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Heroes of Dakota: Part One

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LA VERENDRYE: PATHFINDER OF THE WEST

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station, KEJN, October 6, 1947

History, by telling the great deeds of yesterday, gives us a feeling of the importance of human achievement. "The grandeur of history sheds a grandeur upon ourselves. In the largest accomplishments of the past we feel that we have a share." This is the value to us of these "Heroes of Dakota," of La Vérendrye and the Earl of Selkirk, of Sitting Bull and Jim Hill, of the Marquis de Mores and Theodore Roosevelt, and all the rest of those rich, colorful figures in our great past here in the Northwest. Why were these men heroes? Largely because they possessed fortitude and vision. They wore what Stephen Crane called "the red badge of courage." They saw some new, unfinished work, and then applied themselves to it with a bull-dog tenacity.

Such a one was Pierre Gaultier De Varennes, Sieur De La Vérendrye, western explorer, the discoverer of Manitoba, the Dakotas, the Red River of the North, the Assiniboin, as well as long stretches of the upper Missouri, and the first white man to enter North Dakota. His name is a long one, a little confusing to us, but we will know him as La Vérendrye, or simply as Pierre. Little Pierre was born in 1685 at Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence. His father was the governor of this place, but died when Pierre was only four and the mother faced a bitter struggle to bring up a large family alone. From this unfortunate situation there arose, no doubt, in young Pierre's breast a determination to succeed, an intense striving for achievement to compensate for the insecurity inherent in his fatherless childhood. Perhaps this was the key to his character, to the making of a man who pushed on the face of all obstacles.

At the tender age of twelve the youth entered the colonial army of New France, and soon took part in the war against the English settlements. When nineteen he marched with a raiding party of French troops and their Indian allies in the famous raid against Deerfield, Massachusetts, on the New England frontier. In the wild terror of this surprise attack the blood of 49 settlers stained the snow red, while ill, quaking with fear, were led away to Canada as prisoners. Some of these were butchered on the way, some died of starvation, others of exhaustion, a few reached the French settlements where they were treated kindly. Three years later La Vérendrye was ordered to France where as a lieutenant in the Regiment de Bretagne he saw much hard fighting, being wounded nine times, and once left for dead on the battlefield. When the weary, home-sick veteran had recovered from his wounds, he returned to Canada.

Home again he quickly married, and his good wife bore him four sons, who later played a great part in their father's explorations. He now turned naturally to the fur trade, first on his own property near Three Rivers, and then at Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior, on the remote edge of New France, where in 1726 he obtained command of the fur post. Here his imagination was fired by Indian accounts of the far western country and of a westward-flowing river. One old Indian even drew a map showing such a river. Eager for honor, for some great deed that would again show the world his worth, La Vérendrye conceived a plan to search overland for the Western Sea, for that famed and long-sought Northwest Passage that had done so much for the cause of exploration in America from Columbus onward.

1Allan Nevins, The Gateway to History (Boston, 1938) 3-5.
La Verendrye sought official permission and support for his scheme, but secured only authorization to explore. From a monopoly of the fur trade in the areas that he might discover he was to secure the funds for the expenses of his explorations. This arrangement was a great disappointment, for burdened with the cares of the fur trade "his search for the Western Sea must be slow and unsatisfactory." Nevertheless he pressed on with the project.

Thus it was that in 1731 La Verendrye began his great quest. Accompanied by his three eldest sons, he pushed westward, up Lake Superior to Grand Portage, and then by that connecting series of lakes and rivers, abounding in rapids and portages, to Rainy Lake. Here a fort was built, named Fort St. Pierre after his own patron saint. The next year they forged their way again into the wilderness, reaching the Lake of the Woods where a second fort was constructed. In La Verendrye's absence his courageous sons pushed on to build a post on Lake Winnipeg in 1734. These advances were followed by tragedy in 1736, for then twenty-one of La Verendrye's followers, including one of his sons, were slain by the Sioux on Massacre Island in Lake of the Woods. In spite of this disaster La Verendrye did not turn back.

Two years later came his entry into present North Dakota. This is how it happened. While stationed at Lake Nipigon La Verendrye had first heard, in connection with the River of the West, of a sedentary tribe who raised crops and dwelt in earth-lodges. In the years that followed these stories continued to crop up, often with details that were to prove fictional, such as that they were white, civilized, spoke and sang like Frenchmen. Now at last he would go to see these Indians. On September 11, 1738, La Verendrye with two of his sons and a considerable party left the Lake of the Woods. They reached Lake Winnipeg by canoe, then turned into the Red River of the North, and ascended it to the Assiniboine. At this fork now stands the city of Winnipeg. After a pow-wow with some Indians waiting for him here, La Verendrye pushed up the Assiniboine River, a broad, winding stream with a swift current and many sand bars. Along its banks he saw "countless herds of buffalo and deer." These are his very words, preserved down through the years and translated for us by Dr. Henry E. Haxo of the University of North Dakota. You can find the whole fascinating story as Dr. Haxo translated it, working from a photostatic copy of the original, in the North Dakota Historical Quarterly for July, 1941. Finally, hindered by low water, La Verendrye halted at a portage used by the Indians in going to trade with the English on Hudson's Bay. This spot is now Portage-la-prairie, Manitoba. Here, the Assiniboine Indians told him, began the trail leading to the earth-lodge people. On October 3 the Frenchmen began a fort, Fort La Reine, and the courageous explorer secured a guide and the services of others to carry his baggage. He, personally, bore all the expenses of this expedition, not permitting his associates in the fur trade to share it. Leaving a garrison at Fort La Reine on October 18, the little band set out across the prairies. In all there were some fifty people, about half being Indians. They spent forty-six days in travelling a distance of about 300 miles to an earth-lodge village near the site of present Minot. These earth-lodge people La Verendrye referred to in his Journal as Nantannes, and historians long supposed that they were the Mandans—an easy error to make, but Dr. O. G. Libby, the grand old man of North Dakota history, has proved conclusively that they were Hidatsa, and so Hidatsa they shall be for the rest of our story.

On the way the guide led the party to an Assiniboine village, and these people soon decided to accompany the Frenchmen. As the party neared the Hidatsa fort, the chief with a number of his braves came out a few days' journey to meet it, expressing the greatest appreciation and joy at the visit of the whitemen. But the chief,
seeing at once that he would have to entertain a great number of Assiniboine which would mean a heavy consumption of the Hidatsa corn, played a trick to rid his fort of so many hungry guests. He said that he was most happy to see the Assiniboines for his scouts reported that the Sioux, their common enemy, were on the way to attack them. The Assiniboine would be a great aid in fighting off the Sioux. At this plausible falsehood, the Assiniboine, not a very brave people, were thrown into consternation, and many were ready to turn back at once. But they finally decided that, in loyalty to La Vérendrye, part of the men should go on with him, leaving the rest in a camp on the prairie at this point. Thus the strategem of the wily Hidatsa was partly successful.

Finally, on December 3, 1738, La Vérendrye came to the Hidatsa fort. On this great occasion the little band of white men approached in military order, preceded by the flag adorned with the arms of France and carried by one of La Vérendrye's sons. Then they fired a three-volley salute to the fort, and were welcomed most heartily. La Vérendrye by the usual ceremony made them his children, and the Hidatsa responded by "loud shouts expressive of their joy and gratitude." After some days of feasting he sent his son with seven Frenchmen and several Hidatsa to visit the nearest fort of these people on the Missouri. This was near Sanish, North Dakota. They returned the next day, having been well-received.

This was a great measure of success, but the party had also experienced a number of misfortunes. On the journey La Vérendrye's personal effects had been stolen by an Assiniboine who offered to carry them for his servant. As soon as the party arrived at the fort the precious leather bag of presents was stolen through the carelessness of its French bearer in the excitement of the first tumultuous welcome. Now, December 6, the Assiniboine escort, frightened by a fresh rumor that the Sioux were at hand, left for home. With them, on the sly, went La Vérendrye's Cree interpreter, having fallen in love with an Assiniboine woman. This was a crowning misfortune, for now he could communicate with the Hidatsa only by sign. His whole attempt to learn more of the people and country to the south and west was frustrated. So La Vérendrye was forced to abandon his plan for a long visit, and decided to return at once to Fort La Reine on the Assiniboine. He left two Frenchmen with the Hidatsa to learn their language. Taken ill when he was about to set out, and not recovering after a few days' delay, he started the journey still indisposed. It was a terrible ordeal. The sick man travelled some 300 miles afoot in the cold and snow of a Dakota winter back to Portage-la-Prairie. He wrote of these eight weeks'agony: "Never in my life have I experienced so much misery, pain and fatigue as on that journey." Thus ended the first visit of white men to North Dakota. The stamp of heroism was upon it.

There is little more to tell. In 1742 his sons pushed southwestward across the upper Missouri, probably reaching the Black Hills. On their return they buried an inscribed lead plate. It was luckily discovered by some playing children at Pierre, South Dakota, in 1913. La Vérendrye's explorations ended in 1744 when he returned to Montreal. But in 1749 he received the cross of St. Louis in recognition of his great services, and in the same year the governor of New France gave his permission to return to the West. With unquenched spirit the old man of sixty-four began preparations to renew his long search for a Northwest Passage, but worn out by a life full of hard service on battlefield and in the wilderness, he died before he could return to his beloved West.

Thus passed a hero, a man "mild and firm"—full of zeal for "the glory of the King"—who gladly exposed himself to great fatigue and danger, and expended his fortune in the cause of western exploration. Truly he "gave himself wholly to the task." And so we pay tribute to Pierre Gaultier De Varennes Sieur De La Vérendrye, who, seeking a Northwest passage, came to North Dakota in 1738.
ALEXANDER HENRY, THE YOUNGER, RED RIVER FUR TRADER

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station, KFJM, October 13, 1947.

Our hero this afternoon was the second Alexander Henry connected with the fur trade of the Northwest, so he is called "The Younger." The elder Alexander Henry, his uncle and the more famous of the two, was in the Northwest from about 1760 to 1775, but the younger Henry is more closely related with us because of his long residence on the Red River of the North. We are in his debt by reason of his journal, which he kept, day by day, of his activities in the fur trade. It gives us a unique picture of the valley in the years from 1800 to 1808, the period of his residence here. Elliot Coues edited the journal under the title New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest; it was published in two volumes in 1897, by Francis P. Harper.

Except for a short fragment of an earlier date the journal begins with the summer of 1800 when Henry led a fur brigade of four canoes up the Red river to trade as a bourgeois, or partner, of the North West Company. Until 1806 he was on the Red river; from that year to 1811 he had charge of three different Saskatchewan posts. Then, after an unexplained break of two years, he appeared on the Columbia river. The diary ended only with Henry's death when he drowned on May 22, 1814, while crossing the Columbia river near its mouth. A sudden squall on this broad stretch of water over-turned the boat, and several others perished along with Henry.

He was a cool-headed, courageous, but pessimistic person. Versed in the habits and characters of the Indians, he regarded them simply as the necessary nuisances of his business. As for the French-Canadian voyageurs or canoe-men who did the hard work of the trade with a gay light-heartedness, Henry despised them. He was a man without imagination, methodically bent on his business, to win pelts from pelts. Nevertheless each night he wrote down, without literary grace or embellishment and to the bewilderment of the Indians who sometimes observed him, a plain, unvarnished tale of what he had done and what he had seen during the day. For his heroic persistence the story of our beloved valley will ever be richer and more colorful. He added his bit to that priceless gift of history, an understanding of the past.

Now let us follow Henry as he led his brigade westward in the summer of 1800. It will help if you have a map of the Red river country before you. Starting at Grand Portage on the north shore of Lake Superior, the party followed the interconnecting series of rivers and lakes to Rainy Lake, then went on to the Lake of the Woods, and finally to Lake Winnipeg. This famous highway of the fur trade was hard going for the tough and active voyageurs that manned Henry's four canoes. Each was laden with some twenty-eight pieces as the packs of trade-goods were called. With the pieces averaging about eighty pounds, every canoe carried over a ton of merchandise besides seven or eight persons. No wonder they sank almost to the gunnels. The portages were frequent; in fact the journey began with a nine-mile carry, but the others were generally shorter. Portages of 400, 700, 1000, and even 2000 paces were mentioned. It was greating work, the footing was bad, the packs heavy, the mosquitoes tormenting. Often the canoes had to be repaired with gum from the spruce. At one rapid the men lost control of their canoe, and it was hurled against a rock. All but one leaped to safety, but that unfortunate was flung into the angry waters as they threw the light vessel on its end. The poor wretch reappeared momentarily, clinging to a bale of trade-goods only to disappear forever, though his frightened companions retrieved a good part of the merchandise.
After much toil and danger the brigade came to Lake Winnipeg, coasted its southeast shore to the mouth of the Red river, and turned into its lower reaches. At the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, the site of present Winnipeg, the party was divided. Half of the trade goods went up the Assiniboine to Portage-la-Prairie, and half continued up the Red, under Henry's personal command.

At this point some forty Chippewa, or Saulteurs as Henry called them, joined the company. They were waiting for him with provisions of dried buffalo meat, and the trader paid them with liquor. It, in fact, was very intimately connected with the fur trade as it appeared in the pages of Henry's journal. A large part of the trade goods was "high wine," as the alcohol for the Indian trade was called. In 1800 Henry brought out to the Red river forty kegs of it, each containing nine gallons. This compared with twenty bales of general merchandise, eight kegs of gunpowder, four bales of kettles, and four cases of guns. Thus it was the leading item in the cargo of Henry's canoes. On many occasions the trader treated the Indians with liquor, giving it to them to drown the sorrows for the death of a dear one, to win good-will, and to bring the Indians over to some desired course of action. At other times they had to buy the rotten stuff which was literally diluted with water, and in that state referred to as mixed rum. Once secured, by gift or purchase, the Indians would drink all night, until the men, women, and even children were "roaring drunk." These drinking bouts were the cause of many tragic brawls, stabblings, and fatal shootings. Henry fully acknowledged the infinite harm done, exclaiming in his journal: "What a different set of people they would be, were there not a drop of liquor in the country! If a murder is committed among the Saulteurs, it is always in a drinking match. We may truly say that liquor is the root of all evil in the North West."

At the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers Henry purchased a horse for a nine-gallon keg of mixed rum, and henceforth rode along over the prairie bank as the voyageurs forced the canoes up the winding river. The Chippewa band followed the brigade, ever begging for liquor, and fearful of falling in with a war party of the Sioux, their mortal enemies. In fact, alarms, fortunately always false, were a daily occurrence. On one occasion to prepare for their defense the Saulteurs very quickly dug three trenches twenty feet long, five feet wide and four feet deep, cutting the earth with axes while the women and children threw it with their hands into kettles and onto blankets. Henry shrewdly refused to show any fear for he wanted the Indians to accompany him to the southward, nearer to the Sioux country.

At each evening's camp the boatmen set to fishing, for the Red literally teemed with fish. There were catfish, pike, herring, and sturgeon: the last, a big fish, created excitement by leaping from the water. At the mouth of the Roseau river, thirteen miles forth of the present Canadian border, Henry left sixteen of his party under a subordinate to set up a trading post. With the remaining fourteen he continued up the Red to Park river where he built a post. As Henry rode southward over the prairie he was continually amazed by the country through which he passed. Game was abundant. Herds of buffalo were continually in sight. They cut deep paths in the tough sod in going to the river to drink. In favored places such as the Bois Pérce, an open crossing in present Pembina county, the mud of the river bank was packed down by their hooves into a veritable pavement. Henry and the others shot many of the great beasts for food and for the pure sport of it. In these days of high-priced meat, one is astonished and perhaps a little dismayed at the careless waste that characterized their actions. Often only the tongue, a delicacy, was taken, leaving the rest of the carcass to the crows and wolves. Besides the bison the woods along the river contained many black bear; Henry saw seven of them drinking at one time. These animals had torn up the trees and bushes in a surprising fashion; the branches of the wild plum being especially broken in their search for its fruit. Sometimes grizzlies were encountered, but these were not common. Large numbers of "red deer," as Henry called the elk, were continually
seen and many were shot for food. Moose were not often observed, but racoon were plentiful. The wolves were a nuisance with their boldness, and the air was sometimes thick with wild fowl, ducks, swans, and pigeons, on their way south.

After establishing the post at Park river, Henry wished to visit Grand Forks. He hoped to find some Red Lake Indians who were working down Red Lake river, trapping beaver, toward the Forks. These Indians normally traded with the opposition at Leech Lake, and Henry wished to secure their furs. After two others refused to guide him, he finally persuaded Charlo, an Ojibway, who considered it dangerous, and objected that his brother would be displeased. But when the trader offered him half a keg of liquor, it was too great a temptation. Accompanied by one of Henry's employees, they set out on their horses the morning of November 8, 1860, taking a gallon of high wine and a fathom of tobacco for the Red Lake Indians if they found them.

Soon they came to Forest river, and had great difficulty in crossing as the horses sank to their bellies in the mud, and one stuck fast. By the time the animal was free the party was mud and dirt "up to the eyes." At Horse's Slough they saw thousands of wild fowl feeding on the wild rice, and shot a few ducks that were "excessively fat." Next they approached Turtle river. It flowed through a large salt marsh which was "a famous place for buffalo," as indeed "all salt lakes and marshes" were. Again there was much difficulty in crossing, and Henry's man was pitched off his horse into the mud and water, cutting a pitiful figure. Here they camped for the night, seeing elk and bison in every direction. Henry wrote in his journal: "The country is smooth and open, without a stick to be seen, except the woods of Red river, and some spots along Turtle river." Charlo, fearful of the Sioux, advised them to have their guns, fresh primed, alongside them, not to sleep too hard, and on the least noise, to jump up.

The next day they went on very cautiously; Charlo warned them that they were approaching a place on the annual war road of the Sioux where they had watched for as much as a month at a time for any Indians that might come down the Red Lake river to Grand Forks. At the confluence of the rivers the water looked very deep to Henry, and Charlo claimed that many sturgeon wintered there. They saw several jump. Looking about for signs of the enemy, they found several old war camps and a range of elm-bark cabins erected last summer by the Sioux. They also found a camp of this summer, of about 100 men, with stakes driven into the ground to fasten their horses, but no fresh tracks. While Charlo, in search of the Red Lake Indians, crossed the river on a raft, Henry and his man made a snug camp and boiled some fat ducks for dinner. These were from yesterday's hunt; there was plenty of wild fowl here, but the men did not fire their guns "for fear of alarming any Indians that might be within hearing."

Charlo objected strongly to going on to Goose river, but his resistance was overcome by a promise of a treat of high wine when they returned to Grand Forks. And so at daybreak they mounted and turned southward. Buffalo were not numerous on this day's journey, but elk were continually seen in droves near the woods. By mid-afternoon they reached the spot where the Goose river flows into the Red, and stopped for the night. This was the extent of their southward journey; they had seen several war camps during the day and nothing could induce the guide to cross the Goose. Here they found thirty tents of last year, also some poles on which beaver skins had been stretched, old broken horse-travails, and some tent poles. Beaver appeared to be very numerous, but Henry and his two companions "kept as quiet as possible, made no fire, fired no gun," and held their horses always near them; while the Indian was continually on the lookout from the top of the oaks. Fortunately
The Sioux appeared and the return to Park river was completely in safety. Here on the Goose river Henry himself climbed one of the highest trees to have a look at the land to the southward. He soon wrote of our valley: "The direct course of Red River, from Otter Tail lake to Lake Winnipeg, may be said to run due N., or rather W. of N., through as pleasant a country as there is in America, with plenty of water for navigation, an excellent, fertile soil, and the best of wood for every purpose." For me there is a thrill in those words.

Well, we can not follow Alexander Henry farther this afternoon, but we can acknowledge our gratitude to him for his interesting journal, and thank him for recognizing the greatness and beauty of the Red river valley.
MERRIWETHER LEWIS: FIRST ACROSS THE CONTINENT

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station, KFJH, October 20, 1947

Merriwether Lewis, assisted by William Clark, led the first party to cross the continent in the United States. The expedition, one of the great feats in the history of American exploration, holds unusual interest for us because the explorers followed the Missouri River through present North Dakota, and spent a winter among the Mandan Indians in our state.

The journey had long been a favorite scheme of Thomas Jefferson. In 1783, ardently desiring a more exact knowledge of the great Louisiana region, he had proposed it to George Rogers Clark. In 1786, while minister to France, Jefferson made the proposition to John Ledyard, a Connecticut adventurer who had been with Captain John Cook on his third voyage around the world in 1778. Now Ledyard agreed to cross Europe and Asia to Kamchatka, there embark on a Russian trading vessel to Nootka Sound. From that point he was to try to find his way to the sources of the Missouri River and float down its current to the American settlements. Ledyard started out but when only a short distance from Kamchatka he was arrested, then carried back across Siberia and Russia to Poland, where he was left "disappointed, ragged, and penniless." In 1790 Captain John Armstrong of the United States army bravely set out alone in a canoe to ascend the Missouri and cross the Rockies to the Pacific, but some French traders persuaded him to turn back. In 1793, Jefferson made arrangements with André Michaux, a famous French botanist then in the United States, to ascend the Missouri and seek the source of the Columbia River, whose mouth Captain Robert Gray had discovered only the year before, but the scheme was dropped. Thus there were many forerunners of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Its leader, Meriwether Lewis, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in 1774. His parents, of the elite of the region, were neighbors and friends of Jefferson. Meriwether's father served in the Continental Army during the Revolution and died soon after the British surrendered at Yorktown. His mother quickly remarried, and when Meriwether was about ten, the family with a large group of kinsmen moved to plantations along the Broad River, Oglethorpe County, Georgia. Louise Phelps Kellogg well describes his boyhood in her brilliant biographical sketch of the explorer. Here on the Georgia frontier "young Lewis grew up amidst pleasant surroundings. Much of his time was spent in the open, and he became an expert hunter. He also took note of the fauna and flora of the vicinity and early showed both scientific and literary tastes. It is said that when told by his schoolmaster that the earth turned around he jumped high in the air and was disappointed that he came down in the same place, until it was proved to him that he moved with the moving earth. He also showed great presence of mind during danger...."

After several years under private tutors Meriwether at eighteen was ready to enter William and Mary College, but his step-father died, and his mother returned to "Locust Hill," the Virginia plantation near Charlottesville. As the eldest son Meriwether felt it his duty to stay home and manage the estate; hence he never attended college. A member of the local militia, he responded when President George Washington called out troops to put down the Whiskey Rebellion. Soon the youth wrote to his mother that he was "quite delighted with a soldier's life," and enlisted in the

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regular army. Now he served under "Mad" Anthony Wayne in the campaigns against the Indians in Ohio, being there a subordinate of William Clark who was later to accompany him on the famous journey to the Pacific. Commissioned a lieutenant, such was his honesty, that Lewis was made paymaster of his regiment. For a while he was on duty at Fort Pickering, near the site of present Memphis, and there learned the language and customs of the Chicasaw Indians.

Lewis was still in the service when President Jefferson offered his friend and neighbor the position as his private secretary, urging that Lewis's knowledge of the army and the western country would be of real value to the administration. While the pay would only be $500 a year, explained Jefferson, he might retain his rank in the army and live in the White House. Lewis accepted with alacrity, obtained leave, and moved into the Executive Mansion shortly after the inauguration. His experiences there were broadening and stimulating. The White House teemed with guests in a free and democratic hospitality. Dinner was served at four and at the table, surrounded by men of note, the conversation often continued until midnight. Sometimes they discussed the exploring of a land route to the Pacific. Jefferson had dreamed of such a project for twenty years, and Lewis had long cherished the wish to lead the expedition. Now the time seemed ripe. On January 18, 1803, the President in a private message to Congress asked for $2500 for the expenses of such a journey. The modest estimate had been made by Lewis himself.

Jefferson, eloquent on Lewis's qualifications as a leader of the great adventure, penned a tribute to his friend:

Of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian characters, customs, and principles, habituated to the hunting life; guarded by exact observations of the vegetables and animals of his own country against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as seen by ourselves; with all these qualifications as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose.

But Lewis lacked scientific knowledge and so the President sent him to Philadelphia to study with the scientists there such things as the methods of taking latitude and longitude, and the use of astronomical instruments. Later at Lancaster Andrew Ellicott gave him instruction on astronomy and map-making.

In the winter of 1803-04 the expedition was prepared at a camp at the mouth of the Wood River, on the east bank of the Mississippi, just above St. Louis. As finally organized it was made up of the two captains and twenty-six men. Lewis had invited his friend William Clark to share the leadership of the party with him on an equal footing. Nine of the party were young men from Kentucky who were used to frontier life among the Indians, and fourteen were soldiers in the United States Army selected from many who had volunteered for this service. Besides these there were two French voyageurs, one to act as an interpreter, and one as a hunter. York, the negro servant of Captain Clark, completed the list. All but black man were enlisted as privates in the army, although three were soon made sergeants. Besides the

personnel of the expedition proper, the party was accompanied to present North Dakota by an escort of nine voyageurs, a corporal, and six privates. One reason for this additional man power was the belief that if the party were attacked by the Indians, it would be below the country of the Mandans rather than above.\(^4\)

The baggage of the expedition was made up of presents to establish peaceful relations with the Indians, as well as stores for the use of the explorers. For the Indians there were fourteen bales and one box of such things as coats rich with gilt braid, red trousers, medals, flags, knives, colored handkerchiefs, paints, small looking-glasses, beads, and tomahawks. While the white men had a supply of clothing, working tools, fire-arms, food supplies, powder, ball, lead for bullets, and flints for the guns then in use, flint-lock rifles and muskets.

The adventurers were equipped with three vessels. The largest was a keel boat, fifty-five feet long, drawing three feet of water. It carried a big square sail, and had seats for twenty-two oarsmen. A small swivel gun was mounted on board. Then there were two pirogues, smaller craft, flat-bottomed, with a square stern, roomy, and generally provided with four oars and a square sail that might be used as a shelter or tent on shore at night. Two horses were led along the bank for use in hunting.

Watched with keen interest by the country generally and heartened by Jefferson's farewell to Lewis: "I hope you will take care of yourself," the expedition set out on its long, long journey on May 21, 1804. That day they made only a few miles because of head winds. Four days later they camped near the last white settlement on the Missouri, La Charrette, a tiny village of seven poor houses. Here lived Daniel Boone, the great pathfinder of an earlier generation, still vigorous and erect in spite of his seventy years.

As the boats moved up the Big Muddy, under sail if the wind favored, pulled by a tow line from the shore if it did not, hunters brought in game, deer and bear. There was plenty of good eating. Before long they found many delicious wild fruits, such as currants, plums, raspberries and apples. Wild turkeys, elk and geese helped fill the larder. Meeting some representatives of Indian tribes near present Council Bluffs, they gave them presents of roast meat, pork, flour, and corn meal, receiving in return "quantities of delicious watermelons." Near by they dragged Omaha Creek with a "drag of willows loaded with stones," securing at one time over three hundred fish, at another eight hundred: pike, bass, salmon-trout, catfish, and perch, a welcome addition to the bill of fare.

Near present Yankton, South Dakota, lived the Yankton-Sioux Indians, numbering about a thousand people, and at the invitation of the explorers a large band came in. The white messengers who carried the preoffer of hospitality were well received by the Indians who, as a sign of their good-will, gave them "a fat dog, already cooked, of which they partook heartily and found it well-flavored." Later this was to become a favorite dish of the explorers. Now the Sioux and the white men held a grand council under an oak tree, from the top of which flew an American flag. "The head chief was presented with a gold-laced uniform of the United States artillery, a cocked hat and red feather,\(^5\) while the lesser chiefs were given suitable gifts of lesser value.

The whole story of the great journey, faithfully recorded in the journals of Lewis and Clark, (and some other members of the party), is full of color and human interest, abounding in tales of hunting, hardships, and such amusing incidents as

\(^3\)Brooks, First Across the Continent, 24-25.
the observance of Christmas and New Years. At Fort Mandan, as they called their winter camp in present North Dakota, they celebrated Christmas day, 1804, by hoisting the American flag and firing a volley of musketry in salute. Then the men danced among themselves and the best provisions were brought out to add to the festivities. On New Years sixteen of the party visited the nearest Mandan village with their musical instruments, and delighted the Indians with their dances, especially a French voyageur who danced on his hands with his head downwards. "The dancers and musicians were presented with several buffalo robes and a large quantity of Indian corn."6 In the spring the journey was resumed, up the Missouri, across the Rockies to the headwaters of the Columbia, and down its rugged course to the Pacific. Here, miserable with the constant rain, the explorers constructed a camp in which they spent the second winter, starting on the return to St. Louis in the spring. On September 23, 1806, the long journey was completed; the whole village turned out to give them a hearty welcome.

Upon his return to civilization Lewis was appointed governor of Louisiana Territory, and gave the region an administration marked by justice and honesty. In 1809 when travelling to Washington, D. C., he died in central Tennessee in a wayside log-inn, perhaps a suicide, but his family and the people there believed that he was murdered, for no money was found on his body, and his watch was later recovered in New Orleans.

Thus closed the career of Meriwether Lewis, hero of the West, who at the age of twenty-nine led an expedition through thousands of miles of unknown wilderness, faced danger and hardship with quiet courage and good spirits, shared in perfect harmony his authority and honors with his friend, William Clark, and bequeathed to Americans of succeeding generations the recollection of stirring deeds, of a great dream realized. Here, indeed, are things worth remembering, a part of North Dakota's rich tradition.

6Ibid., 52.
WILLIAM CLARK, WESTERN EXPLORER

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station, KEJW, October 27, 1947.

William Clark with his friend, Meriwether Lewis, led the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition which started from the vicinity of St. Louis in May 1804, went up the Missouri River to the Rockies, crossed the continental divide, descended the Columbia River to its mouth, and returned by the same route, arriving at St. Louis in September 1806. This afternoon I want to tell you something of William Clark's life before and after the great expedition, and then to spend some time on the experiences of the explorers while they were in present South and North Dakota.

William Clark was born in Carolina County, Virginia, the ninth child in a large family. He had red hair, and a family tradition maintained that red-headed Clarks became persons "of force and vitality." It proved true of William and several of his brothers and sisters, including the famous George Rogers Clark, his older brother and the conqueror of the Northwest in the American Revolution. In later life William Clark was known among his Indian wards as "Red Head."

Louise Phelps Kellogg well describes "Red Head's" youth: "The boy grew up in his Virginia home, the customary home of a planter with many acres and slaves, enjoying life in the open, with little formal education, but trained by contact with men of affairs, and by constant observation of natural phenomena. He learned to ride and hunt, to survey a piece of land, to notice acutely the habits of wild birds and animals, to draw a little, to make maps, and to manage men. He acquired without knowing it the manners and accomplishments of a Virginia gentleman, yet there was always about him something of the frontiersman, a bluff, direct manner of speaking and acting, which made him at home in the backwoods, where much of his life was spent."

Billy Clark grew up in the stirring times of the American Revolution, his elder brothers taking an active part in it. At its close the family decided to move to Kentucky. In the autumn of 1784, with Billy a lad of fourteen, they left Carolina County, and in the lovely spring days of 1785 floated down the Ohio on a flatboat, "taking horses, stock, negroes, furniture, and all the equipment for a new home." A house was built on a large tract of land outside of Louisville; the plantation was called "Mulberry Hill." "There young William grew strong and tall until he was over six feet in height." He inherited this home by the will of his father and lived there until he started on the expedition to Oregon.

1Louise Phelps Kellogg, "William Clark," Dictionary of American Biography, IV, 141-44. I have drawn heavily on this article.
2Ibid.
Now let us turn to the Indian fighting. When the Clarks moved out to Kentucky, it was only about ten years since Daniel Boone had led the first pioneer settlers to what was then often called the "dark and bloody" ground because of frequent Indian wars. This warfare took a toll of the lives of the neighbors of "Mulberry Hill." In 1786 George Rogers Clark led a punitive expedition against the Indians on the Wabash. Probably William, then a strong lad of sixteen, went along with his brother. We know that he went on a similar expedition led by Col. John Hardin in 1789. The next winter he was active with others in the defense of Kentucky against Indian attacks. Soon a friend of the family wrote: "Your brother has gone out as a cadet with General Scott; he is a youth of solid and promising parts and brave as Caesar." With these experiences it was only natural that he should enlist in the regular army, and by September, 1792, he was commissioned a lieutenant. After four years of army life under Maj. Anthony Wayne in the Northwest, it began to pall on him and he resigned his commission and returned to "Mulberry Hill." Here he was when Lewis's letter came in 1803, inviting him to share command of the expedition to the Pacific. He plunged at once into the preparations with enthusiasm.

In May 1804 the expedition started up the "Big Muddy," and by late September they were in land of the Teton Sioux, now central South Dakota. For a council on the morning of the 25th they raised a flag-staff and an awning, all the party parading under arms. Soon some fifty or sixty chiefs and warriors came in from camps two miles up the river. After smoking with them and giving a speech, Lewis and Clark acknowledged the chiefs by giving the grand chief a medal, a flag of the United States, a laced uniform coat, a cocked hat and feather, and to the lesser chiefs, a medal and some small presents. After the gifts were distributed, the chiefs were invited on board the fifty-five foot keel-boat and amused. Here the journal reads: "In this we succeeded too well; for after giving them a quarter of a glass of whiskey, which they seemed to like very much, and sucked the bottle, it was with much difficulty that we could get rid of them."3

Soon they passed from the Teton country into the land of the Rickarees, reaching the mouth of the Cheyenne River on October 1. The Rickarees were astonished at York, Captain Clark's servant, a remarkable stout, strong negro. They had never seen a colored man before, and he, to amuse himself, told them that he had once been a wild animal who had been caught and tamed by his master, and to convince them performed feats of strength. The usual ceremonies were held, and after the palaver the principal chiefs received a flag, a medal, a red coat, cocked hat and feather, as well as some goods, paint and tobacco. Lewis and Clark were much surprised to find that the Rickarees did not use whiskey, refusing it with the remark that it would make them fools, and no man could be their friend who tried to lead them into such follies.

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3Noah Brooks, *First Across the Continent* (New York, 1902), 33. This is an excellent account of the expedition with long quotations from the journal.
The party moved slowly up the river, crossing into present North Dakota, and by October 18th reaching the mouth of the Cannonball. Here they saw great numbers of antelope, buffalo, and elk. The next day they counted fifty-two herds of antelope, buffalo, and elk in sight at one time. There were also large numbers of deer, wolves, and pelicans. The wolves dogged the herds of buffalo, watching an opportunity to pull down a weak one or a calf.4 At the Heart River began a series of Mandan villages. The explorers wintered among them, finally selecting a site for their winter camp seven or eight miles below the mouth of the Knife River where present Stanton is located. The huts were built of cottonwood logs, four rooms to a cabin, and arranged as the two sides of a triangle, while across the base a stockade was constructed with a gate that was locked at night. On the 3rd of November the men began building, racing with the coming of winter, and did not finish this heavy labor until the 25th. By then several of the men had bad colds. The lofts of the cabins were made warm and comfortable with dry grass mixed with clay. The camp was continually visited by curious Mandans during the winter.

Here Sakakawea and her husband, Charbonneau, were hired by the party. She was the famous Bird-Woman who contributed so much to the success of the later part of the journey. The journal says that she was "a good creature, of a mild and gentle disposition, greatly attached to the whites."5

Now the cold weather came on, the mercury often dropping to thirty-two degrees below zero. Notwithstanding this the Indians kept up their outdoor sports, surprising Lewis and Clark with their resistance to the cold. One brave, caught in a storm, had slept in the snow without a fire, and did not suffer from the experience though but thinly clad. On January 10th the mercury dropped to forty below, and when they attempted to chop their boats out of the river ice at the end of the month, they found it three feet deep. At last spring came, and as the ice began to break up, the Mandans had great sport chasing buffalo across the floating cakes of ice.6 When the beasts slipped, they were killed.

Finally on April 8, 1805, the party in six small canoes and two large pirogues resumed its journey up the Missouri. The weather turned warm and the men worked half-naked, stripped to the waist. Dead buffalo littered the banks of the upper river; the beaver were now more abundant, "larger and fatter," with better fur; great flocks of wild Canada geese winged northward. The explorers had many dangerous encounters with grizzly bears. Their strength and ferocity was awe-inspiring. The Indians told Lewis and Clark that they never attack the grizzly except in parties of six or eight persons, and even then were defeated with the loss of one or more of their number. On April 29th Lewis and the hunter were on shore and encountered two grizzlies.

4The original journals of Lewis and Clark and the Biddle text have been published for the portion of the journey in our state under the title "Lewis and Clark in North Dakota," *North Dakota History*, XIV, 5-45, 74-145 (Jan.-April, 1947).
6Ibid., 54.
Both were wounded by the first shots, and while one escaped, the other turned on Lewis and pursued him seventy or eighty yards, but being badly wounded the bear could not run fast enough to prevent the explorer from reloading his gun. Lewis's second shot and a third from the hunter dispatched the bear. On May 5th Clark and one of the hunters put ten balls into a grizzly, but he swam half way across the river to a sand bar and survived twenty minutes. On another occasion six members of the party attacked one of these bears. When four shots were fired into his body, he sprang up and raced open-mouthed upon them. Some of the terrified hunters jumped down a twenty-foot bank into the river before repeated firing finally killed the bear. Eight shots had passed through his body.

Time does not permit us to follow the expedition further.

After its return Clark resigned his commission in the army, and was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis where he made his home. In 1813 he was appointed Governor of Missouri Territory, but continued to hold his position as Indian Superintendent. He led a very active life in public affairs, commanding an expedition up the Missouri River to Prairie du Chien during the war of 1812, and making treaties to reconcile the western tribes at the close of the conflict. His home in St. Louis was a center of hospitality for both red men and white, and he made "constant pleas to the government at Washington for humanity and justice to the aborigines."7

Clark was best known for his part in the great expedition to the Pacific. The matured judgment of Louise Phelps Kellogg was that the success of the expedition "was really due to the combined qualities of the two leaders, who worked in complete harmony and supplemented each other at every point. Clark had more enterprise, daring, and resource than Lewis, as he had more frontier experiences. By his quick thought and action he more than once saved the expedition from disaster. He was the map-maker, and also the artist, drawing birds, fish, and animals with meticulous care."8

I believe that this story of William Clark has something of value for us. Perhaps this bit of our state history will nourish in our hearts more affection for our western country. To love North Dakota is good for us, and our loyalty is good for the state.

7Kellogg, Dictionary of American Biography, IV, 141-144.
8Ibid.
THE EARL OF SELKIRK, FOUNDER OF RED RIVER COLONY

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station, KFJM (1440), November 3, 1947.

Thomas Douglas, the fifth Earl of Selkirk, founded a colony of Scots and Irish on the Red River of the North in 1812. This was the first permanent settlement of white men in the valley. For that reason as well as the inspiring character of the Earl of Selkirk, the hardships experienced by the settlers, and the bitter struggle that its founding brought about with the North West Company, it is of unusual interest to us.

Thomas Douglas was born June 20, 1771, on St. Mary's Island on the southwestern coast of Scotland. The boy, the youngest of seven brothers, grew up in a vine-covered, rambling manor-house. He saw John Paul Jones come araiding in the Ranger and carry off the family plate; he heard Robert Burns talk at the family table. His section of Scotland had long been known as Whig country, the home of the foes of privilege and the defenders of liberal principles in government. It was natural then that Thomas Douglas should come to hold somewhat radical ideas. He was educated at the great University of Edinburgh, and there formed a life-long friendship with Walter Scott, a fellow student and later the romantic novelist.

Sympathetic with the sufferings of the lower classes, the young University student determined to help the unfortunate Scotch peasantry, evicted from their ancestral lands as the acres they had tilled were enclosed for sheep pastures. In 1799 Thomas Douglas became the fifth Earl of Selkirk, his six older brothers having died before his father; now he had the wealth and position to carry out his philanthropic impulses. He hated to see the Scotch emigrants going to the United States; if they could only be guided to settle in British colonies, they would strengthen the Empire. His first project came in 1803 when he brought eight hundred settlers to Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. The next year he sent some 111 from Scotland to Baldoon Farm near Lake St. Clair.

Presently he decided to invest in the Hudson's Bay Company. With furs piling up unsold in its London warehouses, the great firm faced bankruptcy, and the owners of its stock were happy to sell. Selkirk, his wife's relatives, and his friends soon came to own about one-third of the company's stock. Now Selkirk proposed to plant a colony in the company's territory on the Red River of the North. After a hot struggle the stockholders voted in 1811 to grant him 116,000 square miles of land. For this royal domain he was to pay the Hudson's Bay Company ten shillings. He was also to supply the firm with two hundred servants a year for ten years, their wages to be paid by the company. Roughly the District of Assiniboia, as Selkirk's grant was called, extended from Big Island in Lake Winnipeg to the source of the Red River, and from the headwaters of the Assiniboine River on the West to Lake of the Woods on the East. It was about two-thirds larger than the present state of North Dakota.

1 Louis A. Wood, The Red River Colony (Toronto, 1915), 1-20. The writer has drawn heavily on this exciting little volume.
2 John P. Pritchett, The Red River Valley, 1811-1849 (New Haven, 1942), 42-45. This splendid work is based upon research in the sources, especially the Selkirk manuscript papers.
Many thought that Selkirk's plan was visionary and impractical. Stung by this widespread judgment, the Earl devoted himself wholly to the project, heavily involving his own and his friends' fortunes. He came to feel that his character was at stake in its success or failure. For it to fail would destroy him in the eyes of the world.

Now Selkirk's agents set about recruiting emigrants in Ireland, the Hebrides, Glasgow, and the Scotch Highlands. The party gathered at Stornoway, capital of the Hebrides. They were a motley throng, some stalwart men in the prime of life, some youths eager for strange adventure; "a few were women, steeled to bravery through fires of want and sorrow. Too many were wastrels, cutting adrift from a blighted past." The Edward and Ann, a shaky old hulk, was put in commission for the settlers. With gray sails mottled with age, her rigging loose and worn, it seemed a crime to send such a craft out on the tempestuous Atlantic. In an atmosphere of unrest, with irritating delays, and some last minute desertions—one man jumped overboard and swam for shore—the party, now numbering one hundred and five, finally sailed on July 26, 1811. Their ship was accompanied by two others carrying goods for the Hudson's Bay posts.

After two stormy months at sea the little fleet put into Hudson Bay, and on September 24, 1811, the poor, homesick exiles disembarked at York Factory. Miles Macdonell, the governor of Assiniboia, soon set the men to building log cabins for the winter, chinking the cracks, cutting and piling firewood for the coming cold. As the winter wore on life grew monotonous; on a diet of salt meat some became listless, their faces sallow and their eyes sunken. Macdonell, recognizing the scurvy, administered an ancient remedy, sap from the white spruce, and the sufferers at once began to improve. Now quarreling and fighting marred the realtions of the people, and the governor became disgusted with his charges. He thought the Orkneymen gluttonous, lazy, and ill-disposed; the "Glasgow rascals" were a "cross-grained lot", and some of the Irish settlers "worthless blackguards." When spring came with infinite clumsiness they built four flat-bottomed boats, and by the end of the summer reached Point Douglas, where Winnipeg now stands.

Now began a two-fold struggle: one against the wiles and hostility of the traders of the North West Company; the other against nature to survive. Soon the provisions brought from Hudson Bay ran low. The Nor'westers offered to sell oats, barley, and poultry, but the prices were high and the colonists had no money. And so they turned to the great resource of the prairies: the buffalo. Guided by friendly Indians the company set out on foot to the southward in quest of the herds. After five days of straggling march they came to the forks of the Red and Pembina rivers. Here, on a site chosen by Captain Macdonell, a storehouse and cabins were erected, and the little encampment surrounded by a palisade. It was named Fort Daer in honour of one of Selkirk's titles. Before winter set in a second party of settlers, seventeen Irishmen led by Owen Keveny, arrived, having made the whole journey from the old country during 1812. They were housed along with the rest at Fort Daer. Until spring came there was plenty of buffalo meat, the Indians bringing in large loads of it for small trinkets. Unconscious of their danger the great beasts came up to the very palisades of the fort.

When spring came the settlers returned wearily to the Forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and built here the solid structures of their permanent settlement. It was named Colony Gardens. Now they attempted to prepare some
ground for crops, but it was a hard task, for the only implements they
had were hoes. Frustrated, they turned to the river, but it was practically
empty of fish. In dire straits they ate weeds to sustain life: prairie
apples and leaves of a species of the goosefoot family. Then came the
cruellest winter of all. They returned to Fort Daer, but the buffalo herds,
hampered by the heavy snow, had gone elsewhere. The Nor'westers sold them
a few provisions, but also egged on the half-breeds or Bois Brûlés to annoy
them. The settlers were "in extreme poverty, and in many cases their frost-
bitten, starved bodies were wrapped only in rags before spring came."*4

Undismayed by the news of these misfortunes Selkirk went in person to
the glens of Sutherlandshire in the Highlands to recruit more settlers.
Ninety-seven now embarked on the Prince of Wales for Hudson Bay, but fever
broke out, and many died at sea. By some mischance the survivors were landed
at Churchill, a hundred miles north of York Factory, and they had to winter
there. Fortunately partridge were plentiful near their camp. In April,
1814, forty-one of the party, about half of them women, marched over the
snow to York Factory. The men pulled sledges carrying their food, and a
piper heartened the company with the songs of their native Scotland. By
early summer they were at Colony Gardens. Better farmers than their prede-
cessors, they soon planted thirty or forty bushels of potatoes in the black
loam of the prairie. The yield was good, and had not Governor Macdonell
precipitated a violent quarrel with the Nor'westers, the colony might now
have begun to prosper.

The partners of the North West Company had opposed Selkirk's project
from the beginning. It was apparent that the bringing of settlers to the
Red River would damage the fur trade. Further, a settlement here sponsored
by their rival, the Hudson's Bay Company, would throw a barrier across their
line of communication to the West, and perhaps interfere with their supply
of pemmican, dried and concentrated buffalo meat, essential to feed their
western posts. It was this last that brought the conflict to a crisis.
Arrogant, determined to assert his authority, Governor Macdonell issued a
proclamation in January, 1814, that no fur trader could take flesh, fish,
grain, or vegetables out of the colony. His aim was to secure a food supply
for the settlers but it was a challenge to the fur traders. In execution
of the proclamation six hundred bags of pemmican were seized at the North
West Company post at the mouth of the Mouse River.

For a while the Nor'westers quietly bided their time. Then having
undermined the loyalty of many of the settlers, in June, 1815, an armed
attack was launched against the settlement. Four men were wounded, and
Miles Macdonell gave himself up to safeguard the others. He was taken
to Montreal under arrest; some one hundred and forty of the settlers,
ready to call it quits, were transported by canoe to Canada by the Nor'westers.
The forty or fifty colonists remaining beat off a second attack, then
abandoned the colony, retreating to the vicinity of Norway House on a
northern arm of Lake Winnipeg. Now the half-breeds, led by a Nor'wester,
burned the cabins, store-house, and mill. Three years of painful effort
went up in smoke. But the colony was not dead. Colin Robertson, a
lieutenant of Selkirk, rallied the settlers back from Norway House, and
soon ninety new colonists arrived from Scotland, the most energetic thus
far enlisted by Selkirk.

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*4Wood, Red River Colony, 60.
The climax of the struggle now came on. In June, 1816, encouraged by the Nor'westers, a band of the Bois Brûles again attacked the colony at Seven Oaks; twenty-three were killed. This massacre was never punished, but there was no more bloodshed. Selkirk himself now visited the colony bringing with him about one hundred discharged soldiers of the De Meuron regiment, mercenaries now disbanded with the end of the war in Europe. Apparently Selkirk thought the Nor'westers would have difficulty intimidating these men. However, the ex-soldiers, a medley of Germans, French and Italians, were not ideal colonists. One who knew them wrote that they were "lawless banditti and almost to a man drunkards."

In July, 1817, Selkirk made a treaty with the Cree and Salteau Indians. They ceded a strip of land along the Red River from its mouth to present Grand Forks, and a similar strip up the Assiniboine to the Muskrat. It was to extend on either side of the river as far as a man could see under a horse's belly. This distance was about two miles. At present Grand Forks, Pembina, and Winnipeg the strip was to extend six miles on either side of the Red River. For the land Selkirk was to pay annually one hundred pounds of tobacco to each Indian nation.

Disheartened at the failure of the government to punish the guilty parties in the massacre of Seven Oaks, Selkirk returned to England late in 1818. Then presently, ill and depressed, he went to the south of France in an effort to recover his health, and died there in April, 1820.

Thus passed the Earl of Selkirk, the founder of the first white settlement in the Red River Valley. Of liberal principles and broad humanitarian sympathies, even something of a radical for his times, he sacrificed his fortune that the unfortunate of the Old World might find a better life on the frontier of the New. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott's tribute best sums up his character: "I never knew in my life a man of more generous and disinterested disposition." Here, indeed, was a hero.

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6 Wood, Red River Colony, 138.
GEORGE CATLIN, AN ARTIST AMONG THE INDIANS

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn E. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station, KFJM (1440), November 10, 1947.

George Catlin made a unique contribution. An artist, he visited the Indians of America and painted about twelve hundred pictures of them in their native homes, at the time writing some five or six books on his first hand observations of their life, dress, worship, and customs. All this was done with an amazing zeal and enthusiasm, truly a labor of loyal devotion. His paintings and writings are of special interest to us because while he eventually visited Indians in many parts of the United States, going to the Andes of South America as well, he came first to North Dakota.

His childhood experiences pointed clearly to his later course. He was born at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, in 1796, the fifth child in a family of fourteen. Wilkesbarre lay in the beautiful Wyoming valley of eastern Pennsylvania; during the American Revolution it had been the scene of a terrible Indian massacre. In fact, the boy’s mother at the age of eight had been captured by the Indians along with his grandmother. Thus George’s early life was filled with stories and legends of the Red Men, not only from his family, but from Revolutionary soldiers, Indian fighters, trappers, and hunters who visited his home. Can’t you picture the little one with his host of brothers and sisters taking it all in as some old woodsman spins his yarns, mingling fact and fancy? Thus he grew up, remarking in later years: "The early part of my life was whiled away...with books reluctantly held in one hand, and a rifle or fishing-pole firmly and affectionately grasped in the other." At the urgent request of his father, a lawyer, he put aside these sports and went, now twenty-one, to read law in the office of Reeve and Gould in Litchfield, Connecticut. After two years of study, he was admitted to the bar and began to practice near his old home. For many years he had been dabbling with the art of painting, and now tiring of the law, he "very deliberately" sold his law library, converting the proceeds into brushes and paint pots, and set up as a painter in Philadelphia, as he said, "without teacher or adviser." He did portraits in oil and miniature with considerable success, living mainly at Washington, D. C. from 1824 to 1829, where he painted among others Dolly Madison, that gracious and universal favorite. On a visit to Albany he commemorated the opening of the Erie Canal by doing portraits of Governor DeWitt Clinton and many members of the legislature.

Through these years, not satisfied with the career of a fashionable painter, he was casting about in his mind for some branch of his art to which he could "devote a whole lifetime of enthusiasm." Presently a delegation of some ten or fifteen Indians from the wilds of the Far West stopped in Philadelphia on their way to the capitol. To Catlin, as he

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thought it over after their departure, it seemed that these strutting lords of the plains and mountains, wrapped in their pictured robes, with shield and war-bonnet, were ideal models for the painter's palette. Soon he formed a resolution: "Nothing short of the loss of my life, shall prevent me from visiting their country, and of becoming their historian." But his family and friends were all against it; their anxieties created difficulties and dangers everywhere, while they could not see the importance or extent of his design. For Catlin the plan took on added charm because his beloved rifle and fishing-rod, long laid regretfully aside, would again be his daily companions. And so, with a light heart, full of confidence that he could overcome all obstacles and privations, he set off for the Great West determined, as he later wrote, to produce "a literal and graphic delineation of the living manners, customs, and character of an interesting race of people, who are rapidly passing away from the face of the earth....thus snatching from a hasty oblivion what could be saved for the benefit of posterity, and perpetuating it, as a fair and just monument, to the memory of a truly lofty and noble race."

This determination he enthusiastically carried out for the rest of his life. His summers he spent among the Indians; his winters in the East, painting portraits and saving funds to go back among the Indians the next summer. In a few years he had visited forty-eight tribes, bringing home 310 portraits in oil, some two hundred other scenes of their villages, games and buffalo hunting, as well as an extensive collection of their costumes and manufactures, ranging in size from a wigwam down to a rattle. His original collection was exhibited in the cities of Europe and America from 1837 to 1852. In that year he entered into speculations that brought financial disaster; he was forced to borrow money with his collection as security, and was never able to redeem it. Eventually it was given to the United States National Museum in Washington, D. C. After 1852 Catlin painted another collection of about six hundred Indian pictures, and then died in 1872, an old man of seventy-six.

Though Catlin wrote several volumes on his observations and experiences among the Indians, it is his first work that is most important to us for in it is his account of his stay in present North Dakota. It was published in two volumes in 1841 under the title: North American Indians, Being Letters and Notes on their Manners, Customs, and Conditions, Written during Eight Years' Travel Amongst the Wildest Tribes of Indians in North America, 1832-1839. It has three hundred and twenty illustrations engraved from Catlin's original paintings, and thus gives us an idea of the paintings themselves. The pictures are interesting. We see an earth-lodge village of the Mandans, the dwellings like so many inverted kettles, with people lounging about on the roofs of their houses, the young man wooing his sweetheart, warriors recalling their deeds of valor, women busy with making of robes and dresses, some playing games, some snoozing in the sun, and dogs everywhere. We see a burial place on the prairie, the wrapped bodies resting on the scaffolds, nearby a ceremonial ring of skulls. We see many a brave standing proudly in his most gorgeous finery, with regal war-bonnet of eagle feathers. We see Catlin himself, a medium-sized man with a big nose and a pleasant look, wearing a buckskin suit, mocassins, and a red hunting cap.
The first of the two volumes deals with Catlin's adventures with the Mandans, Minataree, and Sioux. It is a real treasure. In 1832 on his initial journey to the Far West Catlin went with traders of the American Fur Company to their fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone. This was on the Missouri River just east of the present North Dakota-Montana line. The party traveled by river steamer on the first perilous trip by that means to such a distant point up the "Big Muddy." Here at the trading post were gathered many tribes: Crows, Blackfeet, Ojibbeays, Assiniboines, and Crees, enemies on the plains but now, with the arms locked up in the company arsenal only able to give each other black looks. Catlin had his painting room in a bastion of the fort. Here he sat comfortably on the breach of a twelve-pounder whose muzzle poked out a port-hole, with his easel in front of him and an Indian chief posing for his picture. Everybody was interested in the mystery of Catlin's brush, and so early and late his room was a favorite gathering-place. Here the braves, Crows and Blackfeet, Ojibbeays and Assiniboines, loafed through the hours side by side, scowling at each other, but smoking quietly, reciting the battles they had fought, pointing to the scalp-locks, "worn as proofs of their victories," fastened to the seams of their shirts and leggings. So popular was Catlin, "so great a medicine man" to use his phrase, that the chiefs placed men at the door to protect him from the throng, and only notables could enter to watch him. None were to be painted but those who the chiefs decided were worthy of so great an honor. Isn't it a charming scene! this bastion studio of a man who had sold his law library to buy oil colors.

Perhaps part of Catlin's popularity was due to the fact that he liked the Indians and respected them. His friendliness crops out continually. Hear him defend them: "I have roamed about from time to time during seven or eight years, visiting and associating with some three or four hundred thousand of these people...and from the very many and decided acts of their hospitality and kindness, I feel bound to pronounce them, by nature, a kind and hospitable people. I have been welcomed generally in their country, and treated to the best that they could give me, without any charges being made for my board; they have often escorted me through their enemies' country at some hazard to their own lives, and aided me in passing mountains and rivers with my awkward baggage; and under all of these circumstances of exposure, no Indian ever betrayed me, struck me a blow, or stole from me a shilling's worth of my property that I am aware of." Among these much maligned savages he often beheld peace and happiness, filial and paternal affection. He formed warm and enduring attachments for some of these Red Men. He considered them the "most honest and honourable race of people" that he had ever lived among. Contrary to the popular idea that they were sour, morose, and silent, he found them extremely talkative, and maintained that "small-talk, gossip, garrulity, and story telling" were the "leading passions with them."

There are many interesting things in Catlin's book: buffalo hunting, horse-racing, beautiful Sioux women, rain-makers, vapour baths, swimming, horse-stealing, and so on almost endlessly. He gives an excellent description of a Mandan earth-lodge. These dwellings are circular, being forty to sixty feet in diameter. They were built by excavating a foundation two feet deep. Then a wall of timbers, eight or nine inches in diameter and six feet long, was put in place. Resting on these were the poles that formed a roof, twenty-five feet long and as big around as those making the walls. These were supported by cross-beams and posts in the middle. On
top of the roof—poles went a mat of willow-boughs, then two feet of dirt and finally a hard clay layer which was impervious to rain. In the center of the roof was an opening that served as chimney and a sky-light. Catlin says that the roof became a lounging place in pleasant weather for the whole family, "for wooing lovers, for dogs and all; an airing place—a lookout—a place for gossip and mirth—a seat for the solitary gaze and meditation of the stern warrior." Inside the floor was of earth, but so hardened with use and swept clean so that it would have scarcely soiled the whitest linen. Directly under the smoke-hole was the fireplace, four or five feet in diameter, and sunk a foot or more below the surface. Over the fire hung the kettle, full of buffalo stew, while the family reclined about on their buffalo robes and beautiful mats of rushes. These dwellings were so large that twenty to forty people lived in one, a family with all its connections. The beds were made of round poles lashed together with thongs. Over these was stretched a buffalo hide freshly stripped from the animal, which when it dried became taut. With the fur side up the sleeper lay upon it in great comfort, with one buffalo robe folded to form a pillow and others drawn over him for blankets. The beds were screened for greater privacy with skins fastened to a pole framework. Some of these curtains were very beautiful, tastefully fringed, and ornamented with porcupine quills or picture-writing. Near many of the beds were posts bearing the arms and armour of the warrior, his whitened shield emblazoned with his protecting medicine, his bow and quiver, his war club, his spear, his tobacco pouch and pipe, and his medicine bag. At the top was the head and horns of a buffalo which every man of the village must own, and which he used as a mask when the chiefs called him to join in the buffalo dance. Here in these smoke-colored surroundings lived the Mandans, with their pots and kettles about them, making love, embracing their children, smoking their pipes, talking, gossiping, and telling stories endlessly, a happy people at their firesides.

Perhaps the scene takes on some coloring from Catlin's enthusiastic, optimistic nature. Certainly enthusiasm was one of his chief characteristics. Resourceful, undaunted by danger, he was willing to take a chance, to try something different. Fond of the out-of-doors, he lived with gusto and genuine enjoyment. With a warm, human understanding, and active sympathies, he easily made friends with his uncivilized associates. His vision of a worthwhile work and his persistence in his chosen course led him to make a significant contribution to our knowledge of the American Indian. Let us then hold in grateful memory George Catlin who brought his paints and canvases up the "Big Muddy" in the eighteen-thirties to record for posterity the features and costumes, the homes and amusements of the Mandan, Blackfeet, Crow, and Sioux.
The name Sitting Bull brings to mind the crumpled figures in blue lying beside the Little Big Horn where Custer made his last stand. There is, however, much else in his life that is of interest to us. We shall this afternoon devote our time largely to other aspects of the career of this courageous warrior and clear-visioned statesman who won world-wide fame. A splendid biography by Stanley Vestal, Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux, was published in 1932.¹ I think that you would enjoy it immensely. I found it absorbing, and am drawing all the material for this talk from it. Telling the story with matchless skill, Vestal painstakingly gathered his facts not only from the printed historical records, but also from Sitting Bull's friends and relatives. The memories of these old Indians were the only source of information on much of Sitting Bull's life. The result is a great book, and the only important one on the famous chief of the Sioux.

Sitting Bull was born on the Grand River in present South Dakota, probably in 1831. His father, Returns-Again, was a sub-chief of the Hunkpapa, a branch of the Teton or Prairie Sioux. The child was deliberate and moved with a certain awkwardness, hence his first name was "Slow". A strong, lively youngster and an only son, he grew up as the brave, warlike Hunkpapa roamed over the northern plains in search of buffalo. Before he was ten the boy rode a pony of his own, and the curve of the animal's body made him slightly bowlegged for the rest of his days. "Slow" enjoyed the carefree, interesting life of an Indian boy, hunting with bows and arrows, watching over the family horses as they grazed on the short grass, swimming in the river, running pony-races, and wrestling with the other boys.

The Sioux loved war. It was like a grand game, with excitement, fast riding, and danger, but not too bloody. They fought it seems more for honor and prestige than to exterminate their enemies. An old Sioux adage ran: "It is better to lie naked on the field of honor than to rot on a scaffold." When he was only fourteen "Slow" joined a war-party and in the encounter led the charge. He counted the first coup by touching an enemy with a coup-stick. This touching the enemy was the greatest honor, more than killing or scalping him. When the party came back to camp, Returns-Again was extremely proud of his boy. Putting him upon a bay horse, he led him among the tents, shouting: "My son has struck the enemy. He is brave. I dub him . . . Sitting Bull." "Slow" was happy. "That night, in the victory dance, a new warrior showed himself, stooping and rearing and stamping with the best. . . . He was the hero of the occasion."

"Sitting Bull" was a great name, for the buffalo was an object of veneration among the Sioux. One time out on the prairie his father had heard a huge buffalo bull muttering and talking to himself. It was really the Buffalo God speaking to Returns-Again, and he uttered four names: "Sitting Bull, Jumping Bull, Bull-Standing-with-Cow, and Lone Bull." This was great medicine! Overjoyed, the brave discarded his own name and became

¹ By Houghton Mifflin Company
"Sitting Bull." Later he gave it to his son, and took the second name mentioned by the Buffalo God, "Jumping Bull." As he grew up the boy imitated the buffalo. It was, to use Vestal's phrase, a "headstrong, stubborn creature, afraid of nothing." He too grew enduring, persistent, courageous, and strong.

Moreover he became a great hunter. Thus Vestal tells us: "He knew how to make a good bow, good arrows, and more than once shot an arrow clear through a buffalo cow into the snow beyond.... He was a crack shot, and took great care of his buffalo ponies, which he trained to come at his call. Indeed, his success as a hunter, like his success in war, was firmly founded upon his fast horses." He was no game-hog; he took no more than he needed. Besides he was religious; the correct formula was always on his lips. "Before his finger pressed the trigger... he would whisper, 'Grandfather, my children are hungry. You were created for that. So I must kill you.'"

He was a great warrior. When still a young man he killed a Crow chief in single combat, receiving himself a wound in the foot that left him with a limp the rest of his life. The deed was done before a hundred Hunkpapas. They never forgot it. Everytime he limped, they remembered his courage. In recognition his people made him leader of the Midnight Strong Hearts, a society of picked young men.

Thus Sitting Bull's life was made up of hunting and fighting. He engaged in endless skirmishes with other tribes, helping the Sioux drive the Shoshoni, Crows, Rees, and Mandans from their hunting grounds. Then he fought against the United States army. The most persistent lie about Sitting Bull is that he was not a chief, only a medicine man. It is significant that General Alfred Sully, against whose troops Sitting Bull fought in 1864-65, always referred to him as chief of the hostiles. In fact he always was the "chief" or "leader" in the official records of the United States government in these years of war on the plains. Not until he became an agency Indian was the falsehood spread that he was "only a medicine man." A chief was supposed to be generous, patient, ready to share with others. Sometimes great fighters lacked these kindlier qualities, but Sitting Bull was both a magnificent fighter and remarkable for his political sagacity. Moreover he could see through the cunning of the white men, generally a mystery to the Indians.

Stanley Vestal sums up the qualities that made him an ideal chief:

"Sitting Bull: there was a young man who was brave, who usually led the charges on his fast horses, and never reined back in a battle. ... A man who was a peacemaker in the camps, and never quarreled. A generous man, who was always capturing horses from the enemy and giving them away, a man who constantly shared his kill with the poor and helpless when hunting, a man who could not bear to see one of the Hunkpapa unhappy. An affable, jocular, pleasant man, always making jokes and telling stories, keeping the people in a good humor, a sociable man who had tried to please everybody all his life, and was not in the least 'stuck-up' or arrogant—in spite of his many honors. ... A man who could speak, and think, and never was swindled by the whites."

Thus it was that at a great meeting in 1868 Sitting Bull was made head chief of the Teton Sioux. Many tribes were there for the solemn ceremony: the Hunkpapa, Minniconjou, Sans Arc, Crazy Horses' Oglala, and the Cheyennes, but not all were present. The Brulé Sioux and the Southern Oglala did not acknowledge his leadership.
Sitting Bull never sought war with the whites; all he demanded was to be let alone, for the whites to observe their treaties, and stay out of the Indian country. But as the whites came pushing out into the Indian lands he was forced to fight. He fought well. By the end of 1869 he had counted sixty-three coups in battle against redmen and white; he seemed to have a charmed life. Perhaps his bravest deed came in 1872 when his men were fighting troops under Colonel D.S. Stanley. During the skirmishes one day he walked out a hundred yards in front of the Indian line, sat down on the grass in plain sight of the firing soldiers, lit his pipe and puffed away. He called out, "Any Indian who wants a smoke, come on." Four answered the dare, and so the five of them sat there on the prairie, with the bullets kicking up the dust and whining overhead. The pipe smoked, they returned, Sitting Bull sauntering, the others running. To me that is carrying courage a bit too far, but the Sioux thought it was wonderful.

The first step in bringing on the famous Sioux war of 1876 was the occupation of the Black Hills by the whites, and then came the impossible order that all the Sioux should come in to the reservation by January 31, 1876. In that unusually severe winter it was simply impossible to obey the order. But the Indians had no intention of doing so, for there was nothing to eat at the agency. For taking this sensible course the army was ordered out against the so-called "hostile" Sioux. In the campaign that followed General Crook was defeated on the Rosebud, and General Custer's force was smashed at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, but in the end the Sioux were crushed, and Sitting Bull with many of his followers fled to Canada.

In 1878 a special commission was sent by the United States government to try to persuade Sitting Bull to return to this country. The old chief was most reluctant to council with them: "There is no use in talking with these Americans," he said; "they are all liars, you cannot believe anything they say. No matter what terms they offer, we cannot accept them, because we have no faith in their promises." Finally, in 1881, he returned to the United States, and spent most of the rest of his life on the Standing Rock reservation near his birthplace on the Grand River. His last years were full of a complicated struggle for prestige and influence. Was he, Sitting Bull, the great force on the Standing Rock reservation, or was it James McLaughlin, the Indian agent? In this subtle conflict, full of intangibles, Sitting Bull's authority was strengthened by his travels, hob-nobbing with Presidents and Generals, acknowledged by them as "chief." As Vestal puts it, he "plucked victory out of defeat."

In 1883 he visited Bismarck to celebrate the opening of the Northern Pacific, "carried the flag at the head of the procession, and sold his autographs from the tail of a wagon." In the winter of 1884-85 he made a series of platform appearances through the cities of the nation. In the summer of 1885 he went on a tour with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He made money and gave it away to "small, ragged boys." He could not understand "how so much wealth could go brushing by, unmindful of the poor." He remarked: "The white man knows how to make everything, but he does not know how to distribute it." He was friends with Col. William Cody (Buffalo Bill) who safely observed: "The whole secret of treating with Indians is to be honest with them and do as you agree." At the end of the summer, the colonel gave the chief a gray circus horse, and a big white sombrero, size 8.
The horse could do tricks and attracted much attention at Standing Rock. Sitting Bull was very proud of the hat. When a relative presumed to wear it one day, the old man lost his temper: "My friend Long Hair gave me this hat. I value it very highly, for the hand that placed it upon my head had a friendly feeling for me."

Sitting Bull was happy now, farming, living in a log-cabin, raising chickens and cattle, sending his children to school, a law-abiding citizen trying to lead his people in the white man's way. But McLaughlin was jealous of him and so were the chiefs created by McLaughlin to replace him. That, eventually, led to his death at the hands of the Indian police in 1890, and his burial at Fort Yates in quicklime, like a criminal.

For all of that Sitting Bull was a true hero, perhaps the greatest son of South Dakota. Courageous, generous, and wise, he was a great leader of his people. There is wisdom and understanding as well as color and high adventure in his life, so superbly told by Stanley Vestal in his book, *Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux*. 
JAMES J. HILL, EMPIRE BUILDER

A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station TEMJ (1440), November 24, 1947.

When we thrill at the sight of the Empire Builder with its huge locomotive belching smoke and steam, I suppose we do not often recall that it is named after James J. Hill, the builder of the Great Northern, who won the title by his efforts to foster the growth of the Northwest. Hill was one of those men whose energy and vision helped make America an industrial nation after the Civil War. The "Robber Barons" Matthew Josephson called them, for they entrenched themselves at the economic narrow's levying tribute upon the flow of goods, as the robber barons of feudal days did upon the travelers that passed by their strongholds. They became the powerful leaders in American society, the masters of its economic life, the benefactors of universities and churches, the patrons of the arts, the strongest force in politics. As Thorstein Veblen observed, in those days the capitalist was universally respected as "the standard container of the civic virtue." Jim Hill was probably the Robber Baron whose career was most intimately connected with our region. In many ways he was like the others: rising from humble circumstances, self-educated, devoted to thrift and industry, attached to religion, strong, silent, ruthless, spending great sums for paintings, giving lavishly to good causes. Yet he seems different from the others: more honest, less the stock-gambler, more the scientist of railroad management, living with this western country in St. Paul, not the absentee baron revolving in the gilded whirl of "conspicuous consumption" in New York, not a wrecker like Jay Gould but genuinely devoted to the building up of the country through which the Great Northern ran, thus blending and identifying his profit motive with the true progress of the Northwest.

James Jerome Hill was born of Scotch-Irish parents on the Canadian frontier near Rockwood, Ontario, in 1838. The third of four children born to these sturdy immigrants from the north of Ireland, he attended the district school, and then at eleven enrolled in the newly established Rockwood Academy. His formal schooling was cut short at fourteen by the death of his father. The boy went to work as a clerk in the village store, but, keen and ambitious, he continued his studies on his own, encouraged by the academy principal. The self-discipline bore fruit; for the rest of his life Hill was an industrious reader of good books. Years later, as a wealthy old man, he took the greatest interest and pleasure in establishing an excellent reference library in St. Paul.

1Matthew Josephson, The Robber Barons, The Great American Capitalists, 1861-1901 (N.Y.: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1934), 115. This work has much interesting material on Hill.

2Ibid., 317.

3William J. Cunningham, "James Jerome Hill," Dictionary of American Biography, IX, 36-41. I have used this article extensively.

4Joseph G. Pyle, The Life of James J. Hill (Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1917, 2 vols.), II, 302. This is the important biography, laudatory but full of interest.
At eighteen, his imagination fired by his reading, he set out to make his fortune in the Orient. He moved westward in the United States, planning to join one of the brigades of traders and trappers leaving for the Pacific coast, but he arrived at St. Paul a few days too late to make the dangerous trip across the plains that year. When the next season opened, he had taken root in this frontier trading village of 5,000; St. Paul was to be his home for the rest of his life. He worked first as a clerk for a packet line of steamboats on the Mississippi river, and enlarged the scope of his employers' business to include trading in groceries, farm implements, and fuel. With characteristic energy and thoroughness he became an expert in the fixing of freight rates, and in the construction and operation of steamboats.

A short, thick-set man, with powerful arms and shoulders and a massive head, he worked at the river's edge, storing his quick mind with a sure knowledge of the trade of the growing hinterland of St. Paul, watching the flow of grain climb as the settlers poured into Minnesota in the late sixties and seventies. He was industrious, steady, not a drinking man in that rough frontier community once known as Pig's Eye, reading books in the evening, saving his money, getting married. He was respected; people believed in his integrity and ability. For several years he was a warehouse man, buying and forwarding produce, first for others, then on his own. In 1867 he secured a contract to furnish fuel for the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. This grew into a coal business. By the late sixties he owned a line of small steamboats on the Red River of the North. These vessels were the beginning of his fortune; by 1873 he was worth $100,000. He knew the Red River Valley thoroughly, traveling over it again and again on horse-back and on snow-shoes. He saw its rich agricultural future, saw the need for a railway from St. Paul to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg.

His opportunity came when the St. Paul and Pacific went bankrupt after the Panic of 1873. It was over-capitalized and in bad physical condition. The Dutch bondholders, discouraged, were ready to pull out. Hill knew the business of the road inside and out, and was swept away with his dreams of its future.

Finally, in 1878, after long negotiations, Hill, Norman Kittson, his partner in the Red River steamboat venture, and two Canadian friends, Donald A. Smith of Hudson's Bay Company and George Stephen, President of the Bank of Montreal, took over the railroad by assuming the bonded indebtedness at one-fifth of its face value. It was a bargain. The Dutch bondholders didn't know the value of the property; Hill and Kittson knocked it pretty hard and in 1878 the receiver did a bit of false accounting to conceal its improved earnings.

Now the partners worked like mad to salvage the road that they held only on a shoestring. Hill pushed construction to Pembina, meeting a branch of the Canadian Pacific reaching down from Winnipeg, raised funds by rousing land sales to Swedish and Norwegian immigrants. Then came the boom year of 1879. Minnesota, only partly settled, produced 32,000,000 bushels of wheat; the earnings of the road were tripled, and Hill was over-joyed at his luck. In 1879 the partners reorganized the property, taking the name St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway. Hill, president of the company, drove the road westward across Dakota. In a buckboard or on
horseback he rode before it, surveying the land, digging with his ever-present spade to gauge the fertility of the soil, camping in the open, selecting the best route, the lowest grade, thinking always of the traffic that could be developed, dreaming before the fire. By 1887 the road reached Great Falls, Montana. In 1890 it was again reorganized, taking the name Great Northern, and finally crossed the beautiful Cascades to touch the waters of Puget Sound at Everett, Washington, in 1893.

Jim Hill was a superb railroad man. Harsh and demanding with his subordinates, he required them to know every detail. Incompetence, any incomplete knowledge of the facts, threw the old lion into a rage. He was "given to personal violence in the department offices of his road." Among his contemporaries he was known as "a very hard man in business," "the hardest man to work for." He drove himself and his men relentlessly. But he made the most efficient railroad in the West. The Great Northern had the best route, the lowest grades, the most powerful locomotives, ran the longest trains, was provided with excellent terminal facilities, was not burdened with excessive capitalization. These were the results of Hill's passion for thoroughness. "Intelligent management of railroads must be based upon exact knowledge of facts," he would say, "Guesswork will not do." Consequently while other roads were wallowing in bankruptcy, the Great Northern weathered every financial storm, never missed a dividend. Hill had nothing to fear from competitors; he laughed at the Northern Pacific. He could carry the freight with profit at rates that would drive others into bankruptcy. Then this fate again overtook the Northern Pacific in 1893. Hill and his associates bought its stock at bargain prices and put up part of the funds for its reorganization. It became a Hill road. In 1901 the Great Northern and Northern Pacific together purchased about 97% of the stock of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The Burlington gave Hill an entry into Chicago and St. Louis, enabling him to tap the trade of the central states and upper South.

The Burlington purchase was a part of his persistent drive for more traffic. His aim was large volume at low rates. As he wrote his partner Lord Mount Stephen: "It is our best interest to give low rates and do all we can to develop the country and create business." Again and again the Great Northern voluntarily lowered the freight rate on wheat and other farm staples. Always Hill strove to lower the cost of railroad operation. He hated to see boxcars traveling empty; he aimed to build up the country and eliminate the empties on the Great Northern. So Hill "sent agents into every corner of Europe, armed with stereopticon slides, to bring immigrants by the hundred thousand at low fares into his domain. For these he founded schools, churches, and communities..." In a single year 18,000 settlers took up land along his line; this work never slackened.

Hill was most eager that these people should practice the best agricultural methods. He himself preached this tirelessly even as an old man, making simple, homely, extemporaneous talks, full of humor, to gatherings of farmers in the open air, in tents, in close auditoriums, sometimes speaking two and three times a day. For thirty-three years he

5Josephson, Robber Barons, 236.
6Cunningham, "Hill," Dictionary of American Biography, IX, 40
7Josephson, Robber Barons, 236.
8Ibid., 237.
"hammered away" for the raising of better live-stock to break down the wasteful one-crop system. A powerful missionary, this multimillionaire, he imported pure-bred Shorthorns from England and gave them away to farmers along the Great Northern line. In 1914 alone fifty young Shorthorn bulls, costing Hill an average of $500 an animal, were imported for free distribution. He stimulated the Rockefeller Institute to work on hog cholera. He believed in conservation, wanted to build up the fertility of the soil by crop rotation and fertilizer. In 1906 the Great Northern sent out a demonstration train with agricultural experts to lecture the farmers along the route. In 1912 it formed a regular department for such work. Hill was always saying: "We must get the facts direct to the man on the land." Soil analyses were made for farmers in the greenhouses attached to Hill's St. Paul home. The old man spent many happy hours among the pots there, seeing how matters were progressing. Finally in 1912, at the age of seventy-four, he retired as the chairman of the Great Northern board, and died four years later, an ardent advocate of aid to the Allies.

This Jim Hill was a commanding figure, giving always the impression of power, vigorous to the end. He was a fighter. People thought that he looked like a grim old lion. His eye, he had lost one as a boy, was piercing. "When he was roused to anger, his glance could strike without a word."10 Few cared to face him then. Yet he could be affable with his employees, shaking hands, exchanging a pleasant word. Often his speech was clipped, laconic. Nevertheless he was a companionable man who greeted friends graciously, loved to talk of old times on the Mississippi, of current events and new ideas. He smoked much, drank little, was fond of hunting and fishing. He was without personal vanity, cared nothing for dress. His sense of humor was keen, his family ties close. He was generous with his wealth, making many large gifts. In many ways he was simple and democratic, but like the other Robber Barons he collected extensive paintings, loved jewels, fine china and rugs. He had a wide acquaintance with literature, knew many of Burns' poems by heart, and had "a passion for things characteristically Scotch."11

Let us close with one of his statements on how to succeed. Certainly it was natural of him who read so much all his life, whose superior knowledge of railroading had brought him vast wealth, to say: "Ample and accurate information is the best step toward success for everyone."12

Perhaps, after all, in spite of the bitterness that still lingers in this northern country against his dominating figure, this Robber Baron was too, in his way, a "Whoo of Dekote."

9Pyle, Hill, II, 364.
10Ibid., II, 372-74.
11Ibid., II, 461.
12Ibid., II, 380.
The opening up of the Great Plains with the rapid expansion of the range cattle industry in the eighteen seventies and eighties has a strong appeal to Americans young and old. The drives of longhorns from Texas, the cowboys with their picturesque gear of stock-saddles, ropes, chaps, and six-guns, the round-up in spring and fall, the brands, and the brushes with rustlers, all of these have entered into the folklore of our western country. In Dakota Territory the cattle kingdom arose in the broken lands south and west of the Missouri river. The steers were pushed northward, first into the Black Hills, and then a little later into the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. Here apparently the first stock appeared in 1883, the year that Lang, the Etonians, Theodore Roosevelt, and the Marquis de Mores came out to Dakota. It was then that the French nobleman built his packing plant and chateau at Medora, and the next year started a stage line to the Black Hills. By the end of 1886 his enterprises had failed and he soon returned to France, leaving a colorful, romantic story as a part of North Dakota's heritage.

The Marquis de Mores was born Antoine-Amedee-Marie-Vincent Marie de Vallombrosa on June 14, 1858, of titled parents in a solid old mansion, later the residence of the Russian Czar's ambassador in the French capital, but then the property of his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Cars, a prominent figure in French history. Brought up in surroundings of wealth and culture, tutored by the wise and kind Abbe Haquin, the boy learned quickly. At ten he read and spoke English, German, and Italian. After some time at Stanislaus College, he earned a degree at the Jesuit College of Poitiers, and was admitted at nineteen to the famed military school of St. Cyr where he made a reputation for brilliance and mad pranks. Upon graduation two years later he was commissioned a second lieutenant, assigned to a cavalry regiment, and entered the cavalry school at Saumur, considered the best in the world. His training soon completed, he found garrison life infinitely dull, and before long resigned from the army. About this time the handsome young cavalry officer met in Paris the beautiful Medora von Hoffman, the red-headed daughter of a wealthy German-American banker from New York who was staying at Cannes, the fashionable winter resort on the Riviera. In love on the instant with this charming, aristocratic girl, he courted her at Cannes under the warm Mediterranean skies, strolling no doubt along the famous beach, riding perhaps on spirited horses through the rich countryside, fruitful with orange and lemon groves, with vineyards and olive orchards. In February, 1882, they were married by the Bishop of Frejus.

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1 Charles Droulers, Le Marquis de Mores, 1858-1896 (Paris: Librairie Plon, 1932), 2. This French biography is by a friend of the Marquis. A valuable translation of the second chapter dealing with the Marquis in America was made by George P. Will and published in the North Dakota Historical Quarterly, VIII, 3-23 (October, 1940). Arnold O. Goozen, "The Career of Marquis de Mores in the Badlands of North Dakota," North Dakota History, XIII, 5-70 (Jan.-Apr., 1946) is a splendid account based upon extensive research and has a long bibliography. See also Russell Reid, "The De Mores Historic Site," North Dakota Historical Quarterly, VIII, 272-83 (July, 1941).
In August the bridal pair came to New York with the von Hoffman's. The hot weather was spent at the palatial home on Staten Island, and when fall came Papa von Hoffman made a place for his son-in-law at the bank. Razor-keen, the young Frenchman learned the ways of finance with zest, but as the months wore on the active sportsman tiring of life in a Wall Street office, began to mull over a western project. In those days, English, Scotch, and Continental capital as well as funds from the Eastern seaboard were pouring in a golden stream into western cattle companies. Moreover his cousin, Count Fitz-James, had recently returned from a hunting trip in Dakota with exciting stories, while his bride, the Marquise, fond of sport and energetic, had no objections to western adventure. So April, 1883, found the titled Frenchman on the Little Missouri, looking over the prospects.

He fell in love with the country at once. Here was room, he said, "to turn around." Why not build a packing plant where the Northern Pacific crossed the Little Missouri? There was an abundance of good grazing land where cattle could be fattened, and the herds held while awaiting slaughter. The railroad would provide a way to market. Water, ice, and fuel in the form of lignite were at hand. Slaughtering here on the range seemed preferable to the Marquis to shipping the cattle to Chicago. Shrinkage would be eliminated; the stockman would get a better price, and with some of the middlemen cut out of the picture, the consumer would pay less for his meat. With characteristic promptness the Marquis immediately set up a tent on the chosen site, and, breaking a bottle of wine, christened it Medora in honor of her with the Titan-heir. For an instrument he incorporated the Northern Pacific Refrigerator Car Company, in May, 1883. Capitalized at $200,000, the Marquis held 330 of the 500 shares. With De Mores as president and general manager and his father-in-law as treasurer, the company acquired 15,000 acres along the Little Missouri, built an abattoir that began slaughtering beef the first week in October, constructed a brick business block, an ice-house, boarding houses for its employees, and other buildings. Medora was bustling with activity. By the end of 1884 it had 251 permanent residents and from fifty to a hundred floaters. Soon there was a church, built by the Marquis for his wife, three hotels, a dozen stores, a brick yard, and a newspaper, The Badlands Cowboy.

The packing plant was De Mores' main enterprise, but other projects sprang quickly, perhaps too quickly, from his fertile brain. Thousands of cattle, of course, grazed the company lands along the river. Then fifteen thousand sheep purchased in South Dakota were soon gone, half dying from neglect in the first winter, the survivors sent to the slaughter house. He also planned to raise horses on a large scale, and purchased three purebred stallions at $2000 a head and many tall brood mares in the East. A small irrigation experiment was started near his chateau. A force pump raised the water from the river while an expert gardener, equipped with tools from New York and seeds from Oscar H. Will in Bismarck, tended the growing vegetables. Refrigerator cars carried salmon from Portland to the New York market. In November, 1884, De Mores incorporated the Medora Stage and Forwarding Company. For this, one hundred and fifty horses were purchased in Montana, four great Concord coaches were acquired second-hand, and soon a miner headed for the gold of the Black Hills could ride from Medora to Deadwood in thirty-six hours for $21.50, stopping for something to eat at five of the fifteen way-stations that lined the 215-mile route. By May, 1885, this picturesque venture had ended in failure.
Soon after his first arrival in 1883 the Marquis brought out his wife, and built a home on the west bank of the river, across from Medora. On a bluff the chateau, a twenty-eight-room frame dwelling painted gray with red roof and shutters, commanded a splendid view of the valley. Here, except for a few winter months usually spent in New York where two of their babies were born, the growing family lived in considerable comfort with some touches of luxury and splendor rare on the frontier. Here with gracious hospitality they entertained their friends of the region, the von Hoffman's and other guests from the East, and even Theodore Roosevelt in spite of the well-known friction between him and the Marquis. In the spacious living room, furnished with couches, easy chairs, tables, and Oriental rugs, the center of attraction was a huge square fire-place that extended into four rooms. Fine linens, silver service, and beautiful china graced the dining room, while a wine cellar provided liquid refreshment. A clean liver, the Marquis did not drink to excess. On the first floor which also contained offices and sleeping rooms for the Marquis and Marquise, many of the chambers opened directly upon the broad south porch, while above an abundance of bedrooms provided for guests and the many servants that staffed the establishment. With its walls decorated with paintings by the Marquis and numerous hunting trophies, with maps, books, guns, and sporting equipment littering its rooms, the chateau reflected the happy, gracious living of its owners. In after years, looking back through the haze of memory, the Marquis thought that her happiest days had been spent there.

Both husband and wife were excellent horsemen who enjoyed being in the open. In an old photograph we see the Titian-haired beauty riding side-saddle in high boots and what appear to be trousers; a black sombrero, white neckerchief, and leather gauntlets completed her costume. She was an excellent shot, and made a pretty picture galloping over the prairie, an eagle feather in her hat, her rifle hanging from her saddle. She killed much game: deer, antelope, and bear, even the dread grizzly. For all of that she was a very feminine woman, aristocratic, stately, a pianist, cultured, speaking seven languages, accustomed to great wealth.

The Marquis was a tall, well-knit man, with flashing black eyes and a black mustache, who rode with notable grace. His face, a ruddy brown from exposure, wore a friendly, amiable expression. Self-controlled and generous, he never spoke harshly to his employees. Though intensely conscious of his aristocratic origin, he was democratic in manner and extremely sympathetic with the working classes. Later in France he became an ardent advocate of socialism. At Medora he rode about the country dressed in a broad-brimmed felt hat, a red flannel shirt with leather trousers tucked into his boot tops. One contemporary newspaper account pictured the innumerable pockets of his hunting coat as burdened with matches, tobacco, cigars, pistol cartridges, compass, flask, field glass, and knife, while about his waist a belt held more cartridges, two heavy caliber Colt revolvers, and a Bowie knife. That day his gun was a double-barreled weapon made in Paris, a breech-loader of plain finish with a rubber shoulder piece to absorb the recoil. One observer wrote that "he went armed like a battleship." For hunting and travelling he had a specially made wagon, well equipped for life in the open, and in 1884 they made a long trip to the Black Hills. There were other extensive hunting expeditions. There is much testimony on his cool courage. One story goes that, tiring of ordinary hunting, he decided to try conclusions with a
bear armed only with a knife. An old horse was killed for bait beside the Little Missouri where the animals came to drink. The Marquis lay down to await his prey. Soon a bear appeared; the Marquis leaped up, evaded the beast's grasp, then thrust the blade into a vital spot. The bear fell dead; the Marquis did not have a scratch. Do you believe that one?

Not all, however, was sport for the Marquis. There was much antagonism toward him. Soon after his arrival some drunken cowboys, irritated perhaps by the Frenchman's fences, threatened his life. Fearing for his safety and determined not to be intimidated into leaving the country, De Mores and his men ambushed his adversaries and in the shooting that followed Riley Luffsey was killed. Tried for murder, the Marquis was acquitted on the grounds of self-defense.

For a time the packing plant seemed to prosper. In the fall of 1884 thirty to thirty-five cattle were slaughtered every day, and then a new plant with a capacity of one hundred fifty cattle daily was completed in June, 1885. On the opening day seventy cattle were killed. Yet serious difficulties developed. One was how to get fat steers to butcher throughout the year, for the range cattle were at their best only in the fall. Further, consumers much preferred corn-fed to range beef. De Mores' competitors, the big packers of Chicago, secured secret rebates from the railroads. The Marquis tried to organize a cooperative society of consumers to purchase his meat, but it didn't materialize. Then he established seven large butcher shops in the poorer sections of New York city and offered beef at low prices, but the stores did not prosper. Finally he was forced to admit failure and the packing plant stopped operations at the end of November, 1886. The next year he returned to France; estimates of his losses in Dakota ranged from $300,000 to $1,500,000. Worrying over these, he consolde himself with the thought that he was only 28, still "strong as a horse," and ready to start over again. The next year he went tiger hunting in India, then promoted a railroad in Indo-China, later he became involved in bitter political controversy, and at last in 1896 he was treacherously murdered at the age of 38 on the North African desert by his native escort, the deed probably inspired by his opponents in France.

Through the years the chateau on the Little Missouri, still furnished, was watched over by caretakers. Finally in 1936 the eldest son of the Marquis, the Duke of Valombrosa, gave it to the State Historical Society. Now carefully restored, it is open to the public—an interesting reminder of the days when Dakota was young. Let us add, then, the Marquis de Mores to our roll of "Heroes of Dakota," for he too, in spite of his failure, gave something worthwhile to our western heritage.
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A Radio Address by Dr. Elwyn B. Robinson, History Department, University of North Dakota, over the University Station WNDX (1440), December 9, 1947.

When on September 7, 1883, a slim, anemic-looking young man with sandy hair, blue eyes and teeth that flashed when he smiled, stepped off the Northern Pacific train on the Little Missouri, there began a great friendship. Ever after the Bad Lands held a special place in the heart of Theodore Roosevelt, and the people of North Dakota came to feel an affectionate esteem for the colorful President, an adopted son of this western country. Hunting and ranching in Dakota contributed valuable experiences in the development of this remarkable statesman, and his sojourn in the West has enriched the history of our state.

The young dude that then shot buffalo, rode broncos, and punched cows, had not always been so vigorous, for it was a rather sickly child that was born to the wealthy Theodore Roosevelt's in New York on October 27, 1858. Henry F. Pringle, in his Pulitzer Prize biography, Theodore Roosevelt, tells us that his "memories lasted through life of nights torn by asthma, when he had scarcely been able to breathe. There remained recollections, half vivid and half vague, of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms... of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me." Pringle has written a marvelous book on Roosevelt, one that is a stirring experience to read. Listen to him describe the lad: "He was an owlish, wistful boy; tall for his age at ten or eleven years, with a thin body and pipe stem legs, with fair hair that was seldom combed, with blue eyes that took in, despite extreme near-sightedness, minute details of an absorbing world. He read constantly, and listened in solemnity to the conversations of his parents while his small brother and sisters played. At seven he had decided upon the life of a naturalist and about him, until he went to college, clung odors of moribund frogs and worms, and of formaldehyde." With the years his health improved, and he enjoyed a happy boyhood, going with his family on long tours of Europe. Presently his father equipped a gymnasium in the home and Tcedie, as the family called him, set about building up his puny body. He learned to box, spent much time in the open, and took hunting trips with his younger brother, Elliott, to the Maine woods. After preparing for the entrance examinations with private tutors, he entered Harvard College in the fall of 1876. He was a serious student, not smoking or drinking, with no interest in carousing. In fact some of his fellow students considered him a little queer, he was so eager to learn, and one professor, finding his frequent questions annoying, burst out one day in class: "See here, Roosevelt, let me talk. I'm running this course." For his part the ambitious youth was astonished "how few fellows have come here with any idea of getting an education."1

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1Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company in 1931. See page 4.
2Ibid., 4
3Ibid., 33
4Ibid., 37
While a junior he fell deeply in love with beautiful Alice Lee of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, a sister of one of his classmates. A few months after he graduated in 1880 they were married and went to live in New York City. Not knowing quite what career to choose and under no necessity of earning a living, he studied law for a year at Columbia University. Gradually he became interested in politics, though this was frowned upon by his wealthy family and friends who thought of "politics as a black trade that would soil the linen of a gentleman." Nevertheless he joined the Twenty-first District Republican Club, mingled with the ward-wheelers, saloon-keepers, and cheap lawyers that filled its ranks, won the friendship of the local boss, Joe Murray, and in 1881 was elected to the New York Assembly. At Albany one of the members later recalled him as "a joke . . . a dude(in) the way he combed his hair, the way he talked—the whole thing." He wore eyeglasses on the end of a black silk cord and caused amusement by appearing at a party caucus in evening dress. For all of that he quickly made a name for himself, won the respect of his associates, was selected his second year the minority leader, and in general, as he put it later, "rose like a rocket."

Now at twenty-four and still a member of the New York Assembly, he came out to the Little Missouri for a hunt in the fall of 1883. The broken country of the valley was an ideal range for buffalo, with plenty of elk, mountain sheep, and deer, and a few bear. Roosevelt, feeling, he said, "like a fighting cock," wanted to shoot a buffalo. At Little Missouri, a settlement full of "the outcasts of society, reckless, greedy, conscienceless," Roosevelt secured as a guide Joe Ferris, and started south with him in a heavily loaded buckboard, for Gregor Lang's camp which was to be the headquarters for their hunt. The story of what followed is told with inimitable skill by Hermann Hagedorn in his book, *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands.* Generously aided by the recollections of Roosevelt's friends on the Little Missouri, Hagedorn produced a thrilling volume, a true classic of the West. Driving southward, they stopped for the night at the Maltese Cross ranch where Sylvane Ferris, Joe's brother, and Bill Merrifield ran a few hundred cattle. The Ferris's and Merrifield were Canadians from New Brunswick who had come out two years before. Strong, fearless men, they were the salt of the earth, and became Roosevelt's staunch friends for the rest of his life. At dawn with the dude now on a buckskin mare and the guide in the buckboard, they went on toward Lang's camp. Lang, "stocky, blue-eyed, and aggressively Scotch," gave them a hearty welcome. Now life fell into a pattern. Joe and the tenderfoot hunted every day, generally in the rain and with wretched luck, and then after supper when his exhausted guide rolled up in his blanket, Roosevelt talked half the night with Gregor Lang about cattle and politics. The Scotchman, well-educated and somewhat dogmatic, enjoyed it immensely. Though only in the United States a few months, he had long been enamored with the American dream, and had named his son Lincoln. As the days passed the rain continued. Roosevelt insisted on hunting, but buffalo were hard to find. The last great herd had been killed six months before. Years later Lincoln Lang recalled: "He nearly killed poor Joe . . . He would not stop for anything." And Joe himself, with little enthusiasm for eastern dudes, admitted that Roosevelt was "a plumb good sort." One night

5 Ibid., 57
6 Ibid., 65
7 Published by Houghton Mifflin Company in 1921.
9 Ibid., 27
they had to camp on the prairie and awoke lying in four inches of water. Joe heard the tenderfoot exclaim: "By Godfrey, but this is fun." Misfortune followed misfortune; Ferris later told Hagedorn: "Bad luck followed us like a yellow dog follows a drunkard." As for Roosevelt, Joe testified, "He could stand an awful lot of hard knocks and he was always cheerful. You just couldn't knock him out of sorts."10 Finally the tenderfoot got his buffalo, and wild with joy did an Indian dance over the beast, giving Ferris $100 on the spot in his enthusiasm.

Now deciding to go into the cattle business, Roosevelt formed a partnership with Sylvane Ferris and Bill Merrifield, and took over the Halteese Cross ranch about eight miles south of Medora. For $14,000 he purchased the horses and some three hundred head of cattle from Ferris and Merrifield's former associates. Sylvane and Bill owned the ranch buildings, while the herd grazed on land belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad and the government. Roosevelt now returned to New York.

One day in February, 1884, both his wife and mother died. Rumbled by this double loss, he thought longingly of the Little Missouri country, and in June as soon as the Republican National Convention ended, he took the train for the West. There he found solace. Over the winter his cattle had prospered, and he decided to put $26,000 more into the business, adding a thousand head to his present holdings. In August he brought out two Maine guides, his old friends Bill Sewall and Will Dow, and placed them on a new ranch, the Elkhorn, some twenty or thirty miles north of Medora. There was much fun as these mighty woodsmen, now tenderfeet in a new country, learned the ways of broncos and steers.

This summer of 1884 Roosevelt gloried in his new life. He learned quickly, saddling his own horse, taking his share of the hard work of the round-ups, winning the respect of the men with whom he associated. One time in the excitement of driving cattle, he called out "Hasten forward quickly there!" The profane cowboys who would have shouted "Head off them cattle," nearly fell from their saddles in mirth. The phrase became a part of the Bad Lands vocabulary. One time a bucking horse threw him and cracked a rib; in another fall he broke a shoulder bone. Numberless incidents convinced the cowboys of his courage.

A letter to his sister revealed his experiences: "Well, I have been having a glorious time here and am well hardened now (I have just come in from spending thirteen hours in the saddle)... I have never been in better health than on this trip. I am in the saddle all day long either taking part in the round-up of the cattle, or else hunting antelope... I am really attached to my two 'factors,' Ferris and Merrifield, they are very fine men. The country is growing on me, more and more; it has a curious, fantastic beauty of its own; and as I own six or eight horses I have a fresh one every day and ride on a lope all day. How sound do I sleep now."11

Sewall's impressions were different for his first letter home ran this way: "It is a dirty country and a very dirty people on the average,

10Ibid., 37-38
11Ibid., 104-105
but I think it is healthy ... The river is the meanest apology for a frog pond that I ever saw. It is a queer country, you would like to see it, but you would not like to live here long ... I think the country ought to have been left to the animals that have laid their bones here.12

Admiring cowboy clothes, Roosevelt often wrote home such descriptions as this: "I wear a sombrero, silk neckerchief, fringed buckskin shirt, sealskin chaparajos or riding trousers; alligator-hide boots; and with my pearl-hilted revolver and beautifully finished Winchester, I feel able to face anything."13

Well, we can't tell it all this afternoon. For the whole story you'll have to read Hermann Hagedorn's exciting book, Roosevelt in the Bad Lands. The young ranchman took an active part in the Little Missouri Stockmen's Association. A deputy to Sheriff Hell Roaring Bill Jones who oft times on hunting trips was Roosevelt's teamster, he once captured three desperate thieves. Then long, peaceful days were spent in reading, and in writing books on his western experiences. After the terrible winter of 1886-87 when some sixty per cent of the cattle of the region died of starvation, Roosevelt's visits were shorter and less frequent; though in 1891 he restocked his ranch and did not sell out to Sylvane Ferris, still his foreman, until 1898.14

When in 1903, he saw the Bad Lands, for the last time, he remarked: "I know this country like a book. I have ridden over it and hunted in it and tramped over it in all seasons and weather, and it looks like home to me."15

In 1904 North Dakota gave him a thumping majority for the Presidency Today the cabin of the Maltese Cross stands on the capital grounds at Bismarck, and through the Bad Lands stretch the Roosevelt State Parks. It is probably true that if there was ever a hero firm in the affections of the people of the state, it was Theodore Roosevelt.

12Ibid., 167
13Ibid., 173
14Albert T. Volweiler, "Roosevelt's Ranch Life in North Dakota," Quarterly Journal of the University of North Dakota; L:., 46.
15Hagedorn, Roosevelt in the Bad Lands, 469-470