

moved seven miles." June 5th: "The 'Three Buttes' came in sight one by one, and then the *Trois Tetons*." On the 7th, "moved fifteen miles, without water the whole route; enough dust to suffocate one." 10th: An Indian was mortally gored by a buffalo; "he very composedly made his will by word of mouth, the Indians responding in concord at the end of each sentence; he appeared not in the least intimidated at the approach of death. I think the Indians die better than the whites. Perhaps they have less superstition in regard to the future, and argue that as the Deity makes them happy here, he will also hereafter, if there is existence for them."

June 15th: "Last night some Blackfeet fired into our camp." For one of the crippled Indians a novel stretcher or litter was made. "He has a good bed made on poles, the points of which, like shafts, were carried by a horse led by his wife; the hinder part, by six men and women, on their shoulders."

On July 9th he was again at Pierre's Hole, where the big battle was fought a year previous. Six days later there were new alarms that the terrible Blackfeet were upon them, but still no enemy in sight. "On this day killed thirty buffalo."

On July 18, 1833, Mr. Wyeth wrote Mr. Ermatinger: "I arrived here nine days ago, saw no Indians, but saw the bones of Mr. Moore, killed by the Blackfeet last year, and buried them. He was one of my men who left me in Pierre's Hole. A Mr. Nudd was also killed. I have letters from the States. . . . Cholera has killed five thousand people in New York. . . . General Jackson, President. . . . Insurrection in Southern States on account of the tariff."

July 26th: "Country covered with buffalo. Shot a cow with a very young calf, which followed our mule for a long way before it discovered its mistake." 28th: "I found a grizzly in a thicket, and after firing pistol and throwing stones, he came out as though he meant fight. I gave him the shot of my rifle through the body. He then rushed on us, and I ran as fast as I could. Mr. Sublette also ran."

August 1, 1833: "Mr. Bredger sent four men to look for us, Smith, Thompson, Evans, and a half-breed. Fifteen Snake Indians came up to them, and after smoking departed. After they had gone,

Thompson, having been out hunting and fatigued from loss of sleep, was dozing. He was awakened by a noise among the horses, and, opening his eyes, the first thing that presented itself to his sight was the muzzle of a gun in the hands of an Indian. It was immediately discharged, and so near his head that the front piece of his cap alone saved his eyes from being put out by the powder. The ball entered the head outside of the eye, and breaking through the cheek-bone, lodged in the neck. While insensible an arrow was shot into him from the top of the shoulder downwards."

August 7th: "Camped on Gray Ball River. Here I found a piece of about five pounds of bituminous coal, which burned freely. Its fracture was too perfect to have come far." August 11th: "Saw four grizzlies. 12th: Arrived at Big Horn River, and went out to get bull-hides to make boat."

This boat was eighteen feet long, and was made in this way: Slender willow poles or branches were cut and the butts forced a short distance into the ground in an elliptical shape, corresponding to the rim of the boat. These were about one foot apart. The ends of opposite poles were now bent towards each other until the proper curve for the bottom of the boat was secured, and then tied together with leather thongs. Other poles and branches were interwoven in an antero-posterior direction until a strong wicker frame was completed. The skins of three buffaloes were sewed together with thongs, and these were laid raw side out upon the frame, to which they were securely stitched. A slow (not blazing) fire was then started underneath the shell, and in this way the skins were dried and made to contract tight upon the frame.

In this boat, on August 15, 1833, accompanied by Mr. Milton Sublette, two Indian lads and two half-breeds, Mr. Wyeth undertook one of those perilous voyages occasionally recorded in the annals of frontier life. The starting-point was near the fatal ground where, in 1876, the gallant Custer and his entire command perished at the hands of Sitting Bull and his merciless braves, and not very remote from the place where this unprincipled savage met a bloody end, December, 1890. A thrilling description of this voyage is given by Mr. Irving in *Bonneville*. Down the Big Horn they floated into the

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