Gilbert L.and Frederick N. Wilson Papers

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FOREWORD

A vast bison-thronged prairie traversed by the mighty Missouri; Indians building their earth lodges or planting their scant fields ~~of corn;~~ fur traders toiling up the Missouri to trade with the Indians; the coming of the white man and his cattle,- this is the simple story of our Dakotas.

But it is a story rich, wonderfully rich, in the tales of simple heroic adventure ~~that appeal to a child's~~

This little book tries to tell these tales to young readers.

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MAKERS OF DAKOTA HISTORY.

FIRST STORY.

VERANDRYE

AND HIS SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA.

I.

To the unknown West

The first white man to explore the Dakota prairies was searching for the Western sea. Such a quest was not new. Cartier had sailed up the St. Lawrence two hundred years before , seeking a passage to the ocean. Early settlers of New France were as eager to find the Western sea as to till the soil or trade with the Indians. "If we open a way to the sea", they thought, "we shall grow rich trading with China and Japan."

A thousand miles up the St. Lawrence are five great fresh-water lakes. In French times, the shores of these lakes were the home of Indian tribes who owned rich furs. These brought a high price in Europe; and traders from Montreal and Three Rivers would load canoes with powder, guns, beads and gay-colored blankets, and go up to the lake country to trade for peltries.

But China and Japan were not forgotten. As the traders

took their canoes westward upon the great lakes they began again to think of a passage to the ocean. "The lakes," they said," extend west more than six hundred leagues from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The Western ocean cannot lie far beyond."

Among those who thought thus was a trader at Lake Nipigon, Pierre Gautier de Varennes de la Verandrye. A native of Three Rivers, he had spent his boyhood among Indians and boatmen. They taught him to steer a canoe, to fire a musket, to sleep on the hard ground in the cold of winter. In the English war he had helped fight the Boston men; had marched in the little army on snow shoes that burned the New Foundland towns. He even went to France to fight for his king. Now, he was in the Indian country, at a small trading post forty miles north of Lake Superior.

Indians who came to Nipigon told of "a great river running west" and of "a vast flat country with herds of cattle." The herds of cattle were buffaloes. Verandrye thought the great river running west must flow into the Western ocean. He longed to be an explorer and open away to the sea.

Filled with the thought, he went to Montreal and laid his plans before the governor. Merchants of the town were found willing to furnish supplies for an expedition. They cared little for the Western sea but they hoped to be repaid

with furs gotten in trade with the Indians.

On the eighth of June 1731, when the forests were in there deepest green, the expedition started. Sixty-two men marched to the canoes,- fifty rangers and boatmen in deer-skin shirts and moccasins and twelve soldiers in the white uniform of France. With the explorer went three sons, the eldest a lad named Jean. Second in command was a nephew, De la Jemmerais, who had been a captive among the Indians.

The sun shone yellow over the waves of the St. Lawrence as the great canoes swung off shore and swept away to the mouth of the Ottawa. Four weeks later a landing was made. Canoes and cargo were packed across a narrow neck of land to a stream running into Lake Nipissing. Such a place was called a portage, or carrying-place.

Down Lake Nipissing sped the canoes, across Lake Huron to Michilimackinac; on again, over the blue waters of Lake Superior. When the wind freshened, paddles were rested and the boatmen raised blankets for sails. Seventy-eight days after leaving Montreal the party reached Kaministiquia. This was the farthest French post in the west.

It was not Verandrye's wish to winter at the trading post. But autumn was ~~near~~ nigh and the explorer must haste if he would go on. Once more he ordered his men to their canoes.

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"To the west!" he cried. "On, till we reach the sea."

But the boatmen were wearied with the long voyage. Wages were unpaid and the men were sulky and defiant. Provisions, too, were short.

"It is a fool's errand," said the boatmen,"this search for the sea! we shall starve if we go on."

Verandrye raged and threatened, to no purpose. Jemmeraie went among the boatmen and plead with them to take their paddles. They came to Verandrye with an offer.

"Let Jemmeraie and Jean go on with half the men,"they said, "The rest will stay and guard the provisions."

It was a hard bargain but Verandrye agreed; and Jemmeraie and Jean with thirty men and four canoes set out for the unknown west.

II.
Years of disaster

It was a hard journey that lay before the little band. Canoes had to be paddled up-current, unloaded and packed, with their cargoes, around waterfalls. Later, the way grew easier; and the boats glided up a line of narrow lakes shaded by forests of pine. Before cold weather set in, the party reached Rainy Lake. A log fort was built and named after the explorer, Fort Saint Pierre. Here the men wintered.

They did good trading in the winter months. Bands of Cree Indians brought in beaver pelts which they sold for powder and guns. When the spring floods had fallen, Jemmeraie hastened back to Kamánistiquia.

"I have found a good trading-place," he said; and he showed Verandrye his packs of furs.

The explorer was delighted. "Man canoes," he cried, "and take the furs to Michilimackinac. Trade them there for supplies. I will go on to Fort Saint Pierre;" and as Jemmeraie's canoes, with sweep of paddles, rode out into Lake Superior, Verandrye and his men hastened west.

They were warmly welcomed at Fort Saint Pierre. Muskets were fired and the little garrison cheered bravely as the great canoes hove in sight. A crowd of Cree Indians

gathered about the gate,- grim warriors with cheeks daubed yellow and red, and women with dark-eyed babies slung over their backs. Verandrye's twelve soldiers had brightened up their uniforms. A French flag was raised and the little army of a dozen marched into the fort.

The explorer called the Cree chiefs together and gave them presents. To show their good will the Indians offered to guide him farther west.

"Toward the setting sun is another lake, full of islands," they said; and they brought a great fleet of fifty canoes, bright with new bark and paint. In a month they had guided Verandrye to the Lake of the Woods.

It was a beautiful place. Tall spruce groves waved their branches from hundreds of islands and the waters swarmed with fish. On the north-west shore a second trading fort was built. This was named Fort Saint Charles.

But Verandrye's thoughts turned to the west. A river flowed north-westerly into a lake which the Indians called Winnipeg. Jean was sent on to build a third trading post on the south shore,- Fort Maurepas. At Fort Saint Charles the explorer awaited Jemmeraie, who was now returned from Michilimackinac, and had gone to Montreal for supplies.

Jemmeraie came back with bad news."The merchants will send no supplies," he said. "They care nothing for the Western

sea. They want furs."

Verandrye at once launched a small canoe and started for Montreal. He called the fur merchants together.

"You cannot desert me now," he said. "If you do not send supplies you will lose all."

He passed the winter as the guest of the governor and in the spring made ready to go west. A young priest, Father Aulneau, went with him as chaplain. Canoes with supplies were to follow later.

The explorer reached Fort Saint Charles as the Indians were leaving on their fall hunt. Things were in bad state at the little trading post. Hunting was poor and even the fishing failed. Before supplies came, the garrison was at half rations. The men ate roots and bark, boiled moccasin leather and even killed their hunting dogs for food.

Sad news, too, came from Fort Maurepas. Jemmeraie, who was stationed there, had started back with aid for the garrison at Fort Saint Charles. On the way he sickened and died. His men made a cross by lashing two limbs together and reverently placed it over his grave.

Indians were now bringing in furs to Fort Saint Charles; but the supplies from Montreal had not come and Verandrye had neither guns nor powder to sell. He chose twenty men loaded

three canoes with beaver pelts and called Jean.

"Hasten to Michilimackinac," he said. "Buy powder and food and speed back. Father Aulneau will go with you. Do not lose a day!"

The boatmen seized their paddles, Jean and the young priest stepped aboard and the canoes, like arrows, darted from the landing. That night the party made camp on a wooded island twenty miles away. But while stars twinkled overhead and the camp fires burned low, dark objects glided over the waters of the lake. They were war canoes of the Dakotas. Seventeen painted warriors crept into camp, counted the sleepers and stole away.

Before daylight Jean called his men, and their paddles dipped again in the cool waters. In an hour the sun was up and the men landed for breakfast. Wood was gathered. Fires were lighted. Kettles were filled.

Suddenly from the trees that clothed the island came a chorus of ringing yells, — yu-i!——yu-i!—— yu-i!— the war whoop of the Dakotas. A storm of arrows fell over the little band. The Frenchmen sprang for their guns.

their camp on the beach gave the men little chance for cover.

It was useless. ~~The camp was on a narrow sandy beach, away from cover.~~ The Indians had crept so near that the twanging of their bow-strings could be heard. Amid yells and the crash of musketry, the fight went on. One by one the white men fell.

A few days later some friendly Indians came to Fort Saint Charles, and called for Verandrye.

"Your son Jean is dead," they said," and all his men are killed. The black-robe priest, too, is dead,- killed by a Dakota arrow."

III. ~~Mandan~~ To the ~~Mandan~~ villages of the Mandans.

Five years had passed since the sunny June morning when Verandrye left Montreal. He had not found the Western sea. Jemmeraie had died. Jean had been killed. Verandrye himself owed money to the fur merchants who threatened to seize his property. But the explorer never thought of giving up his search.

He decided to go on to Fort Maurepas. It was now February. The weather was bitterly cold and four feet of ice lay on the rivers. Ten soldiers made up the little force which marched out of Fort Saint Charles with flag fluttering on the frosty air. Three hundred Cree Indians followed in a long-strung line, thru the snow.

The party moved swiftly, camping at night under the open sky. Pine boughs served for beds. The men slept rolled head-and-body in bear-skins, with feet to the camp fire. In seventeen days they were in Fort Maurepas.

When spring opened, Verandrye loaded fourteen great canoes with furs and started for Montreal. Up the Winnipeg river, over the Lake of the Woods, across Superior and down the Ottawa he guided his precious cargoes. Before autumn came, he had called the merchants together and showed them his packs.

"Here are furs," he said; " I have found a new country, rich in beavers." Again he spent the winter at the house of the governor."

Spring freed the rivers of ice and Verandrye hastened back to Fort Maurepas. As he now had supplies, he was ready to push farther into the west. Taking a small but picked company of soldiers and boatmen, he paddled up the oozy stream of the Red River of the North. At the mouth of the Assiniboine he found a camp of Cree Indians.

But where was the Western sea? Verandrye asked the Crees.

"Far in the west is a big water. It lies beyond the mountains. White men live there," said an old chief. Verandrye bade his boatmen steer their canoes up the Assiniboine.

But he stopped long enough to build a small trading post which he named Fort Rouge. He left here a part of his force while the rest went on with the canoes. The current was shallow and the boatmen poled their craft up-stream. To lighten the boats, Verandrye's soldiers marched across the bends of the river, in sight of the fleet. In a week, they were near the mouth of the Mouse river.

Some wandering Assiniboines had come into the explorer's camp. Verandrye asked the Indians if they knew of a great

salt water lying to the west.

"No," they answered, "but southwestward, on the banks of a big river, are villages of the Mandans. They plant corn and have houses covered with earth. They know a people who live on a great salt water in the west."

Verandrye listened eagerly. "I will visit the Mandans and learn more of the people on the great salt water," he said. While he waited for more men he built another and last trading post, Fort de la Reine.

But autumn was passing and the explorer must hasten. On the morning of the eighteenth of October, a drum-roll beat through Fort de la Reine, and Verandrye's little force- fifty-two soldiers and boatmen- stood to arms. Each man carried a musket, an ax and a cooking-kettle. A bugle sounded on the clear air, the gates swung wide and the little company started south for the Dakota prairies.

It was a strange country to the Frenchmen,- this Dakota land. No trees were to be seen except along coulees and streams or now and then berry bushes in some coulee or ravine. Thousands of buffaloes, in little scattered herds, fed on the rich prairie grasses. Antelopes, speedy as the wind, bounded away, to stop again beyond gun-shot and stare at the white men. At night, coyotes prowled outside of camp, yapping

~~coyotes prowled outside of camp, yapping~~ and barking as they scented the scraps from the camp supper.

On the way, bands of Assiniboines joined the explorer until a camp of six hundred warriors followed the handful of of white men. Now and then the company halted to hunt buffaloes. Usually, only cows were killed. The meat was dried and pounded fine to make pemmican.

Four young men had sped ahead of the party to warn the Mandans of Verandrye's coming. Later, runners from the villages met the explorer with presents of tobacco and corn. Verandryé's own bag of presents had been stolen by the Assiniboines. He could give the Mandans only bags of pemmican and handfuls of powder and ball.

A little way out of the village there awaited him a group of old, grey-haired chiefs. They carried a ~~peace~~ pipe ~~of red stone,~~ ~~three~~ feet in length, richly decorated with quills and ~~eagles'~~ feathers. The pipe was lighted and the stem held to the explorer's mouth while an aged chief made a long speech.

The Mandan runners showed their respect by lifting the explorer to their shoulders. Verandrye's fifty soldiers and boatmen were drawn up and three thundering volleys were fired, scarcely frightening the grave old chiefs ~~out of their wits~~. A French flag was raised and at four o' clock, December third, I738, seven years and six months after leaving Montreal, Verandrye entered the village of the Mandans.

The Frenchmen were led to the village council-lodge where a fire was burning. The Mandans and their guests sat on buffalo robes, in a circle, about the fire. A peace-pipe was lighted, offered to the ~~four winds, to the earth and~~ sky and earth, and solemnly passed around the circle of guests. Verandrye then told the chiefs of his seven years' search for the sea.

"Do you know of a great salt water lying toward the setting sun?" he asked. The chiefs answered partly in signs.

"We know of a strange people far in the west, who dwell by a water that is bitter to drink. They are white. They dress in armor and build houses of stone." Perhaps the chiefs had heard of the Spaniards in Mexico.

The little jug-shaped graneries of the Mandans held no more grain than the villagers needed for their own use. Winter was on and the buffalo herds had gone south. Six hundred Assiniboines were more than the Mandans could feed. Their chiefs came ~~into the Assiniboine chiefs camp~~ into the Assiniboine camp.

"Our young men bring word that the Dakotas are coming. They are your enemies. You will be cut off from your homes," they said. This was untrue; but it frightened the Assiniboines who broke camp ~~at once~~ and fled.

The explorer, too, made ready to go. To the Mandan chief he gave a leaden box in which was folded a French flag.

On the fifth day of their stay the Frenchmen left.

They traveled slowly for Verandrye had fallen sick. The weather turned bitterly cold. No stop could be made for the prairie offered no shelter for a sick man. After a month of terrible hardship, the party reached Fort de la Reine.

Bad news awaited the explorer. The fur merchants had brought suit against him in the courts of Quebec. His property had been seized. Once more he hastened to Montreal.

The new governor met him kindly and Verandrye was decorated with the order of Saint Louis. But he could not forget the Western sea. He was busy making ready for a new expedition, when he suddenly died.

Brave, strong-hearted Verandrye! He had not found the Western sea; but he had been the first white man to cross the prairies of the Dakotas.

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2931 words

There lived in Virginia a young surveyor named George Washington who had lately returned from a visit to the French forts at the headwaters of the Ohio. This was in I754, and Washington was but twenty-two years of age. In April of the same year, Governor Dinwiddie sent young Washington with a small company of troops to build a fort at the Forks of the Ohio. Such a fort would command the river and stay the French from using it as a highway for their canoes.

Washington had a friend, a chief named Half King, whose people lived near the Forks. On the march the Virginians were met by an Indian runner sent out by Half King. He brought grave news.

"The French are at the Forks and are building a fort. The Indians do not know what to do. If you would help us do not lose a day," he pleaded.

Washington hastened by forced marches and was only forty

miles from the Forks, when there came another runner from Half King.

"My young men have tracked two strange white men, to a dark glen. A French force is hiding there. They hope to fall on you and kill you all," was the chief's message.

It was night and a heavy rain was falling , but Washington, with forty picked men, pressed on to Half King's camp. There the chief and the young Virginian laid a plan to surprise the French.

No time was to be lost. The two leaders called their followers and started toward the hostile camp. All night they ma marched, Indians and white men, in two long lines, through pelting rain. They came upon the French at day-break. Washington marched in front, musket in hand, and was the first to level his piece and fire. Half King's warriors whooped and rushed to cover.

The French were taken wholly by surprise, but stood manfully to the fight. Surrounded and outnumbered, they answered shot for shot, firing from behind trunks of trees. But it was a hopeless struggle. The French captain and more than a third of his force had fallen, when the rest laid down their arms. Only one of Washington's men was killed.

The battle, though small in numbers, was big in results; for it began a long war between England and France. In the end, the French were defeated. England took Canada, or New France,

the rich valley of the Ohio and all of Louisana lying east of of the Mississippi, except the city and island of New Orleans.

In this war,- called in America the French and Indian war,- France was helped by Spain. When peace came, the French king repaid the Spaniards by giving up to them New Orleans, the western half of the Mississippi valley and the basin of the broad-flowing Missouri.

The Dakota prairies, lying on either side of the Missouri, thus passed into the hands of Spain.

89.

II Triumph of ~~It is won by~~ the Colonists.

England did not long hold her part of the valley of the Father of Waters as the Indians called the Mississippi. Now that fear of France was gone, the American colonies grew restless under British rule. In 1775 they rebelled because the English king wished to tax them without their consent. A long and bitter war followed, called the war of the American Revolution.

We have seen how bravely the Virginians fought to drive the French from the Ohio valley. In the Revolution they

showed themselved no less ready to fight for freedom. Many of them were tried soldiers who had seen hard fighting in the Indian wars. Such a one was George Washington who twenty years before had fired the first shot against France.

The war opened in Massachussetts with the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. News of the fighting spread thru the colonies like wildfire. Men heard with bated breath how thy red lines of English soldiers had crept up the slope before Boston, to fall like nine-pins before blasts of Yankee musketry. The country was in an uproar. "Down with the English! A leader,- give us a leader! To arms!" shouted the people. With one voice the congress at Philadelphia called George Washington of Virginia to be commander-in-chief of the American army.

Washington proved not only a wise general but one of the best and noblest men our country has seen. With an army ill fed and badly armed, his men without hats or shoes, the commander-in-chief never lost heart even in defeat. Neglect by congress and plots by his own officers could not shake his courage. Once, some officers coming to visit him at headquarters found him kneeling in the snow in prayer.

The end came after eight years of weary fighting. The English king agreed to a treaty of peace and England's

soldiers were recalled. The American colonies had become a nation. Over all English territory westward to the Mississippi waved the flag of our country, the beautiful Stars and Stripes; and that flag borne over prairie and mountain peak was yet to be planted on the shores of the Western sea.

THIRD STORY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

AND THE LOUISANA PURCHASE

Washington's usefulness did not end with the war. The people loved and trusted their commander-in-chief and were loath to give up so wise a leader. Six years after the Revolution, Washington was elected the first president of the United States.

It is a usual mark of able men that they seek other able men for advisers. In our country the president's chief adviser is his secretary of state. For this office Washington chose Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. When Washington retired again to private life, Jefferson became vice president, and four years later, president of our nation.

Unlike Washington, Jefferson was not a soldier; but some men can fight better with pen than with bayonet. Born of wealthy parents, Jefferson had been given a better education than was common in those days. After leaving college he prepared himself for the practice of law. He was a good student. Besides Latin and Greek, he could read the Spanish, French and Italian languages.

There are men who can learn very well from books but

cannot meet the practical questions of public life. Jefferson could do both. His power of seeing into the future was unusual. To his foresight is due the purchase of Louisana, an act of greatest importance for the future growth of our country.

You will remember that at the close of the French and Indian war, the French king gave Spain all western Louisana and the city and island of New Orleans. Under Spanish rule the province was still known by its old name. After the Revolution, American settlers poured into the eastern half of the Mississippi valley and founded the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. Railroads were then unknown; and the settlers had no way to send their corn and flour and beef to market except by boat, down the deep flowing Mississippi.

And now came trouble. Spain held all the western shore of the Mississippi and the city of New Orleans upon the east shore. Every boat that put down the river had therefore to pass between Spanish territories. When American boats tried to go by New Orleans they were stopped by officers of the Spanish governor.

"Señores, you are passing thru Spanish territory. You must pay taxes," said the officers, politely.

"The river is free," answered the Americans. "We have right of passage to the sea."

"No," answered the officers,"the river is free only as far down as New Orleans, You must pay taxes or your boats must put back!"

The Americans were deeply angered but could do nothing. Their government was yet too weak to seek trouble with Spain. For twenty years the quarrel went on. Settlers meanwhile were still poured into Kentucky and Tennessee; and they were a hardy folk, these settlers, who had often done battle with the fierce Creeks and Shawnees. Such men would not long hold the Spaniards in fear.

"If the president will not force Spain to give us our rights, we will take them with our rifles," said the bold backwoodsmen.

Now came a new turn of affairs. Napoleon Bonaparte had become First Consul of France and wished Louisiana for French settlement. He forced the Spaniards to give back her old province to France.

News of the transfer reached the United States the year that Jefferson was elected president. Congress and indeed the whole nation was alarmed. For France to hold

the mouth of the Mississippi might be worse than to have it held by the Spanish. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Livingston, the American minister to France:

"Ask the First Consul if he will sell to the United States the city and island of New Orleans. Unless we own these, we cannot have a free passage to the Gulf. But the nation that keeps us from the sea we must hold as our enemy."

Napoleon had expected to hold Louisiana with an army; but England was not friendly to the Consul and he feared to send troops to sea where they might have to do battle with England's ships. If he left the province ungarrisoned England might seize it. The French minister called Mr. Livingston.

"The Consul wishes to sell all of Louisiana" he said. "Let President Jefferson pay fifteen million dollars into the French treasury and he may keep the province."

Livingston had not been told to buy all of Louisiana; but the offer was too good to be let go. He closed the bargain at once.

When news of the great purchace reached America, the people could hardly believe their senses. Some looked doubtful and shook their heads.

"The purchase is unconstitutional," they said. "The president has no right to buy a wilderness without

asking the people. And it is so vast! -greater than all the rest of the United States, - and full of wild beasts and wilder men!"

"Well," answered Jefferson, "unless we buy Louisana we shall some day have to fight for it. To buy the province will be less costly than a war. I think the less we talk about the constitution, the better."

And that seems to be what most other men thought about it.

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In the earlier years of the province there were a number of French settlements in the region north of the Ohio river. When this became English territory many of the French crossed the Mississippi to the Spanish side and near the mouth of the Missouri founded the town of St. Louis. They named the town, like the province, after the king.

The French of St. Louis were good traders and their boats brought down rich cargoes of beaver pelts from the tribes further up the Missouri. The Spanish governors were able men and the settlers of St. Louis lived quietly for

forty years. However, they could not forget they were French. The news that Louisiana had been given back to France filled them with delight; but before a French governor could be sent them, the province had been sold to the United States.

On the ninth of March,1804, a quaint ceremony took place at St. Louis. The president had sent Captain Stoddard to take possession of Upper Louisiana for the United States. The country had never formally been given over to France and it was thought best that this be done. A little before noon the Spanish flag was lowered and in its place the rich folds of the flag of France rose fluttering over the ~~waters of the~~ Mississippi.

Older settlers who remembered the days before the English war, were deeply moved, ~~to tears.~~ At sunset some of the old men came to Captain Stoddard and begged him to let the French flag remain up all night.

"Only for one day," they pleaded; "let the flag of beautiful France wave again over the great valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi."

"It shall be done," said Captain Stoddard, kindly.

At noon the next day the French flag was lowered for the last time. A soldier stood by the halyards, Captain Stoddard gave the signal and there rose the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America.

A few weeks later the ice on the Missouri had broken and her muddy waters rolled free again to the Mississippi. Boats, working their way up-current bore news to the Indian tribes that the Dakota prairies belonged no longer to the Spanish king, but to the Great Father at Washington.

FOURTH STORY

LEWIS AND CLARK

AND THEIR JOURNEY TO THE SEA

~~The voyage~~ Up the Missouri.

At the time of its purchase Upper Louisiana was not much known. French traders of St. Louis had made friends of the Indian tribes who lived farther up the Missouri,- Dakotas, Arikaras, ~~Hidatsas or Miniteris~~, and Mandans. In the west were the mountains whose spring freshets swelled the Missouri's waters to a swirling flood. What lay beyond the mountains no one knew.

The Pacific tides had been visited. Captain Gray of Boston had doubled the Horn eleven years before, to go cruising up the California coast. He entered the mouth of a great river which rolled seaward with a current as mighty as that of the Missouri. He named the river after his ship, the Columbia.

Captain Gray's discovery was known to Jefferson. Since the Columbia river flowed westward, its source, the president thought, must lie in the Rocky Mountains; An expedition with boats might work its way up the Missouri, cross the mountains and float down the Columbia to the ocean.

And the man was found who would undertake this dangerous journey. He was Captain Meriweather Lewis, President Jefferson's secretary.

Lewis was a native of Charlottesville Virginia. His parent^s had been well-to-do and he had inherited a comfortable estate; but the quiet of plantation life was not to Lewis's liking. He was not of age when he left farming to march with the militiamen in the Whiskey Rebellion. Later, he joined the regular army, was made ensign and rose to rank of captain. In 1801 he became Jefferson's private secretary. He was then twenty-seven years of age.

Captain Lewis knew of the president's plan to explore Louisana. When it became known that France was willing to sell her province, he offered to lead an expedition westward,thru the new territory, to the sea. Jefferson gladly agreed.

"Whom will you have to go with you?" he asked of Lewis.

"William Clark," was the answer.

Clark was four years older than Lewis. Tho born a Virginian he had gone at an early age to the Kentucky settlements.His brother George, in the war of the Revolution had captured Kaskaskia, saving to the American flag the territory between the Ohio river and the Great Lakes.

William longed for a like career. He had seen fighting; had heard the Indian's warwhoop and understood savage character.He was as brave and able a man as Lewis.

The expedition gathered in the autumn of 1803; but a start was not made until the following spring. The party numbered twenty-nine men,- x x x x x x x x x x x x x the two leaders, fourteen soldiers, nine Kentucky backwoodsmen, two French boatmen, an interpreter and Captain Clark's black slave York. At Saint Louis they were joined by sixteen soldiers and boatmen who were to go as far as the Mandan villages on the upper Missouri. Dakota and Arikara camps must be passed on the way up, whose warriors were not always friendly to white men. Captain Lewis might need a strong force if the Indians attacked his boats.

There were three of these; the largest, a keel boat with deck and sail carried twenty-two oars; a tow line, made fast to the mast, tracked the boat upstream thru rapids. Two pirogues, built like double canoes, carried, one six, the other seven oars. Horses were led along the bank for the use of the hunters.

The cargoes were made up into packs. Besides stores for the expedition, there were presents for the Indian chiefs,- richly laced coats of army blue, medals, flags, knives and tomahawks, beads, looking-glasses and paints. Powder was

carried in leaden canisters; when these were emptied the lead could be melted into bullets. For defense, the fleet mounted swivel guns,- small cannon made to turn lightly on a pivot.

On Monday the fourteenth of May, the boats shoved off shore and the voyage began. The Missouri was at spring flood. Its yellow current, swollen by melting snows, roared and foamed in its mile-wide bed. To make headway against such a flood was not easy. Ten miles made a fair day's journey at this season of the year.

Before the end of July, the party had passed the Platte river and encamped some miles above, on the right bank of the Missouri. At sunset a few days later, they were visited by a band of Indians with six chiefs from the Missouri and Oto tribes. The chiefs brought Captain Lewis a present of water melons.

A council was held next morning on the deck of the keelboat. Captain Lewis told the chiefs of the change of government.

"The great valley of the Missouri," he said," belongs no longer to the Spanish king. You now live beneath the flag of our Great Father at Washington;" and he showed them the beautiful folds of the Stars and Stripes. Each of the six chiefs made a speech.

" We are glad," they said" to live beneath the flag of

the Great Father. We hope you will ask him to send us traders. We wish to buy guns so that we may hunt buffaloes and fight our enemies."

Captain Lewis called the place Council Bluffs, a name now borne by a large and wealthy city.

On the twenty-first of August the party passed the Big Sioux and entered the hunting grounds of the Yanktons, a subtribe of the Dakotas. Camp was made on the north shore on the edge of a delightful prairie. Here the men killed their first buffalo.

A week later, as the boats were laboring up the swift current, an Indian boy swam out from the opposite bank. From ~~On~~ shore ~~awaited~~ two other Indians ~~who~~ signaled the white men to land. They were Dakotas, from a large village encamped near by. Captain Lewis sent Sergeant Pryor with two men to invite the Indians to a council.

The expedition journeyed on ~~for some miles~~, camped and awaited the the Indians. On the second day Sergeant Pryor arrived at the opposite bank with five chiefs and about seventy men and boys. He had been kindly treated by the Indians. They had invited him into their lodges and feasted him on a fat dog, which he found very good eating, he said.

The next morning a boat put across the river and returned with the chiefs and principal warriors. They were

received under a large oak tree. Captain Lewis spoke in behalf of the Great Father and gave the Indians presents. The head chief received a flag, medal, certificate with string of wampum, a laced coat of army blue and a cocked had with red feather. The peace pipe was passed while four musiaians shook gourd-shaped rattles filled with pebbles. The chiefs then withdrew to a kind of bower built of poles and boughs. There they smoked, feasted and counseled with one another what answer they should make on the morrow.

In the morning they met again sitting in half circle , with peace pipes richly decorated with feathers and quills. The stems of the pipes were held toward two seats placed for Captains Lewis and Clark. When these were come and were seated , Shake Hand, the head chief, spoke:

"I see before me my Great Father's two sons. You see me and our chiefs and warriors. We are very poor. Onc e I w I went to the S Spaniards and they gave me a medal but nothing to keep it from my skin. You give me a medal and clothing. But I wish brothers you would also give us something for our women and children."

It was wearisome work listening to this council talk; the white men were glad when evening came and the Indians ~~crosse~~ crossed ~~over~~ to their camp. The expedition resumed its journey the next morning.

A strange sight to Captain Lewis was a village of prairie dogs or barking squirrels as he called them. The little animals, standing nervously beside their dens, jerked their short tails and barked a shrill ts-ĕ-k, ts-ĕ-k, at the white men.

With the month of September came cooler weather. Flannel shirts were dealt to the members of the expedition and horns were freshly filled with powder. Wild plums were ripening and were added to the daily mess. Hunting was good. Thousands of buffaloes and smaller herds of antelope, elk or wapiti, and even mountain goats were seen. In the river thickets were deer. Many a buck fell at the crack of the hunters' rifles.

As the expedition neared the Teton river, three boys swam out one evening to the boats. They were of the Teton band of Dakotas.

"On the next river are two ~~camps~~ villages of our nation," they told Captain Lewis; " one ~~camp~~ village is of sixty, the other of eighty lodges." A Teton lodge or tepee held about ten persons.

Three days later camp was made on ~~the bank of~~ the Teton. The next ~~morning~~ day being fine, flag staff and awning were raised and the soldiers were ordered to parade. At noon a party of fifty chiefs and warriors arrived from the ~~nearer~~ village. A ~~peace~~ pipe was smoked, speeches were made and presents given. The head chief, Tatánka-Sapa or Black Buffalo, received a medal, flag and laced coat with hat and feather.

The chiefs were then taken aboard the keel boat and shown the guns, compass, and other things of interest. ~~As~~ the Tetons were ~~often unfriendly to white men~~ tribe and Captain Lewis was at pains to please. For a parting gift he gave the chiefs each a dram of spirits. After this it was hard to get rid of them. Captain Clark at last coaxed them into a pirogue and rowed them to shore. But as the boat touched land three of the Indians leaped ashore and seized the cable, while a fourth clasped an arm about the mast.

"You must stay ! You have not yet given us enough presents ," they cried.

Captain Clark understood the Indian character. He put on a bold front.

"You shall not stop us," he said. "We come from our Great Father and if we choose can kill you all!"

"We too are warriors," answered one of the chiefs, starting angrily forward.

Captain Clark drew his sword; The Indians on shore were bending ~~their~~ bows and ~~taking~~ drawing arrows from their quivers when the swivel gun was wheeled about with ~~the~~ its muzzle toward the crowd. At this, Black Buffale hurriedly ordered his men away.

The next morning the Indians seemed more willing to be friendly. "Come ashore," they said. "We want our women and children to see your strange boat."

In the afternoon Captain Lewis landed and was followed by Captain Clark. Each was met by ten richly dressed young men, ~~who~~ raised upon a robe and borne in state to the council ~~he~~ lodge. Here they were seated on a buffalo skin beside the head chief.

Seventy grim-looking warriors sat in a circle about the chief before whom were placed the Spanish and American flags. A peace pipe rested on two forked sticks, about six inches from the ground. Beneath it was scattered a handful of white swan's down. Near the fire lay a mass of buffalo meat, a present to the white men.

After speeches had been made, the chief took choice

pieces of a stewed dog and solemnly offered them to the American flag. The peace pipe was pointed to the sky, to the four winds and to the earth, lighted and handed to the two white men. After more speeches came the feast. Stewed dog, pemmican and tipsina roots, or prairie turnips were served on wooden platters." The pemmican and turnips," says Captain Lewis,"we found very good; but we did not eat much of the dog."

As evening fell the fire was stirred into a blaze and the floor cleared for a dance. Ten men formed the orchestra. A skin stretched taut over a hoop was loudly thumped while a jingling rattle was made with a stick hung with deer hoofs. Six other young men sang.

The women,richly dressed, formed in two long lines on either side of the fire. Some held poles to which were hung scalps. Others had guns or spears captured in war by their husbands or brothers. The two lines danced with a shuffling step toward one another until they met, when the rattles were shaken, the women shouted, and all went back to their places.

Now and then a warrior came forward to chant the story of some battle. The young men wore elegant moccasins, some quite covered with beads or quill work and with a skunk's skin trailing at the heel.

About midnight the white men rose. "You are tired with your dance, " they said politely. "We will now take leave of you and go to our boats."

Two days later a southeast wind blew up. Sails were set and the fleet resumed its journey up the river.

Autumn was now half gone; but the days tho cold, were bright, and the sun glowed mellow thru the crisp bracing air. The men worked briskly and enjoyed it. Indeed they dared not lag. Ice would soon close the river to boats and Captain Lewis wished to winter in the Mandan villages, still many miles away.

The party paused a day or two at the Arikara towns where two or three Indian women rowed over to camp in bull boats. Nothing astonished the women so much as Captain Clark's servant York. He was a strong stout negro and quite black. York was fond of a joke and was not very truthful. "I was a wild animal once," he toldthe women."My master caught me and tamed me." With palms over mouth the squaws grunted their astonishment. They thought York must be some wonderful medicine being.

The Arikara chiefs were met in council. Captain Lewis offered them whiskey but it was refused. "We are surprised," they said,"that our father should wish to give us liquor which would make us fools." To show their own good will they gave the white men corn, dried squashes

and a kind of wild bean gathered underground by field mice

The Mandan villages were sighted the last week in October. The towns were some forty miles further up the river than when found by Verandrye. Wars with the Dakotas and lack of fire wood had forced the ~~Mandans~~ tribe to the mouth of the Knife river where they dwelt with the Hidatsas, also enemies of the Dakotas.

Presents were given the principle chiefs and Captain Lewis made ready for passing the winter. A level place was found, covered with cotton woods and near the river, ~~where wood and water were in plenty.~~ Here were built two rows of huts, or log sheds , meeting in an angle like the letter V. Each shed had four large rooms. A row of pickets or small logs set on end, fenced the huts at the rear. The new camp was named Fort Mandan.

II

The Winter at Fort Mandan.

The winter days were spent in hunting , curing meat, mending moccasins and even hollowing canoes out of logs. One of the men was a blacksmith. Coal was found in the river bluffs and a rough forge was set up in the fort. The smith's bellows filled the Indians with wonder. "It is white man's medicine," they said; and were never tired of watching it blow a white heat on the smith's metals.

The long evenings were not without fun. One of the men had brought with him an old violin. The French boatmen, ever ready for a frolic, danced to the lively tunes scraped out by the hardy fiddler.

On New Years day some of the men took the violin to the nearest village and amused the Indians with singing and dancing. One of the French boatmen astonished the red men by dancing a queer shuffle on his head. The Indians were so pleased that they gave the party several buffalo robes and heaps of corn.

The camp sometimes suffered for food. As the buffalo herds had gone south, the hunters did not always come back full handed. Corn was bought of the Mandans for tomahawks which the blacksmith made. Cotton wood trees

were felled and the bark and tender branches were fed to the horses for fodder.

Indians often came to the fort to see the forge or hear the violin. An amusing visit was made by a Hidatsa chief who had but one eye. The chief wished to see Captain Clark's negro York.

"Some foolish young men have told me there is a men with you who is black. Is it true?" he asked.

"Quite true," was the answer; and York was sent for.

The chief could hardly believe his eyes. He spat on his finger and tried to rub some of the black from the negro's face. York pulled off his cap and showed the Indian his kinky hair.

"It is true! I thought he was but a painted white man said the chief at last.

But the long winter came to an end. By April the ice on the Missouri had broken freeing the river to canoes. The keel boat now returned to St. Louis with the soldiers who had enlisted from that place. They bore strange presents for President Jefferson,- skeletons of animals horns of a mountain sheep, robes and pieces of Indian dress, bows, arrows, a box of prairie plants and an ear of Mandan corn. The rest of the party with Captain Lewis and Clark made ready for their journey west.

A Frenchman named Charboneau with his squaw and babe had been hired to go as interpreter. His squaw, Sakakawea was a Snake woman who had been captured by the Hidatsas Captain Lewis hoped by her aid to find her tribe and who might show him a way thru the mountains.

On the seventh of April the party took leave of the friendly Mandans. In two pirogues and six dugouts, they shoved off shore and the final journey began.

III

Westward to the Sea.

The voyage up the Missouri and the winter at Fort Mandan had not been without hardship to the explorers. What ~~further~~ yet dangers awaited them, none could tell. The country of the lower missouri was not new for the fur traders had trafficked there for years . But the regions to the west were yet untrodden by foot of white man .

Until the mountains were reached game was plentiful. Besides elk and buffalo and antelope, numbers of the larger birds were seen,- eagles, swans, pelicans, and sand hill cranes. Geese and ducks flew overhead on their way to the breeding marshes in the north. As the explorers neared the Yellowstone they met a new kind of game,- the grizzly bear.

The black bear of the eastern mountains was well known to the men of Virginia and Kentucky. But the black bear was timid and rarely attacked hunters. This could not be said of the grizzly. The Indians told savage tales of his strength. When their warriors hunted the grizzly they went decked and painted as for battle. Mató-hota, the

Dakotas called him, the gray or grizzled bear.

Some of the men had narrow escapes from these bears. One evening in May a large grizzly was sighted lying in open ground not far from the river. A canoe was run ashore and six of the best hunters , trailing their rifles crept up under the shelter of a small hillock. Four of the men took careful aim and fired.

Altho terribly wounded, with.two balls thru his lungs the bear sprang to his feet and charged at the hunters. Two of the men leaped back into the canoe and paddled to m midstream. The others ran for the willows that lined the bank, firing as fast as they could reload. The bear ~~now~~ turned into the willows ~~and~~ chased the men so hotly that two of them threw away their rifles and jumped into the river. The grizzly plunged in and was swimming after them when he was stopped by a ball fired from shore.

"We had rather ~~fight two Indians~~ fight two Indians than one grizzly," said the men afterwards.

There were other escapes. Once, when leading the way along a narrow pathwa pass above the river, Captain Lewis missed his footing. Only a quick thrust of his spontoon saved him from falling into the water ninety feet below. A As he rose to his feet he heard a voice call:

"Captain, what shall I do?"

One of the men, Windsor, had slipped and fallen forward in the narrow pathway. He now lay face downward, his right arm and leg over the edge of the precipice, while with his other arm and leg he clung desperately to the crumbling bank.

"Keep cool", said Captain Lewis quietly,"you are in no danger. Take your knife out of your belt with your right hand and dig a hole in the side of the bluff for your right foot."

The man obeyed and raised himself to his knees. "Now take off your moccasins," said Captain Lewis,"and creep on your hands and knees, with your knife in one hand and your rifle in the other."

The rest of the men who hadnot yet tried the passage were ordered back. Later,they were able to join the Captain, having waded the river, breast high, around the foot of the bluff.

Other hardships befell the part expedition thatwere rather droll. No moccasin could be made that would keep out the thorns of the prickly pear; and the men became at times so lame of foot that they could hardly walk. The backswoodsmen were all used to chewing tobacco; half crazy for want of it they split up the handles of their

tomahawk pipes and chewed the splinters. There were unexpected dangers from animals. Captain Lewis awoke one morning to find a large rattler coiled on the trunk of a tree under which he had been sleeping. A lumbering bison swam the Missouri one night, climbed the steep bank and blundered, wet and dripping, into camp. Frightenby the fire, he rushed wildly among the sleeping men, threatening at any moment to trample them. The barking of a dog sent him plunging off again into the night.

Led by Charbonneau's Indian wife the party made their way up the Jefferson river tothe country of the Snake or Shoshoni Indians. Here they forsook canoes, bought horses and made ready to cross the mountains. An old Shoshone was hired to pilot them in the way. The hardships of the passage were severe. The cold was intense and food was scarce. For days the men stayed their hunger on a little soup and bear's oil. A horse was shot and its flesh thankfully put into the pot. Snow was melted for drinking water. In three weeks the party reached a camp of Flatheads who generously gave them food. Some of the men ate so heartily that they fell sick.

The horses were left with the friendly Flatheads; canoes were built and launched on the Clearwater and the party floated down to the Columbia. Game was scarce but dogs could be bought at the Indians villages. The men

after a time became rather fond of dog flesh.

The Indians on the upper Columbia were unused to white men and when first met were quite timid. Captain Clark had once gone ahead of the party and was sitting on the bank waiting for them to come up when a crane flew overhea The captain fired and the crane fell. On the opposite bank stood a clump of Indian huts and, as the main party was not in sight, Captain Clark thought to put in the time making friends with the Indians. With three men he rowed across the river shooting a duck on the way.

Taking a pipe in his hand he went to one of the huts, pushed aside the mat curtain and entered. Thirty-two persons - women, children and men- crouched within, all terribly frightened. Some hung their heads, others cried out and wrung their hands. Captain Clark shook hands with each one, and when they had become somewhat quiet sat down to smoke with them. As there was no roof on the hut he lighted his pipe with a burning glass. This frightened the Indians more than ever; nor could they be quieted until the canoes came up with the interpreter and his wife.

The Indians had never seen a gun. They had heard the shots and saw the birds fall. When the two white men appeared the Indians thought them some kind of medicine beings ~~and that it was they~~ that had fallen from the sky.

Of this they were the more sure when they saw Captain Clark made fire with sunshine.

Floating down the Columbia was easier than tracking up the Missouri and the party made good speed. Early in November the last rapid was cleared and the canoes entered tide water. A week later the river had widened to five or seven miles, and the waves ran so high that some of the men became sea sick.

~~There were other hardships~~ but the end was near. The tide rose in the night and flooded the camp. By day it rained drenching the party to the skin and rotting their baggage. And when at last the sun burst out of the heavy clouds and the fog lifted, there lay the silvery bosom of the Pacific, the Western sea that stretched toward China and Japan.

IV

The Return.

A winter camp was built,- six or seven rude huts,- and named Fort Clatsop. The men suffered, not from cold but from the winter rains. Several of the party fell sick. Fleas swarmed the invalids' clothing and drove them half mad. Food was scarce but roots and whale blubber were bought of the Indians at high prices. A good many elk were seen but were so poor in flesh as hardly to be worth the killing.

By March, all were heartily tired of the coast weather and eager to begin the journey home; on the twenty-third of the month Fort Clatsop was forsaken.

The homeward journey brought the expedition greater hardships than were suffered on the way out. The men had f few goods left to sell and their clothing was in rags; the brass buttons were cut off their uniforms and traded for roots; ~~at times they bought the wood with which they cooked.~~ there were times when the man had to buy the wood with which they cooked.

Nor were the Indians friendly. The Columbia river tribes had lost their first fear of the white manand now that the party had nothing to sell, grew bold and

even insolent. They often proved themselves petty thieves; knives, spoons, tomahawks, robes xandxx dogs, robes and guns were stolen, - anything in fact that the Indians could lay their hands on. Even the friendly Flatheads had been half ready to steal the horses left in their care.

At some of the villages the behavior of the natives was insulting. Once, when the half-starved party was sitting down to a meal of dog flesh an Indian jeeringly threw a live puppy into Captain Lewis's plate. In a trice the puppy was back in the Indian's face and Captain Lewis was on his feet, hatchet in hand. "Do that again," he shouted," and I'll tomahawk you!" The Indian fled.

The only time human life was taken was after the Rocky Mountains were crossed. The party had divided; Captain Clark was to float down the Yellowstone to its mou mouth and await C4ptain Lewis who was exploring the country northwest of the Great Falls. This region was hunting grounds of the Blackfeet, an unfriendly tribe, and their allies.

It was, then, a most unwelcome sight to Captain Lewis when a band of mounted Indians appeared on the plain. But it would never do for the party to show fear. One of the men raised a flag and the Indians rode up. They

were Atsinas, allies of the Blackfeet. Captain Lewis invited them to camp with him for the night.

On the border of the a stream near by, a number of poles were cut. These the Indians bent over and tied at the top, making the frame work of a rude hut or tent. The whole was snugly covered with buffalo skins. Into this the two parties,- four white men and eight Indians - now entered.

At sunrise the next morning the Indians got up, and while Fields the guard, had his back turned, tried to mahe off with the men's rifles. Fields' brother awoke, grappled with one of the thieves and in the scuffle stabbed him ~~in~~ the heart. The noise awoke Captain Lewis who caught up his rifle which the Indians had dropped and turned to peotect the horses.

~~These~~, Two of the Indians were trying to run off: ~~but~~ Captain Lewis followed them so closely that they were able to get away with only one horse. Quite out of breath and unable to run any longer the captain called out, Leave that horse or I shoot!" raised his rifle and fired. One of the Indians staggered, sunk to the ground; raised himself to fire at Captain Lewis, and crawled painfully behind a rock. He was found a little later, dead.

The whites had lost one horse and taken four in return, besides shields , bows,quivers,arrows and a gun. But ~~no time was to be lost for~~ the Indians might return with numbers at almost any moment. The men packed with lightning speed, and mounted. All day the horses were urged at a weary gallop, over ford and plain and coulee, thru herds of buffaloes, past bluff and hillock and butte. A two-hour's stop at sunset, then on again into the night. By two o' clock they had covered a hundred miles; and men ponies, utterly worn, threw themselves to rest, on the prairie. The next day they reached the Missouri and a fortnight later joined Captain Clark.

It was easy to descend the river for the boats had but to float on the current. Game was plentiful and the men were in the best of spirits. But Captain Lewis, after escaping so many perils , had now like to have lost his life.One of his hunters, a near-sighted man with one eye, mistook the captain for an elk and sent a ball thru his thigh.Even this, the captain thought, did not make him suffer like the clouds of mosquitoes that threatened to eat the party alive.

The ~~party~~ men received a generous welcome at the Mandan villages; ~~there~~ where they took leave of Charbonneau and his wife

Big White, a Mandan chief, after much talk, agreed to go w with the white men to Washington, to see the Great Father, President Jefferson.

On the twentieth of September, I806, after an absence of two years and four months, Captain Lewis landed at St. Louis. Thirty sun-bronzed,ragged men , with long beards and unkempt hair, wildly swung their caps, cheered and fired volleys as their moccasined feet touched shore. The people welcomed them as from the dead.

And so the great journey search was ended. What La. Salle and brave Verandrye had failed to do,had been done by two sturdy Virginians. Not the flag of France, nor Spain, nor of France, nor of England, but the flag of the youngest of nations had been borne across the distant Rockies to the shores of the Western sea.

55

FIFTH STORY

SAKAKAWEA

WHO LED LEWIS AND CLARK TO THE SEA

I A captive maiden

But Lewis and Clark might never have reached the sea had the Shoshoni girl, Sakakawea, not guided them. Her sto ry is romantic. Every school boy has read of Pocahontas ~~wh~~ who saved Captain Smith's life and brought corn to the starving colonists. In leading Lewis and Clark thru the highlands between the Missouri and the Columbia, Sakakawea did deed quite as noble as any by Powatan's little daughter.

Four years before Captain Lewis started on his journey west, a village of Shoshonis lay encamped at the Forks of the Missouri. It was a small village. A few families gathered here to fish and hunt were housed in wickiups, low huts of willows and boughs, or in skin covered tepees Game was acarce in the highlands and the villagers were were glad to be near the prairie country where elk and buffalo were plentiful.

But there was danger here for the prairie tribes and the prairie tribes were not friendly. Dakotas and Mandans

Arikaras and ~~Minitaris~~ Hidatsas, while fighting one another, found time to send war parties into the mountain country to fight the Shoshonis. Moreover the prairie tribes had powder and guns ~~which they bought of the traders~~ while. The Shoshonis were armed mostly with bows and arrows.

One need not wonder then at the fright of the villagers when a band of ~~Minitari~~ Hidatsa warriors was sighted galloping up the valley. "~~Minitaris~~ Hidatsas-run!" was the cry caught up from mouth to mouth. Wickiups and tepees were soon deserted. Mothers slung young babies children on their backs and ran wildly up the Jefferson. Three miles above, the river widened and grew shoal; and on the farther side swamp and forest growth offered hiding.

On came the Minitaris whooping and lashing their little ponies to a furious gallop. The Shoshoni warriors seeing the enemy was too strong for them mounted their ponies and fled. A few , braver than the rest, sought cover and strung their bows. The fight was soon over. Four men and a as many women were killed. A number of young boys were ov overtaken, struck down and scalped. This was butchery,- but all war is butchery.

Vibrating palm upon mouth the Minitaris whooped their joy at victory and busied themselves at bringing in their

captives. A few of the Shoshoni boys and most of the women had been spared. They were to be taken to the Minitari villages on the Missouri, six hundred miles away.

Among the ~~captives~~ Rivermen was a young girl about twelve years of age, taken as she was trying to ford the river. This was Sakakawea, or Bird Woman, as her captors called her. a afterwards.

The return journey was a weary one. Besides the toil of the long marches all the camp drudgery was theirs. to the captives. However the ~~Minitari~~ Hidatsa towns were reached at last.

Many Frenchmen in the employ of the fur companies visited the Indian villages on the Missouri. Such a one was Charbonneau, who wandered to the Minitari lodges, hunting, trapping or interpreting for the traders. He saw Sakakawea andwas pleased with her. Two or three years after her capture he bought her, Indian fashion, and made her his wife.

It wasthis young girl whom Captain Lewis would have guide him thru the Rocky Mountain highlands. Her tribe, the Shoshonis, had long used to pass forth and back from between the headwaters of the Columbia ~~to the headwaters of~~ and the Missouri. When therefore Captain Lewis bargained with her husband to go as interpreter it was agreed that Sakakawea and her two-months babe should be of the party.

The Virginian's trust in the Indian girl was well placed Indian children study prairie and mountain as white children study books; they are taught to le note and learn every land mark- every hillock and stream, every butte and bluff and coulee. Sakakaweas childhood training came thus in good use. From the day the Shoshoni country was entered she became a sure guide for every land mark was known to her.

By the end of July she was able to tell the party that they were nearing the Forks of the Missouri.
"The big river forks into three," she told them."On the banks ofa creek we have just passed, my people come to ge get a white clay, for paint." A few days later they encamped on the very spot where the Shoshonis had their huts five years before when the Minitaris attacked them.Fire and storm and decay had left little trace of the flimsy lodges.

The party made their way slowly up the Jefferson, a crooked stream and so shallow that it scarcely floated their canoes. A fortnight after .leaving the Forks a butte was sighted which the Indian girl said was called from its shape the Beaver Head."Beyond it," she said ,"lies the summer home of the Shoshonis. On this river, or on the next, you will find my people."
And indeed it was important that the Shoshoni camp be found soon.

found soon. The season was already well into August and no none knew how many leagues of mountain country lay to the west. Hoping to find some trace of the Indians, Captain Lewis with four men went ahead by land, leaving Captain Cl Clark to bring up the canoes.

An Indian trail was found ~~which~~ followed for some days by Captain Lewis and his party, ~~followed. Some days later~~ when they came suddenly upon two Shoshoni women and a young girl. The younger of the wo women fled; the two others, seeing they could not escape, sat with bowed heads as if to awaiting the stroke of the tomahawk.Captain put down his rifle and rolled up his sl sleeve. "Tabba bone - white man!" he cried, pointing to his white skin.

He gave the woman and her child some small presents. -beads, awls, mirrors and a little paint. The younger woman now returned and Captain Lewis rubbed the tawny cheeks of all three with red paint. This among the Shoshonis was a sign of friendship.

The Indian women were now asked by signs to lead the white men to their camp. To this they readily agreed. and the party had gone some two miles when they met a band of about sixty warriors riding toward them at full speed. Captain Lewis dropped his gun and waved a flag. A chief

with two warriors rode up and calling to the women asked who the strangers were. "White men," they answered, at the same time showing the presents they had received. The chief leaped from his horse and embraced Captain Lewis putting his left cheek against the Captain's right and crying,"Ah-hi-e ,- I am much pleased!" The greeting was friendly but it left a good deal of paint grease and paint on Captain Lewis's face.

The chief's name was Cameahwait. He invited Captain Lew Lewis and his men to the Shoshoni camp where an all-night dance was held in their honor. A day or two later the Indians and their white friends journeyed down to the river to await Captain Clark.

II ~~Across the mountains to the great river.~~
Meeting of old friends.

On the morning of the seventeenth of August, Captain Clark was strolling along the river where his men were poling the canoes. Sakakawea and her husband had come ashore and were walking some distance ahead. Suddenly the Indian woman began to leap and dance as if in wildest joy. She turned and pointed to some Indians on horseback ~~at the same time~~ sucking her fingers to show that they were of her tribe.

As the horsemen drew near Captain Clark saw that one was Captain Lewis's man Drewer mounted and dressed as an Indian. He bore a ~~most~~ welcome message to the men in the canoes.

"Captain Lewis with a large band of Shoshonis awaits you in camp," he said. "We have come to take you to him."

Captain Clark at once joined the horsemen and all went forward, the Indians singing as they rode to show their welcome to the white men. As they came into camp a young woman rushed from the crowd, gazed into Sakakawea's face and threw herself into her arms. The two had been playmates when children; both were taken captive, but one had escaped.

Meanwhile Captain Clark had been received by Captain Lewis and the Indians and taken into a hut or Wickiup of willows. A white robe was spread for him to sit upon and the chief Cameahwait tied six small shells in his

hair.The company then took off their moccasins. This was a Shoshoni custom meaning," May we wander thru the world barefoot if we break our friendship with you."

The peace pipe was passed with much ceremony and the council began. Sakakawea was now sent for. She came into the hut, sat down ans was beginning to interpret when she stopped and gazed fixedly into the chief's face. In a moment she sprang to her feet and ran to him throwing her blanket over his face and wweping violently. The chief,too, was deeply moved. He was her brother.

~~After~~ when the council ~~was~~ ended, the poor girl learned that nearly all her family were dead. The chief, Cameahwait, another brother and a little boy, the son of an elder sister,were all that were living; this boy, Sakakawea adopted.

The finding of Sakakawea's brother was a fortunate thing for the white men. The Shoshonis had been so long at war with the prairie tribes that they were ready to believe every one an enemy that who came up the Missouri. They had been half minded to fall on Captain Lewis and his party. ~~Only~~ Sakakawea set the minds of the Indians at rest.

With the Shoshonis hostile, the expedition could hardly have forced a passage their way afoot thru the mountains. Without horses, they could carry little or no baggage and they would have had to fight every inch of the way.

Nor were the Indians at all mean foes. Tho armed only with bows and arrows, they were well mounted and knew every inch of the ground. Their thick shields of smoked buffalo hide were strong enough to turna soft bullet. Even their queer armor of many folds of antelope skin made firm with glue and sand, was of some protection against rifle fire.

But the Indian girl's joy at returning to her tribe was somewhat dashed when a middle-aged warrior came in one day and laid claim to her. It was a custom among the Shoshonis for parents to betroth an infant daughter, often to a man full grown. The daughter would remain with her parents until old enough to be given to her husband. Sakakawea had been thus betrothed to a warrior before she was taken prisoner; altho he was twice her age and had two wives already, he still claimed her. However, when he found he should not only have to ~~take an extra~~ support another wife but a healthy six-months-old baby, he thought better of it."I do not want her," he said,much to Charbonneau's relief.

Captain Lewis was eager to proceed and the men busied themselves making ready for the start. The Shoshonis owned good horses which they sold at a fair price. An old man was pointed out who knew the mountain passes. Cameahwait, with a stick, drew a map of the Columbia-river country, using little heaps of sand to represent the mountains. He had not, himself, been to the mouth of the ~~great river~~

great river but had heard of it thru the Nez Perce Indians.

""The river," he told Lewis,"runs for many days' journey toward the setting sun.There it flows into a great lak lake whose waters are bitter and cannot be drunk. White men live there."

On the way thru the mountains and down the Columbia; and again, on the long journey back, Sakakawea was a good helper to her white friends. She bore the hardships without complaint altho having to care for her babe who had fallen sick. When food was scarce, she showed the men how to prepare and cook the ~~strange~~ roots which they bought of the natives. Captain Lewis always speaks of her with generous praise.

An interesting adventure happened after the ~~party had~~ expedition arrived at the coast. Fort Clatsop was not on the sea shore but some miles inland. Two men who had been to the beach making salt, brought word that a whale had been washed ashore and the Indians were stripping off its blubber. This was good news. Blubber fat was a fair substitute for butter and would be welcome to men whose daily mess wa was roots and dog flesh. Captain Clark packed ap bundle of goods and made ready to go down to the coast. ~~and buy some of the blubber. When this was known,~~ Sakakawea ~~and~~ her husband asked to be taken along. asked to be taken along.

"I have come with you a long way

"I have come ~~with you~~ a long way," said the poor girl "to behold the big water. Yet I have never been down to the shore of the bitter lake; and now this monstrous fish is to be seen! It is a hard thing if I may see neither the ocean nor the whale."

"You shall go with us'," said Captain Clark, kindly. The next morning they set out with twelve men and two canoes.

They reached the salt-makers' camp the following day. "Here says Captain Clark,"we coaxed a young Indian with the present of a file and some small goods to guide us to the spot where the whale lay."

The way led along the coast for a mile or two, then by a steep path up the side of a mountain.A two hours' climb brought the party to the top.Here they looked out upon a most delightful scene. Beneath them lay the vast ocean, stretching miles and miles westward,its huge waves dashing in and breaking furiously against the rocky coast. Into ~~this~~ it rolled the Columbia, itself almost a fresh-water sea, studded on either side with the slab-built villages of the Indians.

Such a scene could appeal to the heart of even an Indian woman; not even the great whale seemed more wonderful, whose skeleton, strippedof of flesh and blubber lay stretched a hundred and five feet on the sea shore.

On the return journey, Sakakawea sailed with Captain Clarkés fleet down the Yellowstone. This wasnew country to the white men and the Indian girl again became their guide.

At the Mandan villages the long voyage, for Sakakawea and her husband was over. Charbonneau was paid five hundred dollars for his services. His wife received only the gratitude of her white friends.

was put in charge of Ensign Pryor, one of Lewis and Clark's best men.

In the chief's party were his wife and child and his interpreter. Pryor himself had fourteen men. To these were ~~also~~ joined a trader, Chouteau, with thirty-two men, on ~~their~~ his way to the Mandan villages to trade.

The expedition left St. Louis in ~~late~~ spring of 1807 ~~and~~ passage ~~slowly~~ up the ~~Missouri~~. Nothing of moment happened until September when the Arikara villages were sighted. ~~The Indians here had met~~ had here met Lewis and Clark with kindness and were thought to be ~~mischievous~~; but to Pryor's ~~great~~ surprise as his boats came abreast the lower village, several guns were fired across his bow; ~~Pryor~~ he at once ordered his men to stop rowing.

"Why do you fire?" shouted his interpreter to the Indians.

"We want you to land; we have proviaions to sell " they answered.

Not wishing to displease the Indians, Pryor ran his boats to shore and landed. He now learned that the Mandans and Arikaras were at war and that a band of Tetons, enemies of the Mandans, were also in the village. A captive woman who came aboard brought news even more alarming.

"The trader Lisa," she said,"passed up the river a short time since. He told the Indians that a party of white men would soon arrive with a Mandan chief aboard the boats. ~~Th~~ The Arikaras will try to get you ashore that they may kill the chief."

Pryor was quick to act. "Go into the cabin," he called to the chief. "Block the door;" and to his men,"Stand to your arms,- keep cool!" He then turned to the Indians. "This chief is a friend of the Great Father; I will defend his life with my own!" he cried; and ordered his boatmen to go on. They did so, leaving the Indians in very ill humor.

But the trouble was not over. Pryor wished to see the chief of the upper village and landed there for the purpose.The chief came down to the boats bent on mischief.

"We want you to sent the Mandan chief ashore with us," he told Pryor.

"I'll do nothing of the kind ," answered Pryor angrily "The Great Father has given the chief into my keeping and I'll fight before you shall harm him."

The Indians grew more threatening and Pryor made ready to push off. Suddenly one of Chouteau's men was felled with a gun; the Indians raised the war whoop poured a volley into the boats and rushed to cover among the willows that lined the bank.

Pryor's ~~own~~ men were trained regulars and in Chouteau's crew were grizzled old Indian fighters who had long used to be wary. They were not therefore taken wholly by surprise. But there was need for steadiness. Chouteau's barge had drifted on a sand bar and was grounded ~~fast with in easy rifle shot of the bank.~~ His crew leaped into the current and dragged their craft to deeper water. The boats were then pushed to mid stream and let drift while the Indians followed and poured in a brisk fire from shore.

An Indian chief,- one of the visiting Tetons,- was very bold in the fight. He had been aboard Pryor's boat and was plainly marked as he wore a white bandage about his head. A little before sun-down he was seen running with some of his warriors to reach a point of land which the boat must pass. He was picked off by a rifleman and killed. His warriors then gave up the pursuit.

Four white men were slain in the battle and nine wounded. How many Indians were killed was never known.

Pryor offered to take the Mandan chief the rest of the way home by land, thus avoiding the hostile villages. To this the chief would not agree; and the expedition returned to St. Louis.

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Pryor offered to leave the boats and escort the Mandan ~~the rest of the way~~ home by land, thus avoiding the hostile villages. To this ~~the~~ Big White ~~chief~~ would not agree; ~~and~~ the expedition therefore returned to St. Louis. Not until two years later was the chief given back to his tribe.

Seventh

~~SIXTH~~ STORY

LISA THE TRADER

who founded the Missouri Fur Company.

~~AND CHIEF BIG WHITE'S RETURN TO HIS TRIBE~~

We have seen how ~~the~~ French settlers, who fled English rule founded St. Louis, and traded for furs with the Missouri- river tribes. This was done when Louisana belonged to Spain. It seems strange that the Spaniards who loved gold so well, did not try to seize this rich fur trade for themselves; but the Spanish are a sun-loving folk who have no liking for snow and frost; and fur-bearing animals thrive only in cold countries.

However, the fur trade came to boast one man whose bolld was Spanish. This was Manuel Lisa, born at New Orleans in I772.

Of Lisa's early life not much is known. His father had come to Louisiana soon after the province became Spanish. Lisa himself went to St. Louis when a lad. In this frontier town of traders and boatmen he soon won a place for himself and in I800 was granted right to trade with the Indians on the Osage river.

When Lewis and Clark came returned from their journey r to the west, they brought wonderful tales of the country about the headwaters of the Missouri. "The streams swarm with beaver," they said, "and there are countless herds of buffalo." Lisa was quick to see what the new country of-

~~buffalo. Lisa was quick to see what the new country~~

~~ground to the fur trade. The man who first got on the~~

buffalo. Lisa was quick to see what the new country offered to the fur trade. The man who first got on the ground would win a rich trade in pelts; and Lisa hoped to be the man.

Before spring came again he had ready an expedition to go up the Missouri. With a party of French river men he dragged a keel boat loaded with goods to the mouth of the Big Horn where he built a post; Fort Lisa he called it. The next yeqr he was back in St. Louis organizing the St. Louis Missouri Fur Company, or the Missouri Fur Company as it is more often called.

This was the first great fur company to trade in Missouri river territory under American rule.

There were two men in St.Louis who received Lisa with scant welcome. They were Pryor and Chouteau. Lisa, two years before had warned the Arikaras of Big white's coming thus leading the Indians to attack Pryor's boats. Chouteau believed the trader had done this with a purpose. "He wanted the tribe to attack us," he told Pryor; "Lisa knows I am a rival trader ; he wishes to keep the river trade for himself." Lisa seems to have

appeased the ~~II~~ two men: Chouteau became one of his partners in the Missouri Fur Company.

Lewis ~~was~~ has been made governor of the Louisiana territory the year following his return from the coast. He ~~did~~ had not forget his promise to Big White. When he learned that the Missouri fur Company was making ready a second expedition for Fort Lisa, Lewis asked that the Mandan chief be taken in the party. After some talk and the payment by the governor of a round sum the company agreed.

The expedition, a hundred and fifty strong, left St. Louis in the spring of 1809. By agreement with Lewis there were in the party forty American riflemen, making a force strong enough to beat off almost any Indian attack. The voyage was without mishap. The Arikaras had not forgotten Pryor's stout fight of two years before and had no wish to risk another battle.

On the way up parties were left to build trading posts on Cedar island and at villages of the Arikaras, Mandans and ~~Minitaris~~ Hidatsas. Big White was welcomed back to his tribe who had almost given him up for dead. The main expedition passed on to the Yellowstone, reaching Fort Lisa before winter.

As head of the Missouri Fur Company Lisa did much to open up the Missouri-river territory to trade. He was well fitted for such a task for he knew every detail of the fur trade and was a keen judge of men.

The company did not always have an easy time of it. We have seen how Captain Lewis, on his way back from the coast, was attacked by a band of thieving Blackfeet and that two of the thieves were killed. Their tribe never for got this injury and for years murdered every white man that fell in their hands. The men at Fort Lisa were way-laid more than once by these murderous robbers.

With the prairie tribes- Dakotas, Arikaras, ~~Minitaris~~ Hidatsas and Mandans- Lisa had great influence. When war broke out with England in I8I2 many of the eastern tribes took up arms for the English king; it was thought at the time that British agents were trying to excite the prairie tribes to war. Lisa was then agent for the Missouri-river Indians; he not only kept them loyal to the Great Father ~~at Washington~~ but even sent out war parties against the tribes that were friendly to the king.

Lisa was at the head of the St. Louis fur trade until his death, in I820. X X X X X X X X 24 P

He was a type of the pioneers of the western waters-restless traders who explored the rivers and opened the way for men who till the soil. Like most of the fur traders he was not always nice about the rights of others. However he should be held in gratitude for keeping the prairie tribes quiet in the bloody war with England.

He was twice married, the second time to an American lady. The marriage was a happy one but had its drawbacks Lisa spoke English poorly; his wife knew not a word of Spanish. Their efforts to be understood caused much merriment to their friends. This the doughty trader took all in good part. "My wife and I,- when we talk it is with trouble," he would say good-humoredly.

SEVENTH STORY.

WILLIAM ASHLEY
AND HIS DEFEAT BY THE ARIKARAS

The Missouri Fur Company declined after Lisa's death; but other tradinf firms arose. In March of 1822 William Ashley and Andrew Henry formed a partnership which they named the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. A month later Henry left St. Louis with a hundred men and two keel boats for the Three Forks of the Missouri.

The party had mishaps. One of their boats struck a snag and sunk; and a band of thieving Assiniboines ran off all their horses. The expedition, much delayed, reached the mouth of the Yellowstone in the fall; they halted and built a fort.

"We will winter here," Henry told his men."We can trap beaver in the streams and trade with the Indians. Ashley will follow us with supplies in the spring."

Winter passed. The boom of breaking ice had hardly ceased on the turbid Missouri when Ashley left St. Louis with the supplies. His party was of the same strength as Henry's, with two keel boats. Progress was slow; the clayey banks, soft under the spring thaws, gave poor footing to the towers. The march was without accident until the Arikara villages were sighted the last of May.

These villages, two in number, stood on the west bank of the Missouri, a little above the mouth of the Grand river. In each were ~~some~~ about seventy earth lodges. The towns were well fenced with pickets, fifteen feet high; outside the pickets ran a ditch.

Ashley advanced with caution, his men looking grimly to their rifles as a bend in the channel swept the lower town into view. The Arikaras were a fickle tribe; but a month before, they had attacked a trading post, losing two warriors; it was feared they were in an ugly mood.

Abreast the village, the boats were shoved out in the stream and anchored. Ashley went ashore and was met by some of the chiefs.

"I want to buy horses," he told them. "Ask your chief men to come down to the sand beach opposite my boats. There we will talk of the trade." His men were making up a party to go overland to Henry's camp; the horses were wanted for mounts.

After some delay, the chiefs and leading warriors of both villages gathered on the beach and Ashley addressed them.

"You have lost two warriors in a fight with white men," he said boldly. "Do not try to harm me! My young men are armed and will fight."

The chiefs professed friendship. "Have no fear," they grunted. "Our angry feelings are no longer stirred

up."

Trading began, continuing thru the next day. The new-bought herd was then rounded up on the beach and a guard of forty men- the party that was to go overland- was sent ashore, with orders to camp there for the night. Ashley himself went aboard one of the boats.

Shortly before sunrise the trader was rudely awakened. "The Indians are up," he was told. "They have killed one of our men; and we expect an attack."

Ashley sprang up, hastened on deck and put his men under arms; day was breaking and the party on shore could be seen making ready for the attack; Firing began at sunrise. "Look out, we are going to shoot!" yelled the Indians to Rose, Ashley's half breed interpreter; and the whole line of picketing fronting the river burst into a sheet of flame.

The boats were too far out in the stream to be much harmed by the Indians' fire and the brunt of the attack fell upon the shore party. The situation of these men became grave. The beach offered them no kind of shelter while the enemy, creeping into the near-by timber, could pour in a galling fire at close range. The Indians were well armed. Some had bows; but the greater number owned fusils,- smooth- bore carbines bought of the traders.

Ashley's party fought cooly, using their ponies as a breast work Many of the men were skilled riflemen, used

to Indian warfare; but their fire could do little harm to an enemy who would not leave cover. Ashley himself paced the deck of his boat anxiously watching the fight; plainly the battle was against him.

"Save the ponies," he called out."Swim the herd across the river out of gun shot." This the men tried to do but found the Indians' fire too hot and gave over the attempt.

Many of the horses were now down and some of the men; it began to look as if the shore party would be slain to a man; Ashley turned to his boatmen.

"Weigh anchor- move the boats in shore and take on the men! " he cried.

His French boatmen proved cowards. "Non, non,- we be keeled!" they moaned; they would neither man the oars nor fight.

Two small skiffs were gotten to shore but the men on the beach would not come aboard. "We will fight it out!" they cried, as they rammed ball and powder down the muzzles of their rifles A few wounded and three men whose courage was oozing were all that would leave the beach.

The larger of the skiffs brought her passengers safely aboard one of the keel boats; she had put back and was nearing the beach when her oarsmen were shot down and the

boat went adrift.

The shore party was now in a desperate plight. Most of their horses were killed; half the men were down, and the enemy's fire had not slackened; seeing the ~~useless-~~ struggle ~~ness of the struggle~~ was useless, the survivors threw away their weapons and amid a shower of bullets plunged in the river and swam to the boats; Several of the wounded were swept away by the current and drowned.

The battle lasted but a quarter of an hour after actual firing began; of Ashley's party fourteen were killed and nine wounded; all the horses and much other property was destroyed. The loss of the Arikaras was small.

His men safely aboard, Ashley weighed anchor and drifted down to the mouth of the Cheyenne; here the boats put ashore and a courier was sent speeding away to the Yellowstone to tell Henry of his partner's defeat; It was Ashley's wish to fortify camp and await reinforcements; but his French boatmen had little stomach for fighting; Of the Americans, ~~some thirty elected to stay; the rest with the wounded~~ about thirty volunteered to remain with him. The French boatmen, having little stomach for fighting, & with the wounded were put aboard one of the boats and sent down the river.

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A letter has come down to us written by one of

Ashley's men to the father of one, Gardner, killed in the fight. It is an interesting example of a borderman's style. We give it as it is in the original.

[a]Dr Sir: My painfull duty it is to tell you of the [b]deth of [a]yr son[d]wh befell at the hands of the indians 2d June in the early morning. He lived a little while after he was shot and asked me to inform you of his sad fate. We brought him to the ship when he soon died. Mr. Smith a young man of our company made a powerful [ε]prayr wh moved us all greatly and I am persuaded John died in peace. His body we buried with others near this camp and marked the grave with a log. His things we will send to you. The savages are greatly treacherous. We traded with them as friends but after a great storm of rain and thunder they came at us before light and many were hurt. I myself was shot in the leg. Master Ashley is bound to stay in these parts till the traitors are rightly punished.

Yr [ζ]Obt [η]Svt

-Hugh Glass.

[a] Dear
[b] death
[c] your
[d] which
[ε] prayer
[ζ] Obedient
[η] Servant

EIGHTH STORY

COLONEL HENRY LEAVENWORTH
AND THE ARIKARA CAMPAIGN OF 1812 23

While Ashley's courier was speeding northward to Henry's camp, another messenger was on his way to Fort Atkinson, the nearest military post on the Missouri; his arrival at the fort made much stir among the officers."The trader Ashley has been defeated," they were told."He now lies antrenched with thirty men near the Cheyenne river;he fears another attack." Not only Ashley's force was in danger but other white men, hunters and trappers who had not heard of the fight.

Commanding the troops at Fort Atkinson was Colonel Henry Leavenworth, a brave officer who had seen service in the war of 1812. Knowing Ashley's danger, Leavenworth set about forming a relief expedition;and four days after the messenger's arrival, left the fort with two hundred and twenty men. Supplies were in three keel boats; two six-pound cannon and some swivels made up a small park of artillery.

The troops were joined on the way up by a company of white volunteers;and by a large body of Dakota warriors eager to plunder the Arikara cornfields.The Dakotas has little love for the hard work of planting;but they were fond of raiding the fields of their neighbors.

The expedition progressed slowly; the Missouri was in its June rise and the towers dragging the heavy cordelle waded breast-deep in ooze and water, ~~as they dragged the heavy cordelle~~. One ~~mishap~~ accident occurred like that of Henry a year before.; a keel boat broke across a snag and sunk, drowning seven men; almost as serious a loss was the fifty-seven muskets buried with them in the swirling current.

Reinforced ~~meanwhile~~ from Henry's camp, Ashley withdrew ~~had~~ his forces from the Cheyenne and marched down to meet Leavenworth, their united commands ~~mustering~~ numbering three hundred and fifty men; besides these were the Dakota allies, about eight hundred in number, some of them armed with bows. The Arikaras were reckoned at seven hundred warriors.

On the eighth of August- the forty-seventh day of the march- the expedition halted at a point twenty-five miles below the hostile villages; the whole command was landed; a scouting party of Dakota braves was sent ahead to trick the Arikaras into thinking the attack a raid by their old enemies; the main body under Leavenworth followed after.

Attack was made the next morning. The Dakotas had pressed on in advance of the troops, intending to surround the towns and cut off escape; but not loath to fight their old enemies, the Arikaras came pouring out of the lower town and met the Dakotas a half mile below at the edge of a prairie plain. made a stand

The battle opened with whoops and much rattle of musketry; Indian- like the Arikaras sought cover; several Dakotas fell; the rest began to give way; knowing the fickleness of his allies, Leavenworth rushed forward the main body of his troops, when the Arikaras fled, leaving ten dead.

The troops pursued them a short distance, halting to await the cannon that were being ~~transported~~ brought by boat. Following their custom the Dakotas dismembered the bodies of their dead enemies; ~~or~~ some amused themselves by playing ~~over one of them~~ what they called "White Bear;" a grizzly's skin was thrown over the shoulders of a stalwart brave who imitated a bear's motions by walking around on his hands and knees and smelling ~~the~~ a dead body; sometimes he would cut off pieces of flesh ~~and eat them.~~ and eat the The whites were warned away lest they "injure the medicine." Tiring at last of their disgusting play, the Indians withdrew and spent the rest of the day ~~stripping~~ plundering the enemy's cornfields.

The cannon having arrived, attack was renewed the next morning. One of the six-pounders was mounted against the lower village and round shot was sent hurtling thru the huddled lodges, splintering posts and raising a cloud of dust. The first shot killed Grey Eyes, a bold but mischievous chieftain who had led the attack upon Ashley; a second shot cut down the villagerss medicine pol pole. Little further damage was done. The Arikara lodges w were dug a foot or two into the ground; it was easy for th the villagers to lie on the dirt floor and let the shot pass overhead.

Meanwhile the other six-pounder had been dragged to a position before the upper village; here too the bombardment was a failure; the cannon had been planted at so high an angle that the shot passed over the village and fell with much plashing into the muddy bosom of the Missouri.

It was plain the defenses were not to be battered down by two small cannon. Leavenworth now thought to carry the towns by storm; Ashleys men doubted if this could be done. " The picketing is too strong," they said,"and the Dakotas tell us that a new ditch has been dug inside the line. ~~The Arikaras will fight to the last.~~'" The plan to storm the villages was given up.

It was now mid afternoon. Leavenworth withdrew his forces from the upper village and the whole command moved back and camped by the boats. Fires were lighted and a meal was ~~prepared~~ cooked; the troops then marched to the enemy's cornfields which they stripped for provisions. Some of the men had been without supplies for two days.

Toward evening a dozen chiefs came out of the village with offers of peace. They begged the white men not to fire any more. "Many of our people have been killed and we are all in tears," they said. Perhaps they were less frightened than they pretended.

"You must restore to Ashley all the property you stole of him," Leavenworth told the chiefs.

A peace pipe was brought and solemnly passed; and the Indians laid down a present of twelve robes.

Thus ended the day, in a way not very pleasing to the Dakotas. They had hoped to see the Arikara defenses breached and the towns taken for they had expected great theigs of the white men's cannon. Caring only for plunder they made off during the night, taking with them six government mules and seven of 'Ashley's horses.

The next morning the interpreter Rose and two offi~~cers were let~~ into the Arikara village. Later in the day a number of chiefs came out and a treaty was signed; the Indians agreed to restore Ashley's property and promised n not again to molest any white trader.

cers were let into the Arikara village. Later in the day a treaty was signed. The Indians agreed to restore Ashley's property and promised not again to molest any white trader.

The soldiers and Indians mingled freely. The Arikaras surrendered three of Ashley's rifles, one horse and sixteen robes. They were told this was not enough. Chief Little Soldier came out to parley.

"We can do no more," he told Leavenworth; " The chiefs of the upper village say they had nothing to do with the attack on the white trader and they will give us no help. Besides, Grey Eyes, who made all the trouble is now dead."

Evidently the Indians were going to evade the treaty if they could. Rose too brought in grave news. "The village women are packing up, as if to escape," he told Leavenworth. The officers were for attacking the village at once; loath to shed blood, their commander waited.

In the morning the Indians' lodges were found deserted. Four days afterwards the troops reembarked, leaving the villages in flames.

The campaign had brought little glory to the troops. The only hard fighting had been done by the Dakotas who went home with a mean opinion of the whites. As for the Arikaras, they grew bolder than ever; several trappers were murdered by them before the troops had well withdrawn; ~~for years they were known as the worst Indians on the plains.~~

It is pleasing to learn that the St. Louis Fur Company became a powerful firm, and Ashley died a wealthy and honored man.

NINTH STORY

HUGH GLASS

AND HIS FAMOUS ESCAPE FROM A GRIZZLY

It will be remembered that one of Ashley's men, Hugh Glass, wrote a letter telling of the trader's defeat and the killing of Gardner. Glass was one of the men who hunted and trapped for the fur companies. A hardy lot were these trappers; many a stirring tale of danger was heard at their camp fires. Glass's adventures have become famous in western story.

Of Glass's early life little is known. He was born in Pennsylvania and came west, very likely at an early age. We next find him with Ashley, in that trader's ill-fated expedition of 1823; he is spoken if, even then, as an old man. Glass fought, as wee have seen, in the battle wit with the Arikaras and was wounded in the leg.

After Leavenworth's campaign ended, Ashley's partner Henry, with eighty men, set out a second time for the Yellowstone. Old Glass was one of the party. Their way lay up the Grand river, thru thickets of undergrowth and dwarf plum. Glass was an experienced hunter and was sent ahead, with a companion , to kill game; for the party drew their food from their daily hunt.

The fifth day out, Glass was forcing his way thru a thicket at some distance in advance of the party; suddenly he came upon a large she grizzly lying down in the sand with her cubs. The lock of an old style rifle was mounted with double triggers which had to be set before the piece could be discharged; before Glass could bring hi rifle to aim or even set his triggers, the bear was upon him; she seized him by the throat, lifted him ~~fro~~ off his feet and flung him to the ground;tearing off a mouthfull of his ~~fleah~~ she turned and gave it to her cubs, that were near by.

Glass was struggling to his feet to escape when the bear pounced upon him again. Growling savagely, she sunk her fangs in his shoulder and dragged him down, clawing and biting at his arms and hands. ~~By this time~~ Glass's companion ~~had come~~ now came up and ~~was making war on~~ attacked the ~~ou~~ half-grown cubs; one of them chased him so hotly that he leaped into the river; standing waist deep in the water he reloaded ~~his~~ his rifle and shot the cub dead.

The main party ~~now rushed up~~ had arrived having heard the firing and the cries of the men for help. The bear fell, under a volley of shots, almost upon the body of her victim.

The condition of the wounded hunter was pitiable ~~seemed well nigh hopeless~~. His ~~whole~~ body was mangled in a most frightful manner. He could not stand on his feet. No surgeon was in the party who could dress his wounds and he was suffering terrible pain. His companions, ~~the~~ loath to leave him, yet dared not delay the expedition; to take him with them was impossible. For a purse of eighty dollars one, Fitzgerald, and a lad whose name is un ~~not~~ known, agreed to remain with Glass until he should die or so far recover hi that he could be removed to the nearest trading post. The rest of the company went on.

Fitzgerald and the lad. stayed with the sick man five days and then deserted him, first stealing his knife and rifle. "He's bound to die anyway," Fitzgerald told his companion; and the wounded hunter was left, without food or weapons, to perish.

But Glass did not die; wrath at the treachery of his companions seemed to give him new life. "I'll live, if only to get even," he muttered, as he dragged himself thru his lonely camp. There was a spring near by; thither he crept, to find a few choke cherries and buffalo berries growing overhead; with these for food and the bushes for a covering he ~~lay for days, nursing~~ slowly nursed back his strength. He was still unable to stand when he had the hardihood to set out for Ft. Kiowa a hundred miles away on the Missouri.

It was a terrible undertaking; ~~for~~ the sick man had neither food nor weapon and the country was infested by hostile Indians. A stroke of fortune saved him.

Creeping painfully along one day he espied a pack of wolves worrying a buffalo calf. Glass hid until the calf was dead, then boldly appeared and drove the wolves away. The torn and bloody carcass was no unwelcome feast to the famished man; he eagerly tore off the yet warm flesh and devoured it raw. Somewhat strengthened, he continued on his way, reaching Fort Kiowa in greatest distress.

Glass's stay at the fort was short; while he was still weak from his wounds ~~when~~ he joined himself to a party of trappers who were passing in a boat bound for the Yellowstone; thirsting for revenge, he was impatient to reach Henry's fort where he expected to find his two faithless companions.

As the party neared the Mandan villages, Glass thought to save time by going across a bend in the river to Tilton's fort, and there await the boat; this move saved his life; for on the following day his companions were set upon by Arikaras and massacred to a man; unknown to Glass, these treacherous Indians had lately removed up the river and taken abode near the Mandans.

Glass narrowly escaped a like fate. He had nearly reached the fort when he unexpectedly met two squaws whom he knew to be Arikaras; vainly he sought to conceal himself ; the squaws alarmed their tribesmen who at once started in pursuit. Glass was too feeble from his wounds to fly. His enemies had nearly caught up with him when some friendly Mandans galloped up, seized the fleeing hunter and dragged him into the fort.

not caring ~~to remain~~ ~~Glass had no wish~~ to remain near such dangerous neighbors; Glass ~~that night he~~ left the fort that night and set off alone ~~set out~~ on a five-hundred-mile tramp to the Yellowstone; ~~the thirty-eighth day out~~ the 38th day out; he reached Henry's fort ~~where~~ he was received as from the dead. "Fitzgerald and the boy told us you had died," exclaimed the astonished trappers as they crowded about their long-lost comrade. Glass now learned, much to his disgust , that his two faithless companions had gone to Fort Atkinson. But he was not to be balked. "No matter," he cried; "I'll follow them!" He took service as a messenger to carry a despatch to Fort Atkinson and with four men left the post on the twenty eighth of February, 1824.

The blizzards of our northern prairies make traveling perilous in the snow months; to be caught in such one of these storms without shelter means death; Glass led his party eastward ~~down the Missouri~~ to ~~until~~ the valley of the Powder river ~~was reached~~, then turned south, intending ~~determined to~~ follow up the stream toward its source; the woods that lined the river's banks would yield game while the thick undergrowth offered shelter against storm. From the head of the Powder river, a two days' journey ~~across the prairie~~ would bring the party to the banks of the Platte.

The latter river was reached after the winter's ice had broken; bull boats were built and the party made ready to float leisurely down to Fort Atkinson; they had passed out of the foothills and were well on their way when to their dismay they ran into a camp of Arikaras. The Indians were a part of Grey Eyes' band, the chief who had been killed the summer before by a shot from Leavenworth's cannon; their new leader's name was Elk Tongue.

The Indians crowdwd ~~down~~ to the river front, protesting friendship and inviting the whites to land; their chief was no stranger to Glass; the hunter indeed had once spent a winter in Elk Tongue's lodge and they had smoked and hunted together. As Glass stepped from his canoe the old chief embraced him as a brother; the white men were invited to come to the chief's tent.

A pipe was passed and Glass had all but forgotten his fears when suddenly a child screamed; Glass looked around; to his astonishment he saw some squaws ~~had~~ bearing away his men's weapons. ~~stripped his canoes and were bearing off the plunder to their tents.~~ ~~Well~~ Knowing well what this meant, the little party sprang to their feet and fled. Glass concealed himself behind some rocks; two of his men were overtaken and killed, one within a few feet of his hiding place.

Glass kept ~~himself~~ in hiding until the Indians had given ~~gave~~ up their search; fearing then to continue down the Platte, he set off ~~once more~~ over the for Fort Kiowa. He was again without a rifle; but the season was spring ~~His only weapon was his knife; but as it was in the spring of the year~~ when the buffalo calves were quite young; ~~he did not lack for meat~~ the hunter could overtake the little animals & kill them with his knife; ~~and~~ with flint and steel he could strike a fire. ¶ Glass ~~He~~ reached Fort Kiowa in fifteen days; thence to Fort Atkinson was an easy journey down the Missouri; he ~~Glass~~ arrived at the latter post on the twenty-fourth of

June, [illegible].

Here ~~at last~~ he found Fitzgerald; but after all his toils to run his enemy to earth Glass had to give up his hope of revenge. For two trappers to fight out a quarrel with knife or gun was common enough on the border; but Fitzgerald had ~~now~~ enlisted in the army; it was a grave offense to molest a man in uniform and Glass wisely concluded to forget his wrongs; his other betrayer, a mere lad, he had already forgiven.

The commander of the post ordered the hunter's property restored to him ~~given up~~ and even let him draw supplies from the garrison's stores. ~~In the barracks~~ Glass became the ~~quite a~~ hero of the barracks; the soldiers never tired hearing him tell of his marvelous escapes.

It is sad to learn that Glass fell at last by his old enemies the Arikaras. In the winter of 1832-3 he had gone with two companions to hunt bear on the Yellowstone; as they were crossing the river on the ice, the men were waylaid and all three scalped by a war-party of Arikaras. Two of the murderers were killed shortly afterwards in a raid on a trappers' camp; one of them had old Glass's knife in his belt.

TENTH STORY

THE ARTIST CATLIN
AND HIS VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSOURI.

I

Not all the important tasks of the world have been done by great men; moreover many able men have lived liv lives of little worth because they were unwilling to do long, hard work. All have read the story of the tortoise who won a race from the hare by plodding along, while the hare slept. It is not genius so much as hard work that does most of the great things of the world.

George Catlin was not a genius; he he was a hard worker. Born at Wilkes Barre, Pensylvania, he was eight years old when Lewis and Clark made their famous voyage up the Missouri. Catlin's father had been a soldier and his mother, when a child had been captured by the Indians. In winter evenings by his father's fireside George drank in thrilling tales of Indian life and warfare.

George's father set him to study law but the boy spent more time with his brush than his books. He had a bent for art; this as he grew older, got to be a passion He soon left the practice of law to go to Philadelphia as a portrait artist.

Portrait painting was then an important art. Photography was unknown.and to preserve a friend's likeness it was usual to have his likeness painted. This was often done on a piece of ivory and was then called a miniature. Catlin had fair talent and made a good living,- so good indeed that he got married.

Most artists who succeed bend their labor to some special field of their art. Catlin knew this and was eager to find some such field suited to his talents. One day in Philadelphia he saw a band of Indians passing thru on their way to Washington. Painted and feathered, with shield and belt and bright-beaded robes, they were just the sight to catch an artist's eye.

"I have it," said Catlin; "I will paint Indians. In the ~~great~~ far West ~~are~~ the tribes still ~~living~~ live as their fathers lived. But these tribes will soon perish and with them will die their life and customs; These I will preserve with my brush and pen."

At once he began work. Within the next eight years he visited every important tribe in North America and became known as the best authority on Indian custome in the United States. Five hundred paintings and an interesting book were the results of his labors.

The year 1832, which Catlin spent with the Missouri-river tribes was the most fruitful year for his art. His

His visit to these tribes was a timely one. The country of the upper Missouri had changed little since Lewis and Clark first saw it. But a change was coming. On the lower Missouri small steamers plied as far as Council Bluffs. Pi Pierre Chouteau, a son of the trader who took Big White home, had built a fort at the mouth of the Teton, or Bad river, ~~in 18~~ . It was called Fort Pierre after its founder. The city of Pierre stands opposite the site of the old fort.

Chouteau, like his father, was a trader and had agents in the Yellowstone country where Lisa once trafficked. To send supplies thither by keel boat was a summer's journey for a full crew. Chouteau thought the journey voyage might be made by a light-draught steamer. In the sprin of 1831 he built such a boat, which he named the Yellowstone.

The steamer's first voyage to the up country was not ~~ma~~ made until a year later. Catlin was then at St. Louis ~~whit~~ whither he had returned from a sketching tour among the Kansas. Chouteau knew the artist's plans and invited him aboard. "You can go by steamer to Fort Union on the Yellowstone," he told Catlin. "There you can build a canoe, hire men, and float down to St. Louis, visiting the tribes on the way."

Such a trip was quite to Catlin's liking and he accepted gladly. The steamer made its way up stream slowly; the river depths had not been sounded and the party had no thought to run aground. Stops were made now and then at Indian camps.

At the Ponka village, near the Niobrara, the Indians were packing up to go on a buffalo hunt. Catlin had gone ashore and was returning to the boat when one of the men said;

"See that aged Indian; they are going to expose him!"

Under a rude buffalo skin shelter sat an aged Indian, nearly blind. A small fire burned near by; a few sticks and some pieces of dried buffalo meat lay within reach. Too weak to follow the camp, the aged man was to be ~~had been~~ left on the prairie to starve.

"Go, my children," he had said."Our tribe is poor; and I am old and wish to die. Keep your hearts stout and think not of me!"

The scene moved Catlin to tears.But the steamer's boilers were fired; the kind hearted artist had but time to shake the aged warrior's hand, and left him to his fate

It was three months before the steamer landed at Fort Union.Catlin now left the boat to become of the party ~~was taken as~~ the guest of the agent, ~~and~~ he spent the weeks of midsummer painting, sketching, and visiting the tribes who came to the fort to trade.

In July he hired two hunters, Batiste, a happy fun-loving Frenchman, and Bogard, a Yankee, to go with him in his canoe down the Missouri; they were to paddle while the artist steered.

The canoe was clumsy; but as the journey was down stream the current gave them fair speed. Their cargo was carefully chosen; besides the artist's canvases and easel the boat carried powder and ball, pemmican, dried buffa~~l~~loes' tongues and a score of beaver tails; these last were fatty, like marrow and could be made to do for butter. For cooking and serving meals there were three tin-cups, a coffee pot and a frying pan.

The country on either side of the river was wild,- wild as when Lewis and Clark poled purogues against the muddy current. A camp of Assiniboine Indians was passed,- Stone Boilers they were called from their custom of boiling meat with hot stones. Now and then, if the day was fine, the artist landed to hunt. The party camped at night on shore with canoe drawn half way out on the sandy beach.

The voyage was not without dangers. One morning just before sunrise Bogard put his head out from under his robe rubbing his eyes and yawning sleepily; suddenly he gave

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a cry, sat bolt upright, and called out;

"Hello, there! Look at old Cale will you?" Caleb,or Cale, was the trappers' name for the grizzly bear.

Ba'tiste still snored; but a grip from Bogard jerked him out of his slumbers. Catlin awoke at the same time; ~~an~~ and all eyes were fixed upon the bear who sat a few rods away, with her two cubs.

It was a ~~p~~retty sight; but the artist had no thought to stop and sketchitit. Already he had seen prints of huge paws where the bear had been nosing under the sleeping-robes,smellingat the men's toes.He glanced at the canoe; The bears had pawed of it.
everything ~~within it had been pawed~~ out. Provisions were devoured; even the thong that moored the little craft had been chewed off and bolted.

"Let's shoot the bear and take her cubs," said Catlin.

This was a dangerous undertaking. Old Rocky Mountain trappers ~~seldom~~ rarely sought quarrel with a grizzly. While they were debating what to do, Ba'tiste suddenly cried out;

"Look, Monsieur Catlin! There comes her mate! Come, come! To the river! At once, at once!"

A second bear had ambled into the open and was headed toward the party, his grizzled haunches swaying at every step. The sight cooled even the artist's courage; and all hands rushed to the canoe, tumbled the scattered cargo ~~into the boat and shoved off. A volley from their rifles~~

into the boat, and shoved off. A volley from their rifles brought the she-bear raging to the water's edge. It was not easy, with soft-lead bullets, to kill such dangerous game.

The next day proved nearly as exciting. An elk was sighted on the bank and the artist landed to stalk it.. Trailing his rifle, he crept up a small ravine and cautiously raised his head. To his amazement, he saw that ~~found~~ the elk was an Indian pony. A party of Indians in full war paint, lay stretched about a small camp fire; and not twenty paces away rose the naked shoulders of a warrior, busily cleaning his gun. To drop on hands and knees and creep back to cover was the work of a moment. The boat gained, paddles were plied; and the white men did no feel safe until mid current was reached.

The seventh day out, at sun down, the Mandan villages were sighted and with sweep of steering paddle, the canoe was turned toward land. A crowd of wondering Indians thronged the river-bank as the nose of the little craft glided up to the beach and the artist sprang ashore. The Fur Company's agent made him a guest of the post,- Fort Clark it was called in memory of Lewis and Clark's winter's stay at the villages. A room was set apart for the artist's use and Catlin got busy with pencil and brush.

Portrait painting was a new art to the Mandans. The first pictures to be finished were the portraits of two chiefs; with speechless wonder the two warriors saw their own likenesses gazing back at them from the flat canvas; Te-ho-pe-nee Washee,- Medicine White Man," they whispered as they turned and strode from the room. Thereafter Catlin was always Medicine White Man to the Mandans.

The pictures , indeed, seemed a bit uncanny to the Indians. Some of their women who saw the newly finished portraits thought the white man had taken some of the life out of the chiefs and put it into the pictures. "We can see the eyes of the paint pictures move," they cried; "No matter where we stand in the room, the medicine eyes look straight at us;" and setting up a mournful chant they ran wailing thru the village.

Even the chiefs caught the alarm; A council was called in the town house and pipes were gravely passed. Catlin asked leave to go in and speak to the chiefs.

"Brothers," he told them I am no mystery man. You too could learn to make the paint pictures if you tried. I am surprised to see warriors have such foolish fears. Brave men should not let their women fright them with idle tales."

This speech quite captured the Indians. The council arose at once; the warriors came forward and shook Catlin by the hand; all were now ready to be painted.

The ~~Mandans~~ Hidatsas were still friends of the Mandans as in the days of Lewis and Clark; during his stay at the post, Catlin made a visit to their village, some eight miles further up the river. A funny thing happened there.

The artist's fame as a medicine man had reached the village before him; he was met by a company of d chiefs doctors and young men who put to him a grave question.

"Five snows ago," they told him," there came to our lodges a little beast with a long, round tail. It ran about, peeping out from under pots and kettles, and none no one dared kill it. One day the little beast killed and ate a mouse. We thought then it must be sent by the Great Mystery to rid us of mice, which cut out clothing and robes with their teeth. Soon there were many more of the round tailed beasts; they began to dig holes into our granaries and eat our winter's corn. Even the floors of our lodges are undermined and sapped. Can you with your medicine rid us of the round tailed beasts?"

But Catlin, altho he could paint pictures, did not know how the Indians could be rid of rats.

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The Minitaris, like the Mandans, used a kind of boat made of buffalo skins. stretched on a willow frame. Learning that the artist wished to cross the river an old chief of the village called one of his women.

"Get a boat," he said"and take the Medicine White Man across the water."

She launched a light skin craft, signed for Catlin to step in, and struck out for the opposite shore, dragging the boat along with one hand. It happened that a number of little Indian girls were frolicking in the water,their long black hair floating on the waves as they plashed about; these little folk suddenly surrounded the boat and seized it; down the stream they floated past the village, the little girle mischievously whirling the boat around and laughing at the helpless white man. The villagers heard the noise and came out to dee the fun. Catlin emptied his pockets,- awls, beads,necklace,everything he had,- to give to the merry little maidens who pushed the boat toward shore just far enough for the white man to wade out,knee-deep in the mud.

The artist often did tactful little deeds to win the Indians' friendship. The Minitaris had invited him to a horse race - a time of great excitement with the Indians who laid heavy wagers on their ponies. A young man had twice raced, failing either time to win; he had thus lost a good deal of property, and his sister, a pretty girl was weeping and howling dismally.

Catlin brought out a scrubby little pony and offered to run it against the Indian's.

"I'll wager this scarlet cloth, a knife and these beads that I beat you." he gravely told the young Indian.

This caused much excitement among the racers. How the artist could win with such a scrub of a pony they did not know; but they had wholesome respect for the Medicine White Man.

"Be careful! He will beat you. He is great medicine," they told the young Indian. So strongly ~~did~~ they worked upon his fears that he was all but ready to back down.

The two horses were led to the starting line and Catlin sprang to his pony's back. But now arose a difficulty. The artist had not been told that by the rules of the race each rider was to mount his pony with naked body. There was no way out of it. The Medicine White Man had to lay aside coat and shirt, stockings and shoes and vault bare-backed upon his stunted little steed. Riding with such a handicap was not to Catlin's liking. He did not win the race.

Catlin's goodnature was put to even severer test in th Mandan village. He had been suffering from a ~~slight illness~~ cold and left his bed to sleep on the floor, ~~wrapped in a buffalo skin~~, with his feet to the g fire. The Mandans and Arikaras were then at war; notwithstanding, a party of Arikara braves had come on a friendly visit to their enemies and were ~~now~~ staying, unmolested, in the village. One of the visiting warriors was much troubled for the comfort of the sick white man; night after night he came t to the artist's lodge to fo offer him his bedaubed and bear-greased body for a pillow.

The prairie grouse were ~~beginning to~~ covey, after the summer's brooding, when the artist took leave of the friendly Mandans. Voyaging on down the river , he stopped at Fort Pierre where a large band of Dakotas was encamped. No gentle race were these fierce plainsmen; but the artist's fame had traveled ~~far and~~ wide and even the. Dakota camps had heard of the Medicine White Man. A dance of chiefs- an unusual honor - was given forhis amusement.

But autumn was coming when the Missouri would be fast locked in ice. Canvases and paints were packed snugly in the canoe; the artist took steering paddle, his men their oars, and they drifted leisurely down to St. Louis.

Thus closed the famous voyage of 1832, in all ~~some~~ more than two thousand miles by canoe. ~~While~~ The artist's labor was one of years and was to take him to distant parts of both Americas; but his summer spent among the Mandans would alone have made him famous.

In his art Catlin was self taught. His work varies in goodness, some of his pictures being excellent, others not so good. Nor was the artist a great writer. But as he wrote and painted exactly what he saw, his letters and pictures are eagerly sought by students of Indian life.

It was Catlin's wish that his gallery or collection of paintings be placed in some museum and preserved for study. While exhibiting his pictures in England, in I852, he got in debt and turned the collection over to a Mr. Joseph Harrison. After the artist's death Mr. Harrisons heirs gave the collection to the American nation; ~~and~~ it now hangs in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

There has grown.up in recent years a branch of learning called ethnology, or the science of the races of men; ~~and~~ To students of ethnology our American Indian is of especial interest because his tribal customs and ways of thinking are uninfluences by Asia or Europe. It is pleasing to know that thru Catlin our Dakota prairies have given the new science data of the greatest value.

Catlin always retained the warmest interest in his Indian friends. Only a short time before his death he wrote:

"I have been called the Indian-loving Catlin. What of it? The Indians have always loved me; and why should I not love the Indian? I love all people who do the best th they can."

ELEVENTH STORY

MAHTOTOHPA

CATLIN'S INDIAN FRIEND

I A chief's friendship

Catlin's love for the Indians was repaid by their fr friendship for him. His letters, written from distant fort and trading post, show how deeply he felt the kindness of some of these dark-skinned warriors. For one Indian, Catlin formed the very warmest friendship. This man was Mahtotohpa, or Four Bears,second chief of the Mandans.

The chief had stood one afternoon in full council dress, rigid as a statue,for six hours, while Catlin painted his portrait. But Mahtotohpa was something of an artist himself. Catlin has left an interesting account of a feast given him in the chief's lodge. Mahtotohpa had been at pains to prepare the feast as he wished to present his friend with a fine robe, decorated with the chief's own paint stick and color.

Decked in splendid dress, with eagles' feathers trailing to the floor. Mahtotohpa strode into Catlin's room one day at noon, put his hand thru his friend's arm and pointed to the door, Catlin arose at once and the two friends, arm in arm, made their way thru the village, to the chief's lodge.

The chief led his friend to the center of the lodge where was spread a richly decorated robe,quite new. On thas, Mahtotohpa signed for his friend to be seated. The chief himself sat on another robe, near by. Between them, on a neat mat of rushes stood the feast.

It was a simple meal - roast buffalo ribs, ap pudding of prairie turnips and berries, and pemmican. The last was in an earthen dish, shaped not unlike a bread tray. Two wooden bowls held the rest of the meal.

The chief took a handsome pipe from the mat, filled it with willow bark and struck a spark with his flint and steel. He drew a few whiffs and presented the stem for Catlin to do the same. The pipe was then laid aside and the chief cut off a small bit of meat and peverently dropped it into the fire. This was a sacrifice to his medicine

Mahtotohpa now signed for his friend to eat and Catlin fell to with relish. Napkins were wanting and a hunting knife did for fork and knife. But the two wooden b bowls held each a spoon beautifully carved of horn.

No word was spoken. The chief's wives sat around the lodge wall, watching in perfect silence to do his bidding. Commands were given only by signs.

When the feast had ended and Catlin arose to go, the

chief gravely handed him the pipe which they had smoked together. He then stooped and raised by its corners the beautiful robe on which his friend had sat.

By signs he explained that the pictures on the robe represented the battles which he had fought, He had been two weeks in painting them and had made the feast for the purpose of presenting the robe to his friend.

Catlin threw the robe over his shoulders, the chief onc once more took his arm and in the friendliest manner led him back to his room.

II Mahtotohpa's fight with the Cheyenne.

At the time Catlin visited his the Mandans, Mahtotohpa was the best known man of his tribe. A fight some years before had made him famous.

The Indians' only valuable property was their ponies. These were kept in herds close to the village into which they were usually driven at night. ~~Usually~~ No guard was set as the barking of the dogs was expected to warn the villagers if enemies tried to steal from the herds.

A party of Cheyennes, some hundred and fifty strong, had raided Mahtotohpa's village and driven off a herd of ponies one morning just before day-break. They caught one

Mandan whom they killed and scalped. The party then hastened off driving the ponies before them.

Mahtotohpa hastily gathered what warriors he could and started in pursuit. They rode at break-neck speed and about noon on the second dayovertook the Cheyennes who at once turned to give battle.

The Mandans were greatly outnumbered, three to one at the least, and most of the men were for going back. This Mahtotohpa would not do. With a blow of his quirt, he galloped forward between the two parties, drew rein and thrush the keen blade of his lance into the soft soil He now tore off his red sash, lapped it about the lance ~~shaft~~ and galloping around it in a circle called loudly to his men:

"Mandans, we have dogged our foes for two days. Shall we now go back like cowards? Here I strike my lance! I will n never leave it. Go! - I will fight the enemy alone!"

Meanwhile the Cheyennes had approached for battle; but their chief had seen Mahtotohpa strike his lance into the ground and understood h its meaning. Riding up within hailing distance he called out:

"Who are you who strike down your lance and defy us?"

"I am Mahtotohpa, second chief of the Mandans," answered Four Bears.

"I have heard of Mahtotohpa. He is a brave man," said t the Cheyenne."Dares Mahtotohpa came and fight me while our young men look on?"

"Are you a chief?" asked Mahtotohpa.

"You see my scalps on my horse's bit. Here is my lance with its ermine and war eagle's tail."

"You have said enough," cried Mahtotohpa.

The Cheyenne, mounted on a beautiful white horse, made a circuit or two at full gallop and fixed his own lance beside Mahtotohpa's. From each shaft now waved a little red flag in token of defiance.

The two parties, Mandan and Cheyenne, drew up and looked silently on.

Lashing their ponies to a furious gallop the ~~two~~ chiefs drove straight at one another, firing their rifles as they rode. They passed and wheeled about. Mahtotohpa held up his powder horn to show that his enemy's bullet had shattered it and the powder was spilled. Throwing away his horn and gun, he drew his bow. The Cheyenne did the same.

With ringing whoops,the two foes circled around each other at full gallop,twanging their bows. Both were wounded, neither seriously. Suddenly Mahtotohpa's horse stumbled and fell. With a bound the Mandan leaped to his feet, shaft on bow-string!

The Cheyenne, seeing this enemy's horse was dead, dismounted from his own pony, which he drove away. He then

held out his shield and beaconed Mahtotohpa to come on.

They now fought afoot.But after a few shots the Cheyenne's arrows were spent. He held up his quiver to show that it was empty, dashed quiver, bow and shield to the ground and drew his knife.

"I am ready,- come!" called Mahtotohpa, throwing away his own quiver and shield.

He felt for his knife. It was gone! But in his hand he still held his heavy sinew-backed bow. With a blow he felled the Cheyenne and threw himself on his enemy's body. After a terrible struggle he captured the Cheyenne's knife and stabbed him to the heart.

~~The two parties, Cheyenne and Mandan, had drawn near and stood watching the battle~~. In deadly silence Mahtotohpa held up and claimed the knife and scalp of his noble foe.

. . . . . .

Mahtotohpa's end was unhappy. Six years after Catlin's visit a fur steamer from St. Louis stopped at the villages to trade.Two of the crew were taken with the small pox and the disease broke out among the Mandans. In two months, out of eighteen hundred souls not a hundred and fifty remained alive.

The chief had recovered from the disease but lived to see every other member of his family sicken and die. No longer caring for life the grief stricken man went out to

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a small hillock, wrapped himself in his robe and lay down to starve. The friendly traders roused him to eat, but he would not. On the sixth day he crept back to his lodge, sunk down on the fireless floor and died.

A remnant of his tribe went north, joined the Arikaras and with them were removed to Fort Berthold Reservation; there they still live, holding fast to their language and custome.

TWELFTH STORY

MYTHS AND FOLK TALES

THE LORE OF OUR PRAIRIE TRIBES

All American children listen with delight to our fine old English fairy tales. Every school girl had envied Cinderella or shuddered at the wicked Blue Beard; and most boys hope to grow up as brave as Jack the Giant Killer.

But these stories come to us from Europe and tell of things that are strange to us; castles and knights and princesses do not belong to American life. Who has not longed for a fairy lore of our own,-one that is native to our broad America.

Such a lore we have; indeed few countries own richer store of myth and folk tale than ours; ~~and~~ that the sources of this fairy lore are ~~other than~~ not European ~~does not~~ make it none the less interesting or valuable.

Every one has heard of the witch and beast tales of our southern blacks; and children who live on the plantations know that aged negroes still tell drollest stories of Bre'r Rabbit and his conjuring pranks. Some of the best of these ~~tales~~ stories have been collected in a delightful little book, Uncle Remus , which every school boy and school girl should read.

Not all of these beast tales were invented by negroes. In days of the colonies Indian captives were often sold to work as servants on the plantations. Not a few, even of Uncle Remus's tales, may have been told the black slaves by Indian captives.

Every Indian tribe indeed had a kind of unwritten lore of hero-tales, myths and legends. These tales are often quaint, sometimes even beautiful. Many of them have to do with religious belief and were heard as reverently as you hear the story of Joseph or Samson.

The long winter nights of our northern prairies made a good time for story telling. The buffaloes had then gone south and the hunting season was over. War parties did not go out in winter. A people of active mind without books could while away the long evenings by story telling.

Perhaps you ~~will~~ would like to hear some of these American fairy tales. Here is one that the Mandans tell.

ORIGIN OF THE MANDANS

In days of old the Mandans lived inside of the earth. Here they had villages + lodges and planted fields as they do today.

A young man, ~~wandering~~ was gored thru one of the fields, when he saw something hanging down from the ground overhead. He came closer and found that it was the slender root of a grape vine. Overhead was an opening thru which the root had grown.

The young man was filled with a great longing to climb the vine.

"The root is strong," he thought. "If I climb upward I shall find what ~~is beyond~~ lies on the other side of the opening."

He put out his hands, seized the root and began ~~to slowly~~ to climb. After many hours he reached the opening and crept thru it, coming out on the ground beyond.

He stood and looked around him. At his feet rolled a great river, swirling and foaming in the sunlight; From either bank stretched green prairies; Herds of strange beasts fed on the grasses, -lumbering split-hoofed beasts with shaggy hides. They were buffaloes. The young man killed one ~~of them beasts~~ with an arrow. The meat was ~~good~~ sweet to eat.

"Wonderful!" thought the young man; "It is a good land; and the meat of the beasts is sweet. I will climb down the vine and tell our villagers."

"Down the vine he climbed with his strange news. ~~The villagers were called together and the young man~~ He called the villagers together and made them

made them a feast; He had brought some of the buffalo meat with him.

"In the ground overhead is an opening," he told them. villagers. "A beautiful land lies beyond. A river flows thru green prairies where feed herds of strange beasts; the meat of the beasts is sweet and fat."

"How shall we get to the new land?" the villagers asked.

"I will show you;the young man answered; he led them to the field where hung the long root; "Follow me!" he cried; and he took the root in his hands, climbed upward to the opening and passed thru. Many of the villagers, men and women, climbed after him; all wondered to see the great river and the green prairies.

Now there lived below an old woman who was very fat; she greatly longed to climb the vine and see the strange beasts but the village chiefs forbade her..

"The vine may break with your weight," they told her; "No one could then go to the new country; nor could they return who are there."

But the woman was curious; she could not put the strange beasts out of her mind. One day she came alone to the vine. She looked about her; no one was near. She took the root in her hands.

"I do so wish to see the beasts," she thought."Surely the root is strong; I will be careful;" and she began slowly to climb upward. ' While she was yet far from the opening ~~overhead~~, the root gave way, ~~under her weight~~; with a cry she fell to the ground and lay groaning; there the villagers found her.

"Foolish woman!" they cried; "Your silly wish to see t the beasts will cost us dear ! Now that the vine is broken no one can again climb to the beautiful country; nor can they ever return who are there!"

When the young man and his friends found that they could not return they built a village on the bank of the great river.The women married and became the mothers of the Mandan nation whose village still stands beside the great river, the Missouri.

The rest of the tribe still live inside the earth;

Some of the Indian myths are mere fables invented to teach morals to children.The Dakotas tell one which will remind you of the fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper.

~~We have said that Indians make use of ground beans~~ There is a kind of wild bean called a field mice which ~~the~~ field mice gather ~~and~~ stores into underground ~~in underground caches~~ for their winter food. It happens that snakes cast their skins in summer;and these skins are often seen lying on the

prairie. Indian children are told that ~~the mice use these cast off skins for bags which the little animals fill with beans and drag home with their teeth.~~ are used by the mice for packing bags. This of course is not true; but neither are our tales about Santa Claus true. However, here is the story.

THE LITTLE MICE

On the prairie lived a little field mouse; she was a good house keeper and when the ground beans ripened in ~~fall~~ she busied herself laying in a store for winter. Every morning she went out with her packing bag to gather beans. ~~Her~~ The packing bag was a snake skin which the little mouse dragged with her white teeth.

Now the little mouse had a cousin who loved dancing and talk but did not like work. She was not careful to ~~la~~ lay in a store of beans; winter was nearly on before she thought of her need. She then found she had no packing bag; she went to her hard-working cousin.

"Cousin," she said, "I have no beans and winter will soon be here. Lend me your packing bag that I may gather a store before snow falls."

"But how is it that you have no packing bag?" the other asked.

"I did not think to get one in the moon when the snakes cast their skins," answered the careless mouse.

"What were you doing?" then?" the other asked.

"Oh I was busy talking and dancing!"

"And now you are punished," said her cousin. Lazy, careless people always come to grief. But I will lend you my snake skin. Try now by hard work to make up for your wasted time.

White people often think that Indians do not laugh. This is a mistake. Indians are grave before strangers and when sitting in council; but at home in their tepees there is not a jollier people in the world, nor one fonder of a witty story or a joke.

Here is a bit of Indian humor that any of us can enjoy.

THE ARTICHOKE AND THE MUSKRAT

On the shore of a lake stood an Artichoke with his green leaves waving in the breeze. From his place on the high bank he had a fine view of the lake and of the prairie that stretched beyond. Very proud of himself he felt and well content with the world.

In the lake below a muskrat had his tepee; and at evening he used to come to shore and wander out over the bank. One night, just at sunset, he came near the place

where the Artichoke stood.

"Hau koda!" he said; "Ho friend! You seem quite vain of yourself Who are you anyway?"

"I am the Artichoke," answered the other," and I have many handsome cousins. But who are you?"

"I am the Muskrat; I too belong to a large family. But I live in the water; I do not stand in one place all day, like a stone!"

"Stuff!" answered the Artichoke. "I may stand in the ground like a stone; but I don't swim around in bad-smelling water and build my lodge in the mud. "

"You are jealous of my fine fur," laughed the muskrat." I do build in the mud but I always have a clean coat. ~~But~~ You are half buried in the ground and when men dig you up you are never clean."

"And your fine coat always smells of nasty musk," ~~jeer~~ jeered the Artichoke.

"Nevertheless, men think well of me," said the Muskrat."They set traps and catch me for the fine sinew in my tail. Pretty young women bite off the tendons with their white teeth to make sewing thread."

"That's nothing!" laughed the Artichoke. "Handsome young warriors, painted and plumed with eagles' feathers dig me out of the ground, brush me off with ~~shapely~~ Rene

fingers and are so pleased with my looks that they eat me without even washing me!"

A great many of our native tales are animal myths. This is natural; Indians lived close to nature and had a high opinion of animal cunning. Indeed, Indian children were taught to believe that beasts think and reason like men. Many tribes had ceremonies to quiet the ghosts of animals slain in the hunt.

The story of Blood-Clot Boy still delights the children of Dakota lodges.

~~THE~~ STORY OF BLOOD-CLOT BOY

A Badger had his lodge beside ~~on the bank of~~ a wide river. Near by in a bend of the river was a place where buffaloes came to get water. The Badger had one arrow, a long one. When the buffaloes had drunk they would start off by a path that led up the bank. The Badger would shoot his arrow at the hindmost ~~buffalo~~ and the shaft would go leaping up the line striking down the buffaloes one by one until ~~the whole~~ herd was slain.

One evening the Badger and his family were sitting around the fire eating their ~~meal of~~ soup and meat; The wind

had ~~fallen~~ died and all was still ~~outside~~ without. Suddenly the door-flap raised and a Grizzly Bear squeezed his way into the tent. He stood for a moment, blinking his red eyes, and sat down ~~on the left of~~ beside the door, in the place where wood is piled for the night. He looked lean and thin as if he were nigh starved.

The Badger ~~reached for~~ opened his tobacco pouch and drew out his pipe. He filled the bowl, lighted it ~~at the fire~~ with a coal and gave it to the Grizzly Bear.

"Hau, koda!" he said; "Welcome, friend! But you look lean and thin. Are you hungry?"

"I am starving," answered the Grizzly ~~Bear~~. "I have eaten nothing today."

The Badger made a sign to his wife; she fetched a deep bowl of buffalo meat and gave it to the Grizzly; he ate, swallowing great lumps of the rich fat.

When he had done he put down the bowl and sat thinking. Then he said to the Badger:

"Brother, you are rich. You have many packs of dried buffalo meat while I and my children starve. Let me come with my family and live with you. Your tent is large. There is room for all."

The Badger ~~sat and~~ thought before he answered. "Brother he said at last, "bring your family; there is room in the tent for all!"

Then as the Grizzly Bear rose to go, the Badger gave him a great pack of dried buffalo meat. "Take this meat home to your children," he said. "In the morning come ~~agai~~ again with your family."

The Grizzly Bear came next morning with his wife and all his children. This time he did not sit by the door but took the best place in the tent on the other side of the fire. The Badger arose to make room for him when the Bear growled;

"Ugly-eared Badger, go away! this tent is not big enough for so many!" and he drove the Badger and his family out of the lodge.

Things now went hard with the Badger. He made a queer lodge out of sticks and pieces of old smoke-dried tent cover; the roof let in rain but was a better shelter than the sky. Here the Badgers slept huddled in a corner to keep warm; the Bear had stolen all their robes.

Early the next morning the Grizzly Bear awoke and came out of his tent.

"Ugly-eared Badger," he called; "Come, get your arrow! The river bend ~~Your hunting place is~~ full of buffaloes."

The Badger took his long arrow and followed the Bear ~~down~~ to the river ~~bend~~. When they came to the ~~river~~ bend they found it full of ~~fat~~ buffaloes. The Badger shouted; as the herd started up the path he shot his arrow and killed them all.

"Now help me skin the buffaloes and make the meat into packs," growled the Bear.

The Badger did so ~~This the Badger did;~~ but when they had done cutting ~~th~~ the meat the Bear would not give the Badger a single pack; this happened morning after morning, ~~until~~ the Badgers ~~were~~ nearly starved.

Indeed they would have ~~starved~~ died of hunger had not the Bear's youngest child- the one with yellow fur- fetched out each morning a fresh buffalo leg; this he would toss about and drag over the grass in play; when he was tired he would give it to the Badger's children to eat; thus the Badgers lived but they were lean and thin for they were always hungry.

One morning just as the sun was coming up the Grizzly Bear stepped out of his tent and called to the Badger:

"Come, ungly- eared Badger! Get your arrow. ~~Your~~ The river bend ~~hunting place~~ is full of buffaloes."

But this time the Badger would not go."I am weary of life" he thought."Let the Bear kill me! ~~if he will~~; better die at once than to starve."

In a little while the Bear called again;

"Ugly-eared Badger if ~~don't~~ won't come ~~at once~~ I will crush you!"

This frightened the Badger's wife; she began to weep and said to her husband;

"Get your arrow and go; ~~if you do not~~ or we shall not have even the fresh buffalo leg which the Bear's youngest child ~~fetches~~ grows us; ~~and~~ already we are starving!"

The Badger arose and reached for his arrow ~~saying~~:

"I will go; he said but I shall bring home ~~the fattest~~ some great pack even if I ~~die for it~~." have to die for doing it!"

He followed the ~~Grizzly~~ Bear to the river bend which they found full of buffaloes; as the herd started off in a line up the path, the Badger shot his arrow and killed them all.

The Grizzly Bear set himself ~~to work~~ to skin the buffaloes; as he worked he said to the Badger;

"You, too , skin one of the fattest and take the meat home to your children."

"That I will do gladly," answered the Badger ~~answered~~. He drew his knife, skinned a fat cow ~~one of the fattest buffaloes~~ and made the meat into a pack. ~~The Grizzly Bear had not~~

But as he

~~yet done cutting his meat~~. ~~As the Badger~~ stooped to raise the pack the Bear said;

"Ugly-eared Badger, get away;" you ~~will trample~~ are trampling in this blood!"

"I will not go," answered the Badger. I want this pack ~~of meat~~ for my children. They are starving.

The Bear left his own pack and came toward the Badger.

"Ugly-eared Badger, ~~get away~~! "he growled, "I tell you, get away!" and ~~he~~ as the Badger tried ~~stooped~~ again to ~~rai~~ raise the pack the Bear pushed him down in a pool of blood that lay on the ground.

The Badger arose weeping; ~~limping he started home;~~ He looked ~~into~~ at his ~~palm~~ hands; in ~~it~~ the palm of one lay a little clot of blood; ~~he~~ as he moved slowly away the Badger bent ~~his head~~ over and ~~ki touched~~ kissed the clot with ~~his lips~~; ~~as he limped home~~ ~~He pulled a handful~~ of soft ~~grass and~~ wrapped it ~~about the clot~~ in soft grass and hid it in his belt.

~~This he put in the back part of his tent while he went out to build a sweat lodge~~. When he came home he built him a sweat lodge. He cut green willows ~~sticks~~ bent them over and tied them at the top. Over these he stretched buffalo skins. In the back ~~part~~ of the sweat lodge he made a bed of wild sage and on it laid the blood clot ~~wrapped in the soft grass.~~

He built a fire
~~When all was ready he~~ heated stones and rolled them into the sweat lodge; he then drew the door. leaving only a small place for his arm; thru this he pushed a powl of water ~~which he~~ poured it on the hot stones. There was a great steaming.

The Badger put his ear to the door and listened. In a moment he heard a sound as if some one sighed

Again the Badger made a steaming; this time he heard some one breathed as if in sleep. The third time a voice called "Open, father!"
~~"Father, you make me glad. Now open for me!"~~

The Badger opened the door and out stepped a handsome young ~~man.~~ He put his palm over his mouth & breathed
The Badger ~~was~~ He was astonished. "Wonderful!" he cried; "Your name shall be Blood-Clot Boy" and he had him for a son.

Blood-Clot Boy looked at the Badger & smiled. Then he ~~smiled and~~ spoke; "Father, say three ~~words~~; I wish my son ~~to have~~ rich clothing!"

The Badger did so; at once Blood-Clot Boy was clothed with, ~~fine~~ beautiful leggings and moccasins, ~~worked~~ embroidered with porcupine quills, ~~yellow and~~ dyed red & yellow.

Blood-Clot Boy smiled and spoke again; "Father, say this also: I wish my son ~~to have~~ a strong bow and ~~an~~ a ~~otter skin~~ quiver ~~full~~ of arrows!"

The Badger did as bidden; and now Blood-Clot Boy

stood with a bow in his hand and a great quiver of arrows on his back.

Blood-Clot Boy pulled a hair from his head and put it ~~for a mark~~ on the sweat lodge door for a mark. He drew an arrow ~~and~~ shot & split~~ting~~ the hair. "Oho!" he laughed. "The bow shoots true!" ~~he cried. Then~~ After a moment he spoke again once more;

"Father this sweating has made me hungry. Give me something to eat!"

~~At this~~ The Badger burst into tears. "My son, he ~~answered,~~ said "I have nothing to give you. Once I had meat & skins but the Grizzly Bear ~~has~~ robbed ~~me.~~ me of all I owned. I and my children are starving."

Blood-Clot Boy smiled ~~and said;~~ he said "Father I knew this. That is why I have come. Listen! In the morning the ~~Grizzly~~ Bear will come ~~to fro from his tent~~ and call you. At first do not go; ~~while you~~ but wait while I ~~will~~ hasten to ~~hide in the bushes by~~ the river bend & hide in the bushes. ~~But~~ When the Bear calls you a second time, take your arrow and go."

The Badger stopped weeping. "I will do ~~all~~ as you say" he answered.

Early the next morning the Grizzly Bear came out of his tent and called;"

"Ugly eared Badger, ~~come~~ get your arrow. The river bend is full of buffaloes."

made no
The Badger ~~did not~~ answer, ~~but waited in his tent~~
~~while~~ Blood-Clot Boy hastened away to the river bend.
After a while the Grizzly Bear called again;

"Ugly eared Badger, if you do not come I will crush you!"

~~At this~~ the Badger now arose, took his long arrow and went with the Bear to the river-bend. They shouted and when the herd started up the path in a line, the Badger shot his arrow and killed them all.

"Skin one of the fat~~est~~ buffaloes and take the meat home to your children " said the Grizzly Bear.

The Badger ~~stri~~ ~~dressed~~ skinned one of the buffaloes and made the meat into a pack; he was raising it to his ~~shoulders~~ back when the Bear growled;

"Ugly eared Badger, get away! You ~~will trample~~ are trampling in this blood!"

But the Badger would not go. He lifted the ends of the his packing strap, drew the pack of meat to his shoulders and was getting on his feet when the Bear rushed at him crying,"Ugly eared Badger, I tell you get away!"

He pushed the Badger ~~down, pressed him~~ to the ground into a pool of ~~the~~ blood and ~~kicked~~ struck him. The Badger got upon his feet and again took up his pack; again the Bear pushed him down. The Bad ger lay ~~on the ground~~ weeping.

At this moment ~~Blood-Clot Boy~~ the bushes parted

and Blood-Clot Boy stepped forth; a great bow was in his hand; The arrows in his quiver rattled ~~terribly~~ as he walked.

"Why do you hurt my father , ~~the Badger?~~" he asked ~~the Bear~~, frowning.

The Grizzly Bear was frightened. He saw Blood-Clot Boy's great bow and heard the arrows rattle in his quiver

"I was not hurting your father," he answered. "I was but telling him to take this fine pack of meat home to ~~hi~~ his children ~~family~~."

"No, you were not," cried Blood-Clot Boy. "I saw you. You pushed my father ~~down~~ into the pool of blood and hurt him." and he ~~drew~~ reached for an arrow ~~from his quiver~~.

The Grizzly Bear turned and fled. Blood-Clot Boy raised his bow shot, ~~his arrow striking the him in the little finger;~~ the Bear dropped dead.

Blood-Clot Boy then ~~started for~~ went to the Bear's tent. ~~When~~ He ~~came before the door~~ stood outside the door he called to the Bear's wife;

"The Grizzly Bear has killed many buffaloes, ~~today.~~ He ~~wants~~ has you ~~to help him~~ come to bring in the meat."

She arose ~~from the flood~~, took down her packing strap and came ~~to the door~~ out of the tent. As ~~she raised the door flap~~ they stalked away she asked;" How many herds did my husband kill today?"

"One herd," answered Blood-Clot Boy.

That is said
"Strange," ~~thought~~ the Bear's wife. "He never sent for
pack
me before to ~~help bring~~ but one herd home."

After a ~~little~~ time she asked again; "How many herds
did you say my husband killed?"

"I told you one herd," said Blood-Clot Boy; and he
reached for an arrow.

screamed & fled
The Bear's wife dropped her packing strap. ~~"I feared
this she cried; and she fled toward her tent. But~~ Blood-
an arrow
Clot Boy shot ~~and hit her in the little finger and the~~ She
~~Bear's wife~~ dropped dead.

Again Blood-Clot Boy started toward the Bear's tent.
I will kill He cheerfully said humming
~~As he went, the Badger called after him;~~
But the Badger called after him -
"Do not kill the ~~Grizzly~~ Bear's youngest child, the
gave
one with yellow fur. He ~~brought~~ us buffalo bones and
kept us from starving."

Her I'll
"~~I~~ shall ~~not kill him~~," ~~answered~~ said Blood-Clot Boy.

He then went into the tent and asked the ~~Grizzly~~
Bear's children; "Which of you gave food to my father and
kept him from starving?"

"I did! I did!" they cried; but they were frightened
tried - broke crept
and ~~ran about trying~~ to hide under ~~the~~ robes ~~or behind~~
under cover
the tent ~~door poles~~; only one sat upright and said
had
nothing; he ~~was the one with~~ yellow fur.

have yellow fur
Blood-Clot Boy raised his bow. "You who ~~are not afraid~~
and say nothing, you are the one!" he cried; ~~and~~ The rest he

shot ~~the others~~ with his arrows.

The Badger and his family came and lived in the their tent once more and the Grizzly Bear's youngest child lived with them; he fetched ^He water and carried out the ashes.

~~As for Blood-Clot Boy, he soon took leave of the Badger for he longed to see the great world.~~

THIRTEENTH STORY

THE BUFFALO OR BISON

When Cortes reached the city of Mexico, he found a strange beast stalled in the animal house of the Aztec king. It was a bison, or buffalo, driven captive perhaps from Coahuila, five hundred miles to the north. A curious sight thought the Spaniards was this "Mexican Bull"; it had "crooked Shoulders with a bunch on its Back like a camel; its Flanks dry, its Tail large and its neck covered with Hair like a Lion." This was in I52I.

Nine years later another Spaniard, Cabeza, wrecked off the Gulf coast, wandered inland and saw wild herds,-cattle he called them "having short horns.....and hair long and flocky;" for this he was named Cabeza de Vaca, Cattle Cabeza, or Buffalo Cabeza.

But Cabeza never dreamed how vast was the bison's range. From the Atlantic to westward into the Rockies; from the Valley of the Rio Grande to Great Slave Lake, the huge beast roamed. Forest and mountain, plateau and valley and plain were his home; still the great herds were in the prairie region west of the Mississippi.

It is hard for us to realize how vast these herds once were. Even in the forest region, where the larger bands did not roam, bisons in thousands gathered each

season to lick the earth about the salt springs, or salt licks as they are yet called.

But the forest bands were few and small compared with the herds west of the Mississippi. Here the whole plains region was one vast buffalo range. Perhaps no animal that has lived upon earth ever moved in such prodigious hosts. In spring and autumn when the migrating season was on the herds advanced like great armies, their mere numbers threatening everything in the way.

Lewis and Clark were halted on the Missouri for more than ~~above~~ an hour while a herd crossed a little way above them the river was here a mile ~~in width~~ wide yet the herd stretched as thick as they could swim, quite from one side to the other. In later years these same herds stopped steamers, threatened trains of emigrants and even derailed cars and locomotives. On some of the railroads engineers were forbidden to move their trains while buffaloes were crossing the track.

These great herds were seen in parts of the plains region until past the middle of the last century. Colonel I.R. Dodge has left account of an immense herd which he saw as late as 1871.

In May of that year he was driving in a wagon from Old Fort Zara to Fort Larned on the Arkansas, a distance of thirty four miles; of this, not less than twenty-five miles was thru one immense buffalo herd..

The whole country, says Colonel Dodge, appeared one great mass of buffaloes, moving slowly north. Only when one got amongst them was it seen that the greater herd was made up of countless smaller ones, of ~~some~~ about fifty to two hundred animals each. As was learned afterwards the herd was five hours passing a given point.

If, as it is thought, the herd advanced wedge-shaped, it must have covered ~~some~~ close to eight ~~hundred~~ thousand acres. Counting fifteen head for each acre, we have a total of four millions of buffaloes in this last of the great herds.

II

Methods of hunting ~~the bison.~~

For bison hunting the Indians used short, powerful bows, some of them drawing as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. With such weapons arrows were often driven clean thru the ponderous beasts. But lances and even knives were used. Afterwards, when ponies were brought into the plains, the lance became a common weapon.

In old times all hunting was done afoot. This was hard work. A prairie country offers little hiding even for an Indian; it was not easy to stalk or drive the larger of our game animals.

It was a custom of our three village tribes to fire the

near-by prairies in early spring; the grass coming up green and fresh would attract the herds; they would thus be kept grazing within reach of hunting parties.

Methods of hunting were rather various. Sometimes an Indian crept into a bunch of buffaloes disguised as a wolf; wrapped in a skin and imitation a wolf's actions he could steal upon the unsuspecting beasts and shoot them down with arrows. Usually he approached the herd from windward, as the bison was rather keen of scent.

Winter hunting was done on snow shoes. It was mean sport but was much used by the Indians.

The snow fall on our prairies is not often heavy; but the snow drifts down the hill sides and fills coulees and hollows. Into one of these coulees a bunch of buffaloes would be headed. The frightened animals plunging in , floundered helpless in the drift and were easily killed with lance or arrows.

When an Indian had emptied his quiver he has been known to rush in on his snow shoes and hamstring his victim with a knife. It is doubtful if this was done in old times when knives were of flint!

A nobler form of winter hunt used by the Mandans was much admired by Lewis and Clark.

Ice breaks on the Missouri in March or April; and for some days after the current is choked with floating ice-masses; a buffalo, trying to cross the river, was often caught on one of these ice-rafts and borne down stream, an unwilling prisoner.

Watching his opportunity, an Indian would dart out from shore, leaping lightly from block to block until close enough to thrust the helpless bison with his lance. The ice-raft was then poled to shore and the carcass secured.

Winter hunting was done usually to capture pelts. In the snow months buffaloes were in poor flesh but their robes were prime.

The herds were ~~at their~~ fattest in early autumn, just after the summer's pasture. This was the season of the fall hunt, when whole villages moved out to the herds' feeding grounds; camp was fixed ~~on some eminence~~ pitched always on high ground near water; ~~scaffolds~~ stages were built, par fleche bags opened, and preparations were made to lay in the winter's meat.

For convenience in handling the meat a large number of buffaloes had to be taken at a single kill. This was sometimes done by impounding.

To

A pen, or pound, was built at the foot of a low bluff and fenced with rocks, logs, brush,- anything, indeed, to make a close high wall. From the top of the bluff were ~~ran out~~ two lines of brush heaps, the dead men as they were sometimes called. These lines were three or four miles in length and opened out over the prairie like the arms of the letter V, the pound lying under the angle.

Between the two rows of dead men the buffaloes ~~and~~were headed and driven slowly toward the pound. Indians ~~stand-~~ Lined ~~ing~~ behind the brush heaps waved robes to keep the herd from breaking thru the lines.

Across the entrance to the pound a heavy trunk was laid that the herd might not break down the edge of the bluff with their hoofs; over this trunk the buffaloes leaped, to land in the pound , prisoners.

Around and around the pen galloped the frightened animals; sometimes an old bull would dash thru a weak place and rush off with the herd at his heels; but usually buffaloes would not charge a fence unless they could see thru it to the outside; to prevent this, women and children stood without and held up robes to shut off the light.

When the last buffalo had leaped the fatal trunk,

the hunters mounted the fence and the killing began.

A dreadful scene followed. Many of the poor brutes sank under the first wound; others, mad with pain, dashed wildly about, charging everything in their way; younger and weaker members of the herd were trampled down,gored, or tossed bodily over the necks of the older bulls; above the bellowing of the cows and the moaning of their helpless calves, rose the pitiless whoops of the Indians.

When the work of slaughter was over, women rushed in and stripped the carcasses. Two or three hundred hides were often taken at a kill. The meat was cut thin and put on the stages to cure. Wolves and coyotes, stealing into the pound at night, made away with the offal.

Another mode of hunting was by decoying the the buffaloe loes over a precipice.

A herd was found grazing near one of the bluffs that overlook the Missouri. A young man put on a disguise made of a buffalo's head and skin, and quietly stole in between the herd and the river.

The buffaloes were now driven toward the disguised Indian who led them on at a swift run toward the bluff. Usually the herd dashed blindly after him. At the edge of the precipice the Indian dropped into a safe nook

while the herd , unable to stop, was dashed on the rocks below.

Such killing, -for it cannot be called sport,- was not without danger. The Indian who led the herd was sometimes overtaken and trampled; or, missing his footing, fell himself over the precipice.

After the tribes ~~obtained~~ got ponies, buffaloes were commonly taken in a surround

A party of mounted Indians having surrounded a herd of buffaloes, gradually closed in. If the animals took alarm and tried to break thru the circle of horsemen they were turned back with shouts. The herd was thus driven in upon itself, a dense, eddying mass of brutes, bellowing, butting and climbing one another in a panic of fright. The slaughter then began.

It was an exciting scene. The ponies, nimble as mountain goats, carried their riders almost without need of halter. The Indian indeed had little chance to manage his steed. His work was to kill; and lance or bow is not easy to wield on horse back.

But it was dangerous work. The tramping of hundreds of hoofs raised a cloud of blinding dust; a maddened bull might dash out of the dust cloud and with a lunge overthrow pony and rider; or the throng of buffaloes opened

open

and the blinded horseman suddenly found himself wedged in, helpless, amidst a mass of infuriated bison. For safety he must leap over the backs of the herd ,leaving his pony to its fate.

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, a herd of several hundred bison has been ~~thus~~ slaughtered ; often, not a single buffalo escaped.

Such wholesale killing was wasteful; Indians could use almost every part of a carcass; but they seldom troubled to do so;much of the kill was left to glut the wolves.

III

EXTERMINATION OF THE HERDS.

Wanton butchers as the Indians were, the destruction of the great herds cannot be laid to them; it was the ~~whi~~ white man with his merciless rifle, who fell upon the herds like a bolt of doom. The extermination of the bison makes an ugly chapter in the history of our North West.

The forest herds perished first.Settlers of Tennesee and Kentucky owned few cattle; for their winter's supply of meat they hunted deer or bison. Buffaloes were thus gradually driven out of the forest regions. They were scarce in Kentucky when Lewis and Clark passed thru the

settlements. Twenty years later, few were to be found east of the Mississippi.

The extermination of the prairie herds began in 1820. In that year the Red River half breeds organized their first grand hunt and with their families set out for the Dakota range in five hundred and forty carts. A like expedition left the settlement each June for nearly forty years.

The organization of these great hunts was almost military. On the day before the start the company elected officers and drew up rules to govern the march; a guide rode ahead of the line, waving a flag; at night the carts were drawn up in a circle, with the ponies and oxen in the center.

When a herd was sighted, the hunters, armed and mounted, were drawn up in a line, with their chief or president ~~a little~~ in advance. It was a trying moment for the younger men. "Not yet, not yet!" warned their chief ~~as they checked their~~ waving back the impatient little ponies ~~steeds~~. Slowly the line advanced until the herd ~~began to~~ showed alarm. "Now!" shouted the chief; and with a thunder of hoofs the hunt began.

Accounts of one of the smaller of these expeditions have come down to us. The company was made up of 55

hunters and their families and camped in 60 lodges; they drove 213 carts; the season's kill was 1776 cows; and 228 bags of pemmican, 1213 bales of dried meat, 166 sacks of tallow and 556 bladders full of marrow were carted back to the settlement.

Such wholesale killing could not last. Bison were scarce between the Red and James rivers before 1840; a few years later no large herds were left east of the Missouri.

In 1876 the lines of the Northern Pacific railroad were extended to the Missouri river. Sportsmen could now come by rail within easy reach of the best hunting grounds and a horde of skinners and hunters fell upon the herds; a sickening butchery followed.

Buffaloes were killed for their hams, for their tongues, for mere sport; tens of thousands were slaughtered for their skins; thousands died miserably of wounds. The Indians, ~~hardly~~ scarcely less wasteful than the whites, killed whole herds for robes which ~~fetched~~ brought a dollar each from the traders.

In a few years the Dakota herds were extinct.

A shredded horn, or a skull on the roof of some Indian's cabin is all that is left of the mighty ~~herds~~ hosts that shook

the earth with their tread.

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It was believed by some of our plains tribes that the the buffaloes came ~~forth~~ each year out of the earth. A but some what different.
quaint story is told by the Hidatsas of Fort Berthold reservation.

all things were made by Two Beings.
~~Two beings made all things.~~ Their names are ~~Numankmachina and Kinimachi, or~~ One Man and First Worker.

These made the different kinds of game to be found in our land, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, beaver, black-tailed deer. Last of all they made buffaloes.

~~When they had done making,~~ They met and showed one another their work. First Worker spoke:

"See my fine buffaloes! How handsome they are in their short ~~sleek~~ hair and white horns; I have made them so gentle ~~so~~ that one may touch them; ~~and~~ they are of many colors, red, black, white, yellow, spotted."

"If your buffaloes are gentle," answered One Man, "they will not run ~~from the hunters and~~ when they are hunted and will soon be killed; Neither ~~now~~ will they live thru the ~~long~~ cold winters if their hair is short."

" I did not think of that," said First Worker.

"See my buffaloes," said One Man. "They are wild and will run ~~from men~~ when hunted; they have thick fleecy hair to keep them warm in winter. My buffaloes are better than yours."

"It is true," said First Worker; then, when he had thought a moment," I will send my buffaloes into the ground; some day your buffaloes may ~~all~~ be killed; I will then open the ground and my buffaloes shall come ~~forth~~ out and once more cover the land."

And it is so. The buffaloes with thick fleecy hair are gone; instead, we have spotted buffaloes with short sleek hair, the white man's cattle.

FOURTEENTH STORY

TRANSPORTATION

I

BY WATER

The history of a new country is little more than the history of her highways. These are usually her rivers; for it is easier to transport great burdens by boat than by any ~~form~~ of vehicle.

The Missouri and ~~the~~ Red rivers ~~of the North~~ were early highways of the Indians as well as white men. The Chippewas, driven ~~forth~~ from their eastern homes, reached the Red river a little after Verandrye's time; a few bands even crossed to hunt and fish on the Pembina; being forest Indians they brought with them their light birch bark-canoes, the most delicate paddle craft, perhaps, ever made by man.

Birch canoes are still used, on the various reservations of these Indians; as in olden times, certain families ~~more expert than others~~, make a business of supplying these craft to their tribesmen.

Building a canoe is a delicate task. The bark is ~~first~~ stripped from a tree in wide sheets and sewed with pine roots to make the covering. This is laid on the

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ground and bent boat-shape between two rows of upright stakes. Light ribs of cedar are laid and the rim is placed, whipped its length with slender roots of pine. The stakes are then pulled up, the seams gummed and the canoe, light as a feather, is ready for launching.

To work his craft, the canoe man kneels a little back of the center, on a pad of loose grass. He paddles at one side only; a slight turn of the blade keeps the bow headed in a straight course.

Birch canoes were rare west of the Red river, at least on our prairie waters.

The tribes of the Missouri valley were better horsemen than sailors; still, they used a good many dugouts or canoes made from trunks of trees. These were hollosed with fire and and scraped thin with a shell or stone. They were paddled, like birch canoes. If the wind was fair a robe was often held up by the corners, for a sail.

The Mandan women used a round tub-shaped canoe, called bull boat by the trappers. It was a light frame of willows covered with one or more buffalo hides and was used chiefly as a ferry. The paddle was dipped forward over the bow.

Such boats while clumsy could float a heavy cargo. As they were easily built, trappers used them for downstream journeys, casting them away when the voyage was done. Bull boats are still used by the Mandans of ~~their~~ Fort Berthold reservation.

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It will be remembered

~~We have said~~ that Lewis and Clark took a keel boat on their voyage up the Missouri. The keel boat was the common freighting vessel of the fur companies. It was used to ship heavy cargoes of supplies to the upper-Missouri posts and bring back their furs.

The boat was of no mean size, measuring sixty or seventy feet from bow to stern with fifteen feet of beam. It was fitted with deck and keel. A stout mast rose a little forward of the center, ~~on which in a brisk breeze,~~ On this carried a sail ~~was~~ raised.

But the mast had another use. Against a current as swift as the Missouri a sail could make headway only in a stiff breeze; and not then in a head-wind. For the most of the time the boat had to be tracked up stream by tow line or cordelle.

This was a stout rope, fastened to the top of the mast and dragged by a line of men on the bank. An iron ring swung from a hawser whose other end was made fast to the bow. Thru this ring the cordelle was drawn. Being fastened to the top of the mast it swung free of the brush and willows that lined the bank.

At river crossings and in places where no footway was found for the towers, the cordelle could not be used. The boat ~~ha~~was ~~ne~~then be poled up stream. The men ranged on either side of the deck, planted their poles against

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the shallow bottom and pushed steadily, walking aft as the boat moved ahead. Each pole had a knob at its upper end which was rested against the shoulder.

In deep water where neither pole nor cordelle could be used, the keel boat was moved by oars. Of these there were six or seven on ~~each~~ a side.

Tracking a boat upstream was hard work. The men often waded waist deep in mud; clombed bluffs where a misstep meant death; toiled painfully along slippery banks in pelting rain; and not a few lost their lives by the Indians. Twelve or fifteen miles made a fair day's journey for a keel boat.

We have seen how Pierre Chouteau took the steamer Yellowstone into the upper-Missouri in 1832. Her return made a great noise in the town. Many of the traders had not believed the voyage could be made.

~~"The current is too swift; and there are the shoals and the sand bars; the steamer will run aground," they had said.~~

After the Yellowstone's voyage keel boats fell into disuse. Transportation by steamer was speedier and was made at much less cost.

Steamers are still ~~seen~~ common on the Missouri and Red rivers. They are flat-bottomed craft, driven by paddle wheels at the sides or stern.

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We have said that the artist Catlin was aboard the

Ywllowstone when she made her first trip to Fort Union. The appearance of the fire boat made much stir among the Indian tribes. The artist tells in his notes of a funny thing that happened at the Mandan village.

The season had been one of drought and the corn fields were suffering. Following their custom the Indians were trying with their medicine to bring rain.

White Buffalo Hair, a young brave, had mounted the roof of an earth lodge where he stood flourishing a long lance and shield. A great crowd of villagers were gathered below, watching him. He tossed a feather into the air.

"My friends," he called, "you see by this feather from ~~in~~ what direction the wind ~~is blowing~~ from. I will now hold my shield toward the wind. On the shield is painted red lightning. The lightning will draw a great cloud. With this arrow I will make a hole in the cloud and let out the rain."

While he was thus strutting and boasting the steamer rounded a bend in the river; and as she swung in toward shore she began firing a salute. The Indians mistook the sound for thunder.

"My friends," yelled White Buffalo Hair,"we shall have rain. Hear the thunder! Soon our fields will drink rain."

At this moment the steamer hove in sight, her great

paddles churning the muddy water and her howitzers belching flame. White Buffalo Hair, from his place on the roof was the first to sight her. For a moment he stood, almost frozen with fear. Then, with a shaking voice he called out:

"My friends we shall get no rain! There are no clouds in the sky. But my medicine is great! See, I have brought a thunder boat. The thunder that you hear is in her mouth!"

II

BY LAND

The Indians did not much use to transport burdens by land. Before white men came the tribes knew nothing of wheeled carriages and owned no domestic beasts except dogs. These were trained to draw a kind of light vehicle called a travois, or drag.

Two poles, joined in the shake of a letter V, were laid over the dog's back and fastened at the joint to his collar. A pad kept the poles from fretting his shoulders while a girth passing under his body stayed them in place. Behind the dog, lashed sedurely to the two poles swung the basket,- a rude hoop of willow, covered with a netting of raw-hide strips.

Into this basket whenever camp was moved, ~~were dumped~~ went

the household goods,- pots, kettles, the folded tent, packs of dried meat. A good dog could drag sixty or eighty pounds over the smooth prairie grass; but the poor beast was beaten without mercy if he strayed or fell behind.

The travois basket held a prettier burden when a brown-eyed Indian baby lay snuggled in its meshes. But this sometimes brought mishap. Two dogs might fight; or a herd of buffaloes might break across the line of march when the dogs would forget all about their loads and go yelping after the herd. Mournful tales are told of babies, spilled over the prairie and never found again.

Ponies were ~~first~~ brought into the plains country by the Spanish. The Indians were quick to see the value of the little animals and soon owned numbers of them,- Shunka wakan they were called by the Dakotas strangs dogs myaterious dogs; for like dogs, they were beasts of burden. The travois basket was now enlarged; and the patient little pony was made to drag loads that would tax the powers of a white man's horse and cart.

A prettier vehicle was the sledge or toboggan. Two thin boards were split from a trunk with wedges of deer horn. Holes were drilled and the two boards were laced side by side with thongs, wooden cross pieces helping to stay them firm. The front was bent backward in a curve, the wood

being first made pliable with boiling water. The sledge could be drawn by hand or harnessed to dogs.

Such sledges glided easily over the snow, where runners would sink into the crust. Toboggans were oftener made by the Chippewas than by the prairie tribes.

In the earlier days of the settlements, toboggans came to be much used by the whites. For some years almost all the winter freighting of the Red river region was made by sledge amd dog team. The dogs were harnessed, Eskimo fashion, one behind another.

Sometimes a large train would be made up. The body of a woman who died at St. Paul was once sent by dog train, in dead of winter, to Pembina, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles.

A team of dogs could make very good speed. Thirty or forty miles a day were usual if the snow held a crust.

We have seen how Verandrye, on his way into the Dakotas built a fort at the mouth of the Assiniboine. After New France fell into English hands, the Hudson's Bay Company built a trading post near the site of the old fort. Colonists were sent out and a considerable settlement grew up; Red River settlement it was named.

In the winter of 1812, being short of provisions, some of the colonists moved up to the mouth of the Pembina where buffaloes could be found. A fort was built the next

year.This was the first white settlement in Dakota territory.

In their earlier days, supplies for the Red River and Pembina settlements were brought by boat from the company's factories on Hudson Bay. But American settlers were making their way westward and thriving towns had sprung up on the Mississippi, - towns where the river steamers were wont to land their cargoes. It was thought that trade might be opened between Pembina and the upper-Mississippi settlements if overland transportation could be found.

One summer's morning in 1844 a line of six curious vehicles drawn by oxen moved slowly out of Pembina and went creeping over the prairie toward St. Paul. They were the famous Red River carts. Fifteen years later, five hundred of these curious vehicles dragged their way each season over the Pembina trail.

The Red River cart was a two wheeled vehicle, built wholly of wood and leather; not a scrap of iron entered into its making. It was drawn by an ox, in rude buffalo-skin harness. Its cost at the settlement was about fifteen dollars and it carried seven hundred pounds' freight.

For safety the carts were driven in trains, made up of brigades of ten carts each. With each brigade ~~was~~ went a driver and two helpers. Over all was the chief, or president,

who galloped up and down the line giving orders and directing the march. Spare oxen were taken to replace any that strayed or died.

A train of these freighting carts left Pembina twice each summer, arriving in St. Paul in about a month. Outgoing cargoes were pemmican, dried buffalo tongues, pelts and furs. These were ~~exchanged~~ traded at St. Paul for sugar, tea, tobacco and hardware.

On the trail, a start was made each morning at day break. The oxen were unharnessed and given a short rest at the dinner hour. In the evening they were turned out to graze. A cow bell hung on the neck of each to guard against straying.

A train of carts made a picturesque sight, but was rather noisy; as the axles were never greased the wooden wheels shrieked and groaned on their dry hubs like tortured creatures from the under world.

But the Red River cart, like the travois, has had its day. In 1876 the first railroad was built thru the Dakotas; and four years later a huge bridge of steel spanned the broad-flowing Missouri; now mighty engines rush thundering over the prairies where once the Indian loaded his drag or the half breed paced beside his lumbering ox.

XII

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