CARAVAN - TRAPPERS CROSSING THE RIVER, ETC.

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

The preparation of the latter loses much time, sufficient buffalo must be killed at once to furnish the hides, and while one party is in search of these another is removing the goods from the larger wagons and taking the bodies from the wheels. Hides are sewed and stretched over them and the contents of all the other vehicles transferred. The boats are then floated over by the men wading and swimming along side. Canadian trappers display wonderful good nature on such occasions, singing their simple French songs, but when any fighting is to be done, the Kentuckian and Missourian take precedence by long odds.
The incident of the sketch is an every-day occurrence. Parties of from two to four men start out every morning after breakfast in different directions, to supply provision for the camp. Having been unsuccessful on the prairie, they have come down to the banks of the river "Eau Sucre," and in default of buffalo, are now ready to bag anything that offers; mountain pheasant, hare, geese, ducks, and "such small deer" are welcomed.

The Rocky Mountain pheasant is totally unknown in the States, being nearly as large as a full grown turkey, feeding principally on artemesia gave a wild and rather bitter taste to the flesh. The hare of this part of the country is also "sui generis," and in taste not perceptably different from rabbit. A large tortoise was occasionally captured, altogether different from any we had before seen. Its outside shell (top and bottom) was soft.
THE GRIZZLY BEAR

The Indians have just driven the bear from his covert among some wild cherry bushes, which fruit is decidedly one of his weaknesses, of it he is remarkably fond. They are preparing to run him, giving him at the same time a wide berth, knowing very well the formidable qualities of the brute they have to deal with. As an arrow sometimes fails to pierce his body, owing to thick matted hair, they aim usually at the head, the most vulnerable part.

The greatest narratives at the camp fire are in connection with this animal. One of the most singular was that of a man named Glass. He with some companions on foot, shot at a bear but only wounded him, and now a chase commenced. He called to the others to run, and in doing so himself, tripped and fell. By the time he rose and looked round, the beast confronted him. As he closed on him Glass, never losing his presence of mind, discharged his pistol full into the body of the animal, at the same moment that the other fixed his claws deep into his flesh and rolled him on the ground. By the time his companions reached the spot he was covered with blood and the bear dead lying upon his body, both appeared dead. The others pulled the bear from him, took his arms and returned to camp. Months elapsed, the company was returning to the fort when they saw a man slowly approaching by the banks of the river. As he came nearer their eyes rested on a cadaverous figure, with a head so disfigured as
to be unknown. The astonishment of the party may be conceived when they heard a well known voice call out, "Hallo Bill, you thought I was gone under, didn't you? Hand over my horse and fixens, I ain't dead yet by a cussed sight." It was the veritable Glass whom they had left with the bear. In his recital he stated that after a time he recovered his senses and fed on the bear. As soon as he could gain strength sufficient, he took a supply of meat with him, and on it and berries subsisted until he reached the fort, a distance of 60 miles.
ROOT DIGGERS

These wanderers are a branch from the great tribe of Snake Indians, and call themselves Shoshocoes, in contradistinction probably to Shoshonees, the name of the parent tribe. They are very poor, and subsist mainly on the roots of the earth, but a mild inoffensive race. The trappers stated to us that they were not permitted by the warlike tribes to hunt the buffalo. "Hark you, Clinker (says the eccentric Matthew Bramble) you are convicted by your own showing of poverty, sickness and of being a vagabond, and have not a friend in the wide world, this is highly reprehensible and for it you deserve condign and exemplary punishment." Here is your sentence varlets! and it is meted out to you by your brother Indians. Thank your stars that you do not live near a civilized community. There would be something worse in store for you. They are somewhat ingenious, and construct bowls and jugs out of a kind of basket work, lined with wax. They make a serviceable rope also from hemp found in their vicinity.
INDIAN COUNCIL

We had several opportunities while at the Rendezvous on Green River of attending their councils. Old men generally officiated as speakers, while before them sat the sages and warriors, generally in squatting positions, interspersed with chiefs on horseback, everyone as rigid as the statue of the Commendatore in "Don Giovani." Each had his turn to harangue amid the most profound silence, and such sentences as were translated to me were short and pithy prologues mixed up with considerable boasting. Their enemies were cowards, serpents with forked tongues, cheats, etc. With a compliment to their own nation, their wish to be at peace and to bury the hatchet, one orator would conclude and the next take the parole.

History has preserved many eloquent speeches of the Indians. The one taking precedence is that said to have been delivered to Lord Dunmore by Logan, a Shawnee chief. It will be found in Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia."
SHOSHONEE INDIANS FORDING A RIVER.

A camp of Indians leaving an enemy in the rear, journeying towards the river, ford it, continue their course along its banks for a time, and then recross. This stratagem is effected to baffle their pursuers, throw them out, and afford no clue to their whereabouts. A whole village moves off in this manner with short notice, tents and lodges being packed on mules, while the poles are secured by their ends and trail on the ground.

They have with them a goodly number of dogs not only for active service but as a reserve against scarcity of provisions.

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

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

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

The Indians and trappers after having prepared it properly, fold it in smoked buckskin, and stow it away either for winter consumption or as a provision in making journeys where game is scarce.
"Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
The mountain lake beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With Promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

The most favorable time to view these lakes (to an artist especially) was early in the morning or towards sunset. At these times one side or the other would be thrown into deep purple masses, throwing great broad shadows, with sharp light glittering on the extreme tops, while the opposite mountains received their full complement of warm, mellow and subdued light, thus forming a "Chiaro obscuro" and contrast most essential to the picturesque in color. An attempt has been made to reach this in the sketch. This was the only lake we saw that had an island, the scene in reality was charming but would have required the pencil of a Stanfield, Turner or Church, in giving it due effect and rendering it complete justice. Patiently it awaits the coming man.
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INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW FORDING A RIVER

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

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

This hero would not bear too close an examination, any more than would many civilized heros. We should find him likely to be a selfish tyrant, cheat and murderer, a man of seven principles; 1.3., five loaves and two fishes, continually debating in his mind where is to be his next field of plunder, whose homes he will next desolate, and in the end leaving a name "linked to one virtue and a thousand crimes." A large margin must be given however in charity to the Indian, having never been taught differently he solemnly believes that what he does is "comme il faut" and as his own people will not call his acts in question, it serves only to confirm him in his belief.
CROSSING THE DIVIDE

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

The question may be asked why we did not take water along with us. The answer is, that it would have been an innovation on established custom. Nobody did any such thing, it was looked on as effeminate, to say nothing of the ridicule and rough jests with which the reformer would be pelted.
THE GREETING

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

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

It was soon evident that they could not hold out, in short, one after another toppled over. The conqueror had it all his own way and overpowering sleep came to their relief.
DODGING AN ARROW — CROWS

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

In skirmishing on horseback he makes a target of his horse, watching the deadly arrow of his adversary, he quick as lightning clings to his horse's neck, dropping his body to the opposite side, exposing but a part of his arm and leg to his enemy. Sometimes he holds on simply by the heel, while the horse is in full motion. In such an attitude he will discharge his arrows under the horse's neck, recovering his seat in a moment. This is only attained by long practice. A broken neck certainly awaits any one who tries to accomplish the feat for the first time.
MOONLIGHT - CAMP SCENE

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

During the recital there was a running commentary from the trappers, "Wawgh, he was some" - "had old grit in him" - "could take the gristle off a darned panther's tail" etc.
INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON THE "EAU SUCRE" RIVER

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

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

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

The scene is on the River "Eau Sucre." Two Indian women are seated on its borders, and in the distance an encampment. In the immediate foreground is an Indian canoe made of birch-wood bark. These boats are light and swift, are beautifully modelled, and remind one much of the gondolas of Venice.
At rare intervals females take the field in pursuit of game, or catching horses. They are not well adapted to this service, but either through a frolic or at the command of the inexorable mother, necessity, she tries her hand. The saddle on which she rides is so constructed that she cannot readily fall, it is a high demi-pique, the pommel being near 2 feet high. To this she fastens one end of the lariat, the other end is coiled with the noose in her hand. The sketch represents her in the act of throwing the lariat, and from inexperience, she makes several ineffectual throws before the intention is accomplished. The fact of her requiring a saddle however, fixes on her an indelible disgrace in the eyes of the male Indian, who regards such effeminacy with contempt.
BUFFALO TURNING ON HIS PURSUERS

Hunters after wounding the buffalo, and seeing him fall, sometimes alight from their horses and approach. In this case they have reckoned without their host. The animal has again regained his feet and gives battle. One of them, to escape his fury, has thrown down his blanket in order to have time to regain his saddle. On this unlucky blanket the buffalo is expanding his fury, under the pleasing delusion that he is pitching into somebody, and while so engaged, another shot is preparing for him which gives him his quietus.

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

Every day at twelve o'clock the caravan halts, the horses are permitted to feed and rest, men receive their dinner, and then take a siesta. "Sleep that knits up the ravell's sleeve of care." The time, however, was too valuable to indulge in this luxury, so immediately after our halt I would mount the wagon seat, get out my portfolio and go to work. Our Captain who took great interest in this matter, came up to me one day while so engaged and said, "You should sketch this and that thing" etc., "Well," I answered (possibly with a slight asperity) "if I had a half dozen pair of hands, it should have been done." The Captain, smiling, "That would be a great misfortune." "Why?" "Because it would be very expensive in the matter of kid gloves." The absurdiety required no answer.

A guard is stationed, of course, on the bluffs to prevent surprise and also to look after horses, for "some must watch while others sleep, thus runs the world away."
HUNTING ELK

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

The Indians manufacture a beautiful buckskin from their hides, very soft and strong, with which they make leggings, giving it a rich tint by a peculiar process of smoking. They form of it also sacks to carry their pemmican, and jerked meat, and from the horns they make their most efficient bows.

The scene represented in the sketch is near a bluff in the vicinity of the upper waters of the Nebraska River. The herds of elk rarely number more than 4 or 5 hundred.
THE LOST GREENHORN

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

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

Afterwards he described to us his adventures. In about an hour's ride from the camp he encountered a large herd of buffalo but found his trepidation and excitement so great that, although in running them he approached near enough, he could not shoot one. In the mean time they had led him off so far that he had lost his reckoning, and wandered about until night, completely bewildered. He laid down on the prairie, hungry and exhausted,
and tried to sleep. As he began to doze, he was awakened by a
great noise. Raising his head he found a large herd of buffalo
making directly towards him. By shouting and action they swerved
and passed him without injury. The next morning he was fortunate
enough to find some wild plums and berries, and on these he had
subsisted until our hunters discovered him. John gave no further
trouble after this, but attended to his duty as cook, with becom-
ing resignation.
BREAKING UP CAMP AT SUNRISE

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

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

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

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

The sketch represents the interior of a lodge and a Snake Indian entertaining a free trapper at the feast. The latter is engaged in recounting some adventure to his host, partly by his limited knowledge of the Indian language and by signs. To the right is seated an Indian woman who watches his every movement with intense interest. She has no doubt often heard of the extravagant generosity of these reckless fellows, and worships him accordingly.

We often had opportunities of attending these feasts, but an invitation to one in the valley of Green River posed us - it was to a "dog feast." Now, in the course of our time we have made some efforts to get rid of foolish prejudices of one kind or other, but here was one "that fire would not melt out of us." In order to hold a consultation we visited an old "bourgeois" trapper. He said we had better go. But how about the dog meat? "Oh, we can manage that." He than called a trapper who in consideration of our promising to give him a paper of vermillion (one ounce) would arrange the matter. On the day appointed the vermillion was forthcoming. We sat by the trapper at the feast, who ate our share, seemed to enjoy it too, and the etiquette appeared satisfactory to our hosts in every respect.
In comparing the Shoshonee or Snake Indians, with other tribes on our route, we found them superior in many points. Their horses and equipment were better, they were more friendly, social and hospitable. This latter trait is remarkable among uncivilized people. The Arabs are famous for it. Ledyard and Mungo Park were relieved and cheered by it, among the benighted Africans and Asiatics, and other travellers give testimony to its truth, who have visited the different Indian tribes of North America. We have encamped in the midst of 3000 snake Indians near the Rocky Mountains, and maintained their good will as long as we sojourned with them. They would send out war partyed against Blackfoot and other tribes, but our intercourse was extremely satisfactory.

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

The view presented is a quiet evening scene, with Snake Indians looking for a good fording place on their way to the camp from a hunting excursion,
SNAKE INDIAN PURSUING A CROW HORSE THIEF

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

The Snakes and Crows being in close proximity near the Rocky Mountains, are in frequent collision, and of course do each other as much harm as possible. They make forays into each others districts, to redress grievances that increase instead of diminish, and while in the valley of Green River, we received three scalps from the Snakes, presented to us as a great favor, from a successful war party that came into camp. They, to be sure, had a grand war dance before the delivery, and were somewhat un-heroic in boasting. A strong parallel might be drawn between these people and the ancient Spartans, (see Plutarch's Lycurgus).
LAKE - WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS

The sketch will do more than any words we can use in giving an idea of the sublimity, and beauty of this scene. To the left a solid immense rock rises sheer out of the water to a great height, its dark grey shadow forming a striking contrast to the sharp-pinnacled, snow covered mountains in the distance.

Our leader had caused two ankers of brandy and port wine to be placed on a mule, and when we reached the borders of this charming lake, it was resolved to christen them the same night. We are compelled to draw a sleight veil over the proceedings. Suffice it to say it was a time (as the trappers style it) of "high Jinks." Gentlemen will mix their liquors - wit came from some that were never suspected of having before such an article about them and "all went merry as a marriage bell." On retiring that night they went to bed without candles, it was found advisable to let them lie under the first bush the happened to fall, invoking for them Stern's charitable sentiment, that "the recording angel in writing down the accounts would drop a tear and blot them out forever."