

Missouri

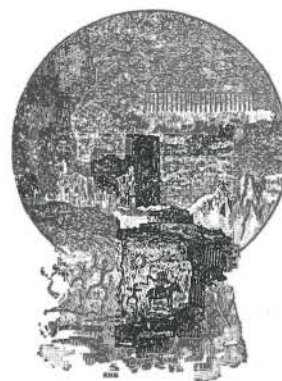
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY
BULLETIN 115

JOURNAL OF
RUDOLPH FRIEDERICH KURZ

An Account of His Experiences Among Fur Traders
and American Indians on the Mississippi and
the Upper Missouri Rivers During
the Years 1846 to 1852

Translated by
MYRTIS JARRELL

Edited by
J. N. B. HEWITT



UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1937

river is so blocked with those tree trunks that boats can wind their way through the channel only with the most careful steering.

Therefore if the pilot sees a heavy tree trunk floating toward the side of the boat and finds it impossible to avoid, he has an especial warning bell rung, so that the engineer will adjust the wheel in a way that prevents the blades from being shattered by the tree. No damage is feared from a trunk of light weight.

The average speed of a steamboat going upstream is 10 miles an hour; going downstream, from 10 to 20 miles, according to the condition of the river and the power of the engine. For instance, the average boat makes the voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis in 11 days; a "crack" steamer in only 5 or 6. From St. Louis to New Orleans the worst conditioned vessel needs not more than 9 days to make the distance (1,200 miles). From St. Louis to St. Joseph (500 miles) steamers require as much time as from New Orleans to St. Louis, because, owing to "snags" and shifting sandbanks, they do not run at night.

On that account the steering wheel on these river boats is fixed high up, so that the pilot can keep a sharp lookout over a wide expanse of water. To discover these completely submerged obstructions he has to watch closely every variation of the water surface. As may be inferred, the boats do not travel upstream at night unless there is a brilliant moon. Even then only the most experienced pilots who have made constant study of the changes in the river and variations in the current dare attempt to steer them. Our first pilot on the *Tamerlane*, Laberge by name, had been at the wheel on the Mackinaw boats by means of which the fur traders dispatched their hides and pelts to St. Louis long before the upper Missouri was navigated by steamboats. He was, of course, one of the best pilots on the Missouri.

The uprooted trees assume still other, though less dangerous, positions in the Missouri (also in the lower Mississippi), i. e., they do not lie stationary on the bed of the stream but are balanced by the current in a way that gives them a saw-like motion; hence they are called "sawyers." There is also much driftwood which, when it is heavy, does great damage to the paddle wheels.

We progressed slowly but without accident. I was in no haste, and on the hurricane deck, I enjoyed the beautiful weather exceedingly. The consciousness of being actually on the voyage up the Missouri, drawing nearer and nearer each day to the buffaloes, deer, and bears was intoxicating.

"Ye, who have yearn'd alone, my grief can measure." ⁷ My longings were soon to be satisfied. The dreams of my youth were to be realized. My life purpose in art was to be accomplished.

⁷ "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, weiss was ich leide."—GOETHE.

On April 18 at 11 o'clock at night, while the ship's black crew were singing a jubilee song, we docked at St. Joseph. In my eager gladness I went in search of an inn, although I should have fared just as well if I had spent the rest of the night on board.

St. Joseph, once the trading post of Joseph Robidoux, is situated at the foot of the Black Snake Hills on the left bank of the Missouri. Though the town was founded only six years ago there are evidences already of a rapidly expanding and flourishing city. In spite of the fact that there are many new buildings, both of wood and of brick, houses, either for homes or for business purposes, are hard to get. Upon my arrival the principal streets were much enlivened by fur traders and immigrants on their way to regions, as yet little known, in Oregon and California. The rich gold mines were not then discovered. Only the most daring fur traders had penetrated into that far country and, following in their wake, a rough, lawless set of adventurers, eager for gain and best pleased with what the strong hand won, traveled the same trail in armed bands with pack mules and covered wagons.

A black bear, captured and enchained, gave me the welcome opportunity to study his kind. He was absolutely black; not even a trace of gray or brown, even on his upper lip.

July 12. To-day an Iowa farmer brought into the town a live badger,⁸ in a piece of hollow tree, to exhibit him for sale. I bought the animal for \$4 and kept him about a month in my bedroom, providing him daily with meat, bread, and fresh fruit. He was quite well-behaved toward me but during the night scratched out great pieces of plastering at the foot of my bedroom walls. Now and then I allowed him to run in the outlying fields to get some exercise and to amuse me with his way of digging in. He could not run any faster than I usually walked. If I went along behind him he moved straight ahead; if I walked beside him then he tried to escape in the opposite direction. In less than 10 minutes he would burrow his whole length into the rich, loose soil and then I had to pull him out by his tail. When he was set upon by dogs it was a matter of no importance to him so long as they made a frontal attack; but as he was not able to turn his head, on account of his stiff, thick neck, the instant he was attacked from the side he was lost. He was skilled in the art of biting; he had a queer sort of bark somewhat like that of a fox. After I made repeated drawings of him I was obliged to have him killed; the damage he did was so far in excess of his good uses. I had his pelt tanned, in order to use it for a hunting bag, but

⁸ According to Audubon, the American badger differs from the species found in Europe only in its jaw teeth. It appears so to me in the drawing.

1848 - 51

it proved to be too greasy to be of service. However, I brought home with me.

Indians of various tribes—the Potawatomi, the Foxes (Musquaquee Kickapoo, Iowa, and Oto—one sees constantly in this town, particularly at the landing where they take the ferryboat to cross the river. They conduct themselves in a very dignified manner. Now and then to be sure, when one of them has drunk too much of the forbidden whisky, he is somewhat quarrelsome, but no more so than an intoxicated white man; nor is an Indian under those conditions any more dangerous than a drunken American. The latter is armed, as a rule with bowie knife or revolver and is quick to use his weapon upon the slightest provocation.

Throughout the entire summer bourgeois or the heads of firms, clerks, and other engagees or employees of the different fur companies crowded the streets and public houses of the town. St. Joseph is for them now what St. Louis was earlier—their rendezvous. Here the staple commodities are supplied from St. Louis, but horses are bought up for the purpose of selling them to the Indians on the upper Missouri and on the Platte or Nebraska. There packs of buffalo hides (as many as 10 packs at a time) are reshipped on the steamers, the empty mackinaw boats sold and their crews discharged. The people are called Mountaineers,^{8a} a name associated with many dangerous adventures, much painful endurance, but also with much romance and pleasure. The Mountaineers like best to dress themselves in clothes made of tanned deerskin, embroidered and fringed. One recognizes them, therefore, at sight; knows who they are and when they come. They are stared at as though they were bears. Not infrequently they have no other apparel than their leather costume for after a long stay any other clothing would be entirely worn out.

It seldom happens, however, that these engagees have ever seen the Rocky Mountains, much less braved their dangers. But, on the other hand, they are compelled to work very hard in cold, rain, and storm. The Canadian engagees, guides in the Canadian woods, *mangeurs de lard*,^{8b} are known to have swaggered through the most breakneck dangers in which they were inclined to play an important role. However, they cannot reckon courage as the most striking of their fine qualities. They have far too much regard for their own safety to fight for an employer about whom they constantly complain, because he demands work done in return for his money. Later on, when I reached the upper Missouri, I observed a great many of

^{8a} See footnote 9 below.

^{8b} "Manquiro de lard" appears to be miswritten for "mangeurs de lard." This habit of devouring lard has led to the sobriquet "greaser", applied now broadly in the west. Sylvie Clapin, *Dictionnaire Canadien Français*, says of the phrase "mangeurs de lard" "a surname given by our ancient bush-runners to a new initiate, who, after having endured the first hardships, often misses the bread and the bacon of the paternal table."

these swaggerers. In that distant region, beyond the pale of law, I have often seen them cry out in alarm at the mere sight of a stranger in the distance and take to flight—even throwing aside their weapons or implements as if those instruments of defense did not belong to them. They are, on the other hand, the most good-tempered people and especially good patrons of the innkeepers if they have any part of their wages left when they reach home. Few of them are provident enough to put aside any part of their earnings to buy house and land or to settle down to their earlier employment.

Since gold has been discovered in California and lands have been granted on the part of the United States Government to settlers in Oregon, fur traders are in the background at St. Joseph. Now thousands upon thousands of gold seekers and immigrants en route to Oregon throng the taverns and streets in spring. The coming of the Montagnards⁹ is no longer an interesting event.

In the summer of 1848, however, they were still the heroes of the day and took great delight in their triumph. Four of them whom I knew were much superior to the usual engagees in their good manners, their love of truth, and in enterprise. All four were Canadians; their names were Lambert, François Desolles, Michaux, and Wiskom. They were all inspired with the same purpose: to save enough money to become owners of land and of their homes. That common aim united them. For lack of means they could not be independent traders; for lack of training they could not be employed as clerks. At best, they could only serve as interpreters, for which their knowledge of the Sioux tongue qualified them. They were a far better type than the usual engagees, servants, and day laborers. As soon as the winter, or fur season, was over they left the fort, where they had been employed as trappers or traders, came to St. Joseph to spend the summer and, incidentally, to buy a good saddle horse cheap.

In the autumn they packed provisions and some gifts for their Indian wives and rode away to the trading post, where they thought they could get the best prices for their horses. At the time of which I speak they had a profitable business in horse trading, because they bought the animals at such a low price (\$20 to \$30) in St. Joseph. But when the bands of emigrants to California increased to such numbers they were forced to pay more than twice as much for a horse, which the Indians were no longer in a position to purchase from them for the reason that they could not get together a sufficient number of buffalo hides.

The four engagees having arrived at a trading post are no longer free to trade on their own account but only in the interests of the

⁹ Montagnards are the discharged engagees or employees of the various fur companies and have formed the crews of the mackinaw boats which have discharged their loads of furs. They were called mountaineers, although very few of them have ever seen the Rocky Mountains.

proprietor or of the company to whom the post belongs. Wherever they find employment for the winter there they remain and sell their horses to the bourgeois or person in charge. They dare not trade horses to the Indians themselves, at least for buffalo hides (under no circumstances in exchange for Indian women), because, in doing that they would violate the chartered rights of the licensed fur traders. So they sell their beasts to the bourgeois at the current price for horses at the post in exchange on St. Joseph or St. Louis. Then the bourgeois trades the animals for buffalo hides, whereby he never fails to make his profit.

All four engagees are enthusiastic for the Indian life. On the whole, the French more than any other European nation adapt themselves most readily to the Indian customs and mode of life: their easygoing temper, their courage, gallantry, and *la gloire* are inherent virtues of the Indian. Lambert is also a "bravo"; he has often fought with the Sioux in their battles against enemies and distinguished himself for gallantry in action. Therefore he is entitled to wear the crest in recognition of his heroic deeds: *Porter les plumes parcequ'il compte coup*. This word "coup" has been adopted in the English speech. It is used to designate distinguished or heroic action in recognition of which an Indian is entitled to wear an eagle feather in his hair and to have the same emblazoned in Indian fashion on his buffalo robe. So far as Lambert is concerned, however, the winning of such trophies is a mere fancy; his ideal in life is to retire, in the course of time, as a landed proprietor.

My intercourse with these Mountaineers was very pleasant. Those with whom I talked were half-breeds who gave me much information and taught me, besides, the Indian language of signs which, however much their dialects may differ, is the same throughout all tribes on the Missouri. This knowledge of the sign language was of the utmost importance to me, even in St. Joseph, for I came in contact there with Indians from so many different tribes that I was at first hopelessly confused by their various dialects.

One of my hobbies was to collect Indian weapons, decorations, and apparel. Before I had learned the sign for "swap" I rarely succeeded in making a purchase unless I had an interpreter. The reason was, as I found out, that, in my bungling manner, I had made the sign meaning "give." When a man presses the desired object to his breast and gives the Indian a questioning look he is requesting a gift; when he indicates or points out the article he wishes, he strikes his right forefinger twice across his left forefinger, he means barter or trade. I soon became better acquainted with the Indian when I was able by means of signs to purchase moccasins, bows and arrows, tobacco pipes, embroidered purses, bracelets, and cloth-

ing. For a very slight compensation I was enabled thus to proceed with my studies. The Iowa I found especially friendly. The Fox Indians and the Potawatomi were far more reserved. The Iowa have been a well-disposed tribe from the first; there is no record of any hostile act on their part toward the white race. Both of the other two, on the contrary, have waged bloody wars for the retention of their lands, especially the Potawatomi. Whether, as some people assert, those two tribes are to be regarded for that reason as more warlike is a question. The Potawatomi, as a related tribe to the Chippewa, fought during the War of the Revolution with the English against the Colonists.

After the Treaty of Ghent they remained still loyal to the English by whom they were won over with gifts and instigated to uprisings until, upon their last great attempt under Tecumseh, they were left in the lurch by the English under command of General Proctor and were forced to surrender their landed properties and to withdraw. In accordance with the terms of the treaty of 1814, they were allotted lands, known in the State of Missouri as "the Platte Purchase," that extended from the estuary of the Platte toward the northwest, even to the confines of their enemies, the Sioux. But, though they excelled all other tribes in the art of tilling the soil and in the breeding of cattle, they were not yet to settle down in peace. A part of the tribe was removed to lands beyond the Missouri, on the Kansas River. How long they are to have the benefit of that retreat only time will prove. As to the questions whether this continual displacing of tribes from their farms is a benefit or a menace to civilization and whether a benefit or a menace to friendly relations with the Americans, that is easily answered. The Fox Indians have not been inveterate foes of the Americans. That they came in conflict at all was the fault of the English, whose plan was to make the Indians a cat's-paw to pull their own chestnuts out of the fire. That explains the position taken by Black Hawk, who builded his hope on the English, and also why Tecumseh was put in chains.

This strife between the Indians and the Americans caused unrest among the Iowa; they had never existed in great numbers—were never a large tribe. Therefore, when they saw the white men pressing westward even to their own boundaries, they knew the Americans too well to risk a losing fight. Besides, being allied with the French, not the English, they were always friendly in their dealings with the white race. That they were brave warriors the records of their history prove. Less than twelve years ago they fought the Missouri Indians at King's Hill, not far from St. Joseph, and won the battle. By the treaty of 1814 the Iowa were granted a strip of land south of the Potawatomi. They lived in a village on Black Snake River 3 miles from St. Joseph. Those possessions they were

obliged to give up, however, and to withdraw to territory across the Mississippi. They then came into conflict with the wandering tribes of Shawnee and Pawnee. What a fate for the Iowa! No game in their hunting grounds. No courage to break up land and establish themselves in settled habitations; they were continually dispossessed; and now, directly through their territory lay the great trail to California and Oregon. Their fate was easy to foresee. They themselves realized it only too well.

Indians one meets here and in the surrounding country are, to be sure, no longer a true type of the savage. They have acquired much from living neighbors to the white man and, more's the pity, little that is good. How could it be otherwise? Do so-called Christians set them good examples? In the main, however, the Indian retains his traditional usages and customs; consequently, I found quite enough to study and to sketch. The stalwart forms, the race color, their tents of skins, their dances and games, their family life, all conform to our traditional conception of the Indian. The dress of the women, except in the matter of the material of which it is made, is unchanged; the "robe" and the blanket are still in vogue. The horses and saddles, flints, knives, and tomahawks of steel are innovations, and some articles of food as well.

Differences of physiognomy and distinctions in dress that set apart Indians of one tribe from those of another one does not notice at first. Only after rather close observation one learns to distinguish characteristics of one tribe from those of another with the same ease with which one recognizes natives of France, Spain, Germany, England, or the Jewish race, notwithstanding that the distinctive characteristics of each are very difficult to express in words.

The manner of dress among Indians varies quite as much and sets them as distinctly apart from us as their copper-colored skin. As a rule, the men wear only breechcloths, moccasins, and woolen blankets; otherwise, they are nude. Sometimes they wear leggings, i. e., trousers of deerskin, that are cut differently according to the tribe to which the wearer belongs; that denote tribal differences also in the way they are made and ornamented. The Indian women wear, nowadays, a short, bright-colored calico shirt (this garment is worn also now and then by the men) made with collar and with sleeves that are finished with cuff or wristband; they wear, besides, a sort of underskirt of red or blue woolen material that reaches to the calf of the leg and is held in place about the hips by a leather or woven girdle. Sometimes women use the same material for a kind of leggings that extend only to the knee and are fastened with knee bands, the straps and bands being often varicolored and richly ornamented with coral. On their arms they wear any number of

bracelets, often as many as twenty, of brass wire that they themselves embellish in a really tasteful manner with files.

The fall of the Indian's blanket is similar to that of the Roman toga, but more graceful, because the drapery of a blanket is not so full—is less baggy in appearance. To put the blanket on, one takes hold of the longer upper edge with both hands, and bending forward, draws it up somewhat above the head, so that its weight is distributed equally on both sides, and therefore it does not drop when the belt (usually a strap of tanned buffalo hide) is worn to confine the folds about the hips. Though Indian women always belt their blankets, men never do except on their wanderings. In the under side of the belt or girdle at the back there is a slit through which a knife, in its sheath, is carried. Beneath the folds of the blanket, above the belt, women carry their children or other belongings. The blanket serves both as covering for the head and, in a way, as veil. When the women are at work it is allowed to fall over the belt in order that they may move their arms freely. As I have said already, men use belts but rarely. In the vicinity of their villages the braves adopt a manner of wearing their blankets that is peculiar to themselves. For instance, in order to have free use of the right hand and to reveal the tattoo marks, usually on the right breast, they take hold of their blanket or robe on the right side, draw it from under the right arm across the body to the left hip; the other half of the robe is brought forward with the left hand which remains covered and holds that part, brought under from the right, in its proper place.

Often these braves carry a fan in the right hand as they strut about the village dressed in this way. That style is followed, however, only in warm weather. As these coverings are ornamented with one or more colored stripes along the border of their narrower sides that fall straight down in front, those stripes always attract one's attention. The buffalo robe is worn in the same way as the blanket, i. e., lengthwise around the body, the head end brought over from the right, the tail end carried forward from the left. But, as buffalo robes are much heavier than blankets, the women use little leather straps that are drawn through the robe and fastened, somewhat like the fastenings on a mantle, at the throat. This helps to place the weight of the robe on the shoulders. Blankets, as well as bison robes, are sometimes painted, but they are not as artistic, because the woolen surface does not admit of detailed drawing. One sees, usually only on the back, red or yellow hands; these denote "coups"; and red or yellow hoofprints, which denote horses stolen. If the hoofprints are blue or black they indicate that the horses were presented as gifts. The blanket is, as a rule, the Indians' only bed covering. Their pouch is made use of as a pillow. Having

taken off their moccasins and loosened their girdles or belts, they are ready for bed.

The blankets, however, Indians are beginning to use as material for coats, similar to the blanket coat worn by Americans. They give to these garments the shape of a paletot with hood but without buttons. They are held in place only by means of the belt. The garment is cut in such a way that the colored stripes are used for ornamentation. The straight edge with the stripes forms the lower part of the coat; nay, even the strokes denoting the quality (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000)

After a more extended acquaintance with the various tribes one becomes observant and notices definite marks of distinction. For instance, the Potawatomi skin is much darker than that of other tribes in this region, their features less noble, their bearing not so stately. They wear their hair loose and unkempt. The men are fully clothed. They wear, usually, a coat and leggings of tanned deerskin, the leggings having a broad, double projecting seam that distinguishes the wearer from members of any other tribe.

Frequently they wind around their heads and loins woolen scarfs or sashes that are embroidered with beads in a design of arrow heads in different colors (called, therefore, *ceinture à fleche*). The same design, both in drawing and in color, appears also in old Mexican paintings; the colors, in most instances, are white, black, and red.

The Iowa are a more cleanly people than the Potawatomi; they are also of a brighter color, handsomer, and more stately in bearing. The men stiffen their hair with grease or loam and wear it pulled back from the forehead in such a way that the brow, being entirely exposed, appears very high. They do not wear the shirt of deer-skin nor do their leggings have the broad projecting seam, but the latter are often trimmed with beads. On the whole, they wear very little clothing; in midsummer, with the exception of the breechcloth and blanket, they wear no clothes at all. So I had at last my long-desired opportunity to study the antique from living models.

Even during the first month of my stay in St. Joseph I had chances every day to study Indians that came in bands from the

^{9a} They were the Hidatsa; also called Belantse-etea. These are only dialectic variants of the name Hidatsa.

different neighboring tribes. It was the time when the yearly payments were made for the land extorted from them. As soon as the father received the money for himself and members of his family (the Iowa received \$8 a head from the United States Indian Agent) they came to St. Joseph to make their purchases, because they could supply their needs there at more reasonable rates than with the traders. Still many Indians were in debt to the latter and, in that case, the traders had the first claim for payment.

The Indians came in increasing numbers, pitched their tents of skins (or, as often happened, of white cotton cloth) in the depths of the forest on their side of the river and had themselves ferried across to St. Joseph. The first two occasions upon which I crossed to the Indian settlement in that flatboat I came back in a most unexpected way. The first time, a numerous band of Potawatomi was on our bank, waiting to be put across. I had already bartered for several articles and was just in the act of trading with one of those Indians who had bought a rifle and therefore was offering his bow and well-filled quiver for sale. We could not come to an agreement; he entered the flatboat together with many other members of his tribe and all their horses, while I remained on shore watching the animated scene.

As the boat was shoved off, the Potawatomi shouted to me, "Trade." I sprang into the boat among the horses, in order to conclude the bargain on the other side of the Missouri. Then, as the ferryman told me that boats would be on the river until late in the evening, I went, with perfect ease of mind, in the forest to observe the Indian settlement at nearer view. My attention was especially attracted to some young people who were racing American horses they had recently bought. These beautifully formed naked savages riding bareback in a horse race along the sandy river shore I thought as fine a sight as the Grecian horseman at the Parthenon, and much more alive and intelligent. Their settlement I found not less interesting. There were tents just set up in readiness for new arrivals; others unpitched and bound on the horses in readiness for the tribe departing. I remained such a long while in the midst of these sights so welcome to me that it was evening before I returned to the shore. There I found a group of Americans and Indians waiting patiently but in vain for the ferryboat. Such a violent wind was blowing on the river that, let us shout "over" as lustily as we could, the ferryman would not attempt to cross while the waves were so high. At last, after a long delay, the wind fell and we were taken over, or rather we ourselves lent a hand to get the flatboat to the other shore, for the river, even then, was very rough.

I was attracted, the second time, to the Indians' side of the stream by the escapade of a young Fox brave whom I could not see enough

of. It happened this way: I had been sitting for a long while on the shore, observing a group of elderly warriors¹⁰ of the Fox Tribe who were partaking freely of the whisky bottle while waiting for another person of importance with whom they would be ferried across. Their women were already asquat in the boat with their goods and chattels. Suddenly a superb young brave, elegantly attired, came galloping down the steep river bank and with a bound landed in the boat with such force that the women started up screaming. As I was drawing near to get a closer view of the splendid horseman and his charger the young warrior dismounted in order to keep his horse under control during the crossing, but the fiery animal, startled by the Indian's throwing his red blanket over his shoulders, leaped out of the flatboat. I caught him at once by the bridle and quieted him. Neither by entreaties nor blows, however, could his owner get him again on the ferryboat; he shied at the red blanket, and just having been purchased from a farmer, he was not yet acquainted with the sounds of Indian speech.

What picturesque poses these two Fox Indians took! In order to spare the beautiful horse further blows I gave the Indian to understand that I would induce the animal to go aboard the flatboat; for the brave's eyes were blazing, his "blood was up"; he needed but little more annoyance to bring his knife into play. Stroking the stamping, snorting beast and speaking kindly in English, I soon pacified him and led him into the boat, and kept hold of the rein until we arrived on the other side. The handsome brave swung himself at once into the saddle and with a friendly Hou! Hou! he disappeared in the forest.

Forms more beautiful than those I found among the Iowa Indians I can not imagine, though I have been accustomed during my studies from life for many years to all that is finest in the human form. Another advantage was their habit of wandering about in a nude condition, which contributed much toward the proud, easy bearing, as well as to the natural, graceful movements that characterize the Indian. No individuals of the white race can compare with them in that regard. The Iowa arrange their hair in one or two braids on the crown of their head and fasten thereon some eagle feathers or other headgear. The women, on the contrary, part their hair above the brow, draw it backward and bind it at the neck; then they braid with that queue a cloth, either varicolored or else richly embroidered. The younger girls, the elite among them, at least, arrange their hair in two braids, one on each side of the head, that hang sometimes

¹⁰ One of these Indians wore a beautiful collar with a bear's claw, for which he asked \$12. That seemed to me too dear a price, so I postponed the purchase of such a badge of distinction until a later time.

at the back, sometimes in front, and are also often adorned with bright-colored bands and beads.

Every Indian has straight black hair, dark brown eyes, copper-colored skin, more or less dark, rather prominent cheek bones, and small hands and feet. They rarely allow their beards to grow; in fact, they have hardly any hair at all on their bodies and the little that appears they very carefully pull out. When standing, an Indian's feet point directly in front of him; therefore, the foot-prints of an Indian can be easily distinguished from those of a white man. Any one who has had to walk a great deal through tall grass or along narrow paths that animals use will understand at once the advantage of placing the feet in that way.

Indians, including both sexes, have no tendency to obesity. Their distinctive physical characteristics are, further, a robust, low-arched chest and strong, compact limbs. Their attitudes and movements are never awkward. Their hands, which are perfectly flexible and supple from their constant practice in the sign language, they use in a manner particularly graceful. How often I have wished I was a sculptor that I might memorialize in stone the stately pose of certain figures and the masterful fall of the blanket.

The Oto, in speech as well as in outward characteristics, are a kindred tribe to the Iowa. According to certain American philologists the Iowa belong to the Dakota Tribe.¹¹ From what I know of their language that conclusion is incomprehensible to me. That the Iowa in later years lived in the territory of the Dakota, west of the Missouri, proves nothing. They were forced to withdraw to the other side of the river by the combined tribes of Sauk and Fox Indians.

The Sauk and the Fox Indians shave the hair entirely from the crown of their heads and arrange what is left at the back in such a way that it looks like a tuft or brush. Some of them leave the long hair on their crowns for a support on which to fasten their head adornments. The braves have a proud warlike mien. They have this, at least, in common with the Potawatomi: they love the Americans just as little. They have no outlook for the future that inspires hope. Their thoughts dwell more on the past, when they were independent and free. Their daughters are not as beautiful as the maidens among the Iowa; consequently not so much exposed to the temptations of the white man.

In the late autumn of 1848 the Missouri froze over to such a depth that a four-horse team or sleighs laden with wood could cross without the slightest danger. This icebound passageway gave to many Americans easy access to the Indians' forests, where they collected

enormous amounts of firewood and took it away without compensation to the owners and sold it in the city. Finally the chief of the Kickapoo¹¹ (the land of the Iowas begins at Wolf River) complained to the United States land agents, who then had a prohibitory order issued. The Americans act as though they think the Indian domain is at their disposal for hunting and fishing as much as they like without being called to account; but if an Indian should be met hunting, on what is really his own ancient native ground that he has recently parted with, a bullet or a beating will certainly fall to his share.

Near the end of the year 1848 about 30 lodges of Iowa Indians camped in the forest across the river from St. Joseph.

They came to get the benefit of the clippings and cuttings of meat and the wastage incident upon the hog-killing season. Since they must live by hunting, the winter is a difficult time for the Indians, and particularly grave in those forests where wild animals are well-nigh exterminated. The buffalo and the elk have retreated long since to regions farther west. Following the chase under such conditions, in the frosts and mists over ground covered with snow and ice, is extremely hard.

The chief of that band or kindred tribe of 30 Iowa families, or lodges, was called Kirutsche. During the summer he had often visited me for several days at a time and taught me the Iowa dialect. So I was already very well acquainted with him. He took much pleasure in my eagerness to learn. Kirutsche was a man of middle age, agreeable in manner, not tall but extremely agile. He had seen a great deal of the world; had been received by Louis Philippe himself in Paris.

As soon as Kirutsche was encamped and the entire settlement in order, he came over immediately to invite me to a dance that was to be given in his honor the next evening by some of his friends. I accepted his invitation with delight.

It was the evening of December 15. As I was crossing the frozen stream an ice-cold wind swept across the river, driving before it a cloud of snowflakes.

In the forest I found many converging paths and did not know which one would lead to Kirutsche's tent. As soon, however, as I was well into the wood, out of the howling wind, I heard the measured beating of a drum. Following in the direction of that sound, I arrived in a short time at the lodge. I had expected to find a tent of skins similar to those I had already passed, but this, I saw, was a hut constructed of withes in elliptical form and overarched with rush mats. At the top there was an opening for light and for the

¹¹ The Kickapoo a hundred years ago were the southeastern neighbors of the Sauk. According to Lieutenant Pike they inhabited the region at the mouth of the Missouri in 1805.

egress of smoke and cut low in one of the long sidewalls was another that served for door. The latter was covered, as by a curtain, with an animal pelt.

While I was standing before the hut, enjoying this interesting picture, in the twilight, of Indians' habitations in the primeval forest, I saw the form of a full-grown Indian come hurtling through the doorway. Naked, as he was, he fell in a snowbank and lay there, affording great amusement to the women and children who had gathered around him. He had drunk too much whisky and was in consequence hurled out of the hut for disturbing the company.

When I wished to go through the narrow door I found a great tall Indian stationed there as guard. He was unwilling to let me in. Kirutsche's squaw, who had already seen me, called to her husband, however, and he came at once to greet me. Kirutsche bade me sit down beside his beautiful 16-year-old daughter Witthae.

Notwithstanding my enthusiasm for the moment, I realized that my highest aims were being fulfilled; that after all my patient endurance, after all reverses, hindrances, and weary persevering years, I was at last in the midst of Indians; that I had found living models for my study of the antique; notwithstanding my heightened feeling under the consciousness of all this, I had to admit that this charming Indian girl made a deep impression on me. We could exchange very few words, to be sure; though she understood English, she was not willing to attempt conversation in that language; I could speak still less "Pachotschie." We had to converse, therefore, by means of signs, and eyes. To express my good will I presented some small gifts that I had taken along with me for that purpose. It was then that I learned what I often put to the test later on: that one becomes acquainted with Indians much more quickly if one does not understand their speech.

My beautiful neighbor did not absorb all of my attention, however, to the exclusion of the dance. Around a large fire that was burning in the center of the lodge sat twenty men and young blades (called "bannerets" by the Canadians and "bucks" by the Americans, because, at that age, their only occupation seems to be strolling about with girls). At the upper end Kirutsche sat on the floor, just as all Indians sit, with his legs crooked under him. Beside him were grouped his special friends and two drummers who to the measured drumbeats sang loud a repetition of "Oh!"

Two young men leaped, one behind the other, around the open space between the fire and the circle of onlookers; each of them holding back the blanket with his left hand, carried in his right a slender whistle made of bone with which, inclining now to the ground, now toward the heavens, then toward the fire, then toward

the guests, he blew a succession of harsh tuneless sounds. The entire scene was in the highest degree animated and picturesque. I studied it very carefully in all its details, got the impression complete, so that, immediately afterwards, I was able to make a sketch true to life.

Then, varying the movements, the two performers (they really cannot be called dancers) went slowly round the circle and addressed themselves to each of the older guests or to those who were actually taking part (as distinguished from the mere spectators). With the right hand they indicated the person to whom they would speak, said something flattering, whereupon the latter would reply "Hau" or "Hun" (both words drawled, the last one very nasal and strongly aspirated; they are abbreviations for "yes"). After they had spoken to every one in the circle and had repeated the bounding and whistling act, the two young men and the drummers were relieved from further duty. However, before the new performers came into action whisky was served, in a wooden cup, to inspirit the guests.

To avoid accidents, in case of inebriation, Witthae collected all the knives (no Indian, man or woman, ever fails to carry a knife at the belt) and hid them.

Between whiles, Kirutsche sat down beside me to chat and to make me better acquainted with his daughter. I made him a present of some lead and gunpowder that he greatly needed. Then he said something to Witthae, who immediately took out of her pouch (which served also for pillow) a daguerreotype and showed it to me. Both she and her father were immensely pleased when I recognized at once a likeness of the chief.

"Paris—Louis Philippe—big King—French", said Kirutsche; and made the sign meaning "received as a gift." Witthae pressed the picture into my hand, giving me to understand that she was presenting it to me. Her mother (Wuotschimm) made known to me with nods and winks that I might kiss her daughter, but Witthae, seeing that I was about to put my arm around her, sprang up laughing and slipped out of the tent. Then all had a great laugh at me. But I was only saying to myself: "Just wait a bit!"

In about three hours the whisky flagon was empty, the people were tired, and the guests began to disperse. I was hoping all the while that Witthae would come back, but I hoped in vain. To search for her in other tents I did not like to do. As finale, an old witch of a woman who had become intoxicated gave a solo dance to the universal amusement of the spectators.

With her long hair wildly disheveled, she stood with back bent and elbows akimbo, moving her arms alternately backward and forward, while with feet close together she hopped, now to the right, now to the left, keeping time to the measured drumbeats and her own outcry.

Then I had to search out my way home through the forest. There was sufficient light, I admit, to show huge, dusky objects rising out of the snow but not enough to enable me to find a path. I wrapped my riding cloak close about me and stamped cautiously along in the direction of the river, sometimes climbing over a fallen tree, sometimes wading kneedeep in a snowdrift, but exulting all the way over the thought of having spent an evening in a lodge.

For three months I was a regular visitor at that camp and spent many a day and night in the variously constructed dwellings. The tents were, for the most part, conical in form and made of skins in the usual Indian fashion. There were among them, however, some lodges constructed of osier twigs or withes and covered with rush mats. There were others, besides, constructed with pieces of bark with a roof of the same material; i. e., strips of bark laid across the top. The last-named hut could be used only when roof and sides were covered with snow.

In this Indian settlement I observed customs and modes of life. I sketched also as much as was possible during the cold winter season.

In severe weather I remained indoors, made portrait sketches of interesting faces, and tried to learn the language as quickly as possible. My linguistic attempts gave occasion for a great many jokes and much pleasantry. I wrote the words down, always, in order to learn them by rote and the better to impress them. My reading their words off in that way afforded the Iowa much diversion. I was never able to get a copy of the dictionary in "Pachotschie" that their missionary (a Protestant) had compiled for the purpose of teaching the language in the schools. When attempting to write the pronunciation of words correctly I made use of all the languages I knew: For instance, the Iowa dialect has the English th, many nasal sounds from the French, the German u, r, i, but no sound for f or l. On the whole, I found the dialect a soft, melodious language.

1849

On New Year's morning an old squaw came to sell me a quiver of many good arrows; her husband now has a gun. After the sale was effected she took me aside and gave me to understand, partly with words, partly by signs, that she had a young and beautiful girl she wished me to marry. I was to come in the evening and see her. Being fond of these people and having given no occasion for mistrust or quarreling, I did not once consider the danger of rambling about the forest at night among so-called savages.

Curious and on the alert for any adventure, I went at nightfall along the way I now knew well to the tent designated. There I

found the old woman with her entire family squatting around the fire. She bade me sit down beside an exceedingly young but attractive girl, and made the sign meaning, "That is your wife!" The girl was yet a child; at least, no more than 13 years old. Anene shrouded herself in her shabby blanket and began to sob from fright. I was much embarrassed. I tried to calm the shy girl and to comfort her with gifts of candy and other trifles. Meanwhile the old squaw sent for a young Indian who had learned very good English in Johnson's school in Kentucky. Now the transaction began: First, the marriage contract, namely, to the mother a pony, and in addition a new woolen blanket; to the bride a complete outfit of new clothes, good food, and no beatings(!); to the remaining relatives a sack (70 pounds) of meal. I was struck dumb with amazement, accordingly the old woman, thinking, from my silence, that I was satisfied with the terms, desired to have mentioned, as an afterthought, some sugar and coffee for herself. Then, quite unexpectedly, came Witthae with her younger sister, Niukigreme, and sat down just behind me. Witthae had heard about the transaction and now came to let me know that she was aware of what was going on. I gave her but one look; she gave me but a glance, yet that revealed what she had been careful, until now, to conceal.

She and her sister ran out again without having spoken a word. Then Anene ran out; for fear, most likely, of having her ears boxed by the jealous Witthae. Nor would she come back again; her mother might send for her as much as she liked, she would not come.

After waiting a long time in vain, I took myself off. In the wood outside I came into a tempest; trees were crashing, snowflakes falling thick and fast, and the night had become so black that darkness seemed almost palpable. Under such circumstances it was impossible to find my way home without a lantern. So I returned to the fire. Kennachuk, Anene's brother (all members of the same band or lodge call one another brother and sister, father and mother, whether that relation really exists or not) prepared a place for me to sleep and gave me a pillow. I wrapped myself in my cloak and lay down, but it was far into the night before I went to sleep. I had too much to think about; though this affair was at an end, I was sure of Witthae instead.

In just such manner as I have described the Indians give girls in marriage—or sell them, if they do not consent of their own free will. One or two horses is the price that makes a binding contract. When horses are not included, the marriage has no binding force either for the wife or her parents.¹²

¹² As horses were not originally known to North American savages, the bargain made with commodities must also have been valid. With the coming of the horse an Indian woman advanced in value.

In the event that the daughter runs off, she must take the horses back to the son-in-law; either his own or other horses equally good. For \$30 I might have had Anene! Reasonable purchase! That is, if she were worth anything at all.

I was often surprised to hear young Iowa speak such good English. I asked Uotschetsche, one of the young men, whether they were taught so well at the mission. He said not so; but at Johnson's school in Kentucky. That man Johnson appears to be a great friend to the Indians (a rare exception among Americans). Out of his own means he has founded a school for Indian boys, where the youths are taught the English language, reading, writing, arithmetic, some geography and history. Whether they receive also religious training I do not know. I have found not the slightest trace of Christian belief in the schoolboys; still less, of better moral standards.

When the boys at Johnson's school reach a certain age they are required to learn a trade. However well meant that may be, the plan will not prove a success so long as the Indians are not given the same political rights as the white population in America. What is the use of being shoemakers, tailors, etc., when one is discriminated against as an isolated class? In their present state of poverty their old clothes serve them very well: are, really, more suitable to the conditions under which they live.

I would say that such training would not serve its purpose even in the useful trades, such as blacksmiths, armorers, tanners, rope makers and similar occupations, because an Indian skilled in such a trade would never work for an American; the latter would not receive him as a partner; he would never be able to establish himself as his own master for lack of capital; and among his own people he could not find sufficient employment or sufficient pay.

When these Kentucky protégés come back to their tribes they soon learn the truth as to their prospects. They then become the most unhappy, the most indolent, the most disregarded among their people. With their new-fashioned ideas they find no means of support; they are not farmers, huntsmen, or protectors; still less, warriors. In a word, they are ruined as Indian braves.

Judging by the many examples that I have observed, I should say that, notwithstanding his good intentions and self-sacrifice, Colonel Johnson has accomplished no good end. Nor will he as long as his fellow-countrymen do not receive the Indians as their social equals. Indian blood would certainly do the Americans no damage; Indian blood is purer than that of thousands of native-born Americans as well as of naturalized immigrants. The Indian, as the real natives of the land, would have a more ardent attachment to the soil, a

deeper love for the nation, than, for instance, the Irishman who never surrenders his loyalty to the Emerald Isle.

The American is an aristocrat only skin deep. That sort is more foolish, more absurd in his pretensions and more immoral than an aristocrat by birth. The nobles have rendered excellent service. Real nobility serves as incentive to honor and distinction, but never when good birth is judged only by the difference in color of a man's skin.

At the end of January 1849 the first gold seeker showed himself in St. Joseph. For a long time I, and many other people as well, had regarded this much-discussed discovery of gold as a make-believe on the part of the United States Government to get the newly acquired region of California quickly populated. However, when a certain Widmer arrived here in the autumn, having been sent on by Solothurn von Sutter in California to conduct his wife and daughter over the prairie, no one could longer doubt the truth of the reports. The first arrivals from the East were two rich merchants from New York. They had traveled in a sleigh direct from their home to this place (more than 3,000 miles), in order to be the first to reach California. As they traveled westward the gold fever mounted; they were wealthy speculators—not duffers.

In the main, I think most of the gold seekers of this year had more ample means than those of later years; it was the more necessary also, because nobody hereabouts was prepared for such a large number of emigrants. The prices of provisions, cattle, and goods became exorbitant.

The farmer fixed no price for his products but advanced them higher and higher with each new band of adventurers. A bushel of corn, formerly only 15 cents, advanced to \$1; a barrel, containing 5 bushels, was \$5. Ham, formerly from 3 to 7 cents a pound, was now 12 cents; butter, from 8 to 25 cents. Oftentimes bread could not be had at all. Half of the farmers were again on their feet financially. Many of them, in spite of their preemption rights, were so poor that they could not pay the State for their land when the payments fell due; therefore a law had to be passed for their relief, whereby they were allowed to make payments in installments. But for that measure, most of the elderly farmers in the upper counties would have been bankrupt and their properties, together with the improvements they had made on them, would have fallen into the hands of speculators.

When the Missouri was open to navigation in the middle of February several thousand of these adventurers, all in a heat from gold fever, streamed into St. Joseph from all parts of the more northerly States, from the south by way of Panama, and many from Europe besides. Here the steamboat stopped and unloaded passengers, mules,

horses, cattle, vehicles, and commodities. The landing place was animated to an extraordinary degree.

The city was packed so full of people that tents were pitched about the city and along the opposite bank of the river in such numbers that we seemed to be besieged by an army. Every house lot that was enclosed became a stable and brought in money to the owner. Widmer also came back; as Sutter's family had taken the route through Panama, instead of coming to Highland, he was now conducting a large company of gold seekers.

Because of the advance in prices, many poor emigrants felt compelled to give up their plans, at least for that year. They were obliged to return home or else remain here and seek employment. Many more, because they were unacquainted with this new mode of life and the conditions under which they must travel, wrecked their draft animals and for that reason had to turn back. Most of them made the mistake of loading their wagons too heavily and also of having begun their journey across the prairie too early, before the grass was high enough. These last-mentioned emigrants were forced, at best, to make a detour with their horses, mules, and cattle that greatly overtasked their teams. Instead of beginning with a maximum speed of 14 miles a day they went oftentimes twice that distance—by far too much, when setting out on a long journey. These ill-advised beginnings caused much laughter on the part of observers but were anything but pleasant for the emigrants themselves. Attempts to drive the obstinate wild ass caused, frequently, a great hullabaloo.

Many a time I have seen one single ass turn to scorn a dozen of those inexperienced drivers. They might jerk and pull as much as they pleased, the ass would not budge until they had mastered the art of driving in the right way. With oxen matters were often quite as bad; until their drivers learned how to put on the yoke, could crack the whip and knew which side was meant by "tschi" and which by "ho" the beasts gave occasion for much cursing and swearing.

Not less entertaining was the horror many of these emigrants had of the Indians, and even of the pioneers. They went about the streets heavily armed. They never failed to carry pistols (revolvers) and long knives in their belts. The inhabitants of St. Joseph, on the contrary, had more to fear from these adventurers than they had to fear from us.

And their golden dreams! Not one of them would return with less than \$50,000! In California, that El Dorado, gold could be scratched out with the nails, without difficulty, with almost no work at all. There was no need of taking money along, if one but had his outfit; Indians one paid with the whip. After the fare was paid for being ferried across the Missouri, there was no further need of money. They

said. Under illusions, created by gold fever, they did not consider that on the way out they might be forced by accidents to trade or to barter; that they would not be given their food and clothing in California; that they, even in the gold region, might suffer for lack of money. In their delirium brought on by gold fever they did not consider these matters at all.

Play and drink was the order of their day. In proportion to the promiscuous throng, however, there was not much quarreling, horse stealing, or swindling. "Oh, Californy, you are the land for me", was their song, their rallying cry, their constant thought. It happened, however, that a conductor who had been engaged by several bands of emigrants gambled away their combined funds instead of providing the necessary outfit.

That was a jolly, stirring time. They tarried in St. Joseph until June. Our tradesmen did a splendid business. About the same time the Mormons assembled near Kaneshville, 8 miles from Council Bluffs, in readiness to wander on to Salt Lake and found their new Zion. The quiet that followed this hubbub was almost unbearable. To make the contrast all the more noticeable, most of the tradespeople were off on new speculations and the farmers were busy on their lands making preparation for the next migration to the west.

These travelers brought cholera with them from St. Louis; in consequence, several of our population lost their lives. Up to this time I had been perfectly well, even immune from cholera, although my young partner who slept in the same bed with me had such a severe attack that his convulsions awoke me. He died; I remained in good health still.

On June 4, about 10 o'clock at night, a frightful storm broke over the city and caused great destruction. Such a flood of rain streamed down the street in front of the house where I lived that the swift current made it dangerous for any one to stand there. Black Snake River demolished dikes, bridges, and houses; my dwelling was surrounded by water that found no outlet. During the whole night I was forced to work strenuously to keep the tide from rising further. Next morning I was wretchedly cold in spite of the summer heat; even at midday I was freezing cold. My illness became more grave. I had an attack of bilious fever and spent several dreadful nights entirely alone, without assistance. In my delirium I fancied the house was falling in, that the bed was sinking under me. When I became once more rational, I found that I had fallen out of bed and was clinging convulsively to the fireplace.

But ill weeds grow apace. In a few weeks the doctor had allayed the fever. As an after effect, my feet were so terribly swollen that they felt like lead; standing or walking was painful. The thought of having to submit to slow death from dropsy was ex-

cruciating to me. So near the fulfillment of my aims and not to be able to accomplish them! I would rather shoot myself than to watch the steady swelling of my legs. But the water did not rise further; after three long months I was again restored to health.

When I was strong enough once more to crawl up Black Snake Hill and stand beside the grave of little La Fleur I looked out over the widespread view of that Indian domain—the forest with which I associated such a throng of memories—and felt my heart quicken again with purpose; I took courage anew. "Poland is not yet lost", I said to myself. "Never despair!"

Indians who came to see me in the autumn served as models for sketches and portraits. First came six of the most notable Fox Indians with their interpreter, asking that I put down in writing for them a message to the squire in this place through whose assistance they might get some horses that had strayed. As I wrote their signatures, each in his turn touched my quill pen as a sign that he consented to or authorized what was written. I took the greatest pleasure in those grandees; they bore themselves with a dignity so natural, so distinguished, that I was filled with admiration. With all sorts of pretexts I tried to detain them; I found in them delicate tact in manners, nobility of feature, and dignity in bearing. Unfortunately I did not take down their names. It occurred to me afterwards how frequently I forgot names, my memory having been too much overtaxed with the multitude of new matters.

From a trader I bought a painted buffalo robe. I had one already in my possession that was adorned with a sun, but the figures in the other were still more interesting.

The so-called "Indian summer" was wonderful that autumn; cold weather began late. It was the 22d of December before the Iowa came and spread their tents. The river was not yet frozen over and the poor Indians did not have enough money to pay the ferryman. They waited the livelong day, gazing with longing at the city across the stream. I was waiting most impatiently the hour of their arrival. Several whom I knew shouted across to me, "Istamantugra wagyachere." I sprang into a skiff and was rowed across. Then all begged to be taken back with me. First of all, I inquired for Kirutsche. He was not there. Then I went into all the tents to see whether other intimate acquaintances of mine had come. I selected the handsomest for models, so that I might go on with my studies. Until the river froze, I was obliged to be ferried across each time when I wished to paint a portrait of any one, and also to pay the person's fare back.

One evening, when the wilderness was irresistibly beautiful, I wandered in the forest, paid some visits, listened to the enamored lads as they made love to the girls with their flutes or made signals by blowing through their clenched fists. I, too, had a trysting place

with the dainty little *Niukogra* near a hollow tree on the bank of the Missouri, whose waters refreshed this entire region. Several small herds of the most noble wild animals came there to graze, happily unconscious of their woeful fate.

The moon never shone so brilliantly, the trees never seemed so huge, nor life so romantic as at that spot. I sat there for a long time with the dear little wanton on the trunk of a fallen tree, under the spell of the moon, mirrored in the stream before us, and of her languishing eyes. I asked many questions but wrote nothing down. We sat there until late into the night, then went into the tent wrapped ourselves in a cloak or blanket, and those who could fell asleep.

1850

On January 1 I began the New Year well by remaining in camp the livelong day and sketching both the exterior and interior of tents. At last, January 9, Kirutsche came, but at first he was alone. He made a proposal to me: if I would marry his daughter, Witthae, and establish myself in their domain, I should receive from his tribe more than 2,000 acres of land, secured to me by authority of the chiefs and the United States land agent. Kirutsche had spoken to me about this before. He wished to work; standing with folded arms was of no use. Neither did working by himself advance him at all; he had, then, to support all his relatives. He could not possess anything for himself alone, nor could he save anything, while the others were hungry. In order that he might derive some benefit from his labors, he wished me to form a partnership with him in the purchase of a stone-cutter's business that we knew of and work it ourselves.

On making the proposal he said emphatically that I was never to begin giving any of our possessions to the others, because they would then constantly beg without doing anything for us in return. The Iowa, he said, were not yet accustomed to agricultural labor. Their landed property, moreover, was not secured to them as mine would be, if the title was signed by the United States land agent; land so secured the Iowa could no longer offer to the United States for sale. I must admit that the plan rather appealed to me; to Witthae still more. I knew that what he told me about the land was true (improvements are included in the terms only that the land may not be obtained by speculators and thieves for their own advantage, but by settlers). The greatest difficulty was how to rid ourselves of the hungry Indians. Well, we would plant no corn. They could not take the stone from us. Besides, the stone-cutter's place was on the Missouri, a long distance from their village. He who ventures nothing, gains nothing, I thought; in all matters,

there is much to be said on both sides. Furthermore, my parents-in-law pleased me quite well; they were industrious, good-tempered, and honest.

So, when Witthae came with her mother on January 10, I received her as my wife. Her mother served hot coffee, fried meat, and bread.¹³ White Cloud, chief of the Iowa, came as guest to witness our union. Next day I purchased her outfit that she might clothe herself in new garments throughout. I bought the usual short shirt or blouse of red calico, a woolen underskirt and pantalettes, a red blanket, a choice of large pearl beads for necklaces, and many colored bands for her hair and for her costume. Later I bought wool for knitting and smaller beads for girdle and garters.¹⁴ Though Witthae herself would rather have adopted the European mode, I preferred that she dress as an Indian girl. I liked the Indian style of dress both for its charm and its utility.

Everything went well until the mild winter weather made further slaughtering of hogs inadvisable; then, since the Iowa could no longer profit by the bits of meat trimmed from the slaughtered swine; one family after another went away—Kirutsche and Wuotschime among them. Floating ice made their passage across the river very dangerous. Soon Witthae began to feel like a captive bird. She had no one but me to entertain her. All my efforts to cheer her up proved unavailing. She became melancholy, obviously homesick. She gazed continually with tear-dimmed eyes into the distance beyond the river. Wrapped in her blanket she sat, dreaming of her earlier freedom; paying no attention to my assurances that I would take her over to her people as soon as the weather permitted.

Luckily, her mother's sister came one evening, bringing her daughters with her. Witthae was once more cheerful. In the hope of relieving my wife from further attacks of homesickness I invited her aunt to remain with us a while and help us to spend the time until we should settle down in a place nearer Witthae's people. It was arranged, moreover, that Kirutsche was to come to us upon his return from a visit to some friends in the Fox Indian tribe and assist us, when we transferred our residence to the land promised.

Then, imagine my astonishment, some mornings later, when I found that my bird had flown. Witthae had gone, taking her relatives and her belongings with her. I was in the front room shaving, when, all at once, it occurred to me that there was an unwonted stillness in our living room. After I had finished I went in there. I

¹³ The women are especially fond of coffee drinking. They think it conserves their strength.

¹⁴ She had, most likely, the same costume, originally of soft deer skin.

could hardly believe my eyes, in spite of undoubted proof to the contrary. There was no possibility of doubt: their goods and chattels had been taken along with them. I pondered: should I hasten after her, stop her, plead with her to be gracious and come back to me? Never! I loved her; I had taken her in sincerity with good intention; I had treated her well; I hoped, therefore, that she would come back. But at evening she had not returned. I thought it beneath my dignity to go after her.

Two weeks later my mother-in-law came, but did not bring her daughter. She said Kirutsche would bring her back.

"If she does not wish to come of her own accord, she may remain at home," I told her mother. Wuotschime was very much grieved. I held to my resolve. That was the end of my romantic dream of love and marriage with an Indian. Brief joy!

Now, all at once, St. Joseph was spoiled for me. I went 14 miles farther north to the town of Savannah. If the emigrants to California had appealed to me more I should have supplied myself with funds to go out with them, try my fortune in El Dorado, and then with additional wealth, be all the more able to complete my work in art. But the gold seekers appealed to me even less this year than last. The route along which they traveled west was now known as well as the expense of the necessary outfit and the best means of getting forward rapidly. The multitudes on the way to California, therefore, were poorer men, on the whole, and much more avaricious than the first adventurers. "Gold or death; gold, by all means", was their war cry. The farmers withheld their forage crops, for they knew that most of the gold seekers, in their feverish haste, would come on too early and be obliged to tarry a while in St. Joseph until the prairie grass was sufficient for their draft animals.

The emigrants were in great distress: The grass simply would not grow; the weather was unfavorable. As waiting in the city cost so much, they dispersed themselves on the farms, where, though they found food just as dear in price, they did not have to pay for the ground on which to pitch their tents. Many farmers, for the sake of exorbitant profits, sold so much of their produce that they themselves had nothing left and, oftentimes, had to wait until the next harvest. Swine were so rare and so dear that there were no pork-houses the next winter; all hog meat had to be ordered from St. Louis, sometimes from Cincinnati.

As I have said, if the emigrants this year had pleased me better I should have gone with them, for the possession of gold would have been a great assistance in the accomplishment of my purpose. Furthermore, I might have gone from California to Mexico and have been able to follow my original plan to study the Comanche

But, in the first place, what assurance had I that I should accomplish this three months' journey in safety or that I should be successful in California, either in trade or in delving for gold? One had only to be acquainted with the majority of these wanderers and realize their passion for gold to form a very good idea as to one's chance. If a man were lucky enough to stuff his pockets with gold dust was he certain of keeping any of it? When people undertake a journey of 3,000 miles on foot with a wheelbarrow what avaricious greed must urge them on! Of what doubtful undertakings are such men not capable!

Almost every newspaper brought accounts of murders in the "diggings." My principal reason for not going, however, was my knowledge of conditions in Missouri: I knew that I could continue my studies among Indians and the wild animals in native forests nearer at hand. I did not need to wander so far west. If I had gone to California I should have profited, even at best, only by the opportunity to travel; I should not have been able to finish my studies. Often one does not value what one sees every day and, precisely for that reason, one goes forth to seek at a distance what can be had near at hand.

April. Savannah, although founded 8 years earlier than St. Joseph, is, on account of the latter's advantageous situation on the river, not nearly so large or important. In this land, the size of cities, not favorably situated either on a railway or navigable stream, is determined by the business enterprise of the region round about them. The fruits of the field are profitable or not, according to the transportation cost to a better market. Many farmers, too far removed from markets, do not harvest their crops except to feed and clothe themselves and their families; therefore they are unable ever to better their condition.

The rapid growth of St. Joseph has caused the abandonment of Jamestown (Jeintown), a former settlement on an eminence halfway between St. Joseph and Savannah. Competition was too great.

The empty tavern and some heaps of rubbish are still there as testimony to the town's early downfall.

St. Joseph was founded just eight years ago (laid out in 1842) but already takes precedence over all neighboring towns, even Weston. St. Joseph's favorable situation on the Missouri makes it a rendezvous for Mountaineers as well as the rallying point for emigrants to Oregon and California. When direct connection with the Mississippi is established by the projected railway to Palmyra the town will have every prospect for a bright future, unless the great continental from New York to San Francisco takes a route that leaves St. Joseph aside. In that event the growth of the town will be brought to a standstill; its very existence may be endangered. St.

Louis' early bright prospects are becoming daily more clouded. Trade with the North is now diverted almost entirely to Chicago. If, in spite of all efforts and sacrifices on the part of her citizens, St. Louis should not be made a principal station on the great continental railway, this emporium of the West, the future seat of the United States Government, would pass as a tale that is told.¹⁵

St. Joseph, as well as St. Louis, is indebted to the fur trade for its beginning. In 1834 Joseph Robidoux, as I have mentioned already, bought this trading post from the American Fur Co. and from this point carried on an exchange trade with the neighboring Indian tribes. His first house stood at the end of a ridge near the mouth of the Black Snake, as the stream is called from its tortuous course through the black shadows of the woodland. Canadians called the place at an earlier time, *Le Post du Serpent Noir*. Robidoux's old storehouse is still standing; it looks like a stall. In fact the place is now used for that purpose. His dwelling house was on the other side of town. On its site now stands a tavern that was built by County Clerk Fowler.

As soon as the increasing number of country towns and farms began to close in upon Joe Robidoux and to create competition in the fur trade he decided to buy 160 acres to which he held preemption rights and to sell the land for city property. At first he sold lot for lot at very reasonable prices, in order to induce people to buy them; for instance, he would sell a lot for \$10 or for a yoke of oxen. Then, according to the convenient location of the plots in question, he steadily advanced the prices. He is now an immensely wealthy property holder, but his 60 papooses, his seven white children, and several brothers in rags and tatters continually consume his substance. Two years ago the city lots had advanced threefold in value.

Now a building lot with 40 feet front and a depth of 140 feet abutting in the rear on an alley, is worth from \$300 to \$600.

In Savannah I had an especially good opportunity to observe some of the religious carryings-on: camp meetings, baptism by "sprinkling" or "ducking in mud holes" was the order of the day. It was certainly a sight that reflects little credit on these so-called Christians. This religious mischief is sometimes carried to such extremes that an impressionable woman with a delicate nervous organism is driven out of her mind by the frantic rage of the preacher! Each claims to be right; each threatens with hell and

¹⁵ St. Louis' prospects have been much improved by the railway line from Cincinnati at the time I wrote the above, Illinois, out of jealousy, refused to grant the railway company right of way. But universal condemnation of that course brought the State to a better mind.

damnation. This sort of thing influences many of their adherents to seek other churches.

On August 7 I bought a dainty black mare with white feet—all four white. She is a genuine mustang. What a joy to wander about the forest, where Fashion carries me to distances I could not otherwise accomplish and so widens the sphere of my observations. With Fashion's aid I have been able to visit often the Hundred-and-Two River (so named because it is said to be 102 miles long), to bathe in its clear waters, to sketch groups of trees on its shores that are hardly surpassed by those on the Cahokia.

Potawatomi from Kansas and those on the land known as the "Platte Purchase" visited one another frequently. I made sketches of some of them and, in exchange, furnished the young fellows with 10-cent pieces of rods out of which they make arrows for the hunting season.

At 20 feet they hit small objects with great accuracy; at a greater distance the least movement of the air may exert an adverse effect. At 100 feet they fly the arrows with great skill but can not be sure of piercing the heart of the animal.

In the autumn newspapers began to publish articles about a plan that was being considered by the United States Government, in connection with the highway to California and Oregon, to enter into negotiations with the Indian tribes concerned and for that purpose to invite the most notable men among them to a conference next summer at Fort Laramie. At once it occurred to me that I might enjoy an agreeable adventure and at the same time make it profitable if I would occasionally buy good horses, ride about the country on horseback, sell the animals at a profit next spring at Salt Lake, then, on my return, attend, if possible, that most interesting assembly at Fort Laramie and witness the signing of the treaty.

1851

The speculation in horses did not succeed particularly well. Farmers held back their corn and hay for the expected emigrants; the maintenance of my five pads came too high. Finally, because of bad news from California, not nearly so many adventurers came in the spring, but many more Oregon farmers who brought their cattle and provisions with them.

Then, of course, horses declined in value. I lost a great deal of money. The cost of feeding the animals was out of proportion to the amount their work brought me. I was too fond of them and spent too much taking care of them.

One misfortune after another induced me to sell the horses and give up the idea of going to Salt Lake. First, I suffered the loss

of an excellent mare that I lent to an acquaintance who wished to attend a Christmas ball at Rochester. After he had run a race on a bet, after the manner of Americans, and over a rough, frozen road, he left my fine animal standing in front of a public house all night in sweat and without the protection of a blanket. In spite of all efforts to save her, the mare died from pneumonia. I suffered another mishap in a pasture where I allowed my four horses to exercise on a beautiful March day. A boy took great delight in playing tricks on the spirited animals and, to give himself further amusement, set a dog on them just to see them run an extended course. Having become once frightened, they did not stop running for several miles until they were far into the forest. After a long search I came back with them at last but, as I drew nearer, calling gently to them, I was sure of getting hold of at least one of them, whinnying, they turned abruptly about, extended their legs, shook their manes and in a trice, had disappeared from view.

For the reason that Lily, one of my mares, appeared to be going in the direction of the place where she had been bred, I thought I should find all of them next morning at her old home. So early in the day I hired a horse and rode over there, through a region that was unfamiliar to me. My road, a most romantic one, led through a magnificent forest, over two beautiful streams, and across a waste. Not a trace of my horses anywhere! Then I remained at home two days, hoping that my runaways might be induced to return or else that some news might come to me concerning their whereabouts. But they did not return. No news came. On the fifth day after their flight I hired another horse and rode to the place where two other mares of mine had been bred, i. e., the "Round Prairie" on the high road to Fort Kearney near Newark. There, fully 9 miles from the city, I heard specifically that they had been seen. Fortunately, they had kept together and were so wild and spirited that no one could catch them; otherwise I should certainly have lost one or the other. A young farmer who had seen the two colts and knew the range of their earlier pasture mounted his horse and helped me trace them. For several hours we followed them from one farm to another. It was perfectly evident that they wanted to play with their former companions and were searching for them, and as the brutes went visiting around in their old neighborhood and tarried here and there with their former playmates we drew constantly nearer.

Still following the trace we came, late in the evening, into the highroad again, where dust made it impossible any longer to distinguish their tracks.

Well, I spent the night in Newark. Next morning, the sixth day of their "spree," I was up with the sun to follow any trace I might

find on the highway. Over a wide stretch I searched but could find neither on the right nor on the left any tracks made by sixteen feet. I did find a place beside the road where they had lain down together, but on what night? That was a puzzle too difficult for my wits to solve. My only possible clue was fresh dung. After breakfast I mounted my hired pad with the intention of going home, hoping that my straying animals would instinctively return, finally, to the place where they had received good nurture and rich forage. Upon my inquiry at a farm on the highway I was told that toward sunset the previous evening four horses—according to the description, they must be mine—were seen prancing along the way in the direction of Savannah.

A little farther on, where the road from Marysville branches off from the highroad to Fort Kearney, I heard from a countryman living there that during the night four horses wanted to rest on the straw lying in front of his fence, that the roan mare (my Bet) had already lain down but, for fear that their presence might tempt his own beasts to break out, he had driven them away. Which way they went he did not know.

"Home, of course, to their own comfortable stalls," I said to myself.

I rode rapidly back to Savannah in happy expectation. There I found no trace of my runaways' return. So, after I had eaten, I had to mount a fresh horse and renew the search. Following my latest clue, I rode until the evening in all directions, through forest and over plain, without result. Vexed and tired, I returned to the Savannah road. Suddenly I was aroused from my ill-humored reverie by hearing some one call out as I was passing a farm, "Hulloa, Dutchman!" Turning my head, I saw a man sitting on his fence. He called out again, "Look here! Are them your horses?" Sure enough, there they were, evidently half-starved. There was no grass. At best, they could only have fed on tender buds just appearing on the shrubs. Besides, they had been racing about the country without rest.

Several hours earlier, the man said, those hungry horses had stopped at his fence, cast longing looks toward his stacks of corn, and then made known their desires by an eager neighing. He took them in, because he had heard that I was searching for them. The birds were caught, to be sure, but I had trouble still to get them in hand. So wildly they ran about, so persistently parried our efforts on every hand, that I thought they must be possessed with the devil.

Finally we got them in a corner and held them in fear by cracking a whip until I had bridled them. I saddled the filly, because she remained uncontrollable longer than the others. Then I paid the man for his assistance and set out home on a gallop. Never in my

life have I ridden as fast; the horses seemed really running a race with one another to see which could reach home first. I thought I should be jerked off the saddle.

I had hardly got my team of four in good condition again when they ran away with me and plunged with the vehicle down a hill. To practice driving a four-in-hand and to accustom the horses to that mode of traveling I took drives every day in the vicinity. I got excellent practice on the usual American roads, for they abound in stumps, steep slopes, and many running streams, but to learn how to manage with sloughs, ditches, narrow passes, curves, and the turning of corners I chose the forest road to Nodaway Island to the Hundred-and-Two, and along the Little Platte River, all the way out to the parade ground. The horses pulled so well together, traveled with such uniform gait, were so instantly responsive to the rein, always stood so quietly when halted, backed without plunging, trotted so well without need of the whip, and the roan improved such an excellent lead horse, I was planning with much pleasure to take a journey with them to Deseret.

In April I drove alone to St. Joseph to talk over plans for my journey with my future traveling companion. On my return, about 3 miles from Savannah, the offside horse cast a shoe on her left rear foot. I stopped immediately, for she seemed to be limping. Since no one was there to take the reins, I threw them lightly on the seat cushion and went to examine the hoof. In spite of the care I took stroking her soothingly and speaking gently, the instant I attempted to raise her foot she gave a leap and off and away all of them went over stock and stone, up hill and down dale, as if in a mad pursuit. I tried at once to seize the bridle rein of the lead horse but, in running, I stumbled over a stump and fell. When I got up I saw the vehicle plunging on—here a cushion hurled away, there my cloak. "Adieu, je t'ai vu!" I thought. "Confound it all!"

I ran after them, of course, as fast as I could. I had an idea that they were stuck fast in the forest. Sure enough, below the first hill, I found Bet wallowing in the dust, trying to get free from the harness and the long lines that were wound about her. Having set her free, I ordered her to get up. She could hardly stand! She was trembling in every limb and spread her feet wide apart for fear of falling. She had lost her head entirely. I led her away from the road and tied her tight and fast at a spot where there was grass; then I went in search of the others. About a hundred feet farther on I found Lily, Bet's companion, standing bewildered, in the road.

Aside from a wound in her left rear shank, inflicted, most likely by the pole, she had suffered no injury. I swung myself lightly upon her back and went on after the two shaft horses and the hack-

I found them at the top of the last steep hill as one approaches Savannah. Fortunately they could go no farther; they had hardly come out alive from the creek below. The two horses were caught in some bushes and the vehicle was jammed against a tree. The horse on the right had thrown her hind leg over the pole and was evidently forced to stop. The vehicle had most probably been carried on until it was held fast by striking the tree trunk.

I disentangled the beasts from their harness to see what damage had been done. Lily had suffered no injury—was only lamed. The hack could stand on its wheels, to be sure, but many screws were gone. I went back to bring Bet, the cushion, and my cloak. Then, having harnessed Lily and the colt together, I led them slowly home. The horses had to be cared for and doctored; the vehicle and harness had to be mended.

Finally, at the end of April I was ready for my journey; my wagon was provided with a canvas top and provisioned with zwieback, smoked meat, butter, eggs, sugar, tea, cooking and drinking utensils, oats and corn meal for the horses, a saddle, a double-barreled shotgun, a hunting knife, and four 30-foot cords with iron pins. The last-named were to be used for tying the horses.

My intended companion on the journey, a young American, was to wait in St. Joseph and be ready to set out with me on the first of May. Notwithstanding that he had detained me with his promises to go, Steiner refused, when I arrived in St. Joseph, to consider taking the trip. He had not the means, he said, to provide his own personal outfit. Now, I had asked nothing more of him than that he bring his own provisions, and, in return for his seat in my wagon, that he look after the vehicle on the journey, while I took care of the horses.

A fine predicament! To travel with four horses and a wagon alone was not to be considered, for both team and vehicle would have to be constantly guarded. To find another trustworthy person to go with me could not be done at once. Therefore, my grand display with four-in-hand came to a sudden end. I determined to sell both wagon and team. But now, when I wanted a purchaser, nobody would buy. Earlier, when I did not wish to part with my horses, I had many advantageous offers.

May 9. Lily and the colt sold in Weston. Bet placed on a farm so that she may grow strong again. Such a fine mare one is justified in giving the best attention; she will certainly bring \$60 more. The wagon and harness as well as the large mare, Landy, left behind to be sold, so that on my return I shall have some funds. Trip to Salt Lake and Fort Laramie given up; I should have found no wild animals on the jaunt anyway.

So, I am going up the Missouri, a stream that has already been turned to good account, but not exhaustively. But both Indians and wild animals have been treated rather more from the viewpoint of natural history than from that of their picturesque life; my chief purpose, after all, is the study of primitive conditions. Art galleries and paintings are for me secondary considerations: they will interest me only when my preparatory work shall have been thoroughly accomplished and are to be the means, when I bring out my masterworks, whereby I prove myself a great artist.

May 11. Left St. Joseph on board the *Sacramento* for Council Bluffs, where I shall wait for one of the two boats that make annual trips to the Yellowstone in the interest of the two fur companies and bring back the commodities that supply their traffic.

May 12. This afternoon we passed a community of Oto and various settlements of half-breeds. One of our deck hands, spying some Indian women in bathing, amused himself by throwing out to them a bottle of whisky with the hope of enticing them out of hiding. His ruse succeeded; they were not willing to let the valuable gift sink to the bottom.

May 13. Arrived this evening about 6 o'clock at Iowa Point near the Bluffs. A forlorn place. None of the houses are built near the river, because the inhabitants so much dread losing their lives by the constant floods.

As a result the town is already a mile from its original site; on the opposite side much of the land is under water. My bed is made on a trestle over which a buffalo robe is stretched. Another buffalo robe serves for coverlet. Hardly a dozen houses are inhabited here; the people are, for the most part, Mormons.

May 14. Crossed over to Belle Vue, Mr. Peter A. Sarpy's trading house for the Omaha. There are still many emigrants in this part of the country. The cattle are driven across the river at this point on an undertaking that gives rise to much drollery. Many of the cows swim back again to find their calves that were thought too young for the journey and had to be sold. The teams are taken across in flatboats with the wagons.

In Belle Vue besides Sarpy's house there was the place where the United States land agent lived (Barrow by name. On account of unauthorized transactions with the Indians, he was removed at that time), the school for Pawnee children (Ellet was the teacher's name), six log houses with adjoining plantations, where half-breeds lived, and the remains (ruin it cannot be called) of Fontanelle's earlier trading post, a picture of which one may see in Neu Wied's Atlas. Farther below a Protestant mission, and beyond MacKinney, a trading place for the Oto and Omaha, a beautiful, far-reaching view over the estuary of the Big Platte or Nebraska.

May 16. In Belle Vue I saw the first Indian huts of clay. I made a sketch of a Pawnee girl beside one of them. Her attire was distinctive for simplicity; a shirt or chemise that came up under the arms and was held there by two straps over the shoulders—et voi la tout! I should have done better to stay in Belle Vue than here in Council Bluffs, but there is no tavern over there; besides, I know no one at all in that place.

May 17. A Mormon girl showed me a man's coat and trousers made of white leather and richly embroidered with silk in Indian fashion. She thought I would allow myself to be influenced to order a similar suit made. That one was ordered especially for a fop here, and is said to have cost as much as \$500. I have had frequent opportunities, both here and across the river, to make portraits of Omaha. Each portrait costs me 50 cents.

May 20. Crossed again to Belle Vue for the purpose of visiting a village of the Omaha 6 miles distant. The nearest way is a road running sheer over the bluff by the ruins of Fontanelle. From that height one enjoys a picturesque, far-reaching view up the river toward Kaneshville, where it winds through the forest below and far on to the estuary of the Platte, then through a wooded plain toward Papillon Brook that encircles, in part, the height on which the Omaha village is situated. How I was to get across that muddy stream was a puzzle. No sign of a bridge anywhere, only a number of fords where horses had to wade in dark, turbid water up to their paunches, and for that matter, men and women had to cross in the same manner.

I was on foot; furthermore, not exactly inclined to intrust myself to that mudhole and then appear in such a soiled condition in the village. I was going along downstream, hoping to find a fallen tree that would serve me for footlog, when I saw on the opposite side a mother and two boys getting ready to swim. The latter swam immediately over, but the woman wrapped herself again in her blanket, and remained on the bank. She spread on the water a skin or bag the edges of which turned upward, giving it the appearance of a miniature flatboat. The boys gave signs that I was to put my sketchbook and my clothes in that novel contrivance and then swim across. I took off my clothes, except my trousers, and let my belongings be towed as directed; then in I went with a splash and, with a few strokes, was on the other side. I gave the lads a tip, and explained that in a little while I should be there again and might need them. But my knowledge of the Iowa dialect did not avail me; the Omaha have a different dialect. With signs, however, I got on well.

The instant my back was turned—splash—the mother swam to the opposite shore, but not after our manner of swimming, with both