

face to the sinking sun, which told her the time for rest was near, was all for those who never know her present feelings of fatigue and hunger, or those which would come to her when, after dinner, she sat looking into the chip fire, tired enough to make the sitting still a pleasure, until she got that sweet, certain sleep which would make her new and ready the next day for longer tramps over rougher ground.

Jane, on the watch in the kitchen window, saw the procession wind down the long coulie, gave the alarm, and they were met half-way across the flat and escorted home by the entire household.

"So you got your deer? I am delighted," said the morning visitor, walking

beside Toppy, but his answer came from Dan on the other side—

"That's what she did."

When the blood-red sun looked only a crescent sinking behind a round-topped butte, and the deer hung high in the evening's cool, the Madam sat enjoying her dinner as those only can who satisfy hunger, not taste, and listening to the men on each side of her make pleasant speeches, with frequent allusions to that first and fairest huntress, as they drank "her deer."

Every one on the place drank "her deer," and it was whispered the next day that Dan went home to his little mud shack in the butte's side, as they say in Dakota, "One drunk nearer the Great Divide."

BIG GAME HUNTING IN THE WILD WEST,

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL RANDOLPH B. MARCY,
U. S. A.

(Author of "Prairie Traveler," "Thirty Years Army Life on the Border," "Border Reminiscences.")

II.

GUIDES, HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS.

WHEN I first visited the remote western wilderness thirty years ago, there were remaining here and there through the Rocky Mountains a few of those hardy and daring frontiersmen who had passed the major part of their erratic lives in the rough and adventurous scenes incident to their vocations as hunters, trappers and traders.

As those men were at that time well advanced in life, it is believed that most of them have since disappeared from the face of the earth, and it is hardly possible that such an anomalous type of humanity can again exist upon this continent.

I made the acquaintance of several of these peculiar borderers, whose experiences, teeming with thrilling incident and reckless personal adventure, interested me vastly.

The mutable character of their occupations necessitated constant contiguity with the nomadic Indians, and, like them, their commissariat depended exclusively upon the precarious results of the chase, which, when game was scarce, often subjected them to great suffering from hunger and other privations.

One of the most interesting specimens I met with among this special type of bordermen was the veteran mountaineer, Jim Bridger, who had passed thirty-four years of his life in the sequestered nooks of the Rocky Mountains, among the Sioux, Blackfeet and other wild tribes, with whom he had many desperate encounters, and probably received more severe wounds than any other trapper, hunter or trader ever did, who died a natural death.

When I first met him, he was about sixty years of age, tall, thin and wiry, his complexion well bronzed by exposure and toil, and with an independent, open cast of countenance, indicative of brave and noble impulses, which characterize the hunter generally.

His history, pregnant as it was with scenes of startling personal casualties, interested me supremely. He was indeed a cosmopolite of the most unalloyed type.

So well were his achievements known and appreciated by his contemporaries, that they gave him credit for having a more intimate knowledge of the wild tribes and their country, as well as being a more

daring and successful warrior, than any other white man that ever frequented the mountains.

It will be remembered that Bridger, toward the last of his wonderful life, established a trading-post in Utah, which is now garrisoned by United States troops, and which, in compliment to the original founder, is called "Fort Bridger."

Shortly before the arrival of the troops at that place in 1857, Bridger had been

driven from his post by the Mormons, but through the aid of the friendly Snake Indians, he made his escape over the mountains and joined us near the South Pass.

The old hero was quite fond of narrating the stirring scenes of his pre-eminently eventful life, and retained to the last the most inveterate hatred for the Indian race generally, often asseverating in his peculiar vernacular that "they was



JIM BRIDGER, THE VETERAN MOUNTAINEER.



"LITTLE BAT" TAKES GENERAL WHIFFLE AND PARTY TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

the most onsartineest varmint in all creation."

He often spoke to me of his numerous narrow escapes from the wiles of his Blackfeet adversaries, as well as his experience with the distinguished sportsman, Sir George Gore, whose peculiar idiosyncrasies led him to bury himself for over two years among the natives in the most unfrequented glens of the Rocky Mountains.

It appeared that this titled Nimrod was in the habit, after his day's hunting was over, of taking a late dinner, in which Bridger generally participated.

During this elaborate repast of several courses, wines and other luxuries were served, strictly *"en règle,"* after which, Sir George usually read aloud from some entertaining book, and seemed specially edified in eliciting Bridger's unique comments thereon.

Sir George's favorite author was Shakespeare, which Bridger "allow'd was a leetle too high fullutin for him, an' he rayther thout that thar big Dutchman, Mr. Full-stuff, was too fond of lager beer (sack)," and suggested that it might have been better for the old man had he imbibed the same

amount of alcohol in the more concentrated medium of good old Bourbon whiskey.

Bridger was highly interested in the adventures of Baron Munchausen, but admitted that "he'd be dog-ond if he swallered all that Barren Mount-chaw-sen said, and he sorter allow'd he mout be a dod-durn'd liar."

One evening, after reading an account of the battle of Waterloo, he asked Bridger what he thought of it, and whether it was not in his opinion the most sanguinary and hard-fought battle he ever heard of, to which Bridger, after a moment's reflection, answered, "Wall now, Mister Gore, that thar must-a-been a considerable of a scrimmage. Them Britishers must a fit better thar than the dun down to H' Orleans, when Ole Hickory gin um sich par-tic-lar thunder."

Poor Bridger, he was a brave, kind and generous fellow, and spent the last days of his life at Westport, Missouri, where he often fought over his battles for the entertainment of his friends, and although his bow might perhaps have been shortened a little without impairing the interest of his stories, yet his intentions were good,

as they harmed nobody, and I most cordially say, "Peace be to the ashes of the veteran mountaineer."

Another noted mountaineer who accompanied me in my winter expedition over the Rocky Mountains in 1857-58, was Jim Baker, who was a man of very little education, but with fair natural ability, and a generous, noble-hearted specimen of the trapper type, who would make any sacrifice for a friend.

He had been in the mountains twenty-five years, and had trapped beaver, and

spread his blanket upon the head waters of the Missouri, Columbia and Colorado.

He was a skillful hunter and had killed many a grizzly bear, mountain lion, etc., and upon one occasion he, with a companion, killed two grizzlies with their hunting knives, an achievement he was very proud of.

I gave an account of this affair in a publication made some years ago, but as it was rather a remarkable performance, and the reader may not have had an opportunity of seeing it, as the publication



THE SEMINOLE HALF-BREED.

mentioned is exhausted, I trust I shall be pardoned for repeating a portion of the story here.

It appeared that while Jim and his comrade were setting their traps on the head waters of the Grand River, they came suddenly upon two young grizzly bears, about the size of large dogs.

Whereupon Jim remarked to his friend that if they could "pitch in and skulp the varmints with their knives," it would be an exploit to boast of.

Accordingly they laid aside their rifles and "went in" Baker attacking one and his companion the other.

He says the young rascals, when they approached, immediately raised up and were ready for the encounter. He ran around his antagonist to get an opportunity of giving a blow from behind with his knife, but the brute was too quick for him, and turned as he passed around, always confronting him face to face. He knew if he came within reach of his paws he might give him a severe blow; moreover, he felt apprehensions that the piteous howls set up by the cubs would bring the infuriated dam to their rescue, when their chances for escape would be small.

He made desperate lunges at his bear, but the animal invariably warded them off with his forepaws like a pugilist, and covered his body at the expense of several severe cuts upon his legs. This only served to exasperate him, and he then took the offensive, and with his mouth frothing with rage, he bounded toward Baker, who grappled with him, and gave him a death wound under the ribs.

While this was going on, his companion had been furiously fighting the other bear, and had become so greatly exhausted that he entreated Baker to come to his assistance at once, which he did, but, to his astonishment, as soon as he entered the second contest his companion ran away, leaving him to fight the battle alone.

He was, however, again victorious, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing both antagonists stretched out lifeless before him; but he firmly resolved never again to make war on a bear with a hunting knife, saying he would "never fight narry 'nother grizzly without a good shooting-iron in his paws."

Another of my mountain guides was a half-breed named Mariano.

He spoke English, French and Spanish fluently, beside several Indian dialects, and was an intimate friend of the old

patriarch mountaineer, Jack Robinson.

He was a capital guide, a successful hunter, and full of ready resources for every emergency.

I received a letter from him several years since, dated at Thompson's Fork of the Platte River, where I presume he is at present, if alive, and could be hired on reasonable terms as guide for an excursion into any part of Colorado or New Mexico.

BEAVER DICK.

Another professional guide and hunter of extended experience, is a white man named "Beaver Dick," who can be found in the Teton Basin, at the foot of the Teton mountain range, from April to October, when he is not hunting.

An army officer who knows him well, in answer to a letter from me says: "He is at home in the Tetons. He hunts faithfully until he finds game, and then bags it.

"I am happy to assure you that there is a great deal of large game in the Tetons. The black, brown and grizzly bears are very numerous in good berry years. Deer, elk and moose furnish fine sport every year, but there are no mount-tam sheep in that spur.

"I know Beaver Dick can be secured as guide and hunter at a reasonable rate for any length of time you desire."

LITTLE BAT,

who is a half-breed of French and Indian lineage, has accompanied me as guide and hunter seven seasons in the mountains of Wyoming and Montana, and is without exception the most skillful hunter and best guide I ever knew.

Having passed his life in the Rocky Mountains, he is familiar with all the best hunting localities, and understands the habits of large game animals and the best methods of stalking them.

He is about forty-five years old, of medium stature, but gigantic in strength, and is the keenest-sighted and swiftest runner I ever met with.

He has often discovered game with the naked eye, at so great distances that I could not detect it with a good field-glass, and he could track a deer while riding at a rapid gait, when I was unable to discover any signs of it.

I remember at one time he espied three mountain sheep lying down at the base of a natural vertical stone wall, at least five

hundred feet high, and extending about half a mile in length, so regular and uniform in structure that it presented exactly the same appearance throughout.

As the sheep had the wind of us, and the ground in front of the wall was bare, affording no cover for approach in that direction, Bat took us nearly two miles around to the back of the wall, where we left our horses and followed him through brush and over rocks and logs, until we reached near the crest of the precipice, when he motioned us to stop, and taking the hand of General Whipple, one of the party who was to deliver the first shot, he led him carefully up to the verge of the cliff, and pointing directly down at the animals, gave him a good opportunity to make a hasty plunging shot, which killed the largest ram of the group.

What surprised me most in this performance was, how Bat, who had probably never been there before, could have struck the precise spot in the wall where the sheep were lying, as from the time we commenced the detour until we reached the desired firing position, we did not once get sight of them. He must have been guided by instinct or the keenest innate perception. Indeed, it seemed that he possessed the extraordinary faculty of tracing the spot of animals with almost as much certainty as it could be done by the exquisite powers of scent of the Scotch sleuth-hound. I saw him in September last at the Casper Mountain hunting grounds, where he, with some of his Indian relatives, were laying in a supply of meat for winter consumption.

Game was not very abundant there at that time, but Bat, the day before, had discovered a herd of twenty-four elk, out of which he killed seventeen, which his party were busily engaged in jerking while I was at his camp.

He informed me that upon one occasion while procuring a winter's supply of meat for his band, he fell in with a very large herd of elk, which he pursued on horseback until he killed seventy odd, in a single chase.

While hunting alone in the Deer Creek Range in 1885, Bat discovered four grizzly bears feeding upon an elk that had been killed some time before, and securing his horse out of sight, he crawled up behind cover to within rifle range without their seeing him, and with a Hotchkiss rifle killed every one of them, for which he received a bounty of twenty dollars, ex-

clusive of the pelts, which probably yielded him about as much more.

Bat now lives near Pine Ridge Agency, Wyoming, and can be communicated with there and hired as guide, if desired.

In addition to other qualifications, he speaks the English and Sioux languages fluently, is a good interpreter, and the best trailer I ever knew.

SEMINOLE

is another half-breed, guide and hunter, who lives on the Muddy Creek, about three miles from the Casper Range, is an intelligent and reliable guide, and familiar with all the best game localities in that section. He hunted with me two seasons and gave entire satisfaction.

I called at his house last October when he was quite sick, and it is possible he may have died since.

FRANK GOUARD,

who is said to be a native of the Sandwich Islands, is now post guide at Fort McKinney, Wyoming.

He was with me two seasons in the Big Horn and Casper ranges of mountains, is an excellent guide and hunter, and knowing the country thoroughly, as he does, is one of the most useful men I know of for campaigning in that section.

He had several times been sent out upon extended hunting excursions with parties of prominent foreigners who came to the fort with orders from Washington upon the commanding officer to furnish them with transportation escorts, etc.

Frank gave me quite an amusing account of one of these expeditions.

The party consisted of Lord——; the honorable Mr.—— and brother, and, I believe, one or two other Englishmen.

They were well fitted out with pack mules, saddle horses, escort of soldiers, and all other requisites for successful sport, and were piloted directly over the mountains into the Big Horn Basin, where elk, bear and other large game animals were in the greatest profusion, and everything appeared pre-eminently auspicious, and Frank says they were, highly elated at the flattering prospect.

It appeared that the honorable gentleman was exceedingly desirous of augmenting his stock of trophies by a large grizzly bear's head, but he scouted at the idea of bagging any inferior game.

He was very fond of relating his peril-

ous adventures with lions, tigers, etc., and seemed to regard even grizzly bears as rather insignificant for his mettle.

They hunted through the mountains for some days and saw a number of bears and elk, but were so unsuccessful in getting shots, and missed so frequently when they did get them, that they became somewhat discouraged, especially the honorable gentleman, who seemed so greatly disappointed that Frank redoubled his efforts to give him an opportunity of gratifying his ardent aspirations.

As they were then encamped upon a high hill near the head of a deep cañon, where bears often resorted, Frank proposed stationing them upon runways around the opening of the defile, while he, with the soldiers, would go well down the gorge and drive up through it, when they would probably start out bears that might pass near enough to their stations to give them good shots.

Accordingly, the hunters were posted upon the runways and all arrangements made to insure success, when the whippers-in went down and entering the cañon some distance below, started up, making all the noise they could to rouse out the bears, and sure enough, they soon discovered a large grizzly, which they succeeded in driving directly to where they supposed the Englishman to be.

But, to their surprise, they heard no shots, and when they emerged from the cañon, instead of finding the hunters at their posts, Frank said he saw them about a quarter of a mile off running at the top of their speed toward camp, with the honorable tiger-slayer leading off, and when he asked him why he did not improve so favorable an opportunity for accomplishing what he came for, he replied, "Why, my dear fellow, the nawsty beast made such an awful noise in breathing that he scared me nearly to death, you know."

GUIDES FOR MOOSE AND CARIBOU HUNTING.

An excellent guide to the moose and caribou region in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, is a Micmac Indian named "John Logan," who lives at a small hamlet a few miles from the hunting grounds, where other Indians, sufficient for camping purposes, can be hired at about a dollar a day. Logan is a good hunter and understands the art of calling moose, having killed many of the animals by that method. His address is, "Half-way River, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia."

Ample transportation from the railway station at Athol to the hunting grounds (twenty miles) can be secured by writing in advance to Luther Baker at Afno!, who will attend to the matter promptly.

The outfit for this locality should be procured before leaving St. Johns, N. B.

SABATIS SHAY,

who lives at Indian Island, Old Town, Maine, is an intelligent Indian and a good guide and hunter, and will, besides other requirements, furnish the cooking outfit for a party and superintend everything, for three dollars a day, and by writing to him he would have all in readiness to meet a party at proper time and place.

His favorite moose locality is from seventy-five to one hundred miles from Old Town, fifty of which is by rail and the balance by wagons.

Good caribou shooting can be had near Gaspé, Canada, upon Douglass Town River, where there is a very comfortable cabin within a short walk from the hunting grounds.

There are but few moose in that region, but caribou are very abundant.

A capital white guide and hunter lives at Gaspé named

WILLIAM EDEN,

who is well acquainted with the country, and will supply a part with everything necessary for a successful hunt at reasonable rates.

He is very obliging and will furnish any information by post that may be desired.

Another good caribou locality is in the vicinity of "Rivier de Loup," below Quebec, where canoes are used before winter, and Indians can be hired, that are good callers, for two dollars a day.

An experienced white guide and hunter by the name of C. MacNab lives here, who can be hired at moderate wages, and by writing to him in advance, he would procure all supplies required.

There is also very fair caribou shooting within forty or fifty miles north of Quebec, in the "Green Woods."

The only proper season for hunting this section, however, is in December and January after the snow becomes well packed, so as to render the snow-shoe stalking good.

About the best caribou hunting I know of, excepting in the Island of Newfoundland, is found ninety miles below Quebec,

in the Saguenay district, at a place called "Jardine," which is easily reached from Quebec in November, when there is from six to twelve inches of snow upon the ground, which makes good tracking.

Mr. H. H. Sewell, of Quebec, who is an enthusiastic sportsman, and is familiar with both the last-mentioned localities, would, it is presumed, cheerfully give information to gentlemen inquirers.

INDIAN GUIDES AND HUNTERS.

Of all the guides and hunters I have met with upon the frontier, I know of none superior to the Delaware and Shawnee Indians. They have accompanied me upon several very extended expeditions and I have invariably found them brave, competent and reliable.

They occupy a portion of the Choctaw Reservation, and live quite comfortably thereon.

One of these people, by the name of *Black Beaver*, acted as my guide and interpreter upon one expedition of 2,300 miles, over (for the most part) an unexplored country.

He had for many years been in the employ of the American Fur Company, during which he had visited nearly every point of interest within the limits of our unsettled possessions.

He was an adroit, fearless warrior, and had been engaged in many desperate encounters with the wild Indians, especially with the Blackfeet.

At the beginning of the Mexican war he commanded a company of Delaware scouts under General Hamly, and performed important service.

And at the commencement of the late war he piloted a detachment of our troops out of Texas, thereby incurring severe losses, from having his horses and cattle stolen by the enemy during his absence.

And although he petitioned Congress time after time for compensation, he never, as I was informed, received a dollar to the time of his death.

THE KICKAPOO INDIANS,

who live near the Delawares and Shawnees upon the Canadian River, constitute but a meagre remnant of a once powerful tribe. They were, when I was with them last in 1854, well armed with rifles, and, without exception, were the best shots upon the borders. They hunted altogether upon horseback, and would, with a great

deal of certainty, kill a deer while their horses as well as the deer were in full flight.

They were in the habit of making yearly autumn hunts through Northern Texas, and I once had occasion to follow their trail for fifty miles, when they had killed off everything in the form of game. There was not even a jack rabbit left.

Some of them went off to Mexico with the Seminole, "Wild Cat," while I remained in their vicinity; but what has become of them since I have not been informed.

They were quiet and peaceable, and, as they have shown in several instances that came under my notice, they have invariably evinced a high regard for law and an inflexibility of purpose in the execution of its mandates seldom witnessed among any people.

TRAILING.

I know nothing in the woodsman's education of more importance or more difficult to acquire than the art of trailing or tracking.

As I have before stated, to become an adept in this art requires the constant practice of years, and many a lifetime does not suffice to attain it.

Most of the Indians I have met with manifested great proficiency in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be intuitive with them.

The exigencies of their self-reliant lives stimulate the savages from boyhood to develop faculties so important to their existence.

I have never seen white men who were good trailers, and practice did not seem, materially to improve their understanding in this regard. They have not the acute perception for these things that the Indians have; indeed it is not supposed that this difficult branch of woodcraft can be taught from books, as it pertains exclusively to the school of practice, aided by instinct and necessity.

Inexperienced hunters should never, when it can be avoided, go out alone into a wooded section they are not familiar with, as in case of fogs or snow-storms they are quite likely to become lost or bewildered.

I have known several such cases where men, losing their bearings, have wandered about for days in a state of confusion and uncertainty, upon the verge of lunacy. They do not reason upon their situation,

but invariably exhaust themselves by running ahead at their utmost speed without the least regard to directions, and often follow their own tracks around in a circle, with the idea that they are in a beaten trail.

During one of my earliest expeditions over the plains, a German gentleman with the party became lost while hunting, and was absent for about ten days before he rejoined us; and during all this time he was wandering about between the Canadian River and the plain wagon road we had made, which at no point were over two miles apart. Yet, he did not remember seeing either the road or river at any time during his long absence.

In a strange district of country where there are no prominent landmarks, a pocket compass should invariably be carried, and on starting out from camp as well as frequently during the day, the bearings should be observed and the ap-

pearance of localities noticed when facing toward camp, as landscapes present very different aspects when viewed from opposite directions, and the direction of the wind should be carefully observed when the hunter is without a compass.

But few white men can with certainty retrace their steps in an unknown locality where there are no mountains or trails to guide them; whereas the sense of locality seems to be innate with the Indian, who requires no aid from the magnetic needle.

I asked my Delaware guide, Black Beaver, if he could explain the mystery to me. "No," he smilingly replied, while thumping his head with his forefinger. "It's all here, but may be so he not come out when I want him."

He did not, however, have the least conception of the practical utility of the compass.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN LEGENDS.

BY C. E. S. WOOD.

SMOKHOLLAH.

SMOKHOLLAH is remarkable as an Indian who, without bravery and never having exhibited daring, has yet raised himself to a pre-eminent position and exercised a wide-reaching power.

He is the high-priest or Chief *Toot* of the "Dreamer," or "Drumming," Religion. Just how much of this mysticism he himself originated, how much was existent in the mythology of the tribes, and how much, if any, distorted from the missionary teachings, I am unable to say. But as gathered from the Indians themselves, I understand his history to be substantially as follows:

He was born a member of the Walla-Walla tribe and grew up under the chieftainship of old Pu-pu-mox-mox (Yellow Bird). As a young man he was counted of little worth as a warrior or hunter, but wishing to marry a young woman of the tribe, he one day sought out the youngest and favorite wife of his chief and begged her to help him get the woman he loved. This interview took place in a lonely corner among some bushes, where the

woman was gathering berries, and a false account was brought to Pu-pu-mox-mox. This awakened his jealousy and he accused his wife of sinning with Smokhollah. This she denied, but the old savage, who, by all report, was an unusually cruel and iron-willed man, listened only to his own jealousy, and tied her to a post and flogged her with lead-loaded thongs.

"Now, will you tell the truth?" said he. "I have told only the truth, and if you cut me to pieces I can tell nothing different; if I did I would be telling a lie," she answered.

He then lashed her till his grown son by another wife took the whip from him and said the woman should be whipped no more. The old man had one of the few rifles then among Indians. He got it and swore he would shoot any one that interrupted. So then he brought up Smokhollah and flogged him till the flesh was hashed on his back, and, as an Indian expressed it, his backbone had nothing to cover it. Then Pu-pu-mox-mox sprinkled salt on their wounds and tying the two