FARNHAM THOMAS JEFFERSON

Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, etc., May 21-October 16, 1839, part 1

Thomas Farnham

Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, etc., May 21-October 16, 1839, part 1

«Public Domain»

Farnham T.

Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, etc., May 21-October 16, 1839, part 1 / T. Farnham — «Public Domain»,

© Farnham T.
© Public Domain

Содержание

PREFACE TO VOLUMES XXVIII-XXIX 5
PREFACE BY THE FIRST EDITOR 10
PREFACE 11
INTRODUCTION 12
CHAPTER I 17
CHAPTER II 28
CHAPTER III 45
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента. 51

Thomas Jefferson Farnham
Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, etc., May 21-October 16, 1839, part 1

PREFACE TO VOLUMES XXVIII-XXIX

With these two volumes our series returns to Oregon, and to the question already shadowed forth upon the horizon, whether this vast territory drained by the Columbia River should belong to the United States or to Great Britain. Since the treaty of joint occupancy (1818) the English fur-traders had been in almost exclusive control. From the upper waters of the great rivers that drain the Arctic plains they had pushed their way across the Rockies down into the fertile southern valleys, and had explored, mapped, and threaded the entire region lying between Spanish territory on the south and Russian on the north. Between the great mountain barrier on the east, and the Pacific on the west, they held the country as a vast preserve in which fur-bearing animals might be reared and hunted. For many years the American right to joint occupancy lay in abeyance. After his thrilling journey of exploration and adventure, Jedediah S. Smith was cordially received at Fort Vancouver (1828), his injuries by predatory Indians avenged, and his furs purchased by the company's factor; in return for this courtesy, however, he considered himself in honor bound to restrict the further trapping enterprises of his firm to the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. When Captain Bonneville, with his band of trappers, reached the forts on the upper Columbia (1833) he was courteously but firmly refused the privilege of trading at posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Thus, fifteen years after joint occupancy had been arranged, there was scarcely an American in Oregon.

In our volume xxi we traced the rise and fall of the trading adventures to this far Western territory of Captain Nathaniel Wyeth of Massachusetts. His two expeditions left on the Willamette River a small residuum of New Englanders, and before his departure he had seen the coming of the first American missionaries, pioneers then as now in advancing American interests. The existence of Oregon had now come to be known to a considerable body of our people, its fertility and beauty had been enlarged upon by several writers, its advantages pictured, and its possession desired.

In returning to the United States, one of the missionaries, Jason Lee, undertook a tour through the border states of the West, lecturing and raising funds for his work. In the autumn of 1838 he stopped at the Illinois town of Peoria, where his glowing descriptions of the land whence he came produced an impression sufficiently lasting to result in the organization of an emigration society, which prepared to set forth for this land of promise early the following spring. Among the band was a young Vermont lawyer, Thomas Jefferson Farnham, who a few years earlier had removed to Illinois, and who now sought on the Western prairies recuperation of his wasting health through outdoor exploits and change of scene. He also avowed a patriotic purpose to take possession of this fair territory of Oregon for the American flag, and to aid in resisting the British fur-trade monopoly. His address and eloquence won him the honor of being chosen captain of the small band of nineteen adventurers, none of whom knew aught of wilderness life or was prepared to endure the hardships of the proposed journey.

Notwithstanding the serious purpose expressed in the motto worked by Mrs. Farnham upon the flag of the little company – "Oregon or the Grave" – they set forth in a holiday mood, ill-equipped for traversing the vast and rugged spaces lying between Illinois and the Pacific Slope. Each member of the "Oregon Dragoons," as they styled themselves, was expected to furnish $160 in money to serve for outfit and provisions.

The thirtieth of May, 1839, found them leaving Independence, on the western border of Missouri, provided with "bacon and flour, salt and pepper sufficient for four hundred miles," as well as the necessary arms and ammunition carefully packed on horses and mules. By the advice of two experienced fur-traders returning from the mountains, the travellers determined upon the Santa Fé trail, probably because of the escort privileges in connection with the annual caravan just setting forth. Therein they made a serious mistake, for the route across the mountains from the upper Arkansas to Snake River valley was infinitely more difficult and dangerous than the ordinary Oregon Trail, by way of the North Platte, Sweetwater, and South Pass; it was also less frequented by experienced mountain men, who could offer advice and assistance to the amateur travellers. Moreover the usual seeds of dissension and dissatisfaction had already been sown in the little party, each blaming others for the hardships and trials already experienced. Some of Farnham's followers pronounced the leader incompetent. Several deserted at the Lower Crossing of the Arkansas, preferring to follow the caravan to Santa Fé; while at Bent's Fort, on the upper trail, the remainder of the party left their leader with but four companions, one of these a man who had been accidentally wounded in crossing the plains. Of the "mutineers," who crossed to Fort St. Vrain, above Denver, the majority arrived in Oregon that or the following year.

Farnham, however, having secured a competent guide, with undiminished energy pushed on across the ranges of the Colorado mountains, through the mazes of its parks and passes, and halted awhile at Brown's Hole. This was the most difficult part of the journey. With graphic touches our author makes us feel the hardships, hunger and thirst, the Indian alarms, and the surprise and joy of meeting mountain men; while at the same time he is not oblivious to the rugged grandeur of the scenery, or the delicate tints of sunrise and sunset, and the majesty of the starlit nights among the hills. At Fort David Crockett, in Brown's Hole, two more of Farnham's comrades turned back, discouraged by the gloomy prospects, and the disheartening accounts of Oregon furnished by a returning guide. Here also Kelly, the unerring scout, was to leave the party, now consisting of but three travellers, who were under the necessity of trusting to the guidance of Shoshoni Indian "Jim" as far as the hospitable gates of Fort Hall. Here, the Shoshoni guide was exchanged for a Wallawalla, who contracted to conduct the party across the arid wastes of Snake River valley, halting briefly at Fort Boise, and leading the way over the Blue Mountains to the valley of the Wallawalla and the upper Columbia. There meeting a Christian Cayuse on his way to Dr. Whitman's mission at Waiilatpu, Farnham turned aside for a brief rest at this hospitable station, whose owners were "desirous to ask me how long a balloon line had been running between the States and the Pacific." Resting a few days under their mission roof, Farnham gives a favorable report of the activities and the success of the missionaries. Passing on his way by Fort Wallawalla down the Columbia to the Hudson's Bay Company's headquarters at Fort Vancouver, he there received the customary courtesy extended to all travellers in that distant region, this account closing our volume xxviii.

Three weeks' recuperation from the hardships of the four months of difficult journeying refreshed our traveller sufficiently to set him forth on an exploration of the settled portions of the country. He visited the Willamette valley, where he met the Methodist missionaries, and his presence furnished the opportunity to discuss the desirability of American occupation. A petition was thereupon set on foot, of which Farnham was undoubtedly the author, signed by seventy settlers of the valley, praying the United States to take them under its protection and describing the country as "one of the most favored portions of the globe." The language of the petition being much more favorable to Oregon than Farnham's later writings, these latter caused some acrimony among his Willamette hosts, one of whom told Commodore Wilkes, the following year, that a few days before Farnham left his party were lost in the woods and obliged to pass a cold and dark night, standing up to their ankles in mire, which cured the visitor of his enthusiasm for the country.[1] Certain it is that Farnham wrote

[1] Charles Wilkes, *Narrative of United States Exploring Expedition* (Philadelphia 1844), iv, p. 348.

from the Sandwich Islands early in January, 1840, that everything in the Oregon country had been much overrated except the seat of the Methodist mission.[2]

Whatever may have been the cause of Farnham's change of heart, after a brief sojourn, he left Oregon on the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel bound for Hawaii. Thence he took passage for the coast of California, where he arrived at Monterey during one of those tempestuous revolutions to which Latin-American governments are subject. A number of American residents had been imprisoned by the successful revolutionists on charge of complicity with the losing party. According to Farnham's own account,[3] given in somewhat grandiloquent style, it was largely due to his efforts that the lives of the Americans were saved, and that they were shipped on transports to Mexico for trial. Lingering a few days longer to enjoy a fiesta on the seashore near Monterey, and to visit the neighboring Carmelo mission, our traveller embarked for Santa Barbara, finally arriving at San Blas on the sixteenth of May, 1840. Thence he undertook a hurried journey across Mexico and through its gulf to New Orleans, which brought him once more to the confines of his native land. He now "ascended the Father of Waters to the holy and blooming plains of my Prairie Home – to wife – and the graves of those I loved among the trees at Prairie Lodge."

The remainder of Farnham's life was passed in literary labors, and in travels throughout the United States in search of health. In 1841 he was in New York City. At one time the family moved to Wisconsin for a brief period, but soon settled in the neighborhood of Alton, Illinois. About 1846 Farnham returned to California, where he died at San Francisco in September, 1848. His wife, Eliza Woodson Farnham, acquired some reputation as an author and philanthropist. She successfully attempted prison reform among the women inmates at Sing Sing, for a time assisted Dr. Howe in the Massachusetts Institute for the Blind, and revisited California, of whose early days she wrote entertainingly.

No doubt Farnham's books did much to awaken interest in the Western country, and to call attention to its possibilities. Written in an easy, attractive style, although somewhat garrulous in tone and inclined to speculative digressions, they were in their day popular works and ran through several editions, being widely read in the Eastern and Middle States.[4] Their interest for our present series lies chiefly in the description of the journey across the plains, by a route differing much from those of other travellers. Farnham's descriptions are detailed and well phrased. The first after Pike to thread the passes of the upper Arkansas, he vividly portrays the Colorado mountain valleys, streams, and ranges, the grandeur and nobility of the views, and the fertility of the great parks, and makes his readers realize the hardy endurance needed for such mountain journeyings in that early day. Encounters with Indians were rare in these regions, but occasional meetings with solitary trappers add a human interest to the picture of the wilderness. The life of these mountain men – their Indian families, their poverty, generosity, recklessness, and almost passionate attachment for the wild life that claimed them – Farnham describes with a sympathetic touch. He also gathered information at first hand concerning the Indians of the region, the status of the fur-trade, and the far-reaching operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. His information on Oregon is, to be sure, largely the report of hearsay. He includes in his descriptions the vast region of New Caledonia, whose factors he met at Fort Vancouver, and whose resources and geography he describes in general terms. The value of his Oregon material lies chiefly in the reports of his own experiences and impressions. It is interesting for us to know how the Western missionary operations, the progress of early Willamette settlement, and the aspect of the new land impressed a vivacious and observant New Englander with a gift for easy narrative. His book is thus an important contribution to our series.

---

[2] *Niles' Register*, lviii, p. 242.

[3] *Travels in the Californias and Scenes in the Pacific Ocean* (New York, 1844).

[4] In successive editions, his books appear under different titles; but the subject matter is largely the same, one detailing his experiences crossing the continent and in Oregon, the other narrating the California visit. To the latter was added in later editions a history of the American conquest of California. Farnham also published a work on Mexico, in style similar to the others.

The experiences of Father Pierre Jean de Smet, the indefatigable Jesuit missionary traveller, were introduced to our readers in volume xxvii of this series, where the initiation of his Flathead mission, in Bitterroot valley, was narrated, together with his subsequent return to St. Louis by way of the country of the Crows and the Missouri River. The second account of his work, which we here republish, is entitled *Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains in 1845-46* (New York, 1847).

After returning from his second journey to the Flathead country, which included his first visit to the Columbia and the Oregon settlements (1840-42), Father de Smet went to Europe to obtain re-inforcements for his mission and apostolic sanction for his work. Gathering a company of sisters of Notre Dame to lay the foundation of a convent and school in the Willamette valley, and enlarging his mission forces by the addition of a Belgian and three Italian priests, Father de Smet embarked from Antwerp for a sea voyage to the North-west Coast. This was sighted July 28, 1844, after a tedious passage of eight months around Cape Horn.

Having established the nuns in their convent on the Willamette, Father de Smet set forth across the mountains to visit his aboriginal neophytes, who had been gathered at the missions of St. Mary and St. Francis Borgia. On his way he instituted the mission of St. Ignatius for the Pend d'Oreilles on the lake of that name. The following year, a great journey was accomplished by the intrepid missionary in search of the warlike Blackfeet, whose raids were so disastrous to the peaceable Indians surrounding the missions. Thinking best to approach them through the medium of the Hudson's Bay Company's traders, De Smet proceeded to the head of Columbia River, crossed the divide to the waters of the Saskatchewan, and found himself at the company's Rocky Mountain House on October 5, 1845. After negotiations with the Blackfeet, he proceeded thence to Fort Augustus, where were spent the early weeks of the winter of 1846. Impatient to be at work, the eager traveller left his comfortable quarters early in March, proceeding on the ice to Jasper House, at the eastern end of Athabasca Pass, pressing on to the "Foot of the Great Glaciere," there awaiting the Columbian fur-trade brigade which arrived early in May. The traders reported the pass in a dangerous condition, for the snow was deep and in a melting state, and snow-shoes were the only possible means of travelling. Despite his unwieldy bulk, and his unacquaintance with such mode of travelling, the resolute missionary immediately donned the prescribed foot-gear and amid much hardship and suffering made his way with his faithful Indian guides over the mountain barrier to the forts of New Caledonia. Thence he descended the Columbia to Fort Colville which he reached by the end of May. Allowing himself but a brief rest, he once more made the round of his Oregon missions, going to Vancouver and the Willamette, back across the Spokane plains to the Cœur d'Alène mission, and finally to St. Mary's, "the nursery of our missionary operations in the Far West."

The expenses of the enlarging missions required consideration, so Father de Smet was deputed to visit St. Louis in their behalf. On the way he once more sought his cherished object of securing peace with the Blackfeet. This time his mission proved successful, for after three weeks in a Blackfoot camp the good priest had the happiness not only to establish an alliance between the Flathead chiefs who accompanied him and their redoubtable foes, but also of reconciling among the Blackfeet themselves two warring bands of Blood and Piegan Indians. With a thankful heart the missionary embarked from Fort Lewis, near the site of the later Fort Benton, leaving Father Point to continue his labors among the new admirers of the "black gowns."

Floating in a tiny skiff down the upper Missouri, Fort Union was reached October 11; Fort Berthold was passed seven days later, and the end of the month found our tireless traveller the guest of Honoré Picotte at the American Company's Fort Pierre. Just below Council Bluffs he encountered Brigham Young and his settlement of ten thousand Mormons, whose persecutions and sufferings the good father declares, "will one day probably form a prominent part of the history of the Far West." Once more in St. Louis, the missionary terminates his volume with a sketch of a Potawatomi mission and a graphic account of the custom of human sacrifice among the Pawnee Loups.

The later career of Father de Smet falls without the field of our inquiry. Although in "labors abundant" until the end of his days, he never returned as missionary to the mountain tribes among whom his earlier days were so happily but strenuously spent. The superiors of his society found other work for him in the province of St. Louis, permitting him only an occasional visit of supervision to his "dear Indians" of the Far West. Thrice his aid was requested by the United States government to assist in pacification, and in important Indian negotiations. His influence and fame among the red men was so great that a sight of his black robe was sufficient to impel them to a peaceful humor. His services to Western settlement were thus incalculable.

In the volume of *Oregon Missions*, which we here republish, De Smet is seen in the fullness of his powers, physical and mental. With few words, but with graphic touches, he describes the regions through which he passes, and the Indian tribes and their customs – thus adding much to the material on far Western geography and ethnology which has already been included in our series.

In the preparation of both these volumes for the press, the Editor has had the assistance of Louise Phelps Kellogg, Ph.D., his editorial assistant on the staff of the Wisconsin Historical Library.

R. G. T.

Madison, Wis., June, 1906.

PREFACE BY THE FIRST EDITOR

This authentic account of the Great Western Prairies and Oregon Territory supplies a deficiency which has been felt for a long time. The author, by his own personal observations, has been enabled to furnish a very interesting narrative of travel; and whether he treats of the Prairies, or of the Oregon region, the various incidents related by him cannot fail to give entertainment and instruction.

With respect to the Introduction, in which the Author asserts the claims of the United States to the Oregon Territory little need be said here: the subject will no doubt receive the full consideration of the Governments interested in the decision of the question.

London, 1843.

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 dolt's "most humble and obedient servant." In later days, the same feigned subserviency has shown itself in other forms. One desires that some 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 any body should suppose he ever indulged such a singular sentiment.

{viii} A few others 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 to 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 the qualms of inability, or lack of polish, but speak from the heart. 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 deprecatory 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 preface 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 42nd parallel of north latitude; and the northern on an east and west line, at 54° 40′ north.[5] Its natural boundary on the east is the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, situated about four hundred miles east of the Pacific Ocean, which washes it on the west. From these data the reader will observe that it is about six hundred miles in length, and four hundred 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 {x} of it, and upon cessions by treaty from the first discoverer and occupant. These several important matters I proceed to examine, with Greenough's History of the North-west Coast of America, and the works therein named, before me as sources of reference.[6]

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, Becera, and Ulloa. They visited the coast of California, and the south-western shore of Oregon.[7]

The next naval expedition, under the same Power, commanded by Bartoleme Ferrello, penetrated to the north as far as latitude 43°, and discovered Cape Blanco.[8]

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.[9] The Straits de Fuca enter the land in latitude 49° north, and, running {xi} one hundred miles

---

[5] Our treaty with Spain, made in 1819, adjusted the boundary as far as the Pacific Ocean, between the latter's possessions in North America and those of the United States; see Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, in our volume xix, p. 217, note 52. By this convention the United States considered itself the heir of all Spanish claims north of the international boundary line (42°).Our treaty with Mexico, in 1828, ratified the boundary as defined by the Spanish treaty of 1819.By our convention with Russia in 1824, the two countries agreed to make no settlements north or south, respectively, of the line 54° 40′. This by no means established the United States claim as far as the line specified. – Ed.

[6] Robert Greenhow, born in Virginia in 1800, was educated at William and Mary College and later studied medicine in New York, afterwards spending some years in Europe. In 1828 he was appointed clerk in the department of state at Washington, where he soon rose to the position of official translator and librarian, an office retained until 1850, when he went to California with the United States Land Commission, dying in San Francisco in 1854. In 1837 he prepared, at the request of the Senate, a *History of the Discovery of the North-west Coast*, published in *Senate Docs.*, 26 Cong., 1 sess., 174. This was later expanded into a *History of Oregon and California* (Boston, 1845). His access to the records of the state department, and his knowledge of Spanish sources, make Greenhow's books authoritative in their field. – Ed.

[7] In his *History of Oregon and California*, Greenhow adds information to that given in his first volume, regarding these expeditions. His chief source of information was the work of Herrera, although he secured journals of some of the voyagers from W. H. Prescott. All of these expeditions were inspired by Hernando de Cortez. The first (1532) was headed by his kinsman Hurtado de Mendoza, whose lieutenant Juan de Mazuela brought back one vessel after his superior officer had been killed. In 1533, Hernando Grivalja and Diego Becerra were sent to search for the survivors. The former returned without touching mainland; Becerra was killed in a mutiny, and his pilot, Fortuño Ximenes, is supposed to have touched the southern end of the peninsula of Lower California. Farnham omits mention of Cortez's own expedition of 1535-36, when he also is supposed to have reached Lower California. In 1539-40, Francisco de Ulloa proved that this was not an island, and explored its coast to about 30° north latitude. – Ed.

[8] This relates to the voyage (1542-43) of Juan Rodriguez de Cabrillo. The leader of the expedition died upon one of the Santa Barbara Islands (January, 1543), but his pilot Bartolomé Ferrelo sailed farther north. The location of his northern point of exploration is given as 43°, which would be near Cape Blanco; but recent editors consider that there was an early error of calculation, and that Cape Mendocino is the more probable point. Ferrelo in all likelihood advanced as far as the southern boundary of Oregon. See translation of journal of the expedition, with valuable notes by H. W. Henshaw, in *United States Geographical Surveys West of the One Hundredth Meridian* (Washington, 1879), vii, pp. 293-314. – Ed.

[9] The voyage of Juan de Fuca is generally considered apocryphal. Greenhow, however, thinks it probable, from the correspondence

in a south-easterly direction, change their course north-westwardly, and enter the ocean again under latitude 51° north. Thus it appears that Spain discovered the Oregon Coast from latitude 42° to 49° north two hundred and fifty-one years ago; and, as will appear by reference to dates, one hundred and eighty-four years prior to the celebrated English Expedition under Captain Cook.[10]

In 1602, 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 Umpqua River in latitude 44° north.[11]

In August, 1774, Parez and Martinez, under the Spanish flag, discovered and anchored in Nootka Sound. It lies between 49° and 50° of north latitude.[12]

In 1774 and 1775 the north-west coast was explored by Parez and Martinez of the Spanish service, as far north as the 58th parallel of latitude.[13]

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. {xii} 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° 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 if 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 {xiii} has 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 ports 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."[14]

---

of the straits now called by his name with the great passage he claimed to have entered. The only authority for the alleged voyage of De Fuca, who was a Greek pilot in the service of Spain, is the relation of Michael Lok, an Englishman, who claimed to have met De Fuca at Venice. Lok's story was published by Purchas in his *Pilgrims* (1625) and on its face was a bid for patronage from the English court. – Ed.

[10] For Cook's discovery of the Hawaiian Islands and his death thereupon, see Franchère's *Narrative* in our volume vi, p. 209, note 21. During his northward expedition he skirted the entire North-west Coast from Cape Mendocino to North Cape, in the Arctic Ocean, not finding, however, either the entrance to the Columbia or to Puget Sound. – Ed.

[11] The expedition commanded by Admiral Torribio Gomez de Corvan and Sebastian Vizcaino was equipped by the Mexican governor, Count de Monterey (1602). Corvan returned home from the harbor of Monterey, while Vizcaino with his lieutenant Martin Aguilar pushed northward. The identification of the headlands which they named, is now difficult. H. H. Bancroft, *History of the North-west Coast* (San Francisco, 1886), i, p. 148, concludes that neither Vizcaino nor Aguilar passed 42° latitude. Farnham's identification of the river described by Aguilar as the Umpqua appears to rest upon his own authority. – Ed.

[12] The account of the expedition of Juan Perez, who with his lieutenant Estévan Martinez penetrated to the northern end of Queen Charlotte's Island, and passed some months in a bay probably to be identified with Nootka Sound, was not given to the world by the Spaniards until years later; the English therefore considered themselves, in the person of Captain Cook, the discoverers of this portion of the North-west Coast. – Ed.

[13] This refers to the voyage of Bruno Heceta in 1775, Juan Perez being second in command. This expedition discovered the mouth of the Columbia and took possession for Spain of the entire North-west Coast from 42° to 55° of north latitude. – Ed.

[14] This is a brief but imperfect résumé of what is known as the Nootka Sound controversy. Martinez seized three English vessels, and carried them as a prize to San Bias, Mexico. The English resenting this, war nearly ensued, but the difficulty was adjusted by

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 {xiv} 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 settlement on the North-West Coast, of the subjects of Spain or England, made between the month of April, 1787, and the date of the treaty, and was undoubtedly embraced in the Fifth 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 the 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 {xv} 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 can scarcely 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 guarantee against "disturbance" and "molestation," does not, in any vocabulary, imply a cession of the sovereignty of the territory in which these acts are to be done.

The number and nature of the rights granted to England by this treaty, are simply a right to 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 {xvi} – the destruction of the Indians themselves as they should fall before the march of civilisation. 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 had 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 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, authorise 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 non-fulfilment of Spain, she should have re-asserted her rights, if she thought she had any, and not left

---

the Nootka convention, signed October 28, 1790 (not 1800). The Washington State Historical Society has recently signalized this event by erecting a monument at Nootka Sound, containing the following inscription: "Vancouver and Quadra [English and Spanish representatives respectively] met here in August 1792 under the treaty between Spain and Great Britain of October 1790. Erected by the Washington University State Historical Society, August, 1903." The matter was not wholly adjusted until 1795. Consult Bancroft, *North-west Coast*, i, pp. 204-238; Greenhow, *Oregon and California*, pp. 185-215, and particularly W. R. Manning, "Nootka Sound Controversy," in American Historical Association *Report*, 1904, pp. 283-475. – Ed.

third parties to infer that she had quietly abandoned them. The United States had every reason to infer {xvii} 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 successor 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 controlling and selfishness of her 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 1770[15] and 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 knighted.

{xviii} The portions of Oregon seen by Drake had been seen and explored by the Spaniards several times within the previous thirty years.[16]

Sir Thomas Cavendish next came upon the coast; but did not see so much of it as Drake had seen.[17]

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 February, 1779.[18] 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 four years before Cook arrived.

The subsequent English navigators – Messrs. Vancouver,[19] and others, so far as the Oregon coast was the field of their labours, 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 incontestible.

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

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 Nootka Sound is situated was an island; they first navigated that part of the Straits of Fuca lying between Puget's Sound and Queen Charlotte's Island, and discovered the main coast of north-west America, from latitude 48° to 50° 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 latitude 55°.[20]

---

[15] This date is incorrect. It was in 1577; and he sailed to the 48th parallel of north latitude. – English Editor.

[16] Much has been written on Drake's famous voyage of circumnavigation (1577-80), when first of any known Englishmen he explored the North-west Coast of America, searching for a North-west passage. Bancroft concludes (*North-west Coast*, p. 145) that he did not go north of 43° north latitude. See also on this subject, Julian S. Corbett, *Drake and the Tudor Navy* (New York, 1898), i, p. 306; and especially Miller Christy, *Silver Map of the World* (London, 1904), p. 20, wherein, on the evidence of the chart, Drake's voyage is traced as far north as 48°. For Drake's Bay, see our volume vi, p. 257, note 66. – Ed.

[17] It is generally conceded that Sir Thomas Cavendish's freebooting expedition of 1587 did not proceed north of the peninsula of Lower California. – Ed.

[18] He was killed on the 14th February, 1779. – English Ed.

[19] For Vancouver see Franchère's *Narrative*, given in our volume vi, p. 184, note 2. – Ed.

[20] Farnham here refers to the voyages of the "Columbia" and "Washington" (1787), sent out by Boston merchants under command of Captains John Kendrick and Robert Gray. After wintering at Nootka (1788-89), Gray explored the coast to the northward. Unaware

England can show no discoveries between these latitudes so important as these; and consequently has not equal rights with the {xx} Americans as a discoverer, to that part of Oregon north of the 49th degree of latitude. We also discovered the Columbia River;[21] and its whole valley, in virtue of that discovery, accrues 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 Columbia and most of its branches; and that valley is ours against the world – ours, also, by purchase from Spain, the first discoverer and occupant 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.[22] We are the rightful and sole owner of all those parts of Oregon, which are not watered by the Columbia, lying on its northern and southern border, and which, in the language of the law, are naturally dependent upon it. Oregon territory, for all these reasons is the rightful property of the United States.

---

of earlier English explorations, he christened Queen Charlotte's as Washington Island. The question of Kendrick's exploration (1790) of Puget Sound is much in doubt. Farnham makes a specious plea at this point – his cited authority, Greenhow, admits the discovery (1787) of Queen Charlotte's Island by Dixon, and by Berkely (1787) of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. A recent historian of Oregon (H. S. Lyman, *History of Oregon*, ii, p. 93), however, claims that the Americans by their boldness of exploration and exact charting of the northern shores, were the real discoverers of the territory as far as 54° 40′. – Ed.

[21] Referring to the second voyage of Captain Robert Gray. See our volume vi, p. 183, note 1. – Ed.

[22] The prior occupancy was the settlement at Astoria, for which see prefaces to Franchère's *Narrative*, in our volume vi, and Ross's *Oregon Settlers* in our volume vii. After the close of the War of 1812-15, the United States made application in accordance with the Treaty of Ghent for the restoration of Astoria, which accordingly was formally transferred, October 6, 1818, to Commissioner J. H. Prevost and Captain J. Biddle. No use was made, however, of this sovereignty, the treaty of joint occupancy being signed October 20, of the same year. – Ed.

CHAPTER I

The Rendezvous – The Destination – The Education of Mules – The Santa Fé Traders – The Mormons – The Holy War – Entrance upon the Indian Territory – A Scene – An Encampment – A Loss – A Hunt – The Osage River – A Meeting and Parting – Kauzaus Indians – An Indian Encampment – Council Grove – Ruins – An Indian and his Wants – Elk – A Tempest – Captain Kelly – A comfortless Night.

On the 21st of May, 1839, the author and sixteen others arrived in the town of Independence, Missouri.[23] Our destination was the Oregon Territory. Some of our number sought health in the wilderness – others sought the wilderness for its own sake – and 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, or interest, began his preparations for leaving the frontier.[24] Pack mules and horses and pack-saddles were purchased and prepared for service. Bacon and flour, salt and pepper, sufficient for four hundred miles, were secured in sacks; our powder-casks were wrapt in painted canvas, 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 waggons, and teams of mules to convey their calicoes, cottons, cloths, boots, shoes, etc. over the plains to that distant and hazardous market. It is quite amusing to greenhorns, as those are called who have never been engaged in the trade, to see the mules make their first attempt at practical pulling. They are harnessed in a team, two upon the shaft, and the remainder two abreast in long swinging iron traces; and then, by way of initiatory intimation 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 wheel mule, and another, the left hand one of the span next the leaders, while four or five others, as foot-guard, stand on either side, armed with whips and thongs. The team is straightened – and now comes the trial of passive obedience. The chief muleteer gives the shout of march, and drives his long spurs into the sides of the animal that bears him; his companion before follows his example; but there is no movement. A leer – an unearthly bray, is the only response of these martyrs to human supremacy. Again the team is straightened, again the rowel is applied, the body-guard on foot raise the shout, and all apply the lash at the same moment. The untutored animals kick and leap, rear and plunge, and fall in their harness. In fine, they act the mule, and generally succeed in breaking neck or limb of some one of their number, and in raising a tumult that would do credit to any order of animals accustomed to long ears.

After a few trainings, however, of this description, they move off in fine style. And, although some luckless animal may at intervals brace himself up to an uncompromising resistance of such

---

[23] For a sketch of Independence see Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, in our volume xix, p. 189, note 34. – Ed.

[24] When Jason Lee, the Methodist missionary, went east (1838-39) for re-inforcements, he took with him two Indian youths to be educated. Meetings were held in many cities; at Peoria, Illinois, one of the lads being taken ill, was left behind. His presence continued the interest aroused by Lee's representations, so that early in 1839 a company of young men, not one of whom had ever been west of St. Louis, was organized to undertake the Oregon migration. The party consisted at first of nineteen persons. See Robert Shortess, "First Emigrants to Oregon," in Oregon Pioneer Association *Transactions*, 1896. – Ed.

encroachment upon his freedom, still, the majority preferring passive obedience to active pelting, drag him onward, till, like themselves, he submits to the discipline of the traces.

'Independence' was the first location of the *Mormons* 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 neighbours, they crossed the Missouri, and founded the town of 'Far West.' In 1838 they recommenced certain practices of their faith in their new abode, and were ejected from the state by its military forces.[25]

The misfortunes of these people seem to have arisen from proceeding upon certain rules of action peculiar to themselves. The basis of these rules is the assumption that they are the "Saints 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" labouring 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 saintship were questioned by the warm-blooded Missourians, they were with great coolness and gravity informed that their godly servants 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 those "enemies of all righteousness" would spring that vast spiritual temple which was "to fill the earth."

The prospect of being thus immolated upon the altar of Mormonism, did not produce so much humility and trembling among these hardy frontiersmen as the prophet Joe 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 all the denunciations of the holy brotherhood were impiously 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 which 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 resorted 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 fields in possession of the world's people, they not only avoided exciting unholy wrath by allowing themselves to be seen in the act, but, in order that peace might reign in the bosoms of the wicked, even, the longest possible time, they stripped that portion of the harvest field which would be last seen by the ungodly owner.

The "Church militant," however, being inefficient and weak, the Prophet Joe declared that it was their duty to use whatever means the Lord might furnish to strengthen themselves. And as one powerful means would be the keeping of its doings as much as possible from the world, it was he said, the will of Heaven, revealed to him in proper form, that in no case, when called before the ungodly tribunals of this perverse and blind generation, should they reveal, for any cause, any matter or thing which might, in its consequences, bring upon the brotherhood the infliction of those pretended rules of Justice, by the world called Laws. Under the protection of this prophecy, a band of the brethren was organized, called the "Tribe of Dan," whose duty it was to take and bring to the "Lord's store," in the far West, any of the Lord's personal estate which they might find in the possession of the world, and which might be useful to the "Saints," in advancing their kingdom. Great good is said to have been done by this Tribe of Dan; for the Lord's store was soon filled, and the Saints praised the name

[25] For the Mormons in Missouri consult our volume xx, pp. 93-99, with accompanying notes. – Ed.

of Joe. The Prophet's face shone with the light of an all-subduing delight at the increase of "Zion," and the efficiency of his administration.

The Missourians, however, were destitute of the Latter-Day Faith, and of just views of the rights devised to those, who, in the Lord's name, should destroy his adversaries, and restore the earth to the dominion of millennial righteousness. Poor mortals and deluded sinners! They believed that the vain and worldly enactments of legislative bodies were to prevail against the inspirations of the Latter-Day Prophet Joe; and in their unsanctified zeal, declared the Saints to be thieves, and unjust, and murderous; and the Tribe of Dan to be a pest to the constitutional and acknowledged inherent and natural right to acquire, possess, and enjoy property. From this honest difference of opinion arose the "Mormon War," whose great events are recorded in the narrative of the "Latter-Day Saints?" Some events, there were, however, not worthy to find record there, which may be related here.

The Governor of the Missouri[26] ordered out the State troops to fight and subdue the Mormons, and take from them the property which the "Tribe of Dan" had deposited in the "Lord's brick store" in the "citadel of Zion," called "Far West." It was in 1838 they appeared before the camp of the "Saints" and commanded them to surrender. It was done in the manner hereafter described. But before this event transpired, I am informed that the Prophet Joe opened his mouth in the name of the Lord, and said it had been revealed to him that the scenes of Jericho were to be re-enacted in Far West; that the angelic host would appear on the day of battle, and by their power give victory to the "Saints."

To this end he ordered a breastwork of inch pine 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 militant portion of the Kingdom of Heaven. There were moments of awful suspense in the camp of the "Saints." The Missouri bayonets bristled brightly near their ranks, and an occasional bullet carelessly penetrated the pine-board rampart, regardless of the inhibition of the Prophet. The Heavens were gazed 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 Delay was the offspring.

At this juncture of affairs, a sturdy old Missourian approached the brick store, pickaxe in hand, apparently determined to do violence to the sacred depository. One of the sisters in robes of white accosted him, and with proper solemnity made known that the "Lord of the Faithful" had revealed to Joe, the Prophet, that every hand raised against that "holy structure" would instantly be withered. The frontiersman hesitated, but the hardihood characteristic of these men of the rifle returning, he replied, "Well, old gal, I'll go it on one hand any how." The awful blow was struck; the hand did not wither! "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 molestation. We afterwards met many of them with their herds, &c., on the road from Far West to Quincy, Illinois. It was strongly intimated by the planters in that section of country, that these emigrating "saints" found large quantities of the "Lord's corn" on their way, which they appropriated as need suggested to their own and their animals' wants.

The origin of the "Book of Mormon"[27] was for some time a mystery. But recent developments prove it to have been written in 1812 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

[26] The governor of Missouri (1836-40) was Lilburn W. Boggs, for whom see our volume xx, p. 98, note 65. – Ed.

[27] Consult the references in our volume xxiv, pp. 119, 120, notes 99, 100. – Ed.

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 reverend author had entertained thoughts of publishing it; and, in pursuance of his intention, had permitted it to lie 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.[28] Rigdon, doubtless, copied poor Spaulding's novel, and with it, and the aid of Joe Smith, has succeeded in building up a system of superstition, which, in vileness and falsehood, is scarcely equalled by that of Mahomet.

Solomon Spaulding was a graduate of Dartmouth College.

On the 30th of May, we found ourselves prepared to move for the Indian Territory.[29] Our pack-saddles being girded upon the animals, our sacks of provisions, &c. snugly lashed upon them, and protected from the rain that had begun to fall, and ourselves well mounted and armed, we took the road that leads off south-west from Independence in the direction of Santa Fé.[30] But the rains which had accompanied us daily since we left Peoria, seemed determined to escort us still, our ill-natured scowls to the contrary notwithstanding: for we had travelled only three miles when such torrents fell, that we found it necessary to take shelter in a neighbouring schoolhouse for the night. It was dismal enough; but a blazing fire within, and a merry song from a jovial member of our company imparted as much consolation as our circumstances seemed to demand, till we responded to the howling storm the sonorous evidence of sweet and quiet slumber.

The following morning was clear and pleasant, and we were early on our route. We crossed the stream called Big Blue, a tributary of the Missouri,[31] about twelve o'clock, and approached the border of the Indian domains. All were anxious now to see and linger over every object which reminded us we were still on the confines of that civilization which we had inherited from a thousand generations; a vast and imperishable legacy of civil and social happiness. It was, therefore, painful to approach the last frontier enclosure – the last habitation of the white man – the last semblance of home. At length the last cabin was approached. We drank at the well and travelled on. It was now behind us. All, indeed was behind us with which the sympathies of our young days had mingled their holy memories. Before us were the treeless plains of green, as they had been since the flood – beautiful, unbroken by bush or rock; unsoiled by plough or spade; sweetly scented with the first blossomings of the spring. They had been, since time commenced, the theatre of the Indian's prowess – of his hopes, joys, and sorrows. Here, nations, as the eve of deadly battle closed around them, had knelt and raised the votive offering to Heaven, and implored the favour and protection of the Great Spirit who had fostered their fathers upon the wintry mountains of the North, and when bravely dying, had borne them to the islands of light beneath the setting sun. A lovely landscape this, for an Indian's meditation! He could almost behold in the distance where the plain and sky met, the holy portals of his after-state so mazy and beautiful was the scene!

Having travelled about twenty-five miles over this beautiful prairie, we halted on the banks of a small stream at a place called Elm Grove.[32] Here we pitched our tent, tied our horses to stakes, carried for that purpose, and after considerable difficulty having obtained fuel for a fire, cooked and ate for the first time in the Indian Territory.

At this encampment final arrangements were made for our journey over the Prairies. To this end provisions, arms, ammunition, packs and pack-saddles, were overhauled, and an account taken

---

[28] See a brief sketch of Rigdon in Flagg's *Far West*, our volume xxvi, p. 358, note 209. – Ed.

[29] For the use of this term Indian Territory – which did not at that time correspond with our present Indian Territory – see Wyeth's *Oregon* in our volume xxi, p. 50, note 31. – Ed.

[30] The Santa Fé route was taken in preference to the Oregon trail on the advice of Andrew Sublette and Philip Thompson, who had just returned from the mountains. See Shortess's "Sketch," cited in note 20, above. – Ed.

[31] For this stream see James's *Long's Expedition*, in our volume xiv, p. 184, note 153. – Ed.

[32] This is probably the same as Round Grove, for which see Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, in our volume xix, p. 193, note 35. – Ed.

of our common stock of goods for trade with the Indians. The result of this examination was, that we determined to remain here a while, and send back to the Kauzaus Indian mill for two hundred pounds of flour. We were induced to take this step by assurances received from certain traders whom we met coming from the mountains, that the buffalo had not advanced so far north as to furnish us with their fine hump-ribs so early by a week or fortnight as we had expected. Officers were also chosen and their powers defined; and whatever leisure we found from these duties during a stay of two days, was spent in regaling ourselves with strawberries and gooseberries, which grew in great abundance near our camp.

Our friends having returned from the mill with the flour for which they had been despatched, we left Elm Grove on the 3rd of June, travelled along the Santa Fé trail about fifteen miles, and encamped upon a high knoll, from which we had an extensive view of the surrounding plains. The grass was now about four inches in height, and bent and rose in most sprightly beauty under the gusts of wind which at intervals swept over it. We remained here a day and a half, waiting for two of our number who had gone in search of a horse that had left our encampment at Elm Grove. The time, however, passed agreeably. We were, indeed, beyond the sanctuaries of society, and severed from the kind pulsations of friendship; but the spirit of the Red Man, wild and careless as the storms he buffets, began to come over us; and we shouldered our rifles and galloped away for a deer in the lines of timber that threaded the western horizon. Our first hunt in the depths of the beautiful and dreadful wilderness! It was attended with no success, however, but was worth the effort. We had begun to hunt our food.

In the afternoon of the 4th, our friends returned with the strayed animals. The keepers immediately fired the signalguns, and all were soon in camp. Our road on the 5th was through a rich, level prairie, clothed with the wild grass common to the plains of the West. A skirt of black oak timber occasionally lined the horizon or strayed up a deep ravine near the trail. The extreme care of the pioneers in the overland Santa Fé trade was every where noticeable, in the fact that the track of their richly-loaded waggons never approached within musket-shot of these points of timber. Fifteen miles' march brought us to our place of encampment. A certain portion of the company allotted to that labour, unpacked the company's mules of the common-stock property, provisions, ammunitions, &c.; another portion pitched the tent; another gathered wood and kindled a fire; whilst others brought water, and still others again put seething-pots and frying-pans to their appropriate duties. So that at this, as at many a time before and after, a few minutes transposed our little cavalcade from a moving troop into an eating, drinking, and joyous camp. A thunder-storm visited us during the night. The lightning was intensely vivid, and the explosions were singularly frequent and loud. The sides of the heavens appeared to war like contending batteries in deadly conflict. The rain came in floods; and our tent, not being ditched around, was flooded soon after the commencement of the storm, and ourselves and baggage thoroughly drenched.

The next day we made about fifteen miles through the mud and rain, and stopped for the night near a solitary tree upon the bank of a small tributary of the Konzas river. Here fortune favoured our fast decreasing larder. One of the company killed a turtle, which furnished us all with an excellent supper. This was the only description of game that we had seen since leaving the frontier.

On the 7th, as the sun was setting, we reached Osage River – a stream which flows into the Missouri below Jefferson City. The point where we struck it, was one hundred miles south-west of Independence.[33] 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, each with a tin pint

[33] The Osage rises in Kansas south of Kansas River, and as Farnham states, flows in a general easterly course into the Missouri. The usual camping place on the Santa Fé trail was about a hundred miles out, on what was called One Hundred and Ten Mile Creek, indicative of its distance from Fort Osage. – Ed.

cup and a small round plate of the same material, the first filled with coffee, tea, or water, the last with fried bacon and dough fried in fat; each with a butcher-knife in hand, and each mess sitting, tailor-like, around its own frying-pan, eating with the appetite of tigers formed the *coup-d'œil* of our company at supper on the banks of the Osage.

Near us were encamped some waggoners on their return to Missouri, who had been out to Council Grove with the provisions and that part of the goods of the Santa Fé traders which the teams of untrained 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 Kauzaus Indians came within a few rods of our camp,[34] 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 most imperturbable calmness, commenced smoking the compound of willow-bark 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 eight o'clock we were on march.

The morning breezes were bland, and a thousand young flowers gemmed the grassy plains. It seemed as if the tints of a brighter sky and the increasing beauty of the earth were lifting the clouds from the future, and shedding vigour upon our hopes. But this illusion lasted but a moment. Three of my valuable men had determined to accompany the waggoners to the States; and as they filed off and bade adieu to the enterprise in which they had embarked, and blighted many cheering expectations of social intercourse along our weary wayfaring to Oregon, an expression of deep discouragement shaded every face. This 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 travelled happily onward.

The Osage River at this place is one hundred yards wide, with about two-and-a-half feet of water. Its banks are clothed with timber of cotton-wood, ash and hickory. We crossed it at eight o'clock in the morning, passed through the groves which border it, and continued to follow the Santa Fé trail. The portion of country over which it ran was undulating and truly beautiful; the soil rich, very deep, and intersected by three small streams, which appeared from their courses to be tributaries of the Osage.

At nightfall, we found ourselves upon a height overlooking a beautiful grove. This we supposed to be Council Grove. On the swell of the hill were the remains of an old Kauzaus' encampment; a beautiful clear spring gushed 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 there for the night. Accordingly, we fired signalguns for the hunters, pitched our tents, broke up the boughs which had been used by the Indians in building their wigwams, for fuel, and proceeded to cook our supper. This encampment had been made by the Kauzaus six years ago, when on their way south to their annual buffalo-hunt. A semi-circular 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. They were constructed in the following manner. Boughs of about two inches in diameter were inserted by their butts into the ground, and withed together at the top in an arched form; over 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,

[34] For the Kansa, see Bradbury's *Travels*, in our volume v, p. 67, note 37. – Ed.

and the Indian's home was complete. 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, which could be useful to us, and were soon very comfortable. About nine o'clock, our signalguns were answered by the return of our hunters. They had scoured the country all day in quest of game, but found none. Our hopes were somewhat depressed by this result. We had but one hundred pounds of flour and one side of bacon left; and the buffalo, by the best estimates we could make, were still three hundred miles distant; the country between us and these animals, too, being constantly scoured by Indian hunters, afforded us but little prospect of obtaining other game. However, we did not dwell very minutely upon the evils that might await us, but having put ourselves upon short allowance, and looked at our horses as the means of preventing starvation, we sought rest for the fatigues of the next day's march.

In the morning we moved down the hill. Our way lay directly through the little grove already referred to; and, however we might have admired its freshness and beauty, we were deterred from entering into the full enjoyment of the scene by the necessity, which we supposed existed, of keeping a sharp look-out among its green recesses for the lurking savage. The grove is the northern limit of the wanderings of the Cumanches – a tribe of Indians who make their home on the rich plains along the western borders of the republic of Texas.[35] Their ten thousand warriors, their incomparable horsemanship, their terrible charge, the unequalled rapidity with which they load and discharge their fire-arms, and their insatiable hatred, make the enmity of these Indians more dreadful than that of any other tribe of aborigines. Fortunately for us, however, these Spartans of the plains did not appear, and right merrily did we cross the little savannah between it and Council Grove, a beautiful lawn of the wilderness, some of the men hoping for the sweets of the bee-tree, others for a shot at a turkey or a deer, and others again that among the drooping boughs and silent glades might be found the panting loins of a stately elk.

Council Grove derives its name from the practice among the traders, from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief.[36] His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and to assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the tract 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; two hundred men, one hundred waggons, eight hundred mules; shoutings and whippings, and whistlings and cheerings, are all there; and, amidst them all, the hardy Yankee move happily onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the waggons. If they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left, and close the front; and the hindermost, by a similar movement, close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of waggons laden with cotton goods that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night.

---

[35] On the Comanche, see our volume xvi, p. 233, note 109. – Ed.

[36] See Gregg's description of this place, and the method of forming a caravan, in our volume xix, pp. 196-203, with accompanying notes. – Ed.

Within the area thus formed are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals are 'staked' – that is, tied to stakes, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, around the line. The ropes by which they are fastened are from thirty to forty 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, are, that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and farther, that it is impossible 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 waggons. The whole body then take positions for defence; at one time sallying out, rescue their animals from the grasp of the Indians; and at another, concealed behind their waggons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. Many were the bloody battles fought on the 'trail,' and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the 'Santa Fé Trade.' Many are the graves, along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumanches. They slumber alone in this ocean of plains; no tears bedew their graves; no lament of affection breaks the stillness of their tomb. The tramp of savage horsemen – the deep bellowing of the buffalo – the nightly howl of the hungry wolf – the storms that sweep down at midnight from the groaning caverns of the 'shining heights;' 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 the dead, "You are alone; no kindred bones moulder at your side."

We traversed Council Grove with the same caution and in the same manner as we had the other; a platoon of four persons in advance to mark the first appearance of an ambuscade; behind these the pack animals and their drivers; on each side an unincumbered horseman; in the rear a platoon of four men, all on the look-out, silent, with rifles lying on the saddles in front, steadily winding along the path that the heavy waggons of the traders had made among the matted underbrush. In this manner we marched half a mile, and emerged from the Grove at a place where the traders had, a few days before, held their council. The grass in the vicinity had been gnawed to the earth by their numerous animals; their fires were still smouldering and smoking; and the ruts in the road were fresh. These indications of our vicinity to the great body of the traders produced an exhilarating effect on our spirits; and we drove merrily away along the trail, cheered with renewed hopes that we should overtake our countrymen, and be saved from starvation.

The grove that we were now leaving was the largest and most beautiful we had passed since leaving the frontier of the States. The trees, maple, ash, hickory, black walnut, oaks of several kinds, butternut, and a great variety of shrubs clothed with the sweet foliage of June – a pure stream of water murmuring along a gravelly bottom, and the songs of the robin and thrush, made Council Grove a source of delight to us, akin to those that warm the hearts of pilgrims in the great deserts of the East, when they behold, from the hills of scorching sands, the green thorn-tree, and the waters of the bubbling spring. For we also were pilgrims in a land destitute of the means of subsistence, with a morsel only of meat and bread per day, lonely and hungry; and although we were among the grassy plains instead of a sandy waste, we had freezing storms, tempests, lightning and hail, which, if not similar in the means, were certainly equal in the amount of discomfort they produced, to the sand-storms of the Great Sahara.

But we were leaving the Grove and the protection it might yield to us in such disagreeable circumstances. On the shrubless plain again! To our right the prairie rose gradually, and stretched away for ten miles, forming a beautiful horizon. The whole was covered with a fine coat of grass a foot in height, which was at this season of the deepest and richest green. Behind us lay a dark line

of timber, reaching from the Grove far into the eastern limits of sight, till the leafy tops seemed to wave and mingle among the grass of the wild swelling meadows. The eyes ached as we endeavoured to embrace the view. A sense of vastness was the single and sole conception of the mind!

Near this grove are some interesting Indian ruins. They consist of a collection of dilapidated mounds, seeming to indicate the truth of the legend of the tribes, which says, that formerly this was the Holy ground of the nations, where they were accustomed to meet to adjust their difficulties, exchange the salutations of peace, and cement the bonds of union with smoking, and dancing, and prayers, to the Great Spirit.

We had advanced 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 the utmost 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, and came towards us, stationing himself beside our path, and awaiting our near approach. He stood quite upright and motionless. As we advanced, we noted closely his appearance and position. He had no clothing, except 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 center of the occiput over the middle of the head to the forehead. It was short and coarse, and stood erect, like a 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 respect. He stood by the road-side, apparently perfectly at ease; and seemed to regard all surrounding objects, with as much interest as he did us. This is a distinguishing characteristic of the Indian. If a thunderbolt 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 I rode up and proffered him a friendly hand. This he seized eagerly and continued to shake it very warmly, uttering meanwhile with great emphasis and rapidity, the words "How de," "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 careful 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 leathern pouch worn at his side. We expected, therefore, that the never-failing appeal to our charity 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 swinging 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 waving meadows the instant they had escaped from the embraces 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 broiled," and "ribs boiled," 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 the latter were enabled to approach within three hundred yards of the game before they were discovered. But the instant – that anxious instant to our gnawing appetites – the instant that they

perceived the crouching forms of their pursuers approaching them, tossing their heads in the air, and snuffing disdainfully at such attempt to deceive their wakeful senses, they put hoof to turf in fine style. The hunters attempted pursuit; but having to ascend 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 were killed. And we were obliged to console our hunger with the hope that three hunters, who had been despatched 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 favoured 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 ruts 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 weigh very early: and travelled briskly along, intending to overtake the traders before nightfall. But another thunder-storm for a while arrested the prosecution of our desires. – It was about three o'clock when a black cloud arose in the south-east, another in the south-west, and another in the north-east; and involving and evolving themselves like those that accompany tornadoes 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 catastrophe indicated by the awful stillness; and beheld the cloud rent in fragments, by the most terrific explosion of electricity we had ever witnessed. Then, as if every energy of the destroying elements had been roused by this mighty effort, peal upon peal of thunder rolled around, and up and down the heavens; and the burning bolts appeared to leap from cloud to cloud across the sky, and from heaven to earth, in such fearful rapidity, that the lurid 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 stupefying horror of the scene, madly huddled themselves together and became immovable. They heeded neither whip nor spur; but with backs to the tempest drooped their heads, as if awaiting their doom. The hail and rain came down in torrents. The plains were converted into a sea; the sky, overflowing with floods, lighted by a continual blaze of electric fire! 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 six o'clock we overtook a company of Santa Fé traders, commanded by Captain Kelly. The gloom of the atmosphere was such, that when we approached his camp, Captain Kelly supposed us to be Indians, and took measures accordingly to defend himself. Having stationed his twenty-nine men within the barricade formed by his waggons, he himself, accompanied by a single man, came out to reconnoitre. He was not less agreeably affected, to find us whites and friends, 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 pelted 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. While some were cooking our morsel of supper, others staked out the animals, others pitched our tent; and all, when their tasks were done, huddled under its shelter. We now numbered thirteen.

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 mud, put our saddles under our heads, had a song from our jolly Joe, and mused and shivered until morning.

As the sun of the 13th rose, we drove our animals through Cottonwood creek.[37] 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 mire and the dangers of the flood, our hearts beat merrily as we lessened, step by step, the distance from Oregon.

[37] For the Cottonwood see our volume xix, p. 204, note 42. The crossing was nearly two hundred miles from Independence. – Ed.

CHAPTER II

Scarcity of Food – An Incident – Looing and Bleating – Messrs. Bents – Trade – Little Arkansas – A Nauseous Meal – A Flood – An Onset – A Hard Ride – The Deliverance – The Arkansas – An Attack – The Similitude of Death – The Feast and a bit of Philosophy – The Traders Walworth and Alvarez's Teams – A Fright – A Nation of Indians – Their Camp and Hunts – A Treaty – A Tempest – Indian Butchering – A Hunt among the Buffalo – A Wounded Man – A Drive – A Storm and its Enemy – Night among the Buffalo – The Country and the Heavens – The Ford – A Mutiny and its Consequences – Blistered Fingers – Liberty – Bent's Fort – Disbanding.

Our hunters, who had been despatched from Council Grove in search of game, had rejoined us in Kelly's camp. And as our larder had not been improved by the hunt, another party was sent out, under orders to advance to the buffalo with all possible dispatch, and send back to the main body a portion of the first meat that should be taken. This was a day of mud and discomfort. Our pack and riding animals, constantly annoyed by the slippery clay beneath them, became restive, and not unfrequently relieved themselves of riders or packs, with little apparent respect for the wishes of their masters. And yet, as if a thousand thorns should hatchel out at least one rose, we had one incident of lively interest. For, while halting to secure the load of a pack-mule, whose obstinacy would have entitled him to that name, whatever had been his form, we espied upon the side of a neighbouring ravine several elk and antelope. The men uttered pleas for their stomachs 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 – the ravines that were deepest, and ran nearest the elk, were traversed in such a manner that the huntsmen were within three hundred yards of them before they were discovered; and then never did horses run nearest their topmost speed for a stake in dollars than did ours for a steak of meat. But, alas! the little advantage gained at the start, from the bewildered inaction of the game, began to diminish as soon as those fleet coursers of the prairie laid their nimble hoofs to the sward, and pledged life upon speed. In this exigency a few balls were sent whistling after them, but they soon slept in the earth, instead of the panting hearts they were designed to render pulseless; and we returned to our lonely and hungry march.

At sunset we encamped on the banks of a branch of the Arkansas.[38] 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 frying-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 hugged our rifles to our hearts, and soundly slept.

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, till that morning, since our departure from home, scourged us with every discouragement which the laws of matter could produce. Now all around us smiled. Dame Nature, a prude though she be, seemed pleased that she had belaboured our courage with so little success. To add to our joy, a herd of oxen and mules were feeding and lowing upon the opposite bank of the stream. They belonged to the Messrs. Bents, who have a trading post upon the Arkansas. One of the partners and thirty odd men were on their way to St. Louis, with

[38] Turkey Creek, for which see our volume xix, p. 205, note 44. – Ed.

ten waggons laden with peltries. They were also driving down two hundred Santa Fé sheep, for the Missouri market. These animals are usually purchased from the Spaniards; and if the Indians prove far enough from the track so as to permit the purchaser to drive them into the States, his investment is unusually profitable. The Indians, too, residing along the Mexican frontier, not infrequently find it convenient to steal large numbers of mules, &c., from their no less swarthy neighbours; and from the ease with which they acquire them, find themselves able and willing to sell them to traders for a very easily arranged compensation.

Of these several sources of gain, it would seem the Messrs. Bents[39] avail themselves; since, on meeting the gentleman in charge of the waggons before spoken of, he informed us that he had lost thirty Mexican mules and seven horses; and desired us, as we intended to pass his post, to recover and take them back. A request of any kind from a white face in the wilderness is never denied. Accordingly, we agreed to do as he desired, if within our power.

We made little progress to-day. Our packs, that had been soaked by storm and stream, required drying, and for that purpose we went early into camp. The country in which we now were, was by no means sacred to safety of life, limb or property. The Pawnee and Cumanche war-parties roam through it during the spring and summer months, for plunder and scalps. The guards, which we had had on the alert since leaving Council Grove, were therefore carefully stationed at nightfall among the animals around the tent, and urged to the most careful watchfulness. But no foe molested us. In the expressive language of the giant of our band, prefaced always with an appropriate sigh and arms akimbo, "We were not murdered yet."

About twelve o'clock of the 14th, we passed the Little Arkansas.[40] Our hunters had been there the previous night, and had succeeded in taking a dozen cat-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 unwholesome state of decomposition. 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 palates; and although some doubt may have existed in regard to the Hebrew principle of devouring so unclean a thing, our appetites allowed of no demur. 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 thunder-storms 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 nowhere else. Still, bearing this evidently true explanation in mind, it was with some difficulty that I yielded to the evidences on the banks of the Little Arkansas, that that stream had fallen fifteen feet during the last twelve hours. It was still too deep for the safety of the pack animals to attempt to ford it in the usual way. The banks, also, at the fording-place were left by the retiring flood, a quagmire; so soft, that a horse without burthen 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

---

[39] Silas Bent of St. Louis (1768-1827), judge of the superior court of the territory and prominent at the bar, had seven sons. The third, John (1803-45), remained in St. Louis, was admitted to the bar, and held the office of district attorney. The others went out upon the frontier. In 1826 William W., Charles, Robert, and George formed a partnership with Ceran St. Vrain and built a picket fort high up on the Arkansas. The following year they removed somewhat farther east, and built an adobe. William W. Bent was the chief founder of the enterprise. A daring Indian fighter, tradition describes his defeat of two hundred savages after a three days' battle. He married a Cheyenne woman, and made his home at Bent's Fort. In 1847-48 he acted as guide for the American army against New Mexico, whence his title of colonel. For one year (1859) he served as Indian agent, and died at his home in Colorado, May 19, 1869. Robert and George both died young, about the year 1841. They were buried near the fort, their remains afterwards being removed to St. Louis. For Charles Bent, who made his home at Taos, see our volume xix, p. 221, note 55. – Ed.

[40] Concerning the crossing of the Little Arkansas, consult our volume xix, p. 207, note 45. – Ed.

the stream, and tied it firmly to a tree. Our baggage, saddles and clothing suspended to hooks running to and fro on this line, were securely passed over. The horses being then driven across at the ill-omened ford, and ourselves over by swimming and other means, we saddled and loaded our animals with their several burthens, and recommenced our march.

The 14th, 15th, and 16th, were days of more than ordinary hardships. With barely food enough to support life, drenched daily by thunder-storms and by swimming and fording the numerous drains of this alluvial region, and wearied by the continual packing and unpacking of our animals, and enfeebled by the dampness of my 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 three to six feet in depth; generally undulating, and occasionally, far on the western horizon, broken into ragged 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 eight 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 furiously in a dense column till within thirty yards of our tent; and then wheeling short to the left, abruptly halted. Not a rifle-ball or an arrow had yet cleft the air. Nor was it so necessary that they should; for we discovered that, instead of bipeds 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 seven o'clock. The sun of a fine morning shone upon our ranks of beasts and men. Were I able to sketch the woe-shrivelled visages of my starving men, 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 a more determined disregard of the usages of social life. A long march before us – the Arkansas and its fish before us, the buffalo with all the delicate bits of tender loin and marrow bones, (even the remembrance of them inspires me) – with all these before us, who that has the sympathies of the palate 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 travelled over by one 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 bunches of the branching columnar and foliated prickly pear, indicated that we were approaching some more important course of the mountain waters than we had yet seen since leaving the majestic Missouri. "On, merrily on," rang from our parched and hungry mouths; and if the cheerful shout did not allay our appetites or thirst, it quickened the pace of our mules, and satisfied each other of our determined purpose to behold the Arkansas by the light of that day.

During the hurried drive of the afternoon we became separated from one another among the swells over which our track ran. Two of the advanced platoon took the liberty, in the absence of their commander, to give chace to an antelope which seemed to tantalize their forbearance by exhibiting his fine sirloins 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 three hundred yards' distance and brought him down! And now, who, in the tameness of an enough-and-to-spare state of existence, in which every emotion of the mind is surfeited 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 wholesome and fat old words of the

heart, and "shrewdly imagine," and still you cannot comprehend the feelings of that moment! Did we shout? were we silent? no, neither. Did we gather quickly around the horse which bore the slaughtered 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, however, soon 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 stinted stalks 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 ten miles of that stream lying in the sunset like a beautiful lake 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 nearly impossible for us to keep our jaded animals on a trot. But the sweet water of that American Nile, and a copse of timber upon its banks that offered us the means of cooking the antelope to satisfy our intolerable hunger, gave us new energy; and on we went at a rapid pace while sufficient light remained to show us the trail.[41]

When within about a mile and a half of the river a most annoying circumstance crossed our path. A swarm of the most gigantic and persevering musquitoes that ever gathered tribute from human kind, lighted on us and demanded blood. Not in the least scrupulous as to the manner in which they urged their claims, they fixed themselves boldly and without ceremony upon our organs of sight, smell, and whipping, in such numbers, that in consequence of the employment they gave us in keeping them at the distance, and the pain which they inflicted upon our restive animals, we lost the trail. And now came quagmires, flounderings, and mud, such as would have taught the most hardened rebel in morals that deviations from the path of duty lead sometimes to pain, sometimes to swamps. Long perseverance at length enabled us to reach the great "River of the Plains."

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 tread 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 cotton wood 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 Cumanche hunting as well as war-parties, the guard slept in spite of the savage eyes that might be gloating vengeance on our little band. No fear or war-whoop could have broken the slumbers of that night. It was a temporary death. Nature had made its extreme effort, and sunk in helplessness till its ebbing energies should reflow.

On the morning of the 18th of June we were up early – 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 eat. Then to the care of ourselves. 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 unrestrained delight that a truly philosophic 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 uncommon, was nevertheless our favourite occupation. – Then "catch up," "saddles on," "packs on," "mount," "march," were heard on

[41] The trail reached the Arkansas in the neighborhood of the northern reach of the Great Bend; but Farnham's party must have wandered from the regular route, in order to employ three days and a half from the crossing of the Little Arkansas – a distance of not more than thirty-five miles. – Ed.

all sides, and we were on the route, hurry-scurry, with forty loose mules and horses leering, kicking and braying, and some six or eight pack animals making every honourable effort to free themselves from servitude, while we were applying to their heads and ears certain gentle intimations that such ambitious views accorded not 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,[42] we were forced to resort again to our Chilian bridge. In consequence of the spongy nature of the soil and the scarcity of timber, we here found more difficulty in procuring fastenings for our ropes, than in any previous instance. At length, however, we obtained pieces of flood-wood, and drove them into the soft banks "at an inclination," said he of the axe, "of precisely 45° to the plane of the horizon." Thus supported, the stakes stood sufficiently firm for our purposes; and our bags, packs, selves, 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 States in all its qualities. 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 generally covered with a species of wiry grass that seldom grows to more than one and a half or two inches in height. The sun-flower of stinted growth, and a lonely bush of willow, or an ill-shaped sapless, cotton-wood tree, whose decayed trunk trembled under the weight of years, together with occasional bluffs of clay and sand-stone, 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 per hour, water three and a half to four feet, and of a chalky whiteness. It was extremely sweet, so delicious that some 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; posted our night-guard, and made a part of our meat into soup for supper. I will here 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 sneer when I declare that of all the innovations upon kitchen science which civilization has engrafted upon the good old style of the patriarchs, nothing has produced so depraving an effect upon taste, as these self-same condiments of salt, pepper, &c. 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 flies, and of the wild meat of the wilderness, untainted with any of the aforesaid condiments – simply boiled, and then eaten with strong, durable iron spoons and butcher-knives. Here I cannot restrain from penning one strong and irrepressible emotion that I well remember to have experienced while stretched upon my couch after our repast. The exceeding comfort of body and mind at that moment undoubtedly gave it being. It was an emotion of condolence for those of my fellow mortals who are engaged in the manufacture of rheumatisms and gout. Could they only for an hour enter the portals of prairie life – for one hour breathe the inspiration of a hunter's transcendentalism – for one hour feed upon the milk and honey and marrow of life's pure unpeppered and unsalted viands, 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 our fathers!

Our next day's march terminated in an encampment with the hunters whom I had sent forward for game. They had fared even worse than ourselves. Four of the seven days they had been absent from the company, and 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.

---

[42] Either Walnut or Ash Creek, the only two tributaries before reaching Pawnee Fork. Farnham seems, however, to have written from memory, and possibly confuses this stream with Turkey Creek, an affluent of the Little Arkansas. See *ante*, p. 70, note 34. – Ed.

On the 18th, however, they overtook Messrs. Walworth and Alvarez's teams,[43] and were treated with great hospitality by those gentlemen. On the same day they killed a 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 four o'clock, and with us returned to the place of drying the meat. Our horses were turned loose to eat the dry grass, while we feasted ourselves upon roasted tongue and liver. After this we "caught up" and went on with the intention of encamping with the Santa Féäns; after travelling 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 Fé traders had encamped on the east bank of the stream. The waggons 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 aspect, when viewed from the hill, over which we were passing.

But we had scarcely time to see the little I described, when a terrific scream of "Pawnee! Pawnee!" arose from a thousand tongues on the farther bank of the river; and Indian women and children ran and shrieked horribly, "Pawnee! Pawnee!" as they sought the glens and bushes of the neighbourhood. 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 slumber with the buffalo, whose bones 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 "Sacre fœdus" (holy league,) "Kauzaus," "Caw." His warriors followed his example. As soon as our friendly greetings were 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 concealments, 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 travelling equipage; and particularly our 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 neighbours.

The owners of the Santa Fé waggons were men who had seen much of life. Urbane 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 Kauzaus sent me a number of buffalo tongues, and other choice bits of meat. But the filth discoverable on their persons generally deterred us from using them. For this they cared little. If their presents were accepted, an obligation was by their laws incurred on our part, from which we could only be relieved by presents 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 my 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 him two pounds of tobacco, a side-knife, and a few papers of vermillion; but that, on my return, which would be in fourteen months, I should be very rich, and give him more. To all these obligations and pleasant prophecies, I of course gave my most hearty concurrence.

The Caws, or Kauzaus, are notorious thieves. We therefore put out a double guard at night, to watch their predatory operations, with instructions to fire upon them, if they attempted to take our animals. Neither guard nor instructions, however, proved of use; for the tempest, which the experienced old Santa Féäns had seen in the heavens, thunder-cloud in the north-west at sunset, proved a more efficient protection than the arm of man. The cloud rose slowly during the early part

[43] For Manuel Alvarez see our volume xx, p. 26, note 5. – Ed.

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 twelve o'clock. When in that position, the cloud covered one-half 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 shreds 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 which followed was appalling. The ground trembled – the horses and mules shook with fear, and attempted to escape. But where 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, tore the stakes from the ground, snapped the centre pole, and buried us in its enraged folds. Every man, we were thirteen in number, immediately seized some portion and held it with all 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 eloped in the iron embraces of the tempest. 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. The remainder of the night was consequently spent in gathering up our loose animals, and in shivering under the cold peltings of the rain.

The Santa Féäns, when on march through these plains, are in constant expectation of these tornadoes. Accordingly, when the sky at night indicates their approach, they chain the wheels of adjacent waggons 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 no ordinary powers of protection. Bows in the usual form, except that they are higher, are raised over long sunken Pennsylvania waggons, over which are spread two or three thicknesses of woollen 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 seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th, "Catch up, catch up," rang round the waggons of the Santa Féäns. 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 halter, the teams were harnessed and ready for the "march." A noble sight those teams were, about forty in number, their immense waggons still unmoved, forming an oval breastwork of wealth, girded by an impatient mass of near four hundred mules, 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 lines, team after team, straightened themselves into the trail, and rode majestically away over the undulating plain. We crossed the Pawnee Fork,[44] and visited the Caw Camp. Their wigwams were constructed of bushes inserted into the ground, twisted together at the top, and covered with the buffalo hides which 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 rick of wicker-work, under which slow fires are kept burning. The stench, and the squalid appearance of the women and children, were not sufficiently interesting to detain us long; and we travelled on for the buffalo which were bellowing over the hills in advance of us. There appeared to be about one thousand five hundred souls, almost in a state of nudity, and filthy as swine. They make a yearly hunt to this region in the spring, lay in a large quantity of dried meat, return to their own territory in harvest time, gather their beans and corn, make the buffalo hides, (taken before the hair is long enough for robes), into conical tents, and thus prepare for a long and merry winter.

---

[44] For Pawnee Fork see our volume xvi, p. 227, note 105. – Ed.

They take with them, on these hunting excursions, all the horses and mules belonging to the tribe, which can be spared from the labour of their fields upon the Konzas River, go south till they meet the buffalo, build their distant wigwams, and commence their labour. 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 used in killing vary with the rank and 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 liver or heart of one, and then another of the affrighted 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 hit. Some of the inferior chiefs also have these lances; but they must all be shorter than that of his Royal Darkness. The common Indians use muskets and pistols. Rifles are an abomination to them. The twisting motion of the ball as it enters, the sharp 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 meddle with. They call them medicines – inscrutable and irresistible sources of evil. The poorer classes still use the bow and arrow. Nor is this, in the well-trained hand of the Indian, a less effective weapon than those already mentioned. Astride a good horse, beside a bellowing band of wild beef, leaning 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 unfrequently, 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 band, the different speed of the horses has brought them into a single file or line. Thus they run 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 who had been hovering in the neighbourhood, now hurry up, astride of pack-animals, strip off hides, cut off the best flesh, load their pack saddles, mount themselves on the top, and move slowly away to the camp. The lords of creation have finished their day's labour. The *ladies* cure the meat in the manner described above, stretch the hides upon the ground, and with a blunt wooden adze hew them into leather. The younger shoots 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 crouching along the heights around the camp to notice the approach of foes, and sound the alarm. Thus the Konzas, Kausaus, or Caws, lay in their annual stores. Unless driven from their game by the Pawnees, or some other tribe at enmity with them, they load every animal with meat and hides about the first 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 – seven hundred or eight hundred horses or mules loaded with the spoils of the chase, and the children of the tribe holding on to the pack with might and main, naked as eels, and shining with buffalo grease, their fathers and mothers loafing 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 seizing an animal for a breastwork, and surrounding thus their wives and children, the firing, the dying, the conquest, the whoop of victory and rejoicings of one party, and the dogged, sullen submission of the other – all this and more has occurred a thousand times upon these plains, and is still occurring. But if victory declare for the Caws, or they march to their home without molestation, how many warm affections spring 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 gleeful days of childhood were spent! And when greetings are over, and welcomes are said, embraces exchanged, and their homes 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 ponders 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 honour 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 adornment of a slip or pew in church.

We travelled 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 fleetest 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 leeward side. When we emerged in sight of them, we put the horses into a slow gallop till within three hundred yards of our game; and then for the nimblest heel! Each was at his utmost speed. We all gained upon the herd. But two of the horses were by the side of the lubbers before the rest were within rifle-reach; and the rifles and pistols of their riders discharged into the sleek, well-larded body of a noble bull. The wounded animal did not drop; the balls had entered neither liver nor heart; and away he ran for his life. But his unwieldy 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 heroes of the rifle laid him wallowing in his blood, a mountain of flesh weighing at least three thousand pounds. We butchered him in the following manner: 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 the hunters call "the fleece." We next took the ribs that rise perpendicularly from the spine between the shoulders, and support what is termed the "hump." Then we laid our heavy wood-axes upon the enormous side-ribs, opened a cavity, and took out the tender-loins, tallow, &c., – all this a load for two mules to carry into camp.

It was prepared for packing as follows: the fleece was cut across the grain into slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, and spread upon a scaffolding of poles, and dried and smoked over a slow fire. While we were engaged in this process, information came that three of Mr. Bent's mules had escaped. The probability was that they had gone to the guardianship of our neighbours, the Caws. This was a misfortune to our honourable 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 very favourable account of their reception by the Caws, and were of opinion that farther search would be in vain. Being disposed to try my influence with the principal chief, I gave orders to raise the camp and follow the Santa Féans, 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 squalid children, who were wallowing in dirt and grease, and regaling themselves upon the roasted intestines of the buffalo. I inquired for the chiefs, for the mules, whether they themselves were human or bestial; for, on this point, there was room for doubt: to all which inquiries, they gave an appropriate grunt. But no chief or other person could be found, on whom any responsibility could be thrown in regard to the lost mules. And after climbing the 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 the 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

redoubtable combatants were within it; and as the cords were loosed, 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, &c., and attempted to drag it from among the baggage. 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 Fé caravan, then eight miles in advance, returned, examined, and dressed the wound, and furnished a carriage for the invalid. During the afternoon the high chief of the Caws also visited us; and by introducing discoloured water into the upper orifice, and watching its progress through, ascertained that the ball had not entered the cavity. But notwithstanding that our anxieties about the life of Smith[45] 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 Fé traders should have left the neighbourhood, they would without scruple use their superior force in appropriating to themselves our animals, and other means of continuing our journey. The Pawnees, too, were daily expected. The Cumanches were prowling about the neighbourhood. 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 carriole with grass and blankets, laid Smith upon them, and with other blankets bolstered him in such manner that the jolting 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 Féäns.

The trail 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 waggons. 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 aroused and enraged the buffalo bulls. They pawed the earth and bellowed, and gathered around the carriage 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; they had doubtless lost the trail – or, if not, might join me if I waited there till the morning. I therefore halted in a deep ravine, which would partially protect me from the maddened 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 had he been comfortable and silent, 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 disregard the tempest as an old-fashioned stoic would the toothache. But it beat too heavy for his philosophy. His Mackinaw blankets and slouched hat, for a time protected his ungainly body from the effects of the tumbling flood. But when the water began to

---

[45] Sidney W. Smith, who afterwards reached Oregon in a destitute condition, was cared for at Dr. Whitman's mission, and went on to the Willamette where he settled with Ewing Young. He acquired considerable property, and was influential in the establishment of the provisional government, serving as its secretary, as captain of militia, and on the first provisional committee. He acquired the name of "Blubbermouth Smith" among the early pioneers, but became a man of sterling ability and founder of a prominent Oregon family. – Ed.

stream through the bottom of the carriage upon him, the ire of the animal burst from his lank cheeks like the coming of a rival tempest. He cursed his stars, and the stars behind the storm, his garters, and the garters of some female progenitor, consigned to purgatory the thunder, lightning, and rain, and waggon, alias poor Smith; and gathering up the shambling timbers of his mortal frame, raised them bolt upright in the storm, and thus stood, quoted Shakspeare, and ground his teeth till daylight.

As soon as day dawned I found the trail again, and at seven o'clock overtook the Santa Féäns. Having changed Smith's bedding, I drove on in the somewhat beaten track that forty odd waggons made. Still every small jolt caused the unfortunate man to scream with pain. The face of the country 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, not a shrub was seen to-day. The soft rich soil had given place to one of flint and sand, as hard as M'Adam's pavements; the green, tall prairie grass, to a dry, wiry species, two inches in height. The water, too, disgusting remembrance! There was none, save what we scooped from the puddles, thick and yellow with buffalo offal.

We travelled fifteen miles, and halted for the night. Smith was extremely unwell. His wound was much inflamed and painful. Dr. Walworth dressed it, and encouraged me to suppose that no danger of life was to be apprehended. My company joined me at twelve o'clock, on the 22nd, and we followed in the rear of the cavalcade. After supper was over, and Smith made comfortable, I sought from some of them a relation of their fortunes during the past night. It appeared 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 them, pawing and bellowing in the most threatening 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 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 Féäns, or myself, or any other cause, in the direction of my companions, they must have trampled them to death. The danger to be apprehended from such an event, was rendered 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 bestial enjoyment! And if lashed to rage by some pervading cause, how fearful the ebbing and flowing of its mighty wrath!

On the 23rd 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 bands of cows to which they severally intended to give protection. And as the moving embankment of waggons, led by the advanced 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 fiery cavaliers would march each to his own band of dames 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 travelled fifteen or sixteen miles; 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 22nd – 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 pall 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 groaning 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 reeling world tottering under the great arm of its Maker, no eye could see and be unblenched; no mind conceive, and keep its clayey tenement erect.

I drew the carriole in which Smith and myself were attempting to sleep, close to the Santa Fé waggons, 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 use. The penetrating powers of that storm were not resisted by such means. Again we were thoroughly drenched. The men in the tent fared still worse than ourselves. 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, having given Smith in charge of my excellent Lieutenant, with 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 oftentimes extremely dangerous even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fé traders to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled 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: – 15×3=45×30=1,350 square miles of country, so thickly covered with these noble animals, that when viewed from a height, it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface. What a quantity of food for the sustenance of the Indian and the white pilgrim 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 butchers 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 four o'clock, P. M. The face of the earth was visible again; for the buffalo 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 travelled 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.

On the 26th we struck across a southern bend in the river, and made the Santa Fé "Crossings" at four o'clock, P. M.; 27th. we lay at the "Crossings," waiting for the Santa Féäns, and our wounded companion.[46] On this day a mutiny, which had been ripening 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 encampment where he was shot; but failing in supporters of so barbarous a proposition, they now endeavoured to accomplish their design by less objectionable means. They said it was evident, if Smith remained in the company, it must be divided; for that they, pure creatures, could no longer associate with so impure a man. And that, in order to preserve the unity of the company, they would propose that arrangements should be made with the Santa Féäns to take him along with them. In this wish a majority of the company, induced by a laudable desire for peace, and the preservation of our small force entire, in a country filled with Indian foes, readily united. I was desired to make the arrangement; but my efforts proved fruitless. The traders were of the opinion that

[46] For the Crossings see our volume xix, p. 218, note 54. The trading caravans proceeded by the Cimarron route, while Farnham's party took the mountain trail. – Ed.

it would be hazardous for Smith, destitute of the means of support, to trust himself among a people of whose language he was ignorant, and among whom he could consequently get no employment; farther, that Smith had a 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 my company this reply, and dwelt at length upon the reasons assigned by the traders.

The mutineers were highly displeased with the strong condemnation contained in them, of their intention to desert him; and boldly proposed to leave Smith in the carriole, and secretly depart for the mountains. Had we done this inhuman act, I have no doubt that he would have been treated with great humanity and kindness, till he should have recovered from his wound. But the meanness 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, Jourdan, Oakley, J. Wood, and Blair, to take open and strong grounds against it. They declared, that "however unworthy Smith might be, we could neither leave him to be eaten by wolves, nor to 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 cooperation of these men, two of the company made a litter, on which the unfortunate man might be borne between two mules. In the afternoon of the 28th, I went down to the traders, five miles below us, to bring him up to my camp. The traders generously refused to receive anything for the use of their carriage, and furnished 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 darkness soon set in, and we lost our course among the winding bluffs. But as I had reason to suppose that my presence in the camp the next morning with Smith was necessary to his welfare, I drove on till three 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 travelled during the night at one time up and at another time down the stream, and were then within a mile and a half of the trader's camp.

On reaching my encampment, I found every thing ready for marching, sent back the carriole to its owners, and attempted to swing Smith in his litter for the march; 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 mutineers were mounted; the company was afraid to stay longer in the vicinity of the Cumanche Indians, with so many animals to tempt them to take our lives; the Santa Fé waggons were moving over the hills ten miles away on the other side of the river; I had adjured the command, and had no control over the movements of the company; two of the individuals who had declared for mercy towards Smith had gone with the traders;[47] there was but one course left – one effort that could be made; he must attempt to ride an easy, gentle mule. If that failed, those who had befriended him would not then forsake him.

About eleven o'clock, therefore, on the 29th, Smith being carefully mounted on a pacing mule, our faces were turned to Bent's trading post, one hundred and sixty miles up the Arkansas. One of the principal mutineers, a hard-faced villain of no honest memory among the traders upon the Platte, assumed to guide and command. His malice towards Smith was of the bitterest character, and he had an opportunity now of making it felt. With a grin upon his long and withered physiognomy, that shadowed out the fiendish delight of a heart long incapable of better emotions, he drove off at a rate which none but a man in health could have long endured. His motive for this was easily understood. If we fell behind, he would get rid of the wounded man, whose presence seemed to be a living evidence of his murderous intentions, thwarted and cast back blistering upon his already

[47] From the later narrative it is apparent that these were Chauncey Wood and Quinn Jordan. – Ed.

sufficiently foul 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 remainder of the company to put themselves under his especial guardianship in their journey through the mountains; and if we should be destroyed by the Cumanche Indians who were prowling around our way, the blackness of his heart might be hidden, awhile 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 nearly fallen headlong to the ground; but all this was delight to the self-constituted leader; and on he drove, belabouring his own horse unmercifully to keep up the pace; and quoting Richard's soliloquy with a satisfaction and emphasis, which seemed to say "the winter" of *his* discontent had passed away, as well as that of his ancient prototype in villany.

The buffalo were seldom seen during the day: the herds now becoming fewer and smaller. Some of the men, when it was near night, gave chase to a small band near the track, and succeeded in killing a young bull. A fine fresh steak, and night's rest, cheered the invalid for the fatigues of a long ride the following day. And a long one it was. Twenty-five miles under a burning sun, with a high fever, and three broken ribs, required the greatest attention from his friends, and the exertion of the utmost remaining energies of the unfortunate man. Base though he was in everything that makes a man estimable and valuable to himself and others, Smith was really an object of pity and the most assiduous care. His couch was spread – his cup of water fresh from the stream, was always by his side – and his food prepared in the most palatable manner which our circumstances permitted. Everything indeed that his friends (no, not his friends, for he was incapacitated to attach either the good or the bad to his person, but those who commiserated his condition), could do, was done to make him comfortable.

In connexion 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 I or others were worn with fatigue, or disease, or starvation, he was always ready to administer 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 his 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 honourable man – a benevolent, kind, sympathizing friend – he deserves well of those who may have the good fortune to become acquainted with his unpretending worth.[48]

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 entire day's march, Shakspeare was on the tapis. If there be ears of him about the ugly world, to hear his name bandied by boobies, 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 inspirations 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, clay, and gravel – the only vegetation – the short furzy grass, several kinds of prickly pear, a stinted growth of sun-flower, and a few decrepid cotton-wood trees on the margin of the stream. The

[48] W. Blair was a millwright, and upon reaching Oregon found employment in Spaulding's mill at the Lapwai mission. Afterwards he went to the Willamette, and finally emigrated to California, where he died. – Ed.

south side of the river was blackened by the noisy buffalo. It was amusing when our trail led us near the bank, to observe the rising wrath of the bulls. They would walk with a stately tread upon the verge of the bank, at times almost yelling out their rage, and trampling, pawing, falling upon their knees, and tearing the earth with their horns; till, as if unable to keep down the safety-valve of their courage any longer, they would tumble into the stream, and thunder, and wade, and swim, and whip the waters with their tails, and thus throw off a quantity of their bravery. But, like the wrath and courage of certain members of the biped race, these manifestations were not bullet proof, for the crack of a rifle, and the snug fit of a bullet about their ribs operated instantaneously as an anodyne to all such like nervous excitation.

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 fast riding of the day had wearied Smith exceedingly. An hour's rest in camp however, had restored him, 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 malice of the vagabond leader. The night brought us its usual tribute – a storm. It was as severe as any we had experienced. If we may distinguish between the severities of these awful tumults of nature, the thunder was heavier, deeper. The wind also was very severe. It came in long gusts, loaded with large drops of rain, which struck through the canvas of our tent, as if it had been gauze.

The last day of June gave us a lovely morning. The grass looked green upon the flinty plains. Nor did the apparent fact that they were doomed to the constant recurrence of long draughts take from them some of the interest which gathers around the hills and dales within the lines of the States. There is indeed a wide difference in the outline of the surface and the productions of these regions. In the plains are none of the evergreen ridges, the cold clear springs, and snug flowering 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 border of the republic; none of the sweet villages and homes of the old Saxon race; but there are the vast savannahs, resembling molten seas of emerald sparkling with flowers, arrested while stormy and heaving, and fixed in eternal repose. Nor are lowing herds to be found there, and bleating flocks, which dependance on man has rendered subservient to his will; but there are thousands of fleet and silent antelope, myriads of the bellowing buffalo, the perpetual patrimony of the wild, uncultivated red man. And however other races may prefer the haunts of their childhood, the well-fenced domain and the stall-pampered 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 uncultivated lords.

We made fifteen miles on the 1st of July. The bluffs along the river began now to be striped with strata of lime and sand-stone. 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 plat of grass of sufficient size to feed our animals. Our encampment was twelve miles above Choteau's Island.[49] Here was repeated, for the twentieth time, the quarrel about the relative and moral merits of the company. This was always a question of deep interest with the mutineers; and many were the amusing arguments adduced and insisted upon as incontestible, to prove themselves great men, pure men, and saints. But as there was much difference of opinion, I shall not be expected to remember all the important judgments rendered in the premises.

If, however, my recollection serves me, it was adjudged, 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-waggon up the Platte, stole a horse and rifle from his employers, opened and plundered a "cache" of goods, and ran back to the States with well-founded pretensions to an "honest character."

[49] For Chouteau's Island see our volume xix, p. 185, note 26. – Ed.

Matters of this kind being thus satisfactorily settled, we gave ourselves to the musquitoes for the night. These companions of our sleeping hours were much attached to us – an amiable quality which "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 a sleepless night. But it is due to the guards outside the tent, to remark, that each and every one of them manifested the most praiseworthy vigilance, and industry, during the entire night. So keen a sense of duty did musquito beaks impart.

The next day we travelled twelve miles, and fell in with a band of buffalo. There being a quantity of wood near at hand wherewithal to cure meat, we determined to dry, in this place, what might be needed, till we should fall in with buffalo again beyond the hunting-grounds of the Messrs. Bents. 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 bullocks: and led their horses in, loaded with the choicest meat.

In preparing and jerking our meat, our man of the stolen rifle here assumed extraordinary powers in the management of affairs. Like other braves, 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 who had left, had they remained with us; and also, of *how dangerous his wrath would have been* in the settlements and elsewhere, had any indignity been offered to his honourable 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," said he, "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 ebullition of wrath at the possibility that the institutions of society might demand of him a rifle, or the Government a price of a portion 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. "These 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 G – !"

The mutineers were vastly edified by these timely instructions; and the man of parts ceasing to speak, directed his attention to drying the meat. He, however, soon broke forth again, found fault with every arrangement which had been made, and with his own mighty arm wrought the changes he desired.

Meanwhile, he was rousing the fire, already burning fiercely, to more and more activity, till the dropping grease blazed, and our scaffold of meat was wrapped in flames.

"Take that meat off," roared he. No one obeyed, and he stood still. "Take that meat off," he cried again, with the emphasis and mien of an Emperor; not deigning himself to soil his rags, by obeying his own command. No one obeyed. The meat burned rapidly. His ire waxed high; yet, no one was so much frightened as to heed his command. At length his sublime forbearance had an end. The great man seized the blazing meat, dashed it upon the ground, raised the temperature of his fingers to the blistering point, and rested from his labours.

Three days more fatiguing travel along the bank of the Arkansas brought us to the trading-post of the Messrs. Bents. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of July, when we came in sight of its noble battlements, and struck our caravan into a lively pace down the swell of the neighbouring plain. The stray mules that we had in charge belonging to the Bents, scented their old grazing ground, and galloped cheerfully onward. And our hearts, relieved from the anxieties which had made our camp for weeks past a travelling Babel, 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 – roofs again – safety again from the winged arrows of the savage; relief 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 spirit, were some of the many sources of pleasure which struggled with my slumbers on the first night's tarry among the hospitalities of "Fort William."[50]

My company was to disband 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 are being done, the reader will allow me to introduce him to the Great Prairie Wilderness, and the beings and matters therein contained.

[50] For a brief history of this post see our volume xx, p. 138, note 92; see also *post*, chapter iv. A cut of the fort may be seen in J. T. Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition* (Cincinnati, 1847), p. 35. Frémont visited there in 1844 and speaks of the hospitable treatment accorded him. In the palmy days of the fur-trade the Bents employed from eighty to a hundred men who made their headquarters at this post. – Ed.

CHAPTER III

The Great Prairie Wilderness – Its Rivers and Soil – Its People and their Territories – Choctaws – Chickasaws – Cherokees – Creeks – Senecas and Shawnees – Seminoles – Pottawatamies – Weas – Pionkashas – Peorias and Kaskaskias – Ottowas – Shawnees or Shawanoes – Delawares – Kausaus – Kickapoos – Sauks and Foxes – Iowas – Otoes – Omehas – Puncahs – Pawnees, remnants – Carankauas – Cumanche, remnants – Knistineaux – Naudowisses or Sioux – Chippeways, and their traditions.

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 States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and the Upper Mississippi on the east, 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 1,280,000,000 acres of an almost unbroken plain! The sublime Prairie Wilderness!

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

Another portion lying west of the irregular western line of that just described, five hundred 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, except 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 travellers to penetrate it with the stakes they carry with them wherewithal to fasten their animals or spread their tents. Nevertheless it is covered thickly with an extremely nutritious grass peculiar to this region of country, the blades of which are wiry and about two inches in height.

The remainder of this Great Wilderness, lying three hundred miles in width along the eastern radices of the Black Hills and that part of the Rocky Mountains between the Platte and the Cordilleras-range east of the Rio del Norte, is the arid waste usually called the "Great American Desert."[51] 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 decrease and finally disappear as you approach the mountains. It is a scene of desolation scarcely equalled on the continent, when viewed in the dearth of midsummer from the base of the hills. Above, rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, shattered cliffs through which is struggling the dark foliage of stinted shrub-cedars; while below you spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn silence is seldom broken by the tread of any other animal than the wolf or the starved and thirsty horse which bears the traveller across its wastes.

The principal streams that intersect the Great Prairie wilderness are the Colorado, the Brazos, Trinity, Red, Arkansas, Great Platte 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 and the plains, as the theatre of agriculture and the other pursuits of a densely populated and distant interior; for these plains are too barren for general cultivation. 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.

---

[51] See on this subject our volume xvi, p. 174, note 81. – Ed.

In the months of April, May, and June it is navigable for steamboats to the Great Falls; but the scarcity of water during the remainder of the year, as well as the scarcity of wood and coal along its banks, its steadily 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 soever 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 charming and productive valleys, separated from each other by secondary rocky ridges sparsely covered with evergreen trees; and high over all, far in south-west, west and north-west, tower into view, the ridges of the Rocky Mountains, whose inexhaustible magazines of ice and snow have, from age to age, supplied these valleys with refreshing springs – and the Missouri – the Great Platte – the Columbia – and Western Colorado rivers with their tribute to the seas.

Lewis and Clark, on their way to Oregon in 1805, made the Portage at the Great Falls eighteen miles. In this distance the water descends three hundred and sixty-two feet. The first great pitch is ninety-eight feet, the second nineteen, the third forty-eight, and the fourth twenty-six. Smaller rapids make up the remainder of the descent. After passing over the Portage with their boats and baggage, they again entrusted themselves to the turbulent stream – entered the chasms of the Rocky Mountains seventy-one miles above the upper rapids of the Falls, penetrated them one hundred and eighty miles, with the mere force of their oars against the current, to Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson's Forks – and in the same manner ascended Jefferson's River two hundred and forty-eight miles to the extreme head of navigation, making from the mouth of the Missouri, whence they started, three thousand and ninety-six miles; four hundred and twenty-nine of which lay among the sublime crags and cliffs of the mountains.[52]

The Great Platte has a course by its northern fork of about one thousand five hundred miles; and by its southern fork somewhat more than that distance; from its entrance into the Missouri to the junction of these forks about four hundred miles. The north fork rises in Wind River Mountain, north of the Great Pass through Long's range of the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 42° north.[53] The south fork rises one hundred miles west of James Peak, and within fifteen miles of the point where the Arkansas escapes from the chasms of the mountains, in latitude 39° north.[54] This river is not navigable for steamboats at any season of the year. In the spring floods, the batteaux of the American fur traders descend it from the forts on its forks. But even this is so hazardous that they are beginning to prefer taking down their furs in waggons by the way of the Kansas River to Westport, Missouri, thence by steamboat 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 banks. So that in years to come, when the Federal Government shall take possession of its Territory West of the Mountains, the banks of this stream will be studded with fortified posts for the protection of countless caravans of American citizens emigrating thither to establish their abode; or of those that are willing to endure or destroy the petty tyranny of the Californian Government, for a residence in that most beautiful, productive country. Even now, loaded waggons 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.[55]

---

[52] Farnham is quoting from the Biddle (1814) edition of the journals of Lewis and Clark. Consult R. G. Thwaites, *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* (New York, 1903-05), ii, pp. 159-339. – Ed.

[53] For the sources of North Platte see James's *Long's Expedition*, our volume xv, pp. 234-236, with accompanying note. – Ed.

[54] Long's expedition of 1819-20 followed the South Platte nearly to its source. See our volume xv, pp. 241-305, especially p. 292, note 141. James's Peak was the name bestowed by Long upon what is now known as Pike's Peak, because Dr. Edwin James was the first to make the ascent. Frémont restored the name of Pike in 1843. See our volume xvi, pp. 11-36, especially note 15. – Ed.

[55] For the first wagons on the Oregon Trail see De Smet's *Letters*, in our volume xxvii, p. 243, note 116. The Whitman party in

As it may interest my readers to peruse a description of these routes given me by different individuals who had often travelled them, I will insert it: "Land on the north side of the mouth of the Platte; follow up that stream to the Forks, four hundred miles; in this distance only one stream where a raft will be needed, and that near the Missouri; all the rest fordable. At the Forks, take the north side of the North one; fourteen days' travel to the Black Hills; thence leaving the river's bank, strike off in a North-West direction to the Sweetwater 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 sweet-water three 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 two days, (this creek is a large stream coming from Wind river Mountains in the North;) thence one day to Little Sandy creek – thence westward over three or four creeks to Green River, (Indian name Sheetskadee,) strike it at the mouth of Horse creek – follow it down three days to Pilot Bute; thence strike westward one day to Ham's Fork of Green River – two days up Ham's Fork – thence West one day to Muddy Branch of Great Bear River – down it one day to Great Bear River – down this four days to Soda Springs; turn to the right up a valley a quarter of a mile below the Soda Springs; follow it up a north west direction two days to its head; there take the left hand valley leading over the dividing ridge; one day over to the waters of Snake River at Fort Hall;[56] thence down Snake River twenty days to the junction of the Lewis and Clark Rivers – or twenty days travel westwardly by the Mary's River – thence through a natural and easy passage in the California Mountains to the navigable waters of the San Joaquin – a noble stream emptying into the Bay of San Francisco."[57]

The Platte therefore when considered in relation to our intercourse with the habitable countries on the Western Ocean assumes an unequal 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. Upon the head waters of its North Fork, too, is the only way or opening in the Rocky mountains at all practicable for a carriage 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 travelled by myself farther south, is, and ever will be impassable for wheel 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 designed by nature as the great gateway between the nations on the Atlantic and Pacific seas.[58]

The Red River has a course of about one thousand five hundred miles. It derives its name from a reddish colour of its water, produced by a rich 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 an inch in thickness.

1836 succeeded in conveying wagons as far as Fort Boise, on Lewis River. There is no record that wagons had gone through to Walla Walla at the time of Farnham's journey. – Ed.

[56] This is a good brief description of the Oregon Trail as far as Fort Hall. See our volume xxi, Wyeth's *Oregon*, pp. 52, 53, and notes 32-34; also Townsend's *Narrative*, pp. 187-211, notes 36, 43, 44, 45, 51. – Ed.

[57] This description regarding the California route shows the indefiniteness of the knowledge then current. No one is known to have passed this way save Jedediah S. Smith (1827) and Joseph Walker, sent by Captain Bonneville (1833). When Bidwell and Bartleson went out in 1841, they found no one who could give them detailed information of the route from Fort Hall to California, and they stumbled through the wilderness in great confusion. See John Bidwell, "First Emigrant Train to California," in *Century Magazine*, xix (new series), pp. 106-129. Mary River is that now known as the Humboldt, which rises a hundred miles west of Great Salt Lake and after a course of nearly three hundred miles west and south-west flows into Humboldt Lake or Sink. This river was originally named Ogden for Peter Skeen Ogden, a Hudson Bay factor, whose Indian wife was known as Mary. The name Humboldt was assigned by Lieutenant Frémont (1845), who does not appear to have connected it with Mary River, which he sought the preceding year. This explorer also proved (1844) that the San Joaquin and other affluents of San Francisco Bay do not "form a natural and easy passage" through the California or Sierra Nevada Mountains. – Ed.

[58] By the "Great Gap" Farnham intends South Pass, for which see Wyeth's *Oregon* in our volume xxi, p. 58, note 37. – Ed.

Three hundred miles from its mouth commences what is called "The Raft," a covering formed by drift-wood, which conceals the whole river for an extent of about forty miles. And so deeply is this immense bridge covered with the sediment of the stream, that all kinds of vegetable common in its neighbourhood, even trees of a considerable size, are growing upon it. The annual inundations are said to be cutting a new channel near the hill. Steamboats ascend the river to the Raft, and might go fifty leagues above, if that obstruction were removed.[59] Above this latter point the river is said to be embarrassed by many rapids, shallows, falls, and sand-bars. Indeed, for seven hundred 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 ponds. As you approach the mountains, 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 twelve hundred miles, rising in the plains and mountains on the north and north-west side of Texas, and running south south-east into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Rio Bravo del Norte[60] bounds the Great Prairie Wilderness on the south and south-west. It is one thousand six hundred and fifty 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 a certain season is dry, at least the waters stand in ponds, not affording sufficient to procure a running course. When you come nearer the mountains, you find the river contracted, a gravelly 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 two hundred from its source." Perhaps we should understand the Lieutenant to mean that five hundred miles of sand bar and two hundred miles immediately below its source being taken from its whole course, the remainder, nine hundred and fifty miles, would be the length of its navigable waters.[61]

The Arkansas, after the Missouri, is the most considerable river of the country under consideration. It takes its rise in that cluster of secondary mountains which lie at the eastern base of the Anahuac Ridge, in latitude 41° north – eighty or ninety miles north-west of James Peak. It runs about two hundred 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 rushes from them with a foaming current in latitude 39° north. From the place of its debouchure to its entrance into the Mississippi is a distance of 1981 miles; its total length 2173 miles. About fifty miles below a tributary of this stream, called the Grand Saline,[62] a series of sand-bars commence and run 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 at 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 taken 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

[59] For this obstruction, and the clearing of it, see our volume xvii, p. 70, note 64. – Ed.

[60] For this river see Pattie's *Personal Narrative* in our volume xviii, p. 75, note 45. – Ed.

[61] For a brief biography of Zebulon M. Pike, see our volume viii, p. 280, note 122. The journals of his expedition have been edited by Elliott Coues, *Expeditions of Zebulon M. Pike* (New York, 1895). – Ed.

[62] Anahuac was a native Mexican word originally applied to the low coastal lands, but gradually transferred to the great central plateau of Mexico, with its mountainous ranges. Farnham considers the Rocky Mountain range south of South Pass an integral part of this Mexican system, as it was in his time under the Mexican government.The Grand Saline branch of the Arkansas is probably intended for the Negracka, now called Salt Fork. See our volume xvi, p. 243, note 114. – Ed.

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 135,000 Indians inhabiting the Great Prairie Wilderness,[63] of whose social and civil condition, manners and customs, &c. I will give a brief account. It would seem natural to commence with those tribes which reside in what is called "The Indian Territory;" a tract of country bounded south by the Red River, east by the States of Arkansas and Missouri – on the north-east and north by the Missouri and Punch Rivers,[64] 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 will, as is supposed, in the end excite the wants, create the industry, and confer upon them the happiness of the civilized state.

These benevolent intentions of Government, however, have a still wider reach. Soon after the English power had been extinguished here, the enlightened men who had raised over its ruins 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 power to return; and so to exchange 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, beside the Government of the United States; and in some other respects restricted, so as to preserve peace among the tribes, prevent tyranny, and lead them to the greatest happiness they are capable of enjoying.[65]

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 as all experience tended to prove that their proximity to the whites induced among them more vice than virtue; and as the General Government, before any attempts had been made to elevate them, had become bound to remove them from many of the 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 labour 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 innumerable 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 to the civilized condition, the Indian Territory has been well chosen as the home of these unfortunate people. Thither the Government, for the last thirty years, has been endeavouring to induce those within the jurisdiction of the States to emigrate.[66]

---

[63] This estimate of population would seem to be fair. Compare Gregg's tables in our volume xx, pp. 317-341, notes 204-215, compiled from the report of the Indian commissioner in 1844. – Ed.

[64] Ponca (Punca) Creek, which in 1837 formed the northern boundary of what was known as "Indian Territory." See our volume xxii, p. 291, note 253. – Ed.

[65] This is a gratuitous remark. The conduct of the British Government will compare most favourably with that of the United States. The English have not thought of hunting Indians with blood-hounds. – English Ed.

[66] See on this subject Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, in our volume xx, p. 300, note 191. – Ed.

The Government purchase the land which the emigrating tribes leave – giving them others within the Territory; transport them to their new abode; erect a portion of their dwellings; plough and fence a portion of their fields; furnish them teachers of agriculture, and implements of husbandry, horses, cattle, &c.; erect schoolhouses, and support teachers in them the year round; make provision for the subsistence of those who, by reason of their recent emigration, are unable to support themselves; and do every other act of benevolence necessary to put within their ability to enjoy, not only all the physical comforts that they left behind them, but also every requisite, facility, and encouragement to become a reasoning, cultivated, and happy people.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, купив полную легальную версию на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.