

South Dakota
Historical Collections

Compiled by
State Historical Society

VOL. XIX
1938

HIPPLE PRINTING COMPANY, PIERRE, S. D.

2019.13.62

21

fluently, or earn a decent living, or take care of their personal property adequately. But how many more of this type of Indian would there be had it not been for the examples set by the old fur traders and the mixed-blooded offspring.

More generally, the traders and their families also played significant roles in the wider history of the northern plains region. The fur trade was not only a major aspect of the economy of western America for many decades, but its activities also provided the geographic knowledge that was so essential to the successes of the explorers, military expeditions, and settlers that followed in their wake.

The mixed-blooded children of this fur trade also made substantial contributions to the operation of government Indian policy among the Sioux and other tribes from the early 1870s onward. It was this younger generation that developed the vital function of interpreting English to Lakota and vice-versa to a new height of proficiency. Young men, such as Louis Bordeaux, Charley Tackett, or Louis Robideaux on the Rosebud, for whom the Sioux language was their mother tongue and who benefited from the efforts of their fathers to give them the advantages of some formal schooling, finally made it possible for the Indians to know accurately and in detail what was going to happen to them under government policy changes, and for the agent to be able to communicate intelligently on the attitudes of his Indians to the commissioner in Washington. If this is not regarded as a significant accomplishment, examine the complicated language of the 1876 treaty, or the 1889 land agreement, and try to imagine under the old system how garbled would have been the translation of English ideas and terminology into Sioux terms and thought patterns by a semiliterate fur trader whose native tongue and upbringing was basically French.

The story of the old fur traders and their mixed-blooded children has a significance both on the Rosebud and throughout the northern plains area. It deserves further study as both a fascinating recreation of the past as well as a means for understanding the present and future role of this group in the affairs of the Sioux people.

Ed. Note. The follo

Wright, a world famou

The Evening Huronite

this letter after seeing i

first time in 1935. He

stands with our bes

topographic description

from the Frank Lloyd

Gutheim, ed., *Frank Ll*

Grosset & Dunlap, 1941

Dear Bob: I have l

more. You are a good s

see you all again. I am

Publicity might be suc

U.S.A. if it were in the

course. Or anything else

Speaking of our trip

Spearfish Canyon: I've

much over our own co

that revolution called t

Paul Bellamy was drivin

prairie to reach the B

afternoon, something c

straight and look at Bell

said he, "you've seen no

me an indescribable sen

architecture, ethereal, to

2019.13.62

-2

to Fort Hall, and returned to Ft. Laramie; in November, went to Ft. Bridger. Early in the spring of 1844—trapped this year on the Green River, and Laramie River and went to Taos, New Mexico, in 1845, and in 1846 I went with Jim Beckwith and six Mormons to Salt Lake to look out the country for Brigham and the main body of the Mormons to settle, which they did in 1847—I went to the Mexican war in 1847. Got wounded at Monterey on 23rd of Sept., 1847; was sent back to Taos, N. Mex. Laid there a year. In 1849 I took a train from Independence, Mo., to California; in 1850, returned to Kansas in the Rocky Mountains, afterwards Colorado.

Yours & so on

(Signed) O. P. WIGGINS.

Pioneers of 1832—Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville, D. Fitzpatrick, Nathan J. Wyeth, John Smith, Outwine de Bleury, Ike Chamberlain, Geo. Simpson, Julius Montbleau, William Montbleau, Jack McGaa, Jim Beckworth, Tom Baggs, Tom Tobin.

Pioneers of 1834—Ceron St. Vrain, Napoleon Beauvais, John Grant, William J. Comstock, Jim Blair.

Pioneers of 1838—O. P. Wiggins, Ed. C. Campbell, Elon Tupper, Norman White, William Furness, William Sublet.

Pioneers of 1839—William Bent, Napoleon de Frances, Jim Baker, Dave Wheatly, Lewis Hedspeth, John Armstrong, Jules Mariana.

Pioneers of 1842—John C. Fremont, Father McCabe, John Keysburg, Mike Fagan, Father McBaupé, Julius Ludon, Pat McDermot, Robert Hamilton, Bob Dempsey.

Pioneers of 1843—William Gilpin, James Wise, Silas Bent, Edmond Rubidou, Jules Rubidou, Ole Olson, Aaron Crosby, Geo. Britton.

Pioneer Mormons, 1846—Henry Chatelain, O. P. Gleason, Miles Bragg, J. P. Johnson, Sol Silver, William Hall.

The above Mormons went to Salt Lake to look out a country to move to, and returned to the States late in the fall, and next spring, 1847, Brigham Young moved to Salt Lake and settled. Jim Beckworth and Jack McGaa were the guides for the first six explorers. I went with them from Ft. Laramie to Salt Lake on account of McGaa's wife was sick, and he had to return home from Ft. Laramie to Taos, N. Mex.

(Signed) O. P. WIGGINS.

Ladies Literary Club of E
titled "In the
members of t

Putnam, Mrs Lucia G.—O
of Old Trails.

Indiana Historical Bureau—
Indiana.

Hamm, John C.—Original
Star Valley."

Lusk, Frank S.—Six Unite
ming, most of

Blake, Herbert Cody—Box
about Buffalo
Joe Esquivel,

Clarke, John Jackson—"Re
and Eighties.
Autographed
five Wyoming

Evans, Mrs. D. P.—Coll
Mrs. Mary C.

Newton, L. L.—Original m
entitled "The

Hoskins, W. C.—25th and

Committee on World Frie
"Dolls of Frie
between the c

Cahill, T. Joe—Ticket and

Schwoob, Jacob M.—Autog

Coolidge, Porter B.—Auto
ica." Words

Williams, Mrs. Corrine—P
Chief," which

Allen, Mary Jester—Three
and one of J
Robert Lindr
Duel."

Spurrer, Cleo Z.—Four an
of the Wagor

2019.13.62

13

Diary

- April 22, 1850. Started to Oregon on steamboat Ludlow. Landed in Marietta, 7:00 P.M.
April 23. Left on steamboat for Cincinnati. Laded 5:00 o'clock.
April 26. Left on steamboat Washington for New Albany at 11:00 A. M.
April 27. Landed at 1:00 o'clock.
April 28. Left at 8:00 A. M. on Gernerall Lafayette for New Orleans. Wrote letter to wife.
May 6. Land at New Orleans.
May 11. Abraham started for New Albany on Bostonia.
May 12. Wrote letter from New Orleans to S. R. Fouts.
May 19. Wrote to Lydia.
May 26. Wrote to Solomon.
June 7. Wrote to Lydia.
June 11. Left New Orleans on the steamboat Uncle Same for St. Louis.
June 19. Landed at S. Louis.
June 23. Left on the steamboat Robert Campbell for St. Joseph.
June 28. Arrived at St. Joseph.
June 28. Crossed the river, 8:00 P. M., commenced raining as we landed and continued all night.
July 8. Crossed Big Blue.
July 11. Passed Fort Kearney. Wrote to Lydia.
July 17. Came by the Big Springs, after travelling 35 miles without water. Stayed all next day.
July 21. Came to the crossing of South Platt.
July 22. Passed over 100 Mormon wagons. Crossed Platte to North Platte. Camped at Ash Hollow.
July 23. Travelled 25 miles, and camped on bank of river.
2 July 24. Travelled 28 miles and camped on little creek.
July 25. Noon, near Capitol Rock on a little creek. Camped within 4 miles of Chimney Rock for the night. Made 26 miles.
July 26. Travelled 28 miles.

2019.13.62 -4

- July 27. Travelled 12 miles to Scotts Bluff and camped at a trading post, kept by Mr. Rubideux.
- July 28. Sunday. Laid by on account of rain. Got a shoe put on a horse.
- July 29. Bought 5 mules. Travelled 12 miles. Heavy hale, big as quail eggs. Travelled 12 miles before noon, and 8 miles afternoon and camped for night.
- July 30. Travelled 10 miles till noon, and 12 miles in the afternoon.
- July 31. Travelled 10 miles to Fort Laramie.
- August 1. Made 24 miles.
- August 2. Travelled 27 miles, passing a good spring on high ground, and camped on river bank.
- August 3. Left river. Travelled over high ground, passing 2 springs 28 miles. Camped on small creek, and one mile southwest of the small creek, passed under a stone bridge with 80 foot span.
- August 4. Sunday. Camped at noon on a small creek and caught some fish.
- August 5. Left road and travelled 15 miles, and killed an antelope.
- August 6. Left river at noon--10 miles. Travelled to the ferry where we camped for the night, making ~~17~~ 16 miles.
- August 7. Left for Sweet Water, good spring on high ground, made 29 miles and camped.
- August 8. Travelled 23 miles and camped on Sweet Water.
- August 11. Came in sight of Wind river. Snow on mountains. Left our wagons.
- October 11. Got to Hedges, one mile from Oregon City.
- October 19. Wrote to my wife.

Compiled by M. J. Mattes - 1945
Transcribed by Louise Ridge - 1/46

William Fouts
Diary
(Newberry Microfilm 1 - 5)

2019.13.62

-5

a dry rolling prairie, which gave rise to the profane cry, "Mount Ararat--Mount Ararat at last!" As we got on the elevated ground, we could see that the bluffs took a curve like the tail of a shepherd's crook, a prominent eminence forming the curl at the end. This is called "Scott's Bluff," from the body of an enterprising trapper of that name being found upon it. It is supposed he lost his way, and having crawled up on it for a look-out, died of starvation. The sides of the bluffs were no longer smooth and sloping, but bold and rugged, belted with abrupt ledges of sandstone, and split by craggy ravines, well wooded with large cedar. As we advanced into the bend of the crook, over a fine rich grassy lea, the scene became heightened in beauty and interest, untill, close under one of those fantastic cliffs, we found a rustic log-hut, the country residence of a Mr. Roubertean, of St. Louis, a blacksmith by trade, who, foreseeing an active business from the overland emigration, settled himself in this sequestered nook, getting into sharp collision with the long dormant echoes of the wilderness, and taking unto himself a Sioux spouse, a perfect queen of the wilderness, whom I beg leave to introduce as the sister of the Indians who accompanied us from South Platte

We arrived at an hour that afforded us ample time to spread out and dry our food, raiment, &c.; but it smacked of desecration to see the enchanting spot, sacred to the spirit of solitude, strewn over with our blue-moulded duds, and the tender flowerets, that would grace a paradise, crushed beneath flour-bags and fitches of bacon. The distance hence to Fort Laramie was fifty-five miles, over a rolling country, covered with good pasture, but not calling for any especial notice. We met the Platte at several points, covered as was usual with tufty islets, and shot two antelopes, that sufficed us till we arrived there. As we were rolling along the second day we saw a man running across the plain to meet us, who we first thought was an Indian, but as he came up proved to be a French trapper, clad in a buckskin suit, with a fine rifle on his shoulder. He spoke tolerable English, expressing his surprise that we could have managed to get thus far so early as the 26th of May. He informed us he was the son of an old French trapper, from the Hudson Bay settlement, brought out by his father when quite a boy; and that, after his death, he continued the same mode of life, having married the daughter of an Indian chief, in whose society he forgot every feeling or desire to visit the crowded thoroughfares of the world, procuring, as he said, the main staples of existence with his gun, and obtaining a few superfluities he desires at the fort, in exchange for the skins of the game he kills. "It is no less singular than true," that most men who frequent the hunting-ground of the Indian, either as trappers or tourists, contract a singular liking for their habits of life, and innumerable instances are on record where men of independent fortune have forsaken the conventionalities of polished society for the simple, unsophisticated association of those children of nature, demonstrating the inherent tendency of man to the natural in preference to the artificial, wherever freewill is left a loose rein.

154

I gave a carte-blanche to my imagination as we drew nigh Fort Laramie, in view of the Black Hills (as they are called) at its back, seeing in "my mind's eye" a bold fortress, perched, in stern solitary grandeur, on a beetling crag, with corbled battlements bristling with cannon, encircled by chasms, through which mountain torrents roared vengeance on any of unbidden approach; but, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," my glowing fancy vanished before the wretched reality--a miserable, cracked, dilapidated, adobe, quadrangular enclosure, with a wall about twelve feet high, three sides of which were shedded down as stores and workshops, the fourth, or front, having a two-story erection, with a projecting balcony, for hurling projectiles or hot water on the foe, propped all around on the outside with beams of timber, which an enemy had only to kick away and down would come the whole structure. It stands, or rather, leans, upon a naked plain by the side of a rapid little river, in which a Frenchman named Laramie was drowned, yielding up his name both to the river and the fort. It is not a military station, but belongs to the "American Fur Trading Company," who keep there a supply of trumpery merchandise, to exchange with the Indian and trapper for

153

2019.13.62

-6

Tuesday, May 28.--Left camp this morning at 3 o'clock, traveled three hours, came to good water and halted to get our breakfast. At 8 o'clock we arrived opposite the Courthouse rock, about five miles distant. It has much the appearance at this distance of the courthouse at Louisville. At 4 o'clock camped for the night on the banks of the Platte, about two miles from the Chimney Rock. This remarkable curiosity has been in sight of us ever since yesterday at 12 o'clock. It derives its name from the resemblance it bears to a chimney. It is seven hundred feet in height, and in a clear day can be seen at a distance of forty miles. It is composed of soft white sand stone. The violent storms that have raged in this region, have worn it into this shape. Thousands column that represents the chimney is crumbling away and fast disappearing. Thousands of persons who have passed here during the last year have engraved their names upon it. Soon after we encamped, darkness began to thicken around us, the elements had an angry appearance, the muttering thunder announced that a violent storm was approaching, and in about an hour the rain began to pour down in torrents, accompanied with a terrible wind from the north, so we locked both wheels and all hands were called upon to tend the cattle lest there might be a stampede; in the course of five hours it cleared off and the moon was shining brightly. Traveled to-day 20 miles.

24

Wednesday, May 29.--We turned our cattle out to graze this morning at 2 o'clock, there being good grass and plenty of it, and hearing that we had to make twenty-two miles to-day without finding grass or water. We started by 6 o'clock, the roads this morning being very muddy and slippery after the hard rain last night. We find the roads strewn with "Flora sisters of the sod." Traveled to-day five hours found plenty of good grass, but no water, stopped to graze our cattle for two hours. Our oxen as well as ourselves, suffer much from the effects of buffalo gnats, which are very numerous in this country. After dinner we passed some ten ox teams under way who had started four days ahead of us from St. Joe. 6 o'clock arrived at the foot of Scott's bluff, it derives its name, as I have been informed by a trader who has been through here several times, from a noted mountaineer named Scott; he was seized with disease here and died, and was buried on the bluff. Here we found good grass but no water, and encamped for the night. Traveled to-day 24 miles.

Thursday, May 30.--Turned our cattle out at 2 o'clock to let them graze for a couple of hours. 4 o'clock we were under way in fine style. We stopped for breakfast at Robidoux's trading post, here we found a good spring of water, but grass scarce. We have been traveling up a deep valley for a number of miles after we had reached the extreme height of the bluffs, and from it we could see the first view of Laramie's peak, at a distance of 150 miles. As we descended the ridge we traveled over a barren country, broken by deep chasms and sloughs, hollowed out by the winds and water. 12 o'clock nooned about ten miles this side of the trading post, found poor grass and no water. When we passed the trading post this morning Mr. Jamison, a methodist preacher from Kentucky, who was accidentally shot by his own pistol, some time since was much worse and not expected to live, and I learn from a mule train that passed there about 10 o'clock, that he had died from the effects of the wound this morning. His family were all with him. 2 o'clock traveled some two hours and came to a ~~running~~ running stream of water called Horse creek, here we watered our cattle and drove on some four miles, found good grass and turned our cattle out to graze. Here we cooked our suppers with buffalo chips. Supper over we traveled some two hours and camped for the night. Made to-day 23 miles over a good road.

25

Friday, May 31.--I was put on guard last night, from 12 till 4 and had orders by our captain to turn all hands out by 2 o'clock to make an early start. By 3 o'clock we were on our way rejoicing, and before the sun had risen we had left some 80 teams in our rear. At 6 o'clock we encamped on the south side of the north Platte, leaving it at Scott's bluff until we arrived here. The Platte river, which we have been ascending for a number of days, has dwindled down to any insignificant stream, it being

2019.13.62

~7

MCOR-1. Sin #1

In reply refer to:
H2215 FOLA

June 11, 1953

Memorandum

To: Superintendent, Fort Laramie National Monument

From: Acting Regional Historian

Subject: Microfilm of Diary of General William Clark, 1826-1831

Thank you for returning the above, which apparently was sent to Fort Laramie some years ago by mistake. This appears to be material which was ordered from the Kansas State Historical Society for possible use at Jefferson National Expansion Memorial. We are unable to determine how it happened to be sent to Fort Laramie in a cover marked "Fort Laramie Letters." We have not been able to locate microfilm of such letters in this office.

Recently Harry Robinson had an opportunity to check hurriedly through some of the so-called "Clark Papers" at the Kansas State Historical Society library. Most of these pertain to the U. S. Superintendentcy of Indian Affairs, St. Louis, Mo. Robinson did find some references to Fort Laramie, and we are transcribing herewith a check list of such references. Some of which we are desiring to have microfilmed.

We shall examine these source materials more thoroughly when one of us have an opportunity to be in Topeka again.

(SGD) Ray H. Mattison

Ray H. Mattison
Acting Regional Historian

✓ In duplicate

Attachment

2619, 13, 62 -8

Correspondence from Superintendent, Indian Affairs, St. Louis, to
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1847-1855 (Original books in the
Kansas State Historical Society vaults)

Vol. 9, Part 2 (Typed copy)

- p. 348 Deals with Agent Fitzpatrick and licenses to Ward
and Gurner, and to Jas. Robidoux, Jr., to trade in
Upper Platte Agency.
- p. 349 (bottom) License granted by Fitzpatrick to W. W. Bent to
trade with Upper Platte Agency.
- pp. 355-(Letter bottom page) St. Louis, August 1, 1849, from D.
356 D. Mitchell to Commissioner. Speaks of ordering
Fitzpatrick to Washington to discuss means of
establishing friendly relations with the Plains
tribes.
- pp. 362-(beginning bottom page) Mitchell to Commissioner,
364 August 27, 1849. Concerns Fitzpatrick and
suggestions for a proposed treaty with Indians at
Fort Kearny.
- p. 366 (middle) August 31, 1849, Mitchell to Commissioner re
Fitzpatrick and treaty.
- p. 367 September 10, 1849 - Mitchell. Refers to ferry
privilege for W. S. Townsend on Elk Horn River.
Enclosing letter of Sen. G. W. Jones of Iowa.
April 17, 1850.
- p. 426 / Refers to application of J. M. Grant for a ferry
below mouth of Platte.
- p. 442 (bottom) July 9, 1850. Refers to application of David
Walde to establish a trading post on Arkansas River.
- pp. 451-(bottom) August 2, 1850. Refers to communication from
452 Fitzpatrick in re to a military post about to be
established on the Arkansas River. Fitzpatrick to
accompany Colonel Sumner.
- Pp. 510-(bottom) April 18, 1851. Refers to invoice of goods to
511 be distributed among Indians at forthcoming treaty
at Fort Laramie.

2019.13.62

-9

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK
ESTES PARK, COLO.

January 5, 1940

Memorandum for the Regional Director, Region II

Attention: Regional Historian

One of the writers recently returned from a short trip to Scotts Bluff, Devils Tower and Fort Laramie National Monuments.

We thought you might be interested in what he picked up while there. Mr. Thomas L. Green, of the town of Scotts Bluff, is quite a local historian of the vicinity, and most of one day was spent with him.

It was largely on his authority that the date of 1853 was given as the time of the burning of the Roubideaux Pass Blacksmith shop and trading post. He places his authority on Coutant, who writes of this in his history of Wyoming. He has not been able to locate the book here, so cannot give you the page number, etc. However, this will remain something to look up.

Mr. Green, who has made a long exhaustive study of historic points in his area, said, when he was out to Roubideaux Pass with one of the writers, John McLaughlin and Wayne Hackett on this trip, that Stansbury sets forth that Roubidoux moved his shop directly south of the present site. This would mean over the low range of hills there. Mr. Green did not have time to show the site. However, he said he picked up a number of relics there, including a grate which he turned over to the Oregon Trail Museum in the Monument. Mr. Green states that location of this site proves Mr. Stansbury to be right. However, no information is apparently available on how long Roubidoux operated in this apparently isolated spot or why he moved there.

The remains of the trading post below the Roubideaux Blacksmith Shop, as mentioned in our last letter, is declared by Mr. Green, who stated authorities, to be without a doubt the first location of Fort John, after the Government purchased Fort Laramie and the American Fur Trading Company sought a new location. However, being so close to the Oregon Trail, the location had its disadvantages in that browsing horses, oxen and cattle of the emigrants despoiled the forage in that neighborhood. This forced the post to find a new location in Helvas Canyon, with its great sufficiency of grass for fattening oxen and horses, which were traded or sold at a handsome profit to emigrants whose animals were in poor condition.

2019.13.62 ~18

Mr. Green also called our attention to the Miram Scott episode which occurred in 1828. He states that Scott's demise is well described in the book by Rufus Sage, who came through here thirteen years after Scott's death. Sage connects the place where Scott's bones were found with the Roubidoux Pass location, which is well-known for its spring.

Mr. Green stated: "The bones were not found at the so-called Scotts Spring on the east side of the monument, northeast of the museum building. It would seem the correct spot would have been known by travelers at the time of Sage's visit."

The story varies, however, from that related by Washington Irving in "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." It is a generally known fact that the entire range of hills through this section were known as the Scotts Bluffs or the Scotts Bluff Hills, applied to the whole range along the river and to the west end of the Wild Cat Range on the south side of the valley, and not alone to the present National Monument.

Mr. Green, who recently had a paper published on Fort John in the Nebraska Historical Quarterly Review, is now working on another paper. There is a lone grave near the almost forgotten site of the new Fort John, and it is believed to be that of Pierre Pappin, once in charge of the Fort Laramie or original Fort John trading post on the Laramie River, and later a field man for the American Fur Company. Mr. Green has obtained permission from Pappin's grandnephew to exhume the bones to see if any positive identification may be made from medals, belt buckles, knives or other substantial objects. For a long time a wooden cross had three letters or four spelling "Pap" or "Papp." Mr. Green said he would like to have some representative of the Park Service present when the exhuming is carried on.

He has not yet had the opportunity of meeting you, and told us that at any time you are in the Scotts Bluff neighborhood he would like to spend a little time with you, if agreeable to you. He is a very sincere worker, and one of the local "pioneers" behind the establishment of the Scotts Bluff National Monument.

Bert H. Fraser

Ernest A. Rostel

Through the Superintendent.

2019.13.62 -11

CIN-92
De.3

from
Upper Platte Agency
Selected Letters

1864-1867
Transcripts

To the Congress of the United States & to the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington D.

Gents.

The undersigned petitioners respectfully represent that they are residents of Dakota Territory in the vicinity of Fort Laramie and are each and all heads or members of Indian families, that they have resided in said Country many years, and came to it originally under the auspices of the old Northwestern Fur Company and for many years depended solely upon said Company for support, that after this Company ceased to do business they, the undersigned, obtained their subsistence by accommodating the Overland trail to the mining regions West, That said families and their half-breed children now number on the Platte and Missouri Rivers more than Two thousand (2000) souls, That the construction of the Rail Road across the Plains has so changed business and travel that all osteisble means of support along the North Platte are destroyed, that they are anxious to locate with their families upon some good agricultural land in the Indian Country and commence farming, and that their settlement in any country would draw about them their Indian Relatives & friends and would aid much in locating & civilizing the Indians. They therefor respectfully petition that a tract of country be set apart to be occupied by themselves, their Indian relatives & friends exclusively & forever located on the Missouri & White Earth Rivers described as follows Viz: Commencing at the mouth of the White Earth River thence running up said River in the middle of the main channel thereof to the junction of the North & South Forks of said River thence due South to the Northern line of the State of Nebraska thence along said line to the Missouri River thence up said Missouri River along the line of low water mark to the place of beginning. And that provision be made by law for them to enter said land or such portions of the same as they may desire in severalty for themselves and their heirs forever And that each of said petitioners and said half-breeds be allowed to enter three hundred and twenty acres of the same for a permanent home for themselves and their heirs. All rights vested under Indian treaties heretofore made in said country may be reserved and your petitioners will ever pray

Fort Laramie D.T.,
November 16th 1867)

L. C. Girvaux
Jules Ecoffey
Frank Ecoffey
Alfred Ecoffey
Adolef Cury
Hiram Kelly
Herbert Rouleau

C. P. Beauvais
James Bordeau
Sefroy Jott
J. Bissonnette
Jacob Herman
Clement Lamoureux
Charles Desersie

89 French Swam
28 28 90
60 Ave
M

John, Richard Sr
 Martin Hogan
 Frank Saloris
 John Bigler
 Dominique Bray
 Frank Marichalle
 Joseph Monta
 Thos. Pratte
 Antoine Dubruiel
 William Seurier
 Selicour Robidoux
 John Boyer
 Charles Lajeunesse
 F. U. Tayon
 Joseph Richard
 Will Boyd
 Jos Bordeau
 Hight Kelly
 Albridge Guerie
 Oliver Goodwin
 Ant Raynald
 John Hunter
 Herb Rouleau
 John Richard Sen.
 Jules Ecoffey
 Adolphe Cuny
 Martin Hogan
 Frank Ecoffey
 Frank Salouway
 Ben Clement
 J. B. Provost
 Colombe
 Jos. Larivie
 Sam Smith
 M. Mousseau
 Noel Lajeunesse
 Jas. Belamy
 Bonser
 James Robinson
 Nic Janis
 Ant Ledoux
 Ant Lebeau
 Michel Duval
 Monissette
 Wil Houston
 Dion
 Frank Marishalle
 Joseph Manta

Saml. Lerry
 Hugh Whiteside
 Robert Rogers
 Judea Lamoureux
 E W Raymond
 Will Smith
 Peter Decary
 Wheetcam
 Rob Sanders
 McDonald
 Herb. Pepin
 Grattiot
 Will Flood
 Monthalon
 Petter Pepin
 Will Fieber
 Will Smith
 Will Lee
 E. W. Raymond
 Leon
 Oregon
 Raphael Gallegoes
 Jack Steed
 Alfs. Larvegue
 Jock Jones
 Jock Palmer
 John Bigler
 Rabouin
 Jules Brunette
 Joseph Miravalle
 John Richard Jun
 Savard
 Dominie Bray
 Morrisson
 Robert Williams
 Joseph Ross
 Thomas Conroy
 Ed. Moss
 W. M. Cavendish
 R. Garnette
 Kellogg
 Egler
 James Adam
 David Adam

Judd Randall
L. H. Gay
Wil Clayford
Aly Charpentier
Henry Bradley
Thomas Pratte
 Claude
Will Tucker
J. S. Tutt
Ant Dubruselle
Jack Heriton
Pierre Denie
J. B. Godfrey
Ben Buckman
John Bridgeman
Ray Cavalbrier
John Sharp
 Turgeon
Peter Richard
Medan Provost
Henry Hoststrasser
 Gingras
Joseph Armigoe
 Heath
 Hudson
 Rainharth
Charles Ellston
 Cousiman
 Scott
 Pineau
Auguste Lucies
Aley Lebouiffe
 Carifelle
Henry Goubart
 Steel
Alfred Ecoffey

Lange Rouell
Barre Fisk
John Cybille
Pierre Cazeau
 Dickerson
Gerrie Shaw
Hubb Tutt
Ed Beauvais
Jack Wright
Major Dripps
James Kipp
Charles Harvey
Sam. Machette
James Green
Seth Ward
John FitzWilliam
 Bartlehugh
 Nicholas
T. S. Twiss

2019.13.62 -13

Chapp. however that we will not be to all this trouble and that Mr. Coston will go down safely with his Boots -

It was agreed with Mr. McKenzie & Capt. Fox to both of whom I spoke in the subject last year that the expenses of keeping up Fort Clark were too great and it was expected to remove to El Paso, you desire, in conformity with my instructions in the subject, Mr. Chastain effected the removal with little or no trouble leaving Mr. Deschamps at Fort Clark with full pay only as men necessary to trade Corn at the Rio at that time and two Boats - Since then Mr. Chastain Mr. Chastain has sent a good equipment to the Rio and despatched trading with them some of the goods he is now but the Rio is far from being as bad as Harvey represented it to you - The remarks you make concerning the outfit sent to Harvey from 1840 is correct it is true that in our last statement you are not in that and to admit of outfit neither are you in to O? Outfit the amount by Medigo & was given which makes more than Comstock's outfit, in fact as we have no present to go by the thing was not done by me, your thin for the difference for W. Co. was so trifling that it has never been taken in consideration, however when I was in St. Louis Mr. Chastain spoke to me in the subject, and as the outfit of Mr. Harvey was to be settled with, and Mr. Papin is to Corn as a portion in the difficulty, it was understood that it should and it was in due answer to you -

I will start three months in Boots in or about the 100 and with all the Boats which will give him from the interior say for Mr. Clark - The expense of them are a good article and as at Fort John they had used them to our men and to the Oregon Emigrants - I have all along given plenty of salt with instructions to our traders not to give it and make good money. I am inclined to believe that the money spent in it down, I am sure last summer a Buckle broke kind which admitted of but little use, and amounted at the time to Mr. Whitten that they would spend - Your instructions concerning myself I am too late for this season, hereafter we will endeavor to have the plants raised as you desire, but think it very difficult to do so with large water - Major Doyle writes to May Harvey requesting him by all means to send up the Yonkers goods, I would also request you to send them up if May Harvey desires it

Mr. J. P. Christian Porter

Bellevue

3 Gentlemen

Port Town 17th March 1856

A short time after closing our mail yesterday afternoon & morning arrived with your letter which I have carefully read & duly noted. I was much surprised to meet our claims gone against the different nations, and some of our Indians for depredations, May 1845, previous to our arrival in San Francisco, it was in London before I came to this, with the Warlike and Cross and some bands of chiefs, but one time will be lost, I was perished and follow your instructions since I believe are well known to the greater part of the Indians. It is a pity that the Warlike have been for a few hundred Bushes of Corn, wheat, meat, at Port Town to open the eyes of the people who are a great army and are not so far from the many Robs with that article. I have agreed with Mr. Popen that the Warlike bring up most for the Corn, 12 men at 10 days with a light cargo of corn, for that reason if you have not proposed of them when you want the present, do not do so. I wish you get more than original cost, because you can then you can pay them up the 200 P. you can make for in the negotiation, if not, you can bring the Corn only in case it comes in from without any attention to the Port. - I have left with actions with Mr. Popen not to receive any thing from a Mr. Popen and company, we have had a great deal of trouble with them & they have paid all our expenses - which at Port Town I made particular inquiry about the navigation of the Port. This is not a few men in the month for the Port, but if you have not of not getting down although they may need the least for the Corn, for that reason it is a great thing. I am sorry that he was not here with his boat which then is a fair prospect of high water, of the contrary he is to put all his way and cost in good repair and keep his horse & own in good order. I am to do the same thing as we are to separate and begin to haul the pack by the 10th May from Port Town to the place, when then I will have 1000 & 1000 ready to depart them as they come, and in how many a while that the last shipment will be no later than the 10th.

than an plenty of fine people in the country of people in the
 number who are above the frontiers and make the
 belief of their good does not come up the fault is our
 they are getting trouble in the past and it would
 be a great disappointment if they are not in the
 by the steam boat. Even if I have proposed to take the
 the goods here they would have expected for the reason I
 state above, you are mistaken when you say they do not
 require more goods in the future - I could not make
 any arrangements with Kemmerly and have him
 with the Government of Robinson and young J. Robinson
 and you the Kansas for his month long having chosen
 us - J. Robinson was a fine J. Robinson of St. Louis a fine
 and Government of St. Louis, by the way you will perhaps
 keep the J. Robinson from having to appear in
 Yours R. B. Bowles
 Aft. in M. D.

Port Lind March 12th 1846.

Mr. Louis Chasine }
 Sanitnew Post } dear Sir

I write to say I have written with dispatch for the
 your country, please hurry them up, and give them all necessary
 instructions, or order that they may pass the free camp, and
 arrive at Port Cadiz in safety.

It is of importance that I should start three Mackinac boats
 loaded with Probs for St. Louis as early as possible for the reason
 you will see soon as there is any appearance of the ice breaking at
 your place and we down a man with the news, I will then send
 up men sufficient to bring down 3 Mackinac boats, which
 you will hurry to finish, and load with timber for the ma-
 king up 4 more boats - Yourself & men, now with you
 will remain until the arrival of some with the Corn from
 the Mandanias -

Yours R. B. Bowles
 For Honore Bowles
 St. R. Bowles -

**
** Document-ID: 1118327
**
** Patron: RQ # R 115
**
** Note:
**
** NOTICE: This material may be protected by copyright law.
** (Title 17 U.S. Code)
**

Pages: 20

Printed: 03-04-98 12:06:18

Sender: Stewart Library - Weber State University

2819, 13, 6 2

-17

torian, "There were 18 rooms [in Fort Laramie], namely, six on the east, six on the west, three on the north and three on the south. These rooms were occupied as stores, blacksmith shops, and dwellings."²²⁰

The Mormons hired the Fort Laramie flat boat for \$18, and on June third and fourth ferried their wagons across the Platte, the divisions vying with each other in speed. The first division took a wagon across every 15 minutes, the second averaged one every 11 minutes.²²¹

Close on the heels of the pioneer Mormon party came large companies of emigrants bound for Oregon and California. In fact the emigration to the Pacific coast in 1847 exceeded that of any previous year. It is estimated that between 4,000 and 5,000 made their way to Oregon and 1,000 to California.²²² In addition some 2,000 Mormons followed their Pioneer Band to the Salt Lake valley this season. To all of these emigrants Fort Laramie was the great way station on the route, the recruiting and supply depot on the long, weary trail.²²³

Several eastbound parties of this year visited at the fort. Early in August, General S. W. Kearny, bringing Colonel J. C. Fremont to the East for his courtmartial trial, passed the post.²²⁴ On September 25, Commodore

the s. w. angle of the fort—running the River road, under the bluffs. The building was made with unburnt bricks & had been white-washed."

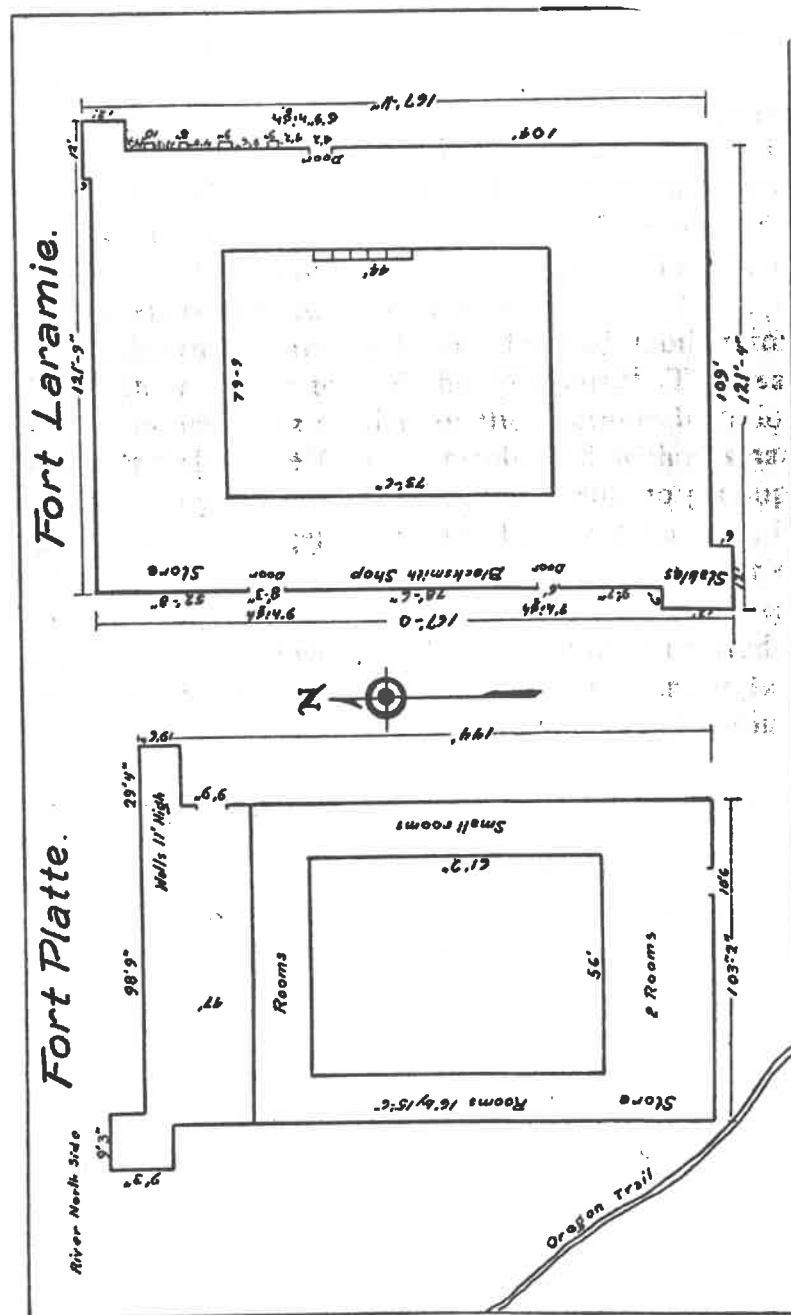
²²⁰ Article by Andrew Jensen in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, June 2, 1934.

²²¹ *William Clayton's Journal*, 212-13.

²²² F. G. Young, "The Oregon trail," in *Quarterly of the Oregon historical society*, 1, 370, and W. J. Ghent, *The road to Oregon*, 91. *Niles Register* of August 14, 1847, quotes the *St. Joseph Gazette* as stating that 433 wagons had passed Independence the preceding spring with emigrants for Oregon and California and says that the aggregate was 1,300 wagons, which if they averaged five persons each, would make the number of emigrants 6,500. See also *Publications of the Nebraska state historical society*, XX, 171.

²²³ Some of the Mormon companies stopped in the vicinity of Fort Laramie to make tar for greasing their wagons.

²²⁴ Journal of Nathaniel V. Jones in Mormon church archives, Salt Lake



FORT PLATTE AND FORT LARAMIE, 1846
From the drawings in Thomas Bullock's Journal, Mormon Church archives, Salt Lake City

LeRoy R. Hafen & Francis Marion Young
Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West 1834-1890
Univ. of Nebraska Press Lincoln 1984

2019.13.62

-18

the Cheyennes, and within thirty miles of us is an encampment of some four hundred lodges . . . numbering about one thousand warriors. We are ninety-three strong, well armed and provisioned, and mean to march through them with all ease and confidence. . . .

"We are just reviving from a munificent and magnificent jollification that we had upon our ever glorious fourth of July! What do you think of roast beef and plum pudding! . . . Rhine wine (three dozen), milk punch, *Minny Warka* (a la Sioux) corn dodgers (a la hunter), all the choice parts of the buffalo, cooked in the best known style, and everything truly and really superb. . . .

"The Stars and Stripes were raised in mid-camp at sunrise, and saluted by three volleys of thirty rifles and three loud cheers." ¹⁷⁰

Just outside of Fort Laramie, says W. C. Kennerly, they came upon some thirty lodges of the Sioux who had come in to trade. Some of the older Indians recognized Jefferson K. Clark from his resemblance to his father, the Red-head chief, and invited him to a special dog feast. ¹⁷¹

After their six months' excursion the hunting party returned to the states in excellent health and spirits. Field and others afflicted with tuberculosis could not praise highly enough the health-giving virtues of such a trip.

In the summer of 1844 four distinct companies of emigrants and a party of health seekers, to a total of nearly 1,000 persons, passed the Laramie forts. ¹⁷² Moses

¹⁷⁰ *New Orleans Picayune*, September 6, 1843.

¹⁷¹ James Kennerly papers, Missouri historical society.

¹⁷² See W. J. Ghent, *The road to Oregon*, 81-4, for a general summary of the emigration.

(Black) Harris, Elisha Stephens and Andrew W. . . . lette, all experienced mountain men, piloted three of the companies. At Fort Laramie the Gilliam party secured the old mountaineer, Joe Walker, to guide it to Fort Bridger. ¹⁷³

James Clyman, who had passed the site of Fort Laramie ten years before the fort was founded, was now—ten years after the fort's establishment—trekking to Oregon with the emigrants. In his diary he recorded under date of August 1: "about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we hove in sight of the white battlements of Fort Laramie and Fort Platte whose white walls, surrounded by a few Sioux Indian lodges, shewed us that human life was not extinct; this being the first we have seen since we left the Kaws, the various emigrants excepted. Crossed the Laramie river—a clear fine stream about 80 yards wide—only about half of the channel filled with water 2 feet deep. Several persons getting scant of flour, some to be had here (at) superfine at 40 dollars a barrel, Spanish [from New Mexico] at 30.

"2. Clear cool nights & mornings verry warm days. Remained in camp to day trading and waiting for blacksmith and other repairs went down to the fort after writeing to my friend Starr. . . . I tried to trade some but found even the products of the country verry high. I purchased a dressed deer skin for 2.50." ¹⁷⁴

John Minto, a member of the Gilliam company, writes: "July 30 we reached Fort Laramie late and camped just west of the line between Indian camps and the fort. . . . We had a beautiful camp on the bank of

¹⁷³ "Reminiscences of W. S. Gilliam," *Transactions of the Oregon pioneer association*, 1903, pp. 204-5. Also, Mrs. Martha E. Gilliam, in *Quarterly of the Oregon historical society*, xvii, 360.

¹⁷⁴ James Clyman diary, original ms. in Huntington library. Also C. L. Camp (ed.), *James Clyman, American frontiersman*, 83.

2

2019.13.62

49

strong & Lieut Vinton⁸⁷ have some severe words on subject of Duty.

Commenced this baytel on 21 Septer 1824, again⁸⁸ & difference between colnl & C. admn. on Bread & flour & lending money to paymaster. clear & cool, wind North.

22nd. Indians (Mahas) arived, 4 brot inteligence that the Pawnees did not intend to insult Lt. Crossman.⁸⁹

23rd. Mahaw Ind^s gave Mr Dougherty a horse & skin for Maj OFallon—but Mr D found that they expected so much in return therefore, that he declined accepting the present.—I went to Mr Cabannies & met there my skift descending to meet the Boats coming up with provisions—changed my little black mare for an Indn Horse & rode Horse from Mr Cabannies with a bad head ache—made arrangements with Mr Cabanne to send down large Boats—& small one if necessary.

24th. went to see Colnl. about boat going down—him & Lady go to Bowyer with officers—asked Lt. Howes for brick & man to repair my chimney old welch arrived here to day—Majr. Wooley Arested to day & Capt Pentland yesterday—Requested Papin to lend me 1 keg powder.

25—cloudy to day—Capt Pentland released from Arest.—my waggon geting wood—making out ac-

⁸⁷ David Hammond Vinton of Rhode Island was graduated from West Point in 1818 and was transferred to the Sixth Regiment in 1823. He was a major general when he died in 1873.

⁸⁸ This entry in the note book is preceded by a blank page. The "baytel" evidently refers to his work as sutler. In the interval Kennerly probably visited St. Louis.

⁸⁹ George Hampton Crossman of Massachusetts was graduated from West Point in 1819 and was transferred to the Sixth Regiment in 1823.

*Diary of James
Kennerly*

counts to day—Abbott commences repairing fire place—gets sick at 2 oclock, quits.

26—cloudy & cold—sent Jim after my Asses—man working at fire place—gets sick & quits at 12 oclock, making out accts.—The Colnl-Bateman & Nute cross the river, shoot many birds—Maj Wooley in Arest. Maj Foster in command musketoos thick—little rain this evening.

27 Septem. rain to day busy making up accts—counted my asses & salted & turned them out again—paid off Emerson of compy H. Sent the Colnl. amt his postage act. Doct Nicoll & Mr Dougherty visited me. No more news of Boats.

28 Cool & pleasant. had my chimneys fixed & smoke worse than ever—got keg powder from Mr Cabane—Col & Lady visited us to night—making out accounts.

29 cool & cloudy—afternoon fair—had mule shod for Mr Cabane. Man arived from Pilchers on his way to St. Louis, no news of Boats. having chimney Doctored.

30 cool—had a wolfe chase & I attended, not much sport sent Mr Payne to hand the officers accounts—Mr Crossman found some errors as he supposed tho they were not errors—Mr Folger come to examine prices—to see whether we had not charged him too high prices for many articles, bag-gamon bord⁹⁰ particularly Lieut Andrews came down with his & found it correct. Had chimney fixed but no better yet, Roubidoux party started for St Afee to day.⁹¹

⁹⁰ This was probably Kennerly's attempt at a euphonic spelling for backgammon board.

⁹¹ This expedition to Santa Fé returned to Fort Atkinson on August 30, 1825. It was only one of several which Antoine Robidou made into the Southwest.

2019.13.82

120



1 October. pleasant—The Colnl & some officers cross the river to hunt—return with many birds—killed by a soldier. Mr Richardson & Nicoll quit bording with us.

2nd. warm—Mr Drips comes up to day, no news of Boats have my chimneys arranged again, little success.

3rd. 4th. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. and

12th Wrote letter to counsil of Administration respecting prices of goods—and requested higher prices.

13th. Boat arrived Godaine late in the evening

14th. Unloaded Boat, brot in my hands from chopping Logs to assist in unloading.

15th. Started Boat down, put on bord Beaver Furr—5 asses—gave hands $\frac{1}{4}$ of beef, sugar and coffee &c to take them down

16th. Busy opening goods, gets very cold in evening

17 Sunday. Col L. wishes to have corn pulled—cool.

18—The Express arived, not much news—sent my hands out to pull corn, with my waggon, and the Poney to grass.

19th. Heard of Boat coming on

20th. Keel Boat Lafayette, [Captain] Buche^s, arrived, unloaded all except 20 barrels. find it very difficult to store a way cargo—colnl. sent a centinell to be placed at the Boat & officer day to inform me that Boat must cross river as soon as unloaded, I did not obey tho was pleased with placing centinell

21st. Took balance loading out & sent Buche to Mr Cabanies to arrange for keeping Boat here until

Genl Atkinson arived. Genl. Ashley arrived to day with party of Trapers and hunters, destined for Spanish Country.⁹²

October 22. The Pawnees come in & not brot prisoner, had small Talk with them, & advised them to stay until Genl. Atkinson arived to which they concented. Started Buche & Boat crew down to day, to take small Boat down from Mr Cabannies as far as Kansas, wrote to B Pratte & Co. to Majr OFallon & F Choteau old Barrada & another man brought in a deserter named Cissler,⁹³ Mr Cabanne & Laforce Papin⁹⁴ up to day to attend the council with Pawnees.

23rd. warm and smoky. no news of Genl. my hand at my corn Doct. Gale & Nicoll killed 9 geese at a shott last evening—Gale shott seting & Nicoll flying—6 & 3.

24th. Sunday—went to corn field found Jo & Frenchman at Ashlys camp, corn pulled very bad. Jim & negro boys at work. Colnl & F man had quarreled, went to see my hay stack found it $\frac{1}{2}$ eat up. Dougherty & Lt. Pentland started to meet the Genl. got the Colnl to send provisions for Pawnees to Cabanies.

25th. Hard North wind & a little rain, sent out for Jim to find Hay—discharged Jo—at night Everly come up a man I engaged to work, Genl Ashly started to Fontinells hearing that Fitsgerald & party come in.

⁹² For accounts of Ashley's spectacular career as a fur trader see Harrison Clifford Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*; Chittenden, *The History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West*.

⁹³ From Oct. 1, 1822 to Sept. 30, 1825, only two men deserted from Fort Atkinson. *American State Papers, Military Affairs*, III, 194-195.

⁹⁴ Alexander LaForce Papin was born in St. Louis in 1782 and died in 1849. He was an older brother of Hypolite Leber Papin who was engaged in the manufacture of hardware in St. Louis.

2019.13.62

-21

26th. Cool, Everly making place for corn. Fitzpatrick⁹⁵ & party have come in & brot Beaver. Ashley at Fontinells. no news of Genl. Atkinson.⁹⁶

1825⁹⁷

July 27th. Contractors last boat started down⁹⁸—sent saddle & musical box to be repaired to Mr. von Phule⁹⁹—sent to B Pratte & Co.—some skins—young Pratte¹⁰⁰ & party arived last night from St Louis at Mr Cabannies—

Sunday Aug 21 Started Alfred Saugrain¹⁰¹ to St Louis—with money & letters for Sundry persons—

Aug 30—Tiltons Boat arived. & Robideaus party from Tous.

31. had a settlement in part & Division of Furs with Jo Robidoux—sick with Fever & ague.—

Sept. 1—Mr Berthold¹⁰² arived early in morning—boats arived in evening—requested permission of

⁹⁵ Thomas Fitzpatrick was a member of Ashley's company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. He made many trips into the West and was a widely known fur trader, Indian fighter, guide, and agent. On account of a shattered hand he was known among the Indians as Withered Hand.

⁹⁶ Kennerly was doomed to be disappointed, for Atkinson's expedition was postponed until the following year.

⁹⁷ Kennerly evidently found it difficult to keep his journal regularly. No space is lost because of the long interval.

⁹⁸ These contractors supplied the army. The ones who provided supplies for the Atkinson expedition to the Yellowstone had arrived on May 13.

⁹⁹ Henry Von Phul was born in Philadelphia, Aug. 14, 1784, and died in St. Louis, Sept. 8, 1874. He came to St. Louis in 1811 and engaged in business. He married Rosalie Saugrain on June 10, 1816, and so was Kennerly's brother-in-law.

¹⁰⁰ See note 38.

¹⁰¹ Alfred Saugrain was a brother of Kennerly's wife, Eliza. Another brother, Francis, is frequently mentioned in the diary.

¹⁰² Bartholomew Berthold was born in the Tyrol in 1780. At the age of eighteen he came to America and to St. Louis in 1809. On January 10, 1811, he married Pelagie, daughter of Pierre Chouteau.

Col Wooley to send some Liquors & other groceries up to meet the Officers & Troops decending¹⁰³—he refused to permit me to send any liquors of any kind—Capt Shaler officer of day. & delivered the Colnl refusal.—

2.—a severe fever all day & chills—Doc Nicoll to see me & prescribed for me—

3—had a final settlement with Robidoux, he agreed to give mules to Charles Cabanne.¹⁰⁴

7—The Qr masters boat arived.

8—The Qr Masters boat started—on bord Mr Cerre¹⁰⁵ with Beaver Fur—sent Mr Cabannes Beaver down in charge of St. Cir¹⁰⁶—Kitty went down by same boat—cool enough for Fire morning & evenings.

Sept. 9—Fair day—Gratiott up—Mr Pilchers boat arived delivd cargo—and 5 boxes can & Sope, 1 bag coffee 1 bal. sugar for Mr Dougherty—started down again at dark.

Sep 10—Hard south wind—little rain in evenings—broke waggon in hawling grass & poles—St. Cir come up after horse—our little boy¹⁰⁷ fell down front steps yesterday—not hurt much.

11—Mr Bradbury¹⁰⁸ up to day—a severe hail storm—sergt Mitchels child died & McNaman.

For three years Berthold was in partnership with René Paul, but in 1812 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Pierre Chouteau, Jr. He engaged in fur trading and general merchandising. He died on April 20, 1831.

¹⁰³ The officers and troops were the Yellowstone Expedition under Atkinson.

¹⁰⁴ Charles Cabanne was the son of Jean Pierre Cabanne.

¹⁰⁵ See note 85.

¹⁰⁶ Probably Hyacinthe St. Cyr.

¹⁰⁷ This was William Clark Kennerly, aged ten months.

¹⁰⁸ Paxton's *Directory* of St. Louis for 1821, lists a John Bradbury, potter and farmer, and an Edward Bradbury, turner. Neither of these seems likely to have been a trader or traveler. The famous traveler, naturalist, and author, John Bradbury, died in 1823.

2019.3.62

22

RECORDS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT

UNITED STATES ARMY COMMANDS

Record Group 98

Department of West ✓

Letters Received, January 1849 to December 1860 ✓

Transcribed from the microfilm 2676
at Fort Laramie National Monument
by Lois E. Woodard and
David L. Hieb - 1956

FORT LARAMIE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE
FORT LARAMIE, WYOMING 82212

2019.13.62

-24

war on them in the Spring, and many of them are moving south towards the Arkansas, to get out of the way.

These reports about the expectations and intentions of the Indians, came from them through the traders, and I have no doubt they are very near the truth.

I have anticipated that when the Indians learned that the troops were coming out against them, they would remove their families as much out of the way as possible, and that the young men, who are very little controlled by the chiefs, would attack all small parties they could find on the road or elsewhere.

Very respectfully,

Your obdt. servt.

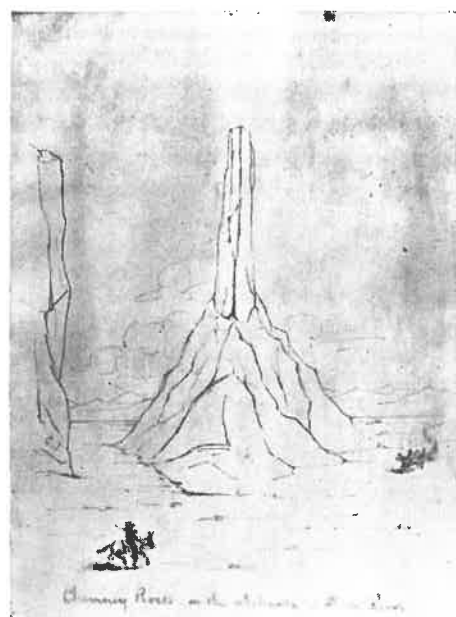
(sgd.) W. Hoffman,
Maj. & Evt. Lt. Col. 6 Inf.
Comdg.

Major O. F. Winship
Asst. Adjt. Genl.
Hd. Qrs. Dept. of the West,
Saint Louis, Mo.

Hd. Qrs. Dept. West
St Louis, Mo. 16, 1855.

A true copy
O. F. Winship
A.A.G.

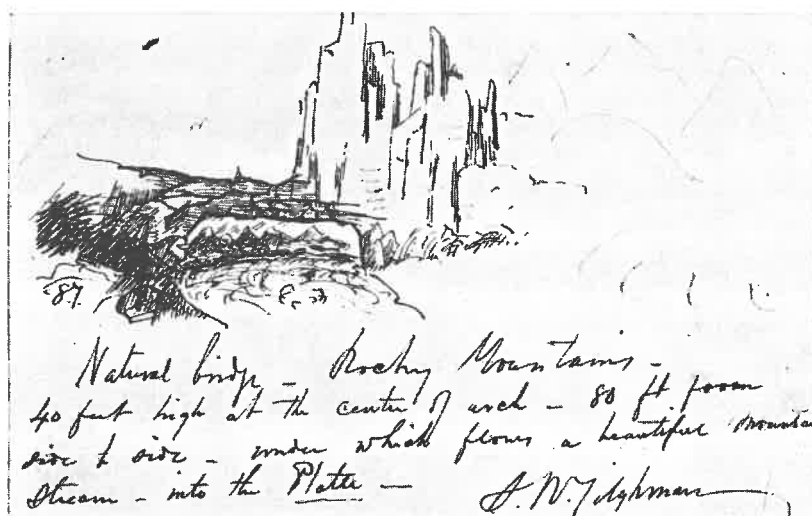
2019.13.62 ~ 25



COURTESY MR. E. A. CHRISTY

Chimney Rock

From the Floral Album of Mr. Christy



COURTESY MR. J. HALL PLEASANTS

Natural Bridge

Sketch from Dr. Tilghman's scrapbook

Field, Matthew C.
Prairie and Mountain sketcher
Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman
1957

From Westport to Fort Laramie

low Spanish structures in New Orleans—Dimensions 150 by 125 feet—about 7 years old.²⁷

The graveyard—"Maurin, le 24 Juin 1837"—Killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in a cart—"David Crow"²⁸ killed by the bursting of a cannon—"Milton Sublette"²⁹ rude pine cross, prostrate & broken—Indian bodies raised on platforms and bound up in robes—graves torn open—bones scattered about by the Crows, deadly foes to the Scioux. The grave yard a few hundred yards from the fort—red men and white reposing, as it were, in each other's arms! 104 Crows came to the fort, which was immediately closed and barred against them. One climbed a broken place in the wall, with the assistance of a long pole, but was immediately seized and tossed back into the prairie. Only a few were admitted into the fort at a time, and the entrance was guarded with cocked rifles—blacksmith shop, carpenter-shop, fine cattle and horses—squaws and children. 15 men—25 souls in all—comfort of eating at a table, sleeping under a roof—bread and butter—milk & tea—politeness of Mr. Bourdeau in the absence of Mr. Papin.³⁰ Fury of the musquitos—the New Orleans article nothing to them! Arrival at La Ramee!

²⁷ Fort Laramie, built for Campbell and Sublette in 1834, and called Fort William for a time, took its more abiding name from Laramie Fork, named after Jacques Laramie, killed in the vicinity by Indians about 1821. For its history consult LeRoy Hafen and Francis M. Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890*. For a detailed description in 1842 see Frémont, *Report*, 35-36, 39-40. This was the second fort (for a time called Fort John) built in 1841.

²⁸ An excellent epitaph for David Crow might be these words concerning him from Osborne Russell's *Journal of a Trapper* (Boise, 1925), 53: "A small inoffensive man, who had come to the Rocky Mountains with General Ashley some fifteen years before and remained ever since, an excellent hunter and a good trapper."

²⁹ "Died—On 5th of April last, at Fort William, River Platte, Milton G. Sublette, long known as one of the most enterprising Indian traders of the Rocky Mountains. The deceased first embarked in the Indian trade as early at 1822, and by his intrepid bravery soon acquired an influence amongst his associates which he retained until the hour of his death. The hardy pioneers of the Rocky Mountains, in his death have met an irreparable loss, which they will long mourn" (*St. Louis Missouri Republican*, June 16, 1837).

³⁰ J. P. Bordeau and Pierre Didier Papin.

2019.13.62

~26

◆ SKETCH:

ABORIGINAL PHRENOLOGY—AN INDIAN CEMETERY—CROWS DESECRATING SIOUX GRAVES—THE DEAD PAWNEE [July 5]

[New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, December 15, 1843]

It is a singular fact, not given to the world by Catlin, and therefore unknown to George Combe, that the Indian tribes of North America (among whom prevails the celebrated custom of *scalping* their enemies) almost invariably possess themselves of that particular district of human vegetation immediately springing from the scientific phrenological organ of "*Self Esteem*!" Please, Mr. Philosopher Geo. Combe,⁸¹ take notice of this fact! The scalping-knife is plunged into the valley surrounding the mountain of Self-Esteem, and, making a swift gyration around the eminence, the growth from this cutaneous soil is released, and the victorious Indian, with a strong pull, makes himself possessor of every thing material produced by the self-love of his enemy! However facetiously we may choose to promulgate this fact, it is still a remarkable truth, made welcome now to all the followers of Gall and Spurzheim. What instinctive guide these children of nature have in directing them to *lay bare* the weak point of their opponents, is something that seems to us a subject for scientific inquiry.

Sometimes, it is true the *clearing* made upon the skull encroaches upon the surrounding plantations of "Firmness," "Conscientiousness," "Love of Approbation" and "Concentrativeness;" but these are seldom injured, further than by the loss of a portion of their bordering. A bungler at the business may sometimes rip off "Hope" or "Veneration" but a skillful practitioner invariably runs his knife around the central organ of "Self Esteem." It is a common supposition among white men at home, that the taking of a scalp is nothing else than a complete denudation of the skull; but such, is by no means, now, nor has it ever been, the real truth. The red men seldom go bald, and have no

⁸¹ George Combe (1788-1858), Edinburgh lawyer, who after hearing Dr. Gaspar Spurzheim lecture, was converted to phrenology and published the first of several books on the subject in 1819. His *Notes on the United States during a Phrenological Visit in 1838-9-40* (2 vols., Philadelphia, 1841) was widely read.

occasion for entire wigs, but they *do* like to ornament the seams of their leather shirts and leggings with the long hair they have won in battle. The smallest patch is sufficient to satisfy them, and so from stopping to "quarrel about a hair," they take as many as they want at once, "splitting hairs" with remarkable expedition in the operation, when the victim cannot manage to make a "hair-breadth escape" out of their hands. But the red warriors invariably strip the bump of "Self Esteem." The fact is noticed, we believe for the first time, and the phrenologists may make just what use they please, either in joke or earnest, of the information.

At Laramee Fork, upon an eminence between the two forts there located,⁸² we found an Indian burying-ground, or rather a place of deposit for the dead—the bodies not being *buried* at all, but bound up in skins and elevated upon scaffolds in the air. Some of these scaffolds were so dilapidated by time that portions of the skeletons had fallen through, and the bones were scattered loosely around the vicinity. These bleached remains of mortality were lying all about the ground, and some of them so far from the platforms on which they had been originally placed, that it was evident other hands than those of Time had been at work among the dead. At Fort John [Fort Laramie] this appearance was explained to us. It was a Sioux cemetery, and some time before, a large party of Crows had visited this place. These red savages did not neglect the opportunity to toss the bones of their enemies about, and even some whites who had been unearthened at the same place were torn up and hurled aloft in the furious and wild fashion of these mountain devils. These demoniacal proceedings were witnessed from the walls of Fort John, when the great gates of the fortification were closed and secured against the hostile savages. One of the young Crow braves, either drunk or in some way made blindly desperate, actually attempted to scale the wall of the establishment, ascending a broken section with the assistance of a pole, when Mr. Bordeaux, the gentleman then present and in charge, coolly caught the Indian by the neck as he reached the top, and with herculean energy hurled him back to the

⁸² Fort Laramie and Fort Platte. See notes 26 and 27 above.

2019.13.62

-27

ground! No further efforts were made to effect an entrance into Fort John.

One of the skulls that we picked up here exhibited plainly the mark made by the point of the scalping-knife, just laying off the region of "Self Esteem" as would the pencil of a phrenologist.

We found some rude mementoes of white men who were buried here. Upon an old board was carved—

MAURIN LE 24 Juin 1837.

This man had been killed, as we learned, by the accidental discharge of a gun. He was following or driving a cart, into which a gun had been carelessly thrown, when an abrupt jolt discharged the dangerous instrument, and the unfortunate man received the ball in his body.

Another loose board showed that "David Crow" had been buried somewhere near, and at the fort we were told that the bursting of a cannon some years ago had occasioned the disaster of his death.

Here, also, we found the resting-place of MILTON SUBLETTE, whose story has been told by Irving.⁸³ A rude pine cross, prostrate and broken, was all the memorial over the brave man's bones; but two of his brothers were with us, and one of them remained here while we moved onward in among the mountains. When we returned, we found a monument built somewhat in Christian fashion, marking the spot. Solomon Sublette during our absence had paid this fraternal attention to the remains of poor Milton.

At another time,⁸⁴ and during our homeward progress, three of us had been away from camp several days, on a visit to the Pawnee Village, on the Platte. Returning across a most wild and desolate section of the country, we pulled the saddles from our animals about noonday, and, quite hungry and exhausted with fatigue, two of us dropped and yielded at once to the heavy embrace of

⁸³ See *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, chapter VI.

⁸⁴ See Diary for October 4, below.

sleep. All we had with us in the way of provender was an ear of parched corn apiece, but this sumptuous repast was not a sufficient provocative to keep us awake to eat it.

One remained watchful, and in half an hour he aroused us to resume our march. We mounted and had not moved a hundred yards when "Delaware John," a half-breed, who was riding in advance, suddenly "skinned" and cocked his rifle. The startling movement we of course instantly followed, with our eyes eagerly searching around the prairie to find what suspicious object could so alarm the half-breed. None of us spoke, but our eyes wandered with intense earnestness around. Delaware John pointed with his finger into a hollow just in front of us, but we could distinguish nothing. He moved forward a few paces, and then deliberately drew the cover on his gun again. A dead Indian lay upon his face in the grass, literally "biting the dust," and John upon first discovering the frightful object, had half suspected it was a live enemy crawling upon us with mischievous intent. But a few yards from this horrid spectacle we had been sleeping as innocently as tired children. The man was a Pawnee, and his naked and ghastly corpse was miserably mutilated. His empty quiver lay near, but his murderers had stripped him of bow, blanket, leggings and everything. As we left the place, we picked up half a dozen bloody arrows, some of which were made in Kaw fashion, and others had the characteristics of the Sioux.

One of the hands of the corpse had been chopped off, and the little wound upon the crown, from which the hair had been taken, was almost over the phrenological locality of Self Esteem.

◆ DIARY: JULY 6-7, 1843

Thursday, July 6th. Breakfast at the fort—fried dried meat, coffee, milk, crollers, fried eggs, butter and *cheese!* Floated in a skiff a mile down the foaming current of La Ramee Fork to our camp on the other side, crossed again, and examined a large trader's lodge⁸⁵—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"—visited the

⁸⁵ For a fine description of Jean Richard's lodge see Parkman, *Oregon Trail*, 80-82.

2019.13.62

~28

yet unfinished fort of Messrs. Adams & Sibelle³⁶—100 by 100 feet in extent, strong, but not so complete in any appointment as La Ramee—4 young buffalo calves running tame outside the walls—75 mouths in all including squaws and children, who were outside in the air. 400 lodges of Shyennes encamped 30 miles from the fort. At La Ramee saw one *Lovejoy*,³⁷ who was travelling about the mountain and prairie regions—Laramie Fork 30 yards wide, very swift, and 7 feet deep at the crossing—Camp moved to this crossing. Unloaded, and packed over in 2 skiffs—all over by noon.

Fort Laramie first built by Wm. L. Sublette 10 years ago—sold into the American fur company's hands, by whom it is now maintained. 30 years ago a trapper by the name of *Laramie* was killed by Indians on this stream which has since held his name, as also, the high mountain peak near. The country was shunned as dangerous at the time, but this trapper dared his fate in pursuit of the beaver—*Milton Sublette's Grave!*

Wrote to Jim Barry,³⁸ at Bent's Fort [St. Vrain's?], on the South Fork of the Platte—Small lodge on long poles, like an enormous hour glass. Laramie fort viewed from the grave yard at sun set!—fort situated on a high point, the water protecting two sides. Stampede of the horses on crossing the river—all out of sight in 3 minutes. Leo Walker mounted bare-backed and in half an hour brought them all back. Cold, very cold evening.

Friday, July 7th. Rainy night—chill, wet morning—went out on day-guard to relieve driver Taylor and let him cook breakfast. Pail of milk from the fort. Talked Scioux with the squaws and was pleased to find myself understood.³⁹ Changed our cart,

³⁶ See note 26 above.

³⁷ Asa Lawrence Lovejoy, now on a return trip to Oregon. He had first gone out in the party of the Reverend Elijah White in 1842 and had accompanied Dr. Marcus Whitman on his dangerous winter trip to the East as far as Bent's Fort. He was to settle on the Willamette and presently to lay out the town of Portland.

³⁸ James Barry was probably one of the four young men who had accompanied Matt Field to Santa Fé in 1839, "a fine, noble, manly, and generous fellow; but he had this accursed weakness" (Matt Field Diary, 1837-39, Missouri Historical Society).

³⁹ In the Field papers at the Missouri Historical Society there is a Sioux

"Old Seven Up," for another, and left sugar, coffee & other extras at Laramie fort. Lent a book and some papers to a man at the other fort. Traded an extra pistol with Mr. Bourdeau, of fort Laramie, for salt and cheese—2 cups of salt, 2 rounds of cheese, leaving a balance to be paid on our return—pistol worth \$15, prairie price. The Brother *Eneas*,⁴⁰ of the priest's family, and Mr. Lovejoy, as pilot, left this morning, on express to the Flatheads, to bring out assistance to Green River and meet the Rev. Fathers. Flour \$25. 100 wt. sugar \$1.50 per pint. No buffalo in 40 miles.

vocabulary of more than one hundred words. The most interesting item is the Sioux name for Stewart: Pathu Onskar, Long Nose!

⁴⁰ Brother Eneas was young Ignace LaMousse, son of Old Ignace, an Iroquois known as the Apostle to the Flatheads (Hiram M. Chittenden and Alfred T. Richardson, *Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet*, S. J. [4 vols., New York, 1905], I, 20, 56).

2819, 13, 62

-29

travelled on, subsisting on roots and birds, which latter he killed with pebbles, his balls and shot having given out. Camped at a pond this side of the "Chimney." 27 miles—Menard looking dreadful—his eyes staring wide, and his cheeks hollow, but with a heart firm as a lion. He slept last night by the side of the "Church," and declared he was only disappointed at not reaching the "Chimney" to noon. He invited his friends to his terrapin dinner, and showed brave heart and spirit.

As we encamped a thunder storm broke over us, and the descending sun burst from the west through it horizontally across the prairie, making the old "Church" glitter like burning silver, while a gorgeous rainbow opened over it, and the "Chimney" and distant hills seemed like an oriental city with domes, towers & minarets. A gorgeous scene! The whole camp paused in wonder at it! Some call the "Church" the "Devil's Tea Table"!

Saturday, July 1st. Bitter, BITTER, BITTER cold! never knew a colder morning in my life! My blanket felt like a sheet of paper around me! All the blankets in camp around a man would seem to make him no better than if he was naked! About 8 o'clk. ten of us visited the "Chimney"—crossed enormous gulleys, and saw a flock of mountain sheep looking like birds upon the ledge—ascended the "chimney" half way—all clay—petrified bones—fine picture of group. Father Hoecken getting to heaven on his knees!¹⁹ "Crescent city" in the neighborhood—Verandah, St. Charles²⁰ &c—Old castle—wind blowing dust, like cannonading—Swallows like bumble bees up the chimney—Walker in a tight place—(old mem. Christy & Sid Smith killing a dead buffalo!—) Chimney far round—split up—soon fall—teeth out of an old skull—

Nooned at the river—set out in the afternoon to explore the way for a new road through the hills to "Scott's Bluffs," now looming in the distance. Huge masses of marl in wild, strange shapes—vast gulleys and ravines—beautiful valley—precipitous cañons—Saw *Pourier* butchering—came on 5 fine bulls—Antoine

¹⁹ For another difficult climb, see the diary for July 16.

²⁰ The St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, built in 1835 at a cost of \$600,000, was in its time the finest in the United States. The Hotel Veranda, directly opposite, was erected soon after.

killed one in chase, and Christy another—Butchered and started for camp. Reported travelling with carts in this route wholly impracticable.

Sunday 2nd. Rode to "Scott's Bluffs"—enormous piles of hard marl—couldn't reach the summit—tremendous ravines—climbed the bluffs in search of camp—precipitous ascent—perplexity among the enormous chasms—all alone—Saw camp, found a descent, and got home—left a memento on the summit of the bluff among rifted and blasted trees, enormous cakes of hard clay &c. Curious natural finger-post pointing me to camp. 15 or 20 of my companions out of camp until evening. 35 miles—"Horse Creek."²¹

◆ SKETCH:

SCOTT'S BLUFFS—DEATH OF SCOTT—VALLEY OF THE JEHOSEPHAT—A TEMPEST, AND NO TENT UP [July 3]

[New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, February 4, 1844]

"Scott's Bluffs" are a high range of wild and picturesque elevations, that stretch down close to the north fork of the Platte, about two days' travel this side of Fort Laramie. Vast and abrupt chasms across the path of the traveller, running from the base of the bluffs to the river, and rendering the way impassable for vehicles, or even pack animals. On returning, we passed the bluffs in the middle of September, yet the weather was hot as July in New Orleans, and we would have suffered excessively had there not been a wind in motion that almost made us waver in our saddles, so near to hurricane violence was the rush it made among the hills. It was, however, a pleasant modification of the heat of the day. The old travellers all asserted that these bluffs were noted for tempestuous weather, and we could easily believe it, for the character of the scenery around confirmed in a remarkable way what we heard. The hills are composed of soft marl, of an earthy formation, and easily wrought upon by the rain and wind. In consequence of this, singular clefts have been made among them,

²¹ This Horse Creek has its source in Goshen County, Wyoming, and runs into the North Platte a little east of the Wyoming-Nebraska line.

2019.18.62

-30

and they are split and cut up by the action of the elements into all sorts of fantastical appearances. Domes, towers, pinnacles and minarets greet the eye, and Oriental magnificence of architecture marks the scene in a lively and forcible manner. When we encamped one evening at "Chimney Rock," in the close neighborhood of Scott's Bluffs, a heavy storm was gathering across the sky, and all was black above us, while the level beams of the descending sun shot from an opening in the western horizon, kindling up the bluffs into burnished silver, and no sunset exhibition ever produced a more superb and sublime effect. The whole camp paused, with exclamations of wonder and admiration at the scene, not merely those with eyes formed particularly to be attracted by grandeur and beauty, but the hunters, the drivers, everybody, were riveted in astonishment at the spectacle! An isolated eminence, known as the "Court House,"²² or "Church," blazed up with the glory of departing day, like an illuminated Temple of Solomon, glittering with still grander effect on account of the rolling darkness above, and the muttering of thunder that came from the heavy clouds.

"Scott's Bluffs" were named from the following melancholy circumstance, to which we have before briefly alluded in verse. In 1828, [Hiram] Scott and [James B.] Bruffee [Bruffe] went out to the mountains with an equipment for a trading firm then in existence, known as Smith, Jackson & Sublette. Col. [William L.] Sublette, the last named partner is now [February, 1844] in New Orleans. Scott became oppressed with some bodily infirmity on his way out, and was a helpless invalid by the time he reached the Green River rendezvous. In this condition he was compelled to start for home, his partner, Bruffee, having already commenced his return travel in advance, agreeing to pause some time at the bluffs and await the arrival of Scott. At a point known as "Le-bonte's Cabin," on the Sweetwater, poor Scott grew so much worse that he could no longer sustain himself in the saddle, and a

²² According to Howard Stansbury, the Court House "consisted of two bald elevations . . . to which the *voyageurs*, most of whom are originally from St. Louis, had given this name, from a fancied resemblance to a well-known structure in their own city" (*Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake*, 48).

"bull-boat" was made, in which he was transported safely enough until it was upset and broken among the rapids in the Black Hills. Here guns, ammunition, everything was lost, and the two men attending upon Scott barely made out to get their sick charge in safety to shore. From this place they were nine days in reaching these bluffs on the Platte, the two men getting their burden along as well as they could, and the whole three lingering upon the very brink of starvation all the way. Their guns were gone, and they could get no game, being left to pick up a little miserable sustenance by visiting old camping grounds of their own and other parties, and getting the marrow from bones yet unbroken by the wolves.

Exhausted and feeble, they at length reached the Bluffs. No sign of Bruffee could be found. It was clear Scott could linger but a few hours longer, and it seemed nearly as evident that the other two would become helpless in the same space of time. They could carry the unfortunate trader no farther. To stay with him would be to starve with him, and to save him was beyond the reach of human hope. In this frightful predicament, there was but one cruel alternative, and the two men took it. Leaving their gasping charge in the grass, with a gourd of water beside him, they hurried away, without daring to say farewell, to make what use they yet could of their remaining strength in getting on their way homeward. There Scott was left, and there *he died alone!* under the bluffs that have since borne his name. The scattered remnants of his bones were sought after, found, gathered and buried the next summer by Wm. L. Sublette, and there lies poor Scott, with a mournful fate and a magnificent monument.²³

Behind these bluffs is a beautiful valley of immense extent, which, for lack of any other name, we chose to designate as "the Valley of Jehoshaphat." It is not less than thirteen or fifteen miles in length, with a varying breadth of from four to six. A single spring flows from the hills into it, forming a little rippling current that glides through a deep cleft in its center. Through this

²³ For a fine resumé of the story and evidence see Merrill J. Mattes, "Hiram Scott, Fur Trader," *Nebraska History*, Vol. XXVI (1945), 127-62.

2009.13.62

-31

valley the traders are compelled to pass, in order to avoid the chasms mentioned before as rendering the road between the bluff and the river impassable. From the valley the eminences on either side, but particularly those next the river, present the remarkable aspect we must again allude to. Towers, turrets, buttresses, bastions, ramparts, chimneys, house-tops, clusters of edifices and a thousand other familiar shapes and formations strike the eye with most curious delight and wonder, and here the wind drove furiously over us, whistling among the cliffs, about two hundred and fifty feet in elevation, and clouding the air with sand.

When we encamped in this valley on our return, these violent gusts of wind drove up heavy black clouds into the sky, and about 10 o'clock at night, big, cold rain-drops began to beat down upon us. We of "Our Mess" had neglected pitching tent this evening, for the first time in three weeks, and here we were caught in the storm. We jumped to get our canvas cabin up, but found the job quite impossible; and just as we were thoroughly drenched, and the tent nearly torn to rags, the storm passed over, the sky cleared, and the stars smiled beautifully. Then it turned bitter cold, and we lay shivering in our blankets till morning.

◆ DIARY: JULY 3-4, 1843

Monday 3rd. After the long march of yesterday our way is short to the fort, and we travel easy—saw a band of some 25 elk drinking from the river, but were too slow to kill any. Nooned near the river. Went on and encountered another wild, but somewhat softer change in the scenery—timbered banks, high, luxuriant grass, flowers of all varieties in rich profusion, rolling ground, enormous sand hills stretching near to the shore &c. found a glorious camping place—plenty of wood, fine rich grass, water clear and cold as ice! Hurrah for the 4th. About 20 miles today

Mem.) The real name of the *Crow* Indians (so called) is *Absahbrookee*—*Absah*, devour, or bird, and *rooka* meat—They flap their arms like a bird, in pantomime, to say they are "birds of prey"! They are great thieves, but the traders speak well of their hospitality, if not their honesty. The chiefs are considered in

some degree honorable, but it is the young men who rove about and commit depredations.

The 4th of July, 1843

Tuesday. A banner of stripes & stars, constructed out of 2 red silk handkerchiefs, a lot of Dr. Tilghman's white bandaging stuff, some blue calico, several hat bands and tassels, and the usual quantum of *fixed* stars, was raised as the sun peeped, and a volley of some 25 guns, besides 56 others that went off at random, saluted the national flag in the heart of the wilderness! At 6 we were called to mass at the Priest's tent, and the whole camp attended with respectful demeanor.²⁴ The Priests tent fancifully decorated with flowers. Libations at Sublett's—bath in the river—Plum pudding and guarding—Storer and glory—Musquitos—The flag-staff, and the broken lance head—great cooking in camp—markees and high grass—Dressing up for the holiday—Old hills and the river Platte—20 miles from Fort La Ramee. Feast of the four messes—Dinner with Sir W^m—Gumbo, *boudon*,²⁵ tongue, forced meat balls, plum-pudding, roley-boley peach pudding, Rhine wine, punch, &c. &c. Sir W^m's toast, "prosperity to the Union"! Christy's Address—An ode—Lowry's toast, "The memory of Buggs!" Sir W^m's speech—toast to Christy—Consternation of Tilghman! Christy's song, "God save the Brave!" Union of the 2 tables—new song, "Hurrah for the Buffalo!" Syd Smith on horseback riding into Smith's tent—Storer's miraculous escape with the plum pudding from the rear—the camp in an uproar! Night guarding with Jo Smith—A great day on the prairie!

◆ SKETCH:

THE CELEBRATION OF THE SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES UPON THE NORTH FORK OF THE PLATTE [July 4]

[New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, February 9, 1844]

About midday of the 3d of July we made a halt at a spot ad-

²⁴ Stewart had been baptized in the St. Louis Cathedral on November 25, 1837.

²⁵ *Boudin*, a kind of sausage made on the spot: see John Francis McDermott, *A Glossary of Mississippi Valley French* (St. Louis, 1941), 32.

2019.13.12

-32

cavorting about like the horse "Napoleon," when the clown plays a fiddle for him! To pass out was impossible now for poor Storer, while to stay was to run imminent risk of being trodden under foot by the mare. Night was closing and it was quite dark in the tent. Storer would have cut his way valiantly through the canvas, but for the fact that he was caught in the predicament without having a knife about him.

"Get up! Gee! Go it, my Maria!" were some of the numerous exclamations addressed by the young Lieutenant to his mare, coaxing her to go through with this new equestrian performance.

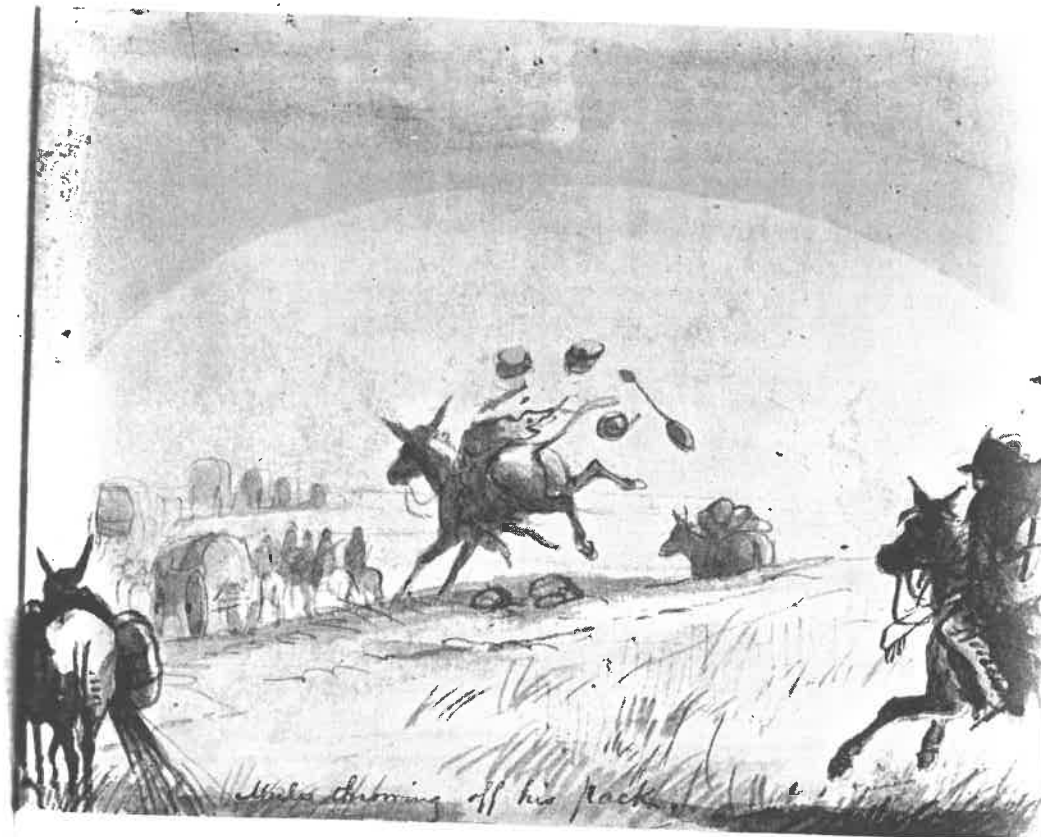
A brave man in extremity is apt to hit on rare expedients. Storer fell upon his knees, thrust his hands under the tent-cloth, seized two of the pickets, wrenched them from the ground, and heroically crawled out upon all fours, pushing the plum pudding in a tin pan before him!

Sid. Smith rode into the tent, which he carried away gloriously upon his back, while Storer ran away triumphantly with the plum pudding! So ended the celebration of the 4th of July upon the Platte.

◆ DIARY: JULY 5, 1843

Wednesday, July 5th. All bright in the morning—Started early, and encamped upon Laramie's Fork, opposite Richard's fort in the afternoon.²⁶ 18 miles. Rode on in advance, and visited Fort Laramie, a large square structure of mud, strongly knitted with good timber—painted palisades around the parapets—towers—large cavayard [cavallard]—comfortable dwellings—like old

²⁶ Richard's Fort was Fort Platte, trading post of Sibille and Adams, built at the juncture of Laramie Fork and North Platte and was sometimes called Richards' because it had been built by the three Richard brothers, Jean, Noel, and Pierre, of St. Charles. Its history was short. Frémont, who saw it in the summer of 1842, described it as built of earth and still unfinished—"being enclosed with walls (or rather houses) on three of the sides, and open on the fourth to the river." Matt Field noted its dimensions in his diary on July 6. In 1845 it passed into the hands of the American Fur Company. When Parkman visited the location in 1846, he reported it as abandoned and in ruins (Frémont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition*, 28 Cong., 2 sess., *Sen. Doc.* 174 [Washington, 1845], 35; Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail* [Garden City, N. Y., 1945], 83).



PORTER COLLECTION

Mule Throwing Off Pack

From a painting by Alfred Jacob Miller

2019.13.62

-33

Prairie and Mountain Sketches

always has a young one bespoke and these he presents away again, so ensuring himself a welcome when he pleases, and ever after calling the dog his! The girls laughing at his leg going "cluck"! At all the weddings, parties and steamboat excursions acts and looks like the host instead of the guest wherever he goes—tells every farmer he has the finest wheat of the season—his cant phrase is "You son of a tinker!" &c.

Travelled 10 miles and nooned at Hell Gate.

After dinner attempted the passage of Hell Gate, on a bet with Dr. Tilghman, and after an hour's labor was compelled to return on account of the fright of my mule, but the old hunters who came in far enough to look on acknowledged the effort was a gallant one.

Rode with Tilghman to the Rock, where we penetrated deep into its center through the gaping fissures, and drank from a spring that is there hidden.¹¹

From the numerous names inscribed on the rock Tilghman assisted me copying the following. Many others are obliterated, and many are made in such hieroglyphical mystery that they are wholly illegible. The female names are, many of them, sweet-hearts of the wanderers, except some of the newest, which may have been left by the ladies of the Oregon party.

Inscriptions Copied from Rock Independence.

T. Owen (not Tom, the Bee Hunter)

L. Applegate—1843

Fitzpatrick—L. C. Cooper—1843

Mary Zachary—Jane Mills

T. Campbell—Henry Clay over Clay we found by W.C.K.

Martin Van Buren, in 40 line pica, by W^m Gilpin

F. Fitzpatrick again

W. Cruss, 1843—J. T. Talbot, 1843

¹¹ "There is," wrote Stewart, "something strange in this rock,—there is one spring in a hollow of its side, there are two or three dwarf gooseberry bushes grow out of its fissures, and except these, no drop of water and no kind of vegetation" (*Edward Warren*, I, 215-16).

The Return

D. F. Hill—D. Delany—W. T. Newby, 1843

J. H. Barker—R. H. Thomas, 1841

W^m C. Kennerly—G. E. Hepburn

J. K. Clark—T. Smith

H. Bay—and J. Cromwell

L. C. Menard—Jo Pourier

W^m L. Sublette, with Moses Harris, on express, Jan. 1827,

again on July 4th, 1841 [*sic*]. when the rock was christened

—and again, with us, July 22nd & Aug. 12 [*sic*], 1843.

Antoine Clement—A. Drips 40

M. Harris—M. C. Nye

E. Barnet—G. Predame

T. Smith—43—B. H. D. Wall

L. D. Walker (Susan) 43

L. D. Walker 34

Richd. Phelan, 40—Alex. Goday 43

R. Rowland (in an enormous black margin! never saw such a black mark around a man's name!) 43¹²

S. W. D. S. 43—S. H. Lowry

Sid. Smith, Lieut. 4th Infy.

Wm. C. Kennet—G. W. Christy—

C. Kennerly—E. F. Choteau

Virginia

Geo. R. H. Clark 37

The Oregon Co. arrived July 26, 1843

Wm. Wilson

L. W. Hastings—A. L. Lovejoy

A. P. Sanford—Jas. Rudford

P. Richardson—B. Savoy

M. M. McCarver—W. Gilpin

T. Fitzpatrick—W. T. Newby

Jos. Carroll—B. Gray

C. F. Klein—J. Boileau

J. Gray—E. Chausse

¹² Rowland was a member of the party—see Cast of Characters.

2019.13.62

-54

Prairie and Mountain Sketches

I.H.S.

E. P. I. De Smett

F. N. Point—F. Mengarini

I.H.S.

F. P. DeVos, S. J.

F. A. Hoechen, S. J.

Lay brothers

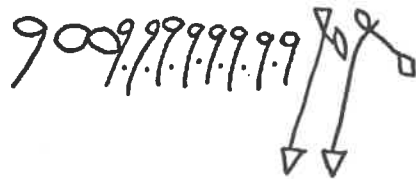
D. Lions—I. McGean

I. Borris

L. Crawford, 38—T. Patterson

J. P. Walker, 40—Wm. P. Clark 38

Indian signs, *fresh* upon the rock, the vermillion yet wet, their fire yet warm—the following is a close transcript.



in a spot near this the following mark, we also found, done in red paint.



Our Scioux squaw gave us the explanation

M. Greely—B. Tisot, 43

R. C. Nelson—C. Town

T. P. Springer—*Fontenelle* 27—28—30—37—38

T. Fallon—F. Parraw 43

A. Parrow—43—A. T. Baker 43

The Return

Geo. Davis, 40—J. B. Childs

C. B. Beale 41—H. Peyton

A. G. Patton

C. De Forrest, 42

P. Perian

We made 15 miles, and now count ourselves

175 miles from Rendezvous.

Tuesday, Aug. 29th. Thirteenth Day Homeward. A million wolves howling all round us all night and the rock echoing the dismal sound. A sudden dash of rain, two of them as a few black clouds scudded, during the night, across a sky lighted by moon and stars. Travelled 7 miles in the morning, and nooned at a winding sloo of living water. Started again, and about 4 in the afternoon went off upon a royal chase of a fine band of buffalo. At the onset Jo's horse fell, and he lost so much ground by the accident that we had to run 6 miles further for our cow. Galloped my mule all the way, and longed for a horse to join in the sport. Camp in the meantime went on to the noble halting place that we call "*Cold Spring Camp*" about 8 miles further—15 from the rock.

"*Pemberton Nicholas*," when he went out visiting which was his only "visible means of getting a living," was suspected of carrying his "other shirt," when clean, in the hollow of his cork leg!

Here, imbedded in the hills, and 40 feet lower than the plains we had been travelling over all day, we found, on this, the second occasion, the richest grass, the finest fire-wood, and the coolest, sweetest water that we have encountered between the town of Independence in Missouri and the rock of Independence in the mountains! Here we are in a green little nook among the hills—an amphitheatre of massive mounds around us—driving clouds have protected us from a burning sun all day, and while butchering some drops of rain fell, as if only to make us look up at a gorgeous rainbow that flung its resplendent arch almost from one point to the other of the horizon.

Here I close my third book of notes, and half way back to Fort

2019.13.62

-35

Prairie and Mountain Sketches

◆ SKETCH:

SUFFERINGS OF RAPHAEL CARRAFEL IN THE SNOW¹⁴ [September 8-14]
[*St. Louis Weekly Reveille*, September 9, 1844]

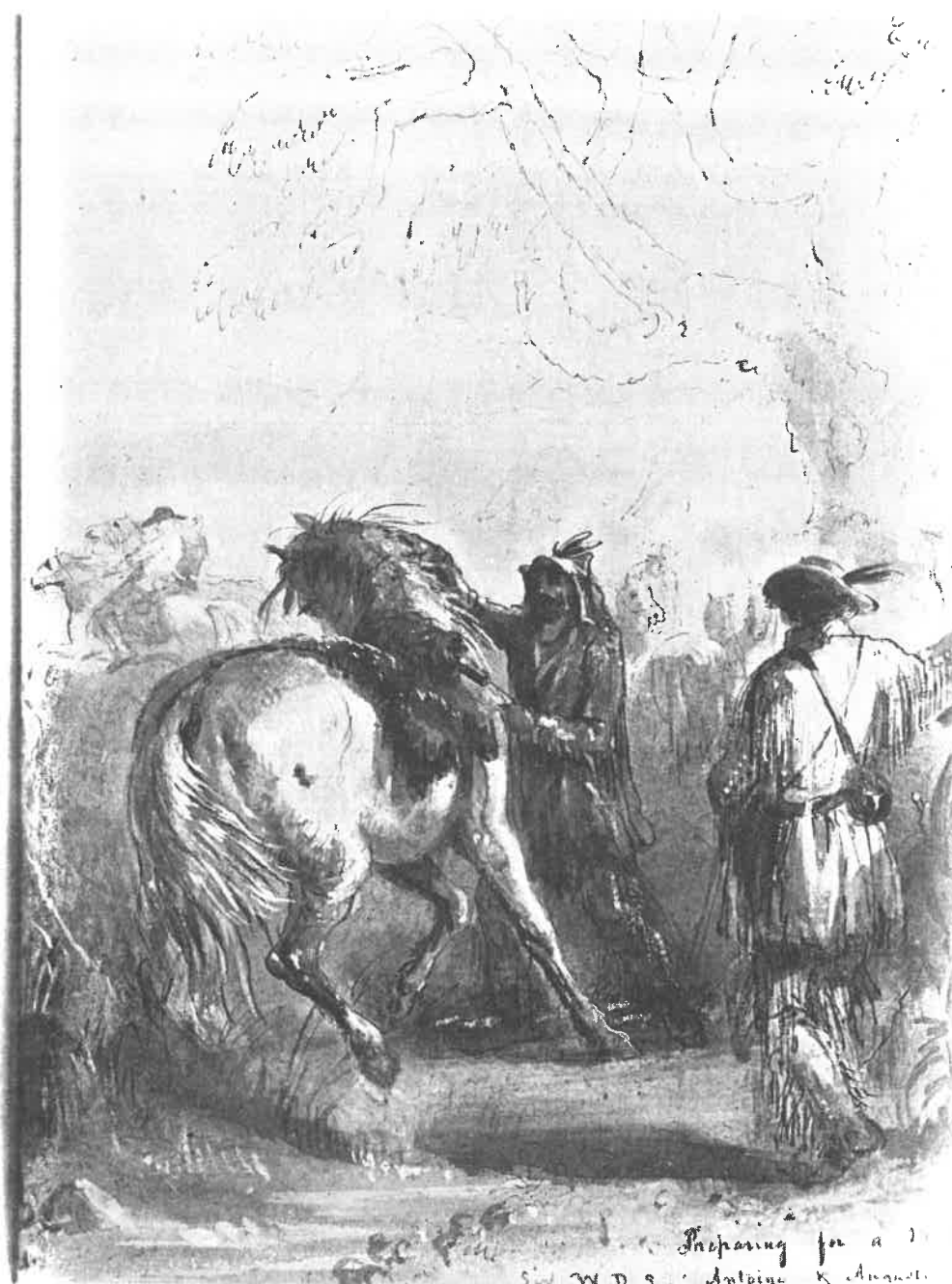
Poor Tom's a-cold—Shakespeare.

Strange and dangerous adventure, histories of mournful interest, wild and startling tales of trial, privation, misery, bravery, feasting, fasting, fighting, scalping, adverse transitions, revelry, rivalry, &c., all glowing in fresh and vivid colors, may be picked up, by any body who will carry a book and pencil in his pocket, thick as blackberries, among the men of the mountains and the white wanderers of the wilderness. Our present sketch will embody a true anecdote of the sufferings of a poor mountaineer, by the name of Carrafel, who, in the winter of 1842, was buried alone under a frightful snow storm, and nearly perished.

Carrafel was sent out from Fort Platte, on Laramie Fork, in February, on an important express message to the Chayenne Indians, then located on Chayenne river, a stream of some note, that assisted in swelling the grand current of the Missouri. Poor Raphael Carrafel—for such were his appellations in full—started in fine spirits from the Fort, upon his dangerous errand, in company with a body of hunters, who were only venturing out for a few days, seeking to make what is termed “a surround.” This may be understood, it is presumed, without explanation. The hunters, on finding game, spread themselves into a circle, and close in upon the animals they wish to kill. After a day or two, a successful surround was made, meat obtained, and the whole company encamped upon a water course, known as “Raw Hide Creek,”¹⁵ which glides from the Northern Hills, and rolls into the north fork of the Platte. Snow came down upon them, during the night, with heavy and increasing violence, so that it was found impossible to move camp in the morning, and the hunters did not start for their return to the Fort until the next day.

¹⁴ This and the next two sketches cannot be dated—the fourth diary is missing—but they were stories probably picked up by Field during the second stay at Fort Laramie.

¹⁵ Rawhide Creek runs into the North Fork of the Platte almost due north of the site of Fort Laramie.



PORTER COLLECTION

Preparing for a Buffalo Hunt

From a painting by Alfred Jacob Miller

2019.13.62

-36



PORTER COLLECTION

Wind River Mountains, showing Frémont Peak

From a painting by Alfred Jacob Miller

The Return

Here Carrafel was left, to pursue his desolate journey alone; and off he set, well supplied with fresh meat, reaching *L'Eau qui Court*, or "Running Water," in time to cook supper and *cache* himself comfortably for the night. The snow continued, beating down every hour faster and thicker, and swelling now five feet deep far around the solitary and trackless wilderness. The poor fellow found it impossible to proceed, and remained here two days, until, on the third, finding his meat swiftly diminishing, and the storm growing worse, instead of exhibiting any indication of a change, he resolved, desperately, to risk the chances, and attempt to get forward. He was lucky enough to succeed in reaching a water course, called "Hat Creek," the same day, the snow heavily and steadily increasing; and, starting again the next morning, he finally grew weak and sick, from long endurance and scant provisions, until he dropped in the snow, and *burrowed* for a resting place. The storm had now continued eight successive days, and Carrafel, after a long sleep, found strength, the next day, to get up and daringly push on. Not a living thing had crossed him since he left the hunters, and his wild eye now roved in vain around the white waste, in search of some sign of game. Another night in the snow, and Carrafel awoke in the morning with the horrible pangs of frost-bitten feet!

In this frightful extremity, knowing the necessity of rousing himself to the utmost, to escape certain and speedy death, he fell to work beating himself furiously all over the body with his rifle, and striking his tortured feet, too, until he roared and screamed again in the bleak wild like a famished hyena. This brave, determined and extraordinary act of presence of mind, beyond all doubt, saved the life of poor Carrafel, as, had he yielded to the pleasant stupor that had already commenced stealing through him, soothing the sharp affliction in his feet, he would, inevitably, have sank [*sic*] into his last sleep in the snow. But this enabled him to struggle forward still, as he did, staggering with weakness, and half blind with the perpetual glare of the snow. For a few hours he sustained himself in motion in this manner, falling repeatedly, and sometimes crawling, until the last moment of

2019.13.62

-37

human endurance seemed to have arrived, when he, fortunately, reached a spot favorable for the construction of a little shanty of boughs, which he soon contrived, and there lay for three days, quite powerless, and chewing the greasy leather that he wore, which, with the snow around him, formed his only sustenance.

On the morning of the fourth day, as the miserable express messenger still lay on his back in his little shelter, his sinking spirit was aroused by the unlooked for and joyful apparition of an old, worn down bull, wandering (blind perhaps) within a few paces of the hut. Carrafel rolled to his side, and his rifle was levelled over the surface of the snow in an instant. It was a sure and deadly aim that the starving, dying man, put upon the huge brute, and the game was down on the spot, panting and melting the snow with its hot blood. The sight was new life to Carrafel, who dragged himself from his shanty and cut into the flesh of the bull e'er yet the enormous head had ceased to roll, the eyes to glare, or the limbs to tremble. *Raw!* he tore, gnawed, and sucked the meat raw, once more reviving his strength, in some measure, with this *savage* sustenance, but not sufficiently to enable him to butcher the tough old bull; and, dragging with him only part of a "fleece," he regained the shanty, replenished his fire, reloaded his rifle, and rolled, exhausted, into his buffalo robe.

Subsisting on this providential supply of meat for three days, the poor mountaineer got strength to crawl, and, after drying some of the jerked flesh, he turned and started homeward, making a desperate effort to reach the Fort. Struggling against his enfeebled and miserable condition, Carrafel made two miles that day, and, fortunately, when worn to the last gasp, found a spot of timber fit for camping in. But the exertion had been too much for him, and the next morning he was unable to rise. In this place the wretched man remained *forty-one days*, just managing to fire from his bed upon such game as came near, and so obtaining food. In the depth of winter, throughout its most bitter portion, and in the heart of the wilderness, an unhappy invalid, prostrate and alone, forty-one days in the snow!

He once killed a bull so near him, during the night, that the legions of wolves immediately besetting the carcass, assailed himself, also, and he only escaped destruction by driving them back with fire brands. In the morning he was glad to secure the marrow-bones and such meat from the mangled bull as the voracious dogs of the prairie had left him, and drying the flesh, he once more attempted his way to the Fort. He made some distance, and reached a creek, which rose upon him during the night. On the flood he saw a drowned buffalo calf floating down, but was too enfeebled to make an effort in securing it. But in the morning he eagerly followed the bank of the stream, and had the almost un-hoped for luck of finding the calf lodged among drift-wood not far from where it had passed him. From this most fortunate chance a new supply of provision fell into his hand, as if sent to the poor desert starveling from heaven, for at this time he had but *three rifle charges* of ammunition left!

Again, better fortune attended him as he slowly and wearily made his way back toward his friends, for two elk crossed him, and with two well-managed shots, he killed them both; leaving himself now, for the rest of his desolate journey, to depend upon what meat he could dry and drag with him, and the last solitary charge in his rifle. For nine days longer, he resolutely worked onward, and the poor fellow was saved!

One morning a sudden cry ran through Fort Platte of "a bear! a bear!" and half a dozen hunters were out immediately, making toward the spot where, from the walls of the fort, they had seen some living thing moving through the snow. It was poor Carrafel! crawling feebly homeward on his hands and knees, gasping with joy at once more seeing the fort, and fainting at last at the sight of his friends.

One day longer, and the unhappy wanderer must inevitably have perished. He had crawled, literally *dragged* himself the whole distance homeward, over ice and snow, through streams and broken ravines, tortured with the pangs of frozen feet, a starving stomach and debilitated body, and progressing only at

2019.13.62

-38

the miserable rate of from two to four miles a day. This is one case of, perhaps, as keen and prolonged suffering as was ever known among the mountains.

Carrafel continues a cripple for life, and a pensioner at Fort Platte, having entirely lost the balls from both feet. He was under care two months at the Fort before he could touch his frost-bitten extremities to the ground at all, and in the succeeding September, when he gave, himself, this relation to the writer, he moved on crutches, but was, otherwise, quite restored.

◆ SKETCH: THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS [September 8-14] [New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, January 4, 1844]

The world should be made acquainted with some of the strange characters who have buried themselves away from civilization among the rocks of the West.

There is one whimsical old genius who is noted particularly among the trapper tribe as the prince of queer ones. He calls himself *William S. Williams, M.T.*,¹⁶ and he is most resolutely determined upon having the title initials "M.T." always affixed to his name. He is the oldest man in the mountains, having fully resolved to live and die there, and more droll anecdotes are told about him than would fill a pair of volumes of modern size. *M.T.* is meant to signify *Master Trapper*, and the old man has just seized upon the whim of insisting that this distinguishing mark shall on all occasions and under all circumstances be attached to his name. He chanced at one time to fall into a mortal quarrel with a Blackfeet Indian, and upon achieving advantage, he at once seized upon the red fellow's scalp-lock.

"Bill Williams!" shouted the Indian, whose knowledge of English consisted in the capacity of pronouncing this singular old white man's name.

"William S. Williams, *M.T.*, if you please," said the old man

¹⁶ Two books have celebrated Old Bill Williams: Chauncey Pratt Williams, *Lone Elk: the Life Story of Bill Williams, Trapper and Guide of the West* (Denver, 1935); Alpheus H. Favour, *Old Bill Williams, Mountain Man* (Chapel Hill, 1936).

of the mountains, as he coolly darted the point of his knife around the scalp-lock and tore it off!

This extraordinary individual is now about fifty-five or sixty years of age, and he has lived more than half his life in the mountains. He declares that he never was anywhere else, but it is remembered that he was once a Methodist preacher in the States, and it is known that he is an educated man, with a critical knowledge of Greek and Latin. By his own words, he was "rolled out of a thunder storm in the mountains," for he found himself there and don't remember anything else. He is quite certain he is not human, and has a strong persuasion that he was "translated from the Great Bear, or some other luminous celestial animal, for some most particular and especial purpose that is meant to be made known to him hereafter."

He was never known to wear a hat, but once in the winter, finding his head cold, he shot a wolf, scalped the animal and drew the warm skin on to his own head! For all such eccentric things this old man is remarkable, but, perhaps, the singularity of his character may be better shown by relating an odd meeting he once had with a young fellow fresh from the States. Williams was camping alone when the young fellow encountered him.

"Hum!" said the old man in soliloquy, "here comes another enormous fool of a young rascal to crowd us here in the mountains! We shan't have an inch of elbow room left! 'Cook, old cake, cook!'" said he, addressing a lump of dough that he was turning over on the coals of his solitary fire with his naked toes, that protruded through his venerable moccasins. "Cook, old cake! here comes a white fool, and he's hungry of course. Now, you miserable young blockhead, do you know me?" said the old man to the stranger.

"I guess I do," said the boy, for he was a wandering sprig of Yankee land.¹⁷

"You guess," replied the old eccentric, "you're a pretty sample of a scalp-lock to come here guessing! Had you nobody to keep

¹⁷ The youth appears to have been Miles Goodyear.

2019, 13, 62

-39

you at home, that you must come strolling out here among bears and Blackfeet? How do you know me?"

"I reckon I guess."

"O, you're a big figure at mathematics! You had better get rid of your guessing and your reckoning if you want to live among the rocks. Take up that chunk of burnt dough there, and stuff it down your ravenous maw!"

"Thank you—I'm not hungry."

"Don't come here to tell lies, sir; we are honest men in the mountains, and you mustn't come here to contaminate us with your civilization. You *are* hungry, and you know it, and you must eat that cake; I've got another. Do you take me for an antediluvian not to share my dinner with you?"

"Aint you the man they call Bill Williams?" said the hungry lad, as he greedily devoured the cake.

"*What* do they call me?" roared Bill, with the growl of a wounded bear.

"William Williams, I think!" answered the young aspirant in the trapping trade, with a half frightened tone of subdued respect.

"William S. Williams, M.T., young buzzard's meat!" replied the master trapper, drawing himself up with the air of a Julius Caesar. "Look here, boy, do you see that *butte*? There's a hole in it, and that's where I put my bones."

"Bones!" said the boy, greatly bewildered at the words of the old man.

"Yes, *Wah!*" continued Bill, lifting his rifle and imitating a shot, "there's where I bury my dead; that's my bone-house!"

"Why you don't—"

"Don't tell me I don't," interrupted the old man, "or I'll don't you, knock me dead, if I don't! How would you like to sleep there tonight? Eat away, and don't be gaping at a natural christian like a born fool! I always stow away my white bones decently. Eat away, you stupid young blockhead, and stop staring. I dare say you call yourself a gentleman! Happy of your acquaintance. If you have done eating, just remember that you have dined with William S. Williams, M.T."

This odd encounter happened almost word for word as here set down, and it may give the reader a fair idea of one of the drollest beings that ever lived. Surly, abrupt and eccentric, the old fellow is yet noted for benevolence and stern honesty. He once took off his coat of deerskin, when it was almost the last remnant of apparel in his possession, and threw it over the shoulders of a poor, shivering squaw. He sleeps curled up by the camp-fire, with his head in the ashes, embracing an old rifle, that has been mended and mended again with "buffalo tug," until scarcely a particle of the original stock is left. He works hard, makes money, and gives everything away to others who may happen to be in distress. He once threatened to shoot an old friend who sent him a letter with an offer of assistance! Old William S. Williams, M.T., will accept of charity from no man breathing. Such a character is now pillowing his grey hairs among the snows of the west, and there he will live and die, while this rough sketch, no doubt, presents all the world will ever know of The Old Man of the Mountains!

◆ SKETCH: THE PETRIFIED FOREST [September 8-14]

[St. Louis *Weekly Reveille*, November 18, 1844]

"One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Texas is a *petrified forest*, near the head of Pasigono River. It consists of several hundred trees in an erect position, all *turned to stone!* Some trees, not growing, are partly petrified. This is a startling fact for the natural philosophers, and must cause them to modify the existing theory of petrification." Kennedy.¹⁸

Many have visited the Rocky Mountains, who have never seen

¹⁸ Matt Field in this version of William Kennedy on petrified trees remembered the tune, but not the words. In Kennedy's *Texas: the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas* (2 vols., London, 1841) the paragraph begins: "Near the head of the Pasigona River, according to a late Topographical Description of Texas, is the celebrated petrified forest, which has attracted so much attention from naturalists. Here is a forest of several hundred acres of trees *standing*, which are turned to stone" (Book I, chap. V, p. 120). The story gets better as one traces the quotations. In George William Bonnell's *Topographical Description of Texas* (Austin, 1840), an infantryman named Deaf Smith and Captain Lewis saw on a high hill along the public road between Río Frio and Nueces a set of petrified wagon wheels (p. 81).

2019.13.62

-40

the Loup Fork and cut them up. The remnants of the people came here for shelter—the children hobbling our mules about—A crier out on the house-top—*bunks* round the lodge, like the plan of making beds on ship-board—The sun darting down through the chimney-hole in the roof told us the hour of the day. An old rascal tried to steal my knife, but was frightened into returning it.

The Platte far more beautiful here than above. The hills extend to the water, there is timber on the banks, and the October foliage on the Islands is truly magnificent.

THE PAWNEE EXPRESS

Delaware John, Alexi, Christy, Chauvin & self left Sir W^m Stewart's camp on Plumb Creek on the morning of the 4th of Oct. for Pawnee land. Christy gave out at noon, and we went on. Reached Menard's camp and alarmed it after night fall. Travelled next day 45 miles, and camped on the river bank, in a hollow quite hidden from view. Reached the Pawnee village next day at noon, and left it at 4 in the afternoon. Youths from 16 and upwards throwing a peculiar wooden instrument along the ground to catch a running iron ring. Mud houses, and the town-crier on a house top. Quite primitive and scriptural, proclaiming from the tops of houses! 20 men started with us to bring corn to our camp, but, one after another, they all turned back in alarm, and we were glad they did, for one old pockmarked rascal had endeavoured to steal my knife. Rode till 9 at night, and reached our snug little "*Cache Camp*" again—fire still among the ashes, and all right.

At noon next day left the Platte and turned into hills. About 2 pulled off our saddles and dropped asleep as innocently as tired children, within 100 yards of a murdered and horridly mutilated Pawnee, whose naked and ghastly carcase we discovered on waking! Near him was a bow and empty quiver, and along our path we picked up half a dozen bloody arrows.

Cached ourselves again at night, in a bushy corner of the Blue, after killing an old "*Blind Antelope*," and started for camp before day next morning. Found camp in time to catch our mess at

breakfast on real domestic beef stew, made from a fat ox found on the Platte. Had the Pawnees come with us to where we passed the dead body they would, probably, have murdered us—if they could!

Saturday, Oct. 7th. moved 4 miles—

346 m. frm. Laramie

Sunday, Oct. 8th. Returned from the Pawnees, and joined camp in the morn'g moved 15 miles along the Blue

361 m. frm. Laramie

Monday, Oct. 9th. Met 3 men travelling to Laramie. Made 29 m.

390 m. frm. Laramie.

Tuesday, Oct. 10th. Travelled half a day and camped for the last time on the Blue. 10 m.

400 m. frm. Laramie

Wednesday, Oct. 11th. Crossed Big Sandy and nooned—then went beyond Little Sandy and camped on the next creek, 3 miles further on, making 25 m.

425 m. from Laramie

Thursday, Oct. 12th. Left Thunder and Lightning Creek and made a day's march of 25 miles, camping at a prairie slough, where we had only rushes to burn.

450 m. frm. Laramie

Friday, Oct. 13th. Crossed the Vermillion, a heavily timbered stream, where grow majestic oaks that have been painted by Miller [?] ⁸⁰ as specimens of American forest scenery. 20 m.

470 m. from Laramie

Saturday, Oct. 14th. Walker and Lowry started from the picket for Westport. Antoine, Alexi and self left after "ketch up" for the Kaw village. By 8 o'clk we caught W. & L. Drove Menard's given-out, poor old horse 3 miles, and left him at "*Graham's Hole*" "*Missionary Creek*." ⁸¹ Saw a prairie set fire to

⁸⁰ Alfred J. Miller, who accompanied Stewart on the 1837 trip?

⁸¹ Missionary Creek is the place where the priests' wagon upset on June 1 or 2; and Graham's Hole, a branch of the Big Vermillion, where Richard Graham had a wet and muddy experience on June 3.

2019.13.62

-41

in the distance, and kindled one in answer. Encountered to [*sic*] Delaware trappers with their packed animals and traps. Crossed the other Vermillion and bade good by to W. & L. Rested on the bank of a creek, and shared my crackers, dry meat and punch with Antoine and Alexi.

Found a Kaw village of about 50 lodges, but the Indians were all out on Cow Creek and the Arkansas hunting buffalo. The houses close and comfortable, built of elm bark.

Finding no Indians, and seeing W. & L. in the distance, I left Antoine and Alexi to go back 15 miles to camp, and started after my 2 mess-mates. We 3 travelled to Muddy creek³² and camped there for the night. 50 m.

520 m. fm. Laramie

Sunday, Oct. 15th. Rolled over in the night and lost my knife. Started at 3 in the morning, under a meridian [?] moon, and rode out the night. By the spreading daylight the prairie seemed an ocean of ice or snow, with the dew frozen white upon every blade and twig. Reached Papin's³³ at 8 in the morning, where we found Menard's party crossing. Graham, Smith, Jeff Clark, Walker and Lowry started for Westport by the Shawnee trail, while I remained to wait for camp. 15m. fr. Muddy, making Papin's

535 m. fm. Laramie.

A boy with a head that had worn out half a dozen bodies! (Crockett)

There is an Indian among the Kaws whom they call "Jim Crow"—talks all languages, and a great liar—knows how to "wheel about and turn about," &c. but who named him heaven knows.

5 sisters³⁴—really beautiful—educated at the Mission near Westport—talk French, English, Kaw & Iowa—4 married to Frenchmen—one to an intelligent half-breed Delaware—a sixth now

³² Muddy Creek keeps its name. It runs through Jackson, Shawnee, and Jefferson counties and empties into the Kansas River east of Topeka.

³³ See note 10, page 35.

³⁴ Louis and Joseph Papin had married daughters of Louis Gonville, each of whom as a Kansas half-blood was the owner of a tract of land a mile square.

growing to make some other shrewd fellow happy—for these men get a certain quantity of land in right of the Kaw woman.

Slept here on the floor, with Antoine and Alexi, 2 of the pretty women being in bed, with their husbands and children, in the same rude log cabin. Message from camp for corn.

Monday, Oct. 16th. "Papin's Cabin"—A flashy looking clock, pointing most resolutely at 10 minutes past 8. Two bedsteads and a crib—A dozen loose planks laid over the rough cross-beams formed the second story, in which we could see deposited an old saddle tree, a rusty gun barrel, a dusty umbrella skeleton in rags, &c.&c.—5 tin cups ornamented the venerable remains of a common side board—5 three legged stools were *de*-ranged around the apartment, and 5 tender juvenillians, of as many colors, romped over and under and around everything to the infinite merriment and hearts's delight of their tender, copper colored mammas. Indian men and squaws were constantly coming in and out; and one insolent, provoking scoundrel cut the claws of a bear skin that I had brought all the way from Green river—*asking* me to give them to him—d—n him! after he had cut them off!

Around the walls hung, on wooden pegs and old nails, a little red framed looking glass, with a picture of a red brick house, that seemed to be on fire, painted on an upper pannel of the glass. There was something by the side of the house resembling Vesuvius in eruption, though the painter may have meant it for a tree, preferring red to the common color of green. Under this hung a common glass liquor flask, with some sort of dirty oil in it, and next to the flask a vial, containing something altogether *unguessable*. Then there was a white coon skin (killed on the Mohawk), a woman's sun-bonnet, a string of praying beads, with a little brass crucifix, several soiled engravings, of the Archangels slaying the serpent, the holy Ghost descending &c.&c., pinned to a towel, and the towel nailed to the wall, a rifle (Hawkins' best),³⁵

³⁵ "Hawkins' best" was made by Samuel Hawken of St. Louis, who carried on his business as gun-maker at 33 Washington Avenue. Born in Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1792, he arrived in St. Louis, June 5, 1822, and opened a gun-shop soon known throughout the frontier for its straight-shooting products. In 1859 he joined the gold-rush to Colorado, mined for a while, and then opened a gun-

2019.13.62

-42

a shot bag, powder horn, strings of onions and dried pumpkin, a polished tin pan and a white hat. A wooden ladle, a pewter tea pot and a very handsome cracked china bowl ornamented a shelf over the fire place—everything clean, and the rough boards carefully swept, 2 iron dogs in the fireplace sustained a pile of no less than 7 blazing logs. When about to get us our supper, the lady of the house pulled up a couple of planks from the floor, and jumping down, threw a pile of potatoes out, which were forthwith peeled and washed and put on the fire. Boiled pumpkin, cold & insipid, wild turkey, warmed in hot water, potatoes, *nearly* cooked, strong coffee, without sugar and unsettled, and flour biscuits, home-made, heavy and cold, were laid before us; and we fancied it was something like home, inasmuch as we sat on raised seats at a four legged platform.

Camp came to the crossing at noon, and we got everything over in a 40 foot pirogue of Charles Choteau's³⁶ by sundown. An Indian stole my halter—Great trading of dried meat for corn—camp nearly out of provisions—swam the animals over beautifully—So much for Monday the

33rd Day from the Fort.

Tuesday, Oct. 17th. My horse stolen and secreted by the Kaws. Jo Pourier went back and hunted a day, but came back next morning without it. Made 10 miles and nooned at a hole of water in the open prairie.

Went on until dark, 10 or 12 miles more, and at last turned off to a wooded hollow, where grass and brush grew high above our heads, and we barely got wood and water enough to serve camping purposes. Cold and dark and horribly uncomfortable.

22 miles

Wednesday, Oct. 18th. Made the *Wakaroosi*—Wahka—Roosi—Wahkaroosi, or "Big Elk," at noon, 10 miles, where I remained

shop in Denver. After a time he returned to Missouri and retired to his farm in St. Louis County, where he died on May 9, 1884 (Roy T. King, "Samuel Hawkins, Gunsmith and Fifty-niner," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XIV [January, 1937], 31-35).

³⁶ Possibly the son of Paul Liguette Chouteau and Constance Dubreuil, his wife.

behind to mend my leather pants and got lost following camp by an Indian trail. Found our own trail, fortunately, before dark, and got to camp about an hour after the blackest night set in that I ever saw.

The first creek we crossed this side of the Kaw is called "Acorn Creek"—about 6 or 8 miles from Papin's.

Made 23 miles.

Thursday, Oct. 19th. Started an hour after my friends, Kennett, Christy, Tilghman and Bay to go on in advance to Westport. My mule, with a dozen others, couldn't be found, which delayed me. Caught up with the others in an hour, now on the Santa Fé road, and soon after met a subordinate officer from Fort Leavenworth, going out to Col. Cook, at "One Hundred and Ten" [Creek] with a waggon load of corn.³⁷ Just after this, 20 miles from Westport, Elizabeth Jenkins gave out, and I was compelled to walk and lead her, letting my companions leave me behind. Remembered well one of the spots I passed this morning on the Santa Fé road. Found a hole of water, and let Elizabeth crop dry grass while I wrote up journal. Afraid I shant see Westport today!

Met a young military man alone, whom I afterward learned was *Sergeant Griffith* of Dragoon Company G. He gave me information of my friends and the road, besides a dram of whiskey—and on I *walked*. Two miles further met more military men, with a waggon load of corn, and stopped with them, as they were tramping, and it was still 10 or 12 miles to Westport, I staid with the hospitable men of war, and sat down with a cheerful welcome

to share

a soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

Ripe peaches, the first I saw in this goodly year of 1843, a rich

³⁷ Captain Philip St. George Cooke, First Dragoons. His journal of this tour as escort to the Santa Fé traders, May 27–October 26, 1843, edited by W. E. Connelley, was published in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, Vol. XII (June and September, 1925), 74–98, 227–55. On October 18 he had reached Council Grove: "Two days this side . . . I received a small supply of corn."

2019.13.62

43

Prairie and Mountain Sketches

cup of coffee, *bacon!* and real, no-mistake, regular, *homemade bread!*

John Anderson, John Hoskins, full privates in company G were the generous fellows who shared supper, pipe and tent with me. The wind blew furiously all night, but it was not cold, and we slept well. Suppose I travelled about 20 miles.

Friday, Oct. 20th. Bade the soldiers good by, and at 9 A.M. reached Old Parks', from whence poor Elizabeth fairly crept with me into Westport! Camp came into town in the afternoon, and here is the

"Rocky Mountain Expedition" At Home Again

Independence stage accommodations—half way *en vehicle* thro' the wood, and the rest *a las pies* thro' the mud! 50 cents for luggage—nothing for pedestrians, and pushing the waggon along, gratis.

TO A PUMPKIN WEIGHING 250 PDS.
*Pondrous pumpkin! let me o'er thee ponder;
What is thy mission to the light, I wonder?*

2 asleep in a wagon, outside the door of the Westport hotel, were *spirited* away in the night, thro' the influence, not of "Old Harry," but *Black Harris!*

Coming into Independence, we were taken for a travelling menagery, our 2 antelope favoring the mistake, and persons wanted to know where we would "show" next.

Others took us for emigrants, and asked where we were "moving" to?

Met the *Texan* "Spencer" in Independence on the 21st. Spent Sunday, the 22nd. in this town—left on the 23rd for the landing. Slept there and on Tuesday morning, the 24th, got on board the John Aull, bound for St. Louis, on which was one of the Chapmans strolling with his wife and boy for a company.³⁸

The Return

◆ LETTER TO THE PICAYUNE

[New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, November 8, 1843]

Steamer John Aull

Missouri River, October 26, 1843.

DEAR FRIENDS:

The venerable Audubon, with his beard like a snow-drift from the mountain, is in before us,³⁹ as you have no doubt already learned; and the members of our party are now within the hospitable precincts of civilization once more, all eagerly hurrying toward their various and yet distinct homes. Since addressing you from the South Fork of the Platte, I have been among the Pawnees and Kansas Indians, adding no little to the interest of my travel, at the expense of some diminution of personal property. I have cause to remember the Kaws, they having relieved me from further charge of a horse that I brought all the way from the Snake or Sho-sho-nee country; and the Kaws did not let me out of their paws without some trifling attention of the same kind; all of which, however, I have myself to blame for, being fully warned before leaving camp, and indeed, considering it, then and now, cheap payment for the indulgence of my curiosity.

I can give you, I think, an item or two of news pertaining to affairs more directly under our daily cognizance. Riding in advance, some miles beyond the outer settlements, I met and camped one night with a military detachment from Leavenworth, going out on the Santa Fé road, with supplies, of course, to meet Cook on his homeward march. The soldiers were provisioned for seventeen days with orders to reach the well-known camping ground called One Hundred and Ten, and not finding Cook there, to proceed as far as Council Grove, or until they met him. The people up there seem greatly interested in everything in relation to Cook and his movements.

On dismounting at Independence, on Saturday last, my attention was at once engaged by a tall young man in a neat but un-

³⁸ Various members of the Chapman family were playing in St. Louis in 1843; see W. G. B. Carson, *Managers in Distress*, 216, 222, 232, 241.

³⁹ Audubon had reached Independence on October 11, St. Louis on the nineteenth, and on the twenty-second left St. Louis for Cincinnati.

2019.13.62

-44

ostentatious suit, who was discoursing in a loud and confident manner about Texas and Texans. I was not in the hotel ten minutes when a friend introduces me to Mr. Spencer, the same "Young Spencer" of whom I had heard in New Orleans before leaving the States. He had been in Independence but a couple of hours and was at the moment mounting, in company with another, both, as he told me, on their way to Texas. He disclaimed any connection with Warfield and the McDaniels, now in durance, and declared his own intention to proceed leisurely and openly on his way, allowing any proper authority every opportunity to scrutinize his conduct, if they fancied there was cause to question him.

A heavy snow storm struck us on the river, soon after leaving Independence, and the weather after it grew intensely cold. The river is low, boats few and far between, and passengers and freight in crowded abundance.

◆ LETTER TO THE PICAYUNE

[New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, November 9, 1843]

Hard aground, 100 miles up the Missouri.

October 27, 1843

DEAR FRIENDS:

"Oh! how these leaden-footed, limping minutes" lag and drag, like the "missing mail" along! How often in our late slow progress through the grassy wilderness, have our minds reverted to steamers and locomotives, while our eyes would rove over the level plains in vain for a railroad, and the broad current of Nebraska would stretch away long leagues before us with not a smoke-curl for the aching sight or the distant cough of an escape pipe for the listening ear! The poor quadrupeds that we bestrode little guessed why impatient applications of whip and spur would fall so suddenly upon them, when this sad contrast in the rate of motion would irritate us; and indeed was the consciousness of any of us of what sensible cause there was in our cavorting about the prairie, "To witch the world with wondrous horsemanship," and delight the quizzical waggoners with our eccentric move-

ments, when, go as we would, thirty miles a day was bound to be the extent of our progress. But now, nearer home and having bidden farewell to our four-legged servants, this gigantic conqueror, steam, glides away in the meaningless and useless vapor above our heads, and we sigh for even a sleepy donkey to help us on our homeward march. Here we are—hard aground in the Missouri, with a hold full of hemp, a deck full of horses, a narrow cabin choked up with passengers and the channel of the river choked up with sand! Isn't it provoking? I find that buckskin habiliments and an aged sombrero can make a body feel somewhat awkward among two hundred staring strangers. These Western people have such inquiring minds too. I can't go near the fire to warm my toes, without giving my birth, parentage and education, together with all my "travel history" to some country-magistrate-looking personage with iron grey hair and a broad-brimmed white hat; just too respectable to get a short answer, and too inquisitive to make sociability desirable. Civility to him encourages a perplexing fire of cross-questions from the rest around, and from this the only salvation is to remain shut-up in a little dark stateroom just six inches wider than a State prison cell at Baton Rouge and jam up against the wheelhouse. I trust the compositors will pardon me this beautiful chirography, when told that the writer is cross-legged on the floor, among saddle bags and bear skins, with a cane-bottomed stool for a round-table, the paddles laboring furiously to plough out the sand-bank and the boat swaying, wriggling and trembling, like an office seeker on the fence.

We made fully thirty miles yesterday, and with good luck may get as much farther today, provided we don't stay tugging more than two hours on a bank, and can run ten minutes before sticking on the next. An hour ago the passengers were all put ashore, and the captain, considerately let them walk a mile or so without asking them to take a rope and help pull the boat along. This is better than stagecoach travelling, when you carry a rail along to pry the wheels out of the mud.

Little Chapman, the comedian of steamboat celebrity, is on board with his wife and a smart son. The passengers persuaded

2019.13.62

-45

he Happenings

ST. JOSEPH MUSEUM
PONY EXPRESS MUSEUM

January - February 1989



Interior of Robidoux's fur trading post, an exhibit at the St. Joseph Museum.

