

throw wide open all their store houses to the inspection of whitemen—The stranger may go where he please & remain without restriction, & always receive a civil reply to his inquiries—The traveller's sojourn among them is like an oasis in the desert & he always leaves them with reluctance—When the stranger leaves the[y] always bestow upon him every expression of good will & load him with food & provisions for his journey, for which they refuse all compensation—In their simple piety they bring their little ones to the stranger for his parting blessing—& by their unaffected piety they often melt the thoughtless young man into seriousness & manly tears as they kneel before him & offer presents, the best they have—None who have ever visited them can forget them—Nothing could be more worthy & interesting to the philanthropist than to study & learn the history & origin of this interesting & obscure people—Are they a remnant of the lost tribes of the house of Israel?—But how came they there?—By what unknown & mysterious means have they been kept so pure, so good, so simple, situated as they have been, during untold generations, in the midst of tribes so vile, so barbarous, so lost to all the better feelings of man's degenerate race?—Every thing possible has conspired to render them anything but what they are—Why have they not been overrun by the hords of canibals around them & long since annihilated?—There has been no lack of temptation—Their vast magazines of food & clothing have remained now during centuries, an alluring bait to the cupidity of thousands destitute of every sense of right or property, & who know no law but that "might constitute right"—of thousands who certainly have had the power, & why not the inclination to exterminate the Moccos from the face of the earth—They have always been a distinct people—peculiar, unprovided with any adequate means of resisting aggression—& yet they have remained there, while thousands, whose hand is against every man, have been passing and repassing them continually—Let such as are able unravel the mystery—But we have another, & alas, a mournful page of the history—We have been detailing the past—what the Moccos were a quarter of a century ago—what they were until 1853—Since that time a traveller has visited that interesting nation, & we have from his own mouth the condition in which he found them in the month of June 1854—The small Pox, that awful scourge of the American Redman, has visited the Moccos—Their happy home is now a desolation—Whole towns & villages are now without an inhabitant—Those immense magazines of food and clothing lie rotting in silent neglect—No human being now walks those once populous & crowded halls—When Trippe, our informant was there, it was still as death—The bodies of the dead had decayed where they, in crowds, had died, but the whitened bones lay thickly strewed around—The scattered few, who had survived, appeared like disconsolate mourners—or rather like the wandering ghosts of the departed visiting the spot where they once had lived—. . . they had a population of many thousands—At present there are probably not left more than two or three hundreds in all their towns; & these heartbroken and disconsolate—They sit in sullen silence, hardly noticing the stranger, as he passes; or they mope from house to house, & appear as if communing only with their own broken hearts—

IN THE ROCKIES

Just when Yount returned from this journey cannot be discovered, but it probably was sometime in the year 1828. It seems evident that he visited the Mohaves and Hopis then. Mrs. Watson, p. [7], says that he had five hundred dollars in money and "several thousand worth of furs, which he cached near Bitter Creek." But whether she refers to this or the previous expedition is uncertain. She continues:

George Yount had to postpone returning to his family for another year. He entered into a partnership and took charge of another trapping expedition and his partner managed the business in New Mexico. He went to Del Port [Rio del Norte], at the big bend called Horse-shoe, then up a small stream, the Campayuta [Cochetoopa?]. They struck the Blue [Grand] River, then White River, which discharges its waters into Green River. Elk were very abundant here, also bear. They continued on from five to ten miles a day; winter came on [1828-29] and after many days of hard travel they reached the spot where the city of Salt Lake is now located. The snow was often two feet deep and after letting their animals rest they retraced their steps to Bear River Valley, settling at Sweet Lake,¹ where they remained until the middle of March. Here they met the red men peculiar to California, called "Digger Indians," from their mode of living on roots and reptiles.

Here also they met other trappers, among them the celebrated Hugh Glass,² of whose frightful experiences Yount gave Clark a long account (MS a, pp. 129-143):

[THE ADVENTURES OF HUGH GLASS]

Among the numerous veteran Trappers, with whom Yount became acquainted, & was from time to time associated, was one by the name of Glass—In point of adventures dangers & narrow escapes & capacity for endurance, & the sufferings which befel him, this man was preeminent—He was bold, daring, reckless & excentric to a high degree; but was nevertheless a man of great talents & intellectual as

¹—Sweet Lake seems to have been a trappers' name for Bear Lake, on the headwaters of Bear River, just northeast of Great Salt Lake, and where the summer rendezvous was held in 1827 (cf. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 1918, pp. 278-279).

²—Glass' adventures have been reviewed by Chittenden, *History of the American Fur Trade*, 1902, vol. 2, pp. 698-706. The present account agrees well with that printed in the *Missouri Intelligencer*, June 18, 1825, and adds many circumstances hitherto unknown. An account given by Pattie appears to refer to Glass. Pattie mentions having shot a bear which attacked one of his party, who may have been Glass (Arkansas River, 1824) but the date, place and circumstances do not agree with other sources (cf. also Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 1918, pp. 86-87, footnote).

well as bodily power—But his bravery was conspicuous beyond all his other qualities for the perilous life he led—

Glass first commenced life in the capacity of a sailor; & after having followed the seas during several years, was captured by the desperate band of Pirates under the notorious Lafitte—The policy of this piratical champion was to allow all his captives to chose for themselves either to join & share his fortunes, & follow his lead, or submit to immediate death—Little time was allowed them to deliberate—

When the crew, of which Glass made a part learnt their conquerer's terms, he & one other instantly decided to become Pirates; & were hailed as good fellows, when they had taken the oath of allegiance, which was an awful one, & too horrid to be written here—All went on well for a season, but the cruel murders to be perpetrated daily,—As they shuddered from their inmost souls & shrunk from those deeds of blood, it was impossible for them to conceal from their despotic lord the emotions of their hearts—

At length, as the piratical craft was lying secreted in one of the secluded friths of Texas, then a territory of Mexico, these two, Glass & his comrade were given to understand that they had been deemed unfit for the work of pirates & would, on the following day, be doomed to death—They therefore concluded to consult their own safety; & in the darkness of night, swam from the ship to the land & fled for life—This event proved the epoch of Glass's life; & from his own lips, Yount received the following history of his career, up to the time of his embarking for the upper waters of the Yellow Stone, on his last expedition, that in which terminated his eventful life—We shall afford the reader a hasty outline, which will make an episode of a few pages—

After leaving the piratical vessel, they wandered far back into the trackless wilderness, they knew not whither nor wherefore,—until they fell in among the people of the Pawnee nation, & were made their prisoners—After having travelled with the savages a few days, & the party having joined a more numerous band of their people, they came to a halt, & the preliminaries of the feat of burning them to the stake began—Tied to a tree they witnessed the whole scene—

One was to suffer at a time—Glass was reserved to suffer last, & therefore was compelled to stand by & witness the tortures of his comrade—An awful scene it surely was—His whole body, from head to foot having been stuck thick with splinters of pitchpine, the fagots were lighted, & in the darkness of midnight, his spirit ascended in flames to Him who had given it being—

Now came his own final hour—And as two approached him to strip him of his apparel, the ruling Chief stood by to pierce his skin with the first splinter, which was deemed the royal privilege—Glass thrust his hand into his own bosom & drew from thence a large package of vermilian; an article which the savages value above all price—He gave the packet to the proud & haughty Brave, with an air of respect & affection & bowed his final farewell—The Chief opened & examined it, & then majestically stepped up to him, & cut the thongs

with which he was bound, & taking him by the hand, with paternal regard & smiling delight, led him to his own wigwam. Then with soothing tenderness he lighted his pipe, & having smoked a few moments, in the presence of his numerous braves, he passed it to Glass, who also smoked a few whiffs & restored it to his liege lord—From that time he shared nothing but paternal & tender treatment—

With these Pawnees Glass roamed the wilderness in security many months, until they visited St. Louis; where he found means to escape from the Indians—Having resided in the City some eight or ten months, until Ashley sought him out & employed him to join a band of Thirty Trappers, which he had furnished & equipped to trap upon the Yellow Stone River under Maj. Henry—

Glass with this party of Trappers, ascended the Missouri, till they reached the territory of the Pickarees [Aricarees]—These Indians had become troublesome, & a detachment of troops from Council Bluffs was [sent] out against them—Other friendly Indians had joined the whites & the Pickarees had been routed, & scattered far & near in the wilderness;—rendering it dangerous in the extreme, for the Trappers to thread their way towards their place of destination, to trap for furs—

As Maj. Henry pressed onwards towards the Yellow Stone, constrained to use great caution, he had struck a tributary of the Missouri & was following its channel, where the Buffalo & the Buffalo-berries were found abundant & proved convenient for food—But the band must keep together, as they were liable, at any moment, to be assailed, by the Pickarees in ambush—He accordingly selected two distinguished hunters, one of which was Allen, of Mohave notoriety, & a bosom friend of Yount's, to precede the party, from a half a mile to a mile, in order to kill meat for food—

Glass, as was usual, could not be kept, in obedience to orders, with the band, but persevered to thread his way alone through the bushes and chapparel—As the two hunters were wending their way, up the River, Allen discovered Glass dodging along in the forest alone; & said to his companion, "there look at that fellow, Glass; see him foolishly exposing his life—I wish some Grizzly Bear would pounce upon him & teach him a lesson of obedience to orders, & to keep in his place—He is ever off, scouting in the bushes & exposing his life & himself to dangers"—

Glass disappeared in the chapperel, & within half an hour his screams were heard—The two hunters hastened to his relief & discovered a huge Grizy Bear, with two Cubs—The monster had seized him, torn the flesh from the lower part of the body, & from the lower limbs—He also had his neck shockingly torn, even to the degree that an aperture appeared to have been made into the windpipe, & his breath to exude at the side of his neck—It is not probable however that any aperture was made into the windpipe—Blood flowed freely, but fortunately no bone was broken—& his hands & arms were not disabled—

The whole party were soon there, the monster & her cubs were

slain, & the victim cared for in the best degree possible, under existing circumstances—A convenient hand litter was prepared & the sufferer carried by his humane fellow-trappers from day to day—He retained all his faculties but those of speech & locomotion—Too feeble to walk, or help himself at all, his comrades every moment waited his death—Day by day they ministered to his wants, & no one counted it any hardship—

Among those rude & rough trappers of the wilderness, fellow feeling & devotion to eachothers wants is a remarkable & universal feature or characteristic—It is admirable & worthy the imitation of even the highest grade of civilized men—We have remarked it at every step in the investigation, which, in preparing this work, has devolved on us—

After having thus carried Glass six¹ (several) days, it became necessary for the party to croud their journey, as the season for trapping was fast transpiring—Maj. Henry therefore offered four hundred Dolls to any two of his men, who would volunteer to remain until he should die, decently bury him & then press on their way to overtake the main body—One man & a boy volunteered to remain—They did so, & the party urged forward towards the Yellow Stone—

The two waited several days, & he still lived—No change was apparent.—They dressed his wounds daily & fed & nourished him with water from the spring & such light food as he could swallow—Still he was speechless but could use his hands—Both his lower limbs were quite disabled—As he lay by the spring, Buffalo berries hung in clusters & in great profusion over him & around his bed, which was made soft with dry leaves & two blankets—

Quite discouraged & impatient for his death, as there remained no hope of his recovery, the two resolved to leave him there to die alone in the wilderness—They took from him his knife, camp kettle & Rifle, laid him smoothly on his blankets, & left him thus to die a lingering death, or be torn in pieces by the ferocious wild beasts & to be seen no more till they should meet him at the dread tribunal of eternal judgment—

He could hear their every word, but could not speak nor move his body—His arms he could use—& he stretched them out imploringly, but in vain—They departed & silence reigned around him—Oppressed with grief & his hard fate, he soon became delirious—Visions of benevolent beings appeared, Around him were numerous friendly faces, smiling encouragement & exhorting him not to despond, & assuring him that all would be well at last—He declared to Yount that he was never alone, by day or by night—

He could reach the water & take it to his mouth in the hollow of his hand, & could pluck the berries from the bushes, to eat as he might need—One morning, after several weeks, he found by his side a huge Rattlesnake—With a small stone he slew the reptile, jambed

¹—"Six" has been written in, in the manuscript, above the word "several."

off its head & cast it from him—Having laid the dead serpent by his side he jamped off small parts from time to time, & bruised it thoroughly & moistened it with water from the spring & made of it a grateful food on which he fed from day to day—

At length the wolves came & took from under him his Blankets, & having dragged them some distance, tore them in pieces—Thus he was left solely on his bed of leaves—In this condition he must have lain many¹ (several) weeks how many he could never tell—Meantime the two, the man & boy, false to their trust, came up with Maj. Henry & the party, & reported that Glass had died & they had decently buried his remains, & brot his effects with them, his gun, knife & Camp kettle, & received the promised reward for their fidelity, Four Hundred Dollars—

After a long period, his strength began to revive, & he crawled a few rods, & laid himself down again during several days—Then again he resumed his journey, every day increasing his distance some rods—after many long & tedious days, & even weeks—he found himself upon his feet & began to walk—Soon he could travel nearly a mile in a day This distance he even increased daily more & more—Thus covered with wounds, which would frequently bleed, & require much attention, he urged his journey, through a howling wilderness, a distance of more than Two Hundred miles, to the nearest trading post—

Often by the way he would find the decaying carcasses of Buffalos, which, wounded by the hunter, or some more powerful animal, had died—From these he gained nourishing food, by pounding out the marrow from the bones, & eating it seasoned with Buffalo-berries & moistened with limped water from the brooks & springs—With sharp stones he would dig from the earth nourishing roots, which he had learned to discriminate while sojourning with the Paunces—

At this trading post he passed the winter, as Autumn had worn away, & the cold season had overtaken him there—During the bracing season of winter, his strength was rapidly restored—As the following spring opened, he found himself again a well man, able to resume his journey to rejoin Maj Henry & his band of trappers—Fortunately as he was about to depart, an express party arrived, on its way to carry orders to Maj. Henry, at his post on the Yellow Stone, & Glass joined this party to accompany them to Henry's Fort—

This journey was to Glass no more than a season of pastime & pleasure—Days, weeks & even months of journeying were as nothing, after the scenes of the previous Summer & Autumn—He knew no fatigue but after a day's travel, could leap and frolic, like the young fawn—On reaching Maj Henry's encampment, the reader can better imagine than the writer describe the scene as he rode up to his old party of fellow trappers—One without, on seeing Glass ride up ran in to report to Maj H. & the rest that Glass had arrived—

Impossible! Glass had been dead and buried more than a year & one of those who buried his remains was present—But Glass entered,

¹—"Many" is interpolated in the manuscript above the word "several."

told his story & recapitulated his wrongs & sufferings & asked for his Camp kettle & his Rifle—The Major replied by bringing the recreant boy before him—His Camp kettle was there, but the false & dastardly man had gone with Glass's Rifle to Council Bluffs—To the boy Glass addressed himself after the following manner—"Go, my boy—I leave you to the punishment of your own conscience & your God—If they forgive you, then be happy—I have nothing to say to you—but, don't forget hereafter that truth & fidelity are too valuable to be trifled with"—

He had still to mourn the loss of his Rifle, which he valued above all price—During this year Glass remained to trap with the party with which he had left St Louis under Maj H.—At the opening of the following Spring, he accompanied this party to trap again on Platt River;—where they were remarkably successful & accumulated an immense amount of furs—

It then became necessary to send an Express, with a freight of furs, down the Platt River, & thence to Ashly at St. Louis—Glass & four others volunteered for this hazardous enterprize—One of the four was Dutton; the individual who gave to Yount the balance of Glass' adventurous life, & the particulars of his tragical death—Up to the present date Glass told to Yount all which we have here written & Allen confirmed the truth of it all

As this Express Expedition was descending Platt River, in Boats made of Buffalo skins & fully freighted, they made the shore upon the prairie, where they found a very numerous body of Indians, which they mistook to be Pawnees, but who proved to be Pickarees—These two nations speak nearly the same language, & were often mistaken one for the other—The savages manifested great cordiality & friendship—At that time the Pawnees were in friendly alliance with the whites, but the Pickarees were deadly hostile—

This error proved fatal in the following manner—As the expedition approached the shore, a multitude of the savages met them with great cordiality, invited them into their wigwams & spread a feast before them—All except Dutton left their Rifles in their boats; he carried his with him—While eating some words were dropped which led Glass to suspect the error, & he said to one near him—"these are Pickarees"—The Chief understanding him, replied, "No, Pawnees we"—Glass ran & the rest followed him—But, on reaching their Boats, the guns were all missing,—& the savages were close in pursuit—

The party rowed hastily across the River, & fled—The savages swam after them & a running fight ensued—They did not pursue Dutton for fear of his Rifle—but he looking behind, saw all his fellows, except Glass, killed; & three savages in close pursuit of him as he entered a ledge of rocks—He afterwards saw the savages walking leisurely & sitting upon the rocks, & natrly concluded that they must have slain Glass—

Dutton then bent his course towards a place in the wilderness, where he with the other trappers & with Glass had cached a large supply of provisions & other property—After many days wandering, he

reached the near neighborhood of the cache & secreted himself to wait for the darkness of night, before approaching it—

After dark, to his astonishment, he beheld numerous fires lighted in its immediate vicinity, & naturally concluded that a party of savages lay encamped there—He accordingly waited during another day, in a secluded cave of the mountain—But yet the following night the fires appeared again—Thus night after night, those fires appeared, till he was in danger of perishing with hunger—

At length at midday, as Dutton lay secreted in his cave, almost famished with thirst, a man passed the mouth of his cave—He crept to the light, & to his astonishment, there was Glass—whom he had supposed to have been slain by the savages, in the ledge of rocks—

Glass had lighted those fires, night after night, in order to deceive the savages, & cause them to suppose that a large company of white men were there encamped—The two then remained & lived sumptuously on the provisions there cached, until well recruited, & then took up their march for Council Bluffs—

At this fort Glass found the recreant individual, who had so cruelly deserted him, when he lay helpless & torn so shockingly by the Grizzly Bear—He also there recovered his favorite Rifle—To the man he only addressed himself as he did to the boy—"Go, false man, & answer to your own conscience & to your God;—I have suffered enough in all reason by your perfidy—You was well paid to have remained with me until I should be able to walk—You promised to do so—or to wait my death & decently bury my remains—I heard the bargain—Your shameful perfidy & heartless cruelty - - - but enough—Again I say, settle the matter with your own conscience & your God" "Give me my favorite Rifle"—

It is remarkable to observe how highly these men of the wilderness value their firearms—No amount of money can purchase one of them—Next to his own heart's blood, the trapper's Rifle is the dearest object to him on earth—Yount has slept with it by his side more than forty years & solemnly avers that if it be not near him, sleep loses its refreshment & the world is desolate—nothing can supply the lack of it, & all the luxuries of the world are vanity without it—

After leaving Council Bluffs Glass encountered another adventure similar to the last described & was the sole survivor of the whole party of trappers, with the exception of one, & this one reached the identical trading post, to which Glass had crawled two hundred miles, after having been torn by the monster Bear, & two days after to the astonishment of all in came Glass, having wandered more than three hundred miles, with no other weapon than a sheath knife, & subsisted on berries & the carcasses of deceased Buffalos—

At the Fort a purse of Three Hundred Dolls was bestowed upon him & with this money he travelled to the extremely western settlements on the Missouri & became a partner in an enterprize for trading in New Mexico—But the same passion for travelling alone never forsook him, & he would never encamp with his fellows, but always miles

distant roaming solitary & sleeping in silent loneliness—Often he would not be seen by his fellow travellers during many weeks, & yet he always knew where to find them, & could at any time fly to their aid when danger threatened—

After a year's labor with but indifferent success, he found himself at Toas on the borders of New Mexico, where Provost, a merchant of some distinction, employed him to conduct a band of trappers into the territory of the Eutaus—At that time the Snakes & Eutaus were engaged in a very sanguinary war; & all white people who were found among either of those savages, were regarded by the other as their enemies & slain or made prisoners without mercy—

The whole of this band, while trapping in the Eutau country, were fallen upon by the Snakes & his escape then was hardly less remarkable than those before related—They were descending a river in canoes, & leisurely trapping for Beaver with great success—In their canoes they had very many carcasses of the animal, from which they had taken the pelts, & the choice bits for food—At noon day, they discovered a solitary squaw upon the shore, busily employed in digging roots—

She did not discover them, & one proposed to land & give her some carcasses of beaver—The boat glided toward the shore so still as hardly to occasion a ripple upon the water—So soon as they made the land, three of them hastily ran up the bank, each with a carcass in his hand, towards the squaw—On a sudden as she saw them she sat up an unearthly scream—One huge savage was lying a sleep, a few yards beyond her, who, on awaking, hastily let fly an arrow, which pierced one of the trappers quite through the lungs

Others came flocking over the hills & arrows filled the air—The one first shot was mortally wounded, & could not survive more than a few moments—The rest betook themselves to their boats, & pulled out into the stream beyond the reach of the arrows—As the savage ran up hastily to take the scalp of the wounded man, he levelled as he lay & shot the villain dead at his feet—

The wounded one now called to his fellows in the Boats, & begged them to return & reload his Rifle & leave him there to die, his rifle by his side—Glass complied, & pulled toward the shore, charged the dying man's gun & had only time to lay it thus by his side, when showers of arrows flew thick around him—

The poor dying brother begged him not to move his body for it was torture; & Glass turned to flee to his boat, & at the moment was struck in the back by an arrow, which broke & left the point bedded deep near the spine—He reached his boat & the expiring fellow cried aloud, "leave me & consult your own safety—I can live but few moments, but if breath & strength remain I will yet kill one of them"—The party pulled lustily out into the River, where they sat & saw the tawny host come down upon the dying brother—The sharp crack of his Rifle was heard, & one savage fell near the ill fated trapper, & in an instant he was torn in pieces & his sufferings ended—

The party sailed fast down the river & escaped—But Glass, after

all was the greatest sufferer—This the reader will readily believe when told the fact which not only Yount but other credible witnesses can attest, that he travelled through the Wilderness Seven Hundred Miles with that arrow in his inflamed back & then submitted to be laid upon his face & endure the cutting of the missel from his flesh swollen & inflamed to an astonishing degree—Yount well knew the hardy trapper who performed this awful operation with a razor

Of the above narration the writer entertains no doubt whatever—It is no fiction, neither is it exaggerated—All must admit that there was in this brawny trapper a fortitude & a capacity for endurance such as rarely falls to the lot of mortal man—And such a series of adventures, dangers & sufferings has rarely fallen to the lot of humanity—

But we now approach the termination of his very remarkable career—After remaining at Tous many months, while his wound was healing, & his bodily health & strength recuperating, Glass again embarked with a party of trappers, far up the Yellow Stone, near its source; to remain there during a year & gather furs to be sold to the American Fur company, & also to hunt during the winter months—

It was a cold & dreary winter in those bleak regions—The party erected for themselves huts of logs, from which they sallied out to return at evening, or frequently & be screened from the frequent storms—One pleasant day, Glass, with two others, proposed to cross upon the ice to an Island & there erect for themselves a temporary abode, where to remain a few days, & return at intervals to the main encampment—

All being made ready, two having taken upon their backs their load of provisions & implements to start, the third having casually omitted some trifling preparation, proposed to them not to wait, but proceed & he would follow their footprints in the snow; & soon overtake them—The two accordingly took up their journey not at all apprehending danger—The distance to the Island was but a few miles, & no savages had for a long time molested, or even visited them—

The third was soon ready, & followed not more than a mile behind—It was easy to trace them as they travelled on snowshoes—Just before he reached the Island, to his astonishment, there lay one of his comrades weltering in his blood, an arrow having passed quite through his body—No savage was near, nor any sound or appearance of man or beast—

Resolved to know the worst, he laid down his burden & ran hastily forward—Soon however he realized the whole—Within a hundred yards, there lay the body of poor Glass, pierced through & through with arrows, his life extinct, & his blood melting the untrodden snow still warm & quivering—No savage had approached them, nor was any footprint near—But the deed was done—

The whole party were hastily in pursuit but the savages were gone beyond the reach of their pursuers, & none could avenge the

death of those two favorites of the camp—That was a day of mourning—The remains of poor Glass there interred in the lonely wilderness—He had his failings—But his fellow trappers bear testimony to his honor, integrity & fidelity—He could be relied on—& no man would fly more swiftly, nor contribute more freely to the relief of a suffering fellow man than he—

We quote now from Clark (MS b, pp. 44-46):

SYSTEMATIC HUNTING OF THE GRIZZLY BEAR THE GREAT ARENA

Not many leagues from the spot where now stands the great Salt Lake city of the Mormons, in the Eutau Territory, is the great arena; where all the most powerful tribes west of the Mississippi have been accustomed, from time immemorial, to resort & fight their great national battles—There the Blackfeet, Snakes, Crows & many other powerful nations of warriors are at home—It is to them what Kentucky & Tennessee once was, during thousands of years, to all the Indians east of the great prince of rivers—& the bones of slaughtered Thousands lie there bleaching & whitening the desert waste over many thousands of acres—The aged warriors conduct thither their youthful sons to shew them the field of glory, where their ancestors have been immortalized from generation to generation—Monuments of great deeds mark many a knoll & dell, where the Redman is wont to bow with reverence, as he passes & repasses in token & memory of his illustrious fathers who fell there in glorious battle—They tell us that it was & is still the custom of all the Redmen of the west & north & south to place an additional stone upon those monuments of past renown, whenever they chance to pass there, & until the piratical white man came these fields were sacred in both Kentucky & the west—& beneath these numerous heaps of stone are the bones innumerable & the implements of sanguinary war—over which, in many cases have grown lofty forest trees which have stood for untold ages, like silent mourners, of the brave dead, who lie in solemn stillness in the earth beneath them—The Bear river region is the spot where nations, in long centuries passed, have met to determine their comparative strength in battle & the whole valley is one entire graveyard of their graves—The tribes are as familiar with every rod of that valley as the New England farmer is with his wheatfield—The Indians love to roam & linger there, for by doing so they imagine they commune with the spirits of the departed brave—& that by a pilgrimage there they & their sons are made better heroes, more brave by communing with the departed brave—They suppose that those spirits love to congregate & linger on the fields of the brave—& will not fail to meet their the children they left behind upon the earth—

THE TRAPPER & THE GRIZZLY

One delightful spring morning the whole party of trappers scattered off in different directions to examine their traps, & to bring in their game—One after another returned, till all but one were in—&