Photostatic copies from
THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

of

LETTERS

BY

GEORGE CATLIN

DESCRIBING THE

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITIONS

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

JULY 24, 1832 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1837
Nature and Art—We have received the following communication, which we are persuaded will be read with much pleasure, not only by the author's friends, but by all the lovers of the fine arts, from a gentleman formerly resident in this city, who is a Painter, by profession, and has distinguished himself highly in his practice. It may also be of service that his views in visiting the wilderness should be known: and we therefore take the liberty of publishing his letter.

Yellow Stone. July 24, 1832.

Latterly I have been much in the shoes of "Yellow Stone", a term formerly applied to the Great River, and the title of a famous river in the Old World, has been by degrees overthrown by the inconspicuous name of Mr. Cuinn, a gentleman of great powers and a part partner of the best. The Erie Company have exerted their belief that the territory, a very fertile land, and our approach to it, under the distinct name of certain for half a century, and the third yields of the half illuminated savage, who is the pilot, has now been ascertained as the most fruitful and picturesque occupation. A voyage so full of incident, and particularly, our view of the picturesque and noble river, our voyage passed the numerous villages of the Bannock barks, setting them in the heart of nature, and the common feelings that are excited in the bosom of a stranger, traveling through this interesting country. This is truly the land of Epicures; for we are passed by the scenes in the most stupendous feats of the world, and to take a turn in the country is a pleasure as confided with Jackson's tails and Ruffino's manners, to be sure, how much less affected on the receipt of the letter from me, so far to the Western World, and still more affected when I told you that I am here in the full possession and practice of my art. That enthusiasm above all has been the reason that I am persuaded to go in the state of a profession, and in anticipation of which from the vivid imagination for the art could ever be kindled into a pure flame, I mean the true art of Nature's models and models, with the privilege of selecting for myself.

If I am here having the benefit of the refining fashions of the day, and inquiring that elegant polish which every body of an artist should draw from a continual intercourse with the people, and yet have at the same time, that in this country I am entirely deprived of those devices and polish which continually bestow an artist in fashionable life, and have nothing to steal my thoughts away from the contemplation of those beautiful forms that are about me.

Then, also, I have not here the benefit of that feeling of distinction, which is the life and spirit of the arts, where artists are associates together, yet can I surmount by living models of such elegance and beauty, that I feel an increasing excitement of a much higher order—the certainty that I am drawing knowledge from the true source. My enthusiastic admiration for man, in the honest and elegant simplicity of nature, has always led to the most pleasing of my labors, and about half the avenues to my heart against the spirits of the wilderness and the accomplishments of this feeling, together with a desire to study my art independently of the recommendations which the ridiculous fashions of civilized society have thrown in its way, has led me to the wilderness for a while, as the true school of their arts.

I have, for a long time, been of opinion that the wilderness of our country afforded models equal to those from which the Greek sculptors transferred to the marble such immortal grace and beauty; and I am now more convinced than ever, as I have increased my acquaintance with this opinion, since I have increased my acquaintance with the minds of thousands and thousands of those knights of the forest, whose whole lives are lives of liberty, and whose daily deeds, with their naked limbs, might vie with those of the Grecian youths in the beautiful simplicity of the Olympian games.

No man's imagination, with all the aids of description that can be given him, can ever picture to himself the picturesque beauty of scenes that may be daily witnessed in this romantic country—of hundreds of these graceful youths, with nared a wrinkle, or a tear, disturb the full expression of pleasure and enjoyment that seems upon their faces—their long black hair mingling with their brown cheeks, floating in the wind—flying over the carpeted prairie, and dealing deals with their spears and arrows to a bend of infatuated buffalo; or the splendid procession of a war party, arrayed in all their gorgeous brocades and tippets, having most exquisite grace and manly beauty, added to that bold defiance which man carries on his front who acknowledges no superior on earth, and who is answerable to no laws except the laws of honor.

In addition to the knowledge of human nature and of my art, which I have acquired by this toilsome and expensive undertaking, I have another in view, which, if it should not be of equal service to me, will be of no less interest and value to posterity. I have designed to paint a series of several distinguished and well selected Indians of both sexes, from every tribe of Indians in North America, painted in their native costumes, accompanied with pictures representing their villages, domestic habits, amusements, and the landscape of the country they inhabit, with as much accuracy of their lives as I can obtain and attach to them. I have already been more than a year engaged in the service of this commission, and have obtained more than 200 portraits.

The interesting collection commenced a few years since, in the Indian Bureau at Washington, by the perseverance of Mr. McKimney, having been stepped under the present administration, I resolved to make the collection myself, which I am doing at great expense, and during the society of my dearest friends, and necessarily putting my life more or less in jeopardy for the accomplishment of my object.

If I should live to accomplish my design, the toil of my labors will, doubtless, be interesting to future ages, who will have nothing else left from which to judge some of the original habits of that noble race of beings, who require but few years more of the march of civilization and death to destroy them of all their native customs and character.

I have been kindly supplied by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and the Secretary of War, with letters to the Commander-in-Chief of every military post, and every Indian Agent on the western frontier to order all the facilities to their power, which will be of great service to me in the undertaking. The opportunity afforded me, by familiarity with so many nations of human beings, in the simplicity of nature, without the deformities of art—of drawing fair conclusions in the interesting sciences of physiognomy and phrenology—of their manners and customs, rites and ceremonies, etc.—and the opportunity of examining the geology and mineralogy of this western and yet unexplored country, will enable me occasionally to entertain you with much new and interesting information, which I shall take equal pleasure in communicating by an occasional episode in my clumsy way.
NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

MOUTH OF YELLOH STONE, July 13th, 1833.

Since I wrote you my last letter, I have been so much engaged in the amusements of the country, and in the use of the pen, as to have been unable to drop you a line until the present moment. Before I set out into the pleasures and amusements of this delightful country, however, I must hastily travel with you over the tedious journey of 2,000 miles, from St. Louis, over which distance one is obliged to pass before he reaches the place to which the Missouri is perhaps the last river of all other rivers in the world. There is a terror in its waters which we cannot feel the moment we enter into it from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Missouri, it sweeps off in one unceasing current, and in the whole distance, there is hardly a resting place. Going to the continual falling of its alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having more the appearance (in color of a cup of chocolate than anything else) than I can think of. I have made experiments with a piece of paper and water, and also with a shell which is a much whiter substance, and have ascertained that they contain not the least part of such color of the water. For the distance of about 1,000 miles from St. Louis, the shores of the river, and in many places the whole bed of the stream, are filled with swamp, trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks, their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, and when the spring begins to rise, and when the waters of the stream, form a most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyager. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is high it is almost impossible for the boat to proceed, in consequence of the enormous size of this material, which also lies all over the surface of the water. With what propriety we might call it "the River Stays," I will not undertake to say, but nothing could be more appropriate than to denominate it the "River of Sticks." The scene is not so dreary, for the eye is delightfully relieved over the beautiful prairie, most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance stretching out into velvet of the nearest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. It has herefore been very erroneously represented to the world, that the scenery on this river was monotonous; and instead of its being, as has been so often the case, it is of the most varied and picturesque beauty. This intelligence I have some reason to refer to a set of men, who, if they had been capable of releasing the beauties of Nature, would have passed them in this place without noticing them, for every moment they are trembling for the safety of their petrels, i.e., for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country.

One thousand miles or more of the upper part of the river was to my eye like "fairy land." I was the whole time riveted to the deck of the boat, from which I beheld with rapture the changing scenes of every moment, I cannot so well describe with pen as with my pencil, and have therefore fitted my Pen with a sheet, which it may eventually amuse you to look over. The whole face of the country from St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, (600 miles above the mouth of Yellowstone) is one continued prairie, except the bottoms formed along the river, and the streams which empty into it, which are covered with the green luxurieties of forest timber. The surface level of the prairie is from 200 to 200 feet above the level of the river, forming a valley the whole way for the river, varying in width from two to twenty miles. The river is alternately coming on one bluff to another, which present themselves to the eye in all the most pictursque and beautiful situations of scenery imaginable; gracefully slope down, in the most beautiful groups, to the water's edge; while others, disposed of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colors, standing in the most perfect forms of huge domes, cupules, intervals, towers, and rounded tablets. In distance, some of these are the appearance of ancient cities in ruins, with solitary standing columns, falling domes and ruined edifices. It is amidst these wild haunts that the mountain sheep and the fleet bounding antelope, sport in herds, secure in these rude places, which are inaccessible to their enemies.

If anything did ever literally astonish the nature, it was the approach of the steamboat alongside of their villages. They were assembled, and thousands of them dropped themselves upon the shore, viewing it with wonder and astonishment. Some called it the "Fire boat," others called it the "Madame boat," with eyes, for they declared it saw its own way, and wanted some true help. At this place, from which I am writing, the American Fur Company have a very strong fort, well protected and protected with bastions mounting cannon. This fort was built by, and is now in charge of Mr. McKenzie, who receives all the trade of the northern and western Missouri Indians. This post, and the house and Indian villages which I shall visit on my way down the river, will enable me to get my sketches of the most interesting tribes of Indians in North America, inasmuch as they are less known to the world, and more cleanly in their persons, and more truly dressed than any other Indians on the continent. This tour up the Missouri presents to me the Sioux, Rarceus, Meander, Crow-vesses or Minnetewas, Ansinclote, Cross, Opheyers, Crow's, Black-foot, Snakes, Delawares and Shawanugas. All these nations of Indians speak different languages, and most of them differ in their dress, domestic habits, amusements, &c. and it my life is spared for a few years, my unlearned storytellers will enable me to lay a pretty fair representation of them, together with the other tribes of North America, before the world.

The splendid costume, and elegant taste with which the Crow's and Black-foot dress and ornament themselves, can only be appreciated or realized by those who can see them. I shall devote a future letter entirely to the costume and domestic habits peculiar to each nation, where you will be able to get a detailed account, and form a correct idea of the beauty of their dress and deportment.

As far as my travels have yet led me into the Indian country, I have more than realized my former predictions, that those Indians who could be found most entirely in a state of nature, without the least knowledge of civilized society, would be found to be the most cleanly in their persons—elegant in their dress and manners, and enjoying life to the greatest perfection.

Every one of these red men of the Forest, or rather the "Prussian is a Knight, and a Lord; his squaws are his slaves; the only things which he deems worthy of his attention, is to mount his sporting steed with his bow and quiver slung, his arrow-shot upon his arm, and his long lance glistening in the war parade—or, decorated all of his plumes and trappings, armed with his simple bow and quiver, to plunge his steed amongst the flying herds of buffalo, and with his sinewy bow, which he never beads in vain, to dive deep to life's fountain the whizzing arrow. The Buffalo herds which always grace upon these beautiful prairies in countless numbers, afford them abundance of meat, and so much is it preferred to all others, that the Deer, the Elk, and the Antelope sport upon the prairies in herds in the greatest security, as the Indians never kill them unless they want their skin for a dress.

Whenever Mr. McKenzie's lean house is nearly empty of Beef, he sets out with three or four men on horseback, with two or three carts following at a distance, and without any view of the fort, not within a mile or two they will ride amongst a band of them, and in a few minutes kill ten or twelve of them, selecting the fattest of the herd. These scenes are exceedingly spirited and beautiful, furnishing exactly the subjects for the pencil of any sporting scenes in the world. The horses in the carts are trained to it, and know exactly how to approach the animal without being guided by the bit. A short light gun is used for the purpose. The rider guides his horse at full speed until he has selected the object of his prey—He directs his
Oct 20, 1832.

Horse to hit, then crops his bridle, and the horse at full speed approaches the animal on the right side, within eight or ten feet, when the shot is generally given with such precision through the vital parts of the body that he seldom runs more than an hundred yards before he falls.

I rode in the midst of several of these scenes rather to study them than to stay. In one of them however finding my horse had brought me so fairly along side of a bull of the largest size, I caught, as my horse had, the enthusiasm of the chase, and with my double barrelled piece so disabled him that he was immediately left by the hand. I halted, and saw my comrades sweeping over the prairies, mingled in the midst of the herd, and leaving a few rods their dying victims on the prairie. I was willing to stop the pursuit, for I found that I had luckily disabled my bull that he could make none, or but little advance upon me, although he was continually rising and swelling himself with the most frightful rage, and endeavoring to pitch upon me.

He was a scene for the painter or the statuary, one worthy of the sublime ideas of Michael Angelo. Not the tiger nor the black maned Lion of Africa could I have looked half so furious or frightful. I defy the world to produce an animal, in his looks so furious and frightful as the Buffalo Bull, when he is roused into a rage, with the long shaggy mane covering his shoulders and falling to the ground. In this condition I drew my sketch book from my pocket, and by riding towards and around him, and exciting his fury, I was enabled to catch the very attitudes and expressions that I wanted. The party returning, at length, with some anxiety for my safety, and finding me dismounted and busily engrossed with this infuriated gentleman before me, standing for his likeness, were not a little surprised and amused. When my series of attitudes and expressions were finished, a shot through his head finished the scene.

The health and amusements of this delightful country render it almost painful for me to leave it. The atmosphere is so light and pure that nothing like fevers or epidemics has ever been known to prevail here—indeed it is proverbial here that a man cannot die unless he is killed by the Indians. If the Cholera should ever cross the Atlantic what a secure, and at the same time, delightful refuge this country would be for those who would be able to reach it.

I shall commence descending the river in a few days in a small boat, and shall stop some time at the Mandana and Gros Ventres or Minataree villages, 400 miles below this, which are probably the most interesting villages of Indians which I shall see on the river. From those villages I shall be able to give you some more interesting and amusing details of the manners and customs of these uncivilized and unchristianized sons of the West. Until then adieu.

Your friend & Servt,

GEORGE CATLIN.
NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER
TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

MANDAN VILLAGE, UPPER MISSOURI,

Aug. 5th, 1832.

Dear Sir,—Soon after the date of my last letter from the mouth of Yellowstone, I descended the river in a skiff to this place, where I have resided about two weeks, a guest in the savage nation,—the strangest place in the world, where one sees in the most rapid succession, scenes which force him to sigh—to pity and compassion—to admiration—to disgust—rite fear and astonishment. Here are subjects and scenes worthy the pen of living, or Cooper; rich in legends and romances which would require no aid of the imagination for a picture.

The Mandans, or (See-pola-kue-kuee, "people of the pheasants," as they call themselves, are perhaps one of the most ancient tribes of Indians in our country. They take great pride in relating their traditions with regard to their origin—contending that they were the first people created on earth. Their village is undoubtedly of very ancient origin, and from what I could learn of their traditions, they have, at a former period, been a very numerous and powerful nation; but by the continual wars which have existed between them and their neighbors, they have been reduced to the number of 1500 or 1600 souls.

Their village is situated on the Bank, in one of the most beautiful valleys on the River. The ground on which it is built was admirably selected for defense, being on a bank sixty or fifty feet above the bed of the River. The greater part of this bank is nearly perpendicular, and of solid rock.

The River suddenly changing its course to a right angle, protects two sides of the village, which is built upon this promontory or angle; they have therefore but one side to present, which is effectually stopped by a strong pile, and a ditch, thrown up, of three or four feet in depth. They are undoubtedly secure in their village from the attacks of any Indian nation, and have nothing to fear except when they meet their enemies on the prairie. Their village has a most strange appearance to the eye of a stranger; their lodges are closely grouped together, leaving but just room enough for walking and riding between them. They appear from without to be built entirely of dirt, but one is surprised, when the interior door, to see the neatness, exactness, and apparent dimensions of these earth-covered dwellings. They all have a circular form, and are from fifty to sixty feet in diameter. Their roofs are formed of poles of six or eight inches in diameter, with the butt and in the ground, and posted so thick as to touch each other—the poles nearly meeting at the top, leaving an aperture of fourteen feet in diameter, answering for a chimney and a sky-light at the same time. These poles are supported in the middle by large beams, and over their tops is laid a close mat of willows, which protects them from the dampness of the earth, with which they are covered, at about a foot in the knoe.

The floors of these dwellings are of earth, but as hard, and swept so clean, that they have a bright polish, and would not soil the whitest linens. In the center, and immediately under the sky-light, is the fireplace; a hole of foot to foot in diameter, on which the women sit, and around which is their family and all their companions. They all sleep together, and if one is ill, they all sleep longer. Their women wear long skirts, up to their knees, fastened together by a buffalo hide, and then held down as low as they can make them, which is out of the way.

The Mandans have nothing in their person to appear or demonstrate to distinguish them in any considerable degree from the neighboring Indians, excepting the singular appearance of their hair. In this particular, they are different, I believe, from all Indians in the world. Their hair has all the shades and variety of colors that are to be seen amongst white society. Many children, male and female, at the age of 10 or 12 years, are seen with their hair of a bright silvery grey, and some almost perfectly white.

Many of the young women are entirely and some of them extremely beautiful. They usually wear their hair very long, and whilst young and unmarried they dress with much neatness, and practice more pure, native modesty, in their dress and demeanor, than any female society that I ever was in. If modesty be a virtue, it would be well if some of our fashionable ladies could study from these simple models, beautiful white skin dresses extend from their chins down, quite to the ground, and are studiously turned to Lang bars over their bodies, without showing any thing of the shape of the person; instead of dressing and covering themselves up into coats and petticoats, as our fair ladies do, to attract the gaze and admiration of the world. Their dresses are made of the skins of the mountain sheep, which they consider preferable to all others, being softer, of finer texture, and much lighter. These skins are so ingeniously dressed that they leave, around the neck, down the sides, and around the bottom, a border of the skin with the hair on, which is cut into a kind of fringe having a very simple, and appearance of service. They are ornamented in a great variety of ways with porcupine quills, bands of different colors, silver, bronze, and shells. After becoming moist, that blushing modesty in a great degree disappears, and they wear a dress made of elk skin, a copper material, shorter and better calculated for the labors which they have to perform, as slaves to their hands.

Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of our brush. Soon after arriving in their village, I invited and painted the two principal chiefs; in a very few minutes after having finished them, it seemed as if the whole village was crowding upon me to see them. I was obliged to stop painting, and place them high in a conspicuous place, where all could see them. The likenesses were recognized, and some remarked yelling, some singing and others yelling. The next curiosity was to see me, and great was the rush upon me that I was in danger of suffocation. The eager curiosity and expression of astonishment with which they gazed upon me, plainly shows that they considered me some strange being. They soon learned that I was the greatest medicine man in the world, for they said I had made living beings—men they could see them laugh, and if they could laugh they would speak, do, and must be alive. The squaws soon raised a cry against me in the village, saying that I was a dangerous man, that if I could make living persons by looking at them, I could kill them when I pleased, and that some bad luck would happen to those whom I painted. In this way they excited fears in the minds of a number of Chiefs who had agreed to sit; my operations were, of course, completed at a stand. I finally had an interview with a number of them, and assured them that I was but a man, like themselves—that my art had no medicine or mystery about it, but could be learned by any of them if they pleased; they could practice it as long as I had—that my intentions towards them were of the most friendly kind—and that in the country where I lived, brave men never allowed their squaws to frighten them with their boisterous whines, stories, &c.; they all immediately arose, shook me by the hand, and dressed themselves for their pictures. They all sleep with their heads turned so as to make easier pictures. After that about sitting, all were ready to sit—the squaws were silent—and my painting room a continued resort for them, where they waited with impatience to see the completion of each picture, that they could laugh, sing a new song, &c. I was then often sat at in rooms in the world, and led to their lodge, where a feast was prepared for me in their best style. In this manner I was taken from one lodge to another, and treated in the most cordial manner. There
is a universal disposition in the Indian character to admire curious works of art, and particularly for paintings, for which they seem to have the greatest passion: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they were astonished at the operation so novel and unthought of by them, and that I should, for once in my life, have been considered a great man and a great painter.

These people are singular in their manner of treating their dead; they erect upon scaffolds of a little distance from their village, after having been enveloped in many folds of skin and closely laced with cords from head to foot. These scaffolds are built simply with four posts and piles across, just high enough to be above the reach of hands. On these the body thus enclosed is laid and remains so to decay. They often place the most costly ornaments of the richest cloth; tongs, dress, &c. over them, which are laid sacred by the living, and are left to decay with the body.

They generally fasten a wooden dish to the scaffold that the deceased may be able to drink when he is thirsty; and the squaws who are nearest related to the deceased regularly carry meat and water, and place them on the scaffold that they may not suffer from hunger or thirst. Whenever the scaffold decays, and the bones fall, the relatives take the skull, which is perfectly bleached, and carry it to a place a little distance from the scaffold, where the skulls are collected, and arranged on the ground in the form of a circle, to a very great number. In this curious arrangement the greatest precision has been observed in placing them in a circle, and at equal distances, with their faces all looking into the centre. The squaws who recognize how the skulls of their husbands, their children, do regularly pay to them their devotions. They are often to be seen lying flat upon their faces, embracing these skulls—shedding tears upon them—talking to them and offering them something to eat. Each one of them is rested on a bunch of wild sage, which is always removed and renewed as soon as it wilts and decays. These skulls and their order are preserved with the greatest religious veneration, and are perfectly protected, for their superstition is such that no one would dare to violate the order of this arrangement.

I spent many an hour in this interesting study of the Crocodile and Pheasant. I made many notes, and a variety of drawings, which are for the curious—which I may speak in a future epistle, but for which I have no room at present.

About three miles distant from the Mandan Village is what is called "The Little Mandan Village," containing forty or fifty lodges, built in the same manner, and the inhabitants in all respects the same, being a part of the same nation. Seven or eight miles up the river are three villages of Gros-Ventres or Minnetarees; their villages are built in the same manner as that of the Mandans, yet they are a nation entirely distinct from the Mandans, speaking a different language. The two nations live, however, in perfect harmony and friendship, and are always ready to join in the common cause of mutual defence. These are the largest and best built Indians on the river. They are a very warlike nation, and the number of men rapidly diminishing from their continued efforts to organize themselves in war. They are also a part of the Great Nation. They speak the same language, and still imitate them in all respects the same, being a part of the same nation. They were divided all of their dress, except a small light robe which is kept exclusively for that purpose, thrown around the waist and carelessly tied.

An old Chief offered me a fine horse to ride, which I mounted and swept off in the flying throng to see the sport. We were soon in sight of the interfere-headed, who knew not of their danger until they were completely surrounded by the enemy; here, there, several missiles were put to any military exertion. The arrows struck rapidly and fell as a body, but the first cavalry charge so rapidly in front of them, waving the small rope in their hands and raising their shrill yells, that they turned about in confusion, and bent their course in a different direction, where they also met their yelling foes advancing in the rear. They renewed again, during which time they were so closely hemmed in that they rushed together in a mass, in the greatest confusion, being able to move in no other form than in a circle. The Indians then commenced riding round them in a ring, and having closely hemmed them in, the wounding arrows began to fly, and the work of death went on. When the event has been concluded, the skull-thrown in the midst of the best confusion of the struggle, and the instant their feet were upon the ground, the small rope from their waist was drawing on their hands in readiness for the Bull, which he expects is plunging upon him, quicker than lightning, when the animal has made his last leap, which is to cause his assistant to death. The rope is thrown over his horns and face. The Indian leaps by his side, and quicker than thought his arrow flies to the heart. About fifteen minutes closed thisscene, all was silent; about 300 were slain, and not one of the band escaped. Though the scene had been so spirited and picturesque that I looked upon it with rapt feelings of delight, and it could not be in upon this field of slain, who had so nobly died, without feelings of pity and regret.

In my next letter, I will endeavor to give you some idea of the religious ceremonies at these grandeur expeditions, to which I was witness for four days, in which they fast and abstain from drinking, and then commence inflicting tortures upon themselves by cutting their bodies and limbs, in a manner too shocking to describe—passing sticks through them—hanging themselves by these wounds—draining heavy weights, &c. &c. Though shocking to the feelings of humanity, yet a description of it may be interesting to the people of the East, who are ignorant of what is actually transpiring in this Western World.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE CATLIN.

The Upper Missouri.—We have the pleasure of re-ceiving a third letter from our friend Cats—man, formerly of this city, as we hope he will be again—written from the Great West. We know not where to address him, or we should have adopted a less public method of tendering him our thanks for his very interesting and popular letters. Perhaps he will find a subscribing number of the present sheet somewhere, although we have but few subscribers among the Mandan and Sioux Chippewas—and of he does, we hereby assure him that his well-written, graphic, and picturesque communications, are most welcome, and we hope he will continue them as long as he is traversing the great Prairies of the West—or drifting upon its mighty rivers, or conversing with the fierce and headlong red men of those "interior vast and desolate."
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.
MANDAN VILLAGE, Upper Missouri, August 12, 1852.

Dear Sir—I would gladly shrink from the undertaking which I am now about to commence, did I not feel bound by the proofs in my last letter, to give you a description of an annual religious ceremony, which I witnessed a short time since, in this village, in company with two other gentlemen, who were with me in continual attendance for four days, that we might lose nothing of this strange exhibition. With my enthusiasm for the Indian character, I took great interest in witnessing every form and feature of these rites, and consequently was most of the time too much engaged to think of my meals.

From the high standing I held amongst them as a "Medicine man," in consequence of my art, I gained admission into the Medicine Lodge, with two friends, where we witnessed the whole preparation of their secret medicines and their sacred operations, together with the horrible scenes of cruelty which they practised upon their own bodies.

Before I proceed further, however, I will detain you for a moment to give you some idea of their Religious creed, and then proceed with my description. I found, by close investigation, that they believe in the existence of a Great (Good) Spirit, and also in the existence of a Bad Spirit, who they say existed long before the Good Spirit, and is far superior in power. They all believe in a future existence, and in a future state of rewards and punishments, and (as I have yet visited) they believe that punishment is not eternal, but commensurate with their sins. These people live in an atmosphere where they suffer extremely from cold in the severity of their winters, their very naturally reversed our ideas of Heaven and Hell. The latter they describe to be a country very far to the north, of barren and hideous aspect, and covered with eternal snows. The torments of this freezing place they describe as most excruciating. Whilst Heaven they suppose to be in a warmer and delightful latitude, where nothing is felt but the keenest enjoyment, and where the country abounds in buffalo and other luxuries of life. God (or the Great Spirit) they believe dwells in Hell, for the purpose of there meeting those who have offended him, increasing the agony of their sufferings by being himself present, and administering the penalties. The Bad Spirit they conceive to be in Heaven, still tempting the happy, whose happiness is increased by their successful resistance of his temptations.—Their belief is that those who go to Hell are tormented there and suffer for a time proportioned to the amount of their transgressions, and that they are then to be transferred to the land of the happy, where they are again liable to the temtations of the Devil, and answerable again at a future period, for their new transgressions.

The Annual Ceremony (or k-e-ke-pa, as they call it) is by them considered a religious ceremony, wherein, by inflicting punishments of the most cruel and painful kind, upon their own bodies, they expect to appease the Almighty, receive pardon for their sins past, and a promise of future success in hunting, and in battles with their enemies.

It is also observed, partly in commemoration of the event of the subside of the flood, (me-ne-to-ka-ha-cha,) of which, their traditions and manner of conducting these ceremonies afford abundant proof that they have some knowledge, and the strict adherence to the celebration of which event they look upon as an indispensable part of their religious worship. The continual herds of buffalo which approach their village throughout the year and supply them with abundance of meat, they suppose to be brought in, in consequence of this ceremony, which they consider absolutely necessary for their approach. In the centre of their village is a circular area of 120 feet in diameter, which is kept vacant for all their shows and public ceremonies. One of the lodges fronting this circle is called the Medicine Lodge. (Te-chu-pa) being 35 feet in diameter, and never opened except for the performance of some of their mysteries or ceremonies. During all these occasions, the most rigid rules of decency are observed, to the exclusion of strangers, and even of the their own villagers, excepting such as are by their honors or renown, entitled to admission.

The season of the year when this celebration takes place is uniformly as soon as the trees are in full leaf, at which season the morning dew makes his appearance amongst them, and they say that the twig which he brought had full grown leaves upon it. This bird they have a high veneration for, and it being medicine with them, they never kill it. On the morning of the day previous to the commencement of these ceremonies, there appears on the prairie, at a distance, a man whom they all recognize as (Nu-mah-kuck-umah) the first of men, who by slow degrees approaches and enter the village with a great deal of form and ceremony, as if he had just arrived from the west. His body is painted red, his robe of four white wolf skins, his head-dress of two raven skins, and in his hand he holds a pipe of large dimensions. At his approach the Medicine Lodge is opened, and prepared by covering the floor of it with the branches of green willow—perfuming it with the most fragrant herbs which can be collected—and placing in several parts of it a curious display of buffalo and human skulls. During this preparation he visits every lodge in the village, and demands from every one a knife or other edged tool, which is readily given to be sacrificed, for he says, "with these things the great name was built." These articles are kept in the Medicine Lodge with the greatest veneration until the ceremonies are over, and they are then sacrificed by throwing them into the water.

At sunrise on the following morning, Nu-mah-kuck-umah, or first man, opens and enters the Medicine Lodge. After him follow a considerable number of young men, who are to do penance by inflicting tortures upon their own persons. They are almost entirely naked, and their bodies painted with clay—some yellow, some white, and some red. Each one brings with him his arms and medicine—the first consisting of his bow and quiver, shield, or arrow fender, lance, &c. and the latter, (pah-ah-neesh-kah-ki-ah) of the skins of animals or birds, dried, stuffed, and ornamented in a variety of ways. These are suspended over the heads of their appropriate owners, who line at equal distances around the sides of the lodge.

After these, enters (Oh-ke-ke-pa-kah-eh-eh, kitchen, or conductor of the ceremonies,) his body painted red, with a headdress, gown, or girdle, about his loins, and his cap of white buffalo skin; he at this time receives the large pipe from the other who leaves the lodge and immediately returns again to the west, and does not again make his approach until the next annual celebration.

This man, after receiving the pipe, is considered the greatest medicine man in the village, and is master of ceremonies during the occasion. He takes charge of the lodge, remaining in it four days and nights without eating or drinking, during the whole of which time he is crying and wailing at a most hideous rate and strictly guarding the persons who are under his charge, and not allowed to leave the lodge, or to partake of food or drink. During the three first days there are a great variety of dances and curious songs and ceremonies, performed in front of the medicine lodge by persons fantastically dressed and painted for the purpose. These dances and ceremonies are performed around a circle of six feet in diameter, and ten feet in height, which stands in front of the medicine lodge, containing some of their most sacred medicines, preserved with great veneration as the symbol of the Ark, or "great Canoe," as their traditions call it. On the first day the ceremonies are in the second, eight times; in the third, twelve, and in the fourth, sixteen times. The principal acts in these
The body was sectional, and a wreath of willows in each hand, performing the Buffalo dance; two men, naked—their bodies painted black with the skin of a grisly Bear thrown over them; two men, intended to represent that animal—two boys, naked, their bodies and faces black, and spotted with white—representing the sky or firmament—two boys, naked faces and bodies red, with stripes of white, up and down, representing ghosts—two men, naked, bodies and heads white, representing bald eagles—a great number of boys, bodies yellow, head and feet white, called cubri or antelope—four very aged men with sacks of water on which they beat with a sick in time with the other music. These sacks (Ed-tul-dere) are made of the skin of the Bull Buffalo’s neck, in the form of a large tortoise, which they admirably represent, each containing several gallons of water, which has been kept tightly enclosed in them from time immemorial, and with their vibration, they cannot venture to exchange. Two men with a rattle in each hand, (Ed-mu-dre, or she-shak-quay, rattles, in form of a gourde shell,) which are violently shaken as an accompaniment to their voices, which, with the above, constitute the music for a variety of strange dances and manœuvres too numerous to mention in this place. It would require a volume to describe the grotesque and apparently ridiculous performances of this strange group, their officers, characters, symbols, &c. On the third day, and during these dancing scenes, the whole village appears to be suddenly thrown into the greatest consternation by the approach of a man who is running about in the prairie, apparently in great trouble, and gradually approaching the village, which he at length enters, running through every part of it as if he were in great distress; his body is entirely naked, and painted black—his face frightfully painted with white or red, and his hair a long red or yellow painted white. He is called by them the Eth Spirit; he runs into the lodges and out again with the greatest eagerness, and is continually interrupted in his attempts of impropriety by the greatest acuteness of the master of ceremonies, who continually threatens him with the animal and the females who are running and screaming for protection. His wand is wrested from him at length, and the village again restored to tranquility.

On the fourth day a scene commences of a nature almost too shocking and appalling to be related, and at the recollection of which I always shudder when I recur to it. The Spanish Inquisition in all its horrors could hardly surpass in cruelty the scenes which I witnessed here, and which I was supported and enabled to look upon only from the consideration that these were the voluntary infirmities upon their own bodies. Wrack and exhausted from fasting and thirsting for four days and nights, one of these poor fellows, at a time near the corner of the lodge, where resting upon his knees and his head inclined downward, he submits to the operation to which he is alluded to perform these acts of cruelty—They take up between the thumb and finger, an inch and a half of skin and flesh, with a portion of the temporal muscle, on the back side of each shoulder—and force a large knife through it, which is made dull at the point that it may produce as much pain as possible. After the knife is withdrawn, from these invasions, or piercing, splints, the size of a man’s thumb, are forced through them; these splints are attached a couple of cords descending from the top of the lodge, by which he is drawn until his feet are nearly relieved from the ground. Then in the same manner the knife is passed and splinters of arrow, put through the Intumens on the arm below the shoulder (over the Brachialis extensor) below the elbow (over the extensor carpi radiale) on the third, fifth, and seventh, on the arm. Attached to these splints are his bow and arrow, his shield, his lance and medium bows, with two, three and sometimes as many as four Bull Buffalo’s heads, and horns.

With all these weights attached to them, he is gradually raised by the cords until all these appendages are free, and his feet six or seven feet above the ground; in this condition, with the blood flowing in streams from his hands and feet he hangs in the most exquisite agony, until the time was completed at which he found to be when interpreted his earnest prayers to the Almighty to spare his life to receive the same that he may be successful in battle, and always have buffalo in abundance for his subsistence. As soon as one was thus suspended, the same operation was performed on a second, a third, and fourth, &c. until the wounds and mangled parts of the body, which was becoming like a human slaughter house, sickened me to the heart and the stomach. Sometimes eight or ten were likewise put into this condition by the blow, and others by the muscles in the breast.) Without, apparently, exciting in the faces of their friends, who were about them, the least expression of sympathy or compassion. The length of time that they were suspended, was sometimes half, and at others a whole hour, depending on the constitution and bodily vigor of the subject; for they were never let down until they had bled from exhaustion, and every external appearance of ceasing life had entirely vanished. They were then gradually lowered to the ground, and left to rise when they could rise by themselves, without the aid of anyone. When they were able to do this, they advanced to another part of the lodge, where they sacrificed one, two or three fingers by laying them on the skull of a buffalo’s head, when they were struck off by a hatchet. After these transactions within the lodge are completed, he is arched out from the lodge with all their weights dragging after them, where, in the circular area, in presence of the whole village, who are here assembled, a severe takes place of a still more appalling nature, and to the sufferers, still more excruciating than the preceding were described. Around their emblem of the ark an hundred or more young men, naked, holding each other by the hand, their bodies painted in all varieties of colors and curious forms, commence a rotary movement with the greatest velocity possible, uniting their voices in the most piercing yells of lamentations. Outside of this circle are the bleeding patients, each one with an athletic man on each side of him, who take them by the forehead; these fastened around the waist, and commence running around the circles with all speed that is possible, and violently urge them forward, until, from weakness and exhaustion they begin to falter, and at length sink down into the dirt, where they are still kept down until all appearance of life is gone, and until all the articles attached to their wounds have torn out and been left; to effect which it is often necessary for several of them to jump on them with the whole weight of their bodies.

They are then left, apparently in a helpless condition, until they rise of themselves and walk away. While lying in this position many fine pieces of ribbons, guns, horses, &c. are brought and placed by them, which their squaws come and carry to their lodge.

Here ends this cruel and barbarous ceremony, which, in frequent instances, they have not bodily strength to survive and die in the operation. Many however, submit to these tortures every year, for the greater part of their lives, and their limbs appear completely mangled and disfigured by scars.

It is impossible to describe the feelings one has while witnessing a scene of this kind; to look about him and realize that a scene so much like a dream is reality—that men of stable form, with wisdom in their looks, should be acting so stupid a travel in all the prime of earnest devotion: and that such has been the mark of this form which each evolving year for centuries past has brought about, whilst the rapid march and brightness of civilized improvement have illuminated the world, yet left them not a spark, nor, with all their knowledge and improvements, dreamed of what is done and doing in the West in the World.

I have made four paintings which will embrace the whole of these scenes, and I intend to publish them with the world with the certificates of the two gentlemen who were with me, that I have nothing external which might be in order.

The strange and interesting traditions of these people with regard to their ceremonies and for this annual ceremony in all its forms and practices will be a subject for future notice.

Allen 1837.

Geo. Catlin.
NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENT

STANTON'S VILLAGE, Monday, Feb. 18.

Dear Sir:

I hear that I have already tried your patience with my notes on these curious people, but I must add the risk of shedding you yet one more piece of information, which I should dislike to have unknown to you.

In my last letter I proposed to give some account of the traditions of the Mandan Indians relating to their origin, and their reasons for observing the annual ceremony described in my last letter. As I have already resisted their appeals for another instalment on earth, I will not then trouble you with anecdotes of the characteristic inscriptions of these strange people. I find that they are all of one belief with regard to their antiquities, and all are anxious to change their beliefs, or at least their doubts in their minds.

According to their traditions, they were the first people created in the world, and they originally lived on the earth. They say that a vine had grown through the corn-fields of a very great height, and that thereon came a vine-clad child that could seat itself on the top of the earth. These children, the Mandan Village, were of the beautiful forms and colors about them, and many buffalos, killed and found that it was used to the extent of their returning and relating what they had seen, when a number of them went up and witnessed some strange things. Among these were some who were endeavoring to rush up as a very large, fat woman, who was advised not to go up, but she did so, and was thrown from the vine. She was described as being the cause of great calamity which could never be prevented, because it could not be escaped, and she was soon shut out. They commenced the Mandan Village where it now stands, and the remains of those who have since remained under this ground.

To this last letter was added a symposium theory as interpreted by their last chief of standing authority, and in which the people were deceived by their belief, and must be taken as such. This theory will hardly be well received by the world, but if anyone had said that the vine was not, there, or that it was, the people would have a strong argument in support of his theory at the earth.

These peoples have some traditional knowledge of the destruction of the earth by water, which is not the destruction itself. This manner of forming the annual ceremonies, described in my last letter, should be understood as proof of this fact, as well as many other proofs which have been brought under the observation of the people, but which are not necessary to mention in this place. When, and in what manner they obtained this knowledge, is a subject for curious speculation; for which purpose my particular interpolations have been made for many curious and interesting stories from the inhabitants of this place, and which I will mention in my next letter.

I have devoted this time in my notes on the Mandan.

Your obedient servant,

[Signature]

Feb. 20, 1843.
because they are, a nation of Indians, in their personal appearance, manners, and customs, and traditions, so entirely different from all other Indians on the Continent. In their languages, they are still more peculiar and distinct; for it is so entire and unlike all others, that it is said not to have in it one single word corresponding with, or bearing a resemblance to, any language known among the Indian nations. Their language is so extremely difficult to acquire, that none of the neighboring Indians know any thing of it: and the traveler who has lived ten years amongst them, and been in continual familiarity with them, tells me, that he has yet but an imperfect knowledge of it.

Note.—St. Louis, Oct. 30th.—Since writing the above, I which I had no means of transmitting to this place money than by my own packet, I have succeeded in descending the River in safety for 3000 miles, in a small skiff, with two men at the oars, and myself at the helm, steering it course the whole way amongst the saiga. This part of my journey has been the most dangerous, yet the most delightful of my whole tour. Our skill was generally landed at night, on the point of some projecting, to rest and bar, where we straightened our limbs on our buffalo pelts, secure from the annoyance of mosquitoes, and out of the walks of Indians and grizzly bears. In addition to the opportunity which this descending tour has afforded me, of visiting all the tribes of Indians on the River, and leisurely filling my mind with the beautiful scenery which it shows present—the scenery river was raised and satisfied—the swan, ducks, geese, and pelican—the deer, antelope, elk and buffalo, were stretched by our rifles, and sometimes—“pull boys! pull, and carry! for your lives pull, or we are gone!”

Often landed my skiff and mounted the green carpeted bluffs, whose soft grassy tops invited me to recline; where I was at once lost in contemplation. Soul melting scenery that was about me! A place, where the mind could think volumes, but the tongue must be silent that would speak, and the hand pulse that would write. A place, where a Heron would confess he had fancied Paradise—where the pelican’s beak would have its beautiful tints—the blood-stirring notes of eagles would die in their utterance—and even the soft notes of sweet music would hardly preserve a spark to light the soul again, that had passed this sweet delirium.

I mean the Prairie, whose enamelled plains lie beneath me, in distance, falling into sweetness like an essence: whose thousand thousand velvet-covered hills, (surely never formed by chance, but grooved in one of Nature’s sportive moods)–tossing, and leaping down with steep or graceful declivities to the River’s edge, as if to grace its pictured shores and make it “a thing to look upon.” I mean the Prairie at evening, when the green hill-tops are turned into gold—and their long shadows of melancholy are thrown over the valleys—when all the breathings of day are hushed, and naught but the soft notes of the singing dove, can be heard, or the still softer and more plaintive notes of the wolf, who walks through these scenes of enchantment and mournfully howls as if awsone, and lost in the too beautiful quiet and stillness; about him I mean the Prairie, where Heaven sheds its purest light and sheds its richest tints; where the foot treads soft and light, whose sleep-side beds rear me to the skies—overlooking yonder pictur’d vale of beauty—this solitary Caleb poor, which tells a tale of genius, that was keenly felt, and tenderly, but long since softened in the march of time, and lost in the vast and far-branching contemplations, so tenant of this stately mound, how solitary thy habitation! Here Heaven smiled from thee thy ambition, and made thee the sleeping monarch of this land of silence.

Stronger! Oh how the mystic web of sympathy linking soul and heart and the affections! I know there not, but it was enough: the arrow told, and I, a solitary wanderer through thy land, have stopped to depopular tears upon thy grave. Pardon this rush from a stranger’s eye; for they are all that that can have in this strange land, where friends and dear relations are not allowed to pluck a flower, and drop a tear to freshen recollections of domestic past.

Stronger when: With streaming eyes I leave thee again, and thy three land, to grateful solitude. My pen shall faithfully trace thy beautiful habitation, and long shall live in the world, and wander the region of thy grave.
NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 19.

FRANCIS P. WRIGHT—We have again the pleasure of presenting to our readers another communication from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Geo. Catlin, Esq. By accident the month is obliterated in the copy, and we therefore leave it blank.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis—4th, 1832.

Since I arrived in this place I have been shut up like a hermit in my cave, retouching and finishing my numerous sketches of country, physiognomy, manners and customs, which I have collected on my tour through the vast and wild regions of "Upper Missouri." Surrounded as I am in my studio with sketches which continually live up to my mind a repetition of so many pleasing scenes which I passed through, I cannot help troubling you at intervals, with a few of my occasional reflections relative to the customs of that strange land, leaving my notes on the Sioux—Pawnees—Otous—Mahas—Pawnee—Kanzas, &c. &c. for future consideration.

A traveler on his tour through such a country has no time to write, and scarcely time enough to moralize; it is as much as he can well do to look out for his scalp and something to eat. Impressions however, of the most vivid kind, are rapidly and indelibly made by the fleeting incidents of savage life; and for my mind that can ruminate upon the subject with pleasure, there are abundant materials clinging to it for its endless entertainment in driving the quill when he gets back. The mind susceptible of such impressions catches volumes of incidents which are easy to write—it is but to unfold a web which the fascinations of that strange country and its allurements have spun over the soul—it is but to paint the splendid Panorama of a world entirely different from any thing seen or painted before, with its thousands of miles and tens of thousands of grassy hills and dales, where nought but silence reigns, and where the soul of contemplative mould is lifted up to God. What man in the world, I would ask, ever ascended to the pinnacle of one of Missouri's green carpeted Bluffs, a thousand miles remove from his own familiar land, and giddily gazed over the innumerable and boundless ocean of grass covered hills and valleys which extend beneath him, where the plumes of silences are complete—where not even the voice of the sappy grass or forest is heard—without feeling a sweet melancholy come over him which seemed to raise his soul above the world?

It is but to paint a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws but those of honor are known—where the oak and the pine gave way to the cotton-wood and pecan—where the buffalo range the elk, mountain sheep, and the fleet bounding antelope—where the snaggy and chattering partridges, supply the place of the red-breast and blue bird,—where wolves are white and bears grizzly,—where pleasanter are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horned—the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in heart. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs call wolves—women all alacres—men all lords. The sun, and rats alone (of all the list of old acquaintance) could be recognized, in this country of strange metamorphosis. The former shell every where his old familiar rays and苗木, Rapaqua was hailed as an old acquaintance, which it gave me pleasure to meet, though he had grown a little more savage in his looks.

In traversing these vast wilds, it gave me great satisfaction to find nearly all the savage tribes on the Upper Missouri and its tributaries, to the Rocky Mountains, enjoying the comfort of life to a great degree, in a climate delightful and healthy, and a country abounding in most parts with game which supplies them with plenty of food, being supplied by the American Fur Company with arms, ammunition, and other necessaries of life, for which they pay in furs and peltries on the return from their lone hunts. Since they have learned the use of firearms, clothes. &c., it has become necessary to furnish them with these articles annually, to prevent them from going to the British Company, who stand ready to supply then and monopolize the fur trade in our own country, and cultivate an influence over them extremely dangerous to our frontiers.

There is no other manner in which this supply can be so regularly and effectually made, and the friendship of these powerful nations so well secured, as by the extensive means now used by the American Fur Company—who have, at immense expense, established a variety of trading posts amongst them, and so fortified them as to render them invulnerable to assaults from any Indian force which can be brought against them. These forts are always kept abundantly supplied with goods at an uniform price, and the friendship and trade of the Indians thereby secured. My opinion has been (with that of the world) that the proffit resulting to the Company were very great; but having witnessed the extreme difficulties of transporting their goods to that country—of extending their trade to the mountains—the enormous expenses of the establishment, and the continued liability to heavy losses, I should very much doubt whether the profits, at this time, could be considerable.

To add to the many difficulties which this Company has had to encounter, Congress have added another by prohibiting the further introduction of spirituous liquors into this country, which act (if continued in force) will undoubtedly destroy all prospects of trade in that section of the country, and greatly endanger the lives of persons employed in it. The manner in which these nations of Indians use spirituous liquors, is entirely without any pernicious effects which it produces amongst the border line tribes, where whiskey is so easily obtained that they fall miserable victims to its baneful influence.

Very nearly all the Indians with whom this Company trade, are obliged to pay so high a price for this article, that they can afford to drink but little; it is sipped in small and precious draughts, and is at the same time absolutely necessary for conciliating and securing their friendship. Though rare and scanty the libation in which they can indulge, yet, so much does these wild nations value a drink and a speech, on the return from their long hunts, that it would be impossible to secure their trade without indulging them in the use of it. Nearly all these nations can trade as easily to the British Company's posts, as to those of the American Fur Company. The British Company will always be ready to supply them, even more abundantly with spirituous liquors, and take all their furs.

The consequence will then be that the British Company will monopolize all the Fur Trade in our own country, and with the aid of this powerful stimulant, they will be enabled to gratify their ulterior feelings of jealousy by successfully exciting the savages against our own trading posts, whose business will not only be completely annihilated, but the lives of our citizens in that country be placed in imminent danger, and the evil which Congress designed to remedy, not in the least removed.

If it be an object to secure to the United States, any part of the fur trade of our country, the members of Congress who would take the least pains to inform themselves on the subject, would soon see the necessity of preventing that law. Let them be aware that the British Company have already established several strong posts within our own territory, on the Columbia River taking all the trade, and extending their influence over all those numerous nations of Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains. These posts are rapidly growing into flourishing colonies; British influence increasing over our immense frontiers in an alarming degree. The successful resistance which the American Fur Company have made to this growing influence, by great and strenuous efforts, to secure the trade and friendship of the Indians in the Missouri and its tributaries, has been, and will continue to be, of immense benefit to our country. But the certain consequences of that prohibition will be to counteract all of those beneficial results; and so soon as the present stock of liquors in the country, is exhausted, to endanger the property and lives of all traders, and even of Indian Agents, in that section of country.

[To be concluded in next issue]
My heart has sometimes almost bled with pity for them, while amongst them, and witnessing their happy sports, I have contemplated the inevitable bane that was rapidly advancing upon them without the aid of the protecting arm of government, which could easily shield them from vice, and civilize them (if necessary) with virtues.

With what degree of happiness these sons of nature may attain to in the world, or in what proportion they may relish the pleasures of life, compared to the sum of happiness belonging to civilized society, has long been a subject of much doubt, and one which I cannot undertake to decide at this time. If the thirst for knowledge has not extinguished every vestige of the primeval period, they have been led to a refined and intellectual enjoyment in proportion to our intellectual pleasures. I do not see that we gain much advantage of them on that score; and judging from the full-toned enjoyment which beams from their happy faces, I should give it as my opinion, that their lives were much more happy than ours; that, if the word happiness is properly applied to the enjoyment of those who have not experienced the light of the Christian religion. I have long looked with the eye of a critic, into the jovial faces of these sons of the forest, unfurrowed with care—where the agonizing feeling of poverty had never stamped distress upon the brow. I have watched the bold, intrepid step—the proud, self-denied deportment of nature's man, in fearless freedom, with a soul unalloyed by mercenary lusts, too great to yield to laws or power, except from God. As these noble fellows are all joint-tenants of the soil, they are all rich, and none of the stirrings of comparative poverty can strangle their just claims to renown. Who (I would ask) can look without admiring into a society where peace and harmony prevail—where virtue is cherished—where rights are protected, and wrongs are redressed—without laws but the laws of honor, which are the supreme laws of their land. Trust the boasted virtues of civilized society for a while, with all its intellectual refinements, to such a tribunal, and then write down the degradation of the "lawless savage" and our transcendent virtues.

As these people have no laws, the sovereign right of summary redress lies in the breast of the party (or friends of the party) aggrieved; and infinitely more dreaded is the certainty of cruel revenge from the licensed hands of an offended savage, than the slow and uncertain vengeance of the law. I have no time to write, yet I cannot help but make remarks; and since I have returned to my own native land, with its boasted laws and institutions, and found it in connection—"the fairest pen to pieces, and gazettes swimming with horrible outrage upon God's Holy Law, by the very Oracles of Religion, I often look back to the West, and almost name myself an anarchist and savage.

If you think me an enthusiast, be it so; for I deny it not. It has ever been the predominant passion of my soul to seek Nature's wildest haunts, and give my hand to Nature's men. Legends of these and visits to those, filled the earliest page of my juvenile impressions. The tablet has stood, and I am an enthusiast for God's works as He left them. The soil tale of my native Valley, has been beautiful song, and from the flight of 'Germania's' soul, my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleased and admiration worked a charm.

A journey of four thousand miles from the Atlantic shore, regularly receding from the centre of civilized society to the extreme wildness of nature's original home and back again; opens a book for an interesting tale to be sketched; and the mind which lives but to relish the works of nature, reaps a reward of a much higher order than can arise from the selfish expectations of pecuniary emolument. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any encomium which the knowing people of the East, are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the
West: by this I mean the "Far West"—the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the minds almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people even know the true definition of the term "West"—and where is its location?—phantom-like it flies before us as we travel, and our way is continually gilded, before us, as we approach the setting sun.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my traveling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened back to amuse their friends with scenes of the West—at Buffalo a steamboat was landed, and with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "from the West." In the rich state of Ohio hundreds were selling their farms and going to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati people said to me "our town has seen its best days, it is not far enough West."—In St. Louis, my landlord assured me that I would be pleased with her boards, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I asked "Where come those steamboats laden with pork, honey, hides, &c." from the "West."—"Whence those ponderous bars of silver which these men have for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?"—they come from the West—"Where goes this steamboat so richly laden with dry-goods, steam engines, &c.—she goes to Jefferson City."—"Jefferson City?"—"Where is that?"—"far to the West.—"And where goes that boat laden down to her cunnele, the Yellow Stone?"—She goes still farther to the West—then said I, "I'll go to the West." Two thousand miles on her and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone—at the West. "What invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West! And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen who have just arrived and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey, who are they?" Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West,—"And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods!"—"These, Sir, are outfits for the West. "Going to the West, ha?" Then said I, "I'll try it again." "What, a Fort here, too?" "Oui, monsieur.—moi, monsieur. "What distance are you west of Yellow Stone here?" "Comment?"—"What distance—(stop)—what distance?" —"Pardon, monsieur, trois cents milles, monsieur. "Ou parle vous par l'Anglais?" —"Non, monsieur. I speak de French and de Americaine, mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais. "—"Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English and you may speak Americaine." "Pardon, monsieur, monsieur. "Well, then, we will both speak Americaine."—Vol, sure, je m'in bien content, pour, si I see dat you speak pitty cood Americaine. "What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?" "Ils sont Corbeaux. "Crows, ha?" "Yes, sure, monsieur. "We are then in the Crow country?" "Non, monsieur, we are in de countrce de du dam pieds noirs. "Black-feet, ha?" "Oui, monsieur. "What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?" "Ha, quel Montaigne? cela est la Montaigne du—(par- don). "Du Rochers, I suppose?" "Oui, monsieur, de Rocky Montaigne. "You live here, I suppose?" "Non, monsieur, I comes from de West. Monseur Pierre Chouteau con gire you de histoire de ma vie—it bien sait que je prenais les cunnele. "You carry goods, I suppose, to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the Mountains, and trap Beaver, also?" "Oui, monsieur. "Do you see anything of the 'Flat-heads' in your country?" "Non, monsieur, ils demeurant vrey fair de de West. "Well, Baptiste, I'll lay my course back again, and at some future period, endeavor to go to the West."

Adieu, &c.

GEO. CATLIN.
NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 31.

From our Correspondent.
Fort Gibson, (Arkansas Territory,)
12th June, 1831.

Being about to leave the civilized world again for a campaign in the Indian country, I take this opportunity to impart a few words to you before the moment of departure. Having sometime since obtained permission from the Secretary of War to accompany the Regiment of the U.S. Dragoons in their summer campaign, I reported myself at this place two months ago, where I have been waiting ever since for your organization.

After the many difficulties which they have had to encounter, they have at length all assembled—the grizzly plains are resounding with the trampling hoofs of the prancing war horse—and already the hills are echoing back the notes of the spirit-stirring trumpets, which are sounding for the onset. The sutlers are again "to be astonished," and I shall probably again be a witness to the scene. But whether the approach of eight hundred mounted Dragoons amongst the Pawnees and Comanches, will afford me a better subject for a picture of a gaping and astonished multitude than did the first approach of our steam-boat amongst the Mandans, &c., is a question yet to be solved. I am strongly inclined to think that the scene will not be less wild and striking, and I ardently wish it, for I have become so much Indian of late, that my pencil has lost all appetite for subjects that savour of Humanity. I should delight in seeing these red Knights of the lance astonished, for it is then that they show their brightest hues—and I dare not now badly frighten them, provided we hurt them not, nor frighten them out of sketching distance. You will agree with me that I am going farther to get visions, than any of my fellow artists ever did; but I take an indescribable pleasure in roaming through nature's trackless wilds, and selecting my models, where I am free and unembarrassed by the killing restraint of society, where a painter must modestly sit and breathe away in among the edge and soul of his inspiration, waiting for the sluggish calls of the civil. Though the toil, the privations, and expense of travelling to these remote parts of the world to get subjects for my pencil place almost insurmountable, and sometimes painful obstacles before me, yet am I encouraged by the continual conviction that I am practising in the true School of the Arts; and that, though I should get as poor as Lazarus, I should deem myself rich in models and studies for the future occupation of my life. Of this much I am certain—that amongst these works of the forest, where are continually repeated the feasts and gambols of the Grecian Games, I have learned more of the essential parts of the art in three last years, than I could have learned in New York in a life-time.

The landscape scenes of these wild and beautiful regions, are, of themselves, a rich reward for the traveller, who can place them in his portfolio; and being myself the only one accompanying the Dragoons for scientific purposes, there will be an additional pleasure to be derived from these pursuits. The Regiment of eight hun-

dred men, with whom I am to travel, will be an effective force, and a perfect protection against any attacks that will ever be made by Indians. It is composed principally of young men of respectable families, who would act, on all occasions, from feelings of pride and honor, in addition to those of the common soldier.

The day before yesterday the Regt. of Dragoons and the 7th Regt. of Infantry, stationed here, were reviewed by Gen. Leavenworth, who has lately arrived at this post, superseding Col. Arbuckle in the command.

Both Regiments were drawn up in battle array, in fatigue dress, and, passing through a number of the manoeuvres of battle, of charge and repulse, &c., presenting a novel and thrilling scene in the prairie, to the thousands of Indians and others who had assembled to witness the display. The proud and manly deportment of these young men, united with the courtesy of a Regiment of Indescribably Volunteers, and the horses a most beautiful appearance from the arrangement of colors. Each company of horses has been selected of one color entire. There is a company of bays, a company of blacks, one of whites, one of sorrels, one of greys, one of cream color, &c. &c., which render the companies distinct, and the effect exceedingly pleasing. This Regiment goes out under the command of Col. Dodge, and from his well attested qualifications, and from the beautiful equipment of the command there can be little doubt that they will disgrace themselves and an honor to their country, so far as honors can be gained and laurels can be plucked from their wild steams in a savage country. The object of this summer's campaign seems to be to cultivate an acquaintance with the Pawnees and Comanches. These are two extensive tribes of roaming Indians, who, from their extreme ignorance of us, have not yet recognized the United States in treaty, and have struck frequent blows on our frontiers and plundered our traders who are traversing their country. For this I cannot so much blame them, for the Spaniards are gradually advancing upon them on one side and the Americans on the other, and fast destroying the fur and game of their country which God gave them as their only wealth and means of subsistence. This movement of the Dragoons seems to be one of the most humane in its views, and I heartily hope that it may prove so in the event, as well for our own sake as for that of the Indian. I can see no reason why we should march upon them with an invading army carrying with it the spirit of chastisement. The object of Government undoubtedly is to effect a friendly meeting with them, that they may see and respect us, and to establish something like a system of mutual rights with them. To penetrate their country with the other view, that of chastising them, even with five times the number that are now going, would be entirely futile, and perhaps disastrous in the extreme. It is a pretty thing (and perhaps an easy one, in the estimation of the world) for an army of mounted men to be gaily prancing over the boundless green fields of the West, and it is so for a little distance—but it would be well that the world should be apprised of some of the actual difficulties that oppose themselves to the success of such a campaign, that, they may not encumber too severely in case this command should fail to accomplish the objects for which they were organized.
In the first place, from the great difficulty of organizing and equipping, these troops are starting too late in the season for their summer's campaign, by two months. The journey which they have to perform is a very long one, and although the first part of it will be picturesque and pleasing, the after part of it will be tiresome and fatiguing in the extreme. As they advance to the west, the grass (and consequently the game) will be gradually diminishing, and water in many parts of the country not to be found.

As the troops will be obliged to subsist themselves a great part of the way, it will be extremely difficult to do it under such circumstances, and at the same time hold themselves in readiness, with half famished horses and men nearly exhausted, to contend with a numerous enemy who are at home, on the ground on which they were born, with horses fresh and ready for action. It is not probable, however, that the Indians will venture to take advantage of such circumstances, but I am inclined to think that the expedition will be more likely to fail from another source: it is my opinion that the appearance of so large a military force in their country will alarm them to that degree, that they will fly with their families to their lurking places amongst those barren deserts, which they themselves can reach only by great fatigue and extreme privation, and to which our half exhausted troops cannot possibly follow them. From these haunts their warrior would advance and annoy the regiment as much as they could by striking at their hunting parties and cutting off their supplies. To attempt to pursue them, if they cannot be called to a council, would be as useless as to follow the wind; for our troops, in such a case, are in a country where they are obliged to subsist themselves, and the Indians being on fresh horses, with a supply of provisions, would easily drive all the buffalo ahead of them, and endeavor, as far as possible, to decoy our troops into the barren parts of the country, where they could not find the means of subsistence.

The plan designed to be pursued, and the only one that can succeed, is to send runners to the different bands, explaining the friendly intentions of our government, and to invite them to a meeting. For this purpose several C沅annee and Pawnee prisoners have been purchased from the Osages, who may be of great service in bringing about a friendly interview.

I sincerely hope that this plan may succeed, for I am anticipating great fatigue and privation in the endeavor to see these wild tribes together, that I may be enabled to lay before the world a just estimate of their manners and customs.

I hope that my suggestions may not be truly prophetic, but I am constrained to say that I doubt very much whether we shall see any thing more of them than their graves, and the sites of their deserted villages.

Several Companies have already started from this place, and the remaining ones will be on their march in a day or two. General Leavenworth will accompany them 200 miles to the mouth of Kansas, and I shall be attached to his staff. Incidents which may occur, I shall record for you. Until then, adieu.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE CATLIN
NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER
FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22.

From our Correspondent.

MOUTH OF FALSE WASHITA, 
Red River, 16th July, 1834.

I arrived at this place three days since, on my way again in search of the "Far West." How far I may this time follow the flying phantom, is uncertain. I am already again in the land of the Buffalo and the feet of the Aiatopoe.

We shall start from hence in a few days, and other epistles I may occasionally drop you from terra incognita, for such is the great expanse of country which we expect to range over, and names we are to give, and country to explore, as far as we proceed. We are, at this place, on the banks of the Red River, having Mexico under our eye on the opposite bank. Our encampment is on the point of land between the Red and False Washita Rivers, at their junction, and the country about us is a Panorama too beautiful to be painted with a pen: it is, like most of the country about us, composed of Prairies and timber, alternating in the most delightful shapes and proportions that the eye of a connoisseur could desire. The verdure is everywhere of the deepest green, and the plains about us are literally speckled with Buffalo. We are distant from Fort Gibson about 200 miles, which distance we accomplished in ten days.

A great part of the way the country is prairie, gracefully undulating, well watered, and continually beautified by copses and patches of timber. On our way my attention was riveted to the tops of some of the prairie-bluffs, whose summits I approached with inexpressible delight. I rode to the top of one of these noble mounds in company with my friend Lieut. Wheelock, where we agreed that our horses instinctively looked and admired. They thought not of the rich heritage that was under their feet, but, with a deep drawn sigh, their necks were loyally turned, and their eyes widely stretched over the landscape that was beneath us. From this elevated spot the horizon was bounded all around us by mountain streaks of blue, softening into azure as they vanished, and the pictured vales that intermediate lay, were deepening into green as the eye was returning from its roamings. Beneath us, and winding through the waving landscape was seen with peculiar effect, the "bold Dragoons," marching in beautiful order, forming a train of a mile in length. Baggage wagons and Indians (en-gages) helped to lengthen the procession. From the point where we stood the line was seen in miniature, and the undulating hills over which it was bending its way gave it the appearance of a huge snake gracefully gliding over a rich carpet of green.

This picturesque country of two hundred miles, over which we have passed, belongs to the Creeks and Choctaws, and affords one of the richest and most desirable countries in the world for agricultural pursuits.

On the eighth day of our march we met for the first time a herd of Buffalo, and being in advance of the command, in company with Gen. Leavenworth, Colonel Dodge, and several other officers, we all had an opportunity of testing the mettle of our horses and our own feet at the wild and spirited chase. The inspiration of chase took at once and alike with the old and the young, a beautiful plain lay before us, and we all gave spur for the onset. Gen. Leavenworth and Col. Dodge, with their pistols, gallantly and handsomely belabored a fatted cow, and were in together at the death. I was not quite so fortunate in my selection, for the one which I saw fit to gallant over the plain alone, of the same sex, younger and coy, led me a hard chase, and for a long time disputed my near approach, when at length the full speed of my horse forced us to close company, and she desperately assailed his shoulders with her horns. My gun was aimed, but missing fire, the muzzle entangled in her main and was instantly broke in two in my hands. My pistols were then brought to bear upon her, and though severely wounded she succeeded in reaching the thicket, and left me without "a deed of chivalry to boast."—

Since that day the Indian hunters in our charge have supplied us abundantly with buffalo meat, and report says that the country a-head of us will afford us continual sport and an abundant supply.

We are halting here for a few days to recruit horses and men, after which the line of march will be resumed, and if the Pawnees are as near to us as we have reason to believe, from their recent trails and fires, it is probable that within a few days we shall thrust them or get thrashed, unless, through their sagacity and fleetness, they elude our search by flying before us to their hiding places.

The prevailing policy amongst the officers seems to be, that of hugging them first, and then establishing a Treaty of Peace. If this plan were morally right, I do not think it practicable: for, as enemies, I do not think they will stand to meet us; but, as friends, I think we may bring them to a full, if the proper means are adopted. We are here encamped on the ground on which Judge Martin and servant were butchered, and his son kidnapped by them but a few weeks since; and the moment they discover us in a large body, they will presume that we are relentlessly seeking revenge, and they will probably be very shy of our approach. We are over the Washita—the "Rubicon is passed." We are invaders of a sacred soil. We are carrying war in our front,—and we shall soon see, what we shall see.

Great praise is due to Gen. Leavenworth for his early and unremitting efforts to facilitate the movements of the Regiments of Dragoons, by opening roads from Gibson and Twason to this place. We found encamped at this place two companies of Infantry from Fort Towson, who will follow in the rear of the Dragoons as far as necessary, transporting, with wagons, stores and supplies, and ready, at the same time, to co-operate with the Dragoons in case of necessity. General Leavenworth will advance with us from this post, but how far he may proceed is uncertain. We know not exactly the route which we shall take, for circumstances alone must decide that point. We shall probably reach cantonment Leavenworth in the fall, and one thing is certain (in the opinion of one who has already seen something of Indian life and country), we shall meet with many severe privations and reach that place a jaded set of fellows, and as rugged as Jack Fells's famous band.

You are no doubt inquiring, who are these Pawnees, Caddoos, and Aimsahoes, and why not tell us all about them? Their history, number, and limits are still in obscurity; nothing definite is yet known of them, but I hope I shall soon be able to give the world a clue to them.

If my life and health are preserved, I anticipate many a pleasing scene for my pencil, as well as incidents worthy of relating to you and the world, which I shall occasionally do as opportunity may occur.

Aidee, yours, &c.

GEO. GATLIN.
From our Correspondent.

Broken Camp, on the head of the Canadian, 5th Aug. 1834.

I have unusual pleasure in addressing this short article to you at this untoward place, on account of the complete and unexpected success which has attended the expedition under the command of Col. Henry Dodge, to the Pawnee and Camanche villages.

The world has been entirely ignorant of the Pawnees, Picts—Kioways and Campanches, but we have rushed forward under the most discouraging circumstances, banded the lion in his den—and are capable of laying the whole history of them and their country to the world.

The unfilling and judicious zeal with which Col. D. has pursued and effected his object, will shed everlasting honor on his name. So much were his numbers reduced by sickness when he arrived at the mouth of False Washita, three hundred miles from Fort Gibson, that he was enabled to raise out of the whole command but two hundred and fifty able-bodied and effective men. With this small number, and ten days' provisions, we started for the Pawnee Villages. Our route was about N. W., between the Washita and Red Rivers. On the eighth day of our march we discovered a war party of about fifty Indians whom we, of course, took to be Pawnees. They paraded themselves on an eminence ahead of us, maneuvered about us for some time, evidently afraid of us. The white flag which we raised was understood by them, and at length brought us to an interview and a shake of the hands. Their appearance was thrilling and exciting in the extreme—they were all armed with guns—bows and quivers—shield and lance fourteen feet in length, with blade of four feet.

The beautiful manœuvring and caution with which one of the leaders of them approached us—waving his white robe on the end of his lance to reply to our flag—could neither be described by language nor painting.

Col. Dodge steadily advanced towards him, while both parties in the rear were slowly approaching with the greatest anxiety. A shake of the hands took place, when immediately the whole party of Indians advanced, and a general group of the band was passed round.

They had with them a half breed Spaniard, and luckily for us one of our interpreters could talk with him, by which means we soon learned that they were a band of Campaches. Our views were easily explained to them, and they joined us and conducted us to their village, about two days march. It was constructed of about two hundred skin lodges, averaging perhaps about ten persons to the lodge. We encamped for two days in sight of their village, when our camp was run down with them, and a pretty brisk barter took place for a while for horses, of which I should think they had as many as three thousand, and all of them of the wild horse breed.

This village is situated in one of the sweetest vallies that nature ever formed, under the brow of a long range of stupendous and picturesque mountains, running from S. E. to N. W., and in many places, in peaks of blue, to the height of 1500 to 2000 feet, their summits composed entirely of huge piles of granite rocks, and the valleys entirely of prairies of the richest verdure.

These Campaches treated us with a great deal of friendship, and informed us that they were friends of the Pawnees; the Pawnee village was but about three days march, and one of them volunteered to pilot us there. So much was the command crippled by their sickness that a small fort was erected for them, in which there were left thirty sick, and thirty to take care of and protect them. Under such circumstances, with one hundred and ninety men and one day's provisions, in a country without game, the command started. The route was along the base and through these huge and picturesque cliffs and endless piles of rocks. Immediately at the foot of one of these impossible barriers, and on the banks of the Red River, was found the Phantom Village, presenting one of the most picturesque scenes in the world.

The greater part of the Camanche villagers had followed the command to this place; and the Kioways also, who live about sixty or seventy miles distant, and had been apprised of our approach, with a prisoner of their tribe, made their appearance in a formidable body, beautifully dressed and equipped. The little body of one hundred and ninety dragos were encamped in this place for three days, surrounded by about three thousand warriors, well armed and equipped. A grand council was held in the council house, when Col. Dodge explained to the chief the object of his visit to their country. He told them that we had heard of them, knew little of them—that we wanted to shake hands with them, and make a general peace; that we might trade with them, and supply them with the necessaries of life.

We told them that we had brought with us a Pawnee and a Kioway prisoner, whom we had purchased from the Ogases. We made inquiry for Abbe the Ranger, who was taken by them last year. They replied that he had been taken across Red River and put to death. We then inquired for the boy—the son of Judge Martin, whom they had murdered but a few weeks before, near the mouth of Washita—they denied the deed, and any knowledge of the boy. About this time they brought forward a negro-man, whom they had as a prisoner amongst them. The negro said that they had the boy secreted. Colonel Dodge then told them that the council should not proceed any further, and that the two prisoners which we had brought, should never be delivered up until they brought forward the boy. They then sent out and brought him in—a beautiful boy, about eight years old. He was brought in entirely naked, and being asked his name, he instantly replied, Matthew Wright Martin. The other prisoners were then handed over to their friends, who recognized them, and received them again into the tribe.

The chiefs rose and embraced Col. Dodge and others of the officers who were about him, in the most affectionate manner. At this very moment the little camp was in a state of starvation, and being about to kill their emaciated horses for subsistence. But the council being
OCT. 1, 1834.

Fort Gibson, Aug. 15th, 1834.

Since writing the above, we took up our march, and in fifteen days reached this place—it has been told—

and disasters in the extreme—and to add to our grief we have learned the death of Gen. Leavenworth, who died near the mouth of Washita; also of Lieutenant McClure, and several of the Dragoons. Almost every man in the Regiment has had his turn with the general epidemic of the country. We dragged along in the most miserable condition to this place; men carried on litters, horses giving out and being driven away, the riders being obliged to walk; some of the men thrown into waggons which we got at some of our out-posts, and others left at those posts to die or recover as they can. Our retreat was almost as disastrous as Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow; but the success of our expedition more complete. I cannot help but repeat again in this place that the highest honors are due from his country to Col. Dodge for the untasted perseverance with which he pursued and completely accomplished his difficult enterprise. For the circumstances so embarrassing and discouraging.

I regret to say that the Camanche who started to come with us all went back, and he is rather Spaniard than Camanche—luckily for me I had painted the likenesses of six or seven of the principal ones which I preserve. The four Pawnee Chiefs and eight or ten Kioway Chiefs we have brought to this place, and they will start in a few days for Washington. The kindness and friendship with which we have been received and treated by these people who have so long been the terror of all this part of the world, proves that social feelings are implanted in the breast of the savage as well as of civilized man, and that they may be called into action and into use if the right way be taken to effect the object.

On our return to this place we found Capt. Wharton and his company, in good condition, who was sent to escort the Santa Fe Traders to the line; he was absent 68 days. He was very near having a brush with the Camanche, who were encamped near the line. A party of them drew out in battle array, but when they saw the quickness and perfect order with which Capt. Wharton drew out his line of disciplined men—they gave way, most of them fired their guns in the air, dismounted, approached him, shook hands, spoke of friendship, &c. &c. and finally drew themselves off without further demonstration.

Yours, &c.
NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20

Le—The Common Room of the General Committee of the Whig Young Men, situated at Congress Hall, will be open on Saturday, and will be closed on Sunday and the election.

WHIG CLERKS PUBLIC MEETING.

Le—The Whig Clerks of the city of New York, to their adopted, are requested to meet at Masonic Hall, to express their opinion in respect to the present political state of the country.

TUESDAY EVENING, the 21st inst., at 7 o'clock

By order of the Executive Committee

H. BUCKINGHAM, Chairman

From our Correspondent.

Fort Gibson, Sept. 8, 1834

Trusting that a few lines from the western frontier, will still at times be acceptable to you, and supposing, too, that this time, they would be particularly so, I have ventured to drop you a few words on the subject of the Pawnees.

Since I wrote my last letter, wherein I gave a very brief account of our campaign, and successful acquaintance with the Camanches, Pawnees, Kioways, &c., we have had a bustling time with the Indians at this place. Col. Dodge, a recent runner to the chief, and the contiguous tribes of Indians, with an invitation to meet, the Pawnees, &c., in council, at this place. Seven or eight tribe's Band of us, in great numbers on the first day of the month, when the council commenced it continued for several days, and gave those semi-civilized races of the forest a fair opportunity of shaming the hands of their wild and untamed red brethren of the west—embracing them in their arms with expressions of friendship, and of making the calmest together, as the solemn pledge of lasting peace and friendship.

Col. Dodge, Major Armstrong, (the Indian agent,) and General Stites, (the Indian commissioner,) presided at this council, and I cannot name a scene more interesting and entertaining than it was, where, for several days in succession, five or three was given to the feelings of men civilized, half-civil and wild, where the three stages of man were fearlessly asserting their rights, their happiness, and friendship for each other. The various nations of the half polished and half breed, Cheyennes and Chocowas, with all their finery and art, found their match in the brief and jarring gait of the wild and naked man.

After the council had adjourned, and the horses of the peace-making cabinet had vanished away, and Colonel Dodge had made them add some presents, they soon made preparations for their departure, and on the next day started, with an escort of dragoons, for their own country. This movement was much to be regretted, for it would have been exceedingly gratifying to the people of the East, to have seen so wild a group, and it would have been of great service to them to have visited Washington, a journey, though, which they could not be prevailed upon to make.

We brought with us to this place, three of the principal chiefs of the Pawnees: the Brown, the Camanche, and one Wreco chief. This group was undoubtedly one of the most interesting that ever visited our frontier, and, I have taken the utmost pains in painting the portrait of all of them, as well as seen at the Camanche chieftain, who came part of the way with us and turned back. These portraits, together with other paintings which I have made, descriptive of their manners and customs—views of their villages—hand of the country, &c., will soon be laid before the audience of the East, and, I trust, will be found to be very interesting.

Although the achievement has been a handsome one, of bringing these unknown people to an acquaintance, and a general peace, and at first sight would appear to be of great benefit to them, yet I have my several doubts whether they will better their condition, unless with the exercised aid of the strong arm of government, they are protected in the rights, which by nature, they are entitled to.

There is already in this place a company of eighty men fitted out, who are to start to-morrow, to overtake these Indians a few miles from this place, and accompany them home, with a large stock of goods, with traps for catching beaver, &c., calculating to build a trading house amongst them, where they will amass, at once, an immense fortune, being the first traders and trappers that have ever been in that part of the country.

I have travelled too much among Indian tribes, and seen too much, not to know the evil consequences of such a system. Goods are sold at such exorbitant prices, that the Indian gets a mere shadow for his peltries, &c. The trappers and other men in the employment of these traders, are generally the lowest and most degraded class of society, who corrupt the morals of the savage without setting them one good example. The Indians are no white people but these, and of course, judge us all by them: they consequently hold us, and always will, in contempt, as inferior to themselves, as they have reason to do, and they neither fear nor respect us. We have, on the contrary, if the government would promptly prohibit such establishments, and invite these Indians to our frontier posts, they would bring in their furs, their robes, horses, and goods, &c., to this place where there is a good market for them all—where they would get the full value of their property—where there are several acres of good—where there is an honorable competition, and where they would get four or five times as much for their articles of trade, as they would get from a trader in the village, out of the reach of competition, and out of sight of the civilized world.

At the same time, as they would be continually coming where they would see good and polished society, they would be gradually adopting our modes of living—introducing to their country, our vegetables, our domestic animals, poultry, &c., and at length our arts and manufactures; they would see and estimate our military strength, and advantage, and would be led to fear and respect us. In short it would undoubtedly be the quickest and surest way to a total disappearance of our acquaintance, and friendship, and peace, and last to civilization. If there is a law in existence for such protection of the Indian tribes, which may have been aspired to in the case of those nations with which we have long traded, it is a great pity that it should not be rigidly enforced in this new and important acquaintance which we have just made with fifteen or twenty thousand strangers to the civilized world. Yet, (as we have learned from their unfruitful hospitality which in their villages,) with hearts of humanity, susceptible of all the noble feelings peculiar to civilized man.

This acquaintance has cost the United States a vast sum of money, as well as the lives of several valiant and esteemed officers, and at least some fifty or sixty of the Dragoons, and for the honor of the American name, I think we ought, in forming an acquaintance, with these numerous tribes, to adopt and enforce some different system from that which has been generally practised on and beyond our frontier heretofore.

What the regiment of Dragoons has suffered from sickness since they started on their summer's campaign is unexampled in this country, and almost incredible. When we started from this place, ten or fifteen were sent back the first day, too sick to proceed; and after that our numbers were daily diminished, and at the distance of 200 miles from this place we must count...
out of the whole regiment but 280 men who were able to proceed, with which little band, and that again reduced some sixty or seventy by sickness, we pushed on and accomplished all that was done. Since our return, the sick have been brought in by dozens and scores from the points where they had been left, and although the Dragoons who were well enough to leave have all marched off from this post, (some to Leavenworth,—three companies twenty miles distant from this, and three companies to the Desmoinies on the Mississippi, to their wintering quarters,) they have left at this place 140 or 50 sick, who are burying two to three and four per day of their numbers. A great many have died, and many more poor fellows must inevitably sink into their graves. The disease seems to be entirely of a bilious nature and contracted by exposure to the sun, and the impurity of the water which in many parts of our route, we were obliged to use. The beautiful and pictured scenes which we passed over had an alluring charm on their surface, but (as it would seem,) a lurking poison within, that spread a gloom about our encampment whenever we pitched it.

We sometimes rode from day to day, without a tree to shade us from the burning rays of a tropical Sun, or a breath of wind to regale us, or cheer our hearts—and with mouths continually parched with thirst, we dipped our drink from stagnant pools that were heated by the sun and kept in fermentation by the wallowing herds of buffalos that resort to them. In this way we dragged on, sometimes passing picturesque and broken country, with fine springs and streams, affording us the luxury of a refreshing shade and a cool draught of water.

The sickness and distress continually about us, spread a gloom over the camp and marred every pleasure which we might otherwise have enjoyed, for the country abounds, most of the way, with buffalo, deer, turkeys, bear, &c. Hands, too, of the sporting wild horses were almost hourly prancing before us, and I found them to be the wildest and fleetest inhabitant of the prairies of the West. The Pawnees and Camanches take vast numbers of them, but the finest and fleetest of them they cannot catch. I approached several times, very near to those herds without being discovered, and with a good spy-glass examined them with great pleasure; some of them were very handsome, their manes falling almost to the ground, but when we visited the Camanche village, I looked through their almost incredible herds of horses that were grazing about them (perhaps three thousand or near it) for the "splendid," "Arabian," &c. horse, of which I have heard so much at the East, as belonging to that country, but I could see nor hear nothing of it; and I am strongly inclined to think that it is, in a measure, a horse of imagination.

The horses of the Camanches are principally the wild horse, and a great many from the Spanish country. They are all small and most of them miserable and mean. Several of the best of them were purchased by our officers, and having brought them in, can sell them for sixty or seventy-five dollars only.

In haste, for the present, adieu.
Your friend and servant.

GEO. CATLIN.
DECEMBER 26, 1835.

N. YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

Correspondence of the Commercial Advertiser.

St. Peter's, Upper Mississippi, Aug. 14.

I have been no correspondent of late for any body, and I beg that you (with other friends) will excuse me for my silence, provided I have been in the habit of giving any pleasure heretofore by my letters.

Having recruited my health during the last winter, in recreation and amusement on the coast of Florida, like a bird of passage, I started at the rallying notes of the swan and the wild goose, for the cool and freshness of the north, but the gifted rascals soon left me behind. I found them there, their nests built—their eggs laid—their offspring fledged, and flourishing in the world before I arrived.

The majestic river from the Bay to the Falls of St. Anthony I have just passed over, with a high thought mind, filled with amusement and wonder, like other travellers who occasionally have the wild and the grandeur of "The Great Vail," but to me the scene is shrouded in the mist of the "Falls of St. Anthony" tour and with admiration upon the wild and the grandeur and majesty of this great western world. The upper Mississippi like the upper Missouri, must be approached for appreciation, for all that can be seen on the Mississippi below St. Louis or even several hundred miles above it, gives no hint or clue to the magnificence of the scene which are continually opening to the eyes of the river and rivet him to his deck of the boat, through sunshine, lightning or rain, from the mouth of the Osceola to the Falls of St. Anthony.

The traveller in ascending the river, will see but little of picturesque beauty in the landscape until he reaches Rock Island, and from that point he will find it growing gradually more interesting until he reaches Prairie Du Chien, and from that place until he reaches Lake Pepin every reach and turn in the river presents to his eye a more immense and magnificent scene of grandeur and beauty. From day to day the eye is riveted in limitless thrills of admiration upon the thousand bluffs which tower in majesty above the river on either side, and alternate as the river bends, into countless fascinating forms.

The whole face of the country is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, whether there is timber or not, and these magnificent bluffs, standing the sides of the river, and rising in the forms of im races come, domes and ramparts, give peculiar pleasure from the deep and soft green in which they are clad up their broad sides and to their extreme tops with a carpet of grass, with spots and clusters of timber of a deeper green, and apparently in many places, arranged in orchards and pleasure grounds by the hands of art. These beautiful scenes will remain for ages unaltered and unchangeable, and when this becomes the fashionable tour, the world will become familiar with the phrase which rings continually in the ears of the passing passengers of every_colour, as they are alternately throwing to one side of the deck and then to the other, with looks and exclamations and wonder and delight, and the Captain soothingly excuses (unless out of patience) "Gentlemen please stand on the latter side; trim boat, trim boat."

The scenes that are passed between Prairie Du Chien and St. Peter's including Lake Pepin, between whose magnificently terraced shores one passes for twenty-two miles, will amply reward the tourist for the time and expense of a visit to them. And to him she of two little relish for nature's rude works to profit as he has passed there, there will be found a refreshing pleasure at the mouth of St. Peter's and the Falls of St. Anthony.

This scene has been often described and I leave it to the world to come and gaze and beam, recommending to the world at the same time, to denominate the next "fashionable tour" a trip to St. Louis, thence by steam boat (which can be had every week with good fare and good cheer), provided you find Capt. Throgmorton to Rock Island, Galena, Dubuque, Prairie Du Chien, Lake Pepin, St. Peter's, Falls of St. Anthony, back to Prairie Du Chien, thence to Fort Winnebago, Green Bay, Mackinaw, Sault du St. Mary, Detroit, Buffalo, Nacara, and home. This tour would comprehend but a small part of the great "Far West," but it will furnish to the traveller a fair sample, and being a part of which is now easily accessible to the world, and being the only part of it to which Laetitia can have access, I would recommend to all who have time and inclination to devote to the enjoyment of so splendid a tour, to visit it, but make it while the subject is new and capable of producing the greatest degree of pleasure. In the world a little, this trail leads to the most sublime interest—to the artist it has a double relish, and to me still further inducements, inasmuch as many of the tribes of Indians which I have met with, furnished manners and customs which have awakened my enthusiasm, and furnished me interesting materials for my gallery. In addition, also, to the aforementioned inducements, there are many interesting articles of Indian manufacture to be procured in this country, so that the spectator who wishes to make his entire a masquerade, or a Winter party, can hire himself out in the style he pleases, and the devotee who seeks to hang a precious jewel upon the snow white neck of his fair enchantress, can pick it up with his own half-witted fingers, from Pepin's pebbly shore or from "Whabusha's prairie," and bring it from its untempting ob-scenity upon the neck of innocence and beauty.

But, reader, take a hint (from one who learned it too late for his own benefit) if they would procure Indian curiosities, offer not to pay for them, but beg. Say "that's a beautiful thing—very beautiful indeed—Oh how that would please my daughter—that's a splendid pipe—a magnificent bow and quiver—Oh, by zounds, I must have them—Oh, get some one on board of the steamboat, (which is always a simple thing) to report you the richest man in the world—worth a million of dollars. It will do no harm to bring them—it's fashionable, and to the best way—to act the boy and keep the whole time half drunk, taking partly by force, is a tolerable way, but rather difficult to act. That's splendid agate, my dear sir. I'll take it—I must have it—you can procure enough more of them—" that state of porphyry is a magnificent thing—you'll never do any thing with it—I'll keep it to remember you by, and have a snuff-box made of it.

But here's this way is mercenary, and for you without the sacred sentiment. You must lounge solitary and alone, like a Zealand penguin along the pebbly beach of "Point du Salut," withthoughts and soul upon your Choupira, throwing aside every alluring gait that tempts your fancies, until you hear the faintest one, whose colour please, and fill your eye—look not farther, but come home contented, for one such is better than a thousand. Lose it not, but get it judiciously and worship it.

The Fourth of July was hailed and celebrated by us, at St. Peter's, in an unusual and not uninteresting manner. With the presence of several hundred
of the wildest of the Chippeway and one hundred and sixty of the Sioux, we were prepared with material in abundance for the novel—fore the wild and grotesque, as well as for the grave and ludicrous. Major Taliferro, the Indian agent, to aid my views in procuring sketches of manners and customs, represented them to me that I was a great medicine (mystery) man, who had visited and witnessed the sports of a vast many Indians of different tribes, and had come to see whether the Sioux and Chippeway were equal in ball play, &c. to their neighbors, and that if they would come in the next day (fourth of July) and give us a ball play and some of their dances in best style, he would have the big gun fired twenty-one times, about the middle of the day (the customary salute for that day,) which they easily construed into a compliment to themselves. This, with still stronger inducements, a barrel of flour—a quantity of pork and tobacco, which I gave them, brought the scene about on the day of Independence, as follows: At 11 o'clock the next day (the usual time for Indians to make their appearance on any great occasion) the young men who were enlisted for ball play made their appearance on the ground, with ball sticks in hand—with no other dress than the day, and attached to a sash or ornamental cash, a tail, extending nearly to the ground, made of the finest arrangement of quills and feathers, or of the hair of white horses' tails. After an excited and warmly contested play for two hours, they adjourned to a place in front of the agent's office, where they continued until two for nearly three hours longer with a continued variety of their most fanciful and picturesque dances. They gave us the beggar's dance—the buffalodance—the bear dance—the eagle dance—and dance of the braves. This list is peculiarly beautiful and exciting to the feeling, in the highest degree.

At intervals they stop and one of them stops into the net and vestiges as bad as possible, with the most significant gesticulation, the seats of bravery which he has performed during his life—his boast of the scalps he has taken—of the enemies he has killed, and at the same time carries his body through all the motions and gestures which had been used during these scenes when they were transacted. At the end of his boasting all asseem to the truth of his story and give in their approbation by the universal 'wauhni' and the dance again commences. At the next interval another makes his boast and another, and another, and another.

During this scene, a little trick was played on me in the following manner, which produced much amusement and laughter. A woman of good size, and in woman's attire, danced into the ring, (which seemed to excite some surprise, as women are never allowed to join in the Dance) and commenced waving the air, and beatin the astonishing feats of bravery she had performed of the incredible number of horses she had slain, at the scalp she had taken, &c. &c., and her feats surprised all who had not been heard as sufficient to put all the warriors who had boasted, to the blush. They all gave assurance, however, that she had slain, and apparently, in a manner as extravagant as a list of braves' tales. The person of the lady is covered with beads, ribbons, &c. After resting their presents, and placing them safely in the hands of adults to guard against theft, she commenced dressing herself, and almost instantly divesting herself of a loose dress, in the presence of the whole company, came out in a saddle-seat and pantaloons, and laughed at them excessively for their mistake. She commenced dancing and making her boasts of her exploits, assuring them that she was a man, and a great brave. They all gave unqualified assent to this, acknowledged their error, and made her other presents of a gun, a horse, of tobacco, and a war club. After her boasts were done, and the presents secured as before, she deliberately threw off the pantaloons and coat, and presented herself at once, and to their great as to exultant and confident, in a beautiful woman's dress. The tact with which she performed these parts, so universally pleased, that it drew forth thundering applause from the Indians, as well as from the spectators; and the chief stepped up and crowned her head with a beautiful plume of the eagle's quill rising from our state of the swan's down. My wife, who was travelling this part of the country with me, was spectator of these scenes, as well as the ladies and officers of the garrison, whose polite hospitality we are at this time enjoying.

Several days after this, the plains of St. Peter's and St. Anthony rang with the continual sounding of drums and rattles in time with the thrilling yell of the dance until it had doubtless ceased to be novelty. General Patterson of Philadelphia, and his family arrived about this time, however, and a dance was got up for their entertainment, and it proved to be one of an unusual kind and interesting to all. Considerable preparation was made for the occasion and the Indians informed me that if I could get a couple of drags that were of no use about the garrison, they would give us their favorite, the "Dog Dance." The two dogs were soon procured by the officers, and in presence of the whole assemblage of spectators, they butchered them and placed them in two lengths entire and uncooked, on a couple of crotches about as high as a man's face. The licor were then cut into strips about an inch in width, and left hanging in this condition. A spirited dance then ensued, and in a confused manner every one sung forth his own deeds of bravery in enthusiastic outbursts which were almost deafening, and they danced up and down a time to the sticks, and after putting several times upon the liquor, caught a piece of it in their mouths, and this is done without losing the step which is in time to their music or interrupting the tunes of their voices. Each and every one of them in this wise bowed and swallowed a piece of the liquor until they were demonized with the exception of the two last pieces which a couple in us carried in their mouths, and communicated to the mouths of the two musicians who swallowed them. This is one of the most important dances among the Sioux, though by no means the most original or most pleasing. The Bag Man's Dance, the Discovery Dance, and the False Dance are far more graceful and agreeable. The False Dance is one of protection, as such as can only be danced by those who have taken scalps from the enemy's heads and demonstrated before them that they killed their enemies in battle, and swallowed a piece of the heart in the same manner.
of witches than any people I ever saw; you are as superstitious as the Indians themselves.

Well, I am satisfied. You know, Monsieur Catiline, it is to show les witches have fear to come on rock, ha?

Well, then, I suppose you have fixed your bed upon a rock?

Oui, suppose—main—look! ha? I am safe, ha?

Yes, Batiste, I will engage you shall be safe there; but I think you had better bring your skin here, and lie by the side of us. You have chosen one of the hardest parts of the rock there.

Never mind, Monsieur; not much difference. I shall get through. I have found a safe passage; and it is one great medicine place. I am from the Indians much stories about die place—and, pour ma, I feel a little excited, ha?

Well, Batiste, we are going to propose, to-morrow morning, after breakfast, that you crawl into the two ovens under the two medicine rocks, and see if you can find the two squaws who, the Indians tell us, dwell under them, as the guardian spirits of the place.

Never, never, Monsieur—excuses—pardon—je suis, I am curieux to be sure—mais pas besoin—lui only story—of witch—on squaw dare, ha?

Ah, Batiste, je see you are afraid.

Non, Monsieur; je n'ai pas—main—mais, excuse—excuses, a leurs plat—Gentilhomme, je vous, pre—let us talk of something else, when we are to go to slips. I do not like much to dream of witch—of diable.

Well, Batiste, we will let you off, but you must jump upon the medicine rock and back again to-morrow morning, and I will proclaim the feat to the world; and if you fall and dash your brains out, we will engrave to have your name enrolled among the famous dead who have fallen in the attempt; and we will give you honorable burial, and erect a pretty little mound over your grave, along side of the, we are looking at today, whose occupants let their lives in the same way. You must leap to it and place a quill by the side of the arrows that we saw standing in the crevice. What say you, Batiste?

Ha?

I asked you what you say to this proposition? Ha? I was slip—I am not hear—Oh, well Batiste, I see you are too much surprised.

Oui, Monsieur, fatigue—fat—

You told us the story of the medicine bag the other day, which amused us very much, and—

Oui! hy, ha! de medicine bag?

Oh let down, Batiste, you are sleepy.

Non! non Monsieur—pardon! I can keep wake, ha? You have heard how I went for medicine bag, and now you want me to go for medicine we man, ha?

Pardon, Monsieur Catiline—pardon!

No, no, Batiste, I have given that point up for tonight, and I was about to tell you and these gentle men a story, but you are too sleepy.

Non, non, monsieur, I am wake; I shall be wide wake—main, suppose thee is no medicine bag in him! I point de diableier?

No, Batiste, not much, there is a little however, at the end of it.

N'importe—n'importe—commence.

You had better lie down, Batiste. Pardon Monsieur, I shall fall sleep so I shall stand up commence.

Well Batiste, the story that I was going to tell was about the "Pigeon's Egg Head," a brave of the Assiniboins; but there is rather too much medicine about it for you to hear to-night, and it being one of the best stories that you will ever hear me tell, I must omit it to morrow morning, and entertain you at present with a funny little affair that happened a few years since, in my presence, on the upper
Missouri river.

Bien, bien, I shall be deligh't if I love much de Missouri—eh bien—well—

The circumstance I allude to was one that took place with a Frenchman, who got himself into a laughable condition one day, in the following manner:

While descending that river in a canot, about three years ago, with two men, we had stopped to—

...cook and eat our breakfast on the bank—when one of them, a very polite and good-natured Frenchman, returned from a little excursion into the timber, in search of something to eat, with his face as white as a cloth, and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, avowing that he had found a bee-tree, and that we should have honey in abundance! The Frenchman took the canot from the canoe, and the "fum-kettle," and made his exit for the sweet plunderer, saying:—("bouscoux de mid—beaucoup de mid,...") leaving me to dress the fish and cook the breakfast.

Well, this little Frenchman, who had laid off his coat, and left it in the canoe, had been absent about fifteen minutes, when the poor fellow's cries, and shouts, and groans, echoing through and filling the whole wood with—"Monseur Cataline! Bogard! Monseur Cataline! oh I am die! vecue—vecue ici, vie, oh diable de abilles!"

Bogard had gone at this time in pursuit of some buffalos, and I instantly seized my rifle and slapped my pistols into my belt, and knife and tomahawk al—so, thinking that the least enemy I had to encoun-
ter for the recueil of the poor Frenchman, would be极力 bear in all his fury; and putting forth with all possible speed, through vines and jungle that al-
most tree my clothes into strands, I was soon upon the spot, and to my utter astonishment, beheld the little Frenchman quite in the top of a large oak tree, making a great clatter among the branches, and con-
tinually slapping his sides and naked shoulders with the flat of his hand, with grunts and exclamations of anguish and distress.

I hailed to him, announcing my arrival and readi-
tness to assist him; and on inquiry what was the matter, he replied (in accents as quick as lightning, and his voice raised to a pitch that was almost con-
volutive)

Matiere ha—ha?—voici! vola! (peugh!) de bebe!—
—ia am surrouund (peugh) oh I would be satisfy if I was tell (peugh) oh, Monseur Cataline, what will be done! I shall die! I cannot come down (peugh).

In this most unpleasant predicament was the Frenchman placed—higher he could not go, nor no-

cend, for the swarm were all railed about their face, and ready to take his life had he attempted to—

...pass by them down the trunk. I saw no way of as-
sisting the poor fellow, who was now suffering every thing but death in his unfortunate condition, into

which it seems he had got in the following manner:

— He had clambered cautiously up the tree, with the axe and the tin kettle in his hand, and when wi his Reach of the hole where he has entered—

their dwelling, he stopped it with a bunch of leaves, and passed up, and landed himself in a large crotch of the tree a few feet above. Here he could stand secure, and had made his calculations how to stand and destroy the swarm as they came out, by

burning-off their wings, and afterward to chop into the tree and take out the honey. In this position he stood, and having pounded upon the trunk of the tree for some time with the head of the axe, to ready them and call them all forth, he had taken a part

of his shirt and fastened it to the end of a little pole and set fire to it, and then pulled out the little plug of leaves——

(Pardon, Monseur—no shirt—not de shirt—mais—

but some bark of de birch—some birch bark.)

And then he took fright, or something like it, and cleared himself into the top of the tree, where—

(Will, he is too bad! Now I will make de story short. I was dere—I was on de spot! Now you shall not laugh, ha? I was de "leet Frenchman!"

"de poor leet Frenchman, ha? I can tell him all exakt as he has take place—hen—I am not take my shirt first! I am not such fool quite. Maiz, le dernier!

(Tell it in English, Batiste,—)

I had fix some bark of de birch on de leet stick, very well, plenty, but wen I av got him in blaze, and reach him down pretty careful by de hole, and make push at de leaves and ope de leet door, by gar dey do come out pretty plenty, and de birch bark has drop out of de leet hole, and fall to the ground all in blaze!! At pretty bad time, ha—rascality villain!—

—suppose—de leet abelles av come out of de house pretty fast! I was bien mortifie—mais, I was not discountee—jaus le confinance—(English, Batiste, English)—Well, I am no de leet creature pretty secure, leet above—pardon, Monseur Wood, pour-quoi do you laugh—you seem very much please, ha?

Well Batiste, my good fellow, you must pardon me for laughing, for to save my life I could not help it. I was imaginning how ridiculous a figure you must have cut.

Well, Monsieur, you may laugh, I suppose it was very pleasant.

Well! I was in de crotch, and dey come out pretty fast, and I av den to de dernier, to be sure—I av put piece of my shirt on de pole, and get him in blaze, and put him de hole: he is kill many—and I av put some more, and den some more, 'till in fact I av burn all my shirt to be sure! man! but de bark of de birch first, and de shirt! and at last you see, Monsieur Wood, dey av not stop run, ha? big steam yet come out of de hole—ten thousand av found me out up in de crotch, and begin to sting! den I av begin to find some trouble. Diable! I am clinch very fast, and am surrouund maiz, I am not quite died—nor "poor leet Frenchman" yet, for I hop off, you see, to asner tree—and come down as you see, and dere may be a missing good pour rire, pour laugh, maiz, suppose I cannot see him.

Well, Batiste, you must excuse us for laughing—
did you and Mr. Catlin get your honey at last?

Pardoon, Monsieur, no; de woods was everywhere where swarm pretty full of de leet dam bee, and we do come away.

Well, Batiste, that's a pretty good story, and I only wish I knew whether it was true or not?

True! Monsieur Wood? Not true! said I dere not Monseur Catalin—did he not see, ha?

Ah well, I suppose it was so—

"Suppose, ha! diable de 'suppose!'—eh bien.

Well, Batiste, I see you are going to sleep.

Non! Monsieur, non!

GEORGE CATLIN.
principal cities, he saw their forts, their ships, their great guns, steamboats, balloons, &c. &c. and in the spring returned to St. Louis, when I joined him and his companions, on their way back to their own country.

Through the politeness of the American Fur Company, I was admitted (the only passenger except Captain Sanford and his Indians) to a passage in their steamboat, on her first trip to the Yellow Stone, and when I had embarked, and the boat was about to depart, Wi-jun-jon made his appearance on deck in a full suit of regimentals! He had in Washington exchanged his beautifully garnished and classic costume for a full dress "en militaire." It was perhaps presented to him by the President.

It was of the finest blue, trimmed with lace of gold; on his shoulders were mounted two immense epaulettes; his neck was strangled with a shining black stock, and his feet were pinioned in a pair of waterproof boots, with high heels, which made him step like a "yoked hog."

On his head was a high crowned beaver hat, with a broad silver lace band, surmounted by a huge red feather some two feet high; his coat-collar, stiff with lace, came higher up than his ears, and over it flowed, down to his haunches, his long Indian locks, stuck up in rolls and plaits, with red paint. A large silver medal was suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon, and across his right shoulder passed a wide belt, supporting by his side a broad sword. On his hands he had drawn a pair of white kid gloves, and in them held, a blue umbrella in one, and a large fan in the other. In this fashion was poor Wi-jun-jon metamorphosed; his return from Washington and in this plight was he strutting and whistling Yankee Doodle about the deck of the steamer that was wending its way up the mighty Missouri, and taking him to his native land again; where he was soon to light his pipe and cheer the wig-wam fireside, with tales of novelty and wonder.

I travelled with this new fangled gentleman until he reached home, 2000 miles above St. Louis, and I could never look upon him for a moment without excessive laughter at the ridiculous figure he cut— the strides, the angles, the stiffness of this travelld beast! Oh Bawlor, if you could have seen him you would have split your sides with laughter; he was "puss in boots" precisely.

By ear, he is good company! Ha, ha, Monsieur, pardon; I am laugh; I am see him wen he is arra in Yel. Stone; you know I was dere. I am much much wen he has got off de boat, and all de Assinboins were dere to look. Oh diable! I am laugh, almost to die. Suppose he was pretty stiff, ha? Oh by gee, he is good poor laugh.

After Wi-jun-jon had got home, and passed the usual salutations among his friends, he commenced the simple narration of scenes he had passed through, and of how he had beheld among the whites, which appeared to him so much like fiction that it was impossible to believe them, and they set him down as an impostor. He has been, they said, among the whites, who are great liars, and all he has learnt is to come home and tell lies. He sank rapidly into disgrace in his tribe; his high claims to political eminence all vanished; he was reputed worthless—the greatest liar of his nation; the chiefs shunned him, and passed him by as one of the tribe who was lost; yet the ears of the going portion of the tribe were open, and the camp-fire circle and the wig-wam fireside gave silent audience to the whispered narratives of the "travell'd Indian."

The next day after he had arrived among his friends, the superfluous part of his coat, (which was a lady's frock), was converted into a pair of leggins for his wife; and his hat band of silver lace更换ed a magnificent pair of earings. The remainder of the coat, curtailed of its original length, was seen
butted upon the shoulders of his brother, over and above a pair of leggings of buckskin; and Wi-jun-jon was parading among his gaping friends, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, which swung with every stride he took, and a fine linen shirt with sleeves and a sleeve of muslin; and in such plight he gossiped away the day among his friends, while his heart spoke so freely and so effectively from the bung-hole of a little keg of whiskey, which he had brought the whole way, as one of the choicest presents made him at Washington, that his tongue became silent.

One of his little fair enamoras, or catch-cumbers, such as live in the halo of all great men, fired his eyes and her affections upon his beautiful silk suspenders, and the next day, while the keg was yet dealing out its kindness, he might be seen paying visits to the lodges of his old acquaintances, swagging about, with his keg under his arm, whitening Yankee Doodle and Washington's Grand March; his white shirt, or that part of it that had been flapping in the wind, had been shockingly tattered—his patches of star, laced with gold, were raveled into a pair of comfortable ligins—his bow and quiver were slung, and his broad sword, which trailed on the ground, had sought the centre of gravity and taken a position between his legs, and dragging behind him, served him as a rudder to steer over the earth's troubled surface.

Two days revel of this kind, had drawn from his keg all its charms; and in the meadowness of his heart, all his finery had vanished, and all of its appendages, except his umbrella, to which his heart's strongest affections clung, and with it, and under it, in rude dress of buckskin, he was afterward seen, in all sorts of weather, acting the 60 and the beau as well as he could, with his limited means. In this plight, and in this dress, with his umbrella always in his hand, (as the only remaining evidence of his quantum greatness) he began, in his sober moments, to entertain and amuse his people, by honest and simple narratives of things and scenes he had beheld during his tour to the east, but which, (unfortunately for him) were to them too marvellous and improbable to be believed.

He told the gaping multitude, that were constantly Pestering about him, of the distance he had traveled, of the astounding number of houses he had seen—of the towns and cities, all their wealth and splendor—of traveling on steamboats, in stages, and on railroads. He described our forts, and seventy-four gun ships, which he had visited—their guns—our great bridges—our great council house at Washington, and its doings—the curious and wonderful machines in the patent-office, (which he pronounced the greatest medicine place he had seen); he described the great war parade, which he saw in the city of New York—the ascent of the balloon from Castle Garden—the numbers of the white people—the beauty of the white squares—their red cheeks, and many thousands of other things, all of which were so much beyond their comprehension, that they could not be true, and he must be the greatest liar in the world.

But he was beginning to acquire a reputation of a different kind. He was denounced a medicine man, and one too, of the most extraordinary character; for they deemed him far above the ordinary sort of human beings, whose mind could invent and conjure up for their amusement such an ingenious fabrication of novelty and wonder. He was only apparently raised and nourished by this way of entertaining his friends and his people, though he knew his standing was affected by it. He had an ex-
George Catlin, Esq., the painter, who has just performed "a tour through the vast and wild regions of Upper Missouri," has made some interesting communications to the New York Commercial Advertiser. The annexed extracts are passages of his latest from St. Louis:

"This is a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where wood is the staff of life—where no laws but those of nature are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton wood and pecan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain sheep, and the fleet bounding antelope—where the maple and chattering paroquettes supply the place of the red breast and blue bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in heart. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords."

"In traversing these vast wilds, it gave me great satisfaction to find nearly all the savage tribes on the Upper Missouri, and its tributaries, to the Rocky Mountains, enjoying the comforts of life to a great degree, in a climate delightful and healthy, and a country abounding in most parts with game, which supplies them with a plenty of food; being supplied by the American Fur Company with arms, ammunition, and other necessaries of life, for which they pay in furs and peltries on the return from their long hunts. Since they have learned the use of fire-arms, clothes, &c. it has become necessary to furnish them with these articles annually, to prevent them from going to the British Company, who stand ready to supply them and monopolize the fur trade in our own country, and cultivate an influence over them extremely dangerous to our frontiers."
WASHINGTON.

MILITARY REGULATION.

The regulation, though it is for the first time and in the following article, has been for ages the subject of conversation. Since it was first published, a source doubts as to whether we shall have it to the public service. The rules of the United States are not so extensive, or even as frequent, in their effects as the regulations of the state; but there are a few individual cases which are peculiarly interesting. The rule that the officers of the United States shall not be employed in the service of the state, or of any foreign country, is an important one. It is stated that the officers of the state shall not be employed in the service of the state, or of any foreign country.

We observe, in the last number of the Rich-}

The arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the U.S. States and territories, were made known, and in the Boston, Capt. Comstock, made her appearance in the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm. As she entered the harbor, the people were fired with joy, and the President, Capt. Comstock, made his appearance on the deck, and was received with great enthusiasm. The President then entered the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm. The President then entered the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm.

THE ARRANGEMENTS PREPARED FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 13, 1833.

To the President of the United States:

Sir,—I have the honor to transmit you a copy of the arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the United States, and to assure you that I shall do all in my power to facilitate the arrangements, and to assure you that I shall do all in my power to facilitate the arrangements.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

[Signature]

WASHINGTON,

MILITARY REGULATION.

The regulation, though it is for the first time and in the following article, has been for ages the subject of conversation. Since it was first published, a source doubts as to whether we shall have it to the public service. The rules of the United States are not so extensive, or even as frequent, in their effects as the regulations of the state; but there are a few individual cases which are peculiarly interesting. The rule that the officers of the United States shall not be employed in the service of the state, or of any foreign country, is an important one. It is stated that the officers of the state shall not be employed in the service of the state, or of any foreign country.

We observe, in the last number of the Rich-}

The arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the U.S. States and territories, were made known, and in the Boston, Capt. Comstock, made her appearance in the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm. As she entered the harbor, the people were fired with joy, and the President, Capt. Comstock, made his appearance on the deck, and was received with great enthusiasm. The President then entered the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm. The President then entered the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm.

THE ARRANGEMENTS PREPARED FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 13, 1833.

To the President of the United States:

Sir,—I have the honor to transmit you a copy of the arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the United States, and to assure you that I shall do all in my power to facilitate the arrangements, and to assure you that I shall do all in my power to facilitate the arrangements.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

[Signature]

WASHINGTON,

MILITARY REGULATION.

The regulation, though it is for the first time and in the following article, has been for ages the subject of conversation. Since it was first published, a source doubts as to whether we shall have it to the public service. The rules of the United States are not so extensive, or even as frequent, in their effects as the regulations of the state; but there are a few individual cases which are peculiarly interesting. The rule that the officers of the United States shall not be employed in the service of the state, or of any foreign country, is an important one. It is stated that the officers of the state shall not be employed in the service of the state, or of any foreign country.

We observe, in the last number of the Rich-}

The arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the U.S. States and territories, were made known, and in the Boston, Capt. Comstock, made her appearance in the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm. As she entered the harbor, the people were fired with joy, and the President, Capt. Comstock, made his appearance on the deck, and was received with great enthusiasm. The President then entered the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm. The President then entered the harbor, and was received with great enthusiasm.

THE ARRANGEMENTS PREPARED FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 13, 1833.

To the President of the United States:

Sir,—I have the honor to transmit you a copy of the arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the United States, and to assure you that I shall do all in my power to facilitate the arrangements, and to assure you that I shall do all in my power to facilitate the arrangements.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

[Signature]
Missouri Republican, St. Louis
9 July 1833
2:5

George Catlin, Esq., the painter, who has just performed a tour through the vast and wild regions of Upper Missouri, has made some interesting communications to the New-York Commercial Advertiser. The annexed extracts are passages of his latest from St. Louis:

"This is a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws but those of honor are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton wood and pecan—where the buffalo range; the elk, mountain sheep, and the fleet bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering paroquettes supply the place of the red, breast and blue bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in heart. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords."

"In traversing these vast wilds, it gave me great satisfaction to find nearly all the savage tribes on the Upper Missouri, and its tributaries to the Rocky Mountains, enjoying the comforts of life to a great degree, in a climate delightful and healthy, and a country abounding in most parts with game, which supplies them with a plenty of food; being supplied by the American Fur Company with arms, ammunition, and other necessaries of life, for which they pay furs and peltries on the return from their long hunts. Since they have learned the use of fire arms, clothes, &c. it has become necessary to furnish them with these articles annually, to prevent them from going to the British Company, who stand ready to supply them and monopolize the fur trade in our own country, and cultivate an influence over them extremely dangerous to our frontiers."
THE WEST.

From one of George Catlin's interesting letters we make the following extract:

A journey of four thousand miles from the Atlantic shore, regularly receding from the centre of civilized society to the extreme wilderness of nature's original works, and back again, opens a book for many an interesting tale to be sketched; and the mind which lives but to relish the works of nature, reaps a reward of a much higher order than can arise from the selfish expectations of pecuniary emolument. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the knowing people of the East are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the West; by this I mean the "West"—the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits—people even know the true definition of the term "West"—and where is its location?—phantom like, it flies before us as we travel, and our way is continually gilded before us as we approach the setting sun.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the west, when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened back to amuse their friends with the scenes of the West—at Buffalo a steamboat was landing with four hundred passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "From the West." In the rich State of Ohio hundreds were selling their farms, and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, "our town has seen its best days, it is not far enough to the West." In St. Louis, my landlord assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I asked—"whence comes those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c." "From the West." "Whence those ponderous bars of silver which those men have been for hours shoulking and putting on board that boat?"—they come from the West. Where goes this steamboat, so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.?—she goes to Jefferson city—

"Jefferson city? Where is that?" Far to the West.
"And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?" She goes still farther to the west—then said I, "I'll go to the west." Two thousand miles in her and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone—at the west. "What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the west! And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen who have just arrived and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey, who are they?" Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the west. "And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?—These, sir, are outfits for the west. "Going to the west, ha!" Then said I, "I'll try it again." What a fort here, too?" Oui, monsieur—oui monsieur. "What distance are you West of Yellow Stone here?" Comment? "What distance—(stop)—quar distance? Pardon, mons. trois cents milles, mons. "Ou parlez vous pas l'Anglais?" Non, mons. I speak de French and de Amerique, mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais. "Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English and you may speak American." "Pardon, pardon, monsieur." "Well, then, we will both speak American." Val, sain, je suis bien content pour f or I see dat you speak pully cool Americane." "What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?" Na sont Corbeaux, "Crows, ha!" Yes, sire, monsieur. "We are then in a Crow country?" Non, monsieur, we are in the countrie of de dom pieds noirs. "Black-feet, ha!" Oui. "What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?" Ha, quel Montaigne? cela est a Montaigne du—(pardon.) Du Rochers, I suppose?" Oui, monsieur de Rocky Montaigne." "You live here, I suppose? Non, monsieur, I come fair from de west. Monsieur Pierre Chouteau can give you de histoire de ma vie—il bien sait que je prends les castors. "You carry goods, I suppose, to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the Mountains, and trap Beaver, also? Oui, monsieur. "Do you see any thing of the Flat-heads in your country?" Non, monsieur, ils demurent very fair to de west. "Well, Baptiste, I'll lay my course back again, and at some future period, endeavor to go to the west."
WASHINGTON.

MILITARY REGULATION.

The regulation, though it is for the first time indicated in the present article, has been for years the subject of conversation. Since it was announced, from a source doubtless unauthorized, we copy it, with the compliments of the New York Commercial Advertiser and its correspondent. It is a question concerning which we easily conceive much may be said on both sides.

Washington, June 22d.

B L A D D E R.

The President, in his annual address, has announced the following list of officers, which we publish without comment:

L A T E R F R O M T H E P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. Lincoln, in his annual address, has announced the following list of officers, which we publish without comment:

SOUTH CAROLINA SCENERY.

South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida are well described in the recent number of the Southern pictorial, which contains a number of fine views of that country, including a splendid view of Savannah, and several of the principal cities of the United States.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

AUSTRIA, BELGIUM, AND PORTUGAL.

Austria, Belgium, and Portugal are the subjects of the following article, which we publish without comment:

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A religious conference was held in Washington, D.C., last week, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, and was attended by a large number of prominent ministers and laymen.
THE FAR WEST.

Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the knowing people of the East, are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the West; by this I mean the "Far West"—the country whose fascination spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people ever know the true definition of the term "West"—and where is its location?—phantom like it flies before us as we travel, and our way is continually guided by us, as we approach the setting sun.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls and hastened back to amuse their friends. With scenes of the West—at Buffalo, a steam boat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "from the West."—In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati people said to me, "our town has seen its best days—it is not far enough West." In St. Louis, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boards, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I asked—"whence comes those steam boats laden with pork, honey, hides, &c."? from the "West."—"Whence those ponderous bars of silver which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat—they come from the West." Where goes this steam boat so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.—she goes to Jefferson City." "Jefferson City?" "Where is that?"—far to the West. "And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?" She goes still farther to the West—then said I, "I'll go the West!"

Two thousand miles on her and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone—at the West.—"What invoices, bills of lading, &c. a whole sale establishment so far to the West? And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen who have just arrived and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey, who are they?" "Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West. "And that keel boat, that Mackinaw boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?" "These, sir, are outfits for the West.—"Going to the West?" "Then said I, "I'll try it again. "What, a Fort here, too?" "Oui, monsieur—oui, monsieur. What distance are you west of Yellow Stone, here?" "Comment? "What distance—(stop)—(quod distance)?" "Pardon, monsieur, trois cents milles, monsieur. "No parlez-vous l'Anglais? "Non, monsieur, j'habite en France et de l'Amérique; mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais. "Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak American. "Pardon, monsieur. "Well, then, we will both speak Americane. "Oui, suis bien content pour f I see du you. speaks. "Putty cool Americane. "What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?" "Ils sont Corbeaux—"Crows, ha?" "Yes, c'est monsieur. "We are then in the Crow country?" "Non, monsieur, je vis a Droco de corbeaux de dam pieds noirs. "Black-feet, ha?" "Oui. "What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?" "Ha, quel Monteigne? cela est la Montaigne de (pardon.) "Du Rocher, I suppose? "Oui, monsieur, de Rocky-Montagne. "You live here, I suppose? "Non, monsieur; I come far from the West. "Monsieur, Pierre Chouteau can give you de-historie de me vie—il bien sait supposé to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the Mountains, and trap Beaver, also. "Oui, monsieur. "Do you see anything of the Flat-heads in your country?" "Non, monsieur, ils demeurent very far to de West. "Well, Baptiste, I'll lay my course back again, and at some future period, endeavor to go to the West."

[Carlin's Letters.]