SNAKE INDIAN AND HIS DOG.

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

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

INDIAN GIRLS SWINGING

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

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

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

"That floats as wild as mountain breezes
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases!"

WESTERN LOG CABIN

This building, situated at that time on the western frontier of the United States, was the last house we encountered previous to entering on the wilderness. It was inhabited by a Shawnee Indian, who for a wonder had been benefited by civilization, for he here cultivated successfully about 100 acres of arable land and had everything in plenty around him..

The main building was probably 50 feet in length, flanked by kitchen and offices, built of logs, dovetailed at the corners, with a hall through the center about 15 feet wide, and was altogether a most comfortable country residence.

Here we witnessed an Indian marriage and after it came a feast, the tables spread with a profusion of substantials, music and dancing closing the ceremony.

We encamped here for about a week, purchasing mules, and making our final preparation for a savage life.

LARAMIE'S FORT

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

Over the ground entrance is a large block house or tower, in which is placed a cannon. The interior is possibly 150 feet square, a range of houses built against the palisades entirely surround it, each apartment having a door and window overlooking the interior court. Tribes of Indians encamp here 3 or 4 times a year, bringing with them peltries to be traded or exchanged for dry goods, tobacco, vermillion, brass and diluted alcohol.

Fontenel was in command of the fort and received us with kindness and hospitality. We noticed around his apartment some large, first class engravings, from which we drew conclusions that were most favorable to Mr. Fontenel. This gentleman afterwards accompanied us to the Rocky Mountains, where he distinguished himself for speed of foot in running from a grizzly bear; he having no gun with him at the time.

CAMP RECEIVING A SUPPLY OF MEAT

As there are about 120 men to be provided for daily in our company, it may readily be conceived that great care was taken in the selecting of hunters to the camp. Very often, going out alone, the hunter is apt to encounter hostile Indians, so that in addition to his being a prime marksman, courage and perseverence were requisite.

Selecting the "buffler" (buffalo) "seal-fat", he takes the finest morsels; hump, rib, fleece, tongue, and side ribs; packs them and then away to camp. While the animals are being unladen, he rests apart, probably smoking his kinnick-kinnick and tobacco, the trappers in the mean time, gather around to learn of his adventures. If he has seen sings of"Injins" on the "paraira" or least-wise "b'ar?" If the last, he tells where the sign is; if the former, he likely answers "Injins is about, this nigger says so." "Blackfeet at that." This produces a flurry and at night an extra guard is set, horses hobbled or well secured, and guns put in order.

The government of a band of this kind is somewhat despotic, being composed of a heterogeneous mass of people from all sections, free and company trappers, traders, half-breeds, and Indians. Our leader was admirably calculated for it, as he understood well the management of unruly spirits. He had served under Wellington in the Peninsular campaigns and at the battle of Waterloo, indeed seemed to be in a measure composed of the same iron that formed the "Great Duke" himself. It was amusing to see how he managed belligerents. Two men in the camp one day commenced fighting. It was reported to him and he said, "Let them alone." Finally one was dreadfully beaten and put "hors de combat." On this being reported he sent for the vanquished, who presented himself in a sorry plight. "You have been fighting and are whipped". "Oui, mon Capitan." "By Jove, I am heartily glad to hear it," quoth the Captain, "I am certain ~~you~~ have nothing to boast of. Go." He then sent for the conqueror, who approached his presence with a jaunty, impudent look. "You have whipped Louis?" "C'est vrai." Whereupon the Captain told him if he ever heard of his boasting, in any manner, he would dismount him and make him walk for a week. This was cold comfort for our hero, who expected to be congratulated, But the efficacy of the treatment was most effectual;- no more fighting took place in the camp. To whip a man and then not to be able to brag of it was not what they bargained for.

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE

The sketch represents "our mess" at the morning meal. Jean, who is pouring out coffee, although he is more shapeless that a log of wood, seems to our hungry eyes more graceful that Hebe dispensing nectar, and the plate service of the table is of capital tin ware, and the etiquette rigid in some particulars. For instance, nothing in the shape of a fork must be used. With the "bowie" knife you separate a large rib from the mass before you, hold firmly to the smaller end and your outrageous appetite teaches all the rest. The mode of sitting is cross-legged, like a Turk. Indians are looking on patiently in order to be ready for the second table.

On one occasion our Commander who had purchased some boxes of sardines at St. Louis (intending to keep them in reserve for sickness or scarcity of meat) ordered one of the boxes on the table. A trapper opened it, exclaimed "fish", and emptied the whole box onto his plate. Seeing this, the Captain ordered out the whole lot, as he saw that nothing short of this would go round. They were all soon dispatched, & although it was rather a dear breakfast to our host, it gave him a prime after dinner story for England.

PIERRE

The subject of the sketch was at the time about 17 years of age, a half breed Canadian, his mother being an Indian woman and his father from Canada, his complexion assuming "the shadow'd livery of the burning sun." Although so young, he was one of our most active and successful hunters. He wears in his hat, by way of ornament, two turkey feathers, a fox-tail-brush, and his dear darling pipe - his solace in all his troubles. An elegant writer has said, "He who doth not smoke, hath either known no griefs or refuseth himself the safest consolation next to that which comes from Heaven." Pierre had never read this but when he suffered from thirst, he smoked, when the buffalo vexed him, he smoked, when joyous, he smoked, and when in some sorrow. Pierre "went under" some years since from an attack of his old enemies, the buffaloes. He tumbled from his mule into the river one day and was fished out nearly drowned. As soon as he recovered breath, our Captain, who was fond of sounding people on the breast (not by any means to ascertain the strength of their lungs but looking after hidden motives and springs of action) asked Pierre in French what he was thinking about while drowning. The answer was, "Je le pense a Montreal" the place where he was from. This we believe is almost invariably the case. In drowning all the noted events of life rush through our thoughts in a moment, and Pierre recurred to that of his infancy.

CHIMNEY ROCK

A remarkable formation about 900 miles west of St. Louis, near the Platte River. The shaft of the column, when we saw it, might have been 150 feet in height, composed of clay with strata of rock running through it at intervals. In its immediate neighborhood are formations not less singular, to which the trappers have given names indicative of their approach in form in civilized life; the court house, cathedral, etc. We had here a sight of an animal that is rarely seen and said by the trappers to be invulnerable to powder and ball. This is the carcagieu. It was about the size of a large dog, dark brown (almost black) in color, and body long. The trappers tell the most incredible stories of its ferocity and believe it to be a cross between the bear and the wolf. They secure their game by lying concealed in a tree or clump of bushes, until a deer or antelope passes beneath, when they spring upon the animal's back and holding on with sharp claws soon bring him to the ground. Wolverine,

INDIAN GUIDE

The Commander, with his Indian guide and interpreter, has left the caravan on the plain and advanced to a "butte" or bluff to reconnoitre, to see how the land lies, and to interrogate the guide.

While availing himself of this useful and indispensable auxiliary, it nevertheless behooves him to keep a sharp look-out in order to guard against ambush and treachery. These guides are often picked up haphazard on the prairie, having sometimes their own projects in view. From these elevated bluffs an extended view is had in all directions over the prairie, so that, with the aid of the compass, the hills and river courses, a pretty accurate testing of the guide's knowledge of the locality and his ability as a pilot may be reached.

The conversation is carried on by signs when the interpreter is at fault, comprehensible enough for all useful purposes, and readily understood.

WOUNDED BUFFALO

The hunters have detached a buffalo from the main band, wounded him and he is down on his haunches, by no means conquered, he is gathering up his energies for a final struggle with his unrelenting pursuers, hunters and horses both being on the alert keeping a chary distance and watchful eye. Once more on his feet, his onset from his great weight (about 2500 pounds) is terrible, but he strikes now as the boxers have it, "all abroad," being blinded with rage and pain. All will not do, the cunning of man is too much for him, while he is furiously attacking one party, another with a well aimed ball strikes a fatal part, which brings him heavily down, bellowing loud enough to make Morpheus himself, his defiant eye glaring to the last, and seemingly to ask no quarter.

In the middle distance the hunters are chasing the retreating band, it is impossible to resist the excitement and all go in pell mell.

A portion of the Wind River chain of mountains looms up in the distance, the tops covered with snow so dazzling that the eye can scarcely bear its brilliancy.

RUNNING BUFFALO

The scene of action is near the Cut Rocks. An Indian on a well trained horse has separated a buffalo from the herd and is about to have a shot at him, others are going pell mell after the retreating herd among the hills in the background. In the immediate foreground is a horse unaccustomed to the chase, frightened at the unwieldy brute's noise and the confusion about him.

The prairie is admirably adapted to these hunts, from its level surface, freedom from bogs, quick sands, and interruptions of any kind. Hunters of the fox in civilized life would consider this hard work, indeed to make a successful hunter of these huge brutes, requires long practice, both of man and horse, and is always attended with more or less danger. Greenhorns in their first attempts are sure to make awful blunders, and wonder why it is that so large an animal is so difficult to hit, for even if they do, their ball is thrown away from not striking a vital part. The upper part of the head is invulnerable from the mass of hair that covers it, rendering it ball-proof.

PIERRE AND THE BUFFALO

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

His usual pracitce in hunting the buffalo was, as he expressed it, to have "lots of fun." For this purpose, after wounding the animal, he would commence tantalizing him, either by displaying a red cloth or, in default of this, running at him suddenly, whooping and causing the animal to chase him in its rage and agony. All the caution from his elder and more experienced brother could not induce him to desist, the hair-breadth 'scape was a complete infatuation. A buffalo when wounded fights to the last and dies game. Incidents were not rare in which he would receive a dozen balls before falling, dashing into a stream if any was near to cool his blood occasionally. The Indians admire and reverence this brave spirit in the animal.

LAKE SCENE - WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS

The tourist who journeys to Europe in search of a new sensation, must by this time find that his vocation is nearly gone. Italy and its wonders have been described so often that they begin to pale. Egypt, the River Nile, Cairo and the pyramids have been "done" to death. Greece and her antiquities are as familiar as household words. What will the enterprising traveller do under these untoward circumstances? Well, here is a new field for him. These mountain lakes have been waiting for him thousands of years, and could afford to wait thousands of years longer, for they are now as fresh and beautiful as if just from the hands of the Creator. In all probability, when we saw them not 20 white men had ever stood on their borders. A single lake and Mount Blanc are the wonders of Europe, but here are mountains and lakes from Tehuantepec to the Frozen Ocean in the north, or upwards of 50 degrees - nearly one seventh of the globe - ample room and verge enough, one would think, for a legion of tourists.

SNAKE INDIANS TESTING BOWS

While Indians are resting in camp, one of their chief amusements (if their evil star is not in the ascendant) is a trial of skill with the elkhorn bow. Of course a wager is laid in order to give zest to the trial and earnestness to the matter on hand. The stakes are of a multitudinous character, "pleagh" of beaver against "conteau de chasse", beads against cloth, powder versus tobacco, etc. In the absence of any other stake, he will bet his own daughter. They are careful to select a calm day and at a distance of thirty or forty yards strike within the circumference of a quarter of a dollar. The arrow is tipped with iron and feathering, remarkable for its neatness, giving a poise true and equal, this is essential to good aim. With an elk-horn bow they sometimes drive an arrow completely through a buffalo, its propelling power being far greater than that of a yew bow. In the buffalo chase it is most effective, striking the animal in almost any part is fatal, his every movement causing the arrow to vibrate, thus cutting him to pieces.

INDIANS ON THE WAR PATH

When a tribe has a grievance through loss of any men or of depredations committed against them, the chiefs summon their young warriors, arm, dress elaborately, and set out on the "war path." All this threatens mischief, and it is by no means pleasant to meet them under such circumstances unless you have an able escort. Revenge (one of the strongest passions of an Indian) is a powerful incentive, blinding their reason and exciting their savage appetite for blood. They never stop to ascertain the innocence or guilt of the party they meet, but kill with indiscriminate slaughter.

> "Their bloody thoughts with violent pace
> Shall ne'er look back, till that a
> Capable and wide revenge
> Swallow them up."

The lance, war club, and bow are the legitimate arms they use, but they perfectly appreciate the superiority of the rifle and musket, when they can possess themselves of them.

SHOSHONEE INDIAN AND HIS PET HORSE.

If an Indian had an alternative given to him between his squaw and his horse, absolutely compelling him to take one or the other, we opine that the horse would be the first choice. He has some little show of reason for this, for what could he do without this noble and useful animal? Many a buffalo and bear has he aided his hard master in overtaking and conquering. Many a time and oft has he brought him with a whole skin out of his manifold difficulties and rascalities, frequently indeed when he was far from deserving such good offices. They are friends of old, perfectly well acquainted with each other's frailties, and make all reasonable allowances.

The subject of the sketch is an Indian caressing his horse. In the background is alodge thrown open - this is done on a fine day to admit the sun and give it an airing. Indians are in front engaged in making bows, arrows, etc.

CROW ENCAMPMENT

At this encampment we met some splendid specimens of this tribe. In one of their forays, while we remained with them, they brought in some scalps of their Indian enemies which they stretched on small hoops and tanned. We managed to get three of these relics. They varied in size from four to six inches in diameter, with long black hair attached, and appeared to be taken from the crown of the head.

Their views of the rights of property differ from ours, for instance Captain Stewart possessed a tomahawk of a peculiar make, elaborately mounted with silver, and so constructed as to form also a pipe. He was one day smoking with it, and an Indian near by asked him for the pipe. He signified that he could not give it as he wanted it himself. The Indian offered beaver skins, these were declined. After making other offers, and finding he could not prevail, the Crow then said, "You had better guard it well of I will steal it from you." The Captain, on the strength of this threat, did take particular care but in less than three days after the pipe was gone. Although he regretted the loss, yet, he said the Indian had given him fair warning and he made no further effort to recover it.

CAMP SCENE (SIOUX)

American sculptors travel thousands of miles to study Greek statues in the Vatican at Rome, seemingly unaware that in their own country exists a race of men equal in form and grace, if not superior, to the finest beau ideal ever dreamed of by the Greeks, and it does seem a little extraordinary that up to this time (as far as I am aware) not a single sculptor has thought it worth his while to make a journey among these Indians who are now sojourning on the western side of the Rocky Mountains and are rapidly passing away. Most unquestionably the sculptor who travels here and models from what he sees (supposing him to have equal power and genius) will far excel any other who merely depends on his own conception of what it ought to be.

The subject of the sketch is an Indian's home. He has planted his lodge on the borders of a small stream, screened from the prairie by hills in the middle distance, near which are some of his party.

SCOTT'S BLUFFS

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

The name above originates from a lamentable event that happened here many years ago. A band of men were proceeding to the mountains. On reaching this bluff one of the party (Scott) sickened and became so ill that after waiting a few days they were compelled to go on, they however detailed a man to remain with the sick man and bring him on when he recovered. On their return a year afterwards, they found Scott's bones near the place where he had been left. They surmised also that the man in charge becoming tired, had left him to his fate, in all liklihood he had died from starvation.

Certain appearances about these bluffs would seem to indicate that all the prairie hereabouts was at one time covered with water.

PAWNEE INDIANS MIGRATING

When the grass in the camp is eaten up by the animals and the buffalo all driven off by repeated forays against them, the Indian must then perforce break up his encampment. His natural indolence is averse to the movement but stern necessity, that rules her children with an iron rod, drives him into the measure. Nothing short of an Indian yell, that dreadful gage to battle (once heard never to be forgotten) can rouse him to his wonted activity. Now however he must leave his "dolce far niente" his solacing camp fire, pack up his moveables and go. Everything is brought in requisition, even the dogs, and it is amusing to see how well these creatures know what is in store for them. They slink away, and try to hide themselves, are secured and brought back, and are harnessed to two light poles with a transverse piece at the other end, on which is packed peltries, etc.

In a little while the whole cavalcade is in motion,

> "The world was all before them where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

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

ESCAPING FROM BLACKFEET

Black Harris and his brother trapper are here making their escape from the terrible Blackfeet, the "betes-noirs" of the Rocky Mountains. The word is "sauve qui peut" and spur and whip are both in requisition. This Black Harris always created a sensation at the camp fire, being a capital "raconteur" and having had as many perilous adventures as any man, probably, in the mountains. He was of wiry form, made of bone and muscle, with a face apparently composed of tan leather and whipcord, finished off with a peculiar blueblack tint, as if gun powder had been burnt into his face. In riding expresses for the Fur Company, in which he had no equal, he told us that in running the gauntlet among hostile Indians he laid by in the day for sleep, and rode hard all night. At times he would raise the envy of the trappers by recounting a discovery he had made somewhere in the Black Hills, of a "putrified" (petrified) forest and its wonders, and wind up with some horrible stories of butcheries among the Indians in which he bore a hand.

A PAWNEE INDIAN SHOOTING ANTELOPE

As hunters keen and active in pursuit of game, the Pawnees were well enough, in other respects we could not say much for them. A band of about 20 came down on us one day as we were encamped, and although in their war paint and looking ripe for mischief, made signs of friendship and goodwill. Our interpreter was put into communication and among other questions he was directed to ask where they were going. Our gravity was sorely tried by the answer they made us and the perfectly innocent looks that accompanied it. "Oh," said they, "we are only going over here to the mandans to try and steal a few horses." Well, well! By dint of presents, etc., we rid ourselves of them as quick as possible, a double guard was ordered out at night, and a general overhauling of all the rifles in camp, amid the curses loud and deep of the bellicose trappers.

The absurd conclusion we came to was that in all probability our horses and mules (none of the worst) might answer their purposes as well, but we could by no means spare them. In addition, we hoped that the mandans' reception of them would be so warm that they would not trouble us again.

Rock of Independence

ROCK OF INDEPENDENCE

On approaching this famous landmark, when within 10 miles of it, we were struck with its resemblance to a huge tortoise sprawling on the prairie, this appearance lessening in proportion as we came nearer. We found it composed of granite or coarse porphery, from five to six hundred feet in height, and in a prominent part were inscribed the names of the pioneers of the Rocky Mountains, among others the names of Sublette, Wythe, Campbell, Bonneville, Pilcher, etc., many carved deep into the stone. The temptation was too strong not to add our own, to make amends for this assumption and to show our zeal for others, we found a man by the name of Nelson had carved his name and to assure him of immortality we added to it "of the Nile." What a pity it is that he will never know his benefactors.

When we first came in view of the rock, buffalo were feeding under its shadow and the swift footed antelope were bounding along so fleetly and so phantom-like, we almost imagined them to embody the spirit of departed Indians again visiting their beautiful hunting grounds and scenes of former exploits.

INDIANS THREATENING TO ATTACK THE FUR BOATS

In passing down the Platte, the American Fur Company boats are constantly liable to attack from hostile Indians prowling on the banks, and who are pretty well posted in all the movements made by that company. The utmost the boats can do in the way of retreat, in case the attack is from one side, is to sheer the boat to the opposite bank.

When the body of Indians are strong in numbers and impossible to be resisted, they resort to giving "black mail" which seems to have a modifying effect sometimes; at others, hard fighting is resorted to, the victory, of course, belonging to those who can pound the hardest,

It is a dark day for the voyageurs if the boat should run aground, and they are often liable to this from the shallowness of certain portions of the river. A swivel gun which they sometimes carry scatters death and destruction among the enemy and is a most effectual weapon.

INDIAN GIRL REPOSING

Before they are 16 years of age, these girls may be said to have their hey-day, and even then if they become the wives or mates of trappers, are comparatively happy, for they generally indulge them to their heart's content. Should they become however the squaws of Indians their lives are subjected to the caprices of a tyrant too often, whose ill treatment is the rule and kindness the exception.

Nothing so strikingly distinguishes civilized from savage life as the treatment of women. It is in every particular in favor of the former.

The scene in the sketch is a sunset view on the prairie, a Shoshonee girl reclining on a Buffalo robe near a stream and some lodges and Indians in the distance.