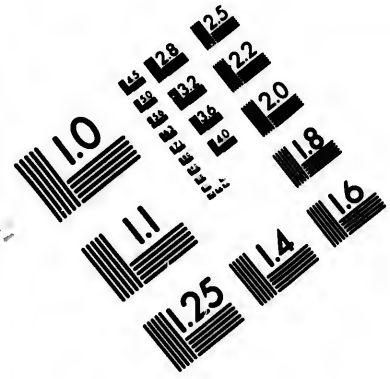

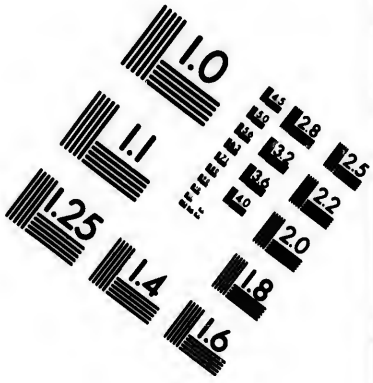

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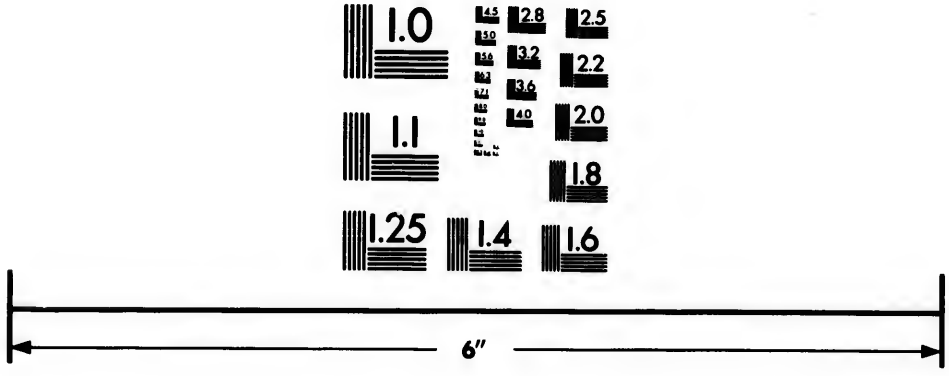

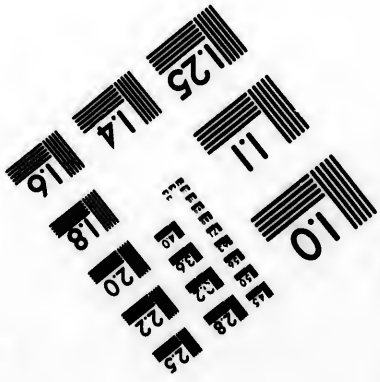

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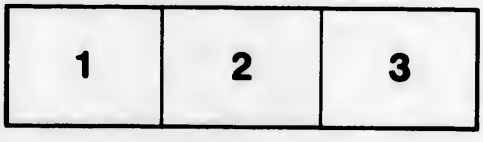

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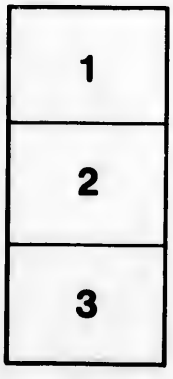

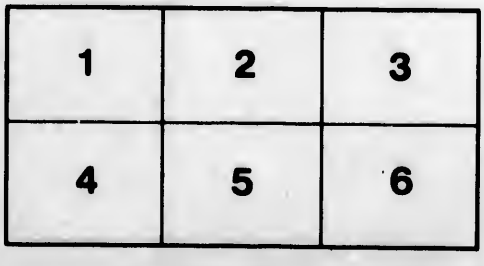

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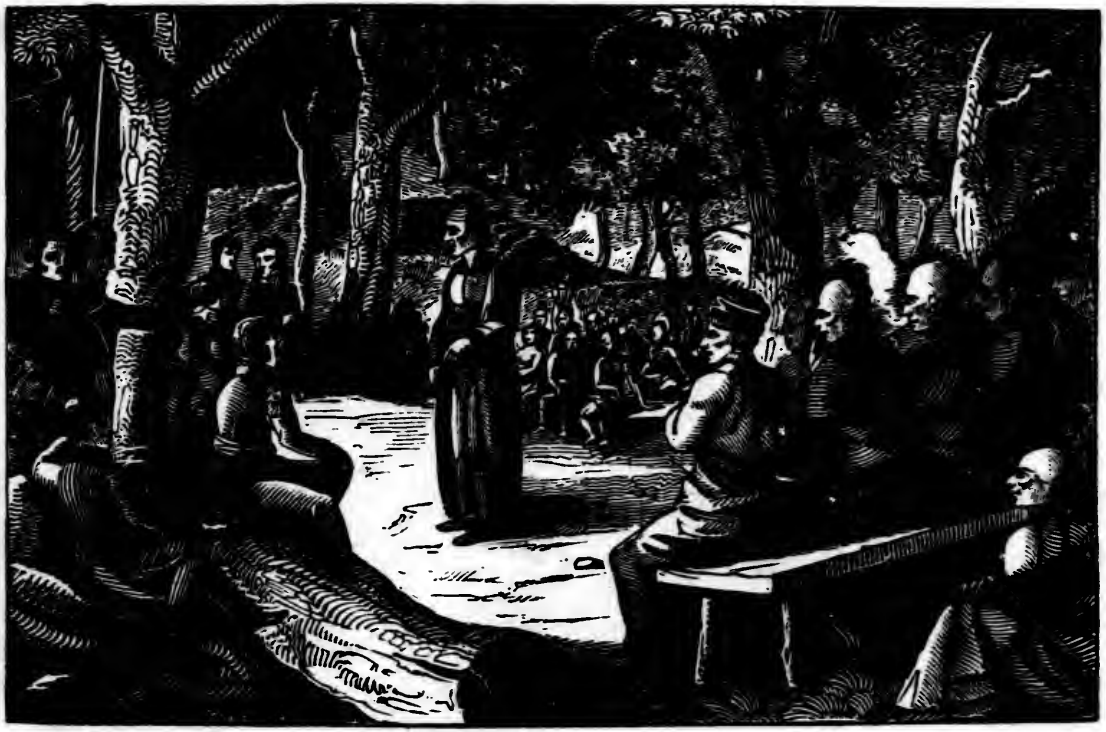

COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS.

Mary E. Bell.
from her Father

TALES OF TRAVELS

1843

WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS.

BY SOLOMON BELL,

Late Keeper of the Traveller's Library, Province-House Court, Boston.

WITH A MAP, AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:

GRAY AND BOWEN—WASHINGTON STREET.

1830.

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BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the nineteenth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the fiftyfifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Samuel G. Goodrich, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

'Tales of Travels West of the Mississippi. By Solomon Bell, late Keeper of the Traveller's Library, Province-House Court, Boston. With a Map and numerous Engravings.'

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies durring the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."'

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFATORY,

INCLUDING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

I HAVE had my share of adventures and vicissitudes in life, but now for the first time do I come before the public as an author. One might suppose, that a man who was in the battle of Tippecanoe,—to say nothing of other perilous chances by flood and field,—would not feel his hand tremble at dipping his pen in ink. But the fact is otherwise; and I am obliged to attest, what has often been affirmed before, that experience in one situation does not necessarily qualify us to act with decision in another. It is no new thing, to find a soldier brave in the field, who yet quivers like an aspen leaf before a ghost.

But I have put my hand to the plough, and what is more, I have given my portrait in the titlepage. Those who do not recollect the features of the '*Late Keeper of the Traveller's Library, Province-House Court, Boston,*' may perchance recognise the lineaments of a well-known individual,

who, being pleased with all the world, is of course not very much out of humor with himself. If they fail to discover the likeness of an acquaintance, I have only to recommend to their attention the quaint motto appended to the portrait of an ancient divine:

> 'Good Wilson this; behold his looks:
> Nay more—proceed, and read his books.'

I might now go on to say something more distinctly of myself and my plan. But I make no pretences to learning, and I never had anything to do with ambition. I court not Fame; and if I did, the goddess would not listen to such humble addresses as mine. Nor do I seek Fortune; for that blind deity has had sufficient eye-sight always to elude my pursuit. I may add, that the tide in the affairs of men, of which the poet speaks, has irrevocably ebbed beyond my reach.

Why do I write, then?—I answer to the critics with my hand on my heart—partly because I have been somewhat of a traveller myself, and would fain edge in a few of my adventures with those of other people; partly because I have nothing else to do; partly because I am like my neighbour, Peter Parley, and love to see the eyes of children glisten at hearing a good story; and partly because I am not willing to let the world roll round beneath my feet, and bring me to my grave, leaving no record behind of any serious effort, on my part, to benefit mankind.

So much for myself. As for my plan, I meant to say something about it; but I perceive that the advertisement of my publishers, at the beginning of the volume, has set that forth better than I could do it myself.

So I have but a word more to say, and that is for my little readers. They are the only critics I am anxious to please. Their verdict will be founded in nature and truth; and as I cannot say as much of others, I turn to them.

TO MY LITTLE READERS.

I am going to tell you about various travellers in different parts of the world. I shall relate their adventures, and tell you of the countries which they explored, the wild animals they saw, and the people they met with. As I have seen something of the world myself, I shall occasionally make some observations of my own; but I shall not, like Mr Parley, always introduce myself as the hero of the story. On the contrary, my chief business will be to tell what has happened to others. As I am a great lover of truth, and detest exaggeration, I shall only present you with tales entitled to your full belief. Still, if you are fond of strange stories, you shall not be disappointed.

We shall have occasion, ere we part, to climb over rocky mountains, range through deep forests, traverse wide deserts, and meet with many curious, and some perilous, adventures.

**

These things you will probably find amusing; but it is more important that they prove instructive.

Let me, therefore, here ask one favor of you. At the beginning of each volume of these Tales of Travels, you will find a little map. This map gives a view of the countries, the course of rivers, the position of mountains, and the situation of towns, where the travellers performed their journeys. Now I request you all, as you proceed in the story, to consult the map, and trace the route of each traveller, as you pursue his narrative. You will enjoy the stories better, if you understand the maps.

I shall now tell you of travels in the unsettled parts of our own country. I shall afterwards tell you of the cold regions far to the North; I shall tell you of Europe, where kings live in palaces; of Asia, where tigers and rhinoceroses roam at large; and of Africa, where the lion, the leopard, and the ostrich may be seen in the desert. I shall tell you of South America, where the mountains spout forth fire; and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, where the people live amidst trees that never lose their verdure, and where the plants are always in bloom.

I shall not, like a certain Friend of yours, attempt to amuse you with fanciful descriptions; I shall tell you only of Truth, and that in a simple and plain way.

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TALES OF TRAVELS

WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

CHAPTER I.

About the River Mississippi.—The Prairies.—How the Indians set them on Fire, and destroy many Wild Animals.—About Buffaloes, and how the Indians hunt them.

I SUPPOSE my readers have all heard of the River Mississippi. There is a picture of it on the map, at the beginning of this book. It is a great stream flowing from north to south. It is in some places a mile wide, and hundreds of steam boats are constantly navigating its waters.

On the map you see a place called St Louis. This is a town where there are several thousand people. St Louis is about 1100 miles from New York; it is 1300 miles from Boston, and 1000 miles from Philadelphia. It would take you about fourteen days to go by stage and steam boat from New York to St Louis. This town is in a direction nearly southwest from Boston.

The map which I have mentioned before, gives you a picture of a vast country west of the Mississippi. It is about this country I am going to tell you.

You observe, nearly in the middle of the map, a dark range of mountains running from north to south. These are the Rocky Mountains. They are very high, and their tops are always covered with snow.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, the country is a wide prairie, through which many rivers flow, and empty their waters into the Mississippi. I suppose you have never seen a prairie; so I will describe one to you.

A prairie is a piece of ground without trees or bushes. In summer it is covered with tall grass. Sometimes the prairies are quite flat, and stretch out to an immense extent, resembling the boundless sea. Sometimes they are uneven, or rolling, as they are called.

Trees grow along the banks of rivers which flow through the prairies, and around the lakes and ponds which lie within them: sometimes, too, there are small spots in the midst of a prairie where there is no water, covered with trees. These places the people call islands.

But except the woods which grow upon the margins of rivers and other waters, and the little groups mentioned above, the whole region, which spreads out between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, being about 1000 miles from east to west, and near 800 miles from north to south, is a wide prairie.

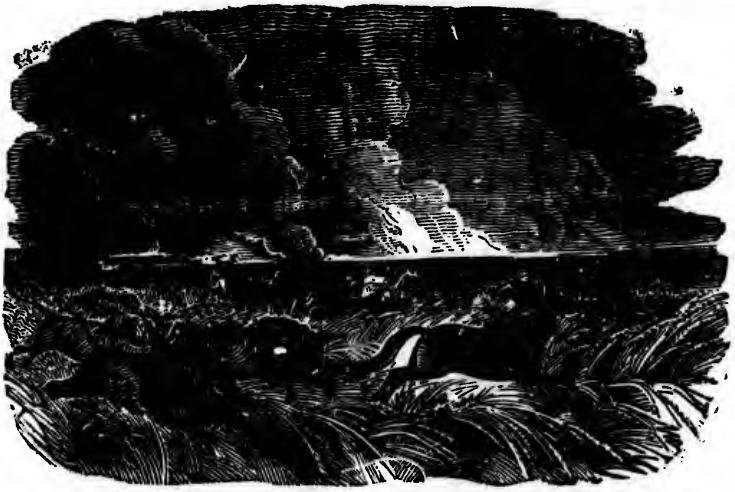
Over this vast space there are only a few small settlements, and not many white people. It is chiefly

occupied by wandering tribes of savages, and multitudes of wild beasts, of various kinds. The Indians live chiefly by hunting wild animals, which they sometimes shoot with arrows, and sometimes with guns.

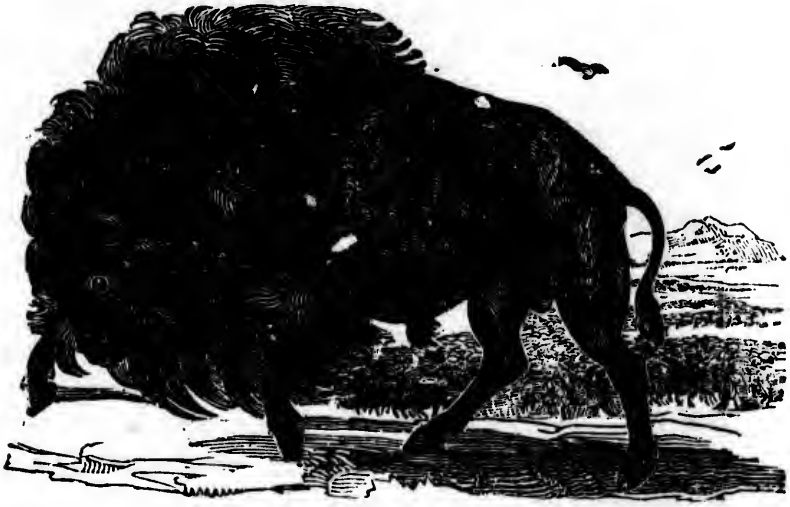
I suppose you never saw an Indian. Here are pictures of some Indians; one has a bow and arrow, the other is in full dress. The Indians have dark skins, the color of copper, and dress, as you see, very differently from white people.

They have a curious custom of burning the prairies every year. In the fall, when the grass becomes dry, they set it on fire, and the flame spreads far and wide with astonishing rapidity. The wild animals fly from it, with the greatest terror. Horses, buffaloes, deer, elks, bears, and other creatures, may be seen running away from the fire, which, however, often overtakes them, and burns them to death.

PRAIRIE ON FIRE.



BUFFALO, OR BISON.



The proper name of this animal is Bison; the real Buffalo is not found in America.

A prairie on fire at night is a truly sublime spectacle. The flames appear like a burning sea, and the clouds of smoke that roll up to the heavens, tinged with the light, spread over the scene a terrific gloom.

These fires prevent the wood from growing; for as fast as the trees come up, they are burnt to the ground. Thus where there are Indians to burn them over every year, prairies continue destitute of trees. But when white people settle in the prairies, these fires are not kindled, and so the trees come up, and what was before a prairie, becomes a forest.

Around the town of St Louis, the country for fifty miles in extent is covered with woods. Twentyfive years ago, it was an open prairie.

In the prairies, there are multitudes of buffaloes. A Buffalo is a great, ill-looking animal, something like an ox, but larger. His head and neck are covered with long shaggy hair. He has a long beard too. His neck and his fore parts are thick and strong, but his hind parts are small in proportion to the rest. In the summer he has no hair from his shoulders backwards.

Buffaloes go in great droves, and as fast as they eat up the grass in one place they move to another. In the spring they are fat, and their meat is very good to eat. In the fall they are lean.

I have seen droves of them that covered the ground farther than the eye could reach, and I have travelled three days through a herd, without coming to the end of it. They are afraid of a man, and will run away from him. But when they are wounded, they will turn upon him and attack him with great fury.

The Indians hunt buffaloes sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback. When they hunt them on foot, they take care that the wind blows from the buffaloes to them; for these creatures have a very keen scent. They can smell a man more than a mile, when the wind blows from him toward them.

When the hunter has got as near as he can without being seen, he lies down flat in the grass. Then he drags himself along, till he is near enough. Then he fires at the buffalo's heart, and kills him. If he were to shoot at the head, it would be of no use, for the skull is so hard and thick, that a bullet will not enter it.

The Indians have horses trained to hunt the buffalo. They ride into a drove, and fire at the fattest and best, and then ride to another. This is a very dangerous sport; for the buffalo, when he is wounded, turns upon his enemy, and sometimes kills both horse and rider.

I should not omit to tell you that the buffalo has a great hump on his shoulders, and that this is better to eat than any other part.

There are two kinds of bears in this country. One is the Black Bear. He eats mice, and frogs, and fish, and nuts, and corn, and climbs trees. He sleeps all winter in a hollow tree. He seldom attacks men. The other is called the Grisly Bear. This creature is a dreadful enemy, and attacks men whenever he can get an opportunity. He has terrible teeth, and claws longer than a man's finger. He is of a dark grey color. He runs very fast. It is very difficult to kill one of these animals, for they have been

INDIANS HUNTING BUFFALOES.

GRISLY BEAR.

known to live several hours after having ten bullets shot into them. They feed altogether upon flesh. They are not afraid of fire, as other wild beasts are.

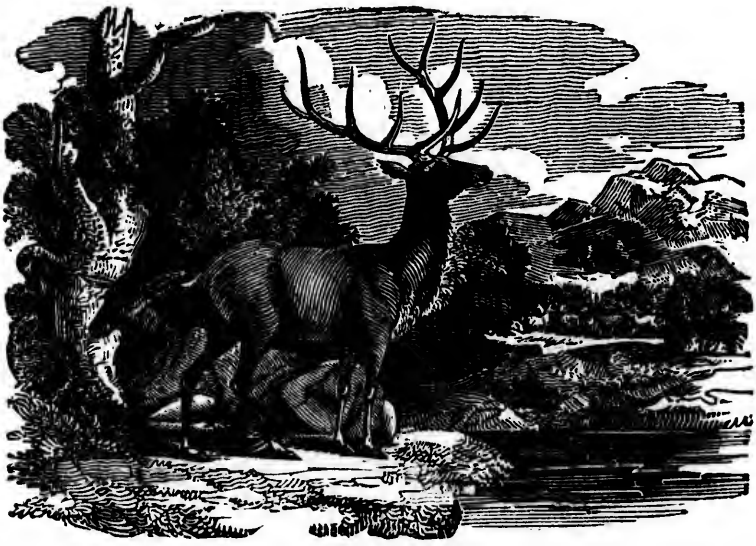
The Elk is a four-footed beast, very like a deer, but almost as big as a horse. The females have no horns, but the males have very large ones. You may have seen their horns in a museum. Elks are peaceable creatures. They do no harm to anything, and live on grass and the small branches of trees. I have seen five hundred of them in one drove, and they were a beautiful sight.

Thus I have told you something of the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi.

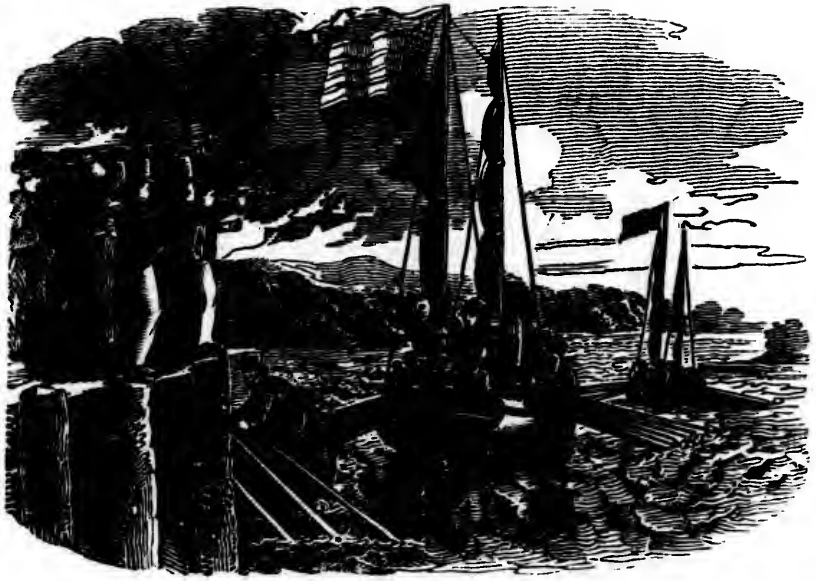
But little is known of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. Very few white men have been there. There is a river which runs from the mountains into the Pacific Ocean, called the Columbia River. This you will see on the map. It comes within forty miles of the springs where the Missouri river begins. On the river Columbia, which is a very large one, the country is full of hills and mountains. There are few trees, and no buffaloes. But there are bears, and elks, and mountain goats, and sheep with great horns. The Indians that live there are very poor, and have but little clothing.

Before you get through with this book, I trust you will be better acquainted with this country.

AMERICAN ELK.



The American Elk is one of the finest animals of the deer kind; it is found only in America. The Elk of Europe is common in this country, but it is called Moose.



Captains Lewis and Clark setting out with their men on their expedition to the Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

About Captain Lewis and Captain Clark.—How they set out on their Expedition up the Missouri.—About Snags and Sawyers, and Kickapoo Indians.

I AM now going to tell you all about Captain Lewis and Captain Clark. They travelled up the great river, which you will see on the map, called the Missouri, to the Rocky Mountains. Then they crossed the mountains to Columbia River. Then they made canoes out of great trees, and went down that river to the Pacific Ocean. The next year they came back by the same way they went. They were the first travellers who wrote anything about Columbia River.

As this great country was not known about thirty years ago, Congress agreed to send some people to find out what kind of a river the Missouri was, and see if it was possible to make a road from the Missouri to the great Pacific Ocean which lies far to the west. So President Jefferson, who was a great man, chose to send Captain Lewis and Captain Clark to learn these things.

He gave them many articles for the Indians, such as beads, and ribbons, and powder, and balls, and silver medals for the chiefs of the Indians, and a great many other things. He told them to write down all they saw on paper. But for fear the paper should be spoiled by getting wet, he told them to write on birch bark too.

He told them to find out the names of all the Indian tribes they might see, and what lands they

owned. They were to learn all they could about the languages of the Indians, and about their way of living, and in short all about them, and the country.

When they came to the ocean, if they could not return safely by land, they were told to try to find a ship on the coast, and return by water.

The next year, in the month of May, 1804, the two Captains started from St Louis. They took with them twentyseven white men, and a negro, who was named York. They went on board three boats. One of them was a large one, with a deck and a cabin. The other two were small open boats.

Captain Lewis and Captain Clark soon found that the Missouri ran very fast. The banks were constantly falling in, and the trees along with them. Some of these trees get fast in the bottom, and stick up straight. They are called snags. Others get fast in the same way, and the tops are always moving, sometimes under the water, and sometimes above it. These are called sawyers, and they are very dangerous to boats. Great trees are always floating down this river; so that our travellers found it very hard to get along. In three days they came to a town of French people, called St Charles. Here they staid three days. Two days after, they came to some Kickapoo Indians, who had been hunting. The Indians gave them four deer, and they made the Indians a present in return.

CHAPTER III.

The Travellers continue their Voyage up the River Missouri.—Curious Story of the Osages, and other Things.

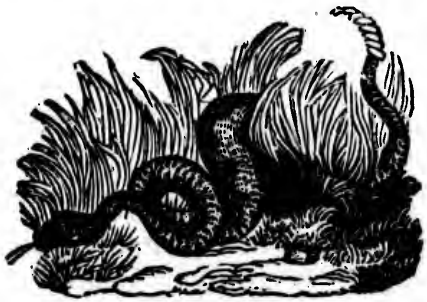
THE next day they came to a river called the Osage Woman River. You will see it on the map. They saw a large cave, too, where a great rock hangs over the water. There are strange figures painted on this rock. Two days after, they came to the Gasconade River, and stopped to hunt. The trees they saw were cotton wood, which is a species of poplar; hickory, walnut, and willow. They found plenty of rushes, and some grape-vines.

Then they came to the Osage River. The Osage Indians live on this stream. There are more than a thousand of them. They have a story about themselves, which I will tell you.

There was a snail crawling on the bank of the Osage. The river washed him away and carried him to the Missouri. Here the sun shone on him, and he turned into a man. Then he returned to the place where he was born, on the Osage River. He came near being starved to death, but God gave him a bow and arrow, and showed him how to kill deer. Then he found a beaver who spoke to him, and told him he would not let him hunt there. While they were quarrelling, the beaver's daughter came and made the quarrel up. The man married the female beaver, and their children were the first Osages.

This is a silly story, but the Osages believe it. They are an ignorant people, and do not know how to read.

Our travellers now passed by several rivers. The Konzas was the largest of these. They stopped at the mouth of Good Woman River, and killed three bears, and some rattlesnakes. Rattlesnakes you know are poisonous. They have a kind of bony rattle at the end of the tail. They never bite without sounding this rattle first. I once saw an Indian boy bit by one, and he soon died. Here is a picture of a Rattlesnake.



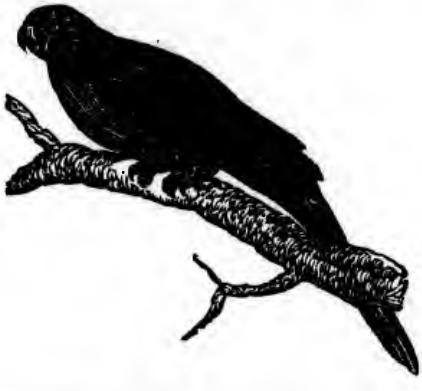
The captains found good plums on the river. They met a man going down the river in a canoe, named Durion. He could speak the language of the Sioux Indians, and they hired him to go with them for an interpreter.

After this our travellers passed Grand River, and saw a strange snake that made a noise like a turkey. The banks kept falling into the river all the time. They found thousands of musquitoes, and were stung very badly. Then they saw some pelicans. A Pelican is a very large white bird, that lives on fish. It has a great bag under its bill. This bag will hold

four or five gallons. Sometimes the pelicans fill these bags with fish.

The party continued to proceed, and saw a great many deer, and parroquets, and wild turkeys, and beavers, and goslings, and swans, and wolves. They killed a wolf, and they passed a great many more rivers.

I suppose you never have heard of all these creatures; so I will show you pictures of them. Here is a Parroquet, which is a beautiful bird, with green and yellow



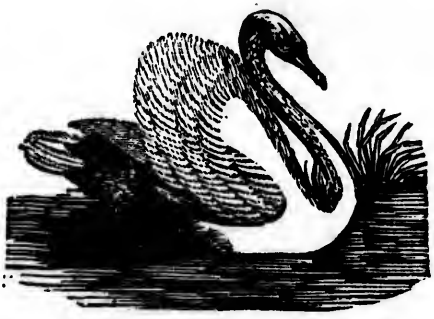
feathers, something like a parrot, and can be easily taught to speak.

The Common Deer of America, called Virginia or Fallow Deer.

Here is a wild Turkey. The wild turkeys look very much like the tame ones.

Here is a Beaver; his fur is very fine, and very valuable. The best hats are made of it.

A Swan is a large, white, beautiful bird, like a goose.



Nothing can be more graceful than a Swan swimming on the clear water.

The Wolf is like a dog; he is a hungry, growling creature, and sometimes attacks men.

CHAPTER IV.

Barrows or Mounds.—Wolves.—How the two Captains held a Council with the Indians at the River Platte.—About the Otoes.—Red Pipe Stone.

A FEW days afterwards, our travellers found on the banks of the river some of those mounds of earth, or, as they are sometimes called, barrows, that you may have heard of. There are a great many of them in the west. There is one at St Louis more than a hundred feet high.

I have seen many of them myself. In two that I saw opened, there were found bones of men and pieces of earthen ware. I cannot tell you who raised these mounds. The Indians do not bury their dead so now.

Every night the Captains and their men were troubled in a way, that you who live in a settled country can have no idea of. The wolves came round their boats, and howled all the night long, and beside this,

they were almost devoured by musquitoes. No one escapes from these troubles, that travels beyond the Mississippi.

They stopped at the river Platte, and sent to the Indians about there, to come and see them. Some of the Otoes and Missouris came. They gave the Captains some water melons, for the Otoes raise melons, beans, and a little corn;—I mean, the women raise them; for the men will do nothing but hunt, and make pipe-stems and bows and arrows.

The Otoes are a very small, but brave tribe. They do not live in any settled place, but roam about where they can find deer and buffaloes. Those we are speaking about, were at war with the Mandans, whom we shall come to by and bye. One of their chiefs was named the Big Horse, and another the Little Thief. Our Captains gave them some paint, cloth, gunpowder, and three medals, and they promised to make peace with the Mandans.

A day or two after this, the party passed the mouth of the Red Pipe Stone River, where the Indians get the stone to make their pipes of. I have been there myself, and will tell you something about the place.

There is a steep rock, that hangs over the river, sixty or seventy feet high. Here the Indians find the pipe stone. It is red, and so soft that it may be cut with a knife at first, but it soon grows hard. About the quarry there is no wood, excepting what grows on the banks of the river. It is all a bare prairie, and there is nothing to be seen on any side, but buffaloes and wolves. The wolves always follow the buffaloes,

and when one of them falls sick, or gets hurt, they kill and devour him.

The air here is very sweet. There is a kind of grass on the prairies, which has a strong and sweet smell. The Indian girls make wreaths of it, to wear on their heads. You can see the river many miles up and down.

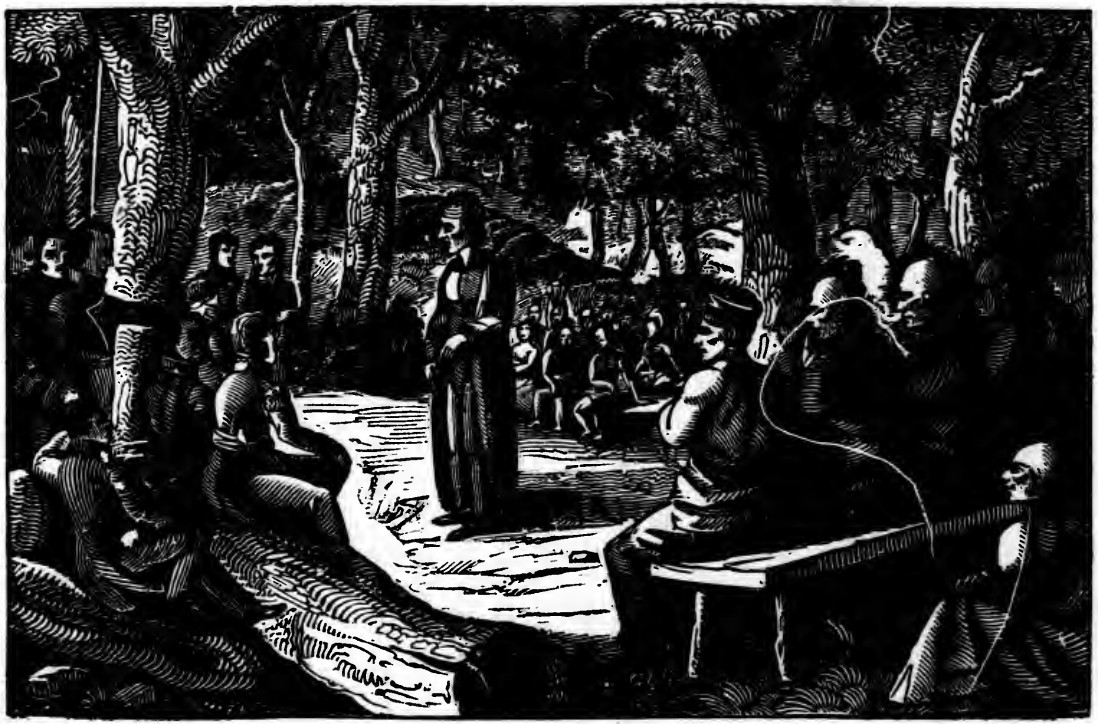
The next day the Captains had a council, or talk with the Indians. Each of the Indians wore a blanket and a pair of leathern leggins with broad seams. Each wore a kind of shirt made of white leather. They had rings in their ears, and some of them in their noses.

Besides this, they were all painted, some black, some red, and some green. They sat down in a ring, some on a bench, and some on the ground. While Captain Lewis was speaking, they listened very politely, and not one offered to interrupt him. When he had done, they spoke one by one.

CHAPTER V.

How an Indian Chief poisoned many People.—How he died and how he was buried.—About the Small Pox.—How the Travellers caught Fishes in a Bush Net.—What the Captain said to the Indians.—Another Talk with the Indians.—How Charles Floyd died.—About a strange Hill, and little Spirits.

On the 11th of August the travellers came to the place where a great Omahaw chief, named Blackbird,



COUNCIL, OR TALK WITH THE INDIANS.

is buried. This man bought arsenic and other poisons of the white traders who came there, who taught him how to use it. He would prophesy that a man would die, and then poison him, that his prophecy might come to pass.

The Omahaw people knew nothing of his poison, and believed him to be a great prophet. They were all afraid of him, and did as he bade them. He was a terrible tyrant. At last he died of the small pox. He left directions how he would be buried, and these were obeyed.

A great hole was dug on the top of a hill, on the bank of the river. They then put a horse into it, and placed the body of Blackbird astride upon it. They also put into the hole his gun, and all his weapons of war, and a great many other things, which they thought he would want in the next world. Then they covered him all up with earth, and raised a mound over him.

His face had been placed toward the river, because he said he wished to see the traders as they came up the stream. They placed food on his grave, and continued to do so many years afterwards. Every one that goes up or down the Missouri, sees Blackbird's grave. Four hundred Omahaws died of the small pox at the same time that this chief died.

When the small pox came among these Indians, they did not know what to make of it. Seeing their people die in great distress, and that they could not help them, they became mad. Some of them killed their wives and children, that they might not suffer

with the sickness. Then they burnt their village, and went to another place.

At length the travellers came to a spot on the river, where they tried their luck at fishing. They made a net of bushes, and caught more than a thousand fish. You may think a bush net a strange thing, but I have seen a great many bush nets, and I assure you they do very well.

The next day, the Otoes and Missouris came again to see the two Captains. The Captains wanted to make peace between these two tribes and the Omahaws. The Indians told them how the war broke out.

They said that two of the Missouris who were living with the Otoes had gone to the Omahaw village to steal horses. The Omahaws caught the two Missouris and killed them, and that had caused the war. Now you must know that the Indians on the Missouri consider it very meritorious to steal horses. This may seem very strange, but the poor Indians have not been taught better.

The next day, the Captains held a talk with these Indians, and gave them some presents. They behaved very politely. I will tell you a few of their titles, to show you what strange names they have. There was Crow's Head, Iron Eyes, Great Blue Eyes, Black Cat, Big Ox, and Brave Man. They tried to get some whiskey of the travellers, but they did not succeed, for the Captains knew that it would do them more hurt than good.

The day after this talk, one of the soldiers died, and was buried. Guns were fired over the grave,

and a cedar post was set up to mark the spot. His name was Charles Floyd.

On the twentyfifth of August, the two Captains, and ten of their men, went to see a great mound near Whitestone River. After walking nine miles across an open prairie in the hot sun, they came to it. It was larger and longer and higher than the New Market in Boston. They climbed to the top, and found a beautiful prospect.

The Indians believe that this mound is inhabited by little devils, shaped like men, with great heads, and a foot and a half high. These little devils, they say, have bows and arrows, with which they kill all that come to the mound. When a man is lost in the prairie, they think he has been killed by these wicked little spirits. None of the Indians will now go near the place. But the travellers did not see any of the little spirits; and I venture to say there were never any there. The Indians, as I shall have occasion to tell you, have many very absurd superstitions of this sort among them.

About this mound, the Captains saw a great many insects, and thousands of birds were catching and eating them. Among the rest were some martins, so tame, that they would come close to the men. On their way back to their boats, they found wild plums, grapes, and currants, as good as those you find in gardens.

CHAPTER VI.

How Sergeant Pryor went to the Dahcotah Camp, and how the Dahcotahs treated him.—About the Dahcotahs, and how they treat their Children.—How the Dahcotahs came to the Boats, and what they did.—About the Peace Pipe.—How the Dahcotahs promised to behave well.—What a strange Society they had among them.

The travellers now sent Sergeant Pryor to the Dahcotah camp, to invite the Indians to come and have a talk with them. When the Sergeant was nigh to the village, he met some of the Indians, who wanted to carry him into the camp on a buffalo robe as a mark of respect, but he would not suffer it. The

tents or houses of these Indians were made of leather, and shaped like a sugar-loaf. The fire was made

Sergeant Pryor going to the Dahcotah Camp.

in the middle, and a hole was left open at the top to let the smoke out. Each tent held ten or fifteen persons.

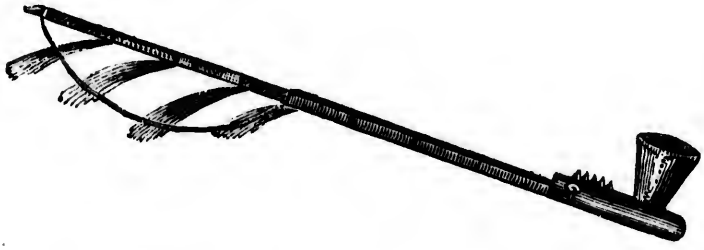
As soon as Sergeant Pryor got into one of the tents, a squaw spread a bearskin for him to sit upon. Another knocked a dog on the head with a hatchet and killed it. Then the dog was held in the fire till all the hair was burned off. Then it was cut in pieces, and boiled. When it was done, it was set before the Sergeant to eat.

This is the way the Dahcotahs receive strangers. They like to eat dogs better than anything else, and therefore think that others do. They are, indeed, not bad food. They taste something like mutton.

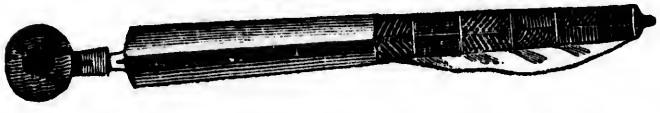
The men in the Dahcotah camp, were dressed like the other Indians I told you about. The women wore short petticoats and leggins, with beads about their necks. They carried their children about, strapped to a board; and when they had anything to do, set them up against a tree, or hung them to a branch. This does not hurt them: it is very seldom you hear an Indian child cry.

On the 30th of the month, seventy of the Dahcotahs came to the boats, where the Captains received them under a great oak tree. An American flag was hoisted. Captain Lewis made a speech, and gave the Indians some presents. Then one of the Indians lighted the pipe of peace, and it was passed from one to the other, till each one had smoked a few whiffs. Then the pipe was given to Captain Lewis to keep, and the Indians had a council by themselves.

The bowl of the peace pipe is made of red stone. The stem, which is of wood, is more than a yard



long, and about three inches broad. It is ornamented with porcupine's quills, beads, ribbons, and horse-hair dyed red. On the whole, the peace pipe is a beautiful thing, and is always smoked by the Indians, on important occasions.



In the afternoon, the Indians shot at a mark with their arrows, for beads, which the travellers gave to the best marksmen. Then they all danced and sung. Besides the music of voices, they had drums and rattles.

After breakfast the next morning, the chiefs all sat down on the ground in a row, and spread some skins for the Captains to sit upon. They then spoke, one after another, promising to behave well, and make peace with their enemies. They also asked

for tobacco and whiskey. Some of them promised to go to Washington city, and see the President.

These Indians were stout, handsome men. Some of them wore necklaces made of the claws of the Grisly Bears, they had killed. Most of them were armed with bows and arrows, which they use very expertly; and I have seen one of them drive an arrow through a buffalo, so that it fell on the other side. They sometimes fight their enemies on horseback; but in this case they have spears and sometimes shields, as well as bows and arrows.

On the next page you will see a picture of one of these warriors on horseback, charging his enemy with a spear.

The Captains found four men among them, who belonged to a curious society. At first it consisted of twentytwo. They had agreed with one another never to turn aside for any danger, however great. As they crossed the Missouri, they came to a hole in the ice, but would not turn aside for it. The foremost ones plunged in and were drowned, and the rest would have followed, if they had not been dragged away by those who did not belong to the society. As they never took any care of themselves, they were all dead but these four whom the Captains saw.

AN INDIAN ON HORSEBACK, ATTACKING AN ENEMY.

CHAPTER VII.

About the Poncara Indians' Mud Village.—About Prairie Dogs.—How the Captains talked with the Dahcotahs, and how they attempted to rob Captain Clark.—How they gave the White Men a Dog to eat.—An Indian Dance.—How the Dahcotahs promised to make Peace.

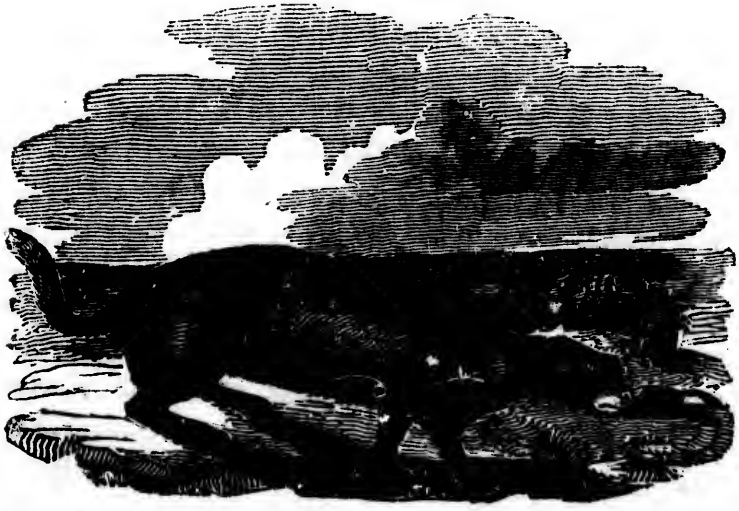
On the 5th of September, the travellers came to the mud village of the Poncara Indians. The savages were all away hunting. One of the soldiers killed a buffalo in the village. The current of the river was now so rapid, that the party were often obliged to drag their boats up with a rope. They now began to see plenty of buffaloes, deer, elks, and wild turkeys. They also saw some antelopes. These are beautiful little animals, and they run so fast that no dog nor horse can overtake them. On the next page is an engraving of two of these animals. The travellers also caught some catfishes, which are very large and ugly. They look much like the fish that we call pout.

The next day, they came to a village of prairie dogs, or marmots. These pretty little creatures, are as big as rabbits, and burrow in the ground like them. When they see a man, they sit up and bark; but when he comes near, they run into their holes. They abound on the Upper Missouri. At page 32 is a picture of a marmot village. The travellers also saw deer with black tails, and black and white wolves.

On the 25th Sept., they had a talk with some more of the Dahcotahs, who begged very hard for whiskey, and were very saucy. When the Indians cross-

ANTELOPES.

A PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE



ed the river to go home, Captain Clark went over with them in one of the small boats. When they got on shore, the Indians laid hands upon Captain Clark's boat, and said they would not let him have it, if he did not give them more presents. He had some hard words with them, and at last they offered to seize him. He drew his sword to defend himself, and the Indians fitted their arrows to their bows. At this moment, when blood was about to be shed, the people in the great boat pointed a small cannon at the Indians, and ten of the soldiers came across to help the Captain. Then the Indians let go of the boat, and talked one to another. Captain Clark offered to shake hands and be friends with them, but they refused. At last two of the chiefs went back to the other side of the river with him.

The next day, the Dahcotahs seemed to be in better humor. There was a crowd of them on the bank, and Captain Lewis and Captain Clark went on shore. The Indians invited them to a dance. They took the two Captains upon buffalo robes, and carried them to a large tent, where they were requested to sit down.

They were treated with great ceremony and civility. A dog was set before them to eat, as well as buffalo flesh, and other meat. These things were served up in wooden bowls, and horn spoons were given to the visitors to eat with. Then the Indian men danced for their amusement.

After this, the women danced, with poles in their hands, to which were tied the scalps their people had taken in war. There was a great beating of

drums, and singing, and shaking of rattles. The men, in dancing, would jump about, but the squaws only shuffled from side to side. One would sing, and all the rest would join in the chorus.

These Dahcotahs had with them twentyfive Omahaw women, whom they had taken in war. They promised the Captains, that they would restore these captives to their relations, and make peace with the Omahaws and with the Mandans also.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Dahcotahs were dressed.—How an Indian beat two Squaws for Quarrelling.---About an Indian Constable.—About Leather Boats.—How the Ricarees behaved. —A Talk with the Ricarees, and what they said.—About their mud Houses.—What Images there are on Stone Idol Creek.

The Dahcotahs, of which I have been telling you, had all the hair shaved off their heads, except a small tuft on the crown, and they wore a great many eagle's feathers in the little hair they had left. They were smeared with grease and charcoal. In other respects, they resembled the Indians I have described already. Some of the bravest, who had killed enemies in battle, had skunk skins fastened to their heels. Each of them carried in his hand his tobacco pouch, made of the skin of some animal.

The women had their hair parted on their foreheads, and tied up in a thick queue behind. When-

ever the camp moves from one place to another, they load the horses and dogs; for dogs are made to work by the Indians. What the horses and dogs cannot carry, the women carry on their heads, for the men will carry nothing but their guns, and bows, and arrows.

While the Captains were with the Dahcotahs, two of the squaws quarrelled, but an Indian came, and beat them both. This man was a kind of constable, or, as the Indians call him, a soldier, and it is his business to prevent disturbance. He is at liberty to beat anybody. He wore a raven skin on his head, and two or three more in his belt. These were the signs of his authority.

The next day the Dahcotahs danced again, to amuse the travellers; but toward night they showed an inclination to rob them. On the morrow there was a great deal of trouble to get rid of these Indians; but finally the Captains and their men went forward in peace. As they went along, up the river, they saw many more of the Dahcotahs, but as they had already received such treatment from the tribe, they would have nothing to say to them.

On the 8th of October, they came to an island, three miles long, in the river. There was a village of Ricaree Indians on it. Here the travellers saw the squaws paddle across the river in leather boats. These boats are constructed in the following manner. In the first place, they make a kind of frame of willow branches, something like a great basket. Then they lay the frame in the middle of a raw buffalo skin. They gather the folds all round, and sew them to the

frame, and the canoe is finished. It looks outside like a great tub.

The Ricarees had never seen a negro, and were surprised at the appearance of Capt. Clark's black man, York. York told them that his master caught him running wild in the woods, and tamed him, and the Indians believed the story. These Indians would not drink the whiskey which the Captains gave them, but rebuked them for offering them any.

A council was held with the Ricarees, like those held with the Dahcotahs and Otoes. The Indians gave our travellers corn, and beans, and squashes, and behaved very kindly. One of the chiefs agreed to go with the boats, and make peace between the Mandans and his own people.

These Ricarees lived in houses made of mud, each with a hole in the top for the smoke to get out. They were round like the dome of the State House in Boston, and about as large inside as a large chamber. They were very warm and comfortable.

On the thirteenth, the travellers came to a little stream, called Stone Idol Creek. On the banks they saw two rocks; one looked like a man and woman, and the other like a dog. One of them had something like a bunch of grapes in its hand. The Ricarees have a very strange story about these stones, which I will tell you.

There was once, according to this story, a Ricaree, who fell in love with a Ricaree girl, and wanted to marry her. He was poor, and her parents would not consent. So he went into the woods, to cry about it, and his dog followed him. When he got into the woods, he found the girl he loved there.

Then they agreed to run away together. They wandered up and down, and could find nothing to eat but wild grapes. The Great Spirit took pity on them, and changed them and their dog into stone, and there they remain now. The Ricarees hold them in great respect, and worship them.

The next day, one of the soldiers was whipped by order of Captain Lewis, for some crime he had committed. There was an Indian chief on board, who had pity on the soldier, and cried all the time the punishment was going on. The day after, the party came to some more Ricarees. The Indian children were afraid of black York, and ran away from him.

On the sixteenth of the month, they came to a place where the Indians had driven a flock of wild goats into the river. They were shooting them with their guns, and the Indian boys were killing them with sticks. The boys alone killed fiftyeight. On the next page is a picture of one of these Goats.

The next day the travellers met two Frenchmen coming down the river in a log canoe. They had been on a hunting expedition, but the Mandans had taken away their guns and traps, and the skins of the creatures they had killed. The Indians are very apt to commit such robberies.

On the 21st they came to a great oak tree, standing alone in the prairie—all the rest of the trees had been destroyed by fire. The Indians think that this tree can do wonderful things. They cut a hole in the skin of their necks, and put a string through it. They tie the other end of the string to the tree, and stand there a while. They think this makes them very brave.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

THE BOY IN THE PRAIRIE.

Six days after, the party arrived at the village of the Mandans. The grand chief came to see them. One of his relations had lately died, and he had cut off two joints from each of his little fingers, to show his sorrow. This is the way the Mandans go in mourning.

Capt. Clark and some of the soldiers went to the village and smoked with the people. They wanted him to eat with them, but as he was sick, he refused. They did not like this at all, and thought it very uncivil. But the squaws gave the soldiers corn, and other provisions.

The Captain had a council with these Indians, and gave them some presents. In the night, the grass in the prairie took fire. It burnt so fast, that a man could not outrun the flames. One Mandan and his wife were burned to death, and another man with his wife and child were burned very badly.

There was one woman with her little boy in the prairie, when it took fire. The little boy could not run fast, so she made him lie down, and then threw her buffalo robe over him. She escaped herself, and the boy was not hurt. The flames passed over the buffalo robe without burning him. The burning prairie is a terrible thing, and a good many Indians perish in the flames.

One of the chiefs invited Capt. Clark to the village; and he went accordingly. When he entered the hut, the chief made him sit down on a fine skin, and gave him a beautiful robe of skins. Then the chief promised to make peace with the Ricarees, and return the things that had been stolen from the two

Frenchmen. He also gave the Captain twelve bushels of corn.

The Captains now concluded to stop all winter at this place. So they began to cut down trees, and build huts. In seventeen days, they built eight huts. These were made of great logs, and the chinks were plastered with mud. The chimneys were also built of mud. I have lived in such houses in the Indian country, and found them very comfortable.

Then the party set about killing buffaloes, and laying up provisions. There were five Indian villages near them. These consisted of Mandans, Ahnahaways, and Minnetarees, or Big Bellies. They were all very kind and peaceable. They visited the huts every day.

On the 30th of November, an Indian came to the opposite bank of the river, and called for a boat. He said he had news for the white men. He was soon brought across. He told the Captains that as the Mandans were hunting, the Dahcotahs had attacked them and killed one man. They had wounded two more, and stolen nine horses. The Mandans thought they should be attacked in their villages by these Dahcotahs.

Capt. Clark now went with twentythree of his soldiers to assist the Mandans. The Mandans were very much pleased with this, and it gained the white men their good will.

CHAPTER IX.

About the Mandans.—A Mandan Story.—How the White Men spent their Time.—How the Minnetaree Chief came to see them, and how the Indians killed Buffaloes on the Ice.—The Party sets out again.—About Mrs Chaboneau.—How she robbed the Mice.—About Yellow Stone River.—Captain Lewis kills a Grisly Bear.

THE Mandans are a peaceable and good kind of people. They say their fathers lived a long time under ground. The root of a grape-vine broke through the earth, and then they first saw the sunshine. A great many of them climbed up the grape-vine, and got on the prairie. At last a great fat woman tried to climb up. The vine broke with her weight—the woman fell to the bottom of the cave, and the rest of the Mandans remained under ground. The Mandans think, when they die, they shall return to their friends in the cave.

The weather was soon very cold; colder than you have ever known it to be where you live; yet the travellers were able to kill buffaloes, and the Indians still came to visit them. On Christmas day, the men danced and feasted, and all were happy. On New Year's day, the soldiers went to the Mandan village, and danced to please the Indians. They were delighted, and gave the soldiers corn and buffalo robes.

The great chief of the Minnetarees, who had but one eye, came now to see the white men. He said some foolish people had told him that there was a black

man among them. He did not believe it. When York came, he thought he was painted. He spit on his skin, and tried to wash off the paint. He could scarcely believe that York was not a painted white man.

At the approach of spring, the travellers saw the Indians kill buffaloes on the ice. These creatures try to cross the river, when the ice is breaking up, and get afloat on cakes of it. They cannot walk steadily in this way, and the Indians go close to them, and stab them with their knives.

The travellers had passed the winter very pleasantly. They hunted and danced, and visited the Indians. The blacksmith made tools and battleaxes for the savages, and they gave him meat and corn for his trouble. The weather was very cold, and some of the men who were out hunting had their feet frozen. But in the huts, they were warm, and had plenty to eat.

On the 7th of April, they set out to pursue their long journey in their boats. There were thirtytwo persons on board. These were three sergeants, twentythree privates, the two captains, the black man, and two interpreters. One of the interpreters, who was named Chaboneau, had his squaw and a small child with him. She belonged to a tribe of Indians in the Rocky Mountains. She had been taken prisoner when she was a child, by the Mandans, who sold her to Chaboneau. When she grew up, he married her. One of the Mandans also went with the party, to make peace with the Snake Indians. They all started in eight canoes, made of wood.

Two or three days after, Mrs Chaboneau went on

shore, and found where some mice had made their nests in the ground. She dug them open, and got a bushel of wild artichokes which the mice had gathered and laid up for their winter store. The Indians frequently rob the mice and squirrels in this way to get food for themselves.

On the 23d, the travellers killed a buffalo calf, and a Mule Deer. This latter animal is a fine species of deer, peculiar to these regions, and found in no other part of the world. There is a picture of one on the next page.

On the 26th of the month, they came to the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. This is a very large stream, that comes from the Rocky Mountains, and falls into the Missouri. It is quite as large as the Missouri is where the two rivers unite. Deer, buffaloes, elks, and other beasts, are found on its banks.

On the 29th, Capt. Lewis went on shore, with one of the men, to hunt. They met with two Grisly Bears. They fired their guns at these animals, and wounded both. One ran away, but the other came towards the hunters, and pursued Capt. Lewis with all his might. However, the creature was so much hurt that he could not run fast, and Capt. Lewis loaded his gun as he ran, and shot the bear again; the other man did the same, and then he fell down and died. He was a young one, but weighed three hundred pounds. If he could have caught Capt. Lewis, he would have torn him to pieces.

MULE OR BLACK-TAILED DEER.

CHAPTER X.

How Captain Clark killed a Grisly Bear, and how another was near devouring some of the People.—About a Panther.—How a Buffalo got into the Camp.—How the Indians drive Buffaloes over steep Places.

The travellers now found deer, elks, buffaloes, wild goats, and wolves very abundant along the bank of the river Missouri, which they were ascending. All along, the country continued to be an open plain as before. There were also wild ducks, geese, and swans in great abundance, on the water.

On the 5th day of May, Capt. Clark and one of the men were out hunting. They came across a very large Grisly Bear. They shot ten balls into him, and he ran away, roaring terribly. Though he was so badly hurt, he jumped into the river, and swam to an island in the middle. There he laid down, and in about twenty minutes he died.

Nine days after, as the party were sailing along, they saw a monstrous Grisly Bear on the shore, and six of the men got out to kill him. They approached pretty near to him, and four of them fired. Every ball entered his body.

But the bear was not killed: he ran at the men with his mouth wide open. Just as he was about to catch the hindmost of them, the two others fired, and broke his shoulder. Then he came at them again, and they jumped into their canoe, and put off into the river. He ran so fast, though his shoulder was broken, that they

PANTHER.

This animal is called Panther, but it is not a real Panther; its proper name is Cougar.

had no time to load their guns. The four men on the shore hid themselves in the willows, and kept firing at him. The oftener they hit him, the angrier he grew. At last he got so near two of them, that they threw away their guns, and jumped into the river. The bear jumped in too, and swam after them. Just as he was going to lay hold of one of them with his teeth, a man on shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him ashore, and found that eight balls had passed through his body.

The hunters now entered their boats, but one of them forgot his coat and left it on shore. By and by a Grisly Bear came, and they saw him tear it to pieces. The same day the people saw a Panther devouring a deer that he had killed. They fired at him, and hurt him, but he got away. They also saw a great many rattlesnakes.

One night, the travellers had gone ashore, made their fires, and had gone to sleep. It so happened that a buffalo took it into his head to swim across the river where their canoes were lying. He ran into the camp, and was very nigh trampling some of the men to death. As soon as he found out where he was, he ran up and down, but at length the dogs frightened him away. He jumped on some guns, and broke them in pieces.

On the twentyninth, they came to a very high steep rock. Beneath it were thousands of buffalo bones. Mrs Chaboneau, who was a Snake Indian, said that her countrymen had been killing buffaloes at this place, and she told how they killed them.

One of the young Indians goes and puts on a buffalo

BUFFALOES FALLING OVER A PRECIPICE.

skin, horns and all, so that he looks quite like a buffalo. Then he gets near a drove of buffaloes, and goes before them. They think it is a buffalo, and follow him. When he has got them near the precipice, a number of Indians show themselves behind the drove. The buffaloes are frightened, and run off as fast as they can after the mock buffalo, who leads them straight to the precipice. There he hides suddenly in a hole. The creatures behind push on those before, and they all go over the precipice together. Thus hundreds are killed. Sometimes the disguised Indian is trampled to death.

CHAPTER XI.

The Travellers come to a Fork in the River.—How a Grisly Bear chased a Man up a Tree.—About the Falls of the Missouri.—How Captain Lewis was near being killed by a Grisly Bear.—How he slept close to a Rattlesnake.—How the Bears troubled the People.—Captain Clark is near being drowned.—About the Gates of the Missouri.

On the 3d of June, the party came to a place where the river divided into two branches. They were puzzled which to ascend. So they concluded to divide into two parties, and travel a day and a half up each of them. Capt. Clark took one, and Capt. Lewis the other. Capt. Lewis and his men had a hard time of it, with rain and storms. They went on foot along

the shore, and were near falling over some steep rocks, and being dashed to pieces.

Capt. Clark did not have so much difficulty; but one of his men was chased by a grisly bear, and when he tried to shoot it, he found his gun was wet, and would not go off. So he was obliged to run and climb up a tree, but the bear was so near him, that he touched him with his claws as he ascended. There at the foot of the tree the beast remained, and watched him some time. At last the people came, and scared him away, and the man came down again.

The two parties returned at the time appointed, and met again at the fork, but yet they could not tell which of the branches was the Missouri. So Capt. Lewis went up the south branch, to see if he could find the falls which they knew were in the Missouri. Four men went with Captain Lewis. The party soon saw two grisly bears, and killed them without any trouble.

The thirteenth day of the month, they came to the great falls of the Missouri. The first fall was eighty feet high. It was very beautiful. There is a great deal of foam here, and a bright rainbow when the sun shines.

Five miles farther up, there is another fall, nineteen feet high. Just above is another, fifty feet high. Farther up there is another of fourteen feet. Two miles beyond this there is another. Just at the foot of the latter is a small island. Capt. Lewis saw on this island a very tall tree, with an eagle's nest on the top, and an eagle in the nest.

All along between these falls the river is full of rocks and whirlpools. The travellers were delighted with the wild scene which these cataracts presented.

After looking a long time at the falls, Capt. Lewis, finding that his men were in want of food, went out to shoot a buffalo. At length he came near one of these animals, and shot him. Before he could load his gun again, he was attacked by a grisly bear.

This happened in the middle of a plain. There was no tree near, and he was obliged to run for his life. The bear ran the fastest, and Capt. Lewis thought he had better get into the river, which was near. So he ran in up to his middle, and turned round.

He had an espontoon or spear in his hand. This he pointed at the bear. As soon as the bear came to the water-side, and saw how the Captain was prepared to receive him, he became frightened in his turn, and ran away as fast as he could.

That night Capt. Lewis was tired, and slept very soundly. In the morning, when he got up, he found a rattlesnake close to the place where his head had lain.

After Captain Lewis had satisfied himself that he had ascended the right river, he sent a man down to Capt. Clark with directions to have him and the men come forward to the place where he was. Accordingly, Capt. Clark and the men arrived in a few days.

On the 25th, one of the party came near being devoured by a bear. The men killed several bears about the falls. These creatures troubled them all the while they were near this place. One night Capt. Clark and three others took up their lodging in the dry bed of a stream. In the night it rained very hard, and the water came suddenly pouring down the channel with great violence.

They were very near being drowned. As it was, they lost their guns and many other articles.

The travellers finding they could not get their large canoes round the falls, made small ones. Opposite where they were at work, there was an island full of bears. When their canoes were done, they crossed over, to attack them. But it happened that all the bears were gone but one. This they attacked and killed. After this they saw no more bears near the falls. The travellers now proceeded on their way.

On the 20th of July, they came to a place, where the perpendicular rocks rise to the height of 1200 feet on each side of the river. They continue so, for more than five miles. This place is called the Gates of the Missouri.

CHAPTER XII.

They come to the Great Forks.—Captain Lewis sees a Shoshonee Indian.—He meets with more Shoshonees.—How the Indians hunted the Wild Goats on Horseback.—How Captain Lewis made a Pudding.

The travellers were now very near the Rocky Mountains. They looked about for Indians, but found none. But they saw their foot prints, and smokes at a distance. They saw bears, deer, and beavers. They came to a place where the river divides into three branches. This place is now called the Upper Forks of the Missouri.

These branches they named Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers. You will find them on the map. They went on, up the southwest or Jefferson branch, and found currants and gooseberries on its banks.

Capt. Lewis took three men with him, and set out to try to find some Indians. He wanted them to show him the way across the mountains, to Columbia River.

On the 11th of August, he was delighted to see a man on horseback at a great distance. This man was mounted on a beautiful horse without any saddle, and with a rope for a bridle. He was a Shoshonee or Snake Indian, and had never seen a white man before. He was afraid of Capt. Lewis, and when he got pretty near him, he whipped his horse, and rode away as fast as he could. The Captain was grieved and disappointed at this.

On the 12th, the travellers came to the source of the Missouri. It is a little spring in the mountains. They then crossed some of the mountains, which are very high. At length they came to one of the branches of the Columbia River.

On the 13th, Capt. Lewis and some of his men left the party and went out a hunting. As they were crossing a plain, they saw a man, two women, and some dogs, a great way off, on the top of a hill. When the Captain had got pretty near them, they all ran away but the dogs.

He then, with his men, followed the tracks of the Indians. When he had gone a mile, he saw two women and a girl. One of them ran off, but the other two remained, and bowed their heads. They

expected to be killed; and stooped to receive the blow,—for this is the way with Indians.

But Captain Lewis laid down his gun, and stripped up his sleeves to show them he was a white man. But he had been so long in the sun, that he was nearly as dark as an Indian. His men came up, and he gave the squaws some beads, awls, and paint.

Captain Lewis now asked the two women to show him where their people were. They showed him the way, and before long he met sixty Indians, riding on horseback. Three of them got off their horses, and took the Captain in their arms, and hugged him. Then the rest got off and hugged the Captain and his men. The Indians pulled off their moccasins, which is their way of showing friendship.

Then they all smoked together, and the party went with the Indians to their camp. The tents were made of leather, and there they all smoked again. This camp was on the Columbia River, and the Indians gave the white men salmon to eat. They were very kind and friendly. They told Capt. Lewis that the way across the rest of the mountains was rough and hard to travel.

Capt. Lewis saw these Indians chase the wild goats on horseback. One of them would chase a goat till his horse was tired. Then another would try, and then another, till at last the goat was wearied out and killed. These Indians were of the Snake tribe.

Capt. Lewis had only two pounds of flour left, but of this he made a pudding, and gave half to the Indians. They had never seen any bread or flour before, but they liked the pudding very much, and thought it was made of roots.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Shoshonees go with Capt. Lewis to the Place where Captain Clark is waiting.—Mrs Chaboneau finds her Relations.—The Captains buy Horses, and Captain Clark goes to explore the Columbia River.—He meets with a good many Indians, and sees them spear Salmon.—They pass over high Mountains.

Capt. Lewis now desired the Indian Chief and his men to go with him to the place where he had left Capt. Clark. This chief was named Cameahwait. The chief was willing to go, but the men were not. They were afraid the white men would do them mischief. At last, Capt. Lewis persuaded them to go. On the way, one of the white men killed a deer, and the Indians were so hungry that they ate it raw.

On the seventeenth of the month they came to the place where Capt. Clark remained with the boats. Mrs Chaboneau, as I have told you, was of the Snake tribe of Indians.

Among the savages who came with Capt. Lewis, she found her brother and sister. The chief was her brother. They were very glad to see each other. Then there was a council, and a smoking, and a great many compliments on both sides.

The Captains told the Indians where they were going, and asked them to sell them some horses, to carry their furs and other things. They also asked the Indians to show them the way across the mountains. They promised to do both, and the Captains gave them medals, cloth, tobacco, and other articles.

The Shoshonees, or Snake Indians, were astonished at every thing they saw in the canoes. They had never seen or heard of such things before. They wondered a great deal at black York. His appearance they attributed to some strange medicine, or witchcraft.

Capt. Clark now set off with some of the men, to go along the Columbia, to examine the river, and see if they could proceed down in canoes. Before he departed he traded with the Indians, and bought some horses. He obtained several for what would not be worth twenty dollars in Boston. One of them he bought for a check shirt, a pair of leggins, and a knife. The Indians were delighted, and thought they had made wonderful bargains.

On the 19th, as Capt. Clark was going along among the hills, he met a good many Indians. He stopped and smoked with them, and they gave him berries and dried salmon to eat. One of them told him all about the road, and the Captain gave him a knife, with which he was much pleased.

On the 21st, he came to some more Shoshonees. They gave him salmon and choke-cherries. They had a kind of wooden dam across the river, to catch salmon in. There were gaps in the dam, and in these gaps, were baskets, like the eel-pots our fishermen use. When the salmon try to get up the river, they run into the baskets, and cannot get out again.

The Shoshonees are very honest. One of them found a tomahawk that Capt. Clark had lost, and returned it to him. Now a tomahawk was worth a hundred dollars to a Shoshonee. This is therefore a

striking proof of the Indian's integrity. The next day, the Captain saw the Indians spearing fish, and they gave him five salmon.

On the twentysecond, Captain Clark and his men came to very high and steep mountains. Their way was among great rocks, strewed so thickly that it was very difficult and dangerous for the horses.

At length they crossed the mountains, and there they saw more Indians, who were frightened at them and ran away. No white man had ever been there before, and it was natural that the ignorant savages should be afraid of people who looked so strangely to them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Description of the Country Capt. Clark saw.—About Columbia River.—How the Men were almost starved.—How the Indians live a great while without eating.—What Capt. Lewis and his Men did.—How Drewyer was nigh being robbed.

On the twentythird, the party came to some steep rocks close by the river, where the horses could not pass. So they had to enter the river, and swim past the rocks. The country here was not like that along the Missouri. There were no beautiful plains, no buffaloes, and not many animals of any kind. But there were steep rocks, and barren hills, and high mountains without any trees. All was sad and gloomy.

When they had swam their horses by the rocks, Capt. Clark went forward himself with three men, leaving the rest behind. They climbed over steep hills and terrible precipices, and at last came to an Indian path along another branch of the Columbia River. The river was full of rocks and dangerous places, which are called rapids in the western country. Then he went on till he could see the other side of the mountains through a gap.

At length, having found they could not get through the mountains on that branch of the river, Capt. Clark returned to the place where he had left his men.

He found them almost starved. They had only had a few birds, and some berries to eat while they had been there. One of the men was sick, but the party all started to go back to join Capt. Lewis and his men.

They could only catch a few fishes on their way, and the Indians they saw had little or nothing to eat. They suffered very much from hunger. The Indians are used to hunger. They can go seven or eight days without eating, and they fast one or two days without caring for it. But it is very different with white men.

I must now tell you what happened to Capt. Lewis and his party, while separated from Capt. Clark and his men. As it was concluded to cross the mountains, they began to make preparations for this purpose. One morning while the people were engaged in making these preparations, some of the men went out to hunt. One of the hunters was named Drewyer. While he was looking for deer, he saw two Indians,

three squaws, and a boy. One of the Indians was old, but the other was young. Drewyer rode up, to talk with them. At length he took the bridle off his horse, and turned him out to graze. After a while, the squaws went to catch their horses, and Drewyer laid down his gun and went to catch his horse too. While he was gone, the Indians got ready to ride away.

The young Indian picked up Drewyer's gun, and he with the other Indians mounted their horses and scampered off as fast as they could. By this time Drewyer had caught his horse, and he rode after them; but he rode ten miles before he overtook them. As he came near them, the women set up a terrible cry. At this the young Indian turned about and rode around them in a circle. Drewyer came up and asked him for his gun, but the Indian would not give it to him.

Suddenly, while the Indian was thinking of something else, Drewyer rode up to him, and laid hold of his gun. The Indian did not like to give it up, but Drewyer was a very strong man, and forced him to let it go. Then the young Indian rode away and left the women with Drewyer. Drewyer did not hurt them however. But he picked up the things they had dropped in their fright, and carried them off as a reward for the trouble they had given him. These consisted of bags, skins, roots, berries, and many other things.

CHAPTER XV.

How the Shoshonees behaved.—What the Travellers did with their Canoes.—How they went over Mountains.—About the Shoshonee Village.—How the Soldiers fiddled and danced.—Description of the Shoshonees.

I CANNOT tell you to what tribe the Indian belonged who carried off Drewyer's gun. But I suspect he was not a Shoshonee. Some of these people came to the party almost every day; they were all poor and miserable, and naked. But they stole nothing. They sold Captain Lewis a good many horses, but never offered to take anything, unless it were given to them. They appeared to be a kind and honest tribe of Indians. At length the preparations for proceeding over the mountains were all made. The articles that Capt. Lewis could not carry were buried in the earth, so that he might find them on his return. The boats were sunk in the river, to prevent their being burned when the Indians set the grass on fire. All things being ready, the party moved forward, in company with the Shoshonee Indians and their guides.

The weather was very cold, but still they proceeded on their march.

Some of the baggage was on the horses, some the men carried on their backs, and the Indians carried some things also. The tops of the mountains were covered with snow, and all around was bare and desolate. The party had not much to eat, but they dug up roots, and did as well as they could. They found

some flowers, and sun-flowers among the rest. They ate the seeds of these. At last they came to the Shoshonee village.

There was one leather wigwam in this village. All the rest were made of bushes. These may seem strange houses to live in, but I have seen a great many such. This village was on the bank of a beautiful clear river. At this place Captain Lewis found a man whom Capt. Clark had sent to let him know that they could not get through the mountains by water in the direction they had taken. The travellers tried to buy more horses of the Indians at the Shoshonee village, but they could not. The men had a fiddle with them, and the soldiers danced, though they had very little to eat, and were pinched with hunger. The Indians were delighted with the dancing and the music.

I have told you a good deal of the Shoshonees; but they are an interesting people, and I will now tell you something more about their history, their manners, and customs. There are about four hundred of them. They once lived on the plains of the Missouri, but the Minnetarees killed some, and drove the rest into the mountains. Sometimes they live on one side of the mountains, sometimes on the other. When they are almost starved, they go to the Missouri, to kill buffaloes, but the Minnetarees attack and kill them whenever they can find them there.

They have a great many horses, and ride almost constantly. They are a brave people too, but they have no guns, and therefore they are not a match for the Minnetarees. Every man among the Shoshonees

has as many wives as he pleases. The women do all the labor of the families. The people never whip their children for anything. They are cruel in war, and scalp their enemies; but in peace, they are kind and good-natured. Their bows are made of elk-horns, and the strings are made of the sinews of elks and buffaloes. The men have shields also for defence.

For knives, they use sharp flints. They make pots of earthen ware, to boil their victuals in, and they kindle a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together.

These people are short, have large feet, and crooked legs. The men wear a robe, a tippet, a shirt, leggins, and moccasins, all made of skins.

They sleep with their clothes on, and have no covering but their robes. The tippets are very handsome. The women dress nearly in the same way as the men, but their clothes are longer.

The children wear beads round their necks, but the grown people wear them in their hair and ears. They are fond of decorating their heads with the wings and tails of birds.

They make ornaments of sea-shells, the back bones of fishes, bears' claws, fox skins, and many other things. When they are arrayed in this strange manner, they think themselves as finely dressed as white people do when shining with gold and jewels.

CHAPTER XVI.

How the Travellers went over the Mountains, and saw wild Sheep.—About the Ootlashoots.—How the White Men suffered in travelling.—About the Chopunnish.

On the 29th of August, Capt. Clark joined Capt. Lewis again. He had bought thirty horses of the Indians. Beside this, they now began to find deer, and consequently to live better. The next day, they took six Indians for guides, and bade the Shoshonees good-bye. They kept on over the hills and mountains, and at night slept on the banks of rivers. The horses could hardly get over the mountains, for they kept slipping and falling down. Some of them were hurt. Two soon gave out, and were left behind.

On the fourth of September, the travellers saw some white sheep, with large horns. But they were so wild that they could not get near them. The proper name of these sheep is Argali. At night they came to a camp of Ootlashoot Indians, who received them very kindly. They threw white robes over the soldiers and smoked with the Captains. These people sold the travellers seven more horses.

The Ootlashoots wear their hair in otter skin queues. For clothes, they wear a robe, a leathern shirt, leggins and moccasins. The women let their hair hang loose and tangled down their shoulders. When these people talk, they make a noise like the clucking of a hen. Two days afterwards, the party left the Ootlashoots, and proceeded on their way. They now began

ARGALI SHEEP.

to be short of food again, and the weather came on dark and rainy. After three days they halted, to wash and mend their clothes; and the hunters went out in search of something for food. One of them met three Tushepaw Indians, who were at first going to kill him, but at length he pacified them, and they went back with him to the camp. They said they were in pursuit of Indians who had stolen their horses, but Capt. Lewis persuaded one of them to go with him for a guide.

The next morning, as the travellers were about to proceed on their journey, some of their horses strayed away, and they were obliged to stop to catch them. The new Indian guide became tired of waiting, and went off. So the travellers were obliged to proceed without him. They had now to go up and down mountains steeper and more difficult than they had crossed before. The horses were constantly slipping and falling down, and were so tired that they could hardly stand.

On the sixteenth, the snow fell and covered up the Indian path which they had been following. But they saw where the Indian horses had rubbed against the trees, and were thus able to direct their course.

As the travellers toiled along in their difficult march, the snow fell upon them from the trees, and wet them to the skin. Beside this, they were very cold and hungry. They could find no deer, and they were obliged to kill three horses for food.

The situation of the travellers at this period of their journey was peculiarly trying. At an immense distance from civilized men, surrounded by desolate

mountains, pinched with cold, worn down with fatigue, and starving for want of food, it required great energy to keep the party from despair. But the two Captains were stout-hearted men, and they cheered their companions with the prospect of soon meeting with better fortune.

Captain Clark now went forward with some men, and killed a wild horse, which they devoured. He continued to proceed, but the men began to be sick and weak. On the 20th he came to an Indian village. There were but few men at home, for most of the tribe had gone to war. But here they got something to eat, and soon after they came to another village. This belonged to the Chopunnish Indians. At this place, they were joined by Captain Lewis. The travellers were kindly treated by these Indians. Their chief was named Twisted Hair. But the poor savages had little to eat themselves, and the party was obliged to subsist upon anything they could get. The men even ate crows. By and by they came to a village where the squaws and children were afraid of them, and ran away to hide in the woods, but the men remained, and sold them provisions. They gave the Indians some tobacco, medals, and many other things in payment.

They got from these Indians some berries and dried salmon; and as their clothes were worn out, they bought skins and made dresses like those of the Indians. The men had been starving a long while, and now having plenty of food, they ate so much that several made themselves sick. At this place they found a river deep enough for canoes, and they began to

look about for some trees large enough to make them of. The Indians had canoes, and were very expert in managing them. But the Captains had to go five miles down the river before they found any trees large enough.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Travellers made Canoes.—How they went over the Rapids, and saw a crazy Squaw.—How they ate Dogs.—About the Chopunnish Indians, and Prickly Pears.

The travellers now set about making their canoes, but they were sick, weak, and almost starving. They were however, as I have told you, brave, hardy men, and kept up good spirits. They worked as well as they could; and having set out to go to the Pacific Ocean, they were resolved to accomplish it, in spite of cold and hunger, wild beasts and Indians. They were ten days occupied in making their canoes, and all the while had nothing but roots to eat.

On the 17th of October, the canoes were ready, and they entered them, and went down the river. One of the canoes struck a rock, and began to leak; but they went on, notwithstanding. The first day they went nineteen miles. The next day they passed fifteen rapids, and one of the canoes struck against a rock, and sunk. The men came near being drowned. They did not lose any thing, however, but their goods were all wet, and they had to stop and dry them,

and mend their canoes. When this was done, they went on.

At this point of their journey their Shoshonee guides left them to return home, without saying a word about it, or asking for their pay. One day, a crazy squaw came to the travellers, and offered to give them some things. When they refused to take them, she cut herself with a knife.

They went along, and passed a good many rapids, and saw many Chopunnish Indians. They began to buy dogs for food of these people, and they soon got used to them. These Indians never eat dogs themselves, and laughed at the white men for doing it: but they had nothing else. The mountains were now almost past, and the party found that the river grew larger as they proceeded. Several more streams fell into it. All these rivers contribute to form the great Columbia River, which you will see on the map.

I will now tell you something more about the Chopunnish Indians. They are stout good looking men. They are dark skinned; but the women are handsomer than other Indian women in these regions. The men wear moccassins, leggins, robes and shirts of leather, like some other Indians. They wear their hair in queues, with feathers stuck in them. They paint themselves white, and green, and blue.

The women wear a long loose leathern gown from their necks to their ankles. It is made of the skin of the mountain sheep. They sew shells, beads, and pieces of brass and copper to their gowns, but do not wear any in their hair. These Indians are very poor. In the summer they catch salmon, and dig roots,

which they lay up for winter. But they are often starving. They are indeed very miserable. They live in a wretched country, where there are few deer and other animals for subsistence. When they go across the mountains to the Missouri, to live better, the Indians there drive them back again, and take away their horses, and kill a great many of the people.

Our travellers now found prairies with short grass, and prickly pears on them. These prickly pears are bad things to walk on. They are full of prickles, as sharp as needles. The poor Chopunnish are obliged to walk among them, and their feet are very much wounded by them. I believe there are no people in the world worse off than these unfortunate Indians.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How the Party went down the River, and came to the Sokulks.—About the Sokulks.—How they flatten the Heads of female Infants.—How the Pishquitpaws were frightened.

Our travellers continued to prosecute their journey towards the ocean. They passed more rapids and rocks, and dangerous places; and they saw more Indians and bought roots of them. By and by they killed a few geese and ducks, and fared better than before. They saw stages on the banks of the river that the Indians had put up to dry fish upon; another canoe was sunk, and they lost some of their articles.

Then they came to more rapids, and very dangerous ones. On the 16th day of the month they came to a camp of Sokulk Indians. Two hundred of the Sokulks came to meet them, singing and beating on drums. They then danced round the white men, and the Captains gave them some medals and trinkets. They were very friendly, and gave the travellers twenty pounds of horse beef, and sold them seven dogs.

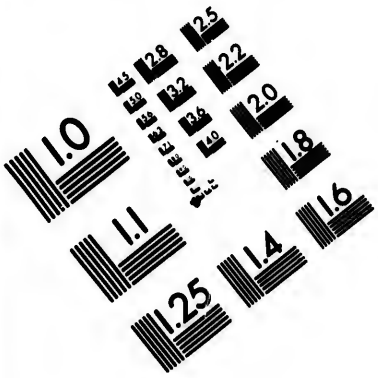
The next day the Chiefs came and smoked with the party, and the women came and sold them more dogs for beads. The Sokulks resemble the Chopunnish; the women, however, are short, fat, and very ugly, and have scarcely any clothes. The houses of these Indians are made of mats, with flat roofs, and a hole in the top to let the smoke out. Both men and women braid their hair, and wear beads and shells, and pieces of brass and copper and horn and feathers and fish bones, for ornaments.

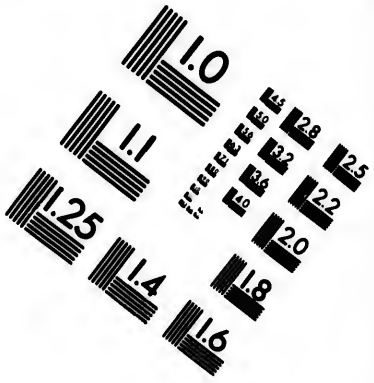
But the strangest thing is not yet told. They put the heads of their female children between two boards, and tie the boards together, till their heads grow up into a peak, and their foreheads are straight from the tips of their noses to the crowns of their heads. This they think renders their females very beautiful. The men have each but one wife. These Indians pay great respect to old people. They are all fishermen as well as hunters, and they have nets and lines and spears.

The travellers saw among them a blind woman, more than a hundred years old. The Indians treated her with great kindness. A good many of the So-

kulk Indians were blind, and all of them had sore eyes. But they are better off than the Chopunnish, for they have plenty of food. Many of them had worn out their teeth completely, and they had all very bad teeth. They had few horses, but many canoes. They boil their victuals by putting hot stones into the water. At length the travellers took leave of the Sokulks, and went on, and passed more rapids. They came to another Indian village, and the Indians were very kind to them. After this, they came to the Pishquitpaw Indians. Capt. Clark happened to shoot a crane, and the Indians saw it fall into the water. This scared them, and they ran away, and got into their houses, and began to cry and wring their hands. They thought they were going to be killed.

The Captain went in among them, and shook hands with them, and pacified them. But when he took out his burning glass, and lit his pipe with it, they were frightened again. He then gave them some little trinkets, and by and by the rest of his party came up. The Indians said they knew the strangers were not men; for they had seen one of them fall down from the sky, and they had seen Captain Clark bring down fire from heaven with his burning glass. The truth was, they had seen the crane fall, and thought it was a man. They had never seen a white man, or a burning glass, or a gun before. They had not even heard of such things. However, they were made to understand such matters, and they sold the white men fish and berries. After a while the travellers left these Indians, and went down the river. The next day they came to a great many more Pishquitpaws, who were on an island drying fish.





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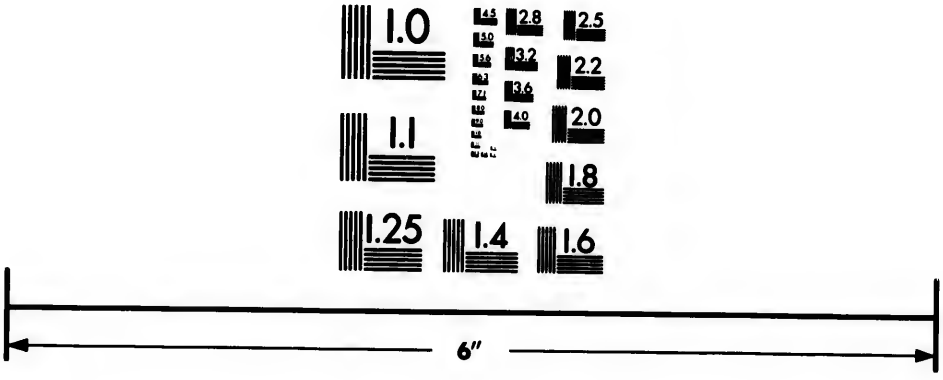

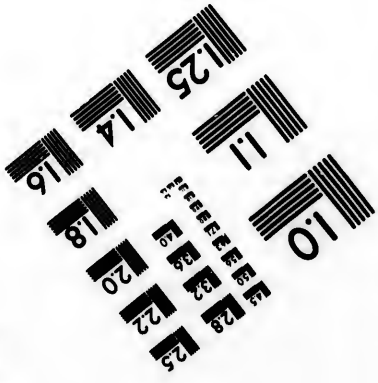

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CHAPTER XIX.

About the Pishquitpaws.—An Indian Tomb.—About the Columbia River.—The Falls of the Columbia.—About the Echeloots, and their Houses under Ground.

THE Pishquitpaws dress in very short, small robes; many, however, wear no robes at all. The squaws wear fur clothes, and have their heads flattened like the Sokulks. They are very ill shaped and ugly. Neither the men nor women have many ornaments, but they have plenty of roots and fishes to eat. The travellers smoked with these people, bought some more dogs, and then went forward again.

The next day the party came to a house where the Indians deposit their dead. The dead bodies were wrapped up in robes, laid upon boards, and covered with mats. In the middle there was a great heap of bones. There was a mat there with more than twenty skulls on it. Bowls and baskets and robes and skins, and many other things, were hanging up all around the building. On the outside were skeletons of horses.

On the twentyfirst, they came to eight Indian cabins. The Indians were very kind, and attentively examined every thing which the travellers showed them. They had among them some cloth and a sailor's jacket. They said they obtained these things from Indians further down the river, who got them from white men. So the Captains knew that the sea could not be very far off. Along the banks of the

river, there were now rugged cliffs and high hills. For many miles there were large rocks and dangerous places in the stream. There were also pine trees and rapids, and islands, and crooked channels in the water, and the men had great difficulty to get along; but they passed through them all in safety. At length they came to more Indians, and landed and passed the night with them.

All these Indians had holes through the lower part of their noses, in which they wore beads. They were very poor, and not so hospitable as the Indians the travellers had lately seen.

There was a very lofty mountain visible from this place. The hills around were steep and very rocky, and there were oak trees upon them. There were also a great many fine, clear springs among the hills.

The party now came to the falls of the Columbia River. These are dangerous rapids, but the highest fall is only twenty feet. They were obliged to carry their baggage round the falls, and had a great deal of trouble in doing this. The Indians stole some articles from them. Below the falls they saw a sea otter, and found a great abundance of fleas.

The Indians here would sell the travellers no fish; but they sold them eight little fat dogs, which they ate. They then went on, and came to a place where the river is hemmed in by rocks, and becomes very narrow. Here the water boils up in great waves and whirlpools; but these they passed through safely. They then went over more very dangerous rapids, and at length came to another village.

VILLAGE OF THE ECHELOOTS.

The houses here were built of wood; the Indians who inhabited them were Echeloots. Their mode of building is this:—A great square hole is dug in the ground; then the sides of this hole are lined with wood, and a roof is put over it. A place is left in the roof, for the smoke to get out. There are holes also to shoot arrows through. These houses you perceive are almost under ground.

The Echeloots received the travellers kindly, and invited them to their houses. They smoked together, and the Captains gave the chiefs medals. One of the white men played on the fiddle, and the rest danced. The Indians thought it was all very fine. In a short time the travellers went on their way.

CHAPTER XX.

About the Chilluckittequaws, and other Indians the Travellers saw.—About the Shilloots and Wahkiacums.—How the Party came to the Sea.

The travellers now began to see a good many seals and sea-otters in the water, and along the shore. One day they killed five deer and some squirrels. They also saw some white cranes; and the fleas became so numerous, and so infested their clothes, that they had to throw them off.

On the twentyeighth of the month, some Indians came to visit the travellers. These were Chilluckittequaws. One of them had his hair tied up in

a queue, such as sailors wear, and had on a sailor's hat and jacket. He said he got these articles from some Indians below, and they got them from white people. Our travellers soon proceeded, and eight miles farther down, they came to a village of Chilluckittequaws, under some high rocks.

Their houses were like those of the Echeloots. The Captains went in, and found a gun, a sword, and some tea-kettles. These people sold the white men some dogs, and bread made of roots. They had fine canoes, and went fearlessly along the water in them, though the wind was strong, and the waves ran very high. These canoes were made of cedar and pine, and the bow and stern were ornamented with carved images.

The next day the travellers went ashore at another village of Chilluckittequaws. The chief showed them his bow and arrows, and took out of a bag fourteen fore-fingers. He said they belonged to the men he had killed in war. He had cut them off, and carried them away, as the other tribes do scalps, to prove that he had killed so many men. There was a bag hanging up in his house, which was considered a holy thing. No one dared to touch it, but the owner. These Indians are small and ugly, and wear hats made of straw. They are extremely fond of small blue beads, and will give almost anything they have for them. They go nearly naked. They have sore eyes, and bad teeth. They proceed down the river to the sea, and sell the Indians their fish and roots; and get in exchange beads, tea-kettles, and cloth. All the women have their heads flattened.

The travellers continued their voyage, and passed a great many more rapids. At last they came to tide water; that is, the water that sets up from the ocean. Here the river was a mile wide, and trees were growing all around.

They met Indians everywhere. One of them had a gun, and knew well how to use it. They then came to another village. There were twentyfive houses in it, all built of bark, but one, and that was made of boards. These people were called Skilloots.

These people had guns, powder, and lead. They were very disagreeable, and proved to be great thieves. It appears that they got their guns from ships on the coast. The travellers left them as soon as they could; but they found more of them along the river, and were much troubled with them. They visited the party at all hours of the night, and annoyed them exceedingly. They resembled the other Indians in this quarter; but both men and women had their heads flattened.

At length the travellers arrived among the Wahkiacum Indians, who are small, and very ugly. Their houses were above ground. The women were dressed in petticoats made of bark.

They passed another village, and finally came in sight of what they had been longing to see—the Great Pacific Ocean. They saw the surf beating on the rocks, and heard its welcome roar.

This happened on November 7, 1805. The joy of the travellers can hardly be described. Though it rained hard, and they were obliged to pass the night without shelter, still they were in excellent spirits, on

account of their success thus far in their perilous enterprise.

CHAPTER XXI.

About the Catlahmas, and Chinnooks, and Chiltz, and Clatsops.—How the White Men built Houses.—About the Indian Canoes.—About a Whale.—About the Chinnooks.

THOUGH our travellers had reached the Pacific Ocean, they had not yet triumphed over all the difficulties of their situation.

They were much troubled to find a place where they might encamp, for the rocks along the shore were very high, and the waves broke over the beach below. But at last they found a place where they remained some time. Here they saw another tribe of Indians, called Catlahmas.

These people proved to be great thieves, and our friends were glad, at last, to get rid of them. As soon as the weather would permit, the travellers went along the coast, and saw several tribes of Indians. They were called Chinnooks, Chiltz, and Clatsops. All these Indians are fond of blue beads, which pass for money.

Capt. Lewis now went forward along the coast, with some of the men, to find a place where they could pass the winter. He had stormy weather, rain, and a bad road; but at last he found a good situation, and returned to tell the people of it. The whole party went

to this place; and on the tenth of December they cut down trees, and began to build houses. The spot they had selected was near a very lofty mountain.

The Indians about here are very expert in managing canoes, and go to sea when the waves are high. They have bows and arrows, and kill some deer and elks; but they live mostly on the fishes that the waves throw on the shore.

The weather continued to be very rainy, but the men persevered in their labor for all that. The hunters killed plenty of elks, and they had abundance of food.

At last they finished their houses, and became comfortably settled in them. It kept on raining continually. But the Indians came frequently to see them, and brought roots and other things to sell.

The travellers now passed their time in security and plenty. They killed swans, and cranes, and ducks, and geese, and cormorants, and elks: so they were in no danger of starving. They also boiled some sea-water, and made salt for their use.

One day, a whale was cast on shore by the waves, not many miles from their house. Several of the men set out to go and get some of the flesh. Mrs Chaboneau went with them. She was very anxious to see so large a fish. The party were obliged, in order to reach the place, to cross a very high mountain. This was steep and dangerous. The top was above the clouds, and some of the party came near being killed several times, by falling over the precipices. However, they passed safely over the mountain.

Now it happened that near the place where the

The Travellers in Winter Quarters on the Shore of the Pacific Ocean.

whale was thrown ashore, there were two villages of Indians, called Killamucks. When the party arrived, they had already carried off all the flesh of the whale, and left only its bones. So the white men were very poorly rewarded for their journey.

CHAPTER XXII.

Description of the Indians near the Mouth of Columbia River.—How the Travellers returned up that River, and other Matters.

I MUST now tell you more particularly about the various tribes of Indians that our travellers found to inhabit the country around the mouth of the Columbia River. The Chinnooks I have already mentioned. They are small, ugly people. They have large feet, and small, crooked legs. Both men and women have their heads made very flat. They dress in robes and blankets. The women wear strings tied tight round their ankles, and have bark petticoats, like the Wahkiacums. The men have guns, but are very cowardly. They are all thieves, both men and women.

Beside the Indians I have told you about, there are nineteen more tribes round the mouth of Columbia River. They are nearly alike, and live for the most part by fishing. They are all poor, and have very little clothing.

They have a few guns, but still use bows and arrows. They catch bears, deer and elks, in snares and pits. Their bows are made of wood,

and strung with sinews; their arrows are pointed with stone or copper.

They catch foxes and small animals in wooden traps.

They generally live in large wooden buildings; thirty or forty people are crowded together in one of them. They have only a small hole through which they go in and out. The fire is made in the middle. Here they live, eat, smoke, sleep, and make wooden bowls and spoons, and baskets. They boil their victuals in kettles by placing hot stones in the water.

Their canoes are of different shapes; some of them are very large, and will carry thirty men. These are cut out of one large tree, and chiselled quite thin. At the ends, they have carved images of men and beasts.

They use paddles instead of oars, and they venture out to sea in very rough weather. In making these canoes, they have no other tools than chisels made of small files; with these they cut down trees, and hollow them out. They hold the chisel in one hand, and strike the end of it with a stone. They value their canoes very highly.

In the month of March, our travellers began to think of returning to their country. They wrote some letters, and gave them to the Indians, and told them to give them to the first white men that might come there in a vessel. They thought they might be killed by the Indians in returning across the mountains; and they wished their countrymen to know, that they had reached the mouth of Columbia River. One of these letters actually came into the hands of

the master of the brig Lydia, and afterwards was sent to Philadelphia.

On the twentythird of March, they started to return up the Columbia. They passed the Catlahmahs, and the Wahkiacums, and the Chinnooks, and the Skilloots. I have told you about these Indians before; so there is no need of saying more of them now. Going up, they fared very much as they had done in coming down; sometimes hunting, and sometimes living on roots which they bought of the Indians.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Travellers proceed.—How they left their Canoes, and went over the Mountains.—How the Willetpos ran Races.—How the Party separated.

Proceeding up the river, they saw many tribes of Indians, which they had not seen before. With some of these they had a good deal of difficulty. At length they left their canoes, and travelled along the banks of the river upon their horses. On the 4th of May, having met with no remarkable adventures, they arrived at the Chopunnish village, where they had been before, on their journey down the river. Here they were short of food, and being pinched by hunger, they killed one of their horses, and ate the flesh.

In a few days they travelled on again. The tops of the mountains were now covered with snow. I

need not tell you all that happened to our travellers in the Indian villages, nor how they hunted, nor how they suffered. You have heard about such matters before, and there is no need to repeat them here.

While the travellers were at this place, they were visited by the Willetpos, a tribe they had not seen before. These Indians are very swift of foot, and they ran races with the white men. After this the soldiers danced, and played ball to amuse them. Then the men went to a place called Collin's Creek, to hunt; but it was rainy, and they did not kill many animals: besides this, the musquitoes were very thick, and troubled them a great deal.

They now hired two Indians to show them the way back over the mountains, and promised to give them two guns for their trouble. On the 26th of the month they all started. The snow had melted away a great deal, but still it was more than seven feet deep. It was hard, however, and the horses did not sink into it. They were now on the mountains, and everything was covered with snow; but the two Indian guides found their way easily.

On the second day, their meat was all gone, but they scraped away the snow and dug up roots, which they cooked in bear's oil. So far the horses had had nothing to eat; but the next day they came to a place where the snow had melted away on the south side of a hill, where there was some grass. Then they came to some springs of water, almost boiling hot. All this time they were near starving for want of food, and they slept at night on the snow. This was a hard life, and our poor travellers suffered exceedingly.

At length they reached the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and Capt. Lewis paid the Indian guides. They had been very useful, and without them the white men could not have found the way over the deep snow. The party then separated; Capt. Lewis with nine of the men went one way, intending to visit Maria River, and Capt. Clark went another with the rest. They agreed to meet again at the mouth of the Yellowstone River.

CHAPTER XXIV.

About Capt. Lewis and his Men.—How a Bear drove a Man up a Tree.—How they saw some Blackfoot Indians on Maria River.—How the Indians behaved.—How the White Men fought with the Blackfeet.

The party with Capt. Lewis travelled on toward the Missouri, and in nine days they saw buffaloes again. On the 13th of the month, they came to the place where they had buried their goods, and sunk their canoes the year before. They found all as they had left it, but the water had spoiled some of the things. Now they killed buffaloes, and had plenty to eat. They also saw some grisly bears. One of the men, named Macneil, was near being killed by one of these animals.

He was passing a little thicket of trees where there was a bear. He was on horseback, and did not see the bear till it had sprung out of the bushes, and was

MACNEIL AND THE BEAR.

close to him. The horse was frightened, and threw Macneil upon the ground close to the bear. The animal reared up to lay hold of him, and opened his mouth; but Macneil struck the creature so hard with his gun, that he broke it, and stunned the bear with the blow. Before the bear recovered, Macneil climbed up a tree, but the creature remained below, and watched him some time: at length he went away, and Macneil came down, found his horse, mounted him, and rode back to his companions.

On the 17th, the travellers came to the track of a wounded buffalo. This gave them great anxiety; for they now knew that Indians were near, who might attack them; but they did not see anything of them for several days. They now, for a time, saw no more buffaloes, and were obliged to eat roots again.

On the 26th, they left their horses grazing, and Capt. Lewis and his men went two miles to look at the country on Maria River. Drewyer went along the river on one side, and the Captain and the rest of the men on the other. Suddenly Capt. Lewis saw several horses at a distance. He took out his spy-glass, and perceived that they were saddled, and on a hill close by them were some Indians looking at Drewyer, who did not observe the Indians, but kept on toward them. The Captain would not leave him to be killed, but went forward to meet the Indians. He held up a flag, to show them that he was friendly.

These Indians were part of the Blackfoot tribe, a people who make war on all the world, and kill and plunder whenever they can. When Capt. Lewis came within a quarter of a mile of them, one rode at

MEETING WITH THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS.

full speed to meet him. When the Indian was pretty close, Capt. Lewis got off his horse and held out his hand to him. But the Indian only stared at him, and then turned and rode back as fast as he came.

As soon as the first Blackfoot got back to his companions, they all came forward to meet Capt. Lewis and his men. The Captain expected that they would try to rob him, and therefore told his soldiers to be ready to fight it out. When they came within one hundred yards of him, they all stopped but one: that one came forward alone, and the Captain first shook hands with him, and afterward with all the rest. They were painted frightfully, according to their custom when they go to war.

After this, the Indians wished to smoke. Capt. Lewis told them that Drewyer had the pipe with him, and requested one of them to go with a soldier to call him back. One of the Indians went quite willingly. The captain thought it was best to please these Indians; so he gave one a flag, another a medal, and another a handkerchief, with which they were very much delighted. The travellers got over their first fear when they saw that there were only eight of the Indians, and that they had only two guns among them.

It was now growing late, and Capt. Lewis asked them to go to the river and encamp with him, and they consented. The whites made fires, and spent the evening talking with the Blackfeet. These Indians said there were many more of their people not a great way off. They had been at war with the Tushepaws, and some of their tribe had been killed. At last the

white men went to sleep,—all but one, named Fields, who sat up to watch the Indians.

Fields very carelessly left his gun lying on the ground. While he was looking another way, one of the Blackfeet stole it. At the same time two more of them took up Capt. Lewis' and Drewyer's guns, and all three ran away. Fields, as soon as he saw what was going on, ran after them, and caught one of the Indians. The savage would not let the gun go; so Fields stabbed him to the heart with his knife, and he fell down dead.

Capt. Lewis and Drewyer jumped up, and Drewyer got his gun back directly. The Captain came near the Indian that had his gun, and pulled out his pistol to shoot him, but the Blackfoot laid it down, and thus saved his life. As the savages could not get the guns, they attempted to drive away our travellers' horses; but the white men followed them so closely, that they fled, and left behind thirteen of their own horses.

They also left in the camp four leathern shields, two bows, and two quivers full of arrows, besides a good deal of meat. But the white people did not take away the meat; and they left a medal on the neck of the dead Indian, that his people might know who had killed him. This happened on a branch of the Missouri called Maria's River. The party thought that the Indians would come back and bring more with them; so they mounted their horses, and rode away as fast as they could. They found the horses they had taken from the Blackfeet, excellent ones. They travelled more than sixty miles before they stopped.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Travellers proceed on their Journey.—Capt. Lewis is shot by one of his own Men.—He joins Capt. Clark. —Capt. Clark's Adventures.

THE next morning the party were so tired and sore, that they could hardly stand; but they had to fly for their lives, and therefore kept on. About the middle of the day they heard guns ahead, and when they arrived at the Missouri they found some of Captain Clark's party coming down the stream in canoes. The next day they turned their horses loose, and Capt. Lewis and his men entered the canoes.

As they went along, they found a great abundance of game, buffaloes, elks, and mountain sheep, sometimes called Big Horns. They also killed another grisly bear. They now went rapidly down the stream for several days. The current carried them seven miles an hour.

On the seventh of August they reached the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. There they found a letter from Capt. Clark, stuck up on a pole. You will remember that the two parties were to have united at the mouth of this river. But Capt. Clark wrote that they would find him further down the Missouri: so they kept on.

Two days after, they saw a herd of elks among some willows, and Capt. Lewis and a man named Cruzatte went ashore. They shot an elk each, but Cruzatte seeing the Captain moving in the bushes, took him

for an elk, and shot him in the hip. At first the Captain thought it was done by Indians; but he got to the boat, wounded as he was.

He sent the rest of the men to help Cruzatte, thinking he had fallen into the hands of the Indians. The poor soldier was greatly distressed when he found he had shot his Captain: but as he was a good man, and had not done it on purpose, the Captain forgave him.

They dressed Capt. Lewis' wound as well as they could. It bled a great deal; but as the bullet had not broken the bone, nor cut an artery, it was not dangerous. But it was very painful, and he had soon a high fever. They could not move him without giving him great pain; so he was obliged to sleep all night on board the canoe.

The next day they went on, and came to a little camp of white men. They landed, and found there two fur traders, named Dickson and Hancock. They were going to pass the winter with the Indians. They said they had seen Capt. Clark and his men, the day before. The Captain made the traders some presents, and then went on.

On the same day, they came to the place where Capt. Clark and his soldiers were encamped, and now the two captains and all the men were again united in one company. You must not think that these camps that I talk so much about, are like those you see on Boston Common on Election-day and the Fourth of July. They are really nothing but stopping places. In most cases there are no tents, and no shelter. The men sleep in the open air upon the ground, covered with blankets, or skins. This is the way travellers live in the Indian country.

You will remember that we left Capt. Clark at the foot of the Rocky Mountains with fifteen men and a great many horses; I believe there were fifty. I will now tell you about his adventures before Capt. Lewis joined him below the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, as I have just related.

The first day after they separated from Capt. Lewis, Capt. Clark and his party crossed five streams, all of them deep and rapid. Some of their things got wet and were spoiled. It being the Fourth of July, they stopped early to celebrate the day. Their feast was not so good as they might have wished for on such an occasion. It consisted only of a mush, made of roots, and a saddle of venison. Toward night they killed four deer. Two days after they lost the road, and came to a wide plain. Mrs Chaboneau, who still continued with them, remembered the place, though she had not seen it since she was a little girl. She told them which way to go, and described the objects they would see as they proceeded. They were not a little surprised to find it all turn out as she had said. In the afternoon there was a storm. The wind blew so violently, that the travellers had to take hold of each other, to stand.

On the eighth of the month, they arrived at Jefferson's River, where they had sunk some canoes the fall before. They soon got them out of the water. The next day the party divided. Some of them went down the river, as I have told you, and after several days took Capt. Lewis and his men into the canoes. Capt. Clark set out with the other division of the party to go to the Yellow Stone River by land.

The two parties kept pretty close to each other four days; but on the 13th, they separated entirely. At night Capt. Clark reached Gallatin River, where they found the game very abundant. The next morning they went on across the prairies quite slowly, for their horses had sore feet. On the next day they came to a branch of the Yellow Stone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How one of Capt. Clark's Men hurt himself.—How the Indians stole twentyfour Horses.—How the Wolves carried off some Meat.—About the Horses.—How the Buffaloes stopped the Party.—How a Grisly Bear attacked the Men.—About the Musquitoes.—How a Wolf bit Sergeant Pryor.

Capt. Clark and his men kept on down the river, but very slowly, for the hoofs of the horses were now almost worn out. The men, however, made a kind of moccasins for them of raw buffalo skins. The day after, they passed a fort that some Indians had thrown up for defence, on some occasion when they had been hard pressed by their enemies. It was a round pen, built of logs; the wall was five feet high.

On the eighteenth, one of the men named Gibson fell from his horse upon a sharp piece of wood, which ran into his thigh. The wound was very painful, but the party could not stop. They put him upon the gentlest and strongest horse they had, and kept on. But the next day Gibson's wound was so painful that he could not ride.

Capt. Clark left him with two men under the shade of a tree, and went on to look for timber to make canoes of. At a distance of about eighteen miles he found some trees large enough for small canoes, and Gibson was carried to the place. The next day they cut down two trees, and began to work at making canoes. That night twentyfour of their horses were stolen by the Indians.

They looked a good while for these horses, but they never saw them again. Nor were the Indians the only thieves; the wolves came and stole their meat from where it was hung to the branch of a tree. On the 23d they had finished two canoes. They were small ones, but they lashed them together, and made them answer pretty well.

On the twentyfourth, Sergeant Pryor went along the river with the horses, and Capt. Clark with the rest of the men went down the stream in their little canoes. Pryor had a good deal of trouble with the horses. They had all been used to hunting buffaloes, and as soon as they saw a herd, they would start and run after them. At last he had to send a man ahead to scare all the buffaloes out of the way, for the horses would not be hindered from chasing them.

In this way they kept on down the stream; but six nights afterwards, so many buffaloes came to cross the river, that the party were in danger of being crushed to death, or at least, of having their canoes broken to pieces. The next day they saw a very large grisly bear devouring a buffalo, on an island in the river. They shot two balls through him, but he swam to the main land and walked on the bank, look-

ing back and growling at the party. Capt. Clark landed, and shot two more bullets through his body, but the bear escaped, notwithstanding, for it was getting too dark to follow him.

The next day so large a herd of buffaloes was crossing the river, that they choked it quite up; they were, in truth, as thick as they could swim. There was no room for the canoes to get between them, and the party had to stop more than an hour to let them pass. They consoled themselves for stopping, by killing four of the herd. The cattle and wild sheep and elks and other fourfooted beasts were now so plentiful, that you can hardly have any idea of the number.

On the next day, which was the 2d of August, as they were passing along, they saw a grisly bear sitting on a sand bar. He growled, and jumped into the water and swam after the canoe. The men shot him in three places, and then seeming to change his mind, he turned round and swam ashore. The same evening they shot another bear, and they had some difficulty on account of the great numbers of buffaloes in the water.

The next day, Capt. Clark went ashore to shoot some wild sheep, but the musquitoes were so troublesome that he was obliged to return. One of the men, however, shot a large ram, with a very beautiful skin, which they took off whole, and carried along with them. This day they came to the mouth of the Yellow Stone. The busy musquitoes would not allow them to hunt, nor work, nor do anything in peace. So they concluded to go farther down, and Capt. Clark wrote a letter, and stuck it up on a pole, where Capt. Lewis found it, as I have already told you.

Though the buffaloes had been so abundant before, the party could not now see one, but they killed a grisly bear, and ate the flesh. For three days the musquitoes kept them in constant torment. On the seventh, there was a strong cold wind that drove the musquitoes all away. The next day Sergeant Pryor arrived. He had lost the horses; the Indians had stolen them all away. He had also been bitten by a wolf while he lay asleep. But the Sergeant killed the wolf, as a reward for his impudence. After he had lost the horses, he made two canoes of buffalo skins, and floated down the river in them.

After the Sergeant joined the party under Capt. Clark, they all proceeded down the stream. They went ashore to breakfast, where they found the two Indian traders, Dickson and Hancock, of whom I told you before. Capt. Clark soon left them, and went forward.

At night, their old enemies, the musquitoes, came to them again, and treated them as badly as ever. On the 12th of August, one of their canoes was a little injured, and they put ashore to mend it. While they were thus employed, they were delighted to see Capt. Lewis and his men coming down the river. They were very sorry, however, to find him so badly wounded. But after so many adventures, and such long and dangerous journeys, they were now again united.

The next morning they all set out at sunrise, and went down the river together. They saw some Indians at a distance, some on the water and some on shore. These were Minnetarees or Big Bellies, and the travellers expected soon to come to the Mandan

village. The next day they arrived at the encampment of the Minnetarees, and fired a salute. Here was a crowd of Indians who welcomed them back. They went on a little farther to the village of the Mahahas. The Captains sent Chaboneau to invite the Minnetarees to come and visit them; and they sent Drewyer to another village to get a white interpreter who was living there. They all soon came.

Capt. Clark spoke to the chiefs; and invited some of them to go with him to the United States. The Black Cat, an old man, said that he should like to go, but he was afraid of the Dahcotahs. They had lately killed a good many Mandans, and they might kill him on his way. Capt. Clark told him he would not let the Dahcotahs hurt him.

The council then broke up, and the white men crossed the river and encamped. The chief of the Mandans told them if they would send to his village, he would give them some corn. Three men went accordingly, and he gave them as much as they could carry. Soon after, the grand chief of the Minnetarees came, and smoked with them; and Capt. Clark invited him to go to Washington, but he would not go.

Here one of the men named Colter asked permission to leave the party, and remain in the Indian country. He wanted to hunt beaver. They let him do as he pleased, and gave him powder and lead. He left them, and was not long after taken by the Blackfeet, and came near being killed. There is a story about him that I will perhaps tell you another time.

The next day the Mandan gave the travellers more corn than all their canoes would hold. They thank-

ed the Mandans, and took only as much as they really wanted. Then Captain Clark made the Minnetaree chiefs presents, hoping to persuade them to go to Washington, but they would not be persuaded. At last one of the Mandan chiefs, named The Big White, agreed to go, and his wife and son were to go with him.

The next day, the Indian chiefs came to the water side, to bid our travellers good-bye. But Chaboneau told the Captain that he would remain where he was. He said he had no acquaintance among the whites, and did not know how to get his living there, and he would rather stay with the Indians. This man and his wife had been very serviceable to the party, especially among the Shoshonees. They paid him his wages, bade him farewell, and then floated down the river to Big White's wigwam.

The friends of this chief were sitting round him smoking, and the women were crying. He sent his wife and son on board the canoes and stopped for the other chiefs to speak to Capt. Clark. They told the Capt. that they would follow his advice, and make peace with all the world, excepting the Dahcotahs, who they declared were bad people. They begged him to take good care of Big White, so that he might return in safety, and tell them about what he saw and heard.

Then the travellers started, but an Indian came running along the shore after them, and called to them to stop. It was Big White's brother. Big White gave him a pair of leggins, and they parted very affectionately. The chief seemed quite cheerful and satisfied; and showed them the place where the Man-

dans had formerly lived, on the river. They went forty miles this day, and encamped opposite to where there had once been a Mandan village.

CHAPTER XXVII.

About the Rickarees and Shiannes.—About Porcupines.—How the Tetons acted.—How the Yanktons behaved.—How the White Men arrived at St Louis.

THEY now went on very comfortably, and killed as many elks and deer as they wanted to eat. Three days afterwards, they met three white traders on their way to the Mandan village. They had shot away all their powder and lead, and the Captains gave them some. They said the Dahcotahs were marching to make war on the Minnetarees and Mandans. They now left the traders and reached the Rickaree village. The Rickarees came out to meet the travellers; and so did a great many Shiannes, who were encamped close by.

Captain Clark stepped on shore, and the Indians sat down on the ground round him. Here they smoked and talked. Captain Clark blamed them for going to war with the Minnetarees and Mandans; but they had excuses to make. It was done, they said, by young men, and the Dahcotahs had set them on. The chief of the Shiannes now invited the white men into his lodge, and they accepted the invitation.

These Shiannes are very fine looking people, but their women are ugly; they wear blue beads, bears'

claws, shells, and a great deal of such trumpery, for ornaments. They have so many horses, that when they move, even the dogs do not go on foot, but ride with their masters. Captain Clark gave the chief a medal; and in return, the latter gave the captain a great deal of buffalo meat. He said he wanted travellers to come among the Indians, and was very polite.

Captain Clark observed a Rickaree Chief who was painted black, because the Mandans had killed his son. This chief began to rail at Big White about it, and would probably have killed him, but Captain Clark told him that he would not allow the Mandan chief to be hurt. He was then pacified, and invited Big White to smoke with him in his lodge. The Rickarees and the Mandan were then very polite to each other. After this the travellers had a talk with the Rickarees, and at length set off to go down the river, though it rained very hard.

On the 26th of the month, the travellers found a raft and a skin canoe on the river. This made them suspect that the Tetons were not far off. They put their guns in good order, and got ready for a fight, for they expected to be attacked by the Tetons. They did not see them, however, but still kept all ready.

Three days after, they killed a Porcupine. This is a creature as big as a large cat. It is covered with long sharp quills. It is very good to eat; and the Indians ornament their dresses very plentifully with the quills. It cannot run fast, so that a man can easily catch it. It was once thought that it could

throw its quills, and stick them into a person some way off, but this is an idle notion.

On the 30th, as they went along, they saw about twenty people, on a hill, afar off. Capt. Clark looked at them through his spy-glass, and perceived that they were Indians. The party now landed; and at the same time ninety Indians came out of a wood on the opposite side of the river, and fired a salute. Some of them had guns, and some bows and arrows.

They were the Tetons, who had tried to stop the travellers as they went up the river. Captain Clark spoke to them, and put them in mind of it. He told them to go away, for they were bad people, and if they offered to cross the river and come to him, his men should shoot them. Then some of the Tetons sat down on the opposite side, and abused him with harsh speeches.

After a while, the white men got into their canoes again, and steered over to the side where the Tetons were. One of the Indians asked them to land. They refused, and he was very angry. However, the travellers went on, and the Indians did them no harm. They stopped six miles below; and it rained and thundered terribly all night. The storm wet the men, but kept off the musquitoes.

As they went along the next day, they saw several Indians on the hills, but they did not come near. On the 1st of September, several Indians ran down to the shore, and asked the travellers to land, but they would not. On the third of the month, they met a trader named Airs, who was going to traffic with the Dahcotahs. Two days after, they met another trader. He was

a Frenchman, and his name was Augustus Choteau. He gave them some whiskey; it was the first they had seen for a great while.

As they went on, they met more traders. They also killed deer and elks and other creatures, and had plenty to eat. On the 23d of the month, they arrived at St Louis. They had been gone more than two years, and everybody thought they were dead. They were so altered, and so dressed, that at first the people took them for Indians.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How Captain Clark was rewarded.—How Captain Lewis became deranged, and shot himself.—About the Missouri Indians.—A Story of Colter and the Blackfoot Indians.

At first, the travellers could not bear to sleep in beds; but after a while they became again accustomed to them. They had been given up as dead for a long time, for their friends had heard nothing of them since they left the Mandan village, as they went up the Missouri. It was thought that they had been killed by the Indians, or drowned, or perhaps starved to death. So their safe return was an agreeable surprise to every one.

This expedition was very useful. The Captains had taken care to note down all they had seen, in writing. They were the first Americans who went

by land beyond the Rocky Mountains. All we know of the Columbia River and of the country through which it flows, and of the savages who inhabit it, we owe to them. Our fur traders have gone farther, and our knowledge of geography has been increased in consequence of their travels.

As a reward for his services, Captain Clark was placed at the head of the Indian department. He is now Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the West. He has red hair, and the Indians all call him Red Head.

Captain Lewis soon after his return became insane. As he was going to Washington, he shot himself with a pistol. He died very much regretted by those who knew him.

The Indians on the Missouri are now very much such people as they were at the time Captains Lewis and Clark performed their expedition, which you will recollect was more than twenty years ago. They fight with each other as much as ever. They are better provided with guns, for they have white traders among them, almost to the Rocky Mountains. They have also learned to drink whiskey, which does them great injury. But they are just as hospitable, as lazy, and as fond of feathers now as they were then. But there is one thing among them, ignorant as they are, that is much to their credit: they never take the Lord's name in vain. When the oaths of the white people are explained to them, they are very much hurt and offended. It would be well if all white people would learn a lesson from them in this.

Colter, as I told you, was left by Captains Lewis and Clark at the Mandan village. He went on a

hunting expedition with another man, whose name, I believe, was Potts. As they were going up a little stream in a canoe, the Blackfoot Indians appeared on the bank. Potts knew that they would endeavour to kill him, so he fired at them, and killed one of the Indians on the spot. The other Indians instantly discharged their arrows at Potts, which entered his body and slew him. They then caught Colter and stripped him. They asked him if he could run very fast; he replied that he could not. So they let him go, and told him to run for his life. He sat out, and they pursued. He got ahead of them all, but one; this one threw a spear at him, but just as he flung it he fell down. Colter snatched up the spear and stabbed the man to the heart. Then he ran on till he came to the bank of the Missouri. There was a great raft of drift wood in the middle of the river. He dived into the water, and got under it just as the Indians came to the bank.

They searched for him a great while, but at last went away, thinking he was dead. As soon as they were gone, he came out and swam ashore. He was naked and hungry, but after much suffering he got to the settlements of white men. He recovered from his fatigues, and perhaps he is living now.

MAJOR LONG'S EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAJOR LONG'S EXPEDITION.

How Major Long went up the Missouri, and who went with him.—Mr Say and others go on an Exploring Party.—About the Konzas.

Now that I have got through with the travels of Captains Lewis and Clark, I will give you a little information about Major Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains and the Arkansas River.

I hope you will look at the map, as you proceed in the story, and trace the route of the travellers. You will find it on the map, and it will assist you in forming clear ideas of their journey.

In the year eighteen hundred and nineteen, Major Long received orders from the Secretary of War, at Washington, to go up the Missouri, with an exploring party. He was directed to learn all he could about the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and gain as much information as possible about the Indians.

Several learned men accompanied Major Long in this expedition. There was Dr Baldwin, a botanist and physician; Mr Say, who attended to natural history; and Mr Seymour, painter and draughtsman.

The whole party started from St Louis in a steamboat, and got along faster and easier than Captains Lewis and Clark had done before them. As they went along, they saw the banks of the river Missouri falling in, as they always have done, and I suppose

always will do. At St Charles they were joined by Mr O'Fallon, an Indian Agent. Here Mr Say and some others hired a horse and a pack-saddle. They put their blankets and some victuals on this horse, and started to go up the river by land.

These gentlemen suffered very much from thirst. The evening after they left the steamboat, their pack-horse ran away, but they caught him again. The next morning they bought provisions of some Indians and went on. Their horse ran away again, and they saw no more of him. So after all these adventures, they went to Loutre Island in the Missouri, and waited for the steamboat, which soon arrived.

When they got to Franklin, Dr Baldwin grew so sick, that he could go no farther. They left him, and he shortly after died. On the twentyfirst of July, Mr Say and some of the rest left the steamboat to go to Fort Osage by land. After this, they neither saw nor did anything worth mentioning till they arrived at the Fort.

They wished to examine the country between Fort Osage and the Konzas River; and between Konzas River and Platte River. So Mr Say and eleven others started for that purpose. They took three pack-horses, and provisions for ten days.

Just above the mouth of the Konzas, they saw a party of white hunters, who appeared to them more rude than the savages. These men go in large parties into the Indian country, and kill beaver. When they have taken as many as they can, they return to the settlements, and sell the skins. There are a great many of these hunters now, and quarrels often take place between them and the Indians.

CHAPTER XXX.

Description of the Konzas.—How Mr Say and his Party were robbed by the Pawnees.—How they built Houses near Council Bluffs, and were visited by various Tribes of Indians.—About the Pawnees.—How the Party set out for the River Platte.—Their Adventures.

After a day or two the party came in sight of the Konzas village.—Here they looked at their guns, to see if they were in good order, for they expected some mischief would happen. But the Indians came riding to them as fast as their horses could run, to welcome them. They were all painted and decorated in Indian fashion, from head to foot. Two of the Chiefs went beside them to keep the crowd off.

They showed Mr Say and his party into a great wigwam, and treated them very well. This wigwam was made of poles and bark like those in which the Dahcotahs live during the summer. They gave the travellers sweet corn and buffalo meat, and beans to eat. These were served in wooden bowls. The great Chief of these Indians was called The Fool.

Before the Konza girls marry, they work in the corn fields, cut wood, and do all kinds of drudgery; but when they are married, they do not have so hard a time. These marriages are proclaimed by a crier, and celebrated with feasting and frolicking. Most of the men have four or five wives, and these are often all sisters. They think all the Indians in the world

are the descendants of the Konzas, and have a great conceit of themselves.

They dress like the other Indians I have described to you. As they have been a great while at peace with the Osages, they often marry Osage women. They are many of them tatooed. The women are industrious, and are proud of being so. The Konzas are a very warlike people.

On the 24th of the month, the party left the village. At length they stopped in the prairie to take some food, when all on a sudden they saw a great cloud of dust at a distance. They soon perceived that it was raised by a large party of Indians coming towards them. They prepared themselves to fight, and did not wait long before the Indians came up.

They were armed and painted as Indians always are when they go to battle. They ran up to the white men, and began to shake hands with them, and to make signs of peace. At the same time, some of the Indians caught several of the horses and rode about on them. The white men stood by their baggage, but they could not hinder the Indians from stealing some articles. In fact, they took everything they could lay their hands upon. They stood ready with their bows and arrows to shoot the travellers, if they resisted. One of the soldiers cocked his gun at an Indian who had stolen his knapsack. The Indian laughed, and drew his arrow to the head. But at last they all went off as fast as they came, carrying away with them all the travellers' horses. There were more than a hundred of them, all well armed. They belonged to a tribe called Pawnees.

The party, having thus lost their horses and being unable to get any more, were obliged to give up their expedition. They returned to the Konzas village they had left the day before, and then set out to join Major Long on the Missouri, which they at length accomplished.

Having proceeded up the river Missouri to a place a little below Council Bluffs, the party under Major Long selected a spot, and began to build houses for the approaching winter. While they were occupied in these preparations, they were visited by one hundred old Indians, and some Ioways. These danced before Mr O'Fallon's door, and some of them recited their exploits in war. Next came seventy of the Pawnees. They were at first afraid, for they recollected the robbery they had committed upon Mr Say and his party. Mr O'Fallon had a council with them; the Pawnees expressed their sorrow for what had happened, and restored some of the things they had taken.

In the course of the winter, four hundred Omahaws came to see the white men.—Then came some Dahcotahs, who were very much afraid of the steamboat. With all of these Indians the white men held councils, and many civilities passed on both sides.

In the Spring, some of the explorers paid a visit to the Pawnees. When they came nigh the village, a messenger came to tell them, that the chief would not come out to meet them. Mr O'Fallon said that if he would not come out to receive him, he would go through his village without stopping. When they had got nearer, they saw the Pawnee squaws carry-

ing wood to the wigwams, on their backs, in very heavy loads.

Shortly after, two Pawnee chiefs came to meet them, very finely dressed. One of them, called Tarrarecawaho, stopped as he came up, without even looking at the white men. They passed by without noticing him, and he soon became more polite. Mr O'Fallon asked if he was glad to see him, and he said he was. He then invited them into his wigwam, and they went in with drums and fifes playing.

Mr O'Fallon made a speech, and the Pawnee Chief answered him: he said he knew that the Americans were able to crush the Pawnees in their hands like flies; and he had advised his people to treat them well. He said he would speak again the next day. He came as he said, and a good many Pawnees with him. They sat down on the ground. And then they spoke in a friendly way, and the council broke up.

After this the officers went to another Pawnee village. The inhabitants came out to meet them on horseback, and rode about in a beautiful manner. There were three or four hundred of them, painted and dressed with feathers. All the while they kept up the most terrible yelling. Presently the Chiefs came forward slowly, and shook hands with the white men.

Then Mr O'Fallon held a council with these Indians, and gave them some presents. There was feasting and a great many compliments. They had lately lost a great number of their people in battles with the Tetons, Kiaways and Arrapahoes. At last the white men left them, and returned to Council Bluffs.

It was now June, and the steamboat having returned to St Louis, our explorers prepared to go by land to the mouth of the river Platte. There were nineteen men, besides the Officers; there were also six horses and mules. The stores consisted of pork, biscuit, flour, whiskey, and many other things. At length they set out and reached the Pawnee village, where some of the white men had been before, as I have told you. Tarrarecawaho gave them some food to eat, and treated them handsomely. This chief had eleven wives, and ten children!

The Pawnees tried to persuade the white men not to go on their journey, but they would not be so persuaded. The Indians begged for many things, but did not get them. They said they were very poor. The great chief and his son, came to see them. There were about two thousand men in the Pawnee tribe. As the travellers went along, they saw a multitude of squaws at work in the cornfields, but the men were sauntering about, doing nothing.

The party now continued their journey. They travelled for many days over a vast prairie. Occasionally they killed buffaloes and other wild animals. At length they came to hills, and here they saw immense herds of buffaloes, some of them bellowing and pawing the ground. In one place they saw sixteen buffalo skulls, which the Pawnees had placed there, to show that they had been at war, and killed some of their enemies.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Buffaloes again, and wild Horses.—About the Mirage. How the Party arrived at the Rocky Mountains.—How they went to the River Arkansas, and how they separated. —How the Wolves fell upon a Buffalo.—Description of the Kaskaias.—Adventure with an Elk.—About Creasing wild Horses.—The Party meet with some Cherokees and arrive at Belle Pointe.

One night, at a late hour, the travellers were awakened by a loud noise. They got up in alarm, and found that the horses had broken loose. These were frightened by buffaloes, which came near the camp, and they occasioned the disturbance.—Scarcely were the men asleep, before they were awakened again by the report of a gun. This was the signal for Indians; but Major Long had fired the gun, to see how his party would behave.

The next day they saw a great herd of buffaloes, swimming across the river. There was a gap in the bank where the buffaloes would have to come up. One of the party rode in front of this place to look at the buffaloes. Just as he got there, the leader of the herd came up, and stared him in the face. The horse was frightened, and so was the buffalo. But the buffaloes behind, pushed on those before: these were frightened by the men, and they ran about in confusion. Some of the buffaloes were killed in the hubbub.

The day after this, the travellers saw thirty wild horses. They were very handsome and very swift.

On the thirtieth of the month, they came in sight of the Rocky Mountains. There was snow on the tops of them. Here they saw what looked, at a distance, like water; but it was not water. It was a kind of vapor that rises from the prairie. I have often been cheated by it myself. It is called *Mirage*. A crow in the mirage appears as large as a buffalo. On the evening of the fifth of July, they encamped at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Some of the party ascended these mountains, but they saw nothing very remarkable. Then they set out to go to the Arkansas River. On the 19th of the month, they came to Charles River, which runs into the Arkansas. Two days after, they saw a Kaskia Indian and his squaw. They were on horseback, and the squaw was leading another horse. They said that there were a great many more Indians a little way off, who had been at war with the Spaniards, and beaten them. The Kaskaias sold them the spare horse, and the squaw made a pack-saddle for it.

The party now divided. Captain Bell, with Mr Say, and twelve more, were to proceed straight down the Arkansas to Fort Smith. Major Long and the rest were to cross the Arkansas, and try to find the sources of the Red River. The latter party crossed the Arkansas river, and began their journey. Soon after their departure, the Major and his men had eaten up all their victuals. But they wounded a buffaloe bull, which was attacked directly by a herd of wolves, who pulled him down. They scared the wolves away, and took possession of the buffalo for themselves.

On the tenth of August, they saw a large band of

Indians coming toward them, on the opposite side of the river. They crossed over and shook hands with Major Long and his men. They were all on horseback, and had a great many squaws and children with them. The children who were too small to ride alone, were tied upon the horses' backs by the legs. Each squaw drove several horses before her. These Indians were Kaskaias, or Bad Hearts.

The Chief asked the white men to encamp with his people, and they consented. They wanted to buy horses and provisions, and they thought this the best way to succeed in getting them. The squaws presently put up their leather wigwams in the middle of the prairie. One wigwam was set apart for the white men. The Kaskaias live in these leather tents all the year round. The Chief was named Red Mouse. He was a savage looking man, and had lately been wounded with an arrow.

The white men now began to trade with him for horses. He was not satisfied with what they offered. He wanted to search them, but they would not let him. They had a quarrel about it, and the women and children were frightened, and ran away. The travellers then asked for something to eat. The Indians gave them a little meat, but unwillingly, and not enough. In this they were not like other Indians.

These Indians were all dressed in leather, very dirty, and covered with vermin. But they are a handsome people notwithstanding. Some of them wore beads and pewter rings. They wore their hair long and tangled; and were very rude, uncivil, and inhospitable. They are very good horsemen. They

hunt the buffalo with bows and arrows. After considerable difficulty with these people, the travellers left them, and went on their journey.

In the afternoon, Mr Peale left the party, to hunt. He wandered to a considerable distance, and at length became so entirely lost that he could not find his friends. He slept alone that night, and was much tormented by musquitoes. The next morning, he found his companions again. They all travelled on, over sandy plains, and on the fifteenth, they killed a buffalo, and thus had once more something to eat. They now began to find buffaloes in plenty, and saw more wild horses.

They found wild grapes and plums in great abundance. The wild turkeys and black bears, which are common in these regions, feed upon these fruits. On the 21st they killed a black bear. They also endeavoured to *crease* a wild horse. There is a little place in a horse's neck, where if he is shot, he is stunned, and falls down. But he soon gets up and recovers. This way of catching horses is called *creasing*. It requires great accuracy of aim to hit this place in the animal. In the attempt made by the travellers, the ball varied from the mark, and killed the horse on the spot. As they were going along, one of the men wounded a Black Bear. The creature turned upon him, and chased him up a tree. You will recollect that the black bear is a different creature from the grisly bear, he is smaller, and less powerful; he does not often attack men, but generally tries to escape. But at length the bear went off, and the man came down.

About this time one of the men, named Adams.

Wild Turkeys and Bears eating Grapes and Plums.

wandered from the party, and was lost for several days. He was near starving to death; and when they found him, he was tired out, and had laid himself down to die.

On the eighth of September the travellers found a canoe on the bank of the river. They took it, and put two men and some of their baggage into it, to go down the Arkansas by water; for their horses were now almost tired out. One of the party this day shot an elk, which turned and attacked him. He ran into the bushes, and the elk trying to follow him, got so entangled by his horns, that he could not move, and the men stabbed him with a knife.

On the twelfth, they met six Cherokee Indians, who told them that they were near the American Fort at Belle Pointe, and that they might get there the next day. These Cherokees were on horseback, going out to hunt. They were a part of the Cherokee nation from Georgia, who had come west of the Mississippi to live. They could not speak English very well, but made themselves understood by signs. So the party went on, though they were very much fatigued.

That night, they found some wild bees, and ate the honey for supper. A white man, who lived near, now visited their camp, and gave them some coffee, and bread, and a bottle of whiskey. The next morning it rained, but they started and got to Fort Smith at Belle Pointe. They fired a pistol, to let the people in the fort know they were there. A boat came, and soon carried them across. At this place they found Mr Say and his companions, who had arrived before them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Travellers meet with various Tribes of Indians.—About a Shianne War Party.—Herds of Buffaloes and Wolves of various Colors.—They meet with some Tetons, and three Soldiers run away.—The Osages.—Lizards.—A great Spider.—The Party arrive at Belle Point &c.

Now we have finished the story of Major Long and his companions, I will tell you about the party that they left at the head of Arkansas River, under Capt. Bell.

After Major Long departed, they deemed it necessary to watch very carefully, lest they should be surprised by Indians. The next night there was a violent thunder-storm, and one of the men was struck by lightning, but not much hurt. The day after this they spied an Indian camp, a good way off. As they drew near, the Indian horses became frightened, and ran toward the camp. Very soon the Indians came running towards them as fast as they could.

They were friendly, and shook hands with the white men, and asked them to enter their leather wigwams, and take some food. These Indians were Kiaways, Kaskaias, Arrapahoes, and Shiannes. But our travellers did not go to their wigwams with them; they rather chose to pitch their tents by themselves. As soon as the party had fastened their horses, the squaws came and brought them buffalo meat, the fattest and best they had—enough for three days.

They smoked with the Indians, and told them who

they were, and where they came from. At sunset the savages all went off peaceably, and left the white men to sleep in quiet. In the morning four chiefs came to the white men's tents. They sat down and smoked, as Indians always do on such occasions. They had a Pawnee interpreter with them, and one of the Indians spoke the Pawnee language—so they were able to understand one another.

One of the chiefs said he was glad to see the white men, and hoped American traders would come among them. Then the travellers gave them some paint, knives and combs; and in return the Indians gave them four horses. By this time, all the Indians in the camp came round them, bringing meat and ropes of hair to sell.

These Indians wear false hair, reaching very low. Some were painted with clay, and were dressed in leather, but two or three had blankets, which they had bought of the Mexicans. They all behaved pretty well; but the children hooted at the travellers, and a boy would have flung a stone at Mr Say with a sling, if he had not scolded him. Some of these men had never seen a white man before.

The Indians treated the travellers kindly, and said they liked the Americans, and thought they were brave people. Finally, they took their leave of the white men, and the party went on.

They travelled till noon, and then stopped to dine. They had scarcely taken the loads off the horses, before nine Arrapahoe Indians came to the opposite side of the river. They came over and encamped with the travellers the rest of the day. They had a

squaw with them, and she built a little wigwam out of bushes. She had some cakes, which were flat and black, and made of fat and wild cherries. The white men tasted them, and thought they were good. The Indians behaved very well. They did no harm, and did not steal the horses, nor anything else. In the morning the white men parted friends with them.

All this country the travellers found to be a bare prairie, like that which Major Long passed over. There was no wood there, excepting along the rivers, and even there, there was but little.

On the 1st of August, the travellers saw a man with a spear in his hand, on a hill at a distance. One of the men went forward to see who he was. Presently he came in sight again, and then a great many more men, no horseback. They rode towards the travellers so swiftly, that one of the horses fell and rolled over his rider, but the man got up and mounted again. They were Indians, and behaved strangely. They would not tell who they were. The white men sat down under a tree, and smoked with them, but kept hold of their guns. The people were Shiannes, and had been to war against the Pawnees. The white men gave the Chief some tobacco, and he thanked them. The Indians did not offer to do any harm, and at last the travellers parted with them.

The next day they saw some rattlesnakes; but none of the people were bitten by them. They met with buffaloes, wild goats, prairie dogs, and other creatures. In the holes which the prairie dogs had dug, they found little owls. On the 6th of the month, their two interpreters left them, to go to the Pawnee

villages on the River Platte, where they lived. Now the party began to see great multitudes of buffaloes, so that the ground was covered with them. There were wolves among these herds, great and small, black, white and grey. They were prowling about, looking for some opportunity to seize upon the sick or wounded buffaloes.

On the 12th, the party met some Teton Indians. These had just been attacked by the Otoes: three men had been killed, and the rest had been obliged to run for their lives. They had lost their horses, and clothes, and were almost naked. Some of them were wounded. They begged for some articles, for they were in great need: they did no harm, and the travellers bade them farewell.

The party went on over prairies and rivers, and saw nothing but such things as I have already told you of. On the 31st of the month, three of their soldiers ran away, and they never saw them again. They took three horses away with them, and stole all they could carry off. Thus the travellers lost their clothes, their papers, and a great many other things.

On the 1st of September, they met some Osages, and were well treated by them. They encamped together, and before they went to sleep, the Indians sang a hymn to the Lord. The next day the Osages promised to go after the runaway soldiers, but they did not. They however gave the white men as much buffalo meat as they wanted. The Osages are a handsome people. A great many of them have guns, but they do not go so much to war as their neighbours. Otherwise they are like the rest of the Indians.

They frequently hunt wild horses, and take them alive. They live in bark wigwams, and are friendly to the Americans. However, they stole a few trifles from the travellers. There are three tribes of them: the Chaneers, the great Osages, and the little Osages. Altogether there are twelve hundred and fifty men of them. They live on the Arkansas and the Osage Rivers.

The explorers now left them, and the next day they arrived at a white man's trading house on the Verdigris River. Here a person told them how to find the way to Fort Smith at Belle Pointe. They left the house, and as they were travelling over the prairie, they saw several lizards. These creatures were covered with scales, and ran very swiftly.

The next day the party came to a place called Bayou Menard, where some white men live. They were very glad to see white men again, after being so long in the prairies, and seeing no people but Indians. While they were eating their supper, one of the children brought in a great hairy spider. It was larger than anything of the kind they had ever seen before. It had laid hold of a stick, and would not let it go; so the boy brought it, holding on to the stick.

The next day they reached Belle Pointe. They crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and were well received by the officers in the garrison.

Here they waited till Major Long arrived, as I have told you already. Shortly after, the whole party returned to the United States; and thus ended their travels.

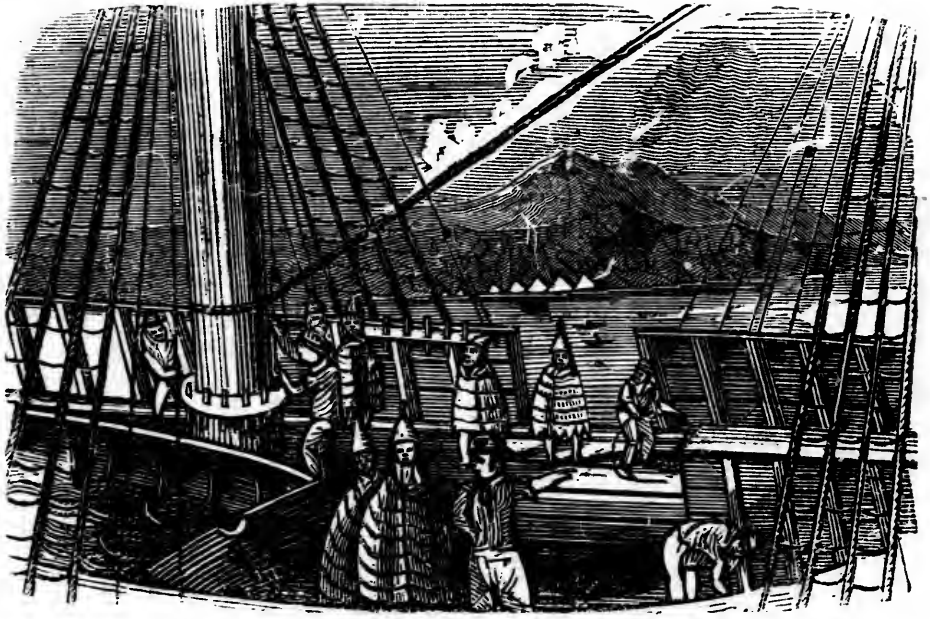
CHAPTER XXXIII.

Jewitt's Birth and Education.—He goes to Sea.—About Maquina and the Nootkas.

I AM now going to tell you the adventures of John R. Jewitt, which you will find very interesting. He was taken by the Indians on the Northwest Coast of America, and kept in captivity for a long time. After his deliverance, he wrote a book, from which I have extracted the following narrative.

There was once a blacksmith who lived at Boston in England, named Edward Jewitt. He had a son named John. Edward Jewitt desired that his son should go to school and get a good education; but nothing would satisfy the boy but to be a blacksmith like his father. At last his father took him into his shop, and taught him his own trade. Afterwards the family moved to a famous seaport town, in England, called Hull. Here the father and son were engaged in doing the iron work of ships, and saw a good many sailors. Among these was a master of a vessel, named Salter. He was an American, and used to go to the Northwest Coast of America to trade with the Indians there. This man talked much to John Jewitt, and one day asked him if he should not like to go to sea with him. He said he should, and asked his father to let him go, but he would not consent.

But Mr Salter reasoned with the blacksmith, and told him it would be a good plan for his son, and promised to take good care of him, if he would go.



Some of the Nootka Indians on board the ship Boston.

Some of the Nootka Indians on board the ship Boston.

At last the old man consented, and John went on board the vessel called the Boston, to work at his trade, to mend guns and make knives and daggers for the Indians. Mr Salter agreed to give him thirty dollars a month. His father gave him a bible and some good advice, and the ship sailed, in September, eighteen hundred and two.

At first, young Jewitt was very seasick, but he soon got over it, and began to work at his forge. The vessel pursued her voyage, and having sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, the Captain stopped on the coast of Brazil, to get wood and water. In a short time they set sail, and proceeded along the coast of South America. They had several storms and contrary winds, but at length they passed round Cape Horn.

After sailing a long time in a northwesterly direction along the western shore of the American continent, the vessel arrived at Woody Point at Nootka Sound. This place you will find on the map.—It lies several hundred miles to the northwest of the spot where Captains Lewis and Clark spent the winter near the mouth of Columbia River. The vessel arrived at Woody Point on the 12th of March, 1803.

The voyagers sailed up the sound, and anchored five miles from an Indian village, and sent on shore for wood and water. They dropped their anchor about a mile from the shore, and the next day the Nootka Indians came to them in canoes. The Chief was named Maquina; he seemed much pleased to see the white people. He was a handsome man, six feet high, and copper-coloured, like all other Indians. His legs, arms and face were painted red, and his eyebrows were painted black. His hair was oiled, and powdered

with white down. He wore a cloak of deer-skin that reached to his knees. It was fastened round his waist with a belt. The other Indians wore a kind of coats of cloth made of the bark of trees.

Maquina could speak a little English, for he had seen a good many white men before, that had been to Nootka Sound to purchase furs. Mr Salter gave him a glass of rum, and some bread and molasses. The casks were sent on shore, for water, and Jewitt fell to work at his trade. The Indians kept coming on board with a great many fresh salmon. Mr Salter allowed them to come on board, but always searched them first, to see if they had arms about them.

On the 15th of the month, Maquina came on board, splendidly dressed, with several other chiefs. Mr Salter invited them to dine with him in the cabin. They sat down to dinner on the floor, with their legs crossed under them like tailors. They were not pleased with the taste of salt, but they liked tea and coffee, and were very fond of bread and molasses. They seemed very desirous to possess iron tools, and used to crowd round Jewitt while he was at work, manifesting much curiosity at his operations. Thus they became acquainted with him; and this afterwards saved his life, as I shall tell you by and by.

The Indians had at length become quite familiar on board the ship. One day Maquina told Mr Salter that there was an abundance of wild geese and ducks at a cove which was not far off. Mr Salter lent him a two-barrelled gun, and he went away quite pleased with it. The savage soon returned with his gun and eighteen wild ducks. He gave the ducks to Mr Salter

as a present. At the same time, he showed him his gun, and said it was *peshak*, which in his language means, *bad*. He did not well know how to use a gun, and had broken the lock. Mr Salter was angry at this, and spoke to Maquina in very harsh terms. He took the gun out of the Chief's hand, and threw it to Jewitt to be repaired.

'John,' said he, 'this fellow has broken this beautiful fowling piece; see if you can mend it.' Jewitt said he thought he could. Now Maquina understood what Mr Salter had said, and was very much enraged at it: but he said nothing. He stood still, and held his throat with his hand. This, he afterwards told Jewitt, was to keep his heart from coming up and choking him. Then he went away with all his men.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Maquina takes the Ship and kills the Crew.—Jewitt is wounded with an Axe. Maquina saves Jewitt's Life.—How Thompson is found alive, and knocks an Indian down with his Fist.

On the morning of the 22d, Maquina came alongside the ship, with a numerous party of Indians in canoes. After they were searched, Mr Salter allowed them to come on board. Maquina had a wooden mask on his face, so carved as to look like some ugly wild beast. He had a whistle in his hand, and appeared to be very good-natured and gay. He blew his whistle, while his people capered and danced about the deck.

While Mr Salter was looking at the dance, Maquina went up to him, and told him there were a great many salmon at Friendly Cove, and asked him why he did not send his men to catch some of them. Mr Salter thought it would be a good plan, and after dinner he sent the mate of the vessel with nine men ashore for the purpose. Maquina and the chiefs staid and dined on board.

After the boat was gone ashore, Jewitt went down below the deck, and was busily employed in cleaning the guns. After he had been there about an hour, he heard them hoisting the boat on board, and directly after, he heard a great noise on deck. He looked out to see what was the matter. One of the Indians caught him by the hair, and tried to pull him up on deck; but he fell, and as he was falling, the Indian struck at him with an axe, and cut a gash in his forehead.

He was stunned by the blow, but when he came to himself he heard three loud yells on the deck. He knew by this that the Indians had taken possession of the ship. They were now going to kill Jewitt, but Maquina prevented them. He told his people to keep him alive to make knives, and mend guns for them. At length, the hatch was opened, and Maquina called Jewitt up on deck. When he came up, he was almost blinded by the blood that had flowed into his eyes. So the Chief got some water, and made one of the Indians wash out the blood.

Six Indians now came round the poor blacksmith, with knives in their hands. Then Maquina asked him if he would be his slave all his life? and he said

he would. Then he asked him if he would fight for him in war—and mend guns and make knives for him? and Jewitt said he would do all these things. This he did to save his life; for if he had not promised obedience, the Indians who were around him, would have killed him on the spot. He was very cold, and the chief gave him a great coat; he also handed him a bottle of rum, and made him drink some of it. Then he took Jewitt to the after part of the ship, and there showed him the heads of Mr Salter and the crew.

The Indians had severed them from their bodies, and ranged them in a line. There were twentyfive of them all. The deck of the vessel was stained with blood. After showing him this dreadful spectacle, Maquina tied a tobacco leaf over Jewitt's wound, and then told him to run the ship on shore. The latter cut the cables, and sent the Indians to loose the sails. Then with some trouble he ran her on shore on a sandy beach close to the Indian village. The men, women and children all got on the roofs of their wigwams to welcome Maquina. They bawled and yelled in a very boisterous manner. The Chief took Jewitt to his own wigwam, and the women patted him on the head, and made much of him. But the men wished to take his life. Maquina however told them he had promised to save him, and he would not violate his word.

Maquina's little boy now came up to Jewitt, and he took him up on his knee, and cut the buttons off his coat and gave them to the child. The Chief was much pleased with this, and told Jewitt to sleep next to him, for fear the Indians would kill him. In the

night one of the Indians came to tell Maquina that one of the white men was alive on board the ship.

He said that he had been on board, and the white man met him and knocked him down with his fist. Maquina answered, that in the morning he would go and kill him. It now came into Jewitt's mind, that he had not observed the head of Thompson the sail maker among those he had seen on deck. In the morning Maquina rose to go to the ship. Jewitt went down to the beach, where he found all the Indians assembled; they were going on board to kill Thompson. Then Jewitt pointed to Maquina's boy, and asked the Chief if he loved him. He said he did. He then asked the boy if he loved his father, and he said yes. 'Then,' said Jewitt, 'I love mine.' And he threw himself at Maquina's feet, and said the man on board might be his father.

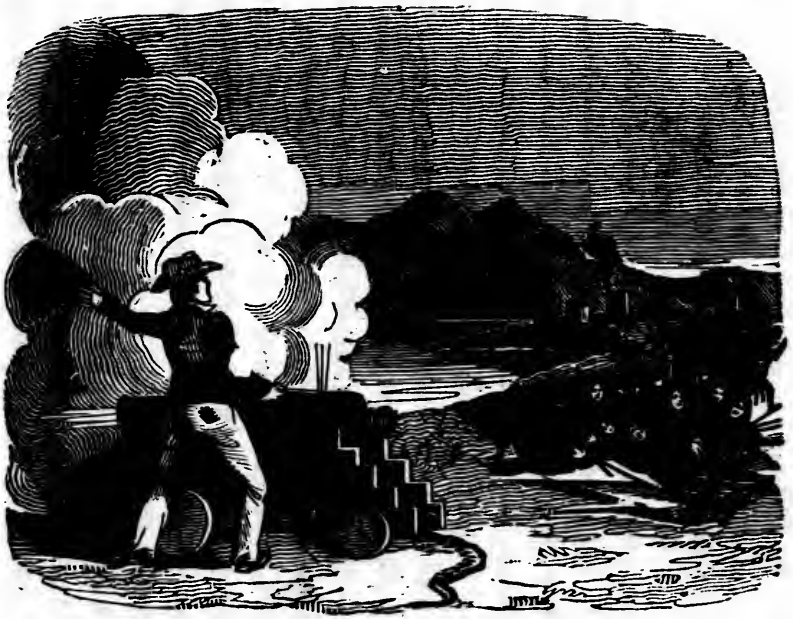
He told Maquina if he killed his father, he should die of grief; and then he could not labor for him. At last the Chief said that if the man should prove to be Jewitt's father, he should not be killed. So Jewitt went on board alone, and found that it was indeed Thompson. When the Indians fell upon the crew, this man had hid himself. Jewitt told him what to say, and then took him on shore, and pretended to Maquina that he was his father. So the life of Thompson was spared.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Two Ships come to Nootka.—Strange Visiters.—How Maquina treated them.—How the Ship was burned.—How the Indians all got drunk.—How Jewitt worked for the Indians.—Why Maquina was going to kill Thompson.—How Thompson behaved.

JEWITT now told Maquina that his father would make sails for his canoe; so the chief took them both home, and gave them something to eat. The Indians took everything out of the ship and carried them to Maquina's house; Jewitt, however, got possession of a bible, and some books and paper. He intended to keep a journal of what happened to him, and the paper was therefore very important. Shortly after this, two ships were seen coming toward the shore; at this the Indians were very much alarmed. They however got their guns and fired at the ships. The people in them fired back again, without doing any harm, and then sailed away.

A few days after, a great many canoes full of Indians came to Maquina's village. There were the Wickanninnish, Klaooquates, and several other tribes, with hard names. Their canoes had sails as well as paddles. Maquina was very proud of the things he had taken from the ship, and showed them to his visiters with much ostentation. He also had the cannon loaded, and gave all his men guns. The Indians of the village were dressed in the clothes of the men they had killed.



INDIAN MUSTER AT NOOTKA.

When all was ready, Maquina gave the word, and they discharged their guns. Thompson fired the cannon. The report of the cannon seemed to astonish the Indians; for when they heard it, they all tumbled over and rolled in the dirt. But they soon got up again, and ran about, and boasted of what they had done. When this was over, Maquina invited the strangers to a feast. He gave them whale blubber, herring-spawn, smoked and dried fish, and train oil. After this Maquina's boy danced for the amusement of the company. They were all very much pleased with his dancing. Then Maquina gave presents to the strangers. He gave them cloth and guns and many other articles. The next day the ship was set on fire by accident and entirely consumed. One of the Indians had gone into her with a fire-brand, and some sparks set her in flames. But Jewitt had previously taken out all the blacksmith's tools, some wine, and some chocolate.

Two days afterwards, as they were examining their plunder, the Indians found a cask of rum, and they all got drunk. They became so wild that Jewitt and Thompson thought they should both be killed. To avoid the danger, they hid themselves in the woods till midnight. When they came back, they found all the men asleep on the ground. The women had also been frightened, and had prudently concealed themselves.

After a while the wound in Jewitt's head began to heal; and he worked for Maquina, making bracelets and ear-rings for his wife.

In the mean while great numbers of strangers kept flocking to Nootka to see Maquina and his plunder.

In a short time they had eaten up all the provisions of the ship, and after that, Jewitt and Thompson were obliged to eat train oil, and such things as the Indians themselves ate. They did not like this, but they must eat or starve. The Indians had a strange aversion to Thompson, and he would have starved if Jewitt had not fed him.

Maquina gave Jewitt leave to make articles, and sell them for food. He made fish-hooks, and rings, and daggers, and sold them to the visiters for fish. When he made anything for Maquina's people, they would give him something, and he always shared it with Thompson. Thompson made clothes for them both. They were not allowed to cook their victuals themselves in their own way. One day Maquina found the white men making salt by the sea side; he took it away from them, and threw it into the water.

After his wound got well, Jewitt began to keep a journal. He had no ink, but Thompson cut his finger and Jewitt wrote with the blood. After a while he made a kind of ink with blackberry juice and charcoal. There was no lack of quills, for there were large birds in that country, so tame and plentiful that he easily killed numbers of them with stones.

Thompson had been at sea all his life. He was a strong and brave man, but he had a rough temper. One night he was lighting the lamps in Maquina's house, and the children pulled him about, and made him spill the oil. This made him angry, and he struck the Chief's son. Maquina seized a gun, and was on the point of shooting him. Thompson bared his breast

and dared him to fire. He would certainly have been killed, if Jewitt had not interfered and begged his life of Maquina.

But it was a long time before Maquina forgave Thompson. He often told Jewitt that if he, Jewitt, should die, he would kill Thompson directly after. All the Indians wanted to destroy him for striking the young Chief. But Jewitt told Maquina that if his father was put to death, he would not live himself. Maquina did not like to lose Jewitt, for he was very useful to him, and so he let Thompson live.

All this did not frighten Thompson, for soon after he struck the son of another chief. The Indians were eager to kill him, but Maquina would not consent. Thompson said he hated the Indians, and he showed them that he did by all his looks and actions. He declared that he would rather die than live among them, so he did not care if they did kill him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Jewitt endeavours to please the Indians.—Description of the Nootkas and other Indians.—How they left their Village.—About Maquina's new Coat.

JEWITT was not so tired of life as Thompson. He did all he could to please the Indians, and a good many of them liked him. He made little toys for the squaws and children, and fish-hooks and daggers for the men. He learned their language, and talked with

them. He advised Thompson to learn it too; but he replied, that he hated the Indians and their language, and would not learn it.

The houses of the Nootkas were built with posts, poles and planks, and several families lived in each of them. The fire was made in the middle, and the smoke went out through the roof. They had not much furniture; some boxes to put their clothes in, tubs to contain spawn and blubber, wooden dishes, baskets and bags were the principal articles.

These people manufacture a kind of cloth from bark, and wear but one garment, which is a loose cloak tied over their shoulders so as to leave their arms at liberty. Sometimes their cloaks are made of otter skin; the men wear belts with knives and daggers stuck in them. When they go out to fish, they wear a kind of hat made of bark, and ornamented with beads and little shells.

They eat fish, spawn, blubber, seals, muscles, clams, and many sorts of berries. All their cookery is done by boiling. This is performed by putting hot stones into the water. When they eat, they sit cross-legged on the ground with their wooden bowls before them. They do not use knives nor forks, but eat with their fingers, five or six of them, out of one bowl.

The Nootka Indians are a well made people, excepting their legs and feet. Their legs are rendered crooked by their manner of sitting. Jewitt saw one man among them who was thirty years of age, and only three feet and three inches high. They have all good teeth, but the men have neither beard nor whiskers.

The women are neater and cleaner than the men. They wear clothes extending from their necks down to their feet. They paint their eyebrows black, and draw a red line from the corner of the mouth to the ear. They wear ear-rings, and decorate their ancles with bracelets. Many of them have ornaments suspended from their noses. Some of these women Jewitt thought quite handsome.

The most remarkable fashion among these people appears to be that of wearing sticks two feet long thrust through the gristle of the nose and extending across the face. Thompson, who lost no opportunity of venting his spleen, used often to hit these sticks a sly knock, which of course gave the wearers no small degree of pain.

The Nootkas are not great hunters. They appear only to shoot seals and sea otters. But no people in the world are better fishermen. Their lines are made of whale's sinews and are very strong. Before Jewitt came, their hooks were made of wood and bone, but he manufactured iron ones that they liked better.

They have harpoons, pointed with bone and shells, with which they kill whales. They blow up a seal's skin like a bladder, and tie it to the harpoon with a long rope: so when the whale is struck he drags the seal skin after him, which floats on the water, and shows the Indians where he is. They cut down trees, and make canoes with chisels. They sing as they paddle along, and some of their songs Jewitt thought very pretty.

The chiefs make slaves of all the prisoners they

take in war; but they are not badly treated. They are made to work, and that is all. Maquina had fifty of them. There were about five hundred men of the Nootkas. The other Indians in the neighbourhood resemble the Nootkas, and live in a similar manner. Some of them, however, have their heads flattened like those Lewis and Clark saw.

When any of these people pay a visit at a distance, they stop before they get to the place where they are going, and paint themselves, fix their hair, and put on their best clothes. When they get to a village, the Chief first buys what he wants of the people, and then the rest are allowed to trade. But they have to watch their property closely, for all the Indians of the North-west coast are great thieves.

The people of these various tribes always wear daggers; the Chiefs have in addition a war-club called a cheeltooth; this is very heavy, and is made of the bone of a whale. Some of the men have bows and arrows, but they like guns better. The Chiefs are occasionally armed with spears.

Jewitt and Thompson used to go on Sunday to a pond in the woods to wash themselves, and pray and read their bible. Maquina suffered them to do so. In July a ship was seen off at sea, but it did not come to the shore. Some of the stranger Indians that came to see Maquina offered to help Jewitt to run away, but their real design was to make a slave of him for themselves.

In September all the Nootkas departed in their canoes, to go to another place. They were going to be absent the whole winter; so they took all their

baggage with them. As soon as they reached the spot where they designed to stay, they fell to work, and built houses for the winter. This was done in a short time, for Indian houses are not like ours. Here they caught a vast quantity of salmon in the same manner in which the Indians on Columbia River take them. They feasted and made merry, and Jewitt was kindly treated and allowed to go fishing and hunting. He shot a great many wild ducks. But on Sunday he always went into the woods with Thompson to pray.

One day Maquina saw Jewitt writing in his journal. The chief asked him what he was doing, and Jewitt said he was keeping an account. He would not believe Jewitt. He thought he was writing about the destruction of the ship and the massacre of the crew. He said if he caught him writing again, he would burn the book.

A little while after, Jewitt made an iron cheeltooth and some daggers for Maquina. He was much pleased with these things, and gave Jewitt some clothes. Thompson too made the Chief a suit of clothes, and some sails for his canoe. The clothes were patch-work of different colors, and were covered with bright buttons. Maquina was greatly delighted. He strutted up and down, saying, 'Fine clothes, fine clothes: Nootka cannot make such things.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How the Nootkas catch Bears.—A religious Ceremony.—The Nootkas remove.—A great Feast.—About a crazy Chief.—How he was whipped.—Jewitt makes a Harpoon for Maquina, and becomes a Man of Consequence.

MAQUINA often told Jewitt that if he ran away, he would catch him again and kill him. He said that some white prisoners had run away from him before, but he caught them again. He had them suffocated by forcing stones down their throats. He said he had been robbed, and some of his people had been killed by white men some years before, and this was the reason why he killed Mr Salter and his men.

In December the people caught a bear in a trap. Now if they eat bear's flesh, they think they must not eat any fresh fish for two months. So not more than ten of them tasted of this bear. After the bear was caught they brought it into Maquina's house, and set it upright and put a cap on its head. Then they put victuals before it, and invited it to eat, though it was dead. Then they cut it up, and cooked it.

A few days after they caught another bear, and Jewitt went to see the trap. It was like a little wigwam, the roof being covered with stones. The roof was supported by a post. A fresh salmon was tied to the post. When the bear tried to get the salmon, he pulled the post away, and the stones fell on his head, and killed him.

On the 13th of December, Maquina fired a pistol close to his son's ear. The boy fell down, and the squaws began to cry aloud and tear their hair. Then some of the men came running into the house. Two of them were dressed in wolf skins, and had masks on their faces. They took the boy up and carried him out. Then Maquina gave Jewitt and Thompson some victuals, and commanded them to go and stay in the woods seven days. If they came back sooner, he told them they should be killed.

The firing of the pistol was the commencement of some religious ceremonies which the Indians were about to perform, and which they were unwilling that the white men should witness; for this reason they were sent away. At the end of seven days Jewitt and Thompson returned. The ceremonies ended the day after. They saw two men walk backwards and forwards with bayonets run through their flesh, singing, and exulting in their own bravery.

On the last of December, the Nootkas moved to another place to pass the rest of the winter. Here they built houses again, and caught plenty of herring and sprats. The first snow fell on New Year's day. On the 7th of January Maquina went to visit the Aittizzarts, and took Jewitt with him. He was received with great respect, and the Aittizzarts fired a salute.

These Indians were not accustomed to see white men, and they thought Jewitt a great curiosity. They examined his legs and arms, and opened his mouth to see if he had a tongue. Jewitt was silent till Maquina told him to speak. He then spoke to them, and they seemed pleased. They did not like his clothes, and wished him to throw them away

Then Maquina told the Chief how he had taken the ship and killed the crew. After this the people brought in bowls of herring spawn, and they had a feast. To please Maquina, some of the Aittizzarts danced with arrows stuck through their arms, and then Maquina returned to his own people.

In the beginning of February, Maquina invited all the neighbouring Indians to a feast: the quantity of fish they devoured was prodigious. More than a hundred salmon were cooked in one tub.

On the 25th, the Nootkas returned to Nootka, where they first came from. Not long after this, Maquina's nephew died.

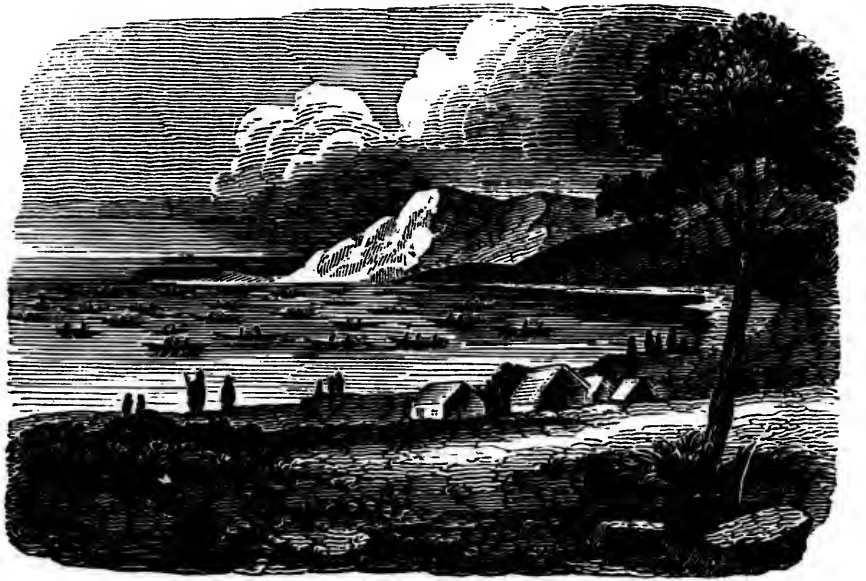
As soon as he was dead, the Indians began to cry aloud. The next morning a great fire was made, and Maquina burned some valuable things to show his sorrow. The boy was the son of a chief, and was therefore considered a chief himself. None but chiefs have anything burned for them. The father of this boy had been one of the foremost in the murder of Mr Salter and his men. He was now crazy, and thought he saw the men he had killed always standing before him.

He had killed two men, named Hall and Wood, on board the ship. When the Indians wanted him to eat, he said that Hall and Wood would not let him. Maquina asked Jewitt what was proper to cure him, and what white men did in such cases. Jewitt told him that the whites whipped crazy people to cure them. So the crazy Indian was tied up and whipped severely, but it did him no good. All the while they were flogging him, he kicked and tried to bite.

The insanity of this man made the Indians afraid to hurt Jewitt and Thompson. They thought that God had punished this chief for killing Wood and Hall, and that if they should kill Jewitt and Thompson they would all be crazy too.

Maquina now went out to catch whales, but he had bad luck, and caught none. This made him very sad and angry. So Jewitt made him an iron harpoon, and the very next day he killed a whale with it. The Indians praised Jewitt highly for making the harpoon, and they gave him some of the blubber. He boiled it with greens, and found it tolerably good.

The other chiefs now desired Jewitt to make harpoons for them. But Maquina would not suffer it. He wanted the best harpoon for himself, and would not let the others have any like it. He commanded Jewitt to make him several more, and some spears also. Jewitt was now a man of great consequence, for he could be very useful to the Indians; particularly by enabling them to catch whales, which is a matter of great importance among them. They therefore treated him with much more respect than before.



MAQUINA'S FLEET GOING TO WAR.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The crazy Chief dies.—Maquina makes War upon the Aycharts.—The neighbouring Chiefs try to buy Jewitt.—How the Indians were frightened by an Eclipse of the Moon.

In June, the crazy Chief died, and all the Indians cried and howled for three hours. They laid the body on a plank, and tied a red bandage round the head. Then they wrapped it up in an otter skin cloak, and put it into a box. They put some food and other things in the box, for they thought the Chief could use them in the next world. Eight men carried the coffin to a cave in the side of a hill, and there they left it. Then they went back to Maquina's house.

After this, some valuable things were burned, and the people poured oil on the fire, to make it burn brighter. Then there was a feast, and Maquina's boy danced. There was also an Indian who amused the people with strange tricks. They all laughed except Thompson; he hated the Indian juggler, and would not laugh.

He abused the fellow with harsh terms, and called him a fool. Jewitt, on the contrary, laughed with the rest. This led Maquina to remark that Jewitt's mother must have been a very good-natured woman, since his father was so bad tempered.

In July, Maquina told Jewitt that he was going to war with the Aycharts. He commanded him therefore to make some daggers for the men, and cheeltooths for

the chiefs. This Jewitt did. Before they set out on their expedition, the Indians washed themselves five or six times a day; and they scrubbed their flesh with sand and briars, until they were quite bloody.

Maquina now told Jewitt and Thompson that he would take them with him. He wanted them to scrub and scratch themselves as the Indians had done. He said it would make their skins so hard that the enemy could not stab them. But they would not do it.

When all was ready, the Indians set out in forty canoes;—there were in some of them ten or even twenty men. Jewitt and Thompson had swords and pistols, but the Indians only took daggers, cheel-tooths, and bows and arrows, though they had plenty of guns at home. Their arrows were a yard long, pointed with pieces of copper, bones, or muscle shells. The bows were four feet and a half long, and the strings were made of whales' sinews.

The warriors sailed up a river thirty miles, and came near the Aychart village in the night. It was situated on a steep hill. Maquina commanded them all to keep quiet till day-break, for that is the time when people sleep soundest. When all was ready, the Indians crept up the hill, and entered the houses of the enemy without making any noise. Jewitt and Thompson remained outside to catch those who might attempt to run away. Maquina at length gave the warwhoop, and his people fell upon the Aycharts.

Most of them were killed. Some were taken prisoners, and a few escaped. After a while the war party returned to Nootka, and had a feast with great rejoicings.

About this time, many of the neighbouring chiefs wanted to buy Jewitt of Maquina. The Chief of the Wickinninnish came with four canoes and a great many men to purchase the blacksmith. He offered four slaves, two beautiful canoes, a great many skins, some cloth, and other things, for him. But Maquina would not part with him.

The Chief of the Klaizzarts also wanted to buy him, but Maquina still refused to sell him. This Chief was kind to Jewitt. He understood a few English words, and Jewitt and he had some conversation together. The Chief told Jewitt that if he could persuade Maquina to part with him, he would put him aboard the first ship that came to the coast, and send him home. Jewitt wrote a letter, telling where he was, and how he was treated, and gave it to this man, desiring him to give it to the first master of a ship that came to the coast. This the Chief promised faithfully to do.

In the fall, the whole tribe removed to the place where they had been the year before to pass the winter. A few days after, one of the Indians, who had lately been married, got angry with his wife. The savage bit off her nose, that she might never get another husband, and sent her back to her father. I am sorry to say, that the Nootkas appear not to be kind to their wives.

On the 15th of January there was an eclipse of the moon. The Indians were frightened, and they lighted torches, and sang, and drummed, and made all the noise they could. Jewitt asked them what they did this for. They pointed at the moon, and told him

that a great cod-fish was trying to swallow it, and they were shouting to scare the fish away. In February the tribe again returned to Nootka.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A further Description of the Nootkas, their Manners and Customs.—About the Climate.—A Ship arrives at Nootka.—Maquina goes to it with a Letter from Jewitt.

I WILL now tell you a little more about the singular people with whom it was poor Jewitt's fortune to be a slave for many months.

The Nootkas have one great chief and several inferior ones. When the great chief dies, his son succeeds him. If he has no son his oldest brother becomes Chief. The chiefs are always seated at feasts in the best places, and wear finer clothes than the common people. The great Chief is always the General when they go to war; and the men do pretty much as he says. However, he cannot take their property, and they do not support him. He fishes for his living, like any other man.

He and the other chiefs possess slaves, but the common people are not allowed to have any. He has everything that is taken in war for himself, and does what he pleases with it. He makes a good many feasts, and when he has plenty of victuals he invites the people to come and eat them. If he did not do this, they would say he was stingy, and despise him.

The Nootkas believe in a God, whom they call Quahootze. They think he sends them fish, and takes care of them. When they pray to him, they sometimes go into the water, and sometimes into the woods. The women always go into the woods to pray. When they come back from prayers, they are sad and melancholy. They do not believe they shall live in another world; they think that when they die, there is an end of them. They do not believe in ghosts, and have no priests among them.

They are generally kind to each other, and are very good-natured. They seldom quarrel; but when they are offended they seem to be in a violent rage. They foam at the mouth like dogs, and kick and spit. But this is only grimace. They act in the same way when they make speeches; and he who bawls the loudest, and stamps and spits the most, is thought to be the best speaker.

At Nootka the weather is very pleasant in spring, summer, and autumn, and the winter is not very cold. The ice is never more than two or three inches thick, nor the snow more than two or three inches deep; but there is a great deal of rain. Sometimes in the winter it rains five or six days in succession.

When the summer was over, Jewitt began to despair of getting away from the Indians; for no vessels came to Nootka, though there had been several on the coast. After Mr Salter and his people were killed, the other masters of vessels were afraid to go there. As I told you before, Jewitt had given a letter to a Klaizzart chief, to be given to the master of any vessel he might see; but Jewitt heard nothing of it for a great while.

By this time he had nearly lost all hope. On the 19th of July he was at work with Thompson, making daggers for Maquina. Suddenly they heard three cannon, and the Indians began to call '*weena, weena, mamethlee,*' which means, in their language—stranger, —white men. Directly some of the Indians came running into the house, to tell them that there was a ship sailing into the harbour. They were rejoiced at this, but were afraid to show their joy. If they had seemed to want to get away, the Indians might have killed them. So they kept on working, as if nothing was the matter.

At this moment Maquina came in, and was surprised to see Jewitt and Thompson at work. He asked them if they did not know that a ship had come. Jewitt said he did not care anything about it. Maquina was surprised, and desired to know if he did not wish to go on board. He said no; he had got used to the Nootkas, and meant to stay with them all his life. Then Maquina told them that the Indians were holding a council about them, and they might go and hear what they said. So Maquina went to the council, and asked the Indians what should be done with the two white men.

Some proposed to kill Jewitt and Thompson, and some wanted to send them into the woods till the vessel was gone. But the Chief said they should not be killed nor hurt. Some of the Indians then proposed to set them at liberty, and send them on board the vessel. But Maquina did not like to lose his blacksmith, and he would not consent to part with them.

Maquina had a great mind to go on board the vessel himself. But all the Indians were against his doing so. They told him that the master of the ship would put him to death, or at any rate keep him a prisoner, for having killed Mr Salter and his people. Maquina said he was not afraid to go on board, but would take Jewitt's advice about it. He said he had never heard Jewitt tell a lie; and if he said there was no danger, he would go on board: if he said there was, he would not go. So he turned round, and asked Jewitt if the sailors would hurt him if he went on board.

Jewitt replied that the Indians did not know anything about white people, and so he did not wonder at their advice. But if they knew as much about them as he, or even Maquina himself did, they would think differently. The white people had never killed nor hurt any person who had not injured them; and so if he wanted to go on board, he might do so in safety.

Then Maquina said that if Jewitt would write a letter to the master of the vessel, and tell him that Maquina was a good man, and that he had used him and Thompson well, he would go on board. Jewitt said if Maquina wanted him to write a letter, he would do it. So Maquina told him to write, and he wrote the letter, but not such a one as the Chief meant. It was in these words:

'To Captain ———, of the Brig ——.

'Nootka, July 19, 1805.

'Sir—The bearer of this letter is the Indian king, by the name of Maquina. He was the instigator of the capture of the ship Boston, of Boston in North Amer-

ica, John Salter, master, and of the murder of twenty-five men of her crew; the two only survivors being now on shore. Wherefore, I hope you will confine him, according to his merits, putting in your dead lights, and keeping so good a watch over him that he cannot escape from you. By so doing, we shall be able to obtain our release in a few hours.

'JOHN R. JEWITT,
'Armorer of the Ship Boston, for himself and John Thompson, sail-maker of said ship.'

Maquina asked Jewitt to explain the letter to him. So he read it over, taking care to give a wrong interpretation to all. The Chief looked in Jewitt's face steadily, and asked him if he spoke the truth. Jewitt pretended that he did, and Maquina at last believed him. So the Chief concluded to go on board, though the women cried, and the men sought to persuade him not to go.

As soon as the canoe had put off, Maquina stopped it, and asked Jewitt if he did not want to go with him. He was afraid to say yes; so he said he did not want to leave the Nootkas, or to go on board.

Perhaps my little readers will think that Jewitt did wrong to practise deception in this and some other cases. The Bible teaches us never to violate the truth, and I hope the example of our adventurer will not lead any one to do it. We must consider that Jewitt was in slavery among savages, and he was tempted by the love of liberty and life to do as he did. We can easily excuse his conduct; but we must at the same time insist upon the duty of always speakin truth rather than falsehood.

CHAPTER XL.

Maquina goes on board the Ship, and is put in Irons.—Thompson and Jewitt are released.—The Articles belonging to the Boston are restored.—Maquina is set free.

As soon as he got on board the vessel, Maquina gave some skins and Jewitt's letter to the captain. The captain took him into the cabin and gave him some bread and rum, and at the same time sent for the mate and six men. When they came, the captain told Maquina that he should keep him on board till the two white men on shore were set at liberty. So he put Maquina in irons, and placed a guard over him.

The Indians in Maquina's canoe now went back to the village with the intelligence of what had happened. The inhabitants were thrown into the greatest consternation. Maquina's wives and the rest of the women fell upon their knees, and begged Jewitt not to have Maquina killed. He told them that Maquina was in no danger. Some of the men told Jewitt they would kill him; others threatened to cut him into pieces not bigger than their thumb-nails. Jewitt calmly replied, that the master of the vessel had confined Maquina to make them set him and Thompson free. 'If you desire to see your Chief hanging to that mast, and the sailors shooting at him, you had better kill me,' said he. But the Indians said, 'No, that would not do;' so they concluded to send Thompson on board. Thompson did not like to leave Jewitt

JEWITT ON BOARD THE LYDIA.

among the Indians; but he told him not to fear anything on his account, as he had no doubt all would turn out well.

When Thompson was gone, Jewitt asked the Indians what they intended to do with him. They said, he must send to the captain to let Maquina come ashore in a boat, and he, Jewitt, must be ready to jump in, as soon as the boat touched the beach. To this Jewitt replied that the master knew that they had killed Mr Salter and his crew, and would not trust any of his men within their reach. But if they would take him near the ship in a canoe, the boat should come to it, and Maquina should get into the canoe, and he into the boat, at the same time. To this they agreed.

Accordingly they put him into the canoe with three strong Indians, and he sat facing them. He determined to get on board the vessel before Maquina was released, if he could. By this means, he hoped to get back some of the things they had taken from the Boston. When they got near enough to the vessel to speak to those on board, the Indians stopped paddling. Jewitt pulled out his pistols, and threatened to shoot them, if they did not go on.

This frightened them, and they paddled alongside the vessel, and Jewitt got on board. He found the vessel to be the brig Lydia, of Boston, and the Captain's name was Samuel Hill. He was glad to see Jewitt, and said he had got his letter from the Klaizzart chief. The Indian had come to the vessel in his canoe to deliver it. When he had read it, he sailed directly to Nootka,

to set him free. Jewitt thanked him heartily, and indeed he had good reason to thank him.

When Jewitt came alongside the Lydia, he was painted red and black, from head to foot, and had a bear-skin wrapped round him. He had not been allowed to cut his hair, and a branch of spruce was stuck in it. So he looked like an Indian or a crazy man. Captain Hill said he had never seen a man look so wild and savage in his life.

Jewitt went with the captain into the cabin, and there he found Maquina in irons, with a guard over him. The Chief was very sad; but he seemed pleased to see Jewitt. Jewitt shook hands with him, and asked the captain to take off the irons, saying he would not be in the least troublesome. The captain consented, and Jewitt took the irons off.

It gave him pleasure to take the irons off, for Maquina had often saved his life. Jewitt had only contrived to get him confined, in order to obtain his own liberty. Maquina smiled, and seemed very much pleased. Jewitt now told Captain Hill how the Boston had been taken by the Indians, and how the crew had been killed. It was known in Boston that the Indians had destroyed the ship. The owners also had been informed that two of the men were in captivity among the Indians, and had offered a reward to whoever should set them free.

After hearing Jewitt's story, Captain Hill was very angry with Maquina, and said he ought to be put to death. But Jewitt persuaded him not to do so. Captain Hill, however, determined to keep him till all the things which had been taken from the Boston, yet among the Indians, should be restored.

While they were talking together, Maquina showed great anxiety, for he understood what they were saying. Jewitt at length told him that he must return all the property he had taken from the Boston. To this Maquina consented, and he was indeed glad to obtain his release on these conditions.

As it was now late in the afternoon, Jewitt told Maquina he must stay on board all night, and in the morning he should be set ashore, as soon as the things were delivered. So Jewitt went on deck, and told the Indians who came with him what was agreed upon. They said it was very well, and went away.

All night Maquina would not let Jewitt sleep. He kept putting him in mind how the Indians had often sought to kill him, and how he had saved his life. He urged upon Jewitt that he was under obligation to do the same by him.

At day-break the Indians set about bringing the cannon, the anchors, and all that was left of the Boston's cargo, to the vessel. In the course of a few hours they had brought everything on board, together with the articles belonging to Jewitt and Thompson.

Then they set Maquina at liberty. He gave Captain Hill sixty otter skins, for having spared his life. He also gave him his otter skin cloak; and the captain gave him a great coat and hat, in return. He also told him that he should return in November, and would buy all the skins he might have to spare.

At parting, Maquina shook Jewitt with both hands, and bade him farewell with tears in his eyes. Then he stepped into his canoe, and the Indians paddled him ashore.

Jewitt also was much affected; for although he was thankful for his deliverance, yet he had lived long with Maquina, and received many acts of kindness from him.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Vessel sails, and they traffic with various Tribes of Indians.—They go to the Columbia River, and find Capt. Lewis's Letter.—Return to Nootka.—Meeting with Maquina.—Farewell.—The Brig goes to China, and Jewitt arrives at Boston.—He writes his Book, and settles in Berlin, Connecticut.—His Death.

The vessel's sails were hoisted, and they steered their course to the North. They stopped at several places, to trade with the Indians. They saw one tribe named the Wooden Lips. These people had a great many furs to sell: the women did all the bargaining, and managed the canoes.

Four months after they left Nootka, Captain Hill went to the mouth of Columbia River, to get spars and masts; for the vessel had been damaged by a gale of wind. They sailed a little way up the river, and the Indians told them that Captains Lewis and Clark had gone away only a fortnight before. They showed the medals, and a letter that the Captains had given them, and which I have mentioned before.

After getting what they wanted, they returned to Nootka, where they arrived in November. The tribe was not there; but the ship fired a cannon, and a canoe

soon landed at the village, with Maquina in it. The Indians put him on shore, and then paddled off to the brig. They asked if Jewitt was on board, and said that if he was, Maquina had some skins to sell him. They asked him to go on shore and see Maquina.

He said he would do so, if they would stay on board in the mean while: to this they agreed. Mr Hill and Thompson did not like to have him go, but he said he was not afraid, while the Indians stayed on board. The master took them into the cabin, and gave them bread and molasses to eat; and Jewitt went ashore, and met Maquina.

The Chief was very glad to see him; but when Jewitt told him that the Indians were to stay on board till he got back, he said he would not have hurt him if he had come without any such precaution. Then he put his chest of skins into the boat, and Jewitt went with Maquina to the brig. The captain received him well, and bought his furs of him. He went away much pleased; but first asked Jewitt when he would come again.

He said that his son loved Jewitt, and wished very much to come and see him; he also said he would save all his furs till he came again. Then he went away, and Jewitt never saw him more.

After this, the vessel sailed to China, and Jewitt found a man at Canton whom he had known in England. This man gave him a suit of clothes and some money. Then they sailed to Boston. In the post-office Jewitt found a letter from his mother; she had received a letter that he wrote at Canton, and was very happy to hear that he was alive and well.

The people in Boston treated Jewitt kindly, and he wrote a very entertaining book, giving an account of his adventures.

After this, he settled in the town of Berlin, in Connecticut, where he pursued for several years the trade of a blacksmith. He was a very honest, pious man, and obtained the good will and good opinion of all who knew him. He died about ten years ago.