

STORM
WAITING FOR THE CARAVAN

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

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

THE BLACKFEET

The loiterers at the camp fire on the prairie never fail to hear narratives of startling adventures by the trappers and hunters in their collisions with these implacable "mauvais subjects." They are the sworn enemies of all, Indians and white men alike. Their principle charge against the latter is, that they trespass on their beaver streams, and that they have time and again warned them off, threatening them with consequences. To all this the beaver hunters pay no heed, and are knocked on the head at the handsome average of forty or fifty per season. Undoubtedly the Blackfeet have the worst reputation for war and aggression of all the Indians of the northwest. Their very name is a terror to most of the Indian tribes, and they are so strong in numbers, so determined in their vengeance, that indiscriminate slaughter follows victory. The cloud, black as it is, has yet a silver lining. They do not torture their enemies, and when their hospitality is invoked, they consider it inviolate. The sketch represents a party of Blackfeet on the war path.

PRAIRIE SCENE - MIRAGE

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

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

INTERIOR OF FORT LARAMIE

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

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

This fort was built by Robert Campbell who named it Fort William in honor of his friend and partner William Sublette. These gentlemen were the earliest pioneers after Messrs. Lewis and Clarke and had many battles with the Indians. Once, in an encounter with the Blackfeet, they made their wills in true soldier-like fashion as they went along, appointing each the executor of the other. We had almost daily intercourse with Messrs.

Soublette and Campbell, and Governor Clarke in St. Louis, before we started. Captain Lewis had at that time deceased. In an encounter with the Blackfeet Mr. Sublette received a poison ball, from which he never recovered. I have heard that he ultimately died from it.

YELL OF TRIUMPH

After a run the hunters have brought down their game and one has mounted the back of the animal to join in an Indian yell and song, partly as a species of requiem to the buffalo for the game quality he has exhibited, but mainly as an act of self glorification for giving the "Coup de grace" to the bull.

While here, our Commander secured seven of these animals (male and female) alive, had them driven to the Missouri, embarked on a steamer for St. Louis, and thence by the same conveyance to New Orleans, here they were placed on ship board and transported to Scotland, as a present to the Marquis of Breadalbane, at Taymouth Castle. Afterwards, while sojourning in Scotland, we paid a visit to these animals. They were enclosed in a paddock, with a circumference of 5 or 6 miles, but had become completely tame, they were healthy and with an addition of 2 calves.

VISIT TO AN INDIAN CAMP

In the progress of our journey, we took especial care to see as much as possible of the Indian in his domestic life. In making such visits our men carried their rifles, as an Indian's respect for you is increased thereby, and indeed your safety depends often upon it. Whenever we found friendly Indians encamped, the inevitable pipe was brought forward and passed around, each taking 2 or 3 whiffs - this not only proclaims a welcome but is also a bond of amity and also their mode of expressing good will towards you. As they are perfectly free from care and responsibilities of all kinds, it is not wonderful that trappers and travellers soon begin to have sympathy and fondness for their mode of life. James Beckworth, a native of Virginia, who was amongst the early pioneers sent out by General Ashley of St. Louis remained upwards of 16 years in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, and absolutely became a chief of the Crow Indians, presiding at their council, leading them to battle, and marrying an Indian girl. We met him in Oregon. No part of the world (in all probability) has ever presented specimens of savage nature that will bear comparison with our North American Indians. The sculptor and historical painter will in vain look for finer models, or greater variety of costume and equipment, their bronzed complexions too forming the most admirable contrasts with the white men.

AN INDIAN CAMP

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

*Hough estimates
one million.*

When the first English settlements were formed in North America there were two millions of Indians inhabiting the vast territory between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. What has become of them all? Of the once powerful Delawares, of whom Penn bought the Keystone State, the insignificant number of 900 are all that remain and they have now to seek protection from the whites against their more numerous and war-like neighbors. The Sioux, although greatly degenerated, number over 25,000; the Pawnees are reduced to 4,000; there is a sad falling off in all, year by year.

At no distant date the mountains and prairies of the Far West will no longer be a place of refuge from the onward march of civilization and "then (as an American writer remarks) will the last Indian stand upon the verge of the Pacific seas, and his sun will have gone down forever."

The sketch presents a scene at an Indian camp, with their lodges near at hand; the principal figure wears a painted robe whereon is depicted his battles, the figures shewing a glorious

contempt for all acknowledged rules of perspective. In the foreground a female is cording a bale of dried meat, distant figures trying their bows, etc.

LAKE SCENE

"At length they came where stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep;
Here the vast lake in silver flows,
There ridge on ridge the mountain rose,
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone."

From the right a promontory or bluff projects out boldly into the midst of the lake, throwing a broad reflection into the water. Beyond this the mountains begin to rise until they reach their ultimatum in cold barren peaks of solid rock covered with snow. Although it was the month of August, we had frequent snow and hail storms, and towards evening thick overcoats were almost indispensable to comfort. In the morning one or two of the hunters would be dispatched for mountain sheep, or any other game of a size to warrant a shot, for powder and ball are precious articles here and not to be wasted; others would scramble out on the rocks to catch the finny tribe; not solely for amusement, no indeed! keen appetites and insatiable maws were in expectancy, and always ready to do justice to either fish or flesh, with a blazing fire burning briskly, "in case (as Wilkins Micawber has it) anything should turn up." After the meal we could then sit patiently and listen to some trapper relating reminiscences of his adventures - his huntings, and fightings with the Indians, and his loves with Indian beauties, forming the principal ground work of his narrative.

CARAVAN ON THE PLATTE

"We were a goodly company,
Riding o'er land or crossing o'er sea,
Oh! but we went merrily!
We forded the river and clumb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still,
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow;
All our thoughts and our words had scope,
We had health and we had hope,
Toil and travel but no sorrow."

While the train pursued "the even tenor of its way" we usually started out with the hunters in order to get sketches and observe the incidents connected with the chase, Antoine was our preference as he took more pains to carry out our wishes. His aim was so true and his knowledge of the animals' habits so perfect that he could wound a buffalo in such a manner as to make him stand stiff for a time. This would give us an opportunity to approach the fiery brute and make drawings. Sometimes A. would urge us to go closer, but on doing so the buffalo would make a plunge towards us, "his eye in a fierce phrenzy rolling." Throwing down pencil and paper, a retreat in doubly quick time would be made, at which our "fidus Achates" would laugh consumedly. On one occasion Antoine shewed me an instance of daring that we were not prepared for. After wounding a buffalo he dropped from his horse, ran swiftly up behind the animal, wrapped the tail in his hands and held on. The astonished brute,

mad with rage, turned first one way and then another, swinging A. round about as if he was a feather and lifting him completely from the ground; but he held on until the animal, completely exhausted, fell dead.

TRAPPERS ENCAMPMENT
ON THE BIG SANDY RIVER

The Trappers of the Rocky Mountains excite as much interest in the traveller as the native born Indians, perhaps they are more like them than any other class of civilized men. In their dispositions are combined simplicity mingled with ferocity. Exposed to constant danger, their wits become sharpened, making them keen observers of nature; uniting the subtlety of the savage with the intelligence of the white, they are more than a match for the former.

Their wants are few - sufficient clothing to protect them from cold and inclement weather, a rifle and ammunition; with these and without chart or compass they start out to explore the vast wilderness, encountering perils and hardships of every kind, with undaunted courage, patience and perseverance.

The scene represented in the sketch is on the "Big Sandy" near Green River, on the banks of which some beaver trappers are about to encamp in pursuit of their game. To show the callousness of these men, a traveller mentions a ludicrous incident of his camp. One night while a violent storm was raging, and the rain pouring with Niagara sluice, he heard one of his men singing by the fire; he had the curiosity to go and see what it was. It was a man sitting cross-legged in Indian fashion, with his hands over the expiring ashes. His features pinched with cold and lank and thin, wore a comically serious expression

as the electric flashes lighted them up, the rain streaming from his nose and prominent chin, and his hunting shirt hanging about him in a flabby and soaking embrace. Spite of such a situation which was anything but cheering, he was rapping out at the top of his voice a ditty, the chorus or refrain of which was, and which he gave with peculiar emphasis:

"How happy am I!
From care I'm free,
Oh, why are not all
Contented like me?"

WIND RIVER CHAIN

The scene in the sketch presents something of a birds-eye view of the great chain of Wind River Mountains, throwing up their heads against a warm evening sky, their lofty pinnacles created with snow and reflecting light with the brilliance of burning silver. Across the green plateau to the right the Caravan is seen wending its slow length along. In front of this, wild and rough rocks covered with a primeval growth of hemlocks, firs and pines, jut out into the river that is sweeping by, fed by the melting snows of the mountains.

In the immediate foreground some trappers are galloping to join a party who are on the extreme end of the bluff, looking at the "promised land" which forms their mountain home, for at the base of these they expect to meet large bands of their brother trappers with whom they promise themselves a grand carouse and drinking bout - in order to pay themselves for the abstinence they are compelled to observe in a military and well governed camp.

HUNTING ELK

The hunters have here encountered a large band of elk and are sallying out from their ambush to shoot them as they pass. At certain seasons it is quite usual to find them in herds of several hundreds coming down from the mountains and flying "enmasse" over the plain to reach the vicinity of streams or rivers. The hunters drawing forth their bows discharge their arrows as fast as they can pull them from the quiver. Being easily killed, here and there an elk is seen to drop on his haunches raising a cloud of dust - but meanwhile the great body moves on at accelerated speed to save themselves if possible.

The elk are desirable game to the Indians on account of their size and weight (their meat is coarser and the flavor inferior to deer). They secure the skins, of which they manufacture a thick and serviceable buckskin, used for leggings, and of their horns, measuring sometimes over five feet, they construct their best bows.

RENDEZVOUS

The scene represented is a broad prairie. The whole plain is dotted with lodges and tents, with groups of Indians surrounding them. In the river near the foreground Indians are bathing, to the left rises a bluff overlooking the plain whereon are stationed some Braves and Indian women. In the midst of them is Captain Bridger in a full suit of steel armour. This gentleman was a famous mountain man and we venture to say that no one has travelled here within the last 30 years without seeing or hearing of him. The suit of armour was imported from England and presented to Captain B. by our Commander. It was a facsimily of that worn by the English life guards and created a sensation when worn by him on stated occasions.

At this encampment we met the noted character "Markhead" who received such grievous treatment from a bear (already noted). A singular story of him was recounted here to us. About a year previous to making this journey, a leader of one of the bands lost some horses and, engaged at the circumstance, declared that he would give \$500 for the scalp of the Indian who had purloined them. Markhead was listening close to take this literally, although it was meant in mere bravado. In a few days thereafter Markhead brought him the scalp of the veritable Indian, giving indubitable proof of its being from the head of the delinquent, and demanded the fulfilment of the promise.

SNAKE INDIAN CAMP

"Like the murmurs of the solemn seas,
To sands on the sea shore
A voice is whispering unto me,
"The day is past" and never more
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar."

In the foreground of the sketch is an Indian "en grande Parue," armed with a bow, spear, and target,- he takes as much care to dress himself for war, as a civilized man for a bridal party or ball. To the right of him is a lodge near the base of which are represented some blood-red hands, these emblems are significant and are produced by dipping their hands in red ochre, and forming them by pressure. Some fishing canoes are seen in the distance. General Clark (one of the pioneers among the Indians) whom I visited frequently in St. Louis, stated some curious facts as regards the acuteness and sagacity of the Indian, that are worth noting. For instance, they will start on a journey for over 100 miles, either through forests or over a plain, and reach their destination without any deviation from a straight line, and it will make no difference in the result whether the sun shines or is obscured by clouds. In the same manner they will point out the place of the latter though it may be intercepted by thick clouds or fogs. They will also trace their enemy or game on leaves or grass with such unerring purpose, that it is almost impossible that either should escape. Nothing but

long experience and great attention, with close observation,
could confer on them a power of this kind.

LAKE SCENE - ROCKY MOUNTAINS

"The sun before his place of rest has reached,
Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow dell,
He had become invisible,- a pomp
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
Upon the mountain sides,- in contrast bold
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less,
Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest
A dispensation of his evening power."

Nature has been lavish in her material in this scene,- to the left huge masses of rock are piled one upon another lifting themselves skyward,- at the base, in the water, lies a mountainous boulder, brought down (no doubt) centuries past, in one of her convulsive fits;- beyond this a bluff covered with stunted vegetation pushes boldly out into the Lake, around which a neck leads to an adjoining Lake;- farther off the mountains continue to rise until they reach the region of eternal snow.

The few who have attempted to ascend the loftiest peaks, describe their first sensations to be of giddiness and headache, attended with vomiting. These attacks are so discouraging, being simultaneous, that the enterprise is often abandoned. Mackenzie, and Colonels Long and Fremont, attained the summits, the latter two gentlemen measuring the peaks that they respectively reached, varying from 14,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico.

CROSSING THE RIVER . MOONLIGHT

"Our Francois at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Jean Anglais sweats the fire to raise,
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze."

Daylight still lingers on the horizon, but the moon gives light. The Camp is belated, and a successful effort has been made to cross the river; it being shallow enough to pass the vehicles without injury to the goods they contain. On arriving at the banks of the river, late or otherwise, a crossing is effected (if possible) so as to start early on the following morning;- our purveyors are bustling to provide a supper for these hungry men, the evening meal being the most lively of any;- the work for the day being finished, they are at leisure; the incidents thereto are brought forward, commented upon and criticized; the hunters relate their adventures among the "varmint" the greenhorn listens and wishes "that heaven had made him such a man." If not too tired the Canadians get up for a dance, while others chaunt or play the tune. Last scene of all the mountaineer is stretched out with "his back to the earth his feet to the fire."

"He looks like a warrior taking his rest,
With his Buffalo robe around him."

FREE TRAPPERS IN TROUBLE.

The sketch illustrates an incident of two mountain trappers found near Independence Rock in a starving condition. On the caravan's reaching them, it was discovered that their ammunition was completely exhausted,- but on that morning one of them had succeeded in killing some rattle snakes, which were in the process of cooking on the fire. Our Captain's question to them was, "Good God, how can you eat such disgusting food." One of them answered "This child does'nt savez what disgustin' is. Wagh" In consideration of their weak state a soup was first prepared. This was followed by some bottled porter and then came some substantials in the shape of hump-ribs, etc.

On parting with them our Captain presented each with a horse, a supply of powder and shot, and a blanket, sending them on their way rejoicing and with an equipment better than ever.

THE DEVIL'S GATE

The traveller on his way to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains encounters this singular scene, about five miles beyond Independence Rock, where the Sweet Water has forced its way through a granite ridge. Colonel Fremont who seems to have measured it, thus describes it.-

"The length of the passage is about 300 ^{yards} and the width 35 yards. The walls of rock are vertical and about 400 feet in height; and the stream in the gate is almost entirely choked up by masses which have fallen from above. In the wall on the right bank is a dyke of trap rock, cutting through a fine grey granite; near the point of this ridge crop out some strata of the valley formation, consisting of a greyish sandstone and fine grey conglomerate and marl."

The sketch however will convey a better idea of the scene than any written description can possibly accomplish.

INDIAN CANOE

The Indians exercise great ingenuity, with an eye for modelling and symmetry in the construction of their canoes. From the want of proper tools they are compelled to hollow out the log by slow fires placed at intervals, removing the charred parts and again applying the fire;- this process is continued until sufficient depth is obtained, when with tomahawks and knives they trim and shape the interior with great patience and labor;- the log is then reversed, and after finishing the bottom the ends are carved precisely alike, in order that the boat may move either way when in the water.

It combines three excellent qualities, strength, lightness and durability. Three or four men readily convey them across land from one river to another. They are in great esteem and demand in making portages at the Dalles of Columbia River.

The birch bark canoe (the subject of our sketch) is still more elegant in shape and more boyant on the water, but not so strong as the former. In propelling the boat the Indians use flat paddles, two or more on each side;- the sketch will convey in idea of the boat's appearance on the river.

INDIAN TOILET

Some few pocket mirrors carried to the mountains by our people found eager customers among the Indians but the men monopolized them, having abundant use for the article in painting their faces and scanning their grim countenances;- a recreation with which they seemed never to tire. In travelling they suspended them about their necks, both as an ornament and as a matter of convenience. The poor women would have made any sacrifice to possess these baubles but not a word of expostulation or complaint was ventured. Indeed it would be of little avail. Yet fertile in expedients, the females (especially the younger) find a substitute in nature - posed on the borders of a quiet stream they may be seen watching the reflection of their dusky charms. Here, with a pomade of buffalo or bear grease, they smooth their elfin locks of course raven-black hair with complacency the "sparkling likeness" of youth and health, realize the poet's delightful sentiment -

"How noiseless falls the feet of time
That only treads on flowers."

And in a word, retire at last under the full conviction that they are "Bonne at belle assez."

ENCAMPMENT OF INDIANS

In the foreground of the sketch, the principal figure is a female sustaining her child by a fillet around her brow - this is the mode practised when she walks. In riding out the child is attached to the saddle bow. When she is engaged in any domestic employment, it is suspended from the branch of a tree, or on a tripod near the lodge.

In the background the inevitable calumet is being smoked, the violation of a friendship formed by the pipe is deemed infamous among the Indians, and hence it is of the utmost importance to join in this ceremony. It is used on some occasions as religious observance - by it they declare war and secure peace, invoking the sun and moon as witnesses to their sincerity.

It is also sometimes sent on long journeys to parties with whom they wish to join treaties. In all cases it is regarded as a solemn oath, and sacred engagement.

INDIAN COURTSHIP

The North American Indian carries his wonderful stoicism into every transaction of his life, even the tender subject of selecting a helpmate does not disturb his tranquillity - neither is he affected with the slightest romance in regard to the subject. It may as well be remarked here, once for all, that the Indian is not a sentimental creature. He brings his presents and casts them at the feet of his bronzed favorite, ostensibly for her;- but intended for the optics of the father,- these consist of cloths of brilliant colors, beaver skins, beads, trinkets, etc.

The Arabian Nights is a sealed book to her, not unlikely she has in day dreams brooded and waited for a kind of Prince "Fironz Schah" with his enchanted horse, who had but to turn a peg and mount into the air with her, to go away and be forever happy;- her Prince generally comes in the guise of a free trapper, but she has (like many another poor girl) waited in vain for the "Prince." The next best offer must now go under consideration, the belle is to be bought, it can be also surmised, that the beau may be sold, but luckily for the latter, time will only prove to his this fact.

It is remarkable that seventeen centuries before Christ appeared matters of this kind were arranged and transacted in the very same manner that we find now, amongst the Indians of the North-West.

EXPEDITION TO CAPTURE WILD HORSES

SIoux

As an Indian's riches are generally rated by the number of horses he possesses, and these (by various casualties) sometimes lessen in number, either through his war parties, stolen by other tribes, or natural deaths, it behooves him at stated intervals to call around him his "good men and true" with lariats and tackle in good order, and set out on a foray to catch these valuable animals. In doing this he does not confine himself to the strict letter of the wild horse question, for should he meet with any of his old enemies, the Crows or Camaches, he does not hesitate to turn and do battle with them, conquer them if possible, take their horses, and strip them of everything. Why should he trouble himself to look after wild horses, when tame ones may be had at the trifling cost of a little pounding? No! No! all are fish that comes to his net,- and his creed or its equivalent he firmly believes in.

CARAVAN TAKING TO WATER

The Trappers are here being pursued by Indians or as they style it "the varmints are on their tracks."

To baffle them and throw them out, they use all manner of stratagems, forced marches at night, lighting no camp fires, and living on dried meat kept so long that it becomes as tough as sole leather; and lastly entering streams or rivers and fording them up or down as the exigencies of the case may require,- for when they are transporting valuable packages, of goods, their instructions are to avoid all collisions with the savages for many reasons - one of the most prominent being that they must lose either by victory or defeat.

These threatenings and dangers only serve to keep the spirit of the Trapper alert and active, taxing his ingenuity to evade them, and altogether giving to him the excitement in which he positively delights.

RIVER SCENE - WATERING HORSES

"A valley from the river shore withdrawn,
Was now their home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked their lawn,
And water to their resting place serene,
Came freshening and reflecting all the scene,
(A mirror in the depths of flowery shelves)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons had shaped it for themselves."

The location of the scene is Horse-shoe Creek, with a group of Indians refreshing their horses, the riders are armed with the bow, spear and target, being "toujours pret".

They are justified in this, when probably the first party they happen to meet of a different tribe will be also armed to the teeth, and provoke them to combat.

Nearly all the tribes have their "nom de guerre" thus the Camaches represent themselves by a waving motion of the hand signifying the crawling of a snake. Cheyennes (cut arms) signified by a feint with a knife across the arm. Arapahos (smellers) sign made by taking hold of the nose. Sious (cut throats) sign made by drawing hand across the throat. Pawnees (wolves) sign made by placing a hand on each side of the forehead, with two fingers pointing front, and Crows by imitating the flapping of birds wings with the hands.