface. The water is much the same in its constituent qualities, as that of the Soda springs.

There are in the immediate vicinity of the Steamboat spring, and on the opposite side of the river numerous rocks with orifices in their centres, and other evidences of having been formed by intermittent springs that have long ago ceased to act.

The scenery around these wonderful fountains, is very wild. To the east north-east, opens up the upper valley of Great Bear River, walled in on either side by dark ranges, and at the bottom of the valley, and towering on the sky. To the south west sweeps away the lower valley. On either side of it, rise lofty mountains of naked rocks, whose wild sublimity contrasts strikingly with the sweet beauty of the stream and vale below.

And although statements in regard to what shall transpire in the future, are always a work more befitting a seer than a journalist, yet I cannot forbear expressing the belief that the healthiness and beauty of their locality—the magnificence of the scenery on the best routes to them from the States and from the Pacific, the magnificent scenery over and around them, and on either hand, as it to guard so much loveliness from the winds of surrounding desolation, the black crags rose and frowned, 1,500 feet in air. But hunger! Every bud was fad; every bird had its nourishment; the lizards even were not starving. We were. When about half way up the gorge, over day and day, we refused to go further. The fellow's wound, received in the plains, had healed; and with strength from time to time, his petty tyranny towards his animals increased till being entirely recovered, he seemed to have resumed a degree of malignity toward them whenever they did not chance to comprehend his wishes or were unable to comply with them, that would be incredible if described. In this case, he cut a strong gash; and following the slow steps of the worn-out animal, struck her lengthwise over the almost denuded ribs as frequently and as long as she had strength to do it; and then would rest and strike again with renewed vengeance, until his head drooped, and her eyes blew without a movement. Remonstrance, and the astonished gazing of my savage guide, only increased his severity. And thus he continued to beat the poor animal, till, being convinced against his will, that he even could not make a dying horse heed his command, he bestowed upon her a farewell kick and curse and left her.

About four o'clock we stood on the high ground which divides the waters of the little brook which we had followed up, from a small head stream of Portneuf. The valley of the great southern branch of the Columbia, was spread out before us.

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Shaking our thirst at a cool spring, we traveled five miles down the mountain, and encamped in sight of the Trous Butes. When we halted, I was too much exhausted with hunger and fatigue to unsaddle my horse. We had been on short allowance most of the time since leaving Fort David Crockett. The day on which we arrived at the Soda Springs, I ate the eighth part of a pelican; the two last past days, nothing. But I suffered less from the gnawings of hunger than...
CHAPTER VII.


It will not be uninteresting while passing here, and making preparations to descendSnake, Lewokus, or Sapin river, to lead my readers back over that portion of my journey which lay among the mountains. I do not design to trace my steps here, however, in order again to attempt a description of sufferings which can never be described. They are past; and let their remembrance die. But a succinct account of the region lying west of the Anaconda ridge, and between the 40th and 42d parallels of latitude, may be called the outposts of a lofty range of rocky mountains, which, for convenience in description, I have called Long's Range, extending nearly due north from the Arkansas, in latitude 39 degrees, to the Great Gap in latitude 42 degrees north.

This range is unconnected with any other.—It is separated from the Wind River Mountains by the Great Gap or Great Salt Pass, and from the Great Anaconda Range by the upper valleys of the Arkansas, those of the South Fork of the Platte, and those of Green and Grand Rivers. Two spurs spring off from it to the west: the one from which our skis were originallly intended to be white, he came alongside; and learning that we were from the States; that we had no hostile intentions; that we knew Mr. Walker to be in the Fort, and would be glad to have our compliments conveyed to him, he returned; and Mr. Walker immediately appeared. A friendly salutation was followed by an invitation to enter the Fort; and a "welcome to Fort Hall," was given in a manner so kind and obliging, that nothing seemed wanting to make us feel that we were at home. A generous flagon of Old Jamaica, wheaten bread, and butter newly churned, and bullido tongues fresh from the neighboring mountains, made their appearance as soon as we had rid ourselves of the equipage and dust of journeying, and allayed the dreadful sense of starvation.

The Snowy Mountains are a transverse range or spur of the Rocky Mountains, which run from the Wind River Mountains latitude 42 degrees north, in nearly a right line to Cape Mendocino, latitude 40 degrees, in upper California. Many portions of this range, as well as west of Fort Hall, are very cold, and covered with perpetual snow. About 100 miles from the coast of the Pacific it intersects a range of snowy peaks called the President's Range, which comes down

from the Whitewater and Fire Mountains in the line of the Great Salt Lake westward, to the northwestern shore of the Pacific.
from Puget's sound, and terminates in the arid plains about the mouth of the Colorado of the West.

The Wind River Mountains are a spur which shoots from the great northern chain, commonly called the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 42 degrees and odd minutes north; and running in a southeasterly direction into the Great Prairie Wilderness, forms the northern wall of the Great Gap or Great Southern Pass.

On the northern side of the Wind River Peaks, are the sources of Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers; on the southeastern side rises the Sweetwater, the northwesternmost branch of the North Fork of the Great Platte; on the southern side the Shoshone and Green River, the northern branch of the Colorado of the West; on the northwestern side and north of the Snowy Mountains, spring the Sapin, Snake, or Lewis River, the great southern branch of the Columbia.

On the western side of Long's Range, rises the Grand River, the principal branch of the Colorado of the West. It furnishes four times the quantity of water that Green River does. Further south, in the vicinity of James' Peak, and on the west side of this range, rises the South Fork of the Great Platte.

Close under the eastern base of the Anadnace or Great Main Range, and nearly in latitude 39 degrees north, are the sources of the Arkansas.

The immense parallelogram lying within these ranges of mountains, may be described by saying that it is a vast, arid, and minor mountains. And if this general appellation be qualified by the accounts given on previous pages of Boyon Salado—Old Park, &c., very small portions of the whole area—the description will be complete.

Fort Hall was built by Captain Wyeth, of Boston, in 1832, for the purposes of trade with the Indians in its vicinity. He had taken goods into the lower part of the Territory, to exchange for salmon. But competition soon drove him from his fisheries to this remote spot, where he hoped to be permitted to purchase furs of the Indians with his remaining stock, given him by the Hudson Bay Company, whose nearest post was seven hundred miles away.

In this he was disappointed. In pursuance of the avowed doctrine of that company, that no others have a right to trade in furs west of the Rocky Mountains, while the use of capital and their incomparable skill and perseverance can prevent it, they established a fort near him, preceded him, followed him, surrounded him every where, and cut the throat of his prosperity with such kindness and politeness, that Wyeth was induced to sell his whole interest, content and prospective, in Oregon, to his generous but too indefatigable, skilful, and powerful antagonists.

From what I saw and heard of Wyeth's management in Oregon, I was impressed with the belief that he was, beyond comparison, the most talented business-man from the States that ever established himself in the Territory.

The business of trapping for beaver, &c., with the neighboring Indians, for the skins of the beaver and land otter; and in furnishing white men with traps, horses, saddles, bridles, provisions, &c., to enable them to hunt these animals for the benefit and sole use of the owners—the Hudson Bay Company. In such cases, the horses are loaned without price; the other articles of the "outfit" sold on credit till the termination of the hunt. And the only security which the company requires for the return of their animals, is the pledge of honor to that effect, and that the furs taken shall be appropriated at a stipulated price to the payment of arrears.

Goods are sold at this establishment 50 per cent. lower than at the American posts. White trappers are paid a higher price for their furs than is paid the Indians; are charged less for the goods which they receive in exchange; and are treated in every respect by this shrewd company with uniform justice, that the American trappers even are fast leaving the service of their countrymen, for the larger profits and better treatment of British employment. There is also a company of men connected with this Fort, under the command of an American mountainman, who, following various tribes in their migratory expeditions in the adjacent American and Mexican domain, collect whatever furs may be chance to be among them.

By these means, and various others subsidiary to them, the gentlemen in charge of this trading establishment, collected, in the summer of 1839, more than thirty packs of the best beaver of the mountains.

We spent the 2d and 3d most agreeably with Mr. Walker, in his hospitable adobe castle, exchanged with him our weared horses for fresh ones; and obtained dried buffalo meat, sugar, coffee, tea, and corn meal, a guide, and every other necessary within that gentleman's power to furnish for our journey to Wallawalla. And at 10 o'clock, A. M., of the 4th of September, we bade adieu to our very obliging countryman, and took to our saddles on the trail down the desert banks of the Sapin. As we left the Fort, we passed over the ground of an affray, which originated in love and terminated in death. Yes, love on the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains! and love of a very curious Indian I have done. It appeared, from the relation I heard of it, that a certain white trapper had taken to himself a certain bronze damsel of the wilderness to be his slave-wife, with all the solemn ceremonies of purchase and payment for the same in sundry horses, dogs, and loads of ammunition, as required by the custom in such affairs governing; and that by his business of trapping for beaver, &c., he was, soon after the banns were proclaimed, separated from his beloved one, for the term of three months and upwards, much against his tender inclination and interest, as the following sheweth: For during the term of his said marriage, he had killed his rifle, and killed the robber of his heart. The grave of the victim is there, a warning to all who would trifle with the vested rights of an American trapper in the love of an Indian beauty.
We made about ten miles, and halted for the night. Our guide displayed himself a five feet nine inch stout Wallawalla. He had been in the service of the Hudson Bay Company many years, and was, consequently, assiduous and dutiful. Yes, consequently so. For neither Indian nor white man is long in their service without learning his place, and becoming active and faithful in doing his duty. As soon as we entered camp, our pack-horses were stripped of their burdens, and turned loose to feed; wood was gathered, and a fire blazing under the kettles, and "all out doors" immediately rendered as comfortable to us, as skies spangled with stars, and earth strewn with snowy sand could be made. Wallawalla was a jeely odliy of a mortal. The frontal region of his head had been pressed in infancy most aristocratically into the form of the German idios; his eyes were forced out upon the corners of the head; his nose hugged the face closely like a bunch of affectionate leeches; hair black as a raven's, and cropped over a pair of helmet shoulders; and feet—but who can describe that which has not its like under the skies. Such was Carbo, our Palmarum over the burnt plains of Snake River.

The short ride of the day, had shown us the western limit of the partial fertility about Fort Hall. Our earth had begun to be red, burnt, and barren; grass sparse and dry; the shrubs and cotton woods stunted and shrivelled. The plain of the Trois Butes is situated between the Snowy mountain range on the south, and another ridge which, diverging from it above the sources of Saptin River, follows that stream down to the Blue Mountains near Wallawalla. This plain, by experiment, is found to be 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the vicinity of the post, there is an abundance of grass for the subsistence of many thousands of animals. The soil in various parts of it, also, appears well adapted to the cultivation of the small grains and cereals, should they occur here. Most every month of the year, shows the extent to which the arable sections can be rendered available for such purposes.

The Trois Butes rise on the plain 15 or 20 miles east of the Fort. They are pyramidal peaks, probably of volcanic origin, of 2,000 feet and more in the highest part of the level of the sea. Around their dark bases grow evergreen trees; from their sides burst small brooks, rendering verdant stripes of the plain which radiate beautifully in all directions from them; and over all, during most of the year, hang their crests of glittering snows! East of the Butes vegetation continually decreases till it ceases in the black crags which embosom the head streams of the river.

On the 6th traveled 30 miles down the western bank of the river; soil sandy and volcanic, bearing wild wormwood—in fact a desert; crossed a number of small streams putting into the Saptin; on these a little bunch of grass and a few alders and willows tried to grow. While bating at noon, we were agreeably surprised with an addition to our company, of a young Swiss trapper, eight years in the mountains; he learned the silver smith business when in youth; afterward entered a monastery and studied Latin &c. for the order of Priests; ran away from the monastery, entered the French army, deserted, came to America; sickened, was visited by a Roman priest who had been a classmate with him at the monastery; and having had a more numerous family than was required by the canons of his order, had fled to America where his orisons would not be disturbed by the cries of infants. On his entering our trapper's chamber they mutually recognized each other; and horror immediately seized the pious priest at the recollection of the trapper's sinfulness; and particularly the sin of forsaking the holy places of the mother church; by taking carnal weapons in hands that had been employed in making crosses in the sacred precincts of the cloister. The trapper had contracted the dangerous habit of thinking for himself, and replied to the godly man in a sharp and retaliatory manner; and among other things drew a very ungracious comparison between escaping from prayers and chants, and fleeing from an unawful family.—This reference to former sequacies in a country to which he had fled to escape the remembrance of them, aroused the holy indignation of the priest to such an extent, that he immediately consigned the witness of his fault to worms, and his soul to an apprenticeship at fire eating in purgatory. But our trapper had become a heretic! In the blindness of his heart he had forgotten that the power to save and destroy the soul of man, had been committed to an order of men chosen and set apart as the repositories of that portion of Omnipotence; and that whatever errors of conduct may occur in the life of these men, the efficiency of the anathematizing and saving commission is not thereby annulled; and he rose from his bed and hurled at the priest's damny, counter anathemas in the form of chairs and shovels and tongs; and he of the consecrated gown left him without the benefits of his potent absolution. I could perceive in him no returning belief in the Omnipotent key of the Catholic apostles. Writings and stories are his confessions of saying his prayers and counting the beads of his rosary, he talked of the stirring scenes of a trapper's life, and recounted the wild adventures of the mountains. Instead of the sublime Deum, he sang the thrilling martial airs of his native land. Instead of the croser, he bore the faithful guide. Instead of the crosier of the croy, he wore the fringed deer skin frock of the children of the wilderness. He was a trapper—a merry mountain trapper.

6th. Twenty-five miles to-day; face of the country, black, hard and barren swells; encamped on a small tributary of the Saptin, very little grass for the animals; found here a family of the Root Digger Indians; the man half clad, children naked, all filthy; dirt lay in nodules on the woman's face and ears. She was clad in a wrapper of mountain sheep skin.

7th. Twenty miles. About mid day heard a loud roaring of waters; descended the channel of the river and discovered two enormous springs bursting from the basaltic cliffs of the opposite shore. Their roaring was heard three miles. The lower one discharged water enough to turn the machinery of 20 ordinary manufactories. The water foamed and rushed down inclined plains of rocks the distance of 200 feet. The country, an
undulating, barren, volcanic plain; near the river cut into bluffs; lava every where; wild wornwood and another shrub two feet in height bearing a yellow blossom, the only one seen; encamped on a small stream about three miles from the river. Found here the only grass observed during the day.

8th. Still on the western bank of the Sapin; river one-fourth of a mile wide; water extremely clear; current five miles the hour; depth of water about four feet. On the eastern side, the soil appeared a dark mass of imbedded fused rock, stretching in broken undulations to the distant highlands. In that direction 20 miles, a range of mountains like an irregular line of darkness on the horizon. Every thing touched by our horses feet claimed a volcano for its birthplace. Thirty miles today. 

9th. Face of the country the same as that passed over on the 8th—a scarcely grass enough to feed our animals, and that dried to hay. The mountains on the west side of the river gradually nearing it. No timber since we left the immediate vicinity of Fort Hall. We cooked our food with the grass we gathered on the Indians had killed and rendered dry for such purposes. All the rocks more or less fused; many large tracts of lava; a number of clear little brooks bubbling over the cinders of this great hearth of Nature's fire. Made 40 miles.

10th. Fifteen miles over "cut rock" and wornwood; five miles; and at mid-day descended 600 feet in the chasm of the Sapin, and traveled along the brink of the river a short distance, crossed at a place called "The Islands," to the eastern shore.

The river has been clipping deeper in the plain the last three days. A bird's eye view of it for sixty miles above the islands would present a tor¬

tuous chasm, walled by basalt, trap, &c., and sunbaked. A lake in the midst of the plains would be burned away, leaving a smooth, sandy plain extending to the foot of the mountains where there is a fine mountain chasm cut through the granite. The mountains on the east are a series of ridges and small hills, cutting off the sun's rays and the winds. The plains and the mountains are so intersected by these ridges and hills that they present the appearance of a series of hills and the plains themselves, instead of the tremendous or mountainous forms of his acquaintance. The lower and less precipitated parts were surprising to us. For instance, in crossing the plains of the Friendly River, we were never tire less or disheartened by the scenery. On the contrary, we were continually struck with the grandeur and beauty of the scene. The plains were not elevated above three or four feet above the level of the river, and the elevations were not sharp, but gradual and uniform, forming a fine series of terraces. The mountains on the east were not so elevated, but were low and level, and presented the appearance of a series of long, low, undulating ridges, extending from the plains to the mountains. The plains were covered with grass, and the mountains were covered with trees, forming a fine contrast.

The Indians are more filthy than the Hotten toos. They eat the vermin from each other's heads. Both sexes were nearly naked. Their shelters were made of rushes and mats wrapped around poles.

Having finished our trading, we traveled about ten miles down the stream and encamped upon its bank. The plains were well covered with grass, many portions seeming susceptible of cultivation. The bed of the river presented the usual characteristics of a mountain torrent; broad, shallow, with extensive bars of coarse gravel crossing the channel in all directions. The water limpid; and its quantity might be expressed by saying that the average depth was six inches—width ten yards—rate of current three miles an hour. In the month of June, however, it is said to bring from its maternal mountains immense floods.

13th. A breakfast of boiled spawn, and on trail at sunrise; traveled rapidly down the grassy intervals of Boisies; passed many small groves
Swiss trapper was the very man to grapple the dilemma. He bribed their good will and their safe conduct to the Fort. Five or six of them quickly seated horses, and, mounting without saddle or bridle, by the way. While these things were being done, horrid wails come from their huts among the bushes. And those who were with us responded to them. The only word uttered was one which sounded like 'yap.' This they spoke at first in a low, plaintive key, and slowly; and then, on a higher note and rapidly, as if under stronger emotions of grief; and then fell away again to the low point of desponding sorrow. I noticed, as we rode along, that the tails of many of their horses were shorn of the hair in the most uncouth manner. The men also were miserably haggled. The men who rode them, and at intervals walked, I was afterward informed that their tribe was mourning the death of some of their number who had lately died; and it is a custom with them and other western tribes, on the death of friends, in war or by disease, for all the surviving relatives to shear the mane and tails of their horses to the skin—kill the hair. They would em- pyle all his personal property around his burial-place, and mourn, in the manner I have described, for several days. Their camp was eight miles south of Fort Boisne. We rode the distance in three-quarters of an hour. Other Bonak horsemen joined us along the way. Each one, as he overtook us, urged that his horse, too, was sickly; and through the streams and copses till lost from view. It was about 4 o'clock. The trails were so numerous that we found it useless to continue on any of them. For if we selected any single one, that one branched into many every half mile. So that we deemed it best to 'take our course' as the mariner would say, and disregard them altogether. In following this determination we crossed the Boisne again and again; floundered in quagmires and dodged along among whippings boughs and underbrush; and, when surprised by such obstacles, pushed the dusty plain with as sturdy a trot as we ever echoed there. From the sun went down and his twilight had left the sky. No Fort yet! Nor had we yet seen the Saptin. We halted, held a council, determined to 'hold our course' westward; listened, heard nothing but the muttering Boisne, and traveled on. In half an hour came to us a frightful, mournful yell, which brought us to an instantaneous halt. We were within fifty yards of the Boisne Indians—and were discovered.

This is a fierce, warlike and athletic tribe, inhabiting the banks of that part of Saptin or Snake River which lies between the mouth of Boisne or Reed's River and the Blue Mountains. They make war upon the Blackfeet and Crows; and for that purpose often cross the Mountains through a gap between the track of Lewis and Clark and the 'Great Gap.' By these wars their number has been much reduced. They are said to speak a language peculiar to themselves; and are regarded by the whites as a treacherous and dangerous race. We had approached so near their camp that whatever might be their disposition toward us it was impossible to retreat. Dark- ness concealed the surrounding country—hid the river and the trails. We could not escape without their permission and aid. Our young
Fort Hall. From it, the Hudson Bay Company sent their trading parties over the country south, in advance and rear and around every movement of Wyeth. And by using liberally the fund laid by annually for that purpose, they undersold the American till he was forced from the country. On the part of the H. B. Company, I see nothing strange or unmans in this matter, if looked at as a business transaction. People having equal rights in trade, assume necessarily the relative positions which their skill and capital can command. This is the position of Americans and Britons in Oregon. By a pusillanimous policy on the part of the American Government, we have given British subjects an equal right with our own citizens to trade in all that part of the Public Domain lying west of the Rocky Mountains. In the exercise of the rights thus granted, the H. B. Company employ their incomparable ingenuity and immense wealth in driving every American trader from the coasts of the North Pacific. And who is to blame for this? The American has stretched the United States, that has through want of wisdom or firmness or justice, permitted these important rights of its citizens to be monopolized by foreign capitalists for the last 30 years.

This Fort stands on the eastern bank of the Saptin, eight miles north of the mouth of Boeins or Red's River. It consists of a parapet about 100 feet square, surrounded by a stockade of poles about 15 feet in height. It was entered on the west side. Across the area north and south runs the principal building. It is constructed of logs, and contains a large dining room, a sleeping apartment and kitchen. On the north side of the area, in front of this, is the store; on the south side, the dwellings of the servants; back of the main building, an out-door oven; and in the northeast corner of the stockade in the bastion. This was Fort Boeins in 1839.

Mons. Payette was erecting a neat adobe wall around it. He expected soon to be able to tear down the stockade, and, before this, had not doubtles done so.

Among the curiosities of the establishment were the four wheels, axletrees, and thills of a one horse wagon, said to have been run by the American Missionaries from the State of Connecticut through the mountains thus far toward the mouth of the Columbia. It was left here under the belief that it could not be taken through the Blue Mountains. But fortunately for the next that shall attempt to cross the continent, a safe and easy passage has lately been discovered by which vehicles of the kind may be drawn through to Wallawalla.

At 10 o'clock on the 16th we found ourselves sufficiently rested to recommence our journey. Our packs and ourselves were sent across the Saptin in a canoe; and our horses having swum it, and having been packed and saddled firmly for a rapid march, and a 'bon jour' having been returned by Mons. Payette, with the additional kind wishes of a 'bon voyage' to us, over the mountains, we left the old gentleman to his solitary dominion. He usually collects, during a twelvemonth, twelve or fifteen packs of beaver, and employs himself in the salmon season in curing large quantities of that fish for the supply of other posts. Our course was down the west bank of the river. The soil was sand and clay mixed in nearly equal proportions. Its composition is such as to render it fruitful; but the absence of dews and rains forbids the expectation that it will ever be so. Vegetation, bunch-grass and wild wormwood. Travelled 15 miles and encamped near a small lake, at the foot of which ran a little tributary of the Saptin. From the south bank of this stream near our camp burst a great number of hot springs—water impregnated with sulphur—temperature at the boiling point.

17th. Soil as on the track of the 16th, say that the hills became higher and more gradually.

In the forenoon crossed a branch putting into the Saptin. At mid-day touched the Saptin and left it again for the hills. Mid-afternoon struck another small stream and followed up its valley till night. Estimated our day's journey at 30 miles.

18th. The hills higher and more rocky. Those in the distance to the west and northwest partially covered with pines and firs. The hills absolutely grand, richly clothed with dry bunch grass. Some of them had been burned over by the Indians. Many beautiful little valleys were seen among the highlands. Black birch, rose and willow shrubs, and quaking asp trees on the banks of the little brooks. Encamped under the cliffs of a butte. The moon was in first quarter and could be harmonized well with the chilling winds of the mountains. The atmosphere all day smoky, as in Indian summer time in the highlands of New England. Estimated distance travelled, 25 miles.

19th. Forenoon over gently rising conical hills clothed with bunch grass, soil in the valleys sand and clay. Cooked dinner at L'Arbor, a lonely pine in an extensive plain. Encamped at night on a stream coming from the Blue Mountains in the north west. Distance to day 30 miles.

20th. Track up the valley in which we encamped the preceding night, over gently undulating hills; high broken mountains on either side. About 12 o'clock came to a very steep descent, a mile in length. The upper part of it was so precipitous that the animals with packs were obliged to make a zigzag track of a mile, to descend the half that distance. The lower part was less precipitous, but covered with loose cobbles and rocks. Among these the horses stumbled and bruised themselves badly; but fortunately none were seriously injured. Some rich soil in the valleys; heavy groves of yellow pine, spruce and hemlock; quaking asp on the streams and in the ravines.

From high swells over which ran the trail, we saw an extensive valley, deeply sunken among the lofty mountains around us, and made our fire, blazing high under the dark groaning boughs, extremely agreeable. Traveled 25 miles.

21st. A day of severe traveling. In the forenoon the trail ran over a series of mountains swelling one above another in long and gentle
ascents, covered with noble forests of yellow pine, fir and hemlock. Among these were frequent glades of rich pasture land; grass green—and many-voiced brooks of pure water leaping from the cliffs, or murmuring among the shrubbery. The snow-balm, the wax plant, the yellow and black currant—a species of whortleberry—the service berry—choke cherry—the elder—the shrub maple—and all the beautiful flowers that grace a mountain landscape during its short summers, clothed the ground. At 12 o'clock we entered a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran a brook of sweet clear water, and dined on its bank. A dish of rich cocoa, musk and sugar, and dried buffalo tongue, on the fresh grass by a cool rivulet on the wild mountains of Oregon! Nature stretched her bare and mighty arms around us! The mountains had the lower sky and walked out the lower world! We looked upon the beautiful heights of the Blue Mountains and ate among its spring blossoms, its singing pines and holy battlements, 10,000 feet above the sea. In the afternoon we continued ascending; vast rolls lifted themselves beneath our feet, and the direction higher and higher, till in the distance their tops mingled with the blue of the sky.

We followed this grassy ridge till near 4 o'clock, when we commenced descending. A mile over slowly declining hills and the descent became frightful. It appeared to stand 45° to the plane of the horizon. The horses when they turned at the angles of the zigzag trail, often found the greatest difficulty to keep on their feet. Two miles of such descent, of braiding with might and main, deposited us in a ravine of great depth, and hung far and near with cliffs and abrupt rocky borders, partially covered with pines. At the bottom a brook running in a north-easterly direction, struggled and roared among the fallen rocks. We made our way with much difficulty down its banks a short distance, crossed it and proceeding in a north-westerly direction to another stream flowing eastward, encamped among the pines.

These valleys were filled with cold winds which rushed through them in irregular gusts, chilling everything they touched. But we set fire to large piles of dry pine logs in camp, spread our couches, and wayworn as men were, ensconced ourselves in them for repose. Carco did not retire but went whistling about among the horses—united his wallet of provisions and ate a second time—punched the fires and looked at the eastern sky with evident interest. The valley below had been set on fire by Indians; and I more than half expected that he expected to see some of his tribe at our quarters. But my supposition was untrue.

As soon as the moon peeped over the eastern heights he roused me to hear in broken French that our horses had nothing to eat in the place where they were; and that we being rested must climb the mountain to find food for them. No proposition, and the facts brought to urge as adoption, could have been more unfortunately reasonable and true—at that particular time. My first impulse was to order him to our coach; but a hungry whinney from my roan pony was pleasing slight to the property of the measure proposed. I therefore summoned my weary limbs and feet, raised and ushered, to their best efforts, and at 12 o'clock of the night we were on march.

Awhile we led our animals through the tangled wood, and then along a steep gravelly side of the ravine, where the foothold slid at every step; then awhile among rolling stones so thickly strewn upon the ground, that the horses touched it only when their weight drove their feet down between them; and again awhile we seemed to hang on the cliffs, and pause between advancing and following the laws of gravitation to the bed of the torrent that battled its way in the canyons far below; and then in the desperation of a last effort, climbed the bank to a place of safety. At length we arrived at a large indentation in the face of the mountain, the encircling rim of which the trail for half a mile was of comparatively easy ascent. At the end of this distance another difficulty was superadded to all we had yet experienced. The steep was covered to the depth of several feet with "cut rock"—dark shining cubes from one to three inches in diameter, with sharp corners and edges. It was well nigh impossible to lower our horses at such stones; the least obedient one, however, was at length led and scourged upon them; with the remaining infictions, the remainder were finally induced to follow. All walked except Smith. His horse was "a d—d brute, and was made to carry him or die." The poor animal would slip, and catch, and trip; and when unable longer to endure the cutting stone under their feet, would suddenly drop on their knees; but the pain caused by that position would soon force them to rise again, and struggle up the ascent. An half-hour of such travel made us over this stoney surface to the smooth grassy swells, the surface of which was earthy and pleasant to the lacerated feet of our horses. The green grass grew thickly all around: the moon poured her bright beams through the frosty air on the slumbering heights; in the deep pine-club vales, burned dimly the Indian fires; from mountain to mountain sounded the deep bass of a thousand cascades.

We encamped in a grove of pines that crowned the mountain at 3 o'clock in the morning.

12.20. We saddled early, and ascending for two hours a line of gentle grassy elevations, came to the beginning of the slippery ascent of the Blue Mountains. The trail ran down the ravines of small brooks flowing northwest, and occasionally over high swells which stretched down the plain, that lies about the south western branches of the Wallawalla River, and halted to dine. In the afternoon we struck off northwesterly over the rolling plain. The soil in the depressions was a light and loose compound of sand and clay, and sparsely covered with bunch grass. The swells were of gravel, and generally barren; trees on the brooks only; and these few, small, and of little value. About 3 o'clock we came into the camp of a Middle-aged Skyme Indian, who was on his onward march from the buffalo hunt in the mountain valleys east and northeast of Fort Hall. He was a spare man of five feet eight inches, dressed in a green camlet frock coat, a black vest, striped cotton shirt, leather pants, moccasins, and felt hat. He had two children, boys, naked and bare of head.

His camp equipage was very comfortable—four
of five camp-kettles with tin covers, a number of pails with covers, a leathern tent, and an assortment of fine buffalo robes. He had had a very successful hunt. Of the 17 horses in his caravan, six were loaded with the best flesh of the buffalo cow, cured in the best manner; two others bore his tent, utensils, clothing, robes, &c.; four others were ridden by himself and family; the five remaining were used to relieve those that, from time to time, might tire. These were splendid animals, as large as the best horses of the States, well knit, deep and wide at the shoulders, a broad loin, and very small lower limbs and feet; of extreme activity and capacity for endurance.

Learning that this Indian was going to Dr. Whitman’s mission establishment, where a considerable number of his tribe had pitched their tents for the approaching winter, I determined to leave the cavalcade and accompany him there. My guide Carbo, therefore, having explained my intentions to my new acquaintance, departed with the remainder of his charge for Fort Walla-walla. Carbo, in the poor crane, was a very kind man. Immediately after the departure of Carbo and company, he turned my worn-out animals loose, and loaded my packs upon his own. gave me a splendid saddle-horse to ride, and intimated by significant gestures that we would go a short distance that afternoon, in order to arrive at the mission early the next day. I gave my assent, and we were soon on the way. Our course was northeasterly over sharp swells, among which ran many clear and beautiful brooks; soil gravel, loam, sand, and clay, and well covered with dry bunch grass, incapable of producing the grains without irrigation. The swells and streams run northwesterly from the Blue Mountains. Our course was diagonally across them. Having made about 10 miles at sunset, we encamped for the night. I noticed, during the drive, a degree of forbearance towards the animals whenever they erred, and of affection and benevolence toward each other, in this family of savages which I had never before observed in that race. When we halted for the night the two boys were behind. They had been frolicking with their horses and as the darkness came on, lost the trail. It was a half hour before I could find them. During this time, the worthy parents exhibited the most affectionate solicitude for them. One of them was but three years old, and was lashed to the horse he rode; the other only seven years of age. Young pilots in the wilderness at night! But the cheer, true to the sagacity of his race, had taken his course, and tracked the brook on which we had encamped, within three hundred yards of us. The pride of the parents at this feat, and their ardor attachment to their children, were perceptible in the pleasure with which they received them at their evening fire, and heard the relation of their children’s adventure.

The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were bent, and buffalo robes spread over them. Underneath were haid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself with his wife and children on one side, and myself, on the other. The roll of a drum, the sound of the rattle, and voices of the willows, formed the music of the plains, while the occasional groan of the wind added its notes to the symphony.

Water was brought, and the evening ablations having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and one to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God! A wandering savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ! After the prayer, he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife. While eating, the frequent repetition of the words Jehovah and Jesus Christ, in the most reverential manner, led me to suppose they were conversing on religious topics; and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile, the exceeding weariness of a long day’s travel admonished me to seek rest.

I had slumbered, I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Talia’s Chant came to these solitudes from earth or sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious habits of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the 2d Chorus, and when it was finished, they all knelt and bowed their faces upon the buffalo robes, and Creckie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn and retired. This was the first hearing of religious feelings that I had ever seen leaving the States. A pleasant evidence that the Oregon wilderness was beginning to bear the rose of Sharon on its thousand hills, and that on the barren soil of the Skywre, heart was beginning to bud and blossom and ripen the golden fruits of faith in Jehovah, and hope in an after state.

23d. We were on our way before the sun rose. The dawn on an Oregon sky, the rich and varied embankment of mountains over which the great day star raised his glowing rim, the blandness of the air, the lovely ambling of the carven toward the neighboring abode of my countryman, imparted to my soul and body a most agreeable exhilaration. Creckie and his wife and children also appeared to enjoy the atmosphere and scenery of their native valley; and we went on together merrily over the swelling plains and murmuring streams till about eight o’clock, when Creckie spurred his horse in advance of the cavalcade, and motioned us to proceed.

We rode very rapidly for about three hours over a country gently undulating, well set with bunch grass, and intersected with small streams flowing northwest. The dust had risen in dark clouds during our ride, and rendered it necessary to halt before presenting ourselves at the mission. We therefore halted on the bank of a little brook overhung with willows, and proceeded to make our toilet. Creckie’s paraphernalia was simple for the purpose, and showed that among his other excellencies, cleanliness held a prominent place. A small mirror, pocket comb, soap and towel, were immediately produced; and the dust was taken from his person and wardrobe with a nicety that would have satisfied an exquisite on pavements.

A ride of five miles afterward brought us in sight of the groves around the mission. The plains far and near were covered with a form of vegetation dead save the forest trees, whose roots drank deeply of the waters of the...
stream. We crossed the river, passed the Indian encampment hard by, and were at the gate of the mission fields in presence of Dr. Whitman. He was among the first to strike the top of the tree to some lazy Indians who were driving their cattle from his garden; and giving orders to others to yoke their oxen, get the axes, and go into the forest for the lower sleepers of the new mission house. Mr. Hall, printer at the Sandwich Islands, soon appeared in working dress, with an axe on his shoulder; next came Mr. Manger, pulling the pine shavings from his foreplane. All seemed disposed to ask me how long a balloon line had been running between the States and the Pacific by which single individuals crossed the continent.

The oxen, however, were yoked, and axes glinting in the sun, and there was no time to spend, if they would return from their labor before nightfall.

So that the whine and wail of my sudden appearance among them, were left for an after explanation. The doctor introduced me to his excellent lady, and departed to his labor.

The afternoon was spent in listless rest from the toils of my journey. At sunset, however, I strode out and took a bird's-eye view of the plantation and plains of the Wallawalla. The old mission house stands on the north side bank of the river, about four rods from the water-side, at the northeast corner of an enclosure containing about 500 acres; 200 of which are under good cultivation. The soil is a thin stratum of clay, mixed with sand and a small proportion of vegetable matter, resting on a bed of gravel.

Through this gravel, water from the Wallawalla filtrates, and by capillary attraction is raised to the roots of vegetation in the incumbent earth. The products are wheat, Indian corn, onions, turnips, rata-baga, water, musk and nutmeg melons, squashes, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, peas, &c. in the garden—all of good quality, and abundant crops.

The Wallawalla is a pretty stream. Its channel is paved with gravel and sand, and about three rods in width; water two feet deep running five rods wide; and thus a little one cool through the year. A hundred yards below the house, it makes a beautiful bend to the southwest for a short distance, and then resumes its general direction of northwest by north, along the border of the plantation. On the opposite bank is a line of timber and underwood, interlaced with flowering braziles. Other small groves occur above and below along the banks. The plain about the waters of this river is about 30 miles square.

A great part of this surface is more or less covered with bunch grass. The branches of the river are distributed over it in such manner that most of it can be grazed. But what came under my own observation, and the information received from respectable American citizens, who had examined it more minutely than I had time to, I suppose there to be scarcely 2400 acres of this vast extent of surface, which can ever be made available for the purposes of cultivation.

The absence of rains and dews in the season of crops, and the impossibility of irrigating much of it on account of the height of the general surface above the stream, will afford sufficient reasons for considering it a desert.

The doctor returned near night with his timber—one elm and a number of spiking asp. sticks; and appeared gratified that he had been able to find the requisite number of sufficient size to support his floor. To the latter end he passed a few earnest conversation about native land and friends left there—of the pleasure they derived from their present occupation—and the trials that befell them while commencing the mission and afterward. Among the latter was mentioned the difficulty of raising their child in the Wallawalla the year before—a little girl two years old. She fell into the river at the place where they took water for family use.

The mother was in the house, the father a short distance away on the premises. The alarm was conveyed to them almost instantly, and they and others rushed to the stream, and sought for their child with frantic eagerness. But the strong heavy current had carried it down and lodged it in a clump of bushes under the bank on which they stood. They passed the spot where it lay, but found it was gone. Thus those devoted people were bereft, in the most affecting manner, of their only child—left alone in the wilderness.

The morning of the 23d opened in the loveliest lines of the sky. Still none of the beauty of the harvest field—none of the fragrance of the ripened fruits of autumn were there. The wild horses were frolicking on the plains; but the plains smoked with dust and dearth. The green woods and the streams sent up their harmonies with the breeze; but it was like a dirge over the remains of the departed glory of the year. And yet, when the smoking came away in the evening, the pleasure which the morning brought, was more than a little bit of the old spring bleeding through the table, and the happy countenances of countrymen and countrywomen around me, could with difficulty relieve myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native land, in all its features. But during breakfast, this pleasant illusion was dispelled by one of the causes which induced it—Our steak was of horse flesh! On such meat this poor family subsist the whole time. They do not complain. It enables them to exist.

But can it satisfy those who give money for the support of missionaries, that the allowance made by their agents for the support of those who abandon parents and freedom and home, and surrender not only themselves to the mercy of the savages, but their offspring also, should be so meager, as to compel them to eat horse flesh? This necessity existed in 1833 at the mission on the Wallawalla, and I doubt not exists in 1839.

The breakfast being over, the doctor invited me to a stroll over his premises. The garden was first examined; its location, on the curving bank of the Wallawalla; the apple trees, growing thickly on its western border; the beautiful tomato, and other vegetables, hardening the grounds. Next to the fields. The doctor views of the soil, and its mode of receiving moisture from the river, were such as must be very highly expressed. For, said he, "These places where you perceive the stratum of gravel to be raised so as to interrupt the capillary attraction of the superincumbent earth, the crop failed." Then to the new house. The adobe walls had been erected a year. It was about 10 feet by 20, and one and a half stories high. The interior area consisted
of two parlors of the ordinary size, separated by an adobe portion. The outer door opened into one of them; and from this a door in the partition led to others. Always the sleeping apartments. To the main building was attached another of equal height designed for a kiln, with chambers above for servants. Mr. Monger and a Sandwich Islander were laying the floors, making the doors, &c. The lumber used was a very superior quality of yellow pine plank, which Dr. Whitman had cut with a whip saw among the Blue Mountains, 15 miles distant. Next to the "carp," a fine yoke of oxen, two cows, an American bull, and the beginning of a stock of hogs were thereabout. And last to the great mill on the other side of the river. It consisted of a spherical wrought iron bunr four or five inches in diameter, surrounded by a counterbored surface of the same material. The spherical bunr was permanently attached to the shaft of a horizontal water-wheel. The surrounding bored surface was faced on the inside to timber, in such a position, that when the water-wheel was put in motion, the operation of the mill was similar to that of a coffee-mill. It was a crazy thing, but for it the doctor was grateful. It would, with the help of himself and an Indian, grind enough in a day to feed his family a week, and that was better than to beat it with a pestle and mortar. It appeared to me quite remarkable that the doctor could have made so many improvements since the year 1834. But the industry which cropped every hour of the day, his uniting energy of character, and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are, perhaps, circumstances which will render possibility probable, that in five years one man without funds for such purposes, without other aid in that hour, would have built and put in motion the mill. It is probable that the chief missionary at short intervals, should fence, plough, build, plant an orchard, and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness; learn an Indian language, and do the duties, meanwhile, of a physician to the associate missionaries. After the Clearing of Lake Washington was completed, the Indians assembled in the first story of the new house, and were taught to read. In the afternoon, Dr. W. and his lady assembled the Indians for instruction in reading. Forty or fifty children between the ages of 7 and 18, and several older people gathered on the shady side of the new mission-house at the ringing of a handbell, and seated themselves in an orderly manner on ranges of wooden benches. The doctor then wrote in Indian syllables, words, and instructive sentences in the Nez Perces language, on a large blackboard suspended on the wall, and proceeded first to teach the nature and power of the letters in representing the simple sounds of the language, and then the construction of words and their use in forming sentences expressive of thought. The sentences written during these operations were at last read, syllable by syllable, and word after word, and explained until the sentences continued in turn were comprehended. It was delightful to notice the unaided attention with which these people would devour a new idea. It seemed to produce a thrill of delight that kindled up the countenance and animated the figure of the child who had learned the language. In one word, they seemed to be teaching themselves. It was very interesting to see the way in which they grasped the ideas. It is said that when Dr. W.'s little herd was bowing in the river; the wild horses were neighing at the morning breeze; the birds were cooing in the groves. I said every thing was alive. Nay, no, so. The Skyuse village was in the deepest slumber, save a few solitary individuals who were strolling with slow and stately tread up a neighboring lane, to decry the retreat of their animals. Their conical skin lodges dotted the valley above the mission, and imparted to the morning landscape a peculiar wildness. As the sun rose, the inmates began to emerge from the tent. It was a chilly hour; and their buffalo robes were drawn over their shoulders, with the hair side next the body. The snowy white flesh side was fringed with a line of goose down, which framed a few inches in sight around the edges, and their long black glistening tresses fell over it far down the back. The children were out in all the buoyancy of young life, shouting to the prancing steeds, or bet the gravel stones that the arrows upon their little bows would be the first to clothe the sturdy thistle head upon which they were waging mimic war. The women were busy at their fires, weaving mats from the flag; or sewing moccasins, leggings or hunting shirts. Crickie was giving meat to his friends, who the past winter had fed him and took care of him while lying sick. This is the imperial tribe of Oregon. They formerly claimed a prescriptive right to exercise jurisdiction over the country down the Columbia to its mouth; and up the North and South Forks to their sources. The chief, with the right of war, also a chief of the Lower Wallawallas, or Wallawallas of the Columbia. He was the chief of an enlarged district and a correspondent, who, after receiving a thorough education at the Oblate school, occupied the Clearing of Lake Washington. He died—and with him the imperial dignity of the Skyuse tribe. The person in charge at Fort Wallawalla, indeed, dressed the present incumbent in blacker style than his fellows; proclaimed him high chief, and by treating him with the formality usually tendered to his deceased brother, has obtained for him the name, but not the respect and influence belonging to the office. He is a man of considerable mental power, but has none of the fire and energy attributed to his predecessor. The Wallawallas and Upper Chinooks are the only tribes that continue to recognize the Skyuse supremacy. The Skyuses are also a tribe of merceants. Before the establishment of Fort Hall and Boisais, they were in the habit of rendezvousing at "La Grande Ronde," an extensive valley in the Blue Mountains, with the Shoshones and other Indians from the valley of the Sapin, and exchanging with them their horses for furs, buffalo robes, skins, tents, &c. But since the building of these posts, that portion of their trade is nearly destroyed. In the winter season, a band of them usually descends to Dalles, barter with the Columbia, for salmon, and holds councils over that mean and
miserable hand to ascertain their misdeemors, and punish them therefor by whipping. The Wallawalla, however, are the most numerous and profitable customers. They may well be termed the fishermen of the Skyuse camp. They live on both banks of the Columbia, from the Blue Mountains to the Dalles, and employ themselves principally in taking salmon. For these, their bountiful, their good, is a sort of trade, giving them horses. They own large numbers of these animals. A Skyuse is thought to be poor who has but 15 or 20 of them. They generally have many more. One fat, hearty old fellow, owns something over 2,000; all wild except so many as he needs for use or sale.

To these reports of the Indians, Doctor Whitman gave little credence; so at variance were some of the facts related, with what he presumed the Hudson's Bay Company would permit to be done by any one in their employment, or under their patronage—the abuse of white men's arms, and the outraged interference with their characters and calling.

On the morning of the 27th, the arrival of Mr. Erminger, the senior clerk at Fort Hall from Fort Wallawalla, created quite a sensation. His uniform kindness to the missionaries has endeared him to them. My companion, Hal., accompanied him. The poor old man had become lonely and discouraged, and as I had encouraged him to expect any assistance from me which his circumstances might demand, it afforded me the greatest pleasure to make his wants known to the missionaries, who needed an artisan to construct a mill at the station on the Clear Water. Dr. Whitman contracted with him for his services, and Blair was happy. I sincerely hope he may succeed.

I attended the Indian school today. Mrs. Whitman is an indefatigable instructor. The children read in monosyllables from a primer lately published at the Clear Water station. After reading, they repeated a number of hymns in the Nez Peres, composed by Mr. Smith, of the Spokan station. These were afterward sung. They learn music readily. At nightfall I visited the Indian lodges in company with Dr. Whitman. In one of them we saw a young woman who appeared to be a Christian woman, or, perhaps, had entered into the system, and was wasting her life. She was resorting to the native remedy—tendering petitions to their gods, and weeping loudly. This tribe, like all others west of the mountains, believe in witchcraft under various forms—practice sleight-of-hand, fire-eating, &c. They insert rough sticks into their throats, and draw them up and down till the blood flows freely, to make them long-winded on march. They flatten the head, and perforate the septum or partition of the nose. In this orifice they wear various ornaments. The more common one that I noticed was a wolf's tooth.

The Skyuse have two distinct languages: the one used in ordinary intercourse, the other on extraordinary occasions; as in war-councils, &c. Both are said to be copious and expressive. They also speak the Nez Peres and Wallawalla.

On the 28th, Mr. Erminger started for Fort Hall, and Blair for the Clear Water. Early in the day the Indians brought in large numbers of their horses to try their speed. These are a fine race of animals; as large and of better form and more beauty than most of the horses in the States. There is every variety of color among them, from the shining coal-black to the milk-white. Some of them are pied very singularly; as a roan body with bay ears, and white mane and tail. Some are spotted with white on a roan, or bay, or spotted ground, with tail and ears tipped with black. They are better trained to the saddle than those of civilized countries. When an Indian wishes an increase of his serving animals, he mounts a fleet horse, and, lasso in hand, rushes into his band of wild animals, throws it upon the neck of a chosen one, and chokes him down; and while in a state of insensibility, ties the hind and fore feet firmly together. When consciousness returns, the animal struggles, violently and in vain, to get loose. His fear is then attacked by throwing bear-skins, wolf-skins and blankets at his head, till he becomes quiet. He is then loosened from the cord, and rears and plunges furiously at the end of a long rope, and receives another introduction to bear-skins, &c.

After this, he is approached and handled; or, if still too timid, he is again beset with blankets and bear-skins as before, until he is docile. Then come the saddling and riding. This training, they uniformly treat a tenderly, and rudely when he pulls at the end of the halter. And thus they make of their steeds the most fearless and pleasant riding-animals I ever mounted.

The course pursued by Dr. Whitman, and other Presbyterian Missionaries, to improve the Indians, is to teach them the Nez Peres language, according to fixed grammatical rules, for the purpose of opening to them the Ark of the Covenant and the Book of Books. These are taught them practical Agriculture and the useful Arts, for the purpose of civilizing their physical condition. By these means, they hope to make them a better and happier people. This would be an easier way to the same result, if they would teach them the English language, and thus open to them at once the treasures which centuries of toil by a superior race have dug from the mines of Intelligence and Truth.

This was the evening before the Sabbath, and Dr. Whitman, as his custom was, invited one of the most intelligent Indians to his study, translated to him the text of Scripture from which he intended to teach the tribe on the morrow, explained to him its doctrines, and required of him to explain in turn. This was repeated again and again, until the Indian obtained a clear understanding of its doctrines.

The 29th was the Sabbath, and I had an opportunity of noticing its observance by the Skyuse. I rose before the sun. The stars were waxing dim on the morning sky—the most charming dawn I ever witnessed. Every possible circumstance of sublimity conspired to make it so. There was the pure atmosphere; not a wisp of cloud on all its transparent depths. The light poured over the Blue Mountains like a cataract of gold; first on the upper sky, and, descending its golden sheet, in the lower air, it gilded the plain with a flood of brightness, mellow, beautiful brightness; the
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, 7y.

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charms of morning light, on the brown, boundless solitude of Oregon. The breeze scarcely rustles the leaves of the dying trees; the drumming of the woodpecker on the distant tree, sounded a painful discord; so grand, so awful, and yet so sweet, were the muttered symphonies of the sublime quiet of the wilderness.

At 10 o'clock the Skynre assembled for worship in the Mission; the chant or bugle of the morning according to the Presbyterian form; the invocation, the hymn, the prayer, the hymn, the sermon, a prayer, a hymn, and the blessing; all in the Nee Perce tongue. The principal peculiarity about the services was the mode of delivering the discourse. When Dr. Whitehead, M. D. and Mr. and Mrs. Colman, had been instructed on the previous night, rose and repeated it; and as the address proceeded, repeated it also by sentence or para.

graph till it was finished. This is the custom of the Skynes in all their public speaking. And the benefit resulting from it in this case, apparently was, the giving the doctrines which the Doctor desired to inculcate, a clearer expression in the proper idiom of the language. During the recess, the children were assembled in Sabbath School. In the afternoon, the service was similar to that of the morning. Everything was conducted with much solemnity. After worship, the Indians gathered in their lodges, and conversed together concerning what they had heard. If doubt arose as to any point, it was solved by the instructed Indian. Thus passed the Sabbath among the Skynes. The day itself was one of solitude; that day on which the religious affections of the race go up to their source, the incomprehensible origin of the world.

On the 29th I hired a Cricke to take me to the Blue Mountains. I had filled my saddle-pouch with bread, cornmeal and other edibles, I hobbled my packs once more for the lower Columbia.

CHAPTER VIII.


3th. Left the kind people of the mission, at 10 o'clock, for Fort Wallawalla. Traveled 15 miles, or the country dry, barren, swelling plains; not an acre capable of cultivation; some brush grass, and a generous supply of wild wormwood. Encamped on the northern branch of the Walla sewer.

October 1. At 10 o'clock, today, I was kindly received by Mr. Pumbrun at Fort Wallawalla. This gentleman is a half-pay officer in the British army. His rank in the Hudson Bay Company is that of "clerk in charge" of this post. He is of French extraction, a native of Canada. I breakfasted on the 1st of the month with his family. His wife, a halfbreed of the country, has a number of beautiful children. The breakfast being over, Mr. Pumbrun invited me to view the premises. The fort is a plain stockade, with a number of buildings within, appropriated to the work of trade. I strolled through the blacksmith-shop, dwellings, &c.; it has a bastion in the northeast corner, mounted with cannon. The country around has been sometimes represented as fruitful and beautiful. I am obliged to deny so foul an imputation upon the inhabitants of the region. The ugly desert, designed to be such; made such, and is such.

About seven miles up the Wallawalla River are two or three acres of ground fenced with brush, capable of bearing an inferior species of Yankee pumpkin; and another spot, somewhere, of the fourth of an acre, capable of producing any thing that grows in the richest kind of unhuskied sand. But aside from these distinguished exceptions, the vicinity of Fort Wallawalla is a desert. There is indeed, some beauty and sublimity in sight, but no fertility. The wild Columbia sweeps along under its northern wall. In the east, the fall up to heaven dark lofty ridges of mountains; in the northwest, are the ruins of extinct and terrible volcanic action; in the west, a half mile is the entrance of the river into the vast chasm of its lower course, abutted on either side by splendidly castellated rocks—a magnificent gateway for its floods.

But this is all. Desert describes it as well as it does the wastes of Arabia. I tarried only two hours with the hospitable Mr. Pumbrun. But as it determined that I should remember what I could have been a welcome guest a much longer time, he put some tea and sugar and bread into my packs, and kindly expressed regrets that our mutual admiration of Napoleon should be thus crowded into the chit-chat of hours instead of weeks. A few weeks of the following I kept in command Fort Wallawalla as long as Britons occupy it, and live a hundred years afterward.

Travelled down the south bank of the Columbia along the water-side; the river half a mile in width, with a deep strong current; water very clear. A short distance from its brink, on both sides, the embankments of the chasm it has worn for itself, in the lapse of ages—a noble gorge, worthy of its mighty waters. The northern one might properly be termed a mountain running continuously along the water's edge, 500 or 800 feet in height, black, shinning, and shrikeless. The southern one consisted of earthy bluffs, alternating with cliffs from 100 to 400 feet above the stream, turreted with bawling shafts, some twenty others 100 feet above the subjacent hills.—Passed a few horses traveling industriously from one to another. Every thing unnatural, dry, brown, and desolate—Climbed the heights near sunset, and had an extensive view of the country south of the river. It was a treeless, brown expanse of earth, vast rolling swells of sand and clay too dry to bear the weight of horses. No mountains seen in that direction. On the north they rose precipitously from the river, and hid from view the country beyond. The Wallawalla Indians brought us drift-wood and fresh salmon, for which they desired "smoke," tobacco.

2. Continued to descend the river. Early in the day, basalt disappeared from the bluffs; and the country north and south opened to view five or
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6 miles from the stream. It was partially covered with dry bunch grass; groups of Indian horses occasionally appeared. But I was impressed with the belief that the journeyings from one quiet of grass to another, and from these to water, were sufficient to enable the constitution of the body to be adjusted. I found the wondrous, of "blessed memory," greeted my eyes and nose, wherever its scents could be found to nourish them.

During the day I was gratified with the sight of five or six trees, and these a large species of willow; themselves small and bore with age; stones and rocks more or less fixed. A strong westerly wind buffeted me; and much of the time filled the air with drifting sand. We encamped at the water side about three o'clock. I had thus a fine opportunity of ascension the heights to view the southern plain. The slopes were well covered with grass and the native easy of ascent; but on trial proved extremely laborious. I however climbed slowly and patiently the long sweeps, for two hours, and gained nothing. Nay, I could see the noble river, like a long line of liquid fire blazing with the light of the western sun; and the rush washes of the Wallawalla, dotting the sands of the opposite shore; and the barren bluffs and rocks beyond they piled away into space. But to the south my vision was hemmed in by the constantly rising swells. No extensive view could be obtained from any of the heights. The sun was fast sinking, and the hills rose as I advanced. I was so weary that I could go little further. But taking a careful view of the peaks which would guide me back to my camp, I determined to travel on till it should become too dark to see what might open before me. I climbed slowly and laboriously the seemingly endless swells, lifting themselves over and beyond each other in beautiful, but to my weary limbs and longed eyes in most vexations continuance, till the sun dipped his lower rim beneath the horizon. A volcano burst the hills, thought I; and on trudging with the strength that a long quantity of vegetation gave me. Fiers blazed your beautiful brown, I half uttered, as I dragged my self up the ascending eminence, and saw the plateau declining in irregular undulations far into the southwest—a stenic waste, clothed in the glory of the last rays of the sun. The crescents of the distant swells were fringed with bunch grass; not a shrub or a tree on all the field of vision; and evidently no water nearer than the Columbia. Those cattle which are, in the opinion of certain travelers, to depasture these plains in future time, must be of sound wind and limb to gather food and water the same day. I found myself so wearied on attaining this goal of my wishes, that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I was literally compelled to seek some rest before attempting to descend. I therefore seated myself, and in the luxury of repose permitted darkness to commence creeping over the landscape, before I couldrouse myself to the effort of moving. And when I did start, my style of locomotion was extremely varied, and withal sometimes not the most pleasant to every portion of the human coil. My feet were insatiably twelve or thrice the length of that measure in advance of my body. But the reader must not suppose that this circumstance diminished my speed. No, I continued to slide down the hills, using as vehicles the small sharp stones beneath me, until an opportunity offered to put my nether extremities under me again. Once I had nearly plunged headlong from a precipitous mountain side 50 feet high, and saved myself by catching a wormwood bush standing within three feet of the brink. Finally, without any serious mishap, I arrived in camp, so completely exhausted, that, without tasting food, I threw myself on my couch for the night.

30. The earthly bluffs continued to blend the chain of the river till mid day, when butternuts of basalt took their place. A little bunch grass grew among the wild wormwood. Turkeys, grouse, and a species of large hare frequently appeared; many ducks in the stream. For three hours before sunset the trail was rugged and precipitous, often passing along the river, and so narrow that a mis-step of four inches would have plunged horse and rider hundreds of feet into the boiling flood. But as Skyuse horses never make such disagreeable mistakes, we rode the steep in safety. Encamped in a small grove of willows. The river along the day's march was hemmed in by lofty and rugged mountains. The rocks showed indubitable evidences of a volcanic origin. As the sun went down, the Wallawalla village on the opposite shore sang a hymn in their own language, to a tune which I have often heard sung in Catholic churches, before the image of the Virgin. The country in the south, as seen from the heights, was broken and barren; view limited in all directions, by the unevenness of the surface.

4th. Awakened this morning by the fall of an hundred tons of rock from the face of the mountain near us. The earth trembled as if the lumbering volcanoes were wrestling in its bowls. We were brought to our feet, and opened and rubbed our eyes with every mark of dejection. My "poor crane" and his hopeful son commenced to attend to that part of the country which is the largest quantity of vegetation gave me. Fiers blazed your beautiful brown, I half uttered, as I dragged my self up the ascending eminence, and saw the plateau declining in irregular undulations far into the southwest—a stenic waste, clothed in the glory of the last rays of the sun. The crescents of the distant swells were fringed with bunch grass; not a shrub or a tree on all the field of vision; and evidently no water nearer than the Columbia. Those cattle which are, in the opinion of certain travelers, to depasture these plains in future time, must be of sound wind and limb to gather food and water the same day. I found myself so wearied on attaining this goal of my wishes, that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I was literally compelled to seek some rest before attempting to descend. I therefore seated myself, and in the luxury of repose permitted darkness to commence creeping over the landscape, before I could rouze myself to the effort of moving. And when I did start, my style of locomotion was extremely varied, and withal sometimes not the most pleasant to every portion of the human coil. My feet were insatiably twelve or thrice the length of that measure in advance of my body. But the reader must not
the river lay hillocks of scoria, piled together in every imaginable form of confusion. Among them grew considerable quantities of bunch grass, on which a band of Wallawalla horses were feeding. Sand-hills on the opposite shore rose 1000 feet in the air. Basalt occurred at intervals, in a range or a pebbly. This is formation, till the hour of moon, when the trail led to the base of a series of columns extending three-fourths of a mile down the bank. These were more perfectly formed than any previously seen. They swelled from a large curve of the mountain side, like the bastions of ancient castles; and one series of lofty columns towered above another, till the last was surmounted by a crowning tower, a little above the level of the plain beyond. And their pentagonal form, longitudinal sections, dark shining fracture, and immense masses shorn along my way, betokened me if not in the very presence of the Giant's Causeway, yet on a spot where the same mighty energies had exerted themselves which built that rare, beautiful wonder of the Emerald Isle. The river very tortuous, and shut in by high dykes of basalt and sand hills, the rambuning of the day: saw three small rapids in the Columbia; encamped at sunset; too weary to climb the heights.

5th. Arose at break of day, and ordering my guide to make arrangements for starting as soon as I should return, I ascended the neighboring heights. Grass, undulating plains in all directions, some of the river. Far in the northeast towered the frozen peak of Mount Washington, a perfect pyramid, clothed with eternal snows. The view in the north was hemmed in by mountains which rose higher than the place of observation. On descending, my guide Crikie complained of ill-health; and assured that circumstance as a reason why he should not proceed with me to the Dalles. I was much vexed with him at the time, for this unseasonable desertion, and believed that this was the reason why he should not proceed with me to the Dalles. I was much vexed with him at the time, for this unseasonable desertion, and believed that this was the reason why he should not proceed with me to the Dalles. 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The "Dalles," a French term for "that stones," is applied to a portion of the river here, where, by a process similar to that going on at Niagara, the waters have cut channels through an immense stratum of black rock, over which they used to fall as at the Shutes.—At low stages these are of sufficient capacity to pass all the waters. But the annual floods overflow the "that stones," and produce a lashing and leaping, and washing of waters, too grand for the imagination to conceive. These "Dalles" are covered with the huts of the Chinooks, a small band of a tribe of the same name, which inhabits the banks of Columbia from this place to its mouth. They flatten their heads and perforate the septum of the nose as do the Wallawallas, Skypeces, and Nez Percos.

The depression of the southern embankment of the chasm of the river at the Dalles, extends 8 miles along the stream, and from a half mile to a mile in width. This is broken by ledges bounding the stream, and in parts loaded with immense boulders of detached rocks. Along the north-western border are groves of small white
The buildings of the mission are a dwelling-house, a house for worship, and for school purposes, and a saw-mill. The first is a log structure, 30 by 20 feet, one and a half stories high, single roof, and doors made of planks cut out with a saw, from the pines of the hills. The lower story is divided into two rooms—the one a dining-room, the other the family apartment of Mr. Perkins and lady. These are lined overhead and at the sides with beautiful rush mats manufactured by the Indians. The upper story is partitioned into six dormitories, and a school-room for Indian children; all neatly lined with mats. Underneath is an excellent cellar. The building designed for a house of worship, was being built when I arrived. Its architecture is a curiosity. The frame is made in the usual form, save that instead of four main posts at the corners, and others at considerable distances, for the support of lateral girders, there were eleven on each side, and six on each end, besides the corner posts—all equal in size and length. Between these pillars of wood were driven transversely, on which as lathing, mortar made of clay sand and straw was laid to a level with their exterior and interior faces. There is so little falling weather here, that this mode of building was considered sufficient to defend against storms. Messrs. Lee and Perkins were formerly connected with the mission on the Willamette. Eighteen months before I had the happiness of enjoying their hospitality, they came to this spot with axes on their shoulders, felled trees, ploughed, fenced, and planted 20 acres of land with their own hands, and erected these habitations of civilization and Christianity on the bosom of the howling wilderness. Their premises are situated on elevated ground, about a mile southwest from the river. Immediately back is a grove of small white oaks and yellow pines; a little north, is a sweet spring bursting from a ledge of rocks which supplies water for house use, and moistens about an acre of rich soil. About a mile to the south, are two or three hundred acres of fine land, with groves of oaks around, and an abundance of excellent water. Here was the intention of the mission to open a farm under the care of a layman from the States. A mile and a half to the north, is a tract of about two hundred acres, susceptible of being plentifully irrigated by a number of large streams that pour down upon it from the western mountains. Here, too, they intended to locate hymen to open farms, and extract from the curse the means of subsisting themselves, the Indians, and the way-worn white man from the burnt solitudes of the mountains. No location, not even the sacred precincts of St. Bernard, on the snows of the Alps, could be better chosen for the operations of a holy benevolence. The Indians from many quarters flock to the Dalles and the Shutes in the spring, and winter to purchase salmon; the commercial movements between the States and the Pacific, will pass their door; and there in after days, the sturdy emigrants from the States will stop, as did the pilgrims on Plymouth rock, to give grateful praise to Him who stood forth in their aid, not indeed while struggling on the sandy billows, but on the burning plain and the icy cliffs, and in the deadly turmoil of Indian battles on the way, and seek food and rest for their enervated frames, before entering the woody glens and flowering evergreens of Lower Oregon.

A saw-mill, a grist-mill, and other machinery necessary to carry out a liberal plan of operations, are in contemplation. The fruit of the oak, it is supposed, will support 1,000 bushels from the middle of August to the middle of April. The products of the orchard would suffice to make that number of marhine, and as the grass and other vegetable growth there during the winter months, twenty-five or thirty miles of pasture ground about, will enable them to raise, at a trifling expense, immense numbers of sheep, horses and cattle. Five acres of ground cultivated in 1839, produced 25 bushels of the small grains, 75 bushels of potatoes, and considerable quantities of other vegetables. This was an experiment only on soil not irrigated. Gentlemen suppose it capable of producing double that amount, if irrigated. The season, too, was unusually dry.

A round about the mission are clusters of friable sandstone rocks of remarkable form. Their height varies from 10 to 30 feet; their basilar diameters from 3 to 10 feet; their shape generally resembles that of the obelisk. These, 15 or 20 in number, standing among the oaks and pines, often in clusters, and sometimes solitary, give a strange interest of antiquity to the spot. And this illusion is increased by a rock of another form, an immense boulder resting upon a short, slender pedestal, and strikingly resembling the Egyptian sphinx. The Indian tradition in regard to them is, that they were formerly men, who, for some sin against the Great Spirit, were changed to stone.

At the Dalles is the upper village of the Chinooks. At the Shutes, five miles above, is the lower village of the Wallawallas. According one of the missionaries, Mr. Lee, leams the Chinook language, and the other, Mr. Perkins, the Wallawalla. And their custom is to repair, on Sabbath days, each to his own people, and teach them the Christian religion. The Chinooks flatter their heads more, and are more stupid than any other tribe on the Columbia. There was one among the Dalles band, who, it was said, resisted so obstinately the kind efforts of his parents to crush his skill into the aristocratic shape, that they abandoned him to the care of nature in the
inf the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

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regard; and much to the scandal of his family, his head grew a very large. I saw him every day while I remained there. He was evidently the most intelligent one of the band. His name is Boston; so called, because the form of his head resembles that of Americans, whom the Indians call "Boston," in order to distinguish them from "King George's men,"—the Hud-a-Dlay Company gentlemens. Boston, although of mean origin, has, on account of his superior energy and intelligence, become the war chief of the Cherokees.

On the morning of the 14th, I overhauled my baggage preparatory to descending the river. In doing so, I was much vexed to find that the Indians had, in some manner, drawn my saddle to the window of the work-shop in which it was deposited, and stripped it of stirrups, stirrup-straps, etc., all.I had it on. The loss of these articles in a region where they could not be purchased—articles so necessary to me in carrying out my designs of traveling over the lower country, roused in me the bitterest determination to regain them at all hazards. And without reflecting for a moment upon the disparity of numbers between my friends and the disaffected Indians, I armed myself completely, and marched my solitary battalion to the camp of the principal chief, and entered it. He was away. I explained to some persons there by signs and a few words, the object of my search, and marched my forces to an elevated position and halted. I had been stationed but a short time, when the Indians began to collect in their chief's lodge, and whisper earnestly. Ten minutes passed thus, and Indians were constantly arriving and entering. I was supported in the rear by a lusty dog, and so far as I remember, was ready to explain with the renowned antagonist of Roderick Dhu.

"Come one, come all," &c.

but never having been a hero before or since, I am not quite certain that I thought anything such thing. My wrath, however, was extreme. To be robbed for the first time by Indians, and that by such wretchedly wretches as these Cherokees were—the filthiest scales of human nature; and robbed too of my means of exploring Oregon, when on the very threshold of the most charming part of it, was an ignominious and an inconvenience worth a battle to remove. Just at the moment of this lofty conclusion, 38 or 40 Indians rushed around me; eight or ten loaded muskets were leveled at my chest, within ten feet of me; and the old chief stood within five feet with a duelling pistol loaded, cocked, and pointed at my heart. While this movement was being made, I loaded my single-barrelled musket with a roll of powder; and that I must immediately accommodate myself within doors. But to this proposition the bravery of my army would not submit. I accordingly informed him to that effect. Whereupon the opposing army went out a furious rage. At this juncture of affairs, Mr. Lee came up, and acted as interpreter. He inquired into the difficulty, and was told that the "whole Cherookee tribe was threatened with invasion, and all the women of a great many and some they knew not." The commander of my army reported that they had robbed him, and deserved such treatment; and that he had taken arms to amnify the tribe, unless they restored to him what they had stolen. I was then told it was not good for him to appear in arms, as it was good for me to go into the house." To this, my army with one voice replied, "may, never, never leave the ground of the Cherokees alive, tribe or chief, if the stolen property be not restored!" and wheeling my battle, drove flat one flank and then the other of the opposing hosts, 50 yards into the depths of the forest.—

During this movement, worthy of the best days of Spartan valor, the old chief stood amazed to see his followers with guns loaded and cocked, flee before such inferior numbers. After effecting the complete route of the opposing infantry, the army under my command took up the old position without the loss of a single man. But the old chief was still there as dogged and sullen as any ever was. On approaching him, he presented his pistol again near my chest, whereupon my ride was instantly in a position to reach him. And thus the renowned leaders of these mighty hosts stood for the space of an hour, without bloodshed. Perhaps the like of that chief was never seen; such unbending coolness—except always the heat which was thrown off in a healthful and profuse perspiration—and such perfect undauntedness, except an unpleasant knocking of the knees together, produced probably by the anticipated blasts of December. But while these exhibitions of valor were being enacted, one straw was thrown at my feet, and then the other, and then the straws, the crupper, &c., &c., until all the most valuable articles lost, were piled before me. The conquest was complete, and will doubtless shed immortall lustre upon the gallant band, who, in the heart of the wilderness, dared to assert and maintain, against the encroachments of a numerous and well-disposed army, and high prerogative of brave freemen and soldiers. The number of killed and wounded of the enemy had not been ascertained, when the troops under my command departed for the lower country. In the evening which succeeded this day of carnage, the old chief assembled his surviving followers, and made war speeches until midnight.—

His wrath was inmeasurable. On the following morning, the Indians in the employ of the mission left their work.

About 10 o'clock one of the tribe appeared with a pack-horse to convey Mr. Lee's and my own packs to the water side. The old chief also appeared, and bade him desist. He stood armed before the house an hour, making many threats against the Bostons, individually and collectively; and finally retired. As soon as he had entered his lodge, the horse of his disdained subject was loaded and rushed to the river. An effort was made to drive our canoes for our canoe, but the old hero of a legion of devils told them "the high Boston would kill them all, and that they must not go with him." Mr. Lee, however, did not despair. We followed the baggage to the long savannah, and then a quarter of a mile, we two—82
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fringe, took the canoe from the

shores, and bade it to the river on their shoulders.

The natives were stationed beyond rifle-shot upon

the rocks on either side of the way, bows and ar-

rows, and guns in hand. Indian Boston was in

eagerness over his lost tooth, grinding

his teeth, and growing like a blood-hound,

"Bostons uggh!" and springing upon his bow,

drove his arrows into the ground with demoniac

madness. I stopped, and drew my rifle to my

face, whereupon there was a grand retreat behind

the rocks. My army marched slowly and majo-

rity on, as became the dignity of veteran victors.

The women and children fled from the wigwams

by the way! and the fear of the annihilation

of the whole tribe only abated when my wrath was,

in their understanding, appeased by the inter-

cession of Mr. Lee. Thus the tribe was saved from

my vengeance—the whole number, fifty or sixty

savage, were saved! An instance of ele-

mency, a parallel to which will scarcely be found

in the history of past ages.

Believing convinced at last, that my intentions to-

ward them had become more pacific, six oarsmen,

a bowssman, and steersman were readily engaged

by Mr. Lee, and he shoved off from that memora-

ble battleground upon a voyage to the Willamette.

This band of Indians have been notorious thieves

ever since; they are now known to the whites.

Their meanness has been equally well known.

—

DISTRIBUTED OF EVERY MUDY AND MUDY VIRTUE, THEY AND THEIR FATHERS HAVE HUNG AROUND THE DALLES, EATEN SALMON, AND ROTTED IN IDNESS AND VICE; ACTIVE ONLY IN MISCHIEF, AND HONEST ONLY IN THEIR CORRUPTIONS. THE CONJURORS TELL THEM THAT THEY THEMSELVES WILL BE ABLE TO VISIT THEIR TRIBE AFTER THE BODY SHALL HAVE DECAYED; AND WHEN APPROACHING THE END OF THEIR DAYS, INFORM THE PEOPLE IN WHAT SHAPE THEY WILL MANIFEST THEMSELVES. SOME CHOOSE A HORSE, OTHERS A DEER, OTHERS AN EEL, &C., AND WHEN THEY BECOME WHAT THIS TRANSFIGURATION STATE IS ERECTED OVER THEIR REMAINS.

The ruler is desired to consider Mr. Lee and

myself gliding, arrow-like, down the deep clear

Columbia, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the

15th, and to interest himself in the bold mountain

climb. In the wild, living green of lofty pine and fir forests, while I

revert to the kind hospitality of the Dalles mission.

Yet how entirely impossible it is, to relate all that one enjoys in.

every muscle of the body, every nerve and sense, and every affection of

the spirit when he flies from the hardships and loneliness of deserts to

the comforts of a bed, a chair, and a table, and the holy sympathy of

hearts moulded and controlled by the higher sentiments.

I had taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, with the feelings that one experiences in civilized lands, when leaving long tried and congenial friends.

The good man urged me to return and explore

with him, during the rainy season in the lower country, some extensive and beautiful prairies, which the Indians say lie sixty or seventy miles

in the north, on the east side of the President's

range; and Mrs. P. kindly proposed to welcome

my return for that object with a splendid suit of

buckskin, to be used in my journeys.

But I must leave my friends, to introduce the

reader to the "Island of the tombs." Mr. Lee

came to the tombs. They consisted of boxes 10

or 12 feet square on the ground, 8 or 10 high,
made of cedar boards fastened to a rough frame,
in an upright position at the sides, and horizontally over the top. On them and about them
were the cooking utensils and other personal property of the deceased. Within were the dead bodies, wrapped in great thicknesses of raw and elk skins, tightly lashed with leather thongs and laid in a pile with their heads to the east. Underneath the undecayed bodies were many bones from which the flesh and wrappings had fallen; in some instances a number of wagon loads. Three or four of the bodies had gone to ruins; and the skulls and other bones lay strewn on the ground. The skulls were all flattened. I picked up one with the intention of bringing it to the States. But as Mr. L. assured me that the high veneration of the living for the dead would make the attempt very dangerous, I reluctantly returned it to its resting place.

We glided narrowly down the river till sunset, and landed on the northern shore to sup. The river had varied from one to one and a half miles in width, with rather a sluggish current; water clear, cool, and very deep. Various kinds of ducks, divers, &c., were upon its beautiful surface. The hair seal was abundant. The mountains rose abruptly on either side from 500 to 2,000 feet, in sweeping heights, clad with evergreen trees. Some few small oaks grew in the nooks by the waterside. Among these were Indian wigwams, constructed of boards split from the red cedar on the mountains. I entered some of them. They were filthy in the extreme; fleas and other vermin sufficiently abundant. In one of them was a sick man. A withered old female was kneeling and praying the devil out of him. He was laboring under a bilious fever. But as a "Medicinal man" was praying at his gait, it was necessary to expel him; and the old hag pressed his head, bruised his abdomen, &c., with the fury and grief of a real mother.

Not an acre of arable land appeared along the shores. The Indians subsisted on fish, and acorns of the white oak. The former they car anhs winter during the summer; but their winter stores they dry and preserve in the following manner: The spine of the fish is not taken out; with his back being slashed, he is placed into a check with a knife, so as to expose as much surface as possible, is laid on the rocks to dry. After becoming thoroughly hard, it is bruised to powder, mixed with the oil of the leaf fat of the fish, and packed away in flag sacks. Although no salt is used in this preparation, it remains good till May of the following year. The acorns, as soon as they fall from trees, are buried in sand, constantly saturated with water, where they remain till spring. By soaking their bitter flavor is said to be destroyed.

After supper Mr. Lee ordered a launch, and the Indian paddles were again dipping in the bright waters. The stars were out on the clear night, twinkling as of old; when the lofty peaks around were heaved from the depths of the volcano. They now looked down on a less grand, indeed, but more lovely scene. The fires of the natives blazing among the woody glens, the light canoe skimming the waters near the shore, the winds groaning over the mountain tops, the cascades sang from cliff to cliff; the loon shouted and dove beneath the slumbering wave; it was a wild, almost unearthly scene, in the deep gorge of the Columbia. The rising of the moon changed its features. The profound silence reigned, save

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they bear their boats a mile and a half farther down, where the water is deep and less tumultuous. In walking down this path, I had a near view of the whole length of the main rapids. As I have intimated, the bed of the river here is a vast inclined trough of white rocks, sixty or eighty feet deep, about 400 yards wide at the top, and diminishing to about half that width at the bottom. The length of this trough is about a mile. In that distance the water falls about 130 feet; in the rapids, above and below it, about 20 feet—making the whole descent about 150 feet. The quantity of water which passes here is incalculable. But an approximate idea of it may be obtained from the fact that while the velocity is so great that the eye with difficulty follows objects floating on the surface—yet such is its volume at the lowest stage of the river, that it rises and bends like a sea of molten glass over a channel of immense rocks, without breaking its surface, except near the shores; so deep and vast is the mighty depth! In the bottom, near the river, the melted snows from the western declivities of 700 miles of the Rocky Mountains, and those on the eastern sides of the President's Range, come down, the Cascades must present a spectacle of sublimity, equalled only by Niagara. This is the passage of the river through the President's Range, and the mountains near it on either side are worthy of their distinguished name. At a short distance from the southern shore they rise in long ridgy slopes, covered with pines and other terebinthic trees of extraordinary size, over one mile, which rise bold black crags, which, elevating themselves in grandeur, one above another, twenty or thirty miles to the southward, cluster around the key base of Mount Washington. On the other side of the cascades is a similar scene. Immense and gloomy forests, tangled with fallen timber and imperceptible underbrush, cover mountains, which in the States, would excite the profoundest admiration for their majesty and beauty, but which dwindles into insignificance as they are viewed in presence of the shining glaciers and massive grandeur of Mount Adams, hanging over them.

The river above the cascades runs north westward; but approaching the descent it turns westward—and, after crossing the rough, south westwardly; and having passed this, it resumes its course to the north west. By this bend, it leaves between its shore and the northern mountains, a somewhat broken plain, a mile in width, and about four miles in length. At the upper end of the rapids this plain is nearly on a level with the river; so that an unperceived freshness sets the water up in a natural channel half way across the bend. This circumstance, and the absence of any serious obstructions in the form of hills, &c. led me to suppose that a canal might be cut around the cascades at a trifling expense, which would not only open steamboat navigation to the Dalles, but furnish at this interesting spot, an incalculable amount of water power.

The canoe had been deposited among the rocks at the lower end of the trough, our cocoa and boiled salmon, bread, butter, potatoes, etc., had been located in their proper depositaries, and we were taking a parting gaze at the rushing flood, when the sound of footsteps and an order given in French, to deposit a bale of goods at the water side, drew our attention to a hearty old gentleman of fifty or fifty-five, whom Mr. Lee immediately recognized as Dr. McLaughlin. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, and stoutly built, weighing about 200 pounds, with large greenish blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and hair of money whiteness. He was on his return from London with deputations from the U. S. Government, and with letters from friends at home to the hundreds of Britons in its employ in the northwestern wilderness. He was in high spirits. Every crag in sight was familiar to him—had witnessed the energy and zeal of thirty years successful enterprise—had seen him in the strength of ripened manhood—and now beheld his diminished energies crowned with the frosted locks of age. We spent ten minutes with the doctor, and received a kind invitation to the hospitableness of his post; gave our canoe, freighted with our baggage, in charge of the Indians, to take down the lower rapids; and ascended the bluff to the trail that leads to the tide water below them. We climbed two hundred feet among small spruce, pine, fir, and hemlock trees, to the table land. The track was strewn with fragments of petrified trees, from three inches to two feet in diameter, and rocks, (quartz and granite, etc., etc.) mingled with these more or less fused. Soon after striking the path on the plain, we came to a beautiful little lake, lying near the brink of the hill. It was clear and deep. And around its western, northern, and eastern shores, drooped the boughs of a thick hedge of small evergreen trees, which doped and rose charmingly in its waters. All around stood the lofty pines, sighing and groaning in the wind. Nothing could be seen but the little lake and the girding forest; a gem of perfect beauty, reflecting the deep shades of the unbroken wilderness. A little stream creeping away from it down the bluff, babbled back the roar of the Cascades.

The trail led us among deep ravines, clad with heavy frost, the soil of which was a coarse gravel, thinly covered with a vegetable mould. A mile from the lake, we came upon a plain level again. In this place was a collection of Indian tombs, similar to those upon the "Island of tombs." There were six or eight in number, and great variety of bones. On the boards around the sides were painted the figures of death, horses, dogs, etc. The great destroyer bears the same grim aspect to the savage mind that he does to ours—A skull and the fleshless bones of a skeleton piled around, were his symbol upon these rude resting places of the departed. One of them, which our Indian said contained the remains of a celebrated "Medicine man," bore the figure of a horse rudely carved from the red cedar tree. This was the form in which his posthumous visits were to be made to his tribe. Small brass kettles, wooden pails, and baskets of curious workmanship, were piled on the roof.

Thence onward half a mile over a stony soil, sometimes open, and again covered with forests, brought us to our canoe by the rocky shore at the foot of the rapids. Mr. Lee here pointed me to a strong eddying current on the southern shore, in which Mr. Cyrus Shepard and Mrs. Doctor White and child, of the Methodist Mission on the Willa
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, etc.

mete, were capsized the year before, in an attempt to run the lower rapids. Mr. Shepard could not swim—had sunk the second time, and was hauled on the side of the upturned canoe, when he seized the hand of Mr. White, who was on the opposite side, and thus sustained himself and her, until some Indians came to their relief. On reaching the shore, and turning up the canoe, the child was found entangled among the cross-bars, dead!

The current was strong where we reentered our canoe, and bore us along at a lively rate,—The weather, too, was very favorable: the sky was clear and cloudless, and glowing with a mild October sun. The scenery about us was truly grand. A few detached wisps of mist clung to the clefts of the mountains on the southern shore, and numerous cascades shot out from them, and tumbling from one to another, at length, plunged hundreds of feet among confused heaps of rocks in the vale. The crags themselves were extremely picturesque; they beetled out so boldly, a thousand feet above the forests on the sides of the mountain, and appeared to hang so easily and gracefully on the air. Some of them were beauti

One thought very remarkable. The mountain on which it stood was about 1,200 feet high. On its side there was a deep rocky ravine. In this, about 300 feet from the plain, arose a column 30 or 40 feet in diameter, and, I judged, more than 200 feet high, surrounded by a cap resembling the pediment of an ancient church. Far up its sides grew a number of shrub cedars, which had taken root in the crevices, and, as they grew, sunk down horizontally, and formed an irregular fringe of green around it. A short distance further down was seen a beautiful cas-

cade. The stream appeared to rise near the very apex of the mountain, and leaving a number of rounds in a dark gorge between two peaks, it suddenly shot from the brink of a cliff into the gorge of green trees at the base of the mountain. The height of the perpendicular fall, appeared to be about 600 feet. Some of the water was dispersed in spray before reaching the ground; but a large quantity of it fell on the plain, and sent among the lights a noisy and thrilling scene of pell-mell. On the eastern side of the valley, the mountains were less precipitous, and covered with a dense forest of pines, cedars, firs, &c.

The bottom lands of the river were alternately prairies and woodlands. The former, clad with a heavy growth of wild grasses, dry and brown; the latter, with pine, fir, cotton-wood, black ash, and various kinds of shrubs. The river varied in width from one to two miles, generally deep and still, but occasionally crossed by sand-bars. Ten or twelve miles below the cascades we came upon one, that, stretching two or three miles down the river, turned the current to the southern shore. The wind blew fresh, and the waves ran high in that quarter; so it was deemed expedient to lighten the canoe. To this end Mr. Lee, the two Americans and myself, landed on the northern shore for a walk, while the Indians should paddle around to the lower point of the bar. We traveled along the shore. It was generally hard and gravelly. Among the pebbles, I noticed several splendid specimens of the agate. The soil of the flats was a vegetable mould, eighteen inches or two feet in

depth, resting on a stratum of sand and gravel, and evidently overthrown by the annual floods of June. The flats varied from a few rods to a mile in width. While enjoying this walk, the two Americans started up a deer, followed it into the woods, and, loth to return unsuccessful, pursued it till long after our canoe was moored below the bar. So that Mr. Lee and myself had abundant time to amuse ourselves with all manner of home-

ly wishes toward our persevering companions till near sunset, when the three barges of Doctor McLaughlin, under their Indian blanket soals and kapin masts, swept gallantly by us, and added the last drop to our vexation. Mr. Lee was calm; I was furious. What, for a paltry deer, lose a view of the Columbia hence to the Fort! But I remember with satisfaction that no one was materially injured by my wrath, and that my tru-

ant countrymen were sufficiently gratified with their success in being able to bear with much resignation three emphatic scowls, as they made their appearance at the canoe.

The dusk of night was now creeping into the valleys, and we had twenty miles to make. The tide from the Pacific was setting up, and the wind had left us; but our Indians suggested that the force of their paddles, still heightened by the absence of "shuie" (toobacco), would still carry us in by 11 o'clock. We therefore gave our promises to pay the required quantum of the fur, ensconced ourselves in blankets, and dosed to the wild music of the paddles, till a shower of rain aroused us. It was about 10 o'clock. An angry cloud hung over us; and the rain and hail fell fast; the wind from Monte Washington and Jefferson chilled every fibre of our systems; the wooded hills, on both sides of the river, were wrapped in cold brown clouds; the owl and wolf were answering each other on the heights; enough of light lay on the stream to show dimly the in-

lands that divided its waters; and the fires of the wigwams disclosed the naked groups of savages around them. It was a scene that the imagination loves. The canoe, thirty feet in length, the like of which had cut these waters centuries before; the Indians, kneeling two and two, and rising on their paddles, as we slowly surveying them and the villages on the shore, and rejoicing in the anticipation, that soon the songs of the redeemed savage would break from the dark vales of Oregon: that those wastes of mind would soon teem with a harvest of happiness and truth, cast a breathing unutterable charm over the deep hues of that green wilder-

ness, dimly seen on that stormy night, which will give me pleasure to dwell upon while I live.

"On the bar," cried Mr. Lee; and while our In-

dians leaped into the water, and dragged the ca-

nue to the channel, he pointed to the dim light of the Hudon Bay Company's saw and grist mill, two miles above on the northern shore. We were three miles from Vancouver. The Indians knew the bar, and were delighted to find themselves so near the termination of their toil. They soon found the channel, and leaping aboard, paled their paddles with renewed energy. And if any one felted the steersman rebuked him with his own hopes of "shuie" and "scheejectcut," the Fort which never failed to bring the delinquent to duty. Twenty minutes of vigorous rowing

...
moored us at the landing. A few hundred yards below floated a ship and a sloop, scarcely seen through the fog. On the shore rose a levee or breastwork, along which the dusky savages were gliding with stealthy and silent tread. In the distance were heard voices in English speaking of home. We landed, ascended the levee, entered a lane between cultivated fields, walked a quarter of a mile, where, under a long line of pickets, we entered Fort Vancouver—the goal of my wanderings, the destination of my weary footsteps!

Mr. James Douglass, the gentleman who had been in charge of the post during the absence of Dr. McLoughlin, conducted us to a room warmed by a well-fed stove; insisted that I should exchange my wet garments for dry ones, and professed every other act that the kindest hospitality could suggest to relieve me of the discomforts resulting from four months’ journeying in the wilderness.

CHAPTER IX.


On the morning of the 21st, I left the Fort and dropped down the Columbia, five miles, to Wapato Island. This large tract of low land is bounded on the south-west, south and south-east, by the mouths of the Willamette, and on the north by the Columbia. The side contiguous to the latter river is about fifteen miles in length; the side bounded by the eastern mouth of the Willamette about seven miles, and that bounded by the western mouth of the same river about twelve miles. It derives its name from an edible root called Wapato, which it produces in abundance. It is generally low, and, in the central parts, broken with small ponds and marshes, in which the water rises and falls with the river. Nearly the whole surface is overgrown by the June froselits. It is covered by a heavy growth of cotton-wood, chul, white-oak, black-ash, alder, and a large species of laurel, and other shrubs. The Hudson Bay Company, some years ago, placed a few logs upon it, which have subsisted entirely upon roots, acorns, &c., and increased to many hundreds.

The Willamette deep enough for ordinary steamboats, the distance of 20 miles from its western mouth. One mile below the falls are rapids, on which the water was too shallow to float our canoes. The tide rises at this place about 14 inches. The western shore of the river, from the point where its mouth diverges to this place, consists of lofty mountains rising immediately from the water-side, and covered with pines. On the eastern side, beautiful swells and plains extend from the Columbia to within five or six miles of the rapids. They are generally covered with pine, white-oak, black-ash, and other kinds of timber. From the point last named to the rapids, wooded mountains crowd down to the verge of the stream. Just below the rapids a very considerable stream comes in from the east. It is said to rise in a champagne country, which commences two or three miles from the Willamette, and extends eastward 20 or 30 miles to the lower hills of the President's range. This stream breaks through the mountains, and, entering the Willamette with so strong a current, as to endanger boats attempting to pass it. Here were a number of Indian huts, the inmates of which were busy in taking and curing salmon. Between the rapids and the falls, the country adjacent to the river, is similar to that just described; mountains clothed with impenetrable forests. The river, thus far, appeared to have an average width of 400 yards; water limpid. As we approached the falls, the eastern shore presented a solid wall of basalt, 30 feet in perpendicular height. On the top of this wall was nearly an acre of level area, on which the Hudson Bay Company have built a log-house. This plain is three or four feet below the normal level of the water above the falls, and protected from the floods by the intervention of a deep chasm, which separates it from the rocks over which the water pours. This is the best site in the country for extensive farming and lumber-mills. The valley of the Willamette is the only portion of Oregon from which grain can ever, to any extent, become an article of export; and this splendid waterfall can be approached at all seasons, from above and below, by slopes, schooners, &c. The Hudson Bay Company, aware of its importance, have commenced a race-way, and drawn timber on the ground, with the apparent intention of erecting such works. On the opposite side is an area of two of broken ground, which might be similarly occupied.

The falls are formed by a line of dark rock, which stretches diagonally across the stream. The river was low when I passed it, and all the water was discharged at three jets. Two of these were near the western shore. They fell over the eastern shore, and fell into the chasm which divides the rocky plain before named, from the cliffs of the falls. At the mouth of this chasm my Indians unloaded their canoes, dragged it up the cargs, and having borne it on their shoulders right or ten rods, launched it upon a narrow neck of water by the shore; replenished, and rowed to the deep water above. The scene, however, was too interesting to leave so soon, and I tarried a while to view it. The cataract roared loudly among the caverns, and sent a thousand foaming eddies into the stream below. Countless numbers of salmon were leaping and falling upon the fretted waters; savages almost naked were round me, untrained by the soothing influences of true knowledge, and the hopes of a purer world; as rude as the rocks on which they trod; as bestial as the bear that growled in the thicket. On either hand was the primeval wilderness, with its decaying and perpetually-renewing energies! Nothing could be more intensely interesting. I had but a moment in these pleasing yet painful reflections, when my Indians, becoming impatient, called me to pursue my voyage.

A mile above the falls a large creek comes in from the west. It is said to rise among the mountains near the Columbia, and to run south
and south-east and eastwardly through a series of fine prairies, interspersed with timber. Above the falls, the mountains rise immediately from the water’s edge, clothed with noble forests of pine, &c.; but at the distance of 15 miles above, their green ridges give place to grassy and wooded slopes on the west, and timbered and prairie plains on the eastern side. This section of the river appeared navigable for any craft that could float in the stream below the falls.

It was dark when I arrived at the level country; and emerging suddenly in sight of a fire on the western bank, my Indians cried “Boston! Boston!” and turned the canoe ashore to give me an opportunity of speaking with a fellow countryman. He was sitting in the drizzling rain, by a large log-fire—a stalwart six foot Kentucky trapper. After long service in the American Fur Companies, among the Rocky Mountains, he had come down to the Willamette, accompanied by an Indian woman and his child. Farther up the river, he had selected a place to build his home, made an “improvement,” sold it, and was now commencing another. He entered my canoe, and steered across the river to a Mr. Johnson. “I’m sorry I can’t keep you,” said he, “but I reckon you’ll sleep better under shelter than this stormy sky. Johnson will be glad to see you. He’s got a good shanty, and something for you to eat.” We soon crossed the stream, and entered the cabin of Mr. Johnson. It was a low log structure, about 20 feet square, with a mud chimney, hearth and fireplace. The furniture consisted of one chair, a number of wooden benches, a rude bedstead covered with flag mats, and several sheet-iron kettles, earthen plates, knives and forks, tin pints cups, an Indian wife, and a brace of brown boys. I passed the night pleasantly with Mr. Johnson; and in the morning rose early to go to the Methodist Episcopal Mission, 12 miles above. But the old hunter detained me to breakfast; and afterward insisted that I should view his premises, while his boy should gather the horses to convey me on my way. And a sight of fenced fields, many acres of wheat and oat-stubble, potato-fields, and garden-vegetables of all descriptions, and a barn well stocked with the great burr, convinced me that there was no delay. Adjoining Mr. Johnson’s farm were four others, on all of which there were from fifty to a hundred acres under cultivation, and substantial log-houses and barns. One of these belonged to Thomas McKay, son of McKay who figured with Mr. Astor in the doings of the Pacific Fur Company.

After surveying these marks of civilization, I found a Dr. Bailey waiting with his horses to convey me to his home. We accordingly mounted, bade adieu to the old trapper of Hudson Bay and other parts of the frozen north, and went to view McKay’s mill. A great mill in Oregon! We found him working at his dam. Near by lay French burr stones, and some portions of substantial and well-fashioned iron work. The frame of the mill-house was raised and shingled; and an excellent structure it was. The whole expense of the establishment, when completed, is expected to cost $10,000. McKay’s father is a Cree or Chipewyan Indian; and McKay is a strange compound of the two races. The contour of his frame and features, is Scotch; his manners and intonations strongly tinctured with the Indian. He has been in the service of the Fur Companies all his life, save some six or seven years past; and by his daring enterprise, and courage in battle, has rendered himself the terror of the Oregon Indians.

Leaving McKay’s mill, we traveled along a circuitous track through a heavy forest of fir and pine, and emerged into a beautiful little prairie, at the side of which stood the doctor’s neat hewn log cabin, sending its cheerful smoke among the lofty pine tops in its rear. We soon sat by a blazing fire, and the storm that had pelleted us all the way, lost its unpleasantness in the delightful society of my worthy host and his amiable family. I passed the night with them. The doctor is a Scotchman, his wife a Yankee. The former had seen many adventures in California and Oregon—had his face very much slashed in a contest with the Shasta Indians near the southern border of Oregon. The latter has come from the States, a member of the Methodist Episcopal mission, and had consented to share the bliss and ills of life with the adventurous Gael; and a happy little family were the next day. Mrs. Bailey kindly undertook to make me a blanket coat by the time I should return, and the worthy doctor and myself started for the mission. About a mile on our way, we came to a farm occupied by an American, who acted as blacksmith and gunsmith for the settlement. He appeared to have a good set of tools for his mechanical business, and plenty of custom. He had also a considerable tract of ground under fence, a comfortable house and outbuildings. A mile or two farther on, we came upon the cabin of a Yankee tinker: an odd fellow, he; glad to see a fellow countryman, ready to serve him in any way, and to discuss the matter of a canal across the isthmus of Darien, the northern lights, English monopolies, Symmes’ Hole, Tom Paine, and wooden nutmegs. Farther on, we came to the catholic chapel, a low wooden building, 35 or 40 feet in length; and the parsonage, a comfortable log cabin. Beyond these, scattered over five miles of country, were 15 or 20 farms, occupied by Americans, and receiving, the service of the best compensation. But Twelve or thirteen miles from the doctor’s, we came in sight of the mission premises. They consisted of three log cabins, a blacksmith shop, and outbuildings, on the east bank of the Willamette, with large and well cultivated farms round about; and a farm, on which were a large frame house, hospital, barn, &c., half a mile to the eastward. We alighted at the last-named establishment, and were kindly received by Dr. Whittier, a lady. This gentleman is the physician of the mission, and is thoroughly devoted to the amelioration of the physical condition of the natives.”

For this object, a large hospital was being erected near his dwelling, for the reception of patients. I passed the night with the doctor and his family, and the following day visited the other mission families. Every one appeared happy in his benevolent work—Mr. Daniel Leslie, in preaching and superintending general matutations, Mr. Shepherd, in social letters to about thirty half-breed and Indian children; Mr. J. C. Whitecomb in teaching them to cultivate the earth; and Mr. Alanson Deers in blacksmithing for the mission.
and the Indians, and instructing a few young men in his art. I spent four or five days with these people, and had a fine opportunity to learn their characters, the objects they had in view, and the means they took to accomplish them. They belonged to that zealous class of Protestants called Methodist Episcopalians. Their religious feelings are warm, and accompanied with a strong feeling of a greater good. In contemplation and fervent zeal they reminded me of the Plymouth pilgrims. True in heart, and so deeply interested were they with the principles and emotions which they are endeavoring to inculcate upon those around them. Their hospitality and friendliness were of the purest and most disinterested character. I shall have reason to remember long and gratefully the kind and generous manner in which they supplied my wants.

Their object in settling in Oregon, I understood to be twofold: the one and principal, to civilize and christianize the Indians; the other and not less important, the establishment of religious and literary institutions for the benefit of white emigrants and their posterity. The object in laying the foundations is to learn their various languages, for the purposes of itinerant preaching, and of teaching the young the English language. The scholars are also instructed in agriculture, the regulations of a well-managed household, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. The principles and duties of the Christian system form a very considerable part of the system. They have succeeded very satisfactorily in the several parts of their undertaking.

The preachers of the mission have traversed the wilderness, and by their untiring devotion to their work, brought many changes in the moral condition of these povertfully debased savages; while with their schools they have afforded them ample means for intellectual improvement. They have a number of hundred acres of land under the plough, and cultivated chiefly by the native people. They have more than 100 head of horned cattle, 30 or 40 horses, and many swine. They have granaries filled with wheat, oats, barley, and peas, and cellars well stored with vegetables.

A settlement has been commenced on the opposite side of the river for an academical building, a court of justice had been organized by the popular voice; a military corps was about to be formed for the protection of settlers, and other measures were in progress, at once showing that the American, with his characteristic energy and enterprise, and the philanthropist, with his holy aspirations for the betterment of the human condition, had crossed the snowy barrier of the mountain, to mingle with the dashing waves of the Pacific seas the sweet music of a busy and virtuous civilization.

During my stay here, several American citizens were associated with the mission, called on me to talk of their fatherland, and inquire as to the probability that its laws would be extended over them. The constantly repeated inquiries were, "Why are we left without protection in this part of our country's domain?" Why are foreigners permitted to dominate over American citizens, or, in other words, why enable us to depend on them for the clothes we wear as are their own apprenticed slaves?" I could return no answer to these questions, exculpatory of this national delinquency, and, therefore, advised them to embody their applications in a petition, and forward it to Congress. They had a meeting for that purpose, and afterwards put into my hand, a petition signed by 67 "citizens of the United States, and persons desirous of becoming such," the substance of which was a description of the country—their unprotected situation—and, in conclusion, a prayer that the Federal Government would extend over them the protection and institutions of the Republic. Five or six of the Willamette settlers, for some reason, had not an opportunity to sign this paper. The Catholic priest refused to do it.

These people have put fifty or sixty fine farms under cultivation in the Willamette valley, amidst the most discouraging circumstances. They have erected for themselves comfortable dwellings and outbuildings, and have herds of excellent cattle, which they have, from time to time, driven up from California, at great expense of property and even life. The reader will find it difficult to learn any sufficient reasons for their being left by the Government to go on with such a precarious task, as the cultivation of the wilds of Oregon.

For, in that case, the business of British subjects is interfered with, who, by way of retaliation, will withhold the supplies of clothing, household goods, &c., which the settlers have no other means of obtaining. Nor is this all. The civil condition of the territory being such as virtually to prohibit the emigration, to any extent, of useful and desirable citizens, they have nothing to anticipate from any considerable increase of their numbers, nor any amelioration of their state to look for, from the accession of female society. In the desperation incident to their lonely lot, they take wives from the Indian tribes around them. What will be the consequences of this unpardonable negligence on the part of the Government upon the future destinies of Oregon cannot be clearly predicted. But it is manifest that it must be disastrous in the highest degree, both to its claims to the sovereignty of that territory, and the moral condition of its inhabitants.

A Mr. W. H. Wilson, superintendent of a branch mission on Puget's sound, chanced to be at the Willamette station, whose polite attention it affords me pleasure to acknowledge. He accompanied me on a number of excursions in the valley, and to the hills, for the purpose of showing me the country. I was also induced to ask him for much information relative to the Cowitz and its valley, and the region about the sound, which will be found on a succeeding page.

My original intention had been to pass the winter in exploring Oregon, and to have returned to the States the following summer, with the American Fur traders. But having learned from various creditable authorities, that the Wildcat and all the other Prairies, could be placed upon meeting them at their usual place of rendezvous on Green river, and that the prospect of getting back to the States by that
route would, consequently, be exceedingly doubtful, I felt constrained to abandon the attempt. My next wish was to have gone by land to California, and thence thither to the southern States of Mexico. In order, however, to accomplish this with safety, a force of twenty-five men was indispensable; and as that number could not be raised, I was compelled to give up all hopes of returning by that route. The last and only practicable means then of seeking home during the next ten weeks was to go to the Sandwich Islands, and ship thence for New York or California, as opportunity might offer. One of the company's vessels was then lying at Vancouver, receiving a cargo of lumber for the Island market, and I determined to take passage in her. Under these circumstances, it behoved me to hasten my return to Columbia. Accordingly, on the 20th I left the mission, visited Dr. Bailey and lady, and went to Mr. Johnson's to take a canoe down the river. On reaching this place, I found Mr. Lee, who had been to the mission establishment on the Willamette for the fullest supplies of wheat, pork, hard, butter, &c., for his station in the "Dakota." He had left the mission two days before my departure, and giving his canoe, laden with these valuables, in charge of his Indians, proceeded down to the highlands by land. He had arrived at Mr. Johnson's, when a message reached him to the effect that his canoe had been upset, and its entire contents discharged into the stream. He immediately repaired to the scene of disaster, and found he had been in attempting to save some part of his cargo. All the wheat, and a part of the other supplies, together with his gun and other paraphernalia, were lost. I made arrangements to go down with him when he should be ready, and left him to call upon a Captain Young, an American ex-trader, who was settled near. This gentleman had formerly explored California and Oregon in quest of beaver—had been plundered by the Mexican authorities of $18,000 or $20,000 worth of fur; and, wearied at last with his ill luck, settled nine or ten years ago on a small tributary of the Willamette coming in from the west. Here he has explored a section of land, and opened a farm. He has been a number of times to California for cattle, and now owns about one hundred head, a fine band of horses, swine, &c. He related to me many incidents of his hardships, among which the most surprising was, that for a number of years, the Hudson Bay Company refused to sell him a shirt of clothing. And as there were no other traders in the country, he was compelled, during their pleasure, to wear skins. A false report that he had been guilty of some dishonest act in California was the alleged cause for this treatment. But, perhaps, a better reason would be, that Mr. Young occasionally purchased beaver skins in the American territory. I spent the night, and the following day, at his house, and in the afternoon of the 13th, in company with my friend Mr. Lee, descended the Willamette as far as the Falls. Here we passed the night, more to the apparent satisfaction of three pecks of flax than of ourselves. These creatures comforted about Oregon. But it was not these birds that made our lodging at the Falls a sorry circumstance for memory's sake. The muffluous odor of salmon offal regaling our nostrils, and the squalling of a copper-colored baby, uttered in all the sweetest intimations of such instrumentality the next morning, while the violin notes upon the ear, made me dream of war to the knife, till the sun called us to our day's travel.

Five miles below the Falls, Mr. Lee and myself left the canoe, and struck across about fourteen miles to an Indian village on the bank of the Columbia opposite Vancouver. It was a collection of mud and straw huts, surrounded with a wall of earth, filled with so much filth of a certain description, as to be smelt two hundred yards. We hired one of these cits to take us across the river, and at sunset of the 15th, were comfortably seated by the stove in "Bachelor's Hall" of Fort Vancouver.

The rainy season had now thoroughly set in.— Traveling west, in latitude 42 deg. north; and, or among the tangled underbrushs on foot, or on horseback, was quite impracticable. I therefore determined to avail myself of whatever other means of information were in my reach. And as the gentleman in charge of the various trading-posts in the Territory, had arrived at Vancouver to meet the express from London, I could not have had, for this object, a more favorable opportunity. The information obtained from these gentlemen, and from other residents in the country, I have relied on as correct, and combined it with my own observations in the following general account of Oregon:

Oregon Territory is bounded on the north by the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude; on the east by the Rocky Mountains; on the south by the parallel of 42 deg. south latitude; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

Mountains of Oregon. Different sections of the great chain of highlands which stretches from the straits of Magellan to the Arctic sea, have received different names—the Andes, the Cordilleras, the Anahuac, the Rocky and the Chibawayan Mountains. The last mentioned appellation has been applied to that portion of it which lies between the 55 deg. of north latitude and the Arctic Sea. The Hudson Bay Company, in completing the survey of the Arctic coast, have ascertained that the section of land so defined in extent entirely to the sea, and hang in towering cliffs over it; and by other surveys have discovered that they gradually increase in height from the sea southward. The section to which the term Rocky Mountains has been applied, extends from latitude 56 deg. to the Great Gap, or southern pass, in latitude 53 deg. 40 min. Their altitude is greater than that of any other range on the northern part of the continent. Mr. Thompson, the astronomer of the Hudson B. Co., reports that he found peaks between latitudes 53 and 56 north, more than 26,000 feet above the level of the sea. That portion lying east of Oregon, and dividing it from the Great Prairie Wilderness, is particularly the Pacific Wilderness. Further, a part of it in the Wind River cluster, latitude 42 deg. north, and about 700 miles from the Pacific Ocean. Its northern point is in latitude 54 deg. 40 min., about 70 miles north of Mount Browne, and about 400 miles from the same sea. Its general direction between these points is from N. N. W. to S. S. E.

This range is generally covered with perpetually
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...and for this and other reasons is generally inferior. The northernmost is the Bitter Creek, which comes from the mountains of the Columbia. Another lies between the head waters of the Flathead and the Marias rivers. Another runs from Lewis and Clark's river to the southern head waters of the Missouri. Another lies up Henry's fork of the Sapin, in a northerly course to the Big Horn born of the Yellow-stone. And still another, and most important of all, is situated between the Wind river cluster and Long's mountains.

There are several spur or lateral branches proceeding from the main chain, which are worthy of notice. The northernmost of these spurs off north of Fraser's river, and embraces the sources of that stream. It is a broad collection of hights, sparsely covered with pines. Some of its tops are covered with snow nine mouths of the year. A spur from these passes far down between Fraser's and Columbia rivers. This is a line of rather low elevations, thickly clothed with pines, cedar, &c. The highest portions of them lie near the Columbia. Another spur puts out on the south of Mount Hooker, and lies in the bend of the Columbia, above the two lakes. These are lofty and bare of vegetation. Another lies between the Flatbow and Flathead rivers; another between the Flathead and Spokan rivers; another between the Coos-cookie and Waj-jackos rivers. These spurs, which lie between the head waters of the Columbia and the last mentioned river, have usually been considered in connection with a range running off S. W. from the lower part of the Sapin, and called the Blue Mountains. But there are two sufficient reasons why this is error. The first is, that these spurs are separate and distinct from each other, and are all manifestly merely spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and closely connected with them. The second is, that no one of them is united in any one point with the Blue Mountains. They cannot therefore be considered a part of the Blue Mountain chain, and should not be known by the same name. The mountains which lie between the Wapakoneta river and the upper waters of the Sapin, will be described by saying that they are a vast cluster of dark naked hights, descending from the average elevation of 15,000 feet—the altitude of the great western ridge—to about 8,000 feet— the elevation of the eastern wall of the valley of the Sapin. The only qualifying fact that should be attached to this description is, that there are a few small hollows among these mountains, called "hills;" which, in general appearance, resemble Brown's hole, mentioned in a previous chapter. But unlike the latter, they are too cold to allow of cultivation.

The spur that deserves notice in this place is that which is called the "Snowy Mountains." It has already been described in this work; and it can only be necessary here to repeat that it branches off from the Wind river peak in latitude 41 degrees north, and runs in an irregular broken line to Cape Mendocino, in Upper California. The Blue Mountains are a range of hights which commence at the Sapin, about 20 miles above its junction with the Columbia, near the 40th degree of latitude, and run southwesterly about 200 miles, and terminate in a barren, rolling plain. They are separated from the Rocky Mountains by the valley of the Sapin, and are connected with any other range. Some of their loftiest peaks are more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Many beautiful valleys, many hills covered with bunch grass, and very many extensive swells covered with heavy yellow pine forests, are found among them. The President's range is in every respect the most interesting in Oregon. It is a part of a chain of highlands, which commences at Mount St. Elias, and gently diverging from the coast, terminates in the arid hills about the head of the Gulf of California. It is a line of extinct volcanoes, where the fires, the evidences of whose intense power are seen over the whole surface of Oregon, found their principal vents. It has 12 lofty peaks; two of which, Mount St. Elias and Mount Fairweather, near latitude 55 degrees north; and ten of which lie south of latitude 49 degrees north. Five of these latter have received names from British navigators and traders.

The other five have received from an American traveler, Mr. Kelley, the names of deceased Presidents of the Republic. Mr. Kelly, I believe, was the first individual who suggested a name for the whole range. For convenience in description I have adopted it. And although it is a matter in which no one can find any reason for being very much interested, yet if there is any propriety in adopting Mr. Kelly's name for the whole chain, there might seem to be as much in following his suggestion, that all the principal peaks should bear the names of those distinguished men, whom the suffrages of the people that own Oregon have from time to time called to administer their national government. I have adopted this course. Mount Tyler is situated near latitude 49 degrees north, and about 20 miles from the eastern shore of those waters between Vancouver's Island and the continent. It is clad with perpetual snow. Mount Harrison is situated a little more than a degree south of Mount Tyler, and about 30 miles east by north of Puget's sound. It is covered with perpetual snow. Mount Van Buren stands on the isthmus between Puget's Sound and the Pacific. It is a lofty, wintry peak, seen in clear weather 80 miles at sea. Mount Adams lies under the parallel of 45 degrees, about 25 miles north of the cascades of the Columbia. This is one of the finest peaks of the chain, clad with eternal snows, 5,000 feet down its sides. Mount Washington lies a little north of the 44th degree north, and about twenty miles south of the Cascades. It is a perfect cone, and is said to rise 17,000 or 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. Two-thirds of its height is covered with perpetual snows. Mount Jefferson is an immense peak under latitude 41 degrees north. It received its name from Lewis and Clark. Mount Madison is the Mount McLaughlin of the British far-traders. Mount Monroe is in latitude 43 degrees 30 minutes north, and Mount John Quincy Adams is in 42 degrees 10 minutes north; both covered with perpetual snows. Mount Jackson is in latitude 41 degrees 10 minutes north. This is the largest and loftiest pinnacle of the
President's range. This chain of mountains runs parallel with the Rocky Mountains—between 300 and 400 miles from them. Its average distance from the coast of the Pacific, south of latitude 49 degrees, is about 100 miles. The spaces between the peaks are occupied by elevated heights, covered with an enormous growth of the several species of pines and firs, and the red cedar; many of which rise 200 feet without a limb; and are five, six, seven, eight, and even nine fathoms in circumference at the ground.

On the south side of the Columbia, at the Cascades, a range of low mountains puts off from the President's range, and running down parallel to the river, terminates in a point of land on which Astoria was built. Its average height is about 1500 feet above the river. Near the Cascades they rise much higher; and in some instances are beautifully castellated. They are generally covered with dense pine and fir forests. From the north side of the Cascades, a similar range runs down to the sea, and terminates in Cape Disappointment. This range also is covered with forests. Another range runs on the brink of the coast, from Cape Mendocino in Upper California to the Straits de Fuca. These are generally bare of trees, except here and there a few magnificent rocks, piled many hundreds of feet in height. They rise immediately from the borders of the sea, and preserve nearly a right line course, during their entire length. The lower portion of their eastern sides are clothed with heavy pine and spruce, fir and cedar forests.

The Columbia, as described on previous pages, the great southern branch of the Columbia, called Sintrip by the natives who live on its banks, and the valley of volcanic deserts through which it runs, as well as the Columbia and its cavernous vale, from its junction with the Sapin to Fort Vancouver, 90 miles from the sea. I shall, therefore, in the following notice of the rivers of Oregon, speak only of those parts of this and other streams, and their valleys about them, which remain undescribed.

That portion of the Columbia, which lies above its junction with the Sapin, latitude 46 degrees 8 minutes north, is navigable for batteaux to the boiling water at the base of the Rocky Mountains, about the 53rd degree of north latitude, a distance of 500 miles from the mouth of the Columbia, is a dry and interrupted by five considerable and several lesser rapids, at which there are short portages. The country on both sides of the river, from its junction with the Sapin to the mouth of the Spokan, is a dry and bushy waste. The soil is a light yellowish composition of sand and clay, generally destitute of vegetation. In a few nooks, irrigated by mountain streams, there are found small patches of the short grass of the plains interspersed with another species which grows in tufts or bunches four or five feet in height. A few shrubs, as the small willow, the sumac, and furse, appear in distant and solitary groups. There are no trees; generally nothing green; a mere brown drifting desert; as far as the Okanagan River, 208 miles, a plain, whose monotonous desolation is relieved only by the noble river running through it, and an occasional hill of volcanic rocks bursting through its arid surface.

The river Okanagan is a large, fine stream, originating in a lake of the same name situated in the mountains, about 100 miles north of its mouth. The soil in the neighborhood of this stream is generally worthless. Near its union, however, with the Columbia, there are a number of small plains tolerably well clothed with the wild grasses; and near its lake are found hills covered with small timber. On the point of land between this stream and the Columbia, the Pacific Fur Company, in 1811, established a trading-post. This, in 1814, passed by purchase into the hands of the N. W. Fur Co., of Canada, and in 1819, by the union of that body with the Hudson Bay Company, passed into the possession of the united company under the name of the Hudson Bay Company. It is still occupied by them under its old name of Fort Okanagan.

From this post, latitude 48 deg. 6 min., and longitude 117 deg. west, along the Columbia to the Spokan, the country is as devoid of wood as that below. The banks of the river are bold and rocky, the stream is contracted within narrow limits, and the current strong and vexed with dangerous eddies.

The Spokan River rises among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, south of the mouth of the Okanagans, and, after a course of about 50 miles, forms the Pointed Heart Lake 25 miles in length, and 10 or 12 in width; and running thence in a northwesterly direction about 120 miles, empties into the Columbia. About 60 miles from its mouth, the Pacific Fur Company erected a trading-post, which they called the "Spokane House." Their successors are understood to have abandoned it. Above the Pointed Heart Lake, the banks of this river are usually high and bold mountains, and sparsely covered with pines and cedars of a fine size. Around the lake there are some grass lands, many edible roots, and wild fruits. On all the remaining course of the stream, there are found at intervals, productive spots capable of yielding moderate crops of the grains and vegetables. There is considerable pine and cedar timber on the neighboring hills; and near the Columbia are large forests growing on sandy plains. In a word, the Spokan valley can be extensively used as a great cattle district; but its agricultural capabilities are limited. Mr. Spaulding, an American missionary, made a journey across this valley to Fort Colville, in March of 1837; in relation to which, he writes to Mr. Levi Chamberlain of the Sandwich Islands, as follows: "The third day from home we came to snow, and on the fourth came to what I call quicksand—snow mixed with pine trees and rocks. The body of snow upon the plains, was interspersed with bare spots under the standing pines. For these, our poor animals would plunge whenever they came near, after wallowing in the snow and mud until the last nerve seemed about exhausted, naturally excelling a resting-place for their struggling limbs; but they were no less disappointed and discouraged, doubtless, than I was astonished to see the noble animals go down by the side of a rock or pine tree, till their bodies struck the surface."

The same gentleman, in speaking of this valley and the country generally, writing to the gentleman, Columbia, and claimed by the United States and
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Great Britain, says: "It is probably not worth half the money and time that will be spent in talking about it."

The country from the Spokan to Kettle Falls, is broken into hills and mountains thinly covered with grass and pined, and is about 1,200 ft. above which there is supposed to be no arable land. A little below Kettle Falls, in latitude 48 deg. 37 min. is a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, called Fort Colville. Mr. Spalding thus describes it: "Fort Colville is 200 miles west of north from this, (his station on the Clear Water) The Flathead River, one day above Spokan, 100 miles above Okanagan, and 300 miles above Fort Wallawalla. It stands on a small plain of 2,000 or 3,000 acres, said to be the only tillable land on the Columbia, above Vancouver. There are one or two barns, a blacksmith shop, a good flouring mill, several houses for laborers and some good buildings for the gentlemen in charge. Mr. McDonald raises this year (1837,) about 3,500 bushels of different grains—such as wheat, peas, barley, oats, corn, buckwheat, &c., and as many potatoes has 80 head of cattle, and 100 hogs. This post furnishes supplies of provisions for a great many forts north, south and west. The country on both sides of the stream from the mouth of the Flathead to the Columbia, is about 35 miles in length and four or five in breadth. Its shores are bold, and clad with a heavy growth of pine, spruce, &c. From these woods the voyager obtains the first view of the snowy hights in the main chain of the Rocky Mountains.

The Flathead River enters into the Columbia a short distance above Fort Colville. It is shallow and discharges nearly as much water as that part of the Columbia above its junction. It rises near the sources of the Missouri and Sactchewan. The ridges which separate them are said to be easy to pass. It falls into the Columbia over a confused heap of immense rocks, just above the place where the latter stream forms the Kettle Falls in its passage through a spur of the Rocky Mountains. About 100 miles from its mouth, the Flathead River forms a lake 36 miles long and seven or eight wide. It is called Lake Kullerspalm. A rich and beautiful country spreads off from it in all directions to the bases of lofty mountains covered with perpetual snows. Forty or fifty miles above this lake, is the "Flathouse"—a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company.

McGillivray's or Flat Bow River, rises in the Rocky Mountains, and running a tortuous western course about 300 miles, among the snowy hights and some extensive and somewhat productive valleys, enters the Columbia, four miles below the Lower Lake. Its banks are generally mountainous, and in some places covered with pine forests. On this stream, also, the indefatigable British fur traders have a post, "Fort Koottina"—situated about 130 miles from its mouth. Between the lower and upper lakes of the Columbia, are "The Straits," a narrow, compressed passage of the river among jutting rocks. It is ten or twenty miles in length, and has a current swift, whirling, and difficult to stem. The upper lake is of less dimensions than the lower; but, if possible, surrounded by more lakes and mountainous forests, overhung by lofty tiers of wintry mountains, from which rush a thousand torrents, fed by the melting snows.

Two miles above this lake, the Columbia runs through a narrow, rocky channel. This place is called the Lower Dalles. The shores are strewed with immense quakes of fallen timber, among which still stand heavy and impenetrable forests. Thirty-five miles above is the Upper Dalles: the waters are crowded into a compressed channel, among hanging and slippery rocks, foaming and whirling fiercely. A few miles above this place, is the head of navigation—"The Boat encampment," where the traders leave their boats, in their overland journeys to Canada. The country from the upper lake to this place, is a collection of mountains, thickly covered with pine and spruce, and fir trees of very large size. Here commences the "Rocky Mountain portage" to the navigable waters on the other side. Its track runs up the wide and sheetless valley; on the north of the fourth mile of the upper lake, at great height, thickly studded with immense pines and cedars; while on the south, are seen towering cliffs partially covered with mosses and stunted pines, over which tumble, from the ice above, numerous and noisy cascades. Two days' travel up this desolate valley, brings the traveler to "Grand Cote." The plains extend in this direction for days, which climb in five hours. Around the base of this ridge, the trees—pines, &c., are of enormous size. But in ascending, they decrease in size, till on the summit they become little else than shrubs.

On the table land of this height, are found two lakes a few hundred yards apart; the waters of one of which, flows down the valley just described to the Columbia, and thence to the North Pacific; while those of the other, forming the Rocky Mountain River, run thence into the Athabascan, and thence through Peace River, the Great Slave Lake, and McKenzie's River into the Northern Arctic Ocean. The scenery around these lakes is highly interesting. In the north, rises Mount Browne 18,000 feet, and in the Steele 30,000. Hooker, 15,700 feet above the level of the sea. In the west, descends a vast tract of secondary mountains, bare and rocky, and snowy with tumbling avalanches. In the valleys are groves of the winter loving pine. In the east roll away unbroken ranges of barren hights beyond the range of sight. It seems to be the very embellishment; where the god of the north wind, elaborates his icy streams and fountains and blasts in every season of the year.

Frazier's river rises between latitudes 55 degrees and 56 degrees north, and after a course of about 130 miles nearly due south, falls into the straits of Fuca, under latitude 49 degrees north. It is so much obstructed by rapids and falls, as to be of little value for purposes of navigation. The face of the country about its mouth, and for 40 miles above, is mountainous and covered with dense forests of white pine, cedar, and other ever-green trees. The soil is an indifferent vegetable depo
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

site 6 or 7 inches in depth, resting on a stratum of sand, and coarse gravel. The whole remaining portion of the valley is said to be cut with low mountains running north-westwardly and south-eastwardly; among which are immense tracts of marshes and lakes, formed by cold torrents from the heights that encircle them. The soil not thus occupied, is too poor for successful cultivation—of meadow. Mr. M'Kenzie, in his 'Narrative of a Journey from Fort Vancouver to Alexandria, in 1827,' says: "All the vegetables we planted, notwithstanding the utmost care and precaution, nearly failed; and the last crop of potatoes did not yield one-fourth of the seed planted." The timber of this region consists of all the varieties of the fir, the spruce, pine, poplar, willows, an epipholid hourts of de destitute of timber,-a mere sunburnt waste. The eastern part has a few wooded hills and streams, and prairie valleys. Among the lower hills of the President's Range, too, there are considerable pine and fir forests; however extensive prairies, watered by small mountain streams. But nine-tenths of the whole surface of this part of Oregon, is a waste, at present.

The tract bounded north by the Columbia, east by the Blue Mountains, south by the 42d parallel of north latitude, and west by the President's Range, is a plain of vast rolls or swells, of a light, yelllewish, sandy clay, partially covered with the short and bunch grasses, mixed with the prickly pear and wild wormwood. But water is so very scarce, that it can never be generally fed; unless indeed, as some travelers in their praises of this region seem to suppose, the animals that usually live by eating and drinking, should be able to dispense with the latter, in a climate where nine months in the year, not a particle of rain or dew falls. The grass is of a dry and loose nature, a heap of ashes. On the banks of the Umatilla, John Days, Umatalla, and Wallawalla Rivers—which have an average length of 30 miles—there are, without doubt, extensive tracts of grass in the neighborhood of water. But it is also true that not more than a fifth part of the surface within 20 miles of these streams, bears grass of any other vegetation. The portion also which borders the Columbia, produces some grass. But of a strip 6 miles in width, and extending from the Dalles to the mouth of the Santiam, not an hundredth part bears the grasses; and the sides of the chasm of the river are so precipitous, that not a fifth part of this part of this can be fed by animals which drink at that stream. In proceeding southward on the head waters of the small streams, John Days and Umatalla, the face of the plain rises gradually into vast irregular swales, destitute of a growth of trees. On the Blue Mountains are a few pine and spruce trees of an inferior growth. On the right, tower the white peaks and thickly wooded hills of the President's Range. The slope southeast of the Blue Mountains is a barren thirsty waste, of light, sandy and clayey soil—strongly impregnated with nitre. A channel of streams on 10 miles in length, and among the trees are so strongly impregnated with various kinds of salts, as to be unfit for use. These brooks empty into the lakes, the waters of which are saltier than the ocean. Near latitude 43 degrees north, the Klamet River runs and runs westwardly through the President's Range. On these water are a few productive valleys. But westwardly from them to the Santiam the country is dry and worthless.

The part of Oregon lying between the Straits de Fuca on the north, the President's Range on the cast, the Columbia on the south, and the ocean on the west, is thickly covered with pines, cedars and firs of extraordinary size; and beneath them is a growth of brush and brambles which defy the most vigorous foot to penetrate them. There are indeed along the banks of the Columbia, strips of prairie varying from a few rods to 3 miles in width, and often several miles in length; and even amidst the forests are found a few open spaces. The banks of the Cowelitza, also, are filled with streams on 10 miles in length, and among the trees are so strongly impregnated with various kinds of salts, as to be unfit for use. These brooks empty into the lakes, the waters of which are saltier than the ocean. Near latitude 43 degrees north, the Klamet River runs and runs westwardly through the President's Range. On these water are a few productive valleys. But westwardly from them to the Santiam the country is dry and worthless.

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most beautiful and valuable portion of the Oregon Territory. A good idea of the form of its surface may be derived from a view of its mountains and rivers as laid down on the map. On the south tower the heights of the Snowy Mountains; on the west the naked peaks of the coast range; on the north the green peaks of the river ranges; and on the east the lofty shining cones of the President's range,—around which frozen bases cluster a vast collection of minor mountains, clad with the mightiest pine and cedar forests on the face of the earth! The principal rivers are the Klamath and the Umpqua in the south west, and the Willamette in the north.

The Umpqua enters these in latitude 43 deg. 30 min. N. It is three-fourths of a mile in width at its mouth; water 24 fathoms on its bar; the tide sets up 30 miles from the sea; its banks are steep and covered with pines and cedars, &c. Above tide water the stream is broken by rapids and falls. It has a western course of about 100 miles, much of the face of the country about it is somewhat broken; in some parts covered with heavy pine and cedar timber, in others with grass only; said to be a fine valley for civilization and pasturage. The pines on this river grow to an enormous size: 250 feet in height—and from 15 to more than 50 feet in circumference; the cones or seed vessels are in the form of an egg, and often times more than a foot in length; the seeds are as large as the castor bean. Farther south is another stream, which joins the ocean 23 miles from the outlet of the Umpqua. At its mouth are many bays; and the surrounding country is less broken than the valley of the Umpqua.

Farther south still, is another stream called the Klamath. It rises, as is said, in the plain east of Mount Madison, and running a westerly course of 150 miles, enters the ocean 40 or 50 miles south of the Umpqua. The pine and cedar disappear upon this stream; and instead of them are found a myriads of trees of small size, which when shaken by the least breeze, diffuse a delicious fragrance through the groves. The face of the river is greatly differing, and in every respect desirable for cultivation and grazing.

The Willamette rises in the Presidents' range, near the sources of the Klamath. Its general course is north northwest. Its length is something more than 200 miles. It falls into the Columbia by two mouths; the one 83 and the other 70 miles from the sea. The arable portion of the valley of this river is about 150 miles long, by 60 in width. It is bounded on the west by low wooded hills of the coast range; on the south by the highlands around the upper waters of the Umpqua; on the east by the Presidents' range; and on the north by the mountains that run along the southern bank of the Columbia. Its general appearance has been seen from the hights, is that of a rolling open plain, intersected in every direction by ridges of low mountains, and long lines of evergreen timber; and dotted here and there with a grove of white oaks. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, two or three feet deep, resting on a stratum of coarse gravel or clay. The prairie portions of it are capable of producing, with good cultivation, from 30 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre; and other small grains in proportion. Corn cannot be raised without irrigation. The vegeta-

bles common to such latitudes yield abundantly, and of the best quality. The uplands have an inferior soil, and are covered with such an enormous growth of pines, cedars and firs, that the expense of clearing would be greatly beyond their value. Those tracts of the second bottom lands, which are covered with timber, might be worth subduing, but for a species of fern growing on them, which is so difficult to kill as to render them nearly worthless for agricultural purposes.

The climate of the country between the President's range and the sea, is very temperate. From the middle of April to the middle of October, the westerly winds prevail, and the weather is warm and dry. Scarcely a drop of rain falls. During the remainder of the year the southerly winds blow continually, and bring mists; sometimes in showers, and at others in terrible storms, that continue to pour down incessantly for a number of weeks.

There is barely any freezing weather in this section of Oregon. Twice within the last forty years the Columbia has been frozen over; but this was chiefly caused by the accumulation of ice from the upper country. The grasses grow dur-

ing the winter months, and wither to lay in the summer time.

The mineral resources of Oregon have not been investigated. Great quantities of bituminous coal have however been discovered on Puget's Sound, and on the Willamette. Salt springs also abound; and other fountains highly impregnated with sulphur, soda, iron, &c. are numerous.

There are many wild fruits in the territory that would be very desirable for cultivation in the gar-

dens of the States. Among these are a very large and delicious strawberry—the service berry—a kind of wheeless berry—and a cranberry growing on bushes 4 or 5 feet in height. The crab apple, choke cherry, and thornberry are common. Of the wild animals, there are the white tailed, black tailed, jumping and moose deer; the elk; red and black and grey wolf; the black, brown, and grizzly bear; the mountain sheep; black, white, grey and mixed foxes, beavers, muskrats, minks, muskrats, wolverines, marmot, crinines, woodrats, and the small curled tailed short eared dog common among the Chippeways.

Of the feathered tribe, there are the goose, the brant, several kinds of cranes, the swan, many varieties of the duck, hawks of several kinds, plovers, white egrets, ravens, crows, vultures, thrush, guls, woodpeckers, ptarmigans, partridges, grouse, snowbirds, &c.

In the rivers and lakes are a very superior quality of salmon, brook and salmon trout, sardines, sturgeon, rock cod, the hair seal, &c.; and in the bays and inlets along the coast, are the sea otter and an inferior kind of oyster.

The trade of Oregon is limited entirely to the operations of the British Hudson Bay Company. A concise account of this association is therefore deemed opposite in this place.

A charter was granted by Charles 2d in 1.70, to certain British subjects associated under the name of "The Hudson's Bay Company," in virtue of which they were allowed the exclusive privilege of establishing trading factories on the Hudson's Bay and its tributary rivers. Soon after the grant, the company took possession of the territory, and
enjoyed its trade without opposition till 1787; when was organized a powerful rival under the title of the "North American Fur Company of Canada." This company was chiefly composed of Canadian-born subjects—men whose native English and their acquaintance with the Indian character, peculiarly qualified them for the dangers and hardships of a far trader's life in the frozen regions of British America. Accordingly we soon find the North-westers ousting each other for enterprise and commercial importance their less active neighbors of Hudson's Bay; and the jealousies naturally arising between parties situated, leading to the most barbarous battles, and the seeking and burning each other's posts. This state of things in 1811, arrested the attention of Parliament, and an act was passed consolidating the two companies into one, under the title of "The Hudson's Bay Company."

This association is now, under the operation of their charter, in the possession of all that tract of country bounded north by the northern Arctic Ocean; east by the Davis' Straits and the Atlantic Ocean; south and south-westwardly by the northern boundary of the Canadian and a line drawn through the centre of Lake Superior; thence north-westwardly to the Lake of the Woods, then west on the 49th parallel of north latitude to the Rocky Mountains, and along those mountains to the 54th parallel; thence westwardly on that line to a point 9 marine leagues from the Pacific Ocean; and on the west by a line commencing at the last mentioned point, and running northwardly parallel to the Pacific coast till it intersects the 141st parallel of longitude west from Greenwich, Eng., and thence due north to the Arctic Sea.

They have also leased for 20 years, commencing in March, 1810, all of Russia America excepting the post of Sitka; and as renewable at the pleasure of the H. B. C. They are also in possession of Oregon under treaty stipulations between Britain and the United States. Thus this powerful company occupies more than one-ninth of the soil of the globe. Its stockholders are British capitalists, resident in Great Britain. From these are elected a board of managers, who hold their meetings and transact their business at "The Hudson's Bay House" in London. This board buys goods and ships them to their territory, sell the furs for which they are exchanged, and do all other business connected with the company's transactions, except the execution of their own orders, the actual business of collecting furs, in their territory. This duty is entrusted to a class of men who are called partners, but who in fact receive certain portions of the annual net profits of the company's business, as a compensation for their services.

These gentlemen are divided by their employers into different grades. The first of these is the Governor-General of all the company's posts in North America. He resides at York Factory, on the west shore of Hudson's Bay. The second class are chief factors; the third, chief traders; the fourth, traders. Below these is another class, called clerks. These are usually younger members of respectable Scottish families. They are not directly interested in the company's profits, but receive an annual salary of £100, food, suitable clothing, and a body servant, during an apprenticeship of seven years. At the expiration of this time they are eligible to the board of directors, shareholders, &c., and may be elected by the body. Before this body are brought the reports of the trade of each district; propositions for new enterprises, and modifications of old ones; and all these and other matters deemed important, being acted upon, the proceedings had thereon and the reports from the several districts are forwarded to the Board of Directors in London and subjected to its final order.

This shared council never allow their territory to be overtrapped. If the annual return from any well-trapped district be less than one-third of former years, they order a less number still to be taken, until the beaver and other fur-bearing animals have time to increase. The income of the company is thus rendered uniform, and their business perpetual.

The nature and annual value of the Hudson Bay Company's business in the territory which they occupy, may be learned from the following table, extracted from Bliss' work on the trade and industry of British America, in 1831:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Each</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s.</th>
<th>d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beaver</td>
<td>123,914</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muskrat</td>
<td>35,701</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynx</td>
<td>56,010</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolf</td>
<td>9,517</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bear</td>
<td>3,500</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox</td>
<td>8,715</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mink</td>
<td>9,291</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Racoon</td>
<td>325</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tails</td>
<td>2,220</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolverine</td>
<td>1,541</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deer</td>
<td>615</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wessell</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

£293,316 9 0

Some idea may be formed of the net profit of this business, from the facts that the shares of the company's stock, which originally cost Company at 100 per cent premium, and that the dividends range from ten per cent upward, and this too while they are creating out of the net proceeds an immense reserve fund, to be expended in keeping other persons out of the trade.

In 1805 the Missouri Fur Company established a trading-post on the head-waters of the Missouri. In 1806 the North-West Company of Canada established one on the upper Missouri and traders of the North-West Company of Canada descended the great northern branch of the Columbia. This was the first appearance of the British fur traders in the valleys drained by this river.

On the 16th of October, 1813—while war was raging between England and the States—the
Pacific Fur Company sold all its establishments in Oregon to the North-West Fur Company of Canada. On the 1st of December following, the British ship-of-war Raccoon, Captain Black command, entered the Columbia—took formal possession of Astoria—and changed its name to Fort George. On the 1st of October, 1818, Fort George was surrendered by the British Government to the Government of the United States, according to a stipulation in the Treaty of Ghent. By the same Treaty, British subjects were granted the same rights of trade and settlement in Oregon as belonged to the citizens of the Republic, for the term of 10 years; under the condition—that as both nations claimed Oregon—the occupancy thus authorized should in no form affect the question as to the title to the country. This stipulation was, by treaty of London, August 6, 1827, indefinitely extended; under the condition that it should cease to be in force 12 months from the date of a notice of either of the contracting powers to the other, to annul and abrogate it; provided such notice should not be given till after the 20th of October, 1838.

The value of the peltries annually collected in Oregon, by the Hudson Bay Company, is about $140,000 in the London or New York market. The prime cost of the goods exchanged for them is about $20,000. To this must be added the per centage of the officers as governors, factors, &c. to the wages and food of about 400 men, the expense of shipping to bring supplies of goods and take back the returns of furs, and two years' interest on the investments. The Company made arrangements in 1828 with the British, and at other ports, the sea of Kamchatka, to supply them with flour and goods at fixed prices. And as they are opening large farms on the Cowitz, the Unquama, and in other parts of the Territory, for the production of wheat for that market; and as they can afford to sell goods purchased in England under a contract of 50 years' standing, for 20 or 30 per cent. less than American merchants can, there seems a certainty that the Hudson's Bay Company will engross the entire trade of the North Pacific, as it has that of Oregon.

Soon after the union of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Companies, the British Parliament passed an act extending the jurisdiction of the Canadian courts over the territories occupied by these fur traders, whether it were "owned" or "claimed by Great Britain." Under this act, certain gentlemen of the fur company were appointed justices of the peace, and empowered to entertain prosecutions for minor offenses, arrest and send to Canada officers of a higher grade, and try, render judgment, and grant execution in civil suits where the sum in dispute does not exceed £200; and in case of non-payment, to imprison the debtor at their own forts, or in the jails of Canada.

And thus is shown that the trade, and the civil and criminal jurisdiction in Oregon are held by British subjects; that American citizens are deprived of their own commercial rights; that they are liable to be arrested on their own territory by officers of British courts, tried in the American domain by British judges, and imprisoned or hung according to the laws of the British empire, for acts done within the territorial limits of the Republic.

It has frequently been asked if Oregon will hereafter assume great importance as a thoroughfare between the States and China? The answer is as follows:

The Straits de Fuca and arms of the sea to the eastward of it furnish the only good harbors on the Oregon coast. Those in Puget's Sound offer every requisite facility for the most extensive commerce. Ships beat out and into the straits with any winds of the coast,
and find in summer and winter fine anchorage at short intervals on both shores; and among the islands of the Sound, a safe harbor from the prevailing storms. From Puget's Sound eastward, there is a possible route for a rail road to the navigable waters of the Missouri; flanked with an abundance of fuel and other necessary materials. Its length would be about 600 miles. Whether it would answer the desired end, would depend very much upon the navigation of the Missouri. As however the principal weight and bulk of cargoes in these trains would belong to the homeward voyage, and as the lumber used in constructing proper boats on the upper Missouri would sell in St. Louis for something like the cost of construction, it may perhaps be presumed that the trade between China and the States could be conducted through such an overland communication.

The first day of the winter months came with bright skies over the beautiful valley of Oregon. Mounts Washington and Jefferson reared their vast pyramids of ice and snow among the fresh green forests of the lower hills, and overlooked the Willamette, the lower Columbia and the distant sea. The herds of California cattle were lowing on the meadows, and the flocks of sheep from the Downs of England were scampering and bleating around their shepherds on the plain; and the plane of the carpenter, the ax of the cooper, the hammer of the tinner, and the anvil of the blacksmith within the pickets, were all awake when I arose to breakfast for the last time at Fort Vancouver. The beauty of the day and the busy hum of life around me, accorded well with the feelings of joy with which I made preparations to return to my family and home. And yet when I met the table Dr. McLoughlin, Mr. Douglas, and others with whom I had passed many pleasant hours, and from whom I had received many kindnesses, a sense of sorrow mingled strongly with the delight which the occasion naturally inspired. I was to leave Vancouver for the Sandwich Islands, and see them no more. And I confess that it has seldom been my lot to have felt so deeply pained at parting with those whom I had known so little time. But it became me to hasten my departure; for the ship had dropped down to the mouth of the river, and awaited the arrival of Mr. Simpson, one of the company's clerks, Mr. Johnson, an American from St. Louis, and myself. And while we were making the lower mouth of the Willamette, the reader will perhaps be amused with the sketch of life at Fort Vancouver.

Fort Vancouver is, as has been already intimated, the depot at which are brought the furs collected west of the Rocky Mountains, and from which they are shipped to England; and also the place at which all the goods for the trade are landed; and from which they are distributed to the various posts of that territory by vessels, batteaux or pack animals, as the various routes permit.—It was established by Governor Simpson in 1824, as the great centre of all commercial operations in Oregon; is situated in a beautiful plain on the north bank of the Columbia, 90 miles from the sea, in latitude 45° north, and in longitude 122° west; stands 400 yards from the waterside. The noble river before it is 1670 yards wide, and from 5 to 7 fathoms in depth; the whole sur-
men are receiving beaver and dealing out goods. But hear the voices of those children from the school house! They are the half-breed offspring of the gentlemen and servants of the company, educated at the company’s expense, preparatory to being apprenticed to trades in Canada. They learn the English language, writing, arithmetic, and geography. The gardener, too, is singing out his honest satisfaction, as he surveys from the northern gate ten acres of apple trees laden with fruit, his bowers of gooseberries—his beds of vegetables and flowers. The bell rings for dinner; we will see the “Hall” and its convivialities.

The dining hall is a spacious room on the second floor, ceiled with pine above and at the sides. In the south-west corner of it is a large close stove, sending out sufficient caloric to make it comfortable.

At the end of a table 20 feet in length stands Governor McLaughlin—directing guests and gentlemen from neighboring posts to their places; and chief traders, traders, the physician, clerks, and the farmer, slide respectfully to their places, at distances from the Governor corresponding to the dignity of their rank in the service. Thanks are returned, meat is served; beef and pork, boiled mutton, baked salmon, boiled ham; beets, carrots, turnips, cabbages and potatoes, and wheaten bread are tastefully distributed over the table among a dinner set of elegant Queen’s ware, burnished with glittering glasses and decanters of various colored Italian wines. Course after course goes round, and the Governor fills his stomach. The mountain gentlemen in turn vie with him in dicing around the board a most generous allowance of viands, wines, and warm fellow feeling. The cloth and wines are removed together, cigars are lighted, and a strolling smoke about the premises, enlivened by a courteous discussion of some mooted point of natural history or politics, closes the ceremonies of the dinner hour at Fort Vancouver.

These are some of the incidents of life at Vancouver. But we must on the lower point of Wapato Island, to regale ourselves with food and fire. This is the highest point of it, and is said never to be overthrown. A bold rocky shore, and the water deep enough to float the largest vessels, indicate it a site for the commercial mart of the island. But the southern shore of the river, a half mile below, is, past a doubt, the most important point for a town site on the Columbia. It lies at the lower mouth of the Willamette—the natural outlet of the best agricultural district of Oregon. It is a hillside of gentle acclivity, covered with pine forests. There is a gorge in the mountains through which a road from it to the prairies on the south can easily be constructed. At this place the H. B. Company have erected a house, and occupy it with one of their servants.

Having eaten our cold lunch, we left Wapato Island to the dominion of its wild hogs, and took again the road to the south-west, under a cloudless sky. The clouds ran fast from the southwest, and obscured the sun. The wind fell in irregular gusts upon the water, and made it difficult keeping our boat afloat. But we had a sturdy old Sandwich Islander at one oar, and some four or five able-bodied Indians at others, and despite winds and waves, slept that night a dozen miles below the Cowichan. Thus far below Vancouver, the Columbia was generally more than 1,000 yards wide, girded on either side by mountains rising, very generally, from the water side, 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and covered with dense forests of pine and fir. These mountains are used by the Cherokees as burial places. During the epidemic fever of 1833, which almost swept this portion of the Columbia valley of its inhabitants, vast numbers of the dead were placed among them. They were never removed, placed in canoes, and hung to the boughs of trees 6 or 8 feet from the ground. Thousands of these were seen.

They hung in groups near the water side. One of them had a canoe inverted over the one containing the dead, and lashed tightly to it. We were often driven close to the shore by the heavy wind, and always noticed that these splendid canoes were performed at the bottom. I was informed that this is always done for the twofold purpose of letting out the water which the rains may deposit in them, and of preventing their ever being used again by the living.

The 3d was a blustering day. The southerly winds drove in a heavy snow, and the Pacific brought the Columbia into 20 feet; but by keeping under the windward shore, we made steady progress till sunset, when the increased expanse of the river indicated that we were about 15 miles from the sea. The wind died away, and we pushed on rapidly; but the darkness was so great that we lost our course, and grounded upon a sand bank three miles from the sea. After considerable trouble, we succeeded in getting off, steered to the northern shore, and in half an hour were again in deep water. But “the ship—the ship” was on every tongue. Was it above or below Tongue Point? If the latter, we could not reach it that night, for the wind freshened again and was so violent that we could hardly move, and therefore all hands were kept busy with the paddle. It was a fearful thing, and we were glad to be on the lee side of the noble Columbia. A rope was hastily thrown us, and we stood upon her beautiful deck, manifestly barely saved from a watery grave. For now the sounding waves broke awfully all around us. Captain Duncan received us very kindly, and introduced us immediately to the cordial hospitality of his cabin. The next morning we dropped down to Astoria, and anchored 100 yards from the shore. The captain and passengers landed about 10 o’clock; and as I felt peculiar interest in the spot, immortalized no less by the genius of Irving than the enterprise of John Jacob Astor, I spent my time very industriously in exploring it.

The site of this place is three quarters of a mile above the point of land between the Columbia and Clatsop Bay. It is a hillside, formerly covered with a very heavy forest. The space that has been cleared may amount to four acres. It is rendered too wet for cultivation by numberless
springs bursting from the surface. The back ground is still a forest rising over lofty hills; in the foreground is the Columbia, and the broken pine hills of the opposite shore. The Pacific opens in the west.

Astoria has passed away; nothing is left of its buildings but an old batten cedar door; nothing remaining of its bastions and pickets, but a half dozen of Japan tottering among the underbrush. While scrambling over the grounds, we came upon the trunk of an immense tree, long since prostrated, which measured between six and seven fathoms in circumference. No information could have been obtained as to the length of time it had been decaying.

The Hudson’s Bay Company are in possession, and call the post Fort George. They have erected three log buildings, and occupy them with a clerk, who acts as a telegraph keeper of events at the mouth of the river. If a vessel arrives, or is seen laying off or on, information of the fact is sent to Vancouver, with all the rapidity that can be extracted from a row and paddle.

The individual also carries on a limited trade with the Chinooks and Clatsop Indians. And such is his influence over them, that he hears among the company’s gentlemen the very distinguished title of King of the Cherokees. He is a fine, lusty, companionable fellow, and I am disposed to believe, wears the crown with quite as little awe or deference as any of us.

In the afternoon we bade adieu to Astoria, and dropped down toward Cape Disappointment.—

The channel of the river runs from the fort in a northwestern direction to the point of the Cape, and thence close under it in a southerly direction, the distance of four miles, where it crosses the bar. The wind was quite lashing while we were crossing to the northern side; and we consequently began to anticipate a long residence in Baker’s Bay. But as we neared the Cape, a delightful breeze sprung up in the east, filled every sail, and rushed the stately ship through the heavy seas and swells most merrily. The lead is dipping, and the sailors are chanting each measure as they take it; we approach the bar; the soundings decrease; every shanty grows more and more awful! the keel of the Vancouver is within fifteen inches of the bar! Every breath is suspended, and every eye fixed on the lead, as they are quickly thrown again! They sink; and the chant for five fathoms enables us to breathe freely. We have passed the bar; and Captain Duncan greets his passengers by the hand warmly, and congratulates them at having escaped being lost in those wild waters, where many a noble ship and brave heart have sunk together and forever.

Off the mouth of the Columbia—on the deep, long swells of the Pacific. The rolling surge booms along the mountainous shores! Up the vale 100 miles the white pyramid of Mount Washington towers above the cloud, and the green forests of Lower Oregon! That scene I shall never forget. It was too wild, too unearthly to be described. It was seen at sunset; and a night of horrid tempest shut in upon this, the author’s last view of Oregon.

The following abstract of Commander Wilkes’ Report on Oregon came to hand while this work was in press, and the author takes great pleasure in appending it to his work. Mr. Wilkes’ statistics of the Territory will be seen, agree in all essential particulars with those given on previous pages. There is one point only of any importance that needs to be named, in regard to which truth requires a protest; and that is contained in the commander’s concluding remarks. It will be seen on reference to them, that the agricultural capabilities of Oregon are placed above those of any part of the world beyond the tropics. This is a most surprising conclusion; at war with his own account of the several sections which he visited, and denied by every intelligent man living in the territory. What! Oregon, in this respect, equal to California, or the Valley of the Mississippi! This can never be until Oregon be blessed with a vast increase of productive soil, and California and our own unequaled Valley be greatly changed.

Extracts from the Report of Lieut. Ensign Wilkes to the Secretary of the Navy, of the examination, by the Exploring Expedition, of the Oregon Territory.

The Territory embraced under the name of Oregon, extends from latitude 42° north to that of 45° 40’ north, and west of the Rocky Mountains. Its natural boundaries, were they attended to, would confine it within the above geographical boundaries.

On the east it has the range of Rocky Mountains along its whole extent; on the south those of the Klamath range, running on the parallel of 42°, and dividing it from California; on the west the Pacific Ocean; and on the north the western trend of the Rocky Mountains, and the chain of lakes near and parallel the parallels of 44° and 52° north, dividing it from the British territory. It is remarkable that, within these limits, all these rivers that flow through the Territory take their rise.

The Territory is divided into three natural belts or sections, viz:—

1st. That between the Pacific Ocean and Cascade Mountains (President’s range) or Western section;

2d. That between the Cascade mountains and blue mountain range, or middle section;

3d. That between the Blue and Rocky Mountain chains, or eastern section.

And this division will equally apply to the soil, climate, and productions.

The mountain ranges run, for the most part, in parallel lines with the coast, and, rising in many places above the snow line, (here found to be 6,500 feet,) would naturally produce a difference of temperature between them, and also affect their productions.

Our surveys and explorations were confined, for the most part, to the two first, claiming more interest from being less known, and more in accordance with my instructions.

MOUNTAINS.—The Cascade range, or that near
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

The coast, runs from the southern boundary, on a parallel with the sea coast, the whole length of the Territory, north and South, rising, in many places, in high peaks, from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, in regular cones. Their distance from the coast line is from 100 to 150 miles, and they almost interrupt the communication between the sections, except where the two great rivers, the Columbia and Fraser's force a passage through them.

There are a few mountain passes, but they are difficult, and only to be attempted late in the spring and summer.

A small range (the Cliquet) lies to the northward of the Columbia, between the coast and the waters of Puget's Sound, and along the strait of Juan de Fuca. This has several high peaks, which rise above the snow line, but, from their proximity to the sea, they are not at all times covered.

Their general direction is north and south, but there are many spurs or offsets that cause this portion to be very rugged.

The Blue mountains are irregular in their course, and occasionally interrupted, but generally trend from north by east to northeast, and from south to southwest.

In some parts they may be traced as spurs or offsets of the Rocky Mountains. Near the southern boundary they unite with the Klamet range, which runs east and west from the Rocky Mountains.

The Rocky Mountains are too well known to need description. The different passes will, however, claim attention hereafter. North of 45° the ranges are nearly parallel, and have the rivers flowing between them.

Islands.—Attached to the Territory are groups of Islands, bordering its northern coast. Among these are the large islands of Vancouver and Washington, or Queen Charlotte; the former being 280 miles in length and 50 in width, containing about 13,000 square miles, and the latter 150 miles in length and 30 in breadth, containing 4,000 square miles.

Though somewhat broken in surface, their soil is said to be well adapted to agriculture.

They have many good harbors, and have long been the resort of those engaged in the fur trade; they enjoy a mild and salubrious climate, and have an abundance of fine fish frequenting their waters, which are taken in large quantities by the natives. Coal of good quality is found, specimens of which I obtained. The Hudson's Bay Company have made a trial of it, but, owing to its having been taken from near the surface, it was not very highly spoken of. Veins of minerals are also said to exist by those acquainted with the island.

They both appear to be more densely inhabited than other portions of the Territory. The natives are considered a treacherous race, particularly those in the vicinity of Johnson's straits, and are to be closely watched when dealing with them.

At the southeast end of Vancouver's there is a small archipelago of islands, through which the canal de Arro runs. They are for the most part uninhabited, well wooded, and composed of granite and pudding stone, which appear to be the prevailing rock to the northward of a line east from the strait of Juan de Fuca. They are generally destitute of fresh water, have but few anchorages, and strong currents render navigation among them difficult.

The islands nearer the main land, called on the maps Pitt's Banks, or the Prince Royal islands, are of the same character, and are only occasionally resorted to by the Indians, for the purpose of fishing.

The coast of the main land, north of the parallel of 49°, is broken by numerous capes called canals, having perpendicular sides, and very deep water in them, affording no harbors, but few commercial inducements to frequent them.

The land is equally cut up by spurs from the Cascade range, which here intersects the country in all directions, and prevents its adaptation for agriculture.

Its value is principally in its timber, and it is believed that few if any countries can compare with it in this respect.

There is no part on this coast where a settlement could be formed between Fraser's river, or 49° north, and the northern boundary of 54° 40' north, that would be able to supply its own wants.

The Hudson's Bay Company have posts within this section of the country—Fort McLoughlin, in Milbank sound, in latitude 59° 10' north, and Fort Simpson, in latitude 54° 30' north, within Dundas island, and at the entrance of Chatham sound; but they are only posts for the fur trade of the coast, and are supplied twice a year with provisions, &c.

It is believed that the company have yet no establishment upon any of the islands; but I understood it was in contemplation to make one on Vancouver's island, in the vicinity of Nootka Sound, or that of Clyquot.

Owing to the dense fogs, the coast is extremely dangerous; and they render it at all times difficult to approach and navigate along. The interior of this portion of the Territory is traversed by the three ranges of mountains, with the several rivers which take their rise in them, and is probably unequalled for its ruggedness, and, from all accounts, incapable of any thing like cultivation.

The Columbia in its trend to the westward, along the parallel of 48°, cuts off the central or Blue mountain range, which is not again met with until on the parallel of 43°. From 43° they trend away to the southward and westward, until they fall into the Klamet range. This latter portion is but partially wooded.

Rivers.—The Columbia claims the first notice. Its northern branch takes its rise in the Rocky mountains in latitude 50° north, longitude 116° west; from thence it pursues a northern route to near Mcgillivary's Pass, in the Rocky mountains. At the boat encampment the river is 3,600 feet above the level of the sea, (here it receives two small tributaries, the Canoe river and that from the Committee's Punch Bowl;) from thence it turns south, having some obstructions to its navigation, and receiving many tributaries in its course to Colville, among which are the Kootenie, or Flat Bow, and the Flat Head or Clarke river from the east, and that of Colville from the west.
This great river is bounded thus far on its course by a range of high mountains, well-wooded, and in places expands into a line of lakes before it reaches Colville, where it is 2,049 feet above the level of the sea, having a fall of 550 feet in 230 miles. To the south of this it trends to the westward, receiving the Spokan river from the east, which is not navigable, and takes its rise in the Lake of Cœur d'Alene. Thence it pursues a westerly course for about 60 miles, receiving several smaller streams, and at its bend to the south it is joined by the Okanagan, a river that has its source in a line of lakes, affording canoe and boat navigation for a considerable extent to the northward.

The Columbia thence passes to the southward until it reaches Wallawalla, in the latitude of 45°, a distance of 166 miles, receiving the Picous, Y'akama, and Point de Boise, or Entiatsecoom, from the west, which take their rise in the Cascade range, and also its great southeastern branch, the Sepuy of Lewis, which has its source in the Rocky mountains, and forth from the latter and brings a large quantity of water to increase the volume of the main stream. The Lewis is not navigable, even for canoes, except in reaches. The rapids are extensive and of frequent occurrence. It generally passes between the Rocky mountain spurs and the Blue mountains. It receives the Kooskia, Salmon, and several other rivers, from the east and west—the former from the Rocky mountains, the latter from the Blue mountains—and, were it navigable, would much facilitate the intercourse with this part of the country. Its length to its junction with the Columbia is 530 miles.

The Columbia at Wallawalla is 1,856 feet above the level of the sea, and about 3,500 feet wide; it now takes its last turn to the westward, receiving the Umatilla, Quinon's, John Day's, and de Chute rivers from the south, and Cathlata's from the north, pursuing its rapid course of 80 miles, previous to passing through the range of Cascade mountains, in a series of falls and rapids that obstruct its flow, and form insurmountable barriers to the passage of any vessel by water during the floods. These difficulties, however, are overcome by portages.

From thence there is still-water navigation for forty miles, when its course is again obstructed by rapids.

Thence to the ocean, 100 miles, it is navigable for vessels of 12 feet draught of water at the lowest state of the river, though obstructed by many sandbars.

In this part it receives the Willamette from the south, and the Cowietz from the north. The former is navigable for small vessels 20 miles, to the mouth of the Klickanum, three miles below its falls; the latter cannot be called navigable except for a small part of the year, during the floods, and then only for canoes and barges.

The width of the Columbia, within 20 miles of its mouth, is much increased, and it joins the ocean between Cape Disappointment and Point Adams, forming a sand spit from each by deposit, and causing a dangerous bar, which greatly impedes its navigation and entrance.

Frazier's river next claims attention. It takes its rise in the Rocky mountains, near the source of Canoe river, taking a northwesterly course of 80 miles; then it turns to the southward, receiving the waters of Stuart's river, which rises in a chain of lakes near the northern boundary of the Territory.

It then pursues a southerly course, receiving the waters of the Chilkatitl, and several smaller streams, from the east, and those of Thompson's river, Quinsili's, and other streams, from the west, (these take their rise in lakes, and are navigable by canoes, by making portages,) and under the parallel of 49° it breaks through the Cascade range in a succession of falls and rapids, and, after a westerly course of 70 miles, it enters into the Gulf of Georgia, in the latitude of 49° 07' north. This latter portion is navigable for vessels that can pass its bar drawing 12 feet water; its whole length being 350 miles.

The Chilkatil is next in importance. It has three sources among the range of hills that intersect the country north of the Columbia river. After a very tortuous course, and receiving some small streams from the lakes in the lakes behind the ground near the head-waters of Hood's canal and Puget's Sound, it disappears in Grey's harbor; it is not navigable except for canoes; its current is rapid, and the stream much obstructed.

To the south of the Columbia there are many small streams, but three of which deserve the name of rivers: the Umpqua, the Rogue's, and the Coos, which, with their tributaries, the Klamath, which latter empties into the ocean south of the parallel of 42° degrees. None of these form harbors capable of receiving a vessel of more than eight feet draught of water, and the bars for most part of the year are impassable from the surf that sets in on the coast. The character of the great rivers is peculiar—rapid and sunken much below the level of the country, with perpendicular banks; indeed they are, as it were, in trenches, being extremely difficult to get at the water in many places, owing to the steep basaltic walls; and during the rise they are in many places confined by dikes, which back the water some distance, submerging islands and tracts of low prairie, giving the appearance of extensive lakes.

LAKES.—There are in the various sections of the country many lakes. The Okanagan, Stuart's, Quinon's, and Kamloops are the largest in the northern section.

The Flat Bow, Cœur d'Alene, and Kulluspeim, in the middle section, and those forming the headwaters of the large rivers in the eastern section. The country is well watered, and there are but few places where an abundance of water, either from rivers, springs, or rivulets, cannot be obtained.

The smaller lakes add much to the picturesque beauty of the country. They are generally at the headwaters of the smaller streams. The map will point out more particularly their extent and locality.

HARBORS.—All the harbors formed by the rivers on the sea coast are obstructed with extensive sand bars, which make them difficult to enter. The rivers bring down large quantities of sand, which is deposited on meeting with the ocean, causing a gradual increase of the impediments already existing at their mouths. None of them can be deemed safe ports to enter. The entrance
to the Columbia is impracticable two-thirds of the year, and the difficulty of leaving is equally great.

The north sands are rapidly increasing, and extending further to the southward. In the memory of several of those who have been longest in the country, Cape Disappointment has been encroached upon some hundred feet by the sea, and, during my short experience, nearly half an acre of the middle sands was washed away in a few days. These sands are known to change every season.

The exploration made of the Chatsop or South channel, it is believed, will give more safety to vessels capable of entering the river. The depth of water on the bar seems not to have changed, though the passage has become somewhat narrow.

Grey's harbor will admit of vessels of light draught of water, (10 feet,) but there is but little room in it on account of the extensive mud and sand flats. A survey was made of it, to which I refer for particulars.

This, however, is not the case with the harbors formed within the straits of Juan de Fuca, of which there are many; and no part of the world affords greater number of harbors than can be found here, capable of receiving the largest class of vessels, and without a danger in them that is not visible. From the rise and fall of the tides, (18 feet,) all facilities are afforded for the erection of works for a great maritime nation. For further information, our extensive surveys of these waters are referred to.

The climate of the third or eastern section is mild throughout the year—neither experiencing the cold of winter nor the heat of summer. By my experiments, the mean temperature was found to be 54° of Fahrenheit.

The prevailing winds in the summer are from the northward and westward, and in the winter from the southward and southeast, which are tempestuous. The winter is supposed to last from December to February; rains usually begin to fall in November and last till March, but they are not heavy though frequent.

Snow sometimes falls, but it seldom lies over three days. The frosts are early, occurring in the latter part of August; this, however, is to be accounted for by the proximity of the mountains. A mountain or easterly wind invariably causes a great fall in the temperature; these winds are not frequent. During the summer of our operations, I found but three days noted of easterly winds.

The nights are cold, and affect the vegetation so far that Indian corn will not ripen. Fruit trees blossom early in April at Nisqually and Vancouver; and at the former place on the 12th of May peas were a foot high, strawberries in full blossom, and salad had already gone to seed.

The mean height of the barometer during our stay at Nisqually was 30.460 inches, and of the thermometer 65° 58', Fahrenheit. The thermometer in the month of July was at 70° Fahrenheit, and on the same day at 2 P.M. 90°. The lowest degree was 39° at 4 A.M. May 22d, and at 5 P.M. of the same day the temperature was 72° of Fahrenheit.

From June to September, at Vancouver, the mean height of the barometer was 30.32 inches, and of the thermometer 61° 38' of Fahrenheit. Out of 106 days 56 were fair, 19 cloudy, and 11 rainy. The rains are light; this is evident from the hills not being washed, and having a sword to their tops, although of great activity.

The second or middle section is subject to droughts. During the summer the atmosphere is much drier and warmer, and the winter much colder than in the western section. Its extremes of heat and cold are more frequent and greater, the mercury at times falling as low as minus 15° of Fahrenheit in the winter, and rising to 18° in the shade in summer; the daily difference of temperature is about 40° Fahrenheit. It has, however, been found extremely salubrious, possessing a pure and healthy air.

The stations of the missionaries and posts of the Hudson Bay Company have afforded me the means of obtaining information relative to the climate. Although full data have not been kept, yet these observations afford a tolerably good knowledge of the weather.

In summer the atmosphere is cooled by the strong westerly breezes, which replaced the vacuum produced by the heated prairie grounds. No dew fall in this section.

The climate of the third or eastern section is extremely variable. The temperature during the day, differing from 50° to 60°, renders it unfit for agriculture, and there are but few places in its northern part where the climate would not effectually put a stop to its ever becoming settled.

In each day, from the best accounts, one has all the changes incident to spring, summer, autumn, and winter. There are places where small farms might be located, but they are few in number.

Soil.—That of the first or western section varies in the northern parts from a light brown loam to a thin vegetable earth, with gravel and sand as a sub-soil; in the middle parts from a rich heavy loam and unctuous clay to a deep heavy black loam on a trap rock; and in the southern the soil is generally good, varying from a black vegetable loam to decomposed basalt, with stiff clay, and portions of loose gravel soil. The hills are generally basalt, and stone, and slate.

Between the Umqua and the boundary the rocks are primitive, consisting of talc, slate, hornblende, and grante, which produce a gritty and poor soil; there are, however, some places of rich prairie covered with oaks.

The soil of the second or middle section is for the most part a light sandy loam, in the valleys rich alluvial, and the hills are generally barren.

The third or eastern section is a rocky, broken, and barren country. Suspendous mountains spurs traverse it in all directions, affording little level ground; snow lies on the mountains nearly if not quite the year through.

Agriculture, Productions, &c.—The first section, for the most part, is a well-timbered country; it is intersected with the spurs or oifsets from the Cascade mountains, but much broken; these are covered with a dense forest. It is well watered, and communication between the northern, southern, and middle parts is difficult, on account of the various rivers, spurs of mountains, &c.

The timber consists of pines, fir, spruce, oaks, (red and white,) ash, maple, walnut, cherry, and elm, with a close undergrowth of hazel, robin, roses, &c. The
in the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Territory, &c.

The richest and best soil is found on the second or middle prairie, and is best adapted for agriculture, the high and low being excellent for pasture land.

The surface of the middle section is about one thousand feet above the level of the first or western section, and the general rolling prairie country.

The southern part of this section is destitute of timber or wood, unless the worn wood (artemisia) may be so called. To the northward of the parallel of 48° it is covered with forests. Wheat and other grains grow well in the bottoms, where they can be irrigated. The soil in such places is rich, and capable of producing almost any thing.

The missionaries have succeeded in raising good crops. Stock succeeds here even better than in the lower country. Notwithstanding the severe cold, it is generally a rolling prairie country.

The ground is well adapted for grazing in the prairies, and, despite its changeable climate, stock is found to thrive well and endure the severity of the winter without protection.

This section is exceeding dry and arid, rains seldom falling, and but little snow. The country is partially timbered, and the soil much improved with salt. The missionary station on the Koo-koo-koo, near the western line of this section, is thought by the missionaries to be a very climate.

The soil along the river bottoms is generally alluvial, and would yield good crops, were it not for the overflowing of the rivers, which check and kill the grain. Some of the finest portions of the land are thus unfit for cultivation; they are generally covered with water before the banks are overflowed, in consequence of the quick sands that exist in them, and through which the water percolates.

The rivers of this Territory afford no fertilizing properties to the soil, but, on the contrary, are destitute of all substances. The temperature of the Columbia in the latter part of May was 42°, and in September 68°.

The rise of the streams flowing from the Cascade mountains takes place twice a year, in February and November, from the rains; that of the Columbia in May and June, from the melting of the snows. Sometimes the rise of the latter is very sudden, if heavy rains occur at the same time; but it is generally moderated, and reaches its greatest height from the 6th to the 15th of June. Its peculiarity is from 18 to 20 feet at Vancouver, where a line of embankment has been thrown up to protect the lower prairie; but it has been generally flooded, and the crops in most cases destroyed. It is the intention to abandon its cultivation, and devote it to pasturage.

The prairies, the Willamette takes place in February; and I was informed that it rose sometimes to 20 to 25 feet, and quite suddenly, but soon subsides. It occasionally causes much damage.

Both the Willamette and Cowitz are much swollen by the backing of their waters during the height of the Columbia, and all their lower grounds submerged. This puts an effectual bar to their prairies being used for any thing but pasturage, which is fine throughout the year, excepting in the season of the floods, when the cattle are driven to the high grounds.

My knowledge of the agriculture of this Territory, it will be well to mention, is derived from visits made to the various settlements, except Fort Langley and Fort Hall.

The Indians on the different islands in Puget's Sound and Admiralty inlet cultivate potatoes principally, which are extremely fine and raised in great abundance, and now constitute a large portion of their food.

At Nisqually the Hudson Bay Company had fine crops of wheat, oats, peas, potatoes, &c. The wheat, it was supposed, would yield fifteen bushels to the acre. The farm has been two years under cultivation, and is principally intended for a grazing and dairy farm. They have now seventy uiled cows, and a smoke, butter, &c., to supply their contract with the Russians.

The Cowitz farm is also in the western section, the produce of wheat is good—about twenty bushels to the acre. The ground, however, has just been brought under cultivation. The company have here 600 acres, which are situated on the Cowitz river, about thirty miles from the Columbia, and the former are about erecting a saw mill.

Several Canadians are also established here, who told me that they succeeded well with but little work. They have erected buildings, live comfortably, and work small farms of 30 or 40 acres.

I was told that the stock on these farms did not thrive as well as elsewhere. There are no low prairie grounds on the river, in this vicinity, and it is too far for them to resort to the Kamas plains, a fine grazing country, but a few miles distant.

The wolves make sad depredations with the increase of their flock. It is not well for hogs.

The hilly portion of the country, although its soil in many places is very good, is yet so heavily timbered as to make it, in the present state, of the...
Travels in the Great Western Prairies.

country, valuable; this is also the case with many fine portions of level ground. There are, however, large tracts of fine prairie, suitable for cultivation, and ready for the plough.

The Willamette valley is supposed to be the finest of the country, though I am of opinion that many parts of the southern portion of the Territory will be found superior to it. The largest settlement is in the northern part of the valley, some 15 miles above the falls. About 60 families are settled there, the industrious of whom appear to be thriving. They are composed of American missionaries, trappers, and Canadians, who were formerly settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. All of them appear to be doing well; but I was on the whole disappointed, from the reports that had been made to me, not to find the settlement in a state of greater forwardness, considering the advantages the missionaries have had.

In comparison with our own country, I would say that the labor necessary in this Territory to acquire wealth or subsistence is in the proportion of one to three; or, in other words, a man must work through the year three times as much in the United States, to gain the like competency. The care of stock, which occupies so much time with us, requires no attention there, and on the increase only a man might find support.

The wheat of this valley yields 35 to 40 bushels for one sown, or 25 to 35 bushels to the acre; its quality is superior to that grown in the United States, and its weight nearly four pounds to the bushel heavier. The above is the yield of new land; but it is believed it will greatly exceed this after the third crop, when the land has been broken up and well tilled.

After passing into the middle section, the climate undergoes a decided change; in place of the cool and moist atmosphere, one that is dry and arid, is entered, and the crops suffer from drought.

The only wood or bush seen is the worm-wood, (artemisia,) and this only in places. All cultivation has to be more or less carried on by irrigation.

The country bordering the Columbia, above the Dalles, to the north and south of the river, is the poorest in the Territory, and has no doubt led many to look upon the middle section as perfectly unfit for any purposes on either side of the river are; but beyond that a fine grazing country exists, and in very many places there are portions of it that might be advantageously farmed. On the banks of the Wallawalla, a small stream emptying into the Columbia, about 20 miles from the company's post, a missionary is established, who raises very fine wheat on the low bank by using its water for the purpose of irrigation. This is also the case at the mission station at Lapwai, on the Loos-koss-kie, where fine crops are raised; grains, vegetables and some fruits thrive remarkably well. In the northern part of this section, at Chimacum, there is another mission station. Near the Spokane, and at Colville, the country is the Soil of the 24 hours, but are not injurious to the small grain. The cultivation of fruit has been successful.

Fisheries.—It will be almost impossible to give an idea of the extensive fisheries in the rivers and on the coast. They all abound in salmon of the finest flavor, which run twice a year, beginning in May and October, and appear inexhaustible; the whole population live upon them. The Columbia produces the largest, and probably affords the greatest numbers. These are some few of the branches of the Columbia that the spring fish do not enter, but are plentifully supplied in the fall.

The great fishery of the Columbia is at the Dalles; but all the rivers are well supplied. The last one on the northern branch of the Columbia is near Colville, at the Kettle falls; but salmon are found above this in the river and its tributaries.

In Fraser's salmon are said to be very numerous, but not large; they are unable to get above the falls some 80 miles from the sea.

In the rivers and sounds are found several kinds of salmon, salmon trout, sturgeon, eel, sole, flounders, ray, perch, herring, lamprey eels, and a kind of smelt, called "shrow," in great abundance; also large quantities of shell fish, viz: crabs, clams, oysters, muscles, &c., which are all used by the natives, and constitute the greatest proportion of their food.

Whales in numbers are found along the coast, and are frequently captured by the Indians in and at the mouth of the straits of Juan de Fuca.

Game.—Abundance of game exists, such as elk, deer, antelope, bears, wolves, foxes, muskrats, martins, beavers, a few grizzly bears and stellers, which are eaten by the Canadians. In the middle section, or that designated as the rolling prairie, no game is found. In the eastern section the buffalo is met with. The fur-bearing animals are decreasing in numbers yearly, particularly south of the parallel of 48°; indeed it is very doubtful whether they are sufficiently numerous to repay the expense of hunting them.

The Hudson's Bay Company have almost the exclusive monopoly of this business. They have decreased, owing to being hunted without regard to season. This is not, however, the case to the north; there the company have been left to exercise their own rule, and the indiscriminate slaughter of either old or young, out of the proper season.

In the spring and fall, the rivers are literally covered with geese, ducks, and other water fowl.

In the eastern section, the buffalo abound, and are hunted by the Oregon Indians, as well as the Black Fort. Wolves are troublesome to the settlers, but they are not so numerous as formerly.—From the advantages this country possesses, it bids fair to have an extensive commerce on advantageous terms with most parts of the Pacific. It is well calculated to produce the following, which, in a few years after its settlement, would become its staple: furn, salted beef and pork, fish, grain, flour, wood, hides, tallow, timber, and perhaps coal. A ready market for all these is now to be found in the Pacific; and in return for them, sugar, coffee, and other tropical productions, may be had at the Sandwich Islands —advantages that few new countries possess, viz: the facility of a
market, and one that in time must become of immense extent.

Manufacturing power.—This country, it is believed, affords as many sites for water power as any other, and in many places within reach of navigable waters. The timber of the western section, to the south of 49°, is not so good as that of the north. This is imputed to the climate being milder and more changeable. A great difference is found between the north and south sides of the trees, the one being of a hard and close grain, while the other is open and sappy.

To the north of the parallel of 49°, on Fraser's river, an abundance of fine timber, for spars of any dimensions, is easily obtained.

These will be designed for the timber of this country at high prices throughout the Pacific. The oak is well adapted for ship timber, and abundance of ash, cedar, cypress, and arbor vitae, may be had for fuel, fencing, &c.; and, although the southern part of the middle section is destitute of timber, it may be supplied from the eastern or southern districts by water carrying.

Intercommunication would at first appear to be difficult between the different parts of the country, but I take a different view of it.

Stock of all kinds thrive exceedingly well, and they will in consequence always abound in the Territory. The soil affords every advantage for making good roads, and, in process of time, transportation must become comparatively cheap.

Settlements.—They consist principally of those belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and where the missionaries have established themselves. They are as follows: In the western section, Fort Simpson, Fort McLaughlin, Fort Langley, Nisqually, Cowichan, Vancouver, and Umpqua; Fort St. James, Barbine, Alexandria, Chiloquin, Kamloops, (on Thompson's river); Okanagan, Colville, and Wallawalla, in the middle; and in the eastern, Kootanie and Fort Hall.

Fort Boise has been abandoned, as has also Kaima, a missionary settlement on the Kootaneooske.

These forts, being situated for the most part near the great fisheries, are frequented by the Indians, who bring their furs to trade for blankets, &c., at the same time they come to lay in their yearly supply of salmon.

Vancouver is the principal depot from which all supplies are furnished, and to which returns are made.

At Vancouver, the village is separated from the fort and nearer the river. In addition to its being the depot of the Hudson's Bay Company, there is now attached to it the largest farm of the Puget Sound Company, the stockholders of which are generally the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. They have now farms in successful operation at Vancouver, Cowichan, Nisqually, Colville, Fort Langley, and the Fuaditine plains, about 10 miles from Vancouver, all of which are well stocked, and supply the Russian post at Sitka, under contract, with a variety of articles raised on them. They have introduced large heads and flocks into the Territory from California, and during our stay there several thousand head were imported. They are thus doing invaluable good to the Territory, and rendering it more valuable for future settlers. At the same time, this exerts an influence in domesticating the Indians, not only by changing their habits, but food, and attaching them to a locality.

The Indians of the Territory are not wandering race, as some have asserted, but change for food only, and each successive season will generally find them in their old haunts, seeking it.

The settlements established by the missionaries are at the Willamette, the Wallawalla, and Chalco, in the western section, and at the Dalles, Wallawalla, Lapwai, and Chimakone, on the Spokane, in the middle.

Those of the middle section are succeeding well; and although little progress has been made in the conversion of the Indians to Christianity, yet they have done much good in planting some of the vices and teaching some of the useful arts, particularly that of agriculture, and the construction of houses, which has had the effect in a measure to attach them to the soil. The men now rear and tend their cattle, plant their potatoes and corn, which latter they exchange for buffalo meat with those who farm. The squaws tend their household, and employ themselves in knitting and weaving, which they have been taught. They raise on their small patches corn, potatoes, melons, &c., irrigating the land for that purpose. There are many villages of Indians still existing, though greatly reduced in numbers from former estimates.

Population.—It is extremely difficult to ascertain, with accuracy, the amount of population in the Territory. The Indians change to their different abodes as the fishing seasons come round, which circumstance, if not attended to, would produce very erroneous results.

The following is believed to be very nearly the truth; if any thing, it is overrated:

Vancouver Island, surrouind'd by
paleisades, wath bastions at their corners, enclosing the houses and stores of the company, sufficient to protect them against the Indians, but in no
way to be considered as forts. A few Indians reside near them, who are dependent for their food
and employment on them.

These forts, being situated for the most part near the great fisheries, are frequented by the Indians, who bring their furs to trade for blankets, &c., at the same time they come to lay in their yearly supply of salmon.

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It no doubt has been one of the causes effecting the decrease of the native tribes, as it was formerly almost the only article of trade.

In the event of this Territory being taken possession of, the necessity of circumscribing the use and sale of spirits cannot be too strongly insisted upon by legal enactment, both to preserve order and avoid expense.

As far as the Indians have come under my notice, they are an inoffensive race, except those in the northern parts. The depredations committed on the whites may be traced to injuries received, or are from superstitious motives.

Missionaries.—Little has yet been effected by them in christianizing the natives. They are principally engaged in the cultivation of the mission farms, and in the care of their own stock, in order to obtain flocks and herds for themselves, most of them having selected lands. As far as my personal observation went, in the part of the country where the missionaries reside, there are very few Indians to engage their attention; and they seemed more occupied with the settlement of the country and in agricultural pursuits than missionary labors.

When there, I made particular inquiries whether laws were necessary for their protection, and I felt fully satisfied that they require none at present, besides the moral code it is their duty to inculcate.

The Catholic portion of the settlement, who form a large majority, are kept under good control by their priest, who is disposed to act in unison with the other missionaries in the proper punishment of all bad conduct.

I cannot close this report without doing justice to the officers of the Hudson Bay Company's service for their kind and gentlemanly treatment to us while in the Territory, and bearing testimony that, during all my intercourse, and in their dealings with others, they seemed to be guided by but one rule of conduct highly creditable to them, not only as business men, but gentlemen.

They afforded us every assistance that was in their power both in supplies and in means to accomplish our duties; there are many persons in the country who bear testimony to the aid and kindness rendered them in their outposts; and of their hospitality it is needless to speak, for it has become proverbial.

To conclude, few portions of the globe, in my opinion, are to be found so rich in soil, so diversified in surface, or so capable of being rendered the happy abode of an industrious and civilized community. For beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate, it is not surpassed. It is peculiarly adapted for an agricultural and pastoral people, and no part of the world beyond the tropics can be found that will yield so readily with moderate labor, to the wants of man.