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DUKE PAUL WILHELM VON WÜRTEMBERG

(A photograph taken with a camera of his own construction, early summer of 1844, in the wilds of southeastern Arkansas—L. C. B.)

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A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF PRINCE PAUL WILHELM OF WÜRTTEMBERG (1797-1860)

By LOUIS C. BUTSCHER

THE WRITER is at the very outset aware of the serious handicap that the personage he is undertaking to portray in this sketch is even by name known to not more than half a dozen people, and to these only so remotely that the name spells little more than the object of a controversy that has nothing whatsoever to do with the distinguished service he has rendered to the natural sciences.

Paradoxical though this utter oblivion of the memory of the man may seem, it is quite easy of explanation. Unlike any other man known in history, he worked not for world-fame,—though he would have had glory enough had he had the slightest inclination for publicity—but solely for the joy this work gave him. Of all his vast gifts, gifts which he used worthily and well beyond almost human understanding, although utterly forgotten now, he was for the last twenty-five years of his life almost a household word in Europe and in the two Americas.

Duke Paul Wilhelm (1797-1860) was the nephew of King Friedrich I of Württemberg. The latter, recognizing his abilities at a very tender age, asked his brother, the father of the boy, to give him over into his keeping. So he was placed in the "Karl Akademie" founded by the boy's illustrious grandfather, Duke Karl Eugen (1728-93), first

purely as a military school for boys, but later imparting to it the character of a university, for which in 1792 a charter was actually granted by Emperor Joseph II.

Although the king's purpose was that of bringing up the boy in the traditions of the ancient house by giving him training for a military career, he was not slow in recognizing his other talents, and he therefore called to his court the greatest teachers in Europe, masters in the natural and physical sciences, in classical literature, in the ancient and modern languages, in philosophy, diplomacy, law, and ethics.

Chief among these was Lebret, a pupil of Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Jussieu, and Hay. This man Lebret, of world fame, saw at once that Prince Paul was an extraordinary child, and he devoted all his personality to the winning of his love, not for himself only, but for botany and zoology foremost of all.

Paul not only read all the authors of Greece and Rome, but he acquired an intimate acquaintance of Italian, French, Spanish and English literature, and he was able to discuss their philosophies and their authors in the respective idioms.

At seventeen he was raised to the rank of colonel "à la suite," with nominal charge of the king's mounted guard. At thirty-three he received the rank of major general from Frederick II of Prussia, his kinsman (son of Frederick the Great). That same year (1830) he was invested with the then rare degrees of Doctor of Philosophy, Medicine, and Anatomy.

But eight years previous to that latter date he had decided that the military career was not for him, nor the life at the royal court. He wrote to the American government at Washington for permission to travel through the domains of the republic, his avowed purpose, he stated, being his passionate desire for more knowledge in the realms of nature.

Washington immediately replied favorably. Though President Monroe was reluctant in permitting him to travel incognito, as he had requested to do, he merely suggested that he should like to reserve judgment in the matter, in

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the event that it might become actually a necessity of state to modify the agreement and to conserve the true spirit of the nation's hospitality. Moreover, unknown to the young prince, the Secretary of State issued requests to the federal, military, and civil authorities of the West to provide him with every means in their power to safeguard his movements and to accord him military guards whenever it should be deemed necessary.

The first trip, 1822-24, was on a three-master out of Hamburg to New Orleans. The voyage lasted from early October till the twentieth of December. The expedition was made with only one attendant, a hardy hunter and master of wood-craft.

After visiting the even then world-renowned Creole City, New Orleans, for two weeks, he sailed for Havana, and for a month he worked with tireless energy to study the geological, physical, social, and political characteristics of Cuba (even then known as the "Pearl of the Antilles"), and more especially of Havana and its environs.

Returning to New Orleans, on which trip he narrowly escaped from falling into the hands of an Argentinian privateer, he set out for his expedition up the Mississippi. He wrote during his leisure hours about the social and political life of New Orleans, about the trade that he compared as on a par with that of Calcutta, then the biggest trade-center of the far East; about the vari-colored picture of life on the streets, in the marts, in the clubs, the hostelries, and in the cultured home circles of the French Créoles. Their spirit of hospitality he ranked as equal to that of the Spaniards. Their tastes were of the old-world France, and therefore the last word in refinement.

New Orleans, in fact, is destined to become the city where he always seeks rest and refuge, after arduous and extended labors. He loves it as his second home. And the people of the city always accord him the most cordial welcome when he comes, as to a guest whose name has become a dear household word.

His observations about the little cities of St. Louis, Louisville, Booneville, New Franklin, and many others are worthy of being recorded in school histories. His survey of Missouri, Louisiana, the country along either bank of the Ohio, of the Mississippi as far up as St. Louis, and of the Missouri as far up as the present site of Yankton, are of vast interest. No native, and far less any foreign traveler, has ever treated the varied aspects of this territory with such clear insight, such thoroughness, and such utter frankness, and, generally, admiration. He sees far into the future of America, our own America; into its vast opportunities, its problems, its looming difficulties. He sees, at the same time, how the Anglo-Saxon of the western hemisphere is perfectly capable of solving the questions that may arise to confront them. He praises them constantly for their marvelous resourcefulness, their indomitable courage, their extraordinary intelligence and adaptability to any conditions and circumstances, and more than all for the astounding solidarity and uniformity of adherence to the principles on which their government is founded.

The founders of the republic he regarded in a light of a greatness which he was loath to accord to the historically great figures of his own continent. For a scion of a dynasty which antedated the Carlovingian (the succession of which was unbroken in direct male lineage since 1060, six years previous to the Norman Conquest) to state that for the first time in human history a people had set out on a successful basis of self-government, the glory of whose destiny was too vast to predict, was a pronouncement which no European had ever before had the magnanimity to express. To all others it had appeared to be a precarious experiment.

Prince Paul's second expedition to the New World was in 1829, two years after his marriage to a princess of the House of Turn and Taxi; and a year after the birth of their only child, Maximilian. This lasted nearly three years and embraced a thorough study and research of the organic life of the northern and central tiers of states of Mexico; of the

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Rocky Mountain flora and fauna; of Texas, Colorado, and of western Kansas and Nebraska, and up the Missouri river to its sources. In the summer of 1831, three years in advance of Schoolcraft, he reached the supposed headwaters of the Mississippi, at Lake Itaska, under guidance of some Canadian voyageurs.

The next seven years he devoted to the arranging and classifying of the vast wealth of specimens, botanical, zoological, and geological, which he had collected—veritable mountains of them stored at the port of Bremen; and in the building of a magnificent museum near his ancestral palatial castle in Mergentheim, Württemberg.

Hardly had he completed this work when an invitation came to him from the then Khedive of Egypt, Mehmed Ali, to join an exploration-expedition to the upper reaches of the Nile, for the purpose of geological and ethnological research. He joined this organization as its virtual head and mapped out a territory comprising over half a million of square miles, peopled by twenty-five millions of hitherto unknown barbarous races whom he described with the exact portraiture of a trained ethnologist.

The journals concerning this trip are the only manuscripts out of a mass of nearly four thousand pages of writings which are ordered and arranged for immediate translation and publication. For this vast exploit the English were pleased to rank him with such great explorers as Livingstone, Mungo Park, and Vogel, and the Germans with the great Alexander von Humboldt. The products of his research work in the fields of natural sciences, in geology and ethnology, were of such vast importance that English scientists acclaimed him the peer of Adamson, Schimper, and Buchnell.

In 1849 he set out on his third and longest expedition, which embraced the two new continents. First he explored West Texas again, from San Antonio to the Río Bravo or Río Grande. Then he crossed again into Mexico, sailing in the spring of 1850 from Acapulco to San Pedro and up the coast

to the Sacramento. He spent a month with Johann Augustus Sutter, on whose ranch gold had been discovered two years before. There he witnessed the amazing spectacle of a concourse of tens of thousands of adventurers whom the gold-fever had urged to trek across two thousand miles of desert, every mile fraught with almost superhuman obstacles and deadly perils, to find at last, most of them, the bitter dead-sea fruits of disappointment and despair.

Returning by the Isthmus of Panama we see him again in New Orleans in early 1851. He writes successively about the vast changes this city and the other communities he had first seen in 1822 and '23 had experienced, such as Plaquemine, Cape Girardeau, Natchez and Memphis, Louisville and St. Louis. He travels up the Illinois and describes the changes which that country had undergone. St. Louis has grown from a rough border town of 5600 souls to a magnificent city of 80,000. The characterization of this and other cities up the Mississippi is of peculiar interest to both historian and lay reader.

Then he travels westward from St. Louis, penetrating as far west as South Pass, and down the Green river and across into the Mormon empire. He returns in the fall by way of the Platte and reaches St. Louis in late December.

The story of the return journey from the junction of the two Plattes is the most terrible in the annals of world explorers. His return is hailed as a miracle, for all his friends have given him up for dead. Editors of newspapers from great and small places throughout the country telegraph to him their outspoken joy over his safe return. Offers of money in large and small amounts come to him from everywhere. He becomes a modern Jason who has overcome obstacles and dangers that only a superman can live through.

The year 1852, after wintering in New Orleans, he spent in travel through every state east of the Mississippi, over practically every line of railway and by boat up and down the riverboat-systems, observing the material development of the states and their respective larger cities; not-

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ing down the trend of popular feeling on the political issues of the times, in terms so impartial, so logical, so philosophical, that one is amazed at his perspicuity, judgment, and fairness. Indeed, had the great leaders of both sections of the country been guided by such a moral force as his reasonings indicated, there would never have been any division, any civil war.

In 1853 we see him in South America, exploring the headwaters of the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Magdalena, and the Río Plata. He travels through the Latin-American republics, marvels at their vast resources, at their beauteous cities and at the fine beginnings they have made as free and independent commonwealths.

He explored Patagonia and the Tierra del Fuego archipelago; then sailed up along the Chilean coast to Valparaíso, Callao, Lima and Guayaquil. The description of this expedition is interesting past all belief.

He returned again to New Orleans by way of the Isthmus. There he wintered till the early spring of 1854. The following two years were again spent in making the rounds of the states east of the Mississippi. He saw for the first time at St. Anthony Falls the infant twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all the lovely cities of the South were shown to have progressed immensely since he had seen them before.

Returning to Germany in 1856, he stayed a year in his homeland, where he became during this time the recipient of honors from scientific societies from all over the civilized world.

In the spring of 1857 he again returned to the United States, and in 1858 he went on to Australia, where he explored a great portion of its southeastern section, traveled up the Murray River to the gold diggings and invaded the interior for a long distance, studying the aboriginal races. He returned to Europe by way of Ceylon, the Red Sea, Syria, and Greece.

He was a fine sketch artist, and thousands of proofs of his skill portray practically every interesting and dramatic experience of his; also of birds, reptiles, mammals. He drew in pen and ink, and there are some very fine reproductions of pencil sketches and water colors from his own hand.

Thus he sketched from memory the Indian attack at the junction of the two forks of the Platte in the fall of 1851, and that terrible experience, less than a week later, when his wagon was marooned in the quicksand in the middle of the South Platte where by a misadventure he had missed the ford, and where, surrounded by floodwater, in a veritable blizzard, he had to spend the long night all alone.

Sketches he made of small towns, now cities of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin; of all types of aborigines in both North and South America, of his passage through the Straits of Magellan, and of episodes of the most dramatic sort throughout his memorable travels.

From 1851, after wintering in New Orleans to recuperate from the frightful hardships he had endured during his return from the far West to St. Louis, he traveled through the United States almost continuously until his return to Germany in the fall of 1856. His descriptions of towns and cities, of the continued enormous changes in the landscapes from primeval jungle to smiling countryside, are marvels of historic retrospect, viewed from the standpoint of our times.

His observations on the colorful picture of racial admixture in the fabric of the American population and their relative adaptabilities to its institutional life; his reflections on the political issues which were becoming ever more menacingly crystallized into two distinct, hostile halves; the comparisons between the peoples of these two sides—culturally, ethically, economically—are immensely significant, their portrayal being the conclusion from an altogether impartial mind detached from all prejudice or partisan leanings which foreigners, especially the Britons, manifested in their attitudes—that were usually hostile to the North.

His travels in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania

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were cut short because matters of state called him home. Despite his brief stay the account holds the reader spell-bound throughout. The people everywhere, not only in the two capital cities, Sidney and Melbourne, but in the mining camps, on the sheep and cattle ranches, even in the bush, among the many tribes of aborigines, showed him their highest marks of friendship and admiration.

Quoting from the concluding lines of a splendid eulogy that appeared in the Melbourne *Polyglot* of December, 1858, is the following appraisal of the man:

Many of the leading literary and scientific societies of the world have not been remiss in offering their highest honors to one who has not merely protected and patronized the sciences, but who, "scorning delights to live laborious days," has devoted himself with unremitting labor and inexhaustible enthusiasm to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge and to broaden the sphere of the unknown.

There is no parallel instance in all history where a man of royal degree has renounced the ease, the pomp, and the adulation of a magnificent court where he was held of equal rank and in equal affection with the hereditary successor, his cousin Wilhelm (king from 1816 to 1864) and the latter's son, Karl, king from 1864 to 1891.

One of his uncles, Paul I of Russia, and Paul's sons Nicholas I and Alexander I, of Russia, cousins of the prince, were extremely fond of him. Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, was an uncle of his by marriage. Queen Victoria Augusta of Prussia was his aunt; and Queen Victoria of England a second cousin by two lines. For forty-four years, during two throne successions, there was only one life between him and the royal crown.

Apropos of his extreme modesty the writer cannot refrain from relating a story illuminating the above most interesting situation.

Meeting one day on the streets of Baltimore an English peer whom he had long known on the other side of the Atlan-

tic, he was asked as they strolled about in one of the parks: "How does it seem to you, Highness, to have been for all these years, and still to be, so near to wearing the purple?"

"Lord Blank," the prince replied, "I shall be very honest with you. The thought of an eventuality that might compel me to give up my predilection for travel and exploration has been the only dark cloud in my life. On returning from any one of my extended trips that carried me far beyond the reach of civilization, I have always felt a certain apprehension, even horror, as I would open my mail, lest something untoward had befallen my cousin or my nephew; and I would kneel before God in utter relief, and render Him my deepest thanks for having preserved my illustrious relatives in good health. There has never been a night when I have not prayed that this cup may never be for my lips to taste. My life is cast in ambitions of another kind altogether. In the atmosphere of a palace I would feel like a wild thing that is imprisoned in a gilded cage. The ermine, the scepter, and the crown would be to me the emblems of a galley slave, and my heart would never cease to hunger for the vast, silent places and the simple life among free, unaffected children of nature."

The Englishman, not understanding, merely shook his head, as if in pity, much as one would who had his doubts about another's sanity.

Prince Paul had always cherished the hope that he might live long enough to attend to the supervision of the arrangement of his journals in an order suitable for their publication.

He intended to bury himself in this gigantic task immediately after his return from the final expedition embracing southern Australia and the islands of Tasmania and New Zealand, as also the even greater task, the proper arrangement and classification of all his countless store of samples out of the animal, vegetable, and mineral realms collected from the vast spaces of land and sea of Mother Earth.

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But only four months later he succumbed in answer to a higher call, to set out on that final adventure "in that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." His son Maximilian then turned the manuscripts over to the Royal State Library at the capital at Stuttgart.

And there they lay undisturbed until late in 1928, when by merest accident the massive trunk was opened by their keeper, the archivist Friedrich Bauser. And "thereby hangs a tale."

In the course of her research labors, Doctor Grace Raymond Hebard, of the University of Wyoming, had occasion to consult the writer about some fragments of manuscripts which the latter translated for her. Then came other leaves, and finally there appeared a citation from a book "Erste Reise nach dem nördlichen Amerika in den Jahren 1822 bis '24," by Herzog Paul Wilhelm von Württemberg.

This came to the writer almost as a shock. Immediately his fancy turned back across the lapse of fifty odd years to when he used to listen to his father's stories of his boyhood days, often retold and ever arousing anew his breathless interest. The boy's father, you see, had spent his boyhood years about and within the palace portals of King Wilhelm I. The crownprince, Karl, and he were inseparable companions, a circumstance perhaps unique, or at least most rare, among the royal houses of Europe. They "thoued" each other and called each other by their Christian names, a custom to which Karl adhered until the death in 1878 of his cherished friend, the writer's father.

Prince Paul was to the two boys "the Gypsy Prince," and to both he was the epitome of everything that was wonderful. He became their Jason, their Ulysses, their Strabo and Tacitus in one. Whenever he would return from a voyage, Paul unfailingly came to the capital—his ancestral home was some thirty miles northeast of Stuttgart—to spend a few days in what to him was the greatest delight during his few leisure periods, namely, to sit by a great chimney-fire in the royal palace, assigned to him by his royal

relatives, and tell his stories to the two boys sitting at his feet like beings removed into a fairy world. "Prince and Peasant," these two rascals would drink in his magic tales of other lands. And many were their pleadings that he should take them with him on an impending expedition.

The writer's father and Karl received a number of letters with date marks from Mexico, Cairo, Buenos Aires, New Orleans, and from St. Louis. For Paul had always time, even though time was his most treasured possession, to think of bringing sunshine into the lives of others. And few, it appears, were as near to him as these two boys that were heart and soul devoted to him. Both claimed him for their common possession, and by Paul's and Karl's insistence the burgher's son had to call the prince "Onkel Paul."

It was in the heart of one who had grown a boy once more that those strange-sweet stories surged up again across the span of fifty-five years, when, all but forgotten, the name "Paul Wilhelm" came before the writer's eye with a new significance that was to absorb his closest attention for who knows how long.

Just like that boyish, adventure-loving heart of the prince it was to search out from among all the western tribes a lad who would fitly represent the European idea of the American Indian. And surely there was none to vie in mien and ambition and spirit and heredity with the boy whom Prince Paul had met that summer day in 1823 in the fur trader's yard on the hither bank of the Missouri, just across from the mouth of the Kansas, where Kansas City was to be founded. Just like him it was that he should choose this lad Baptiste for his daily companion both on this side and in the old and time-worn civilization, the European.

He had always liked the Sho-scho-ni tribe best of all, as among the cleanest, gentlest and most trustworthy of the tribes in the savage West. So it was not strange that he should be moved by a great emotion when, in August of 1850, he saw another youth of the same tribe, the tribe he liked best among all the hordes of the West, who with a

number of others of his tribe was working among a medley of Indians of the Sierras for his Swiss friend and host, Herr Sutter, in the wheatfields and on the threshing floors—it was not strange, I repeat it, that a melancholy feeling should come over him at sight of this youth who reminded him so strangely of Baptiste Charbonneau, the son of the great Sacajawea.

The fiction writer would have thought his story incomplete had he failed to bring together these two personages of epic mold, the prince and Sacajawea. It would have been a fitting consummation to a great tale. One cannot help but feel a lasting regret that the two never met. Of such an encounter it could truly have been said that royalty of the purest, bluest blood, the royalty of the Old World and of the New had each met its match.

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AN ACCOUNT OF ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT AMERICAN
DESERT BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, DUKE PAUL WILHELM
VON WÜRTTEMBERG

It was near the middle of August, 1851, when I set out from St. Louis for Kansastown, a new settlement on the Missouri river at the mouth of the Kansas. I had returned shortly before from an extensive expedition to the upper Mississippi which had taken me to within fifty miles of Lake Itaska, the headwaters of the mighty stream.

High water and malaria-fever among my crew were the causes that had prevented me from going to Itaska which I had visited twenty-one years before with a company of French-Canadian voyageurs and half-breeds.

My major enterprise for this year was a trip across the vast wilderness of the domain between the Missouri and the great divide where the rivers flowing east and west have their common source, and to the great inland region where Brigham Young, like a new Moses, had led his people to set up a kingdom of his own.

Fear that untoward circumstances might arise to delay my return to St. Louis, and therefore the greater undertaking, to a date which would render its completion before

the beginning of winter impossible, decided me to abandon the Itaska project before it was completed.

For this same reason I refused to listen to the insistent entreaties of my host of friends at St. Louis, friends that had survived the years intervening between my former stays in that city, in 1823 and again in 1829-31, to visit them for an indeterminate period. Only by my solemn promise that nothing should prevent me from the enjoyment of such a visit after my return from the West late in the fall was I able to still their pleadings.

A number of countrymen of mine accompanied me to the wharf. These had wished to defer their adieux until the moment when the boat's captain should give the signal for all who were not passengers to leave the ship. Among these friends of mine was the Prussian consul, Mr. Angerodt, a cultured, honorable and most lovable gentleman whom I had known in Berlin.

Two travelling companions set out with me from St. Louis. One of these was a Mr. Moellhausen, a native of Berlin and a volunteer on the forthcoming expedition. I had taken him on before my departure from New Orleans. He wished to join me purely from a desire for adventure. Although I had many misgivings about his ability to withstand the hardships of such a tremendous undertaking, I was, on the other hand, so well impressed with his appearance that I did not have the heart to refuse him.

Mr. Moellhausen came from an excellent family. He had a fine and lovable personality and he won my heart at first sight. I found him to be the epitome of honor and loyalty; and in courage he was behind none I had ever known, throughout my thousands of miles of journeying through western North America. A man of broad culture despite his youth—he was scarcely twenty-five and of rarest refinement, he proved to be invaluable as a traveling companion. Moreover, he was an expert sketch-artist, an accomplishment that could not help but prove indispensable for the purpose of my trip.

Another young man, a Mr. Ziellinski, was from Dresden. I had met him in New Orleans. He, too, was full of the love for adventure, but entirely "green" in all practical matters. Against my better judgment I had yielded to his pleadings to become a member of this long journey.

Before setting out from the great capital of the splendid young commonwealth I had made purchases of everything that was needful for so long and hazardous an undertaking.

I was told that supplies of every kind were very dear in Kansastown from where I expected to set out overland.

I had to make a choice between a light and a very heavy wagon, as there was no type offered for sale between the two extremes. I felt apprehensive from the outset that the lighter, the one I chose, would not be substantial enough. On the other hand, it was out of the question to take the heavy kind as it was entirely unsuited for light and rapid travel.

As I had to provide myself with everything needful for the journey that might easily extend over distances totaling three thousand miles, it was difficult to decide on what was to be taken when the extreme load-limit must not exceed ten hundredweight.

First I purchased bedding for three single camp-beds, woolen blankets with sailcloth coverings. I equipped the three of us with stout breeches and scout-leggins and waterproof leather boots, flannel shirts and both light and heavy head coverings.

Then came the provisions. These must consist of such foodstuffs as were not perishable; coffee, tea, sugar, salt, pepper, flour, rice and bacon.

I purchased a small, compact-container for such drugs as were indispensable for a long journey. St. Louis was at that time the distributing center over a vast territory in all manner of pharmaceutical supplies.

In the next place I had to purchase a pair of light but hardy horses for the wagon and a stout saddle-horse for Mr. Moellhausen who had been a lieutenant in the Prussian cavalry service, and who was to do scouting duty during the expedition.

St. Louis was still the great outfitting emporium for all the trappers and hunters of the West, as well as for the pioneers bound for the Gold Coast of California and for Oregon. It was also the leading trade-center for firearms and for ammunition. The best quality of lead was mined in the state which was sold as far east as Pittsburg and Chicago, and throughout the South, the Southwest, and the West as well as North. Not a small part of our cargo therefore, consisted in lead and powder.

All our equipment had been delivered to the little packet-boat on the previous evening, including our personal effects.

The voyage up the Missouri lasted five days, whereas the previous ones, the one in 1823 and the other in 1830, had

consumed three weeks or longer. As may be seen from this, the ingenuity of the Americans had in the meantime developed water transportation to almost incredible perfection. Also, the conveniences on ship-board had become greatly improved.

Kansastown is quite picturesquely situated on some hills along the Kansas river near its junction with the much bigger Missouri. The main street is about thirty feet above the water level. The houses are of both baked brick and boards, the latter called "frame" houses.

It is a lively little place. Here most travellers bound for the West purchase what they require for their long overland journey. Moreover, the neighboring hordes of semi-civilized Indians buy their supplies here. These are the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandottes, the coarser, brutal Ayowahs [Iowas], the Putowatomies and the Kansas Indians.

Nothing is more comical than the costumes of these Indians, most of whom are now breeds more or less mixed in blood. They wear their own old clothes and that of the whites in such a fantastic combination that it would reflect credit on circus-clowns to match the effect.

On the other hand, I had the pleasure of seeing a number of very pretty Indian maidens strutting about in the modish costumes of our own women. The positively charming faces of these daughters of the dusky race, with their superbly lustrous black hair, look right elegant dressed in the modes of their pale-faced sisters; far lovelier, indeed, than the negresses and quadroons who suffer actual disfigurement on account of their coarse features, thick lips and krinkly hair whenever they try to affect the modes and manners of the white race. Then, too these latter have ugly large feet and hands, whereas the Indians have pretty and shapely ones.

I cannot refrain, before setting out from this last outpost of civilization, from indulging in a brief retrospect.

As I have said, my trip up the Missouri on the modern little steamer Padukah had come to an end without any untoward happening.

I had an opportunity to see again, after the lapse of many years, the river bottoms which I had described in 1823, and again in 1830, with the changes that had taken place between those two dates.

I noted also the vanishing of the older settlements, as, for instance, of Franklin, and the bursting into flower of new ones, most important among these latter, situated along the banks of the river, being Hermann, Jefferson City, Booneville, and Glasgow. These are enjoying a constant growth on account of their favorable locations. About Hermann, the German settlers have occupied themselves with grape-culture, as I have mentioned in another place in my journal.

Farther up the stream there are the new towns of Kansas, the one of the same name as the river that empties into the Missouri; also Weston and Saint Joseph. The latter is almost entirely owned by the family Robidoux and named after Joseph Robidoux. This is a place of some importance. It is near by Blacksnake Creek where I had once had a meeting in the year 1830 with the chief of the Sac and the Fox Indians.

Kansastown is next to Independence and Westport the principal post from which wagon-trains and expeditions set out for the West to Santa Fé, Fort Laramie, Salt Lake, California, and Oregon.

It had grown frightfully hot in these latter days of August. Just when I had finished my preparations for departing there set in a series of heavy rain storms. But these failed to lower the extraordinary heat to any perceptible degree. They only tended to increase the swarms of torturing insects to an intolerable intensity.

I decided to purchase here another light wagon and a team of horses; and to load up with a further supply of provisions and ammunition, against Mr. Moellhausen's good-natured protest.

Just as one reaches the frontier of Missouri the prairie region begins—not those steppes covered with short grass typical of the higher plateau, but tall grasses and herbs, with here and there copses of low bushes, sumach and smaller kinds of oak trees.

This vast expanse is still owned for a considerable distance by Indian tribes that have been transferred there from more eastern regions through treaties with the national government.

From Westport to the Kansas River and somewhat farther westward it belongs to the Shawnees, most of whom are by this time Christianized. These have three missions on their reservations, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and a Metho-

dist. These serve both for devotional and proselyting purposes. For the pious zeal of the Anglo-Americans is greatly concerned about the spreading of Christianity among the Redmen.

This country is immediately surrounded by other friendly, half civilized Indian tribes.

I followed along the travel route of Colonel Fremont which is even today the regular California route. In passing along the first ninety miles I had to ford many deep creeks and small wooded rivers. At the end of this leg of the journey I reached a settlement of some importance belonging to the Putowatomie Indians¹ and called Union-Town. Not far from this place I had my outfit ferried across the Kansas which at this point has a very strong current, stronger than that of the Neckar at Heilbronn.²

Ten miles farther on is the last settlement, a Catholic Mission, about 130 miles distant from Kansastown. Here we met a number of people mounted on mules and horses who came from California. These had made the journey in 57 days.

Here resides a titular bishop. Indian children of both sexes are cared for and instructed at this mission in both religious and secular subjects. This institution is in a fairly prosperous condition and is spreading a good influence that is felt far and wide.

From the Catholic Mission to the La Platte river it is about 240 miles, all of it a country undulating and crossed by deep brooks and small rivers.

All these waters are tributaries of the Kansas. They are adorned with forest growth, passing through an immeasurable sea of gregarious³ grasses where one encounters very little animal life except a few birds and rodents, and quite frequently packs of prairie wolves and their far more dangerous cousins, gray and white wolves.

Among the bird life the most common to appear are the prairie chicken, the horned lark, the yellow-headed pirole and the American kite, or blue glide, closely resembling the gray hen-harner of my own country.

1. Now spelled Pottowatomie.—The Translator.

2. Heilbronn, in Northern Württemberg. It should be understood that Prince Paul wrote these journals solely for his own countrymen. The Neckar is the second-largest tributary of the Rhine from the east.—Tr.

3. The prince uses the word "gesellig" which means "sociable," flocklike, uniform, of the same kind.

The quadrupeds most frequently seen are the wolves, already mentioned, the polecat, and the badger. Also there are several species of mice. The streams are so well sheltered by tree-growth that they offer a splendid refuge for deer, prairie chickens,⁴ tree turkeys, and rabbits. These, however, do not appear in great numbers until the La Platte is reached.

The streams, both large and small, are the Vermillion, Rock river, Big Blue, Little Blue, and Big Sandy. The Little Blue we followed for 80 miles or more. Occasionally some small detachments of buffaloes stray as far south-east as this stream. It is only about 25 miles from this stream to the valley of the Platte. On reaching the level bottoms of this stream at the ford, one has only 12 miles farther to go to reach Fort Kearney, where a company of 200 regular troops under the command of a captain is stationed. Eight miles away, on approaching the ford from the south, one can see the national banner floating over it quite plainly. It is on a level plain, near the edge of the hills, with the Nebraska river only a mile away. The buildings are all of wood surmounted by tall brick chimneys. Here is also a sutler's store where general merchandise and liquors are retailed. In the latter a postoffice is located. Here the traveller in the covered four-wheeled wagon and the drivers of the great wagon-trains carrying supplies to western outposts or with the destination of California or Oregon take their first rest.

I covered the distance from Kansastown in nineteen days, but had the misfortune to have one of my two wagons wrecked which could have been repaired quite easily, had not my young companion Zielinsky, felt too ill to attend to it.

Even at this early stage of my journey I had reason to repent grievously of my folly to have allowed these two inexperienced volunteers to persuade me to take them with me, instead of hiring sound and experienced men who know how to do what they are told, or even without any suggestion, and who are equal to any emergency, and inured to the tortures of the climate and the countless swarms of mosquitoes, gnats, and other noxious insects.

This post with its small military establishment is the only station between Kansastown and Fort Laramie that offers protection to travellers to and from California. The

4. Presumably willow-grouse.—Tr.

commanding officer is Captain Hottam. Aside from the officers and enlisted men there are a considerable number of employees, just the same as in other military posts.

Three miles farther on I noticed what at a distance looked something not unlike a big mole-hill. As I drew nearer I saw old brokendown wagons and the wrecks of farm-implements strewn about on the ground. Impelled by curiosity I drove up to the place and found there a circular hut compactly built of square pieces of prairie sod.

I came to the door and knocked. Invited to enter, I found the interior quite spacious. It belonged to an American who had settled down here and broken up some forty acres of ground about the time the fort was built. This ground was in a high state of cultivation, and the soil seemed to be inexhaustibly rich. From what I could observe I can aver that I have never seen its equal. Indeed it seemed to me the strangest thing that home-seekers passed by almost daily throughout the spring and summer who could not help but see the wonders in crops that this piece of ground produced with almost no work, then pass on to the western coast, two thousand miles distant, with no positive assurance that climate and soil-productiveness would be half so alluring as was what they had here right before their eyes.

The uniformity of the soil was astounding. It was black as coal, and entirely free from stones. The man had a young negress who seemed half idiotic, to keep house for him. Everything was very neat and inviting, and the host assured us that she was an excellent cook.

He asked us to walk over his farm with him while the young woman prepared the noon meal which he insisted that we should share with him, and which there was little need for urging that we accept as we were nearly famished.

He took us to a thirty-acre field of maize that was the most marvelous sight I have ever seen. The stalks were over eight feet tall and dark green. On nearly every one there were from 2 to 3 large ears. It was like walking through a forest to pass between the rows, a strange but very pleasant odor was noticeable, characteristic, the man explained, of ripe corn.

He also had several acres in potatoes that were in bloom. Such a field of potatoes I have never beheld. It is unbelievable to one who could not see this with his own eyes and not realize what an enormous wealth of food lay there in the ground.

Then he had a large garden of vegetables from which he supplied the tables of the officers at the fort and also many travellers that drove past. To all of these, fresh vegetables were a godsend. In the garden he had also berries of several kinds, but said that he never had time to pick any.

He also told me that he could store the corn on the ground after husking and that it would keep sound throughout the winter and spring, when he disposed of it to the home-seekers at enormous prices.

Asked why he had not been caught in the gold-fever rush, he laughed and said that the forty acres he had were the surest gold-mine of all, because they would never "pinch" out.

"Why, stranger," he said, "this valley for five hundred miles from the Missouri west is a garden spot. All of the land is exactly as good as mine!"

When we returned to the cabin, the meal was ready. It consisted of bacon, potatoes, eggs, biscuits, coffee and fresh butter. A feast for the gods! For the first time in almost a month were we actually seated at a table and on chairs!

The half-crazy negro girl made us laugh almost constantly with her grinning, her singing of funny negro melodies, and with all sorts of monkey-shines which, so her master told us, were never alike.

"That young hussy is a nachural born entertainer," he chuckled. "I never can git lonesome heah. The soldiers comes out here and spends Sunday afternoons and takes dinners with me jist to git entertainment. And they pays me mighty well too!"

Then he regaled us with a big dipper full of butter milk. But when I offered to pay him for his hospitality, he was genuinely offended.

"You are my guest and a fine gintleman. And so is your pardner. When you come back, remember that this heah latch-string is all you need to pull. It will open the doh for you-uns and asshuah you of welcome!"

After a drive of about ten miles we saw the first buffalo. It was lying along the river bank in the tall grass. But soon after that we saw whole herds of them passing quite unconcernedly by our camp.

That same evening we met a wagon-train from Fort Laramie with the captain of which I visited till late in the night. He gave me a sketch of the wagon road out to Cali-

fornia, and especially across the great Sierra Nevada through which I had travelled the previous year from the head-waters of the Sacramento to where it ran out into detached, low mountain-groups, then beyond, where the Cascades rose up, as far as Mount Rainier.

This weather-beaten man of nondescript age told me a number of hair-breadth escapes from hostile Indians which impressed my companions exceedingly.

The La Platte is here dotted with innumerable little islands covered with copses of willows and with young poplars. The water has at this season almost disappeared in the sand. Only tiny little streams like silvery threads, strung loosely, trickled down the more than mile-wide bed. One of these ran along the left bank which we now followed for about a hundred miles, where the south-fork, the Padukah, makes the junction with its bigger mate. Bison herds were seen at most every hour of the day now.

Here is a ford about 20 miles below the junction of the two streams and we forded it on the morning after our arrival successfully. From here on, the way winds along a low plain, similar to the one we had followed from Fort Kearney, and it is bordered by a continuous chain of low hills, to the place where it issues from the rocky cordilleras of New Spain,⁵ some three hundred miles farther west. They rise within a few miles of each other. The north-fork describes a huge semi-circle, some 700 miles in length, before this union with the smaller sister is effected.

Here begin the peculiar tertiary formations of lime-rock which, with few interruptions, encircling the Rocky Mountains in grotesque shapes, extend as far as the Missouri river.

The grass is gradually appearing shorter, but much more nutritious, due, I suppose, to the dry climate which here resembles that of northern Africa. But, as if in contradiction to what had been told me about the aridity of that region, we had several days, of continuous rains and violent windstorms.

We were compelled to wring out the water from our rugs and bed covers before we spread them out on the

5. The territory south of lat. 42° and west of long. 100 (Greenwich) until the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, 1848, was Mexican territory. Hence Prince Paul's reference to the Rocky Mountains as being the "Pedrosa (Rocky) Cordillera de Nueva España" is the correct one as referring to the Rocky Mountains.—The Translator.

ground for our beds. There was a severe drop in the temperature, from 86 to 37° Fahr.

There were plenty of little wolves along the way now, and were never out of sight of antelopes.

On September 24 I killed a huge buffalo bull that had come to within 200 paces of our camp. We did not break up camp until we had cooked a goodly supply of its meat. This consumed several hours of precious time, for the wood was wet and would not burn briskly.

After following the Padukah for about eighty miles we came to the ford which at this time was dry. From here we must turn north across the divide to the north-fork, a distance of about 35 miles.

At the ford there was a veritable city of covered wagons, tents, and buggies drawn by horses and mules; also several ox-teams. At intervals of half an hour a new train could be seen lumbering down the hillslope half a mile away.

Besides these groups of migrant people, bound either for the Pacific Slope or homeward toward the States, there was a large body of cavalry camped at this point commanded by Colonel Leavenworth.

As I, too, am a cavalry officer⁶ I felt drawn to make an effort at becoming acquainted with that distinguished Indian fighter, and it was long after midnight before the colonel and his fellow officers were inclined to let me retire to my own camp.

About twenty miles from the ford across the Padukah, the wagontrail makes a sudden and almost sheer descent into a deep gulch. This is some ten miles in length, extending into the North Fork. The bed of this gulch consists of fine deep sand. The walls are mountain-high and girded at the crest by a layer of rim-rock. This is perpendicular and about sixty feet from the crest to the upper edge of the talus below. It is only broken enough in one place to permit a wagon along a most hazardous passage to pass down. The sides up to the rimrock are densely grown over with scrub cedars and ash-trees. From these latter this colossal rift in the earth is by the Americans called Ash-Hollow, and Creux des Frères (Hollow of the Brothers) by the Canadian French.

The level plains of the prairies across the divide, where the grass is now everywhere very short, are formed mostly

6. Prince Paul in 1834 had the rank of Major General conferred upon him by order of Frederick William IV of Prussia. The latter was a kinsman of his.—The Tr.

of a very firm sandy loam which during the dry season is hard as a threshing floor. The hills and valleys are criss-crossed by innumerable paths made by the buffaloes that are found here at this season in incredibly great numbers. These paths point out definitely the direction in which the huge animals travel, far northward in the spring, and starting southward again in the early fall so as to reach the country of the Red River before the severe winter season arrives.

The approach to this vast abrupt depression is not even suspected until one arrives at its very edges. There is no place within twenty-five miles in either direction from this pass where one can safely descend down to the river. Nor is there any other place, except at the mouth of this gulch, where it is safe to ford the North Platte for fifty miles or more in either direction.

Just as we neared the edge we heard the sound of a bugle issuing from far down the causeway. A company of infantry was marching up. It was strung out in twos for quite a distance down the gorge, and following them were a number of light covered wagons. Still farther down appeared the van of a wagon-train that was emerging from the green of the trees and shrubs far below, in a serpentine movement, slow, deliberate, like a huge python that needs to have no fear of any creature. It seemed endless. At certain periods it would halt to give the horses a breathing spell.

At last they reached the upper level where they stopped long enough to prepare the noon meal and to permit the horses to graze and rest.

They were bound for Kansastown where they expected to change their cargoes of hides and furs and to stay there till the following spring.

The drivers were rough of speech, but really very fine—at least, as I found out later from my talk with them.

The view from the crest of the rimrock is of an enchanting beauty. There was a haze in the air that was not mist. In Germany, when the atmosphere is like this, it is called "Old women's summer." In spite of this one could apparently look into immeasurable distances, and the nearby objects were grotesquely magnified.

In the train with the soldiers travelled also men without uniform, some of whom were driving milch cows, others the baggage wagons of the military unit. The gentlemanly officers relished the luxury of fresh milk and butter. It

perhaps compensated them for the rigors of a soldier's life in a savage country. It is downright incredible what a mass of baggage often accompanies such military movements.

Hardly had we reached the bank of the North Fork and made camp, when a Sioux Indian came along, giving us to understand that Mr. G. Choteau was coming toward us from up the river and would arrive very shortly.

And so it was. There were a number of Indians whom he was taking to Washington. An old acquaintance of mine, a man of great renown throughout the West, accompanied them. This was the Indian scout Fitz-Patrick. I was overjoyed to see this lovable old huntsman of the Rocky Mountains again.

The Indians were Cheyennes, trim, neat figures, with the features characteristic of their race, narrow, thin, aquiline, their carriage proud and self-reliant. They are splendid horsemen and hunters.

From the ford the way now leads up along the north bank of the river. The south bank is bordered by steep rock-walls and fantastic shapes of tertiary rock, to which I have already alluded, whereas the opposite bank runs out into undulating, grass-covered hills of a firm soil. Dry creeks and two small streams, both called Horse Creek, empty into the Platte river along its course here. Some sixty miles farther up-stream from this wild region there begin to appear groups of hilly formation of exceedingly picturesque aspect. These are covered with a thick layer of clay, and, insofar as their outer appearance is concerned, they have not their equal on our entire planet.

To this group belongs the far-famed Chimney Rock (La Cheminée) and the equally noted Scott's Bluffs. John C. Frémont and Dr. Preiss have not been guilty of any exaggeration in their respective descriptions of these colossal wonders of nature; and when one bears in mind that this Chimney Rock was at one time at least 100 feet taller and its girth many times greater—as the height of the mountain ruins in the vicinity shows,—then it is clear that it belongs beyond contradiction to the wonders of the globe, to behold which is alone worth a journey to this western country.

The Scott's Bluffs are also a most peculiar group, in the form of a vast oval which, toward the north, slopes down to the La Platte. It encloses a perfectly level plain some ten miles broad at its widest.

In the southwest and the northwest it is encircled by other mountainous forms which have precipitous walls pierced in many places by deep, somber gulches crowned with rim-rock, perpendicular and of dizzying height. These mountain-like bluffs have wondrous shapes: cones, towers, castles, all in bewildering disorder that invests the whole stupendous amphitheater with a savageness that is eerie even when the sun does shine. At gray dawn and at late eventide the effect is positively terrifying. These mountain shapes are partly grown over with copses of conifers and dense brushwood.

From the northern crest of the Bluffs, which at their loftiest point must be in excess of 2000 feet above the vast basin they encircle, one can glimpse here and there the saw-tooth-shaped sky-line, in the west, of the snow-clad Rocky Mountains, dimly outlined like phantom shapes; also the Black Hills in the north, and very clearly the vast cone of Laramie Peak which must have an altitude of 9000 feet above sea-level.⁷

This huge mountain, standing out from the main range in imposing grandeur, is covered on the crest, on the east and the north, through the greater part of the year with ice and snow, whereas on the sides facing the west and the south it is clad in a somber black, as seen from a great distance. This is owing to the tremendous growth of conifers that clothe it from the base to the summit.

The steep canyons that radiate from its slopes are also grown over with giant pines and spruces, while the mountain brooks that are fed from the snows meander through exquisite grassy dells and vales to the plain below. The vast slopes are natural game refuges where huge herds of elk, deer, and antelope find food and shelter. Here, too, is regnant the giant grizzly bear. The panther, too, and the wolf and the lynx find ample prey there the whole year round.

I arrived in Scott's Bluffs on October 1. Nearby is Fort John, one of the trading posts of the American Fur Trading Company. Here I was most cordially welcomed by my old friend, Major Tripp, who is in sole charge of this important establishment. I was also overjoyed at meeting again my beloved and reverend old friend, the missionary Père de Smet.

7. It is more nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level. Owing to the fact that no surveys had been made by the national government at that time, it was impossible for any one to make adequate estimates of the altitudes.—The Translator.

There were a great number of leather tents close by, along a little brook that issues from a gorge some distance back from the establishment. These sheltered a body of Ogallalas, a tribe related to the Sioux nation. This branch of the Sioux are composed of very good-looking, cleanly people, but their women could most truthfully be called beautiful.

To be sure, they were wrapped only in their blankets or their buffalo robes. But the faces were free from grease and paint. Their hair was black as night, long and well-combed. They were overloaded with rings, necklaces of bead-work and of rattles from rattle snakes. Their foot-wear consisted of the finest of moccasins in which they seemed to take a delight, parading about and showing them off with child-like pride.

A young Indian had just come in with three slain antelopes hanging from his led-horse.

The names of the more important of the tribe of Ogallalas were White Horse, or Shunka-Kanskas; Little Cotton-Tail, or Mastinka; Red Feather, or Loupée Touta.

Of the Cheyennes the following were most prominent: White Antelope, or Takshaka; He-Who-Walks-in-the-Clouds, or Makpiah-Iapathe.

Of the Arapahoes: Bird's head, or Kalapah.

I visited in the leather tents of different families in company with the interpreter from the fort. There I found some very pretty young women and maidens. The little papooses were neat and all was very clean and orderly inside their little habitations.

The males go out as far as the Rocky Mountains during the winter season in order to hunt and trap. The furry animals are very numerous. These are the badger, beaver, otter, fox, big gray wolf, prairie wolf, and polecat.

More rare is the panther, a very large and ferocious feline. Early in the autumn the fur of the black bear, the cinnamon, and the grizzly is superb. These latter are slain as much for their flesh as for their coats.

Just before the buffaloes turn southward, when their furry coats are at their best, the hunters slay uncounted hundreds of these. Their hides they tan, as they do the elk's, deer's, and antelope's, with the brains from the same carcass. This is a process that has never been successfully imitated by the whites. The flesh of the buffaloes is salted and dried in enormous quantities, and this food constitutes their main dependence until the following spring.

October 3 we left the hospitable roof of Major Tripp and travelled up the La Platte along the California route. The valley is honey-combed with prairie-dog holes. These are ground-squirrels, of the gopher family, very pretty little animals that are common all over the higher prairie country. In the approaches toward the higher plateau regions, these share their domicile, a quite roomy space far underground and safe from larger predatory foes, but not from weasels and minks, with the cotton-tail rabbit, the ground-owl, and even the rattle snake, though, to be sure, the latter comes quite uninvited. Presumably these vipers are attracted by the warm fur of their bedfellows.

As the weather was very warm these serpents still stayed out in the open during the day and often even at night. They are very dangerous reptiles, though it must be admitted in fairness that they invariably give warning, ominous warning, with their rattles before they attack.

We invariably stopped up all the holes in the vicinity of every new camping place. But in spite of this precaution I found one curled up atop of my bed one morning.

Gradually the trail rises until the Great Sierra appears in all its glory, and on the afternoon of the fourth we reached, quite fortunately, the cabin of Jean Bourdeau, for the weather had changed since morning and the rain was falling in torrents, accompanied by blasts of wind of almost cyclonic fury. It was indeed a great boon to have found such opportune shelter. Even our horses were taken to comfortable stables.

There were a number of Indians in the big log-house. A celebrated Sioux chieftain of gigantic stature, called Great Man or Hans-Ka, was ensconced in a home-made easy-chair, with his pipe constantly aglow. An Ogallala chief, of the Cul-Brulé tribe, was a fellow of commanding figure. His name was Buffalo Tail, or Tatanga-sin-té.

This old fellow had a droll appearance. He was naked save for a short apron, a pair of moccasins and an old cap that had once upon a time been the headgear of a cavalry officer. Whenever this fellow went outside he would throw a shabby old buffalo robe over his shoulders.

How childish these warriors of the West can appear, at other times so majestic in their pride and courage! Against this caricature of an Indian, what a contrast the superb figures of the males present in the barbaric splendor of their tribal costumes!

These Sioux and all their related tribes wear their hair long, on the foretop in two braids which hang down over the temples. Into these braids are woven pieces of red flannel cloth ornamented with the beadwork.

Add to this brass rings from 4 to 5 inches in diameter, which hang suspended from their ears, a number of smaller rings as big as bracelets, and buttons and spangles braided into their black hair, with a neckpiece, in addition, into which are worked porcelain buttons and small, colored rods, and you may have some idea of the picturesque effect that a group of males, stalwart as these, present in a vast, silent, savage wilderness over which they still hold sway almost without protest or dispute on the part of the white intruders.

Whenever they are sitting around idly they like to carry an eagle's or a crane's wing in their hand in addition to their pipe.

Their dogs are trained for the harness. Their horses draw the lodge pole sleds, often 18 to 20 feet long. On these they pack several hundred pounds of stuff—the sugar loaf shaped family tent, robes, and covers for the beds, provisions, pots and kettles, the little papooses and even grown-up maidens and ancient squaws alike.

These savages are very fond of colored cloth-goods. They have a great predilection for sugar, coffee, rice and Welsh corn. They are nowise interested in agricultural pursuits. Therefore, farm products are the most important staples of trade among them.

They wear aprons and short drawers, preferably of green color, and woolen blankets of the same color. These latter frequently displace the buffalo-robe, especially among the squaws. At night the males disrobe entirely no matter what the season may be.

October 5 we arrived at Fort Laramie. The main building is square and of huge size. It is built of sundried bricks, or adobes, after the fashion of the Mexicans. This is surrounded by dwelling houses and barracks in which the officers and privates, respectively, are lodged.

It was Sunday. I could not, therefore, pay my respects to the commanding officer, Colonel Tott, to whom I had a letter of identification from the Department of War. So I crossed the Laramie river for a visit with an old friend of mine, a French Canadian, Monterévier by name, whom I used to know in the Rocky Mountains twenty years before.

This man, although surrounded by Sioux lodges, is devoted to the growing of maize and garden vegetables as well as small fruit. He also has a fine orchard. He is carrying on a fur-trade on a small scale in company with another man, Richards by name. While visiting Monterévier I met Lord Fitz-Williams, a daring traveller and globe-trotter, with whom I spent several hours in delightful talk. He is unspoiled by high rank and fame, urbane, entertaining, fitting into any level of society with the ease of a nature's gentleman and citizen of the world.

From this vantage-point I was able to enjoy a fine view of the fort, in which a parade was just then in progress. Everybody was in gala dress. Quite stirring was the sound of trumpets, fifes, and drums.

This establishment is quartering several hundred men. It is kept scrupulously clean. On the north side are spacious, quadrangular parade grounds. It is, moreover, the last of the outposts of the governmental and military authority along the route from Kansas town to Sacramento City, California, and the Dalles, Oregon. Therefore the key of communication between the East and the West.

On Monterévier's farm there were a great many Ogalala Sioux. At this time they were in friendly accord with the whites. Only a few years before, however, Colonel Frémont had ample occasion to lodge grievous complaints against them with the Department of War.

Mr. Moellhausen attempted to sketch a few of these Indians. But though we used a number of strategems, the undertaking ended in failure. There is a deep-seated superstition among these children of nature that any who submit to being portrayed are irrevocably doomed to die within a few days thereafter.

Far back from the front range, of which Laramie Peak is the most noteworthy landmark, rise the Wind River Mountains. In the extreme northwest are the lofty peaks of the three Titans,⁸ called the Triple Snow Peaks. These are covered with perpetual ice and snow, perhaps the loftiest mountains in all the scenery of the North-American Alps. Between, and farther south, are the Three Knobs. And to the southwest the mountains of Medicine Bow and the Sierra Madre, both of imposing grandeur. All these I had visited in 1830-1831.

8. The Grand Tetons.—The Tr.

Beyond these giant ranges however, the Rocky Mountains slope off sharply, a slanting plateau connecting them with the far western Sierra Nevada and the Cascades and with the waters of the Columbia and the Gila, or Green River, which latter courses through the South Pass toward the Sea of Cortez, or Mar Vermejo.

Southward are the enormous sierras of the Mexican Andes and the Sangre de Cristo whose towering peaks seem as if they dominated the world.

The most important domain in the vast wilderness of sand and stone and barren crags, almost oceanic in extent, is the region surrounding the salt-lakes of Utah. This is a veritable oasis, freshened with the waters of lovely, picturesque mountain ranges of comparatively low elevation. It is, indeed, a most welcome interruption in that rough and utterly inhospitable desert waste. It lies about half-way between the junction of the two Plattes and the Sierra Nevada.

The people were led westward, through untold miseries and hardships, by their peerless leader, the Apostle Brigham Young. Nothing short of an unflinching faith and devotion could have impelled them to undertake such a journey across uncharted savage distances infested by hundreds of tribes of hostile Indians. Only the spirit of a Moses with the personification of such high qualities as sincerity, gentleness, patience, courage, perseverance and deathless faith, was able to induce this gentle, industrious folk to leave the flesh-pots of Illinois and Missouri and to follow their leader into an unknown land, from which, once started on the journey, there could be no returning. There is human stuff in this empire that will be one day sung in an epic great enough to dim the glory of all the songs of antiquity.

This sect has been criticized most severely by the press of North America. It has been stigmatized for heresy and rebellion. Thus were in a like manner branded those first settlers of the bleak Atlantic Coast, because they refused to live a spiritual life in accordance⁹ with that inner voice, Conscience.

Who is there to judge? Who is right? Those heroes of the Mayflower were heretics in the judgment of orthodox ecclesiasticism. A few generations later there were others who dared to differ from Puritan orthodoxy, and these in turn were persecuted as creatures more abhorrent than the pagan savage.

9. For "in accordance" read "at variance."—Ed.

Time will vindicate these stout-hearted pilgrims. Already they have established a theocracy far more sincere than any yet founded. Their zeal, devotion and self-sacrificing nature they have proven. Amidst the vast desert, a thousand miles from all civilization, they have set up an orderly government. They have broken up the soil of the desert and have in truth made it "to blossom as the rose." They welcome the stranger to their hearthstone with genuine hospitality. They have instituted schools. They live in sobriety. They have reclaimed a large territory unproductive since the beginning of time, and their toil yields a hundredfold in return for their industry and thrift.

With respect to these stout-hearted pioneers, their attitude is of a far gentler Christian spirit than was the Puritan Fathers'. They do not wage a war of aggression. They plan no campaign of extermination. Most of the Indian tribes they have pacified, though, when hostility is implacable they do not lack in Spartan courage to compel them to conform to the laws of a civilized commonwealth.

I looked over the country adjacent to Fort Laramie for the purpose of studying some tribes of Indians which, somehow, I had missed on former travels. I am therefore indicating those tribes which roam over the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains with reference to their attitude of friendship or hostility, as the case may be, toward the whites.

Along the North Fork of the La Platte, I should say as far as the Laramie, there live two Dakotah tribes, the Ogalala Sioux and the Culs Brûlés—people who burn their buttocks—who are now disposed to be friendly, but who at one time had an evil reputation.

Southward as far as the South Fork, the Padukah,¹⁰ are the Cheyennes, generally speaking a squalid, thievish tribe.

South of the Padukah and far up into the foothills of the Front Range roam the Arapahoes. These are really a splendid people and in friendly accord with the Anglo-Americans.

South of these are the Icarellis who take their name from a certain fabric they weave called Ica-ra.^{10a} These are an off-shoot of the blood-thirsty Apaches, or wild tribe of the newly acquired Mexican provinces. These Icarellis are for the most part irreconcilably hostile against the whites, showing mercy to none.

10. The South Platte, as it was called in later years.—The. Tr.

10a. These are better known as the Jicarilla Apaches, and their *jicara* baskets.—Ed.

The Kiowas, too, are a treacherous, vagabond tribe, and as cowardly as they are murderous.

The Crows are, on the other hand, a fine stock of people, tall of stature and martial,¹¹ but well-disposed toward the federal government.

Last of those I have learned to know by having been among them are the Utes. These are treacherous, cowardly savages, attacking only when they far outnumber the white settlers. They have murdered many whites in wholesale massacres, having wiped out several American settlements in their lust for shedding blood. Their habitat is the southwest, on the upper waters of the Las Animas and the Rio Grande.

These Indians traverse all the regions of the Far West that I have visited in 1830-31 and in 1851, and I have had ample opportunity for the study of a number of individuals of all these tribes which I have characterized.

I must say that, although a contact with most of the tribes in their wigwams, or when they come to the trading posts of the fur-dealers to trade and barter, is quite free from danger, nevertheless it is a risky affair to encounter a band of them when they are out on the warpath.

Among the doubtful and hostile tribes the lone traveller's doom is almost invariably sealed if he happens to fall into their hands while they are out on a scouting trip or a raid. Even if he should be turned loose, which is an almost unheard of occurrence, they will first strip him of all his belongings, and then subject him to torture and even disfigurement.

About the beginning of October I had concluded my journey of explorations as far westward as I had originally planned, and without a day's delay for the sake of rest I started on my return to civilization. But I found to my great disappointment that I had to make a longer stay than I had intended, both at the settlement of the fur-trading company at Fort John and at that of my friends of thirty years' standing, the Brothers Robidoux at Scotts Bluff.

11. The Crows, a very numerous tribe, roamed in the early eighties from the northeast border of Colorado for a hundred miles or more northward of the Cheyenne. By that time they had degenerated into a more cowardly, slothful, filthy state, utterly repulsive in their bodily habits and held in contempt by the whites. This was undoubtedly due to their dependence on government bounty.—The Tr.

One reason was that the purchase of new horses and the exchange of my lighter wagon for a stronger, more dependable one, consumed much more time than I had counted on.¹²

The other was my concern over Mr. Moellhausen's health. That gentleman had been well and strong until about the time of our departure from Fort Kearney. He had been at all times a most willing and useful helper. Then he succumbed, as do most all young people who have lived cleanly, to an attack of intermittent fever. I say again that I had cause to regret that I did not take in his stead a stout, clever French-Canadian.

These may have plenty of faults, yet, on the other hand, they can be very useful. Owing to their vast experience in outdoor life and travel they are equal to any circumstance which may arise. They are accustomed to unquestioned obedience. They are born travellers and their sense as pathfinders is almost uncanny. They are the natural friends of the Indian tribes, having signs and tokens by means of which they at once meet a fraternal welcome among the savages. They are the best hunters whether on the plains or in the mountains, and they have not their equal in providing shelter and comfort in any kind of weather. The selection of suitable camp-sites, the cooking of meals, the care of provisions, especially fresh meats, all these matters can be left to them entirely.

Perhaps the most important quality is their almost uncanny ability in the handling of horses. They drive carefully, watching with unerring instinct over the condition of their bodies, their limbs, their feet. Their first care when reaching camp is for them. They manage to cover vastly greater distances than the unexperienced driver, and at the same time they keep them in far better condition. For these and a hundred other reasons these sons of the old voyageurs are unequalled.

On account of the delays I have mentioned our return journey was retarded a full fortnight. It was with good reason, therefore, that I was looking forward with considerable apprehension to the countless hazards to which travel in winter was exposed from now on, perhaps with death itself in the path.

12. The prince had collected a vast amount of specimens of the flora and fauna, one of the main reasons for the expedition, the transportation of which to the Missouri river required a considerably larger vehicle than the one with which he set out for the West.—The Tr.

More than all did I dread what might befall Mr. Moellhausen in his weakened condition. And, indeed, all these somber fears were to become fulfilled. The return journey proved to be from the very first a series of terrible hardships, sufferings, and misfortunes. On the very day of our departure from Fort John it was our misfortune to have our front axle broken in two as we were driving up a steep slope. I rode back to Major Tripp and he sent out several men. These lost their way and did not find Moellhausen's camp till late in the night. Then I had to send a man with the broken axle to Mr. Robidoux, and the latter's blacksmith was able to repair the damage quickly and in a most workmanlike manner.

We continued our journey, after a full day's delay, down the narrow valley of the La Platte, leaving Chimney Rock far behind us. The way led through sand-dunes, hills and across fine, grassy plains, until we reached the groups of chalk bluffs, formations that extend westward to the very littoral of California, just as they are clearly traceable from here along the entire length eastward to the junction of the La Platte with Missouri.

The ascent over the mountain pass of Ash Hollow was bound up with almost insurmountable difficulties. Our team was too light for the load it had to pull up the steep incline. One of the pair became dispirited and would not pull. Instead, it reared up on its hindquarters and fell over backwards, and it was only because of its weight as it lay prostrate that the wagon was not hurled hundreds of feet down the abysmal rock-wall. When we had blocked the rear wheels securely, we made the refractory animal loose from the wagon and replaced it with the led-mule. Even then we found it necessary to fasten a rope-end to the wagon tongue, and with the other tied to the pommel of the saddle, Mr. Moellhausen spurred his horse so that it kept the cable taut. Major Tripp had advised us to resort to this expedient in the even that we would have any trouble in getting up this pass that was the dread of all wagoners eastward-bound.

It was not until late that evening that we reached the Padukah, or South Fork. This river was now running a great volume of water, its bed fully a mile in width. The ford leads straight across, there being a sign post, with a white flag attached at opposite bank. But this in the growing darkness was scarcely visible. If we missed the straight course, there was danger of encountering quicksand; or what would be as bad, we would not be able to get out of the

river, once we had arrived at the south bank, as this is steep and some six or seven feet high above the water-line.

(Paul Wilhelm touches on the mishap that befell the travellers here in only a few phrases. He merely states that the wagon stuck fast in mid-stream and that it was finally pulled out to the south bank by the driver of the mail-coach which happened to overtake the two the following forenoon.

(He refers the reader, instead, to the graphic account written by Moellhausen, which is here reproduced.)

M. Baldwin Moellhausen, distinguished writer, was born January 27, 1825, at Bonn, Germany. He undertook three expeditions through the United States, two for scientific purposes. These undoubtedly were not a little suggested to his imaginative soul through prospects of high adventure.

During the second, he was employed as topographer and draftsman on an expedition in charge of Lieutenant Whipple, U. S. A., in a work undertaken by the National Government to determine the best route for the prospective Union Pacific from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast.

After returning to his native country from his third expedition, he settled down in Berlin (1886) where he resided continually until his death in 1905.

He was a prolific and popular writer. Nearly all his work consisted in novels, about 150 of them. These invariably appeared first in *Monatsschriften*, or monthly magazines. A great many of his books and articles deal of the social and political life in the United States, and of travel accounts. The novels are based on the colonial life of our West and Southwest. His memoirs comprise eight volumes.

Of his American novels, *The Mormon Maid* is perhaps his outstanding work. This was published in 1864. *Western Travels*, 4 volumes, was published in 1873. In 1890 appeared *The Ferryman on the Canadian*, a stirring story.

The only criticism is on the score of their great length, in which respect he outdid even Dickens. Nevertheless, the descriptive matter is invaluable as reflecting the viewpoint of an unbiased, brilliant, and impartial critic whose admiration for the American people, its manners, customs, its

achievements, its institutions, its unparalleled solidarity, its institutional life from the executive mansion at Washington down to the simple justice of the peace in the smallest village, was genuine and in evidence in everything he has written that pertains to Anglo-Saxon America.

A number of the German writers of the eighties and nineties have yielded him high praise. Magazine articles have discussed his works, and at least two of these have gone so far as to state that the mantle of Gustav Freytag had fallen on his shoulders.

THE TRANSLATOR.

ACCOUNT OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT AMERICAN
DESERT AS TOLD BY MR. MOELLHAUSEN, COMPANION
TO PRINCE PAUL OF WÜRTTEMBERG

The Adventure that befell us, states the duke's companion, happened on our return journey from Fort Laramie.

Duke Paul Wilhelm rarely employed more than one or at most two companions on his travels. On this expedition he started out with two, a Mr. Zielinské, whom he lost early on the outward trip, and my unworthy self.

It is an incomprehensible thing to me that this man was unable to follow and overtake us.¹ However, when I state that this otherwise most excellent young man was fully as inexperienced as I myself—"a greenhorn," as the duke called us often in a spirit of goodnatured raillery—and as unfit as I to make a practical decision on any problem involving a little common sense, then it would be unnecessary to speculate any further about this happening.

The duke is a man of an intellectuality far beyond ordinary comprehension. But his weak point is impulsiveness. His courage is so boundless that it often approaches downright madness itself. In spite of his early bringing-up at one of the most exclusive royal courts in Christendom he is utterly democratic and considerate in all his dealings with others.

1. It is fully as incomprehensible that Paul Wilhelm should so unfeelingly have proceeded on his way without making any effort to turn back and make a search for him. For it was like a death-warrant to one so inexperienced to be left to his fate in a country infested by murderous Indians and wild animals. Moreover, if he even were able to escape death from tooth and claw he must eventually die of hunger.—
The Tr.

What assistance I was able to render on an expedition of such a magnitude may easily be guessed at when I say that this was my first break-away from civilization for even a single day. Unused to rough fare, long travel in the saddle, heat, poisonous insects that fly or crawl and give one not a moment's surcease, to lying on the ground with the stars for my canopy, or black clouds pouring down water not in drops but in dipperfuls—I grew with every advancing mile more homesick, more hopeless of any prospect that we would ever return alive to tell about this.

On the other hand, the duke was everything that we were not. He fitted into any situation, not merely in Spartan fortitude, but rejoicing in his matchless strength that gloried in being pitted against hardships which I deemed insuperable, in dangers from which I shrank with horror. Yet in all our relations, which must have tried his patience often enough, he never gave the least hint at any time because of my lack of spirit.

Although I was daily stricken by a violent chill followed by a burning fever, I did my best to show to this man that I was not losing heart. Indeed, after simulating a courage that I was far from feeling during a long series of suffering, I came at last to taste a certain delight, brief of duration at first, but gradually lengthening, in my ability to look cheerful, and as a reward to receive an approving glance from the duke, as if he were beginning to have hopes that I might turn out to grow into a real man after all.

Perhaps this new spirit which I perceived coming to the surface, wholly unsuspecting of its existence within me in any form, grew out of the indifference with which I viewed the future. For, try as I would, I could not imagine that we would ever return alive to our own kindred. This feeling of desperation never left me, though I was careful to conceal it from the duke. But out of it grew a certain abandon, a recklessness, at first a surprise to me but to which I became accustomed. Indeed, this mental change in a subtle way lightened my labors which had seemed so hard before, and this had become especially obvious during the past several days. The ride up Ash Hollow Pass would have been an impossible feat for me only a little while before. It required a herculean will to continue going on and on, after the total exhaustion that had resulted from the ascent. The jog of my horse seemed to jab me like a knife-thrust at every step. But for all that I would not for my life have stopped short of the day's allotted destination. There was a fierce

exhilaration that surged up continually within me at the realization of this newly-born power. Gone were my ills, those devastating chills and fevers, as something unclean that could no longer have room in my new state.

In spite of the stiff pace at which we had been traveling, twilight had already set in when we reached the banks of the Padukah.²

My proposal to strike camp on the north bank the duke rejected for the very good reason that there was not a vestige of grass for our exhausted animals on that side of the river, whereas there was an abundance on the south side.

Consequently, there was nothing for me to do but to ride ahead of the wagon into the river. The rapidly increasing darkness soon blotted out from view the signal post on the opposite end of the ford. Everything went well enough until we reached the middle of the stream. Whether it was that I had missed the ford or because the horses stood still for a moment, to rest from the unspeakably hard pull and strain, I cannot say. In short, as I looked back I saw that the wheels had sunk so deep into the quicksand that only the wagon-box remained above the water. The horses, struggle and tug though they did with all their strength, were not able to budge the load an inch.

We were caught in a sorry plight. In addition to the black darkness a fine, icy-cold drizzle set in. But we did not waste a moment's time in further useless attempts to extricate the wagon. From my saddle I unhitched the team. The duke handed me a hatchet and an Indian-made leather tent, in which were wrapped the tent poles and stakes, whereupon I looked for a way out of the flood water. He himself decided, in spite of the danger that the wagon might disappear entirely in the treacherous sand, or that it might be washed down the river with his vast store of treasures consisting of countless specimens of the flora and fauna, and also geological specimens collected on an expedition of more than one thousand miles across the western wilderness. But not until he had helped me with the horses to the opposite river bank. Then he waded back to the marooned wagon which he was only able to find because its white covers gleamed faintly through the blackness of the night.

It must have been a terrible journey through the cold, rushing waves that were beating waist-high against his body. But, as just mentioned, all his collections and notes

2. The earlier name for the South Platte River.—The Tr.

taken on the expedition of more than a thousand miles outward and return were in that wagon, and he could not endure the thought of having them lost or ruined.

As soon as I had reached the south bank of the river, I unharnessed the horses and turned them loose. Then I looked back for a sign of the duke and the wagon. But the night was pitch-black, and even only a few feet away all was indistinguishable.

The rain was falling in fine drops, but very thickly. All connection between us was cut off. Indeed, due to the howling wind and the roar of the waves we could not even call to one another with any expectation of being heard.

The cold wind that swept across the terrible gloom of the waters blew through my wet clothing and cut like a thousand sharp knives. This roused me out of my sombre reveries. I wrapped myself in the leather tent, and gripping in my right hand the handle of my only weapon, a hatchet, I fell asleep despite rain, cold, and hunger. . . .

It had already begun to dawn when I awoke. The sky was clear, and the prospect of sunshine cheered me. My first glance was across toward the river. To my exceeding joy I noticed that the wagon was still where I had left it the evening before.

My second glance was for the horses. These, too, were still in sight, quietly grazing a short distance from me. I now turned my attention to my own predicament. Though it was not raining any longer, to be sure, yet a cold, damp north wind was whistling from across the river which chilled me to the marrow. In order to get warm, I drew the leather cover tightly together, leaving only a slight opening for my eyes. Then I attempted to fall asleep again. But sleep would not come again. Now while I was thus stretched out on the ground, I cast my eyes into the distance up along the river bank. As I gazed intently, I had the impression of seeing something moving over the perfectly level plain. It was not a deception. This something was apparently moving toward me. For some time I was uncertain. Was it wolves, or buffaloes, or even Indians? At last I made out that they were mounted men. There could now be no longer any doubt that they were Indians. With terror did I now realize in what a helpless situation we were, and how absolutely we were in their power.

What was left for me to do but to look on mutely while they were making off with our horses? We even had to feel in luck if they spared our lives, or, what would be nearly as

bad, if they robbed us of all our belongings and left us to our misery.

All this was in my mind as I was observing the half dozen Cheyenne warriors without changing my position in the least. Suddenly a troop of riders swooped down from the same direction. I counted eleven or twelve braves that raced down upon me. At a distance of about thirty paces they suddenly reined in their horses and looked toward me quite intently. They must have espied the wagon from afar, and they at once began to gesticulate and to point toward it.

I cannot deny that the blood almost stopped coursing through my veins from terror, but I deemed it wise to resort to a stratagem. In order that they would not shoot me from a distance, I feigned sleep, at the same time gripping my hatchet tightly in my hand. The sharp eyes of the savages, however, were not long in discovering that my sleep was a pretense. For when I opened one of my eyes ever so slightly to blink toward them, one of the savage warriors broke into boisterous laughter. Then he pointed toward me nonchalantly and leaped down from his horse.

I arose quickly and walked toward the wild figures, at the same time extending toward him my hand in token of peace. It encouraged me somewhat to find that each in turn responded with a like pressure. They also seemed to understand perfectly my purpose of entreaty that they should assist me in dragging our wagon out of the water. They appeared even to pledge me their aid, but expressed at the same time the wish that I regale them with a cup of coffee and with plenty of sugar before starting out on their task.

Inasmuch as this was an unmistakable demand, no choice was left to me save compliance. So I asked for a horse to ride to the wagon where I found the duke quite comfortably settled on the board seat, a far cry from his present condition to a ducal throne that was his rightful due. As I could not decide on what was best to do under the circumstances, I appealed to him for advice. He frowned and lapsed for a moment in a brown study.

While he reflected I was noticing that he had transformed the little shelter into a formidable fortress. All about him in plain view lay a shotgun, a double-barreled rifle, a horse pistol, and a Colt's revolver. Evidently he was not inclined to surrender his property without a fight, even if it cost his life. Unerring shot that he was, he was prepared to kill every member of the party long before they could reach the wagon.

I told him about my terms of our agreement with the Indians, and he deemed this fair and conformable to the circumstances in which we were placed. He handed me coffee and sugar, and the coffee-pot. Then, as I started back for the south bank he shouted after me: "Do not trust any of these fellows! Be constantly on your guard!"

When I arrived where the savages were there was a brisk fire burning. They had gathered quite a supply of dry buffalo dung which is almost impermeable to rain. In a jiffy everything was ready, for there is no one so skillful in manipulating the cooking over an open fire as the Indian. Moreover, they were helpful and obliging, since it appeared to their own advantage to be so in the present instance. So when they began to feel the need of the shelter of a tent and saw mine lying on the ground and found that the poles and stakes were in the wagon, one of them rode out to the duke and demanded them in my name. The duke very obligingly granted their wish.

With practiced hand these unwelcome and rather insolent guests then put up the tent over the fire, and in a very short time I was sitting in the narrow space with my unbidden guests.

It was a blissful feeling to thaw out after the long hours of shivering from the bitter cold. This was enhanced when I inhaled the aroma of the steaming coffee. The pipe of peace was now passed around within the tent and was then handed to the other warriors outside that were also crowded together around a fire. It went the round again before the coffee was ready to serve. All seemed delighted with the taste of the black-brown beverage, and another potful was cooked.

Then I insisted that they should fulfill their part of the agreement. These rascals gave me to understand, however, in terms that were little else than veiled taunts, that it was still too early to think of anything of the kind. They insisted that I bring to each of them one handful of coffee and two of sugar from the wagon, a demand which our entire supply was not sufficient to make good.

I promised, however, to do my best once the wagon was out of the river. This proposal did not seem in the least to their taste. All of them settled down into a state of imperturbable calm. When they perceived my rising displeasure, they consoled me by passing the pipe to me a number of times, out of my regular term.

Flattering though this proof of honor might have

seemed, it did not allay my suspicions in the least. For with a strange insistence the duke's words of warning rang in my ears: "Place no trust in the word of an Indian!"

Had we not been so many hundred miles from the nearest settlement I might have had some appreciation of the comical side of the situation that confronted me. Here I was sitting in my own tent in the manner of a none-too-welcome guest, in the midst of this horde of savages, drinking my own coffee and warming my half-frozen body while the duke was waiting in mid-stream, his patience tried to the utmost over the endless delay.

Twice, to be sure, I had made the attempt to send a large dipper full of the hot life-giving liquid to him. Both times the errand was assumed with the most convincing obligingness, but carried out only insofar that the messenger arose and passed the coffee down his own throat with every sign of exceeding relish, returning the empty vessel with a friendly ingratiating gesture.

All this impudence and coarse lack of consideration, I must confess, turned my ill humor into a kind of desperation. For I was utterly helpless. There was no escape from my predicament. The next time the pipe was offered I repulsed it angrily. But they only laughed over my fit of temper, instead of taking it as an affront.

Now I stepped outside, repeating my demands with unmistakable sternness. This occasioned a shifting among the fellows who had been crouching together on the wet earth. But the only satisfaction I drew from this show of anger was to see one of them creep into the tent. Just before he disappeared to take the place I had vacated, he looked back at me with a mocking smile.

This was more than I could bear. I was so embittered that I turned loose a flood of abuse. I reviled them as a pack of thieves and cutthroats in English, in French, and in German. For throughout this palaver not a word was exchanged between us that either they or I understood. Indeed, what there was of mutual understanding was entirely by way of the sign-language.

My only satisfaction over the result of my invective was that several smiled or nodded as if in applause, the best proof that they had not understood a word.

Only once had I a fleeting notion that my German was understood, for one of the savages endeavored to repeat with the most ludicrous stress the word "Flegel"³ which I had

3. Boorish fellow.

thrust at him in particular. But to my chagrin I saw that it was only the odd sound of the word that had caught his fancy and that he endeavored to memorize it through repetition.

I now uttered curses upon the river, the prairie, and all the Indian pack, both individually and collectively. Half-crazed I then looked across toward the wagon in my utter perplexity.

Suddenly my eyes caught sight of a horseman who appeared on the near hill-slope across the river just as if he had stepped out of nothingness. Soon a number of others bobbed up out of the same direction. At last, to my inexpressible delight, came a wagon drawn by six mules. This I immediately recognized as the government postchaise from Fort Laramie escorted by American soldiers.

As by an electric shock all became changed within me. My low spirits vanished. Never had I seen a fellow more courageous than I was at this moment, now that I knew that help from people of my own race was nigh.

I ran up to the tent, tore open the flap and gave the rascals within to understand beyond all doubt that they had to clear out. When they showed no disposition to comply promptly I made a speech, loud and bellicose and all in the tongue in which alone could do justice to my feelings, the German. It ran about in this wise: "If you red rabble do not get out of this tent I shall cut down the tent poles and bury your vile carcasses underneath, then set fire to it so you will all burn to cinders and all memory of your rotten existence may be blotted out forever."

Though the redskins did not understand what I had said they guessed its meaning from the upraised hatchet in my hand. Perhaps it was more on account of my sudden boldness that they suspected that something unusual was in the air. At least I saw that, one after another, the unbidden guests were crawling from the smoky quarters.

It was my first heroic gesture among the Indians. Proudly I looked down upon the savage horde which bowed obediently to my will. Like so many another hero of a moment I thought to myself: "If only some artist of genius were here to sketch me in this magnificent pose!" But deep within me was the far more fervent wish to be back among the comforts and fleshpots and security of civilization.

When the Indians caught sight of the little caravan across the river, they rushed to their horses in order to earn

PRINCE PAUL WILHELM OF WÜRTTEMBERG 225

the reward I had offered them for bringing the wagon to firm ground. But I turned down their assistance, and the same answer was made to the headman by the duke who had in the meantime crossed and joined the group.

(Here ends the account from Moellhausen; and now Paul Wilhelm takes up the thread of the story again as we read it from his journals.)

(To be concluded)