



Notes on a Buffalo Hunt—the Diary of Mordecai Bartram

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Full Citation: Thomas L. Green, ed., “Notes on a Buffalo Hunt—the Diary of Mordecai Bartram,” *Nebraska History* 35 (1954): 193-222

Article Summary: Bartram was a newcomer to southern Nebraska in the 1870s. His diary includes his initial observations of its landscape and people. It records one of the Otos’ last tribal hunts.

Cataloging Information:

Names: Mordecai Bartram, Albert L Green

Keywords: Mordecai Bartram, Albert L Green, Great Nemaha Agency, [Grant’s] peace policy of 1869, Society of Friends (Quakers), Otos

Photographs / Images: route of the buffalo hunt described in the diary

NOTES ON A BUFFALO HUNT
—The Diary of Mordecai Bartram—

EDITED BY THOMAS L. GREEN

THE following diary was kept by Mr. Mordecai Bartram, a Quaker employed at the Great Nemaha Agency (Iowa, Sac, and Fox reservation) from 1871 to 1873. This agency was located in the angle formed by the Missouri and Great Nemaha rivers, the latter river constituting its northern boundary. The agency house, built squarely on the Kansas-Nebraska line, contained the agency post office "Nohart," alluded to in the diary. Nohart, which Mr. Bartram referred to as home, was located in the part of the house on the Nebraska side of the state line. The U. S. Indian agent at the agency at this period was Thomas Lightfoot.

Mr. Bartram's employment at the Great Nemaha Agency came as a result of President Grant's policy of placing the superintendency of Indian affairs in the charge of Quakers. Grant's so-called "peace policy" of 1869 organized Indian affairs in Nebraska as the Northern Superintendency under the charge of the Society of Friends (Quakers). The superintendent and Indian agents were Quakers nominated by the Society of Friends and com-

Thomas L. Green, of Scottsbluff, is Second Vice President of the Executive Board of the Nebraska State Historical Society. He is the son of Albert L. Green, who served as Agent for the Oto and Missouria Indians, and who participated in the hunt described.

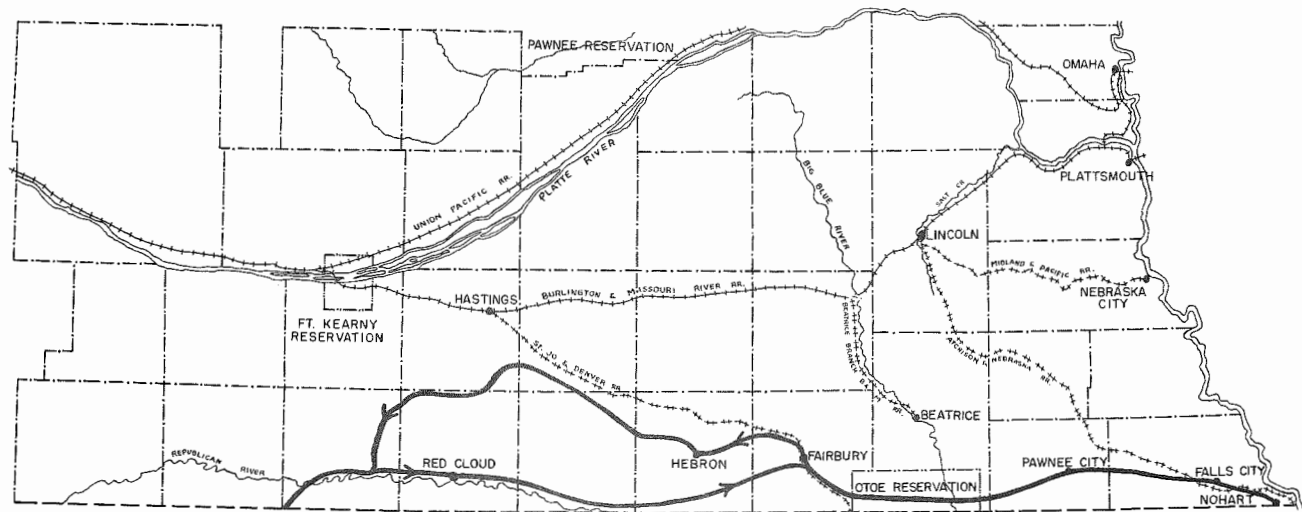
missioned by the President.¹ Many agency employees, including Mr. Bartram, were also Quakers. U. S. Indian agents continued to be given the courtesy title of major.

At this period the buffalo was still important to the Indian's economy and way of life, and the eastern Nebraska tribes continued to make their tribal hunting expeditions to western Nebraska and Kansas. However, since white settlers were coming into the country between the reservations and the hunting grounds, it was necessary that the Indian agent or some responsible person appointed by him accompany the Indians on their hunting expeditions to insure against trouble when they passed through white settlements and to give assurance of the tribes' peaceful character. Arrangements were also made to station soldiers in the hunting area as protection against the Sioux and Cheyennes, traditional enemies of the eastern tribes.

Hence it was that Albert L. Green, agent for the Oto and Missouriia tribes, organized the hunting party described in Mr. Bartram's diary. The Oto and Missouriia reservation was located west of the Great Nemaha Agency in the southern part of Gage County, near the present town of Barneston, Nebraska. Consisting of 160,000 acres, it extended into Kansas. Major Green, the agent, was the son-in-law of the Thomas Lightfoot mentioned above.

Plans were made for the hunt in the late spring of 1871 when Major Green, visiting in Philadelphia, invited some of his friends to return with him to Nebraska and participate in the tribal buffalo hunt of the Otos. These friends were: Clement Biddle, member of a prominent Philadelphia family; Biddle's brother-in-law, Howard Wood; William Wood, a nephew of Howard Wood; and George Zinn. They, together with Major Green, his brother-in-law, Lee Garrigues (Garry) Lightfoot, and Mordecai

¹The personnel of the Northern Superintendency at this period were as follows: Samuel M. Janney, superintendent; Dr. Edward Painter, agent for the Omahas; Albert L. Green, agent for the Otos and Missouriias; Jacob M. Troth, agent for the Pawnees; Thomas Lightfoot, agent for the Iowas and the Sac and Fox; Asa M. Janney, agent for the Santee Sioux; and Howard White, agent for the Winnebagoes. (*Memoirs of Samuel M. Janney* [Philadelphia, 1881], p. 254.)



Route of the buffalo hunt described in the Bartram diary. Based on a map of southeastern Nebraska by Edwin A. Curley, *ca.* 1875.

Bartram comprised the party of seven.² They outfitted at the Great Nemaha Agency, where doubtless Major Lightfoot and Mordecai Bartram had already been making some preparations, and from there started on the long drive to overtake the Otos.

Mordecai Bartram, who has left us this day-by-day account of the hunt, belonged to a well-known and respected Pennsylvania family. His son, Mr. Thomas S. Bartram of Media, Pennsylvania, who owns the original diary and has consented to its publication, has given the following brief biographical sketch of his father:

Mordecai Bartram was born Feby. 27. 1843 and died May 1. 1904, leaving a widow Rebecca Smedley Bartram and three children, Alice C., Wilmer I., and Thomas S. Bartram. He owned and operated a store at White Horse, Chester County, Penna., and owned a farm near by. He was an active member of the Society of Friends. With his experience as a country store keeper and his interest in humanity, he offered his services through the Society of Friends and was assigned to the Government store at Great Nemaha Agency in 1871. It was his mission not only to sell the Indians goods which would improve their standard of living, but to become their friend and helpmate as well.

Mr. Bartram's diary reveals that he was a man of keen sensibilities, high character, and deep religious feeling. He had been in the West only a short time, and the diary records the impressions which the strange new scenes made upon a sensitive easterner. By contrast, the letter which follows, written by Albert L. Green to his father after his

²Clement Biddle was born December 24, 1838 and died August 27, 1902. Howard Wood was born February 8, 1846 and died July 1, 1911. (Thomas S. Bartram to Thomas L. Green, June 12, 1953.)

George Zinn was apparently a close friend of William Wood. Albert L. Green in his letter to his father repeatedly referred to "General George Zinn," and Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army, 1789-1903* (Washington, 1903), I, p. 1069, lists: "Zinn, George. [Born in] Pa. [Appointed from] Pa. 2 lt 84 Pa inf 1 Oct 1861; capt 2 Oct 1862; lt col 1 Aug 1864; tr to 57 Pa inf 13 Jan 1865; col 19 Mar 1865; bvt brig gen vols 6 Apr 1865 for good con and mer ser dur the war; hon must out 29 June 1865."

Lee G. (Garry) Lightfoot was eighteen years old at the time of the hunt. Albert L. Green was born July 2, 1845 and died March 25, 1947 at the age of nearly 102 years. Green was twenty-four years old at the time he was appointed agent for the Otos.

return from the buffalo hunt in 1871, reveals the viewpoint of one accustomed to the rigors of camp life and fired with zest for the chase.

The diary, in addition to picturing the physical landscape of southern Nebraska at this early period and the rough life of the western frontier, also is a historical record of one of the last tribal hunts made by the Otos. Major Green went with them to the buffalo country again in 1872, but the passing of the buffalo and the hostility of the Sioux (the Pawnee were attacked while on their tribal hunt in 1873 and were terribly defeated at Massacre Canyon) brought the custom of the annual hunt to an end. This diary is of interest therefore as a final chapter in the story of the Indian and the buffalo in Nebraska.

In the preparation of the notes in connection with the diary, the writer gratefully acknowledges the assistance given by the following persons: G. T. Boone, Fairbury, Nebraska; Mrs. Mary W. Rippeteau, Clay Center, Nebraska; Delton B. Johnson, V. L. Dunn, and James F. McRae of Franklin, Nebraska; and Donald F. Danker, Marvin F. Kivett, Mrs. Phyllis H. Winkelman, and Dr. James C. Olson of the Nebraska State Historical Society.

Notes By The Wayside Taken While On A Trip Among
The Buffalo Of Nebraska And Kansas.

6 Mo. 6th.

1871.

Albert G. (Green) returned from the East today accompanied by C. M. Biddle, his brother-in-law Howard Wood³ and friends, Wm. Wood and Geo. Zinn. Albert re-

³The Wood family were pioneers in the iron and steel industry in the United States. Alan Wood, father of Howard Wood, founded one of the first iron mills in the Schuylkill Valley in Pennsylvania in 1857. In 1886 Howard Wood became president of his father's firm, the Alan Wood Company, which comprised a number of industries including the Schuylkill Iron Works at Conshohocken, Pennsylvania and the Alan Wood Iron and Steel Works at Ivy Rock. (Clipping from a Philadelphia newspaper, July 3, 1911, in the Albert L. Green papers, now in the possession of Thomas L. Green.)

A few months before Mr. Wood's death in 1911 Albert L. Green was his guest at his beautiful home "Camp Discharge" near Conshohocken, where the two men, then in their sixties, had a wonderful time recalling the adventurous days of their twenties when they hunted buffalo together in Nebraska.

turned with a brighter face than he took away, and I quickly read in it that his brother S. (Samuel) had abandoned the idea of visiting the land of ice and snow perpetual.⁴

Tomorrow this little party of 5, (joined most likely by Garry L. (Lightfoot) and myself), expect to start for Otoo Agency, and from there will cut loose from the trammels of home and house and launch fairly into the Western County, and continue our line of march until we overtake the Otoo Indians, (who left Otoo yesterday, the 5th.) and then still on until we reach the moving object of our trip, Buffalo.

7th.

T'is 4th. day.⁵ I went to the shop this morn and assisted the carpenter in making bows for our wagon, then a cover of muslin—hurried preparations were made, our Phila. party were well prepared with guns and revolvers and amunition, for a desparate conflict against these poor animals. I almost doubt now that I start, whether or not I feel at home among so much shooting machinery—yet it is with a great desire to see the very frontier—to ride over the vast open prairies, to see the “Roughing it in the West”, which Mrs. Moody told me of long years ago—and last but not least to see the Buffalo in their own country and wild state—Deer and Antelopes, Wolves and shall I add Wild Soux or Cheyanes may cross our path. The former I hope to see, the latter I fear gives me some little anxiety, yet we are off, and I mean to go with the crowd.

Left Nohart about 10½ o clock, 4 in Albert's carriage, 2 in Thomas Lightfoot's light farm wagon, which also contains the most of the luggage; I am last to leave, being detained in the store etc. until the last minute. Thos. takes charge of it now and so I mount a Pony that I have engaged of Tignor (our blacksmith), and I canter on to the Nemaha here while they await the ferryman, I catch up and we all cross together; at the Nemaha Valley Mills we encamp for dinner. Geo makes Coffee—Clem and I went into a neighboring house and got milk and butter, it amused me much to see Clem's astonishment, when he was asked 10 cts. for a big lb. of butter and *nothing* for the milk. I understood

⁴Albert Green had gone East primarily for the purpose of persuading his brother not to join an ill-fated polar expedition.

⁵Bartram followed the Quaker custom of designating the days of the week by numerical names. Sunday is the “first day,” Wednesday, the “fourth day,” etc.

it all and told Clem to pay her 15 for the butter. I believe he gave her 25 cts. for both.

Night found us about 40 miles from Nohart, not finding any nice stream, we encamped in an open field near a friendly house & well—the former (or its master) bade us welcome & told us where we would find the best grass for our horses, also where we could find butter and eggs or milk which we shall want in the morning. Now comes my first *night out*, how will it go?

8th.

A beautiful morning. The night was cool, my bed was hard, being on the floor of the wagon. Have some misgivings as to my liking this want of feathers or mattress—yet am I any better than the rest; they had no better and I certainly will not complain. Howard lay with me—Will made his bed under the wagon—Clem & Geo. their's under the carriage, while Albert & Garrie chose the open air with nothing over them to even keep off the dew. We all arose cheerfully, Clem off for the milk & eggs etc. We saw him start back—suddenly he is turned & going toward the house again.—

Now he comes up & tells us the saddle turned & he came off spilling his kettle of milk, but the eggs he saved, it made quite a joke for us; bread & butter, eggs & shaved beef cooked together & good coffee made our morning meal, & a little after 6 we are off.

Took dinner as soon after leaving Paunee City as we could on Plum Creek—arrived at Oto about 5½ o'clock; as nearly all the female part of the establishment had gone down to the banks of the river fishing, Sallie Ely⁶ said we all would join them as she had prepared supper to take along so off we go 1 mile & soon find them. While they prepare the meal, we men go down the stream, (which by the way is no trifling rivulet—but the Big Blue River), and all are soon bathing in its beautiful waters. This river, also the Little Blue, which is some 30 miles west, is noted for its hard gravelly bed, runs in one distinct channel, and its waters are clear, while the Nemaha, which we have at Nohart is almost unsafe to approach on account of the mud, and too near the Missouri, it is entirely too deep to ford; but our swim is over, our supper is eaten, and we are back at the agency.

⁶Sallie Ely, a teacher at the Indian school at the Oto Agency, was Mrs. Green's aunt.

9th.

All are busy, unpacking and repacking,—leave Albert's carriage & take his wagon also,—we have them both covered; Albert, Clem, Howard & Geo. start in the Otoo rig which let me call no. 1—Garry L., Wm. Wood and myself in Nohart rig—no. 2. My pony is hitched alongside, as I prefer riding in the wagon. Albert's interpreter, Deroin, is on horseback, and makes our party now count 8, he acts as pilot for us, hence is on the lead, 'tis 3 in the afternoon, ere we are fairly off, soon we reach the Big Blue, the water is reached by a gentle grade on the east side, but on the west a bank of some 30 ft. rises almost perpendicular from the water—a track has been dug into its side, we cross the river & no. 1 with its men goes slowly but surely to the top—no. 2 has a different pair of horses entirely, very spirited & quick as thought and scarcely had they struck the bank when I jumped out & they made a dash at the bank in a gallop, but only half way up do they go, and back comes the wagon in spite of all the strength that I could bring to bear behind it, there was great danger of it going off the edge—for we were climbing up one side of the bank—but now it stops, the front men come back and with their help we reach the top; now we take a southwest course and travel about 10 miles over the trackless prairie; encountered a little flock of Badgers, they are gray and something larger than a ground hog; an approaching storm hurried us into a bend on Indian Creek 10 miles out from Otoo; our horses were tied out to pasture—fire made and supper about finished as the rain came down, it was now dark, the wagons would not hold all of us, Clem & Geo. took their berth under the wagon again, Deroin under our wagon—while the rest of us made out to get some rest & sleep in the wagon.

10th.

It was a rainy night, the thunder & lightning also tending to make it comfortless—while the hooting of the owls or the wolves or something else (I hardly know what) gave it a feeling that I never before knew. Traveled over some dry country today, following for several miles the old government road⁷ from St. Joe to Point Kerney on the Pacific Railroad; about noon, we struck the Little Blue River, where we camped for dinner, several of us wrote

⁷The party had reached the old Oregon Trail though Bartram did not realize it.

little messages home, believing that Fairbury will be about the last mail station. In afternoon, we followed the river on up to the village, the county town of Jones County,⁸ where we halted an hour. A few miles west we caught up with the Indians. We encamped on a hill opposite them, all slept on the ground but me, I still stick to the wagon—made 30 miles today.

I should have stated that our little party is organized as follows: Deroin, pilot—Clem & Albert, Foragers with Clem as paymaster—Geo., whom we call Dr. & Wm. Wood, cooks, H. Wood & myself as dishwashers, while Garry looks after the horses.

1st. day It looks very novel to see the Indians driving up some 200 horses & ponies to their little tents and after packing them each starting off on their day's journey in 1's & 2's & 3's, soon they fall into a line which is generally maintained. Clem got a bucket of peas last eve. These we had for breakfast, with cold ham, bread & butter, cheese & good coffee made a relishable meal.

To day we lunched for dinner for the first time; as I write we are encamped with the Indians, some 200 men, women & children, our party have all had a fine swim in the river, a nice sandy bottom; We are now some 50 miles west of Otoe & will go a few more yet tonight. Will most likely have to travel 100 ere we find Buffalo. All of our party are out among the camps except Albert & myself, he laying asleep while I jot a few thoughts in my little book as I sit in the wagon. It is a strange Sabbath day, yet I trust we are never unmindful of our dependence upon that Higher Power Who rules & regulates the destinies of man; I go on from day to day with feelings of concern, not so much in regard to the danger of the Buffalo, or passing through a wild unsettled country—as that of meeting the wild Indians, who are ranging through that section, & who show no mercy or quarter—I do not say I am afraid, but my mind is fraught with the feeling of danger that we may be in yet I am anxious to push on now that we are started & believe that I will not be sorry when the trip is over.

⁸“The original Jefferson County embraced the territory now known as Thayer County, and what is now Jefferson County was Jones County.” (J. T. Link, *Origin of the Place Names of Nebraska* [Nebraska Geological Survey, University of Nebraska, Bulletin 7, Second Series, 1933], p. 43.)

4 o'clock. Started on 2 miles. Came unexpectedly to Meridian,⁹ a village of a dozen houses; as the Indians have remained in their new camp we have concluded to camp on a pleasant hill north of the town. Clem got a man to make us some ice cream, which we ate after tea—or rather coffee & eggs—only 15 miles today.

12th.

2nd. day, & beautiful it is—layed in quite an addition to our provisions before leaving Meridian, corn & oats for horses—bread, pies, 20 doz. eggs—beans etc. also a 10 gal. water keg, tis now noon, we have driven 15 miles through a level country. The road laying on the *divide* (as they call it) between the Little Blue & Big Sandy Rivers although the latter deserves not the name of river.

Tis now noon. Geo. shot a wild duck a few minutes ago, Garry plunged in & brought it out, also tried fishing but had poor success; The Indians are a half mile below us, two little boys came up to us a few minutes ago, leading or rather dragging a young wolf. I tried to make it eat but it was too much frightened.—

We are now being supplied with game which the Indians bring to us, they have a number of hunters & scouts continually in advance who scout the country for game, one just came back to camp with 4 antelope on his jaded horse, 2 of them were quite young, but these people are certainly not tender in their feelings toward the animal kingdom, & I feel that little wolf will drag out a hard but short life—little prairie chickens the children love to get & will hold them probably as long as life lasts.—

We prepare to go on to a point called Kiowa¹⁰ today,—about 3 started on ahead of the Indians, passed a prairie dog town, while lots of little dogs would sit at the entrance of their holes and bark furiously at us, I fired at 1 or 2, but to no purpose, I should think they were about the size of a half grown cat, of reddish color, with a short quick bark—holes from 10 to 20 yds. apart,—& they tell me all connected under—I was anxious to get one, but learn that if even one was to receive a death shot he would tumble in the

⁹Meridian was located in the center of the north half of Section 19 on the north bank of the Little Blue River in Meridian Precinct. (Letter, G. T. Boone, county superintendent, Fairbury, Nebraska, to Thomas L. Green.)

"Meridian, a promising town, ceased to exist when it was 'missed' during railroad construction." (Link, *op. cit.*, p. 66.)

¹⁰Kiowa, or Kiowa Ranch, was on the Oregon Trail about three miles east of the west line of Thayer County.

hole & his comrades would pull him out of reach. The afternoon very warm. We halted under a large tree & let the caravan pass, I judge a mile in length—it is a strange sight—Men with little or no luggage & several of them leading horses with nothing on them at all (these are famed race horses), while the women have large packs on both sides of her saddle, & the tent stick tied to these packs while she sits as on a level floor away up on the top, nearly all the little girls & some of the boys too ride on these fearfully loaded horses, yet many little fellows are on colts even as young as 1 year old.—

Came into camp again on the banks of this beautiful river, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile west of the Indians; antelope, duck fried for supper with bread butter & coffee—I have been suffering with a severe head-ache all afternoon, ate but little supper, hope to be better in the morning, a man caught up to us today who started alone to cure Buffalo meat, & I find my fears very slight now concerning the Wild Indians, for if this man is not afraid to go alone, how silly for us to feel so when we no. 7 & so many Indians with us too; I am surprised to find this valley of the Blue dotted still with houses, & almost begin to doubt if we will get much beyond the limits of civilization at all—at least if we follow the river valleys; 25 miles today.

13th.

3rd. day. Deroin among the Indians, we 7 all slept under a large mosquito tent, this we hang from wagon to wagon, having them about 10 ft. apart, the top is of muslin 10 by 6, while the sides are white netting, the sides reach out making it enclose an ample space for 7 or 8 to lie having all got fixed last eve in bed we held quite a council as to whether we stay with the Indians or not. They move such short distances in a day & talk of going on up the Blue River, while we feel that soon they will have us off of any traveled line—or wagon road; & as from nearly all the reports we get the Buffalo are on & even South of the Republican—while we instead of striking a due west course, are keeping too far north,—this council was vetoed by Deroin who said that the Indians had held back 10 days for us & now we ought to wait for their slower progress, so this decides it: All are up & breakfast announced, Indians have passed on; We got off about 7, soon came to Kiowa, one or two mean little houses, the place is known as a military post, where only a few months ago soldiers were stationed to protect the settlements. Here we filled our water keg as we prefer well or spring water to river water.

Camped with the Indians for dinner, while I ate a few crackers & canned peaches, the rest indulged in the luxury of soup—about three, broke camp—Indians keeping along the river while we followed the wagon road which led us up on the high land, after traveling about 9 miles we are down to the river again & went into camp 10 miles from where we were at noon, are now near what is called Liberty farm,¹¹ an old station on the S. Kearney road.—An antelope cantered by us this afternoon, several rifle balls went toward it but it took no notice of them:

Prospect of rain tonight, our lone friend camps by us, the Indians have stopped below; I am real unwell, took some powders administered by our cook (Geo.) also a quinine pill for this fearful headache; Indians gave us a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an Elk which the boys are enjoying for supper; Geo. made me some cracker victuals which was very good.

My pony has been at the wagon now three days, relieving one of the greys, Frank, he having a sore shoulder. 25 miles today.

14th.

While we were enjoying our nights rest under the tent a storm was announced. * our quarters were quickly changed,—Clem & Geo. under as usual in rain, & the rest of us in the wagons,—heavy thunder & lightning, but very gentle rain which * Geo. says, "Rain won't come thro. the mosquito netting because the holes are square and the rain drops are round."

continued until about 9:—it is now 11 o'clock Howard washing up the dishes, Garry off to a smith shop, (or a place where they do something at smithing) the rest sitting by the fire reading or drying, while I lay in my wagon with my pencil. Feel better today & hope to soon be well; we hear now that we will find Buffalo in 30 miles—only made one move today, 8 miles.

Indians have camped half mile below us—we here have met with new men & hear different reports—one man who lives in a little log house near by has just come from the Buffalo Country, says they are 65 miles west—we are now in Clay County.

The Indians camp so long in order to give their ponies time to graze—also to keep them as fresh as possible to not

¹¹"Liberty Farm was in Clay County, near Deweese. There is a low marker in one of the fields now cultivated by Frank Uldrich in Twp. 5 Rng. 7, who lives just north of the Little Blue River bridge east of Deweese." (Letter, Mrs. Mary W. Rippeteau, county superintendent, Clay County, to Thomas L. Green.)

only chase the Buffalo but to make a hurried march home, which they invariably do, always go away in short lazy marches & come home fast.

15th.

5th. day. Heavy rain in the night again. I in the wagon all night. When the rain came up all the rest got in too. Did not rest well—too thick; feeling better today. Ate some fried Elk, boiled eggs & coffee; Indians went by about 8, we started on about 9, on up the Little Blue about 6 miles, then crossed leaving what remnant there was of a wagon road¹² & followed our Indian guides who took us into camp on a south tributary of the river, which we have now left, after traveling on its north bank parts of 6 days—canned fruit & crackers were enjoyed more today, our bread about gone & my barrell of crackers (which I loaded in at Otoo) almost against the wishes of some of our party, is coming into great demand; cloudy, we fear rain. I have been out among the tents looking at the men filing irons which they insert in their arrows, tying on feathers with sinew etc, it seems so strange to be following up this caravan, camping with them and being part of them, a week yesterday since we left Nohart & still not to the Buffalo—, Now in Adams Co., eve,—We left our noon camp about 5 o'clock & made about 8 miles by dark,—stopped on a little stream, Indians on 3 sides of us—many of them gathered around us as we prepared supper, soon we heard the familiar voice of the Herald (as we called him), on asking what he said were told he was telling the Indians to come away from our camp while we were at supper, quite thoughtful,—we have grown quite used to this camp life, yet are tired of the rainy nights. I haven't known the like in Neb. This herald gives all orders to the tribe, as directed by the 3 head men of the hunt—early in the mornings we hear his peculiar cries, this most likely is the order for scouts to hurry up & get off—then again he may be heard telling the tribe to pack up—he is an old man & generally carries a child on his back as he walks around will probably rehearse the given order a dozen times in making the circuit of the camp;—

More fresh meat brought to us this eve: boys all under the net—I take the wagon as usual;—

¹²The hunting party probably left the old trail near Little Blue Ranch in Adams County.

16th.

6th. day. Thunder & Lightning & Rain in the night. Albert off to an Indian tent, Clem & Geo. under the wagon, the other three inside—, eggs, bread, venison for breakfast—I feel about well again now, having found at last “the soft side of a pine board”.

On to the West again, over a broken prairie, having now left the river to the east & north of us. These breaks are deep & sometimes rugged gorges, many of them difficult for us to get over with our wagons;

We were led this forenoon by 4 Indians, halted about noon on a prominent hill, soon the Indians came up & encamped for dinner—as usual a number of Scouts have been in the advance & are now continually expecting to find the object of our search—away over on yon distant hill a little party are seen, the glass shows them to be Indians & throwing up a blanket, which made great excitement in camp as the throwing up of the blanket meant Buffalo—They say we will go on again & camp nearer the game—a hurried excited move in afternoon, & really we crossed some fearful places going down & up banks that required all hands but the driver out & sometimes to hold back as well as to push up. The Indians soon found a camping place of wood & water, we unhitched quickly & jumped on our horses, nearly all the Indians had got in the advance, yet we soon caught the croud, on & on they went & I about came to the conclusion that they had fled, & as one of our party had a poor horse & was not keeping up I held back for him—consequently did not get to see the chase on some 8 or 9 which they struck soon after. I fell back.

I came up in time to see them making pieces of a large bull, hide is taken off—the the flesh—while the carcass or bone work remains—I rode on to a deep ravine where they told me another party were at work, as I came up they were pulling him out of a ditch—I am surprised at their size & horrid ugliness—I got a lock of skin off of this fellow’s head. I think the hair is over a foot long, eve found us all safely in camp, Clem, Albert & Will seem to have been in the front—They tell us that six were secured. 16 miles made today.

17th.

7th. day. A beautiful morning with gentle breeze, breakfast is over, & dishes washed, I am now in the wagon writing while the rest lay on the ground reading or talking, I care little for the books that are in the croud. hence spent nearly all my spare time with my pencil & diary; it is 8

o'clock, had a quiet night's rest & all feel in good spirits; expect to move camp, will now take a southwest course & strike the Republican River. Will is among the boys practicing with the bow & Arrow. I will try my luck.—

10 A.M. We have been in motion about an hour, have come to a halt, no doubt waiting signs from some one in the far advance, the course is decided, & now we move on—scouts can be seen on the distant hills;—Noon, on Thompson Creek,¹³ a beautiful stream that courses toward the Republican, a young crane very tall was brought to us just as we stopped; we talked of caring for it & take it on with us but did not think we could as we may not even start home for some time yet—After a lunch Albert & I took off our boots & stockings & wading up this stream, a shallow stream of some 10 or 15 feet in width, coursing through or over a bed of sand 2 or 3 times as wide, we gathered a number of pretty stones. Went on up to a point where I had seen a dam—as soon as we got there, A says “why the Beavers did that”, soon was it plain when we saw lots of sticks cut by them & even trees along the banks, one I think quite as large as my body,—4 o'clock, We move on. I have been on my pony all day, partly to save the wagon horses, but more to assist in selecting good crossings over these ravines.

This afternoon's scenery will long remain with me. Passed through & over land that certainly can never be of any use, it seems as if the whole country here might have been tossed up in one great convulsion of nature, immense precipices, deep ravines & high banks of land practically containing $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre of land, with flat surface, & perpendicular sides, standing like great forts,—Water certainly has been the great excavator.

We did not quite reach the river by dusk. more than 16 miles today.

18th.

1st. day. Another rain last night. Garry went to an Indian tent, & it put some others in the wagons, making some disturbance for a time, but we have had so many rainy nights that we are in a measure used to it. Wm. crawled in with me & we lay down determined to sleep if possible, the rain was soon forgotten & when we awoke it

¹³Thompson Creek rises in Franklin County and flows southeast to a point about five miles north of Riverton, thence nearly straight south to the Republican. The party apparently crossed Thompson Creek a little west of where it turns south.

was morning.—Shaved beef & eggs cooked together for breakfast—with coffee & crackers so we still live well.

This morning we witnessed an old relic of an old barbarous custom of the Indians, which yet prevails to a limited extent among the Otoos. The orders have been for 2 days that “no parties shall shoot or chase Buffalo” even if found. And last eve I heard that 2 Indians had been seen chasing a little flock of them; our interpreter says “they will be whipped for going contrary to orders”. And this morning we saw a few men call at a tent near our wagons, (we guessed the errand immediately); soon an Indian came out & stood before them. After some ceremony with words, which we did not understand, he was given one heavy lash from a big horse whip. They then visited the 2nd man & treated him likewise. Clem thinks they had the best of it, as the fun was more than sufficient to pay for the whipping, but those who know how it cuts the flesh oftentimes say no.

By a S. West course, we neared the River by 11 O'clock, 3 days now since we have seen a white man or house, as we have been crossing between the Blue & Republican, but as we came to the latter River we struck a wagon road again, I mean a track that had been made by wheels. Yet it seems strange how these rivers are followed up by civilization; passed two houses this forenoon, at one of which we got a little corn & as much oats, \$1.25 a bu., worth on the Missouri .40 cents.—Stopped at noon near the river bank—ate a little lunch under the protecting branches of some cotton woods—took a swim in the river & washed out some dirty clothes—This river is like both the Blues in one respect, very swift with sandy bottom, but very unlike in solidity of bottom. Here you sink in the sand continually & it feels as if you would get drawn down if you stood still, yet I am not disappointed for such is its known reputation, i.e. the quicksand bottom, & we were cautioned even before we started that if we forded the Republican to “not leave the team stop.” We are now in Franklin Co., near the Centre.¹⁴ It is 1 o'clock, some of the scouts have just come in announcing plenty of Buffalo in large herds 12 miles South West.—

Very warm indeed today—did not start on until about 5 o'clock, we (wagons) halted at a house & got milk, bread & sugar, Geo. got down to the supper table & as I entered, Clem had him by the nose & neck, while Geo. declared he

¹⁴Bartram probably referred to Center Creek, which joins the Republican at about the center of Franklin County, where the city of Franklin is now located.

had only drank a quart & half of milk; this family like nearly all others through here have only come this season,¹⁵ but there is an atmosphere of refinement here that we have seldom met with & we predict that they have seen different times—camped on the river bank—in a beautiful spot—all in the water again in eve—15 miles today.

19th.

2nd. day. Rain again, poor Howard took it hard, others growled somewhat, while I was full of laugh, just felt indifferent, did never believe that I could sleep on in such a wet state as this—Geo. made speeches I believe until I went to sleep again; But morning found us all alive & soon dried off—went up the river a little way, with the use of the spade we soon made a grade down which the wagons passed into the River, the Indians had chosen a good crossing place, where the water ran wide but shallow.¹⁶

They mostly crossed ahead of us, then many of them waited on the far bank, & Deroin told me they did it to be on hand in case of any swamping in the quick sandy river—it is a large stream, yet its banks are not as high as on the 2 Blues.

On my pony & riding in the very advance with my glass,—we are now on a prominent hill while away off in

¹⁵This family is identified elsewhere in the diary as that of J. F. Pugsly, who in December, 1870 had filed on 156 acres of land in Section 6, Township 1, Range 15. (*U. S. Land Office Records*, Book 125, p. 50.) This location is in the southwestern part of Franklin County, about one mile southwest of the present town of Bloomington and less than a mile north of the Republican River. This identifies the site of the camp and the ford over the Republican.

"In the fall of 1870, he [Pugsly], with some others, came out here to look up a location for himself and family to make a home in, selected the place he now lives, and moved out in the month of May, 1871. . . ." (Michael O'Sullivan, *The History of Franklin County* [Lincoln, 1873], pp. 57-58.) Bartram was therefore correct in assuming that the Pugslys were newcomers; they had lived there only about a month at the time he visited them.

Pugsly had previously operated a hotel in Florence, Nebraska and in 1862 had served for one year in the Second Nebraska Cavalry, Company A. He lived on his land near Bloomington for about ten years, also engaging in the hotel business. In 1881 he moved to Riverton and purchased the hotel there. He was elected a county commissioner in 1871 and filled this office for a term of three years. (A. T. Andreas, *History of Nebraska* [Chicago, 1882], p. 875.)

¹⁶This ford was up the river less than a mile from their camp and about on the west line of Section 6, Township 1, Range 12. In June, 1953, Mr. Delton B. Johnson and Mr. V. L. Dunn of Franklin county showed the writer where the ford had been. The approach to the ford is still evident, but because the river channel has changed, the ford is now dry except in time of high water.

the front we see a little party of men—Deroin says to me “if they throw up the blanket, why plenty of Buffalo”. Up it goes & joy manifests itself so quickly—We are now sitting on the ground awaiting the coming in of the scouts & the coming up of the train, our wagons are far back. * A black tailed deer got confused among us a few minutes ago, the dogs gave him chase, also some horsemen, but clear of the dogs & horses & away he went off. *Wagons were held back by a bad crossing. Indians cut limbs of trees, etc. filling up the ditch. Very kind.

Went into camp about noon on Crow Creek¹⁷—which runs North to the Republican—Buffalo 2 miles West of us. Geo. left us about 11 o'clock to proceed up Turkey Creek on the north side of the River to Camp Cameron,¹⁸ where Gen. Auger of Omaha had informed Albert that a body of soldiers were encamped, we had little choice whether the soldiers were with us or not, but when it came the last, the Indians got concerned & wanted them, especially that the women might feel safer when the men were all out in the chase.

We had a very trying time in crossing the ravine down which the stream courses, on which we are now encamped; again was spade freely used, & again did Albert's old farm horses go quietly but surely up it, but with me as driver & all caution I stuck,—these horses are not used to such heavy work & in such awful places they get mad & almost furious sometimes, Albert's horses are put ahead & up we came.

After we reached camp nearly all the hunters were off for the fight (shall I say). I feared we would not see the chase at all—but soon came to see that system was the order now—(no more $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. herds). $\frac{1}{2}$ mile out the whole party awaited until the last man was up, then rode gently along, I judge 100 horsemen, armed many with rifles, but chiefly revolvers & those terrible arrows, which are thrown with a bow of great power—it was a warlike crowd indeed,

¹⁷Crow Creek flows north and joins the Republican a little east of the west line of Franklin County.

¹⁸Camp Cameron was on Turkey Creek about two miles above its mouth. “The military post established by General Augur in the western part of the state is in Franklin county, section 4, township 1, range 16 west and is occupied by two companies of troops, these being Company C, 2nd Cavalry, Capt. Spaulding and the other an infantry company, the number and commander of which we do not know. The post is under command of Capt. Pollock. He is sending scouting parties both east and west to give assurance to the settlers, a party under Lt. Gregg having just come east as far as Kiowa.” (*Beatrice Express* [Beatrice, Nebraska], May 27, 1871.)

& a new place for me—my feelings I need nor cannot describe: I certainly was not thirsting for any blood, & yet I carried a revolver & was mounted for the chase, but on we go the Co. closely kept together & led almost entirely through along one break or draw after another. Sometimes we came on higher ground & could see flocks of the black cattle close on our left, but one Indian tells me we want big lot, so that one man can get 4 or 5. And so we rode on, kept still in the hollows by one or more who would ride ahead & up where they could see the Buffalo, & then ride to us telling us how & where to go. We must have gone 2 miles west, then came to a little stream & a lot of timber closely followed this to the south, then up another ravine, at the head of this we were allowed liberty and as we mounted to the clear ground a herd of some 200 were just in front of us. We ride slowly until they look & turn & away they go,—down charge the 100 horse in a perfect fury, the firing of powder is soon heard, but these animals are not quickly brought down, & away almost out of sight before I know it is a herd & horse. I cantered on slowly & by me find Howard with horse almost entirely run out. He begged of me not to leave him, which I promised not to do—so we looked at the scattered game, the Herd was all broken & here & there a pursued with the pursuer closely at its heels,—arrows flying & pistols cracking.

But here right in front of us stands a Buffalo, an Indian riding quietly around him. The animal shows fight & my friend cautions me to keep back. It was policy indeed for him with a wornout horse, but I was much safer. The Indian was not shooting, only waiting for the animal to fall, which he did soon, off goes the hunter to find another one, for as yet we see them here & there in their attempts to get west to the Main Herds. The policy of the Indians having been to get around them & drive them toward camp; so H. & I went on to a point where many soon came back, on their escape, yet quite a number of them were half pursued as soon as they were brought into close quarters or badly wounded. Then would they put their tail up almost straight & start for the hunter, but in no instance did I see them run at a horse more than a few yards. Of course the horsemen quickly started off.

Presently comes Deroin riding down upon a yearling heifer, she is hurt, & stops right near me. I approach her & put her out of her misery with my piece. Now came my time to act according to precept (for I continually said I would not kill one unless it were for the flesh), so we pulled her out on the bank, & my skill as butcher quite helped in

the dressing which was just under way when we were loudly called to look out & here comes a big bull running right towards us. We sprang on our horses, & I took after him, followed him closely & fired 4 shots when my piece ceased to revolve, & I left him for a minute; then came in some Indians & ere I joined them he was at bay & soon after fell.

The old fellow turned on me several times but my dependence was in my horse which served me well. About 4 o'clock, with our horses packed with meat, turned towards camp, Deroin as guide. We could see dead B. on all sides & the butchers at work. It was an interesting, yet to my mind painful sight in many respects.

When we got into camp, were glad to find all on hand, each has his story to tell. Albert says with his rifle he shot 3, Clem is certain of 7, Will claims 1, but the Indians think that 100 were secured altogether—Clem & I cooked surloin for supper, it was very nice & tender, being out of my heifer., then fixed our wagon up for rain. Howard, Albert & Garry took lodgings among the Indians. Clem under our wagon & Will & I in the other.

20th.

3rd. day. A fearful wind storm in the night, but no rain. I got up & took all the lines out of the sets of harness to tie on the wagon covers, got my own wagon fixed, then turned to Clem's, the covers being nearly off of it. Clem heard me at it & joined in the work saying, "this will do to tell our children."

After doing the best we could, I turned to rest in the feeling "now all else is in the keeping of Him who alone can truly protect us". My feeling was soon that of unconsciousness, & the morning broke upon us pleasantly. Geo. came not last night, & we are anxious, lest he may be lost. A lot of the police were despatched to the Turkey Creek camp this morning. It is now 11 o'clock, some are reading, some trying to sleep; Albert & I have patterned after the Indians & got some meat on smoking & drying; a frame archway is made of bended sticks placed some 5 ft. apart in the ground, then bent over & tied together, making an arch about 3 or 4 ft. from the ground, & in some instances 20 ft. long. A slow fire made at the end, the wind enters & the smoke is carried through, which with the sun on the outside soon cures the meat which is cut in very thin slices.

Afternoon—4 o'clock—I have just finished up the dishes & hung out the towels, our dinner was late owing to the arrival of Geo. & a company of soldiers under com-

mand of Lieu. Creg.¹⁹—accompanied by Capt. Pollock.²⁰ The officers took dinner with us. I had made Buffalo & Bean soup & made Geo. dress it when he came. He gets in a tremendous dose of red pepper & spoils it for me. No hunt today. so much meat to care for, & Buffalo have moved back. I pity these women, as soon as the meat is all put up to dry, then comes the skins to be cared for, which are stretched out on the ground, fastened with pegs all around, then with an iron they jab all the flesh off of the hide, after laying exposed to the sun for sometime. It gets very dry & hard, then the skin is turned & with iron or steel bits, (which they insert in a turned bone handle), they scrape all the hair off.

21st.

4th. day. Very damp & foggy this morning, broke camp very early, Indians not even getting any breakfast. I hurried up the fire & put on the coffee pot, soon the water boiled & I called to Cookie (Geo.) to tend to the coffee, so we ate a few crackers with it & at 5 started on West again. 10 Miles brought us in sight of a number of flocks. We camped on a little stream about 9½ o'clock. Soon we were all out & were kept close together through one break after another

¹⁹Lieutenant Creg, also referred to as Crego elsewhere in the diary, was undoubtedly the Lt. Gregg mentioned in footnote No. 18.

"The first Lieu. Creg mentioned is plainly Creg. However since Father met the Lieutenant in the open country and probably never saw the written name it is quite possible that he has spelled it incorrectly. The second mention of the name 'Crego' is an excusable typographical error, since the 'o' has been mistaken for the possessive 's' meaning Creg's tent. I feel that the Lt. Gregg stationed at Camp Cameron was the officer to whom Father referred." (Letter, Thomas S. Bartram to Thomas L. Green.)

Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army, 1789-1903* (Washington, 1903), I, 477 lists: "Gregg, Thomas Jackson. [Born in] Pa. [Appointed from] Pa. Pvt. and Corpl C 125 Pa inf 7 Aug 1862 to 30 Oct 1862; 2 lt 6 Pa cav 1 Nov 1862; hon must out 3 Oct 1864; Capt 8 Pa cav 24 June 1865; Tr to 16 Pa cav 24 July 1865; hon must out 11 Aug 1865; 2 lt 2 cav 23 Feb 1866; 1 lt 1 Sept 1866; r c s [regimental commissary of subsistence] 3 Nov 1868 to 15 July 1870; Capt 25 June 1877; retd 24 Mar 1890; bvt [brevet] captain and maj 2 Mar 1867 for gal and mer ser during the war; retd 24 Mar 1890; died 31 Dec 1900."

²⁰Captain Edwin Pollock was the last commanding officer at Fort Kearny. A captain of the 9th Infantry regiment, he was in charge of Fort Kearny from June, 1869 until May, 1871 when the garrison was withdrawn. (Nebraska State Historical Society, *Publications*, XXXI, p. 322.)

Francis B. Heitman, *op. cit.*, I, p. 796, has the following biographical sketch of Captain Pollock: "Pollock, Edwin, [Born] Pa. [Appointed from] Pa. Pvt F 25 Pa inf 2 May to 28 July 1861; 2 lt 9 inf 5 Aug 1861; 1 lt 31 Dec 1862; r q m 1 Sept 1863 to 20 April 1864; Capt 20 April 1864; retd 2 Feb 1885; died 24 Feb 1885."

until we came near quite a large bunch. Again the charge was made, in a few minutes more all were separated. Albert, Garry & I were to secure a calf alive. I soon took after one, but the rest did not see me, & I & calf were soon alone.

Joined a cow & calf & all of us down hurriedly into a wooded ravine, where I got my calves mixed up. One started up on the opposite side, but after running it a little way, I thought this must be the fresh one & leaving it to take the one that I had first given chase, lost both. Where all our party went to so quickly, I knew not, only I was left alone with presently a little boy & two horses for Co. I sauntered near this wooded ravine in search of my 1st. calf for some time,—when an Indian came anxiously toward me with demonstrations for me to shoot, "Buffalo no die". I soon found his game & did as he desired, then turned & helped another with his beef. Took a piece of hide off of the head of another which I mean to dry for a foot mat. The one that I got last 6th. day not getting tended to properly, spoiled.

Got into camp about 3, whether or not I could have found it alone I know not, but these Red Skins strike a beeline with unswerving certainty.

I looked anxiously for our party, as I came in. Found all there. Spent the eve at the Soldiers tent. Clem & Geo. remained with the Officers all night. I go to my wagon bed as usual. I hope now we are at the Western end of our journey, I am tired of it and desire an early return.

22nd.

5th. day. A lovely day. Geo. did not get a good horse, & consequently not a good hunt, is not satisfied, & we want all to be satisfied. His soldier friend loans him a horse, & our party with the Soldiers, Hunter²¹ for guide, all go out

²¹The identity of the "Hunter" is a matter of speculation. Albert Green's letter to his father stated: "The old cavalry man was a regular professional hunter, and we were glad to follow his leadership." He also referred to him as "the old hunter" and "an old soldier of Capt. Spaulding's company, called by them 'the Hunter' and 'the old Corporal.'"

It has been shown in footnote No. 18 that Captain Spaulding of Company C, 2nd Cavalry, was stationed at Camp Cameron. There is some evidence that the "Hunter" may have been Colin McRae, a cavalryman stationed at Camp Cameron at that time who, according to his son, James F. McRae, was a scout and later homesteaded on the site of Camp Cameron.

Who's Who in Nebraska (Lincoln, 1940), p. 422, contains the following reference to McRae: "During this season [1871] a company of soldiers was stationed at Camp Cameron about two miles above the mouth of Turkey Creek, to guard against Indian attacks. Pat Leonard and Colin McRea, members of this company, liked the country so well that they staked homesteads and stayed."

without the Indians, except Wm. Wood, & myself. Will has a lame leg, & I am satisfied with seeing Buffalo, (hurt at least). So we remain in camp, I jobbing around all morning, grooming horses, fixing up our boxes, & wagons etc. getting things in order for our party are to be back by noon, & after dinner, I am glad to feel we shall turn our faces homeward. Our party started out at 7 this morning, it is now 11, & they come not. I wish it were possible for us to get home sooner, but we are according to my rough estimate some 300 miles from Nohart by the way we came. Yet we will get home a much nearer route.

After our party went out, the Indians concluded to go too, but not together. They, the Indians, are now coming in with their ponies, loaded with meat & skins. I am sitting on the bank of a deep ravine, a gentle stream runs below me, while on all sides are the Indian tents, & women hard at work.—I have peaches on the fire stewing; a book beside me which I may read when these notes are down. I am feeling very desirous to see our crowd come in, as I fear them getting lost on these boundless plains, for the general appearance of the country is so much alike.

Later—my fears were not groundless. About 3, all came but Geo. & they hoped to find him in camp. Was last seen chasing a Buffalo, some 10 miles from camp. About 12 o'clock in the day. We are very anxious indeed—We ate of my dinner while a heavy gust roared above us, it is a sad time with our little party now. They go out on a prominent hill. I take my pony & Glass, & mount another high point in hopes that I might see him in his attempt to reach camp.

A dozen Soldiers with the same Hunter that was with our party start for the point where he was last seen, night comes on & we return to camp. The Lieut. tells a party of men to go on that high point & build a fire, he also gave instructions, he says to the searching party that if they failed in finding Geo. to build a fire on each high point or a line of fires on their return; we all at the Lieut. Crego's tent. in eve return to our own with sad feelings, yet my own are not so sad as I have the feeling that all would yet be well.

23rd.

6th. day. The arrangement was that Indians & all should canvass the country for Geo. this morning, but about the time breakfast was ready, we heard firing at the Soldier camp. Report said he had come, Clem said no, but soon his presence told us plainly. We gave 3 hurrahs & took

him by the hand. I felt like cheering not on my own account, near as much as to let the Indians know that he was among us, & that we valued each other.

His story is that he got bewildered, the clouds hiding the sun. He took a wrong direction & fortunately came across two men (a great wonder indeed). He of course could not ask for the camp, but inquired for Turkey Creek, expecting to make the Soldier Station his point. Night came on him, he tried to light a fire with his revolver & fired one load & failed, & as he only had one remaining, did not try it again; hitched his horse & then got into a tree where he remained all night, not even a vest on him & wet besides. In the morning he mounted his horse, steering for the Republican & then Turkey Creek. Fortune seemed to favor him indeed, & he came against our camp on his way.—I do feel as if Providence had been with us this day.—It is one to be remembered & for lifetime. This boy had been without food for nearly 24 hours & was making his way to a point, a day's ride almost from our camp—may we remember with thankful hearts—this camp near Prairie dog Creek²² & must be I think in Phillips Co.²³ Kansas.

It was about 8 when we bade the Army Officers who had been kind to us, & the Indians all farewell. Deroin & I on horseback took the lead, followed the main divide down near the camp we left on 4th. day, then on off to the left & reached the Republican R., about 12—a whole herd of Antelope ran off to the left of us as we reached the river; Deroin & I soon found an easy grade with a wide point of the river, where the water seemed shallow, yet a swift current; while he crossed, I went back & piloted them in; I crossed opposite with Albert's wagon, & No. 1 calling all the time for No. 2 wagon to keep to the left, but all went right until past the middle, when I became alarmed for No. 2 horses. They were almost plunging in the miry sand that was so nicely covered with the faultless water. Now they stop & every second get deeper & deeper. I hurry through as does No. 1. I leap from my pony & run to Albert, pull out the doubletree bolt & loudly call for rope. Albert & I scarcely spoke yet were working together. We splashed back to poor Garry (who in the meantime screamed for help, believing that the whole thing was likely to go down.) the rope was quickly used & the bay horses did well, but poor Frank was so deep he did not come, & next thing the

²²Prairie Dog Creek flows northeast in Kansas and into the Republican River. Its mouth is just above Harlan Dam.

²³Albert L. Green reported that the party hunted in Norton County, Kansas, as well as in Phillips County.

wagon was almost on top of him, & his two hind legs through the spokes of the front wheels. I called to Clem to keep his head above water, while the rest of us unhitched the grey team—got his legs out (& sound), ran the wagon back & the greys both splashed up while the bays or No. 1 team pulled out our wagon. Again were we fortunate, all was well once more, save some wet pants & boots etc, that were on Albert & myself. All the rest got off these cumbersome things, but I waited not one second.

About 1 o'clock, we halted a few minutes, watered our horses again, & we ate a few crackers & a little fruit. Then drove on to Camp Cameron on Turkey Creek. Here was a store for the use of the Soldiers & we got a few needed articles, fed our horses here, got a new shoe put on poor Frank & about 5 started East again,—Clem taking my pony & riding ahead to a house that I spoke of stopping at last 1st. day, & had a civilized supper prepared for us. We enjoyed it much; being late we remained near their house all night. I was right in believing they had seen different times.

24th.

This family of J. F. Pugsly claim to have known very different times—a pressure, at least a failure in some way made him search a western home, where he now no doubt will build up a large & beautiful farm.—

Up early & breakfasted at six, this Republican Valley is pretty, but monotonous,—passed one place where 4 or 5 large houses were built all in one, protected from the wild Indians was the reason—reached a little point called Red Cloud about 6 in eve, a store & smith shop. We were now in a beaten track & have made some 35 miles today. Camped on Elm Creek, where we find 2 or 3 parties like ourselves putting up for the night. This is a noble little stream.

25th.

1st. day. I slept on the ground last night & rested well. Arose early & breakfasted on stewed (canned) etc., started on our homeward journey, had a long drive in the middle of the day without water, but at last found some which the horses drank, while we had a supply in our keg. We are yet on the Republican, soon we leave it, and I hope to see the Blue River tonight; at 3 started on, soon the track left the river & the valley & bearing up over the hill we came onto a great level plain; on & on in the immensity of space,—a lovely sabbath day & an enjoyable ride. Did not reach the Blue until 9 o'clock, the last few miles I rode

in wagon No. 1, Albert's head in my lap while I drove. Now Howard fearing we would not reach the river. I consoled him by saying that we will camp this side. 53 miles today. Got in too late or else we were too tired or lazy to get supper. A cold lunch of cracker, crossed & down the Blue.

26th.

2nd. day. Up early again and off by 6,—reached Meridian, 15 miles by 9, & encamped 6 miles below on the Blue for dinner, bathing in the river at noon.

Camped at night on a hill 4 miles east of Fairbury, near a little new well of water. I found a little old tree which I chopped up into wood.—

27th.

3rd. day. A bright & beautiful day. Started at morn at 5 o'clock, struck the old Military road, & followed it until we reached Indian Creek, near where we encamped the 1st night out from Otoo. Now we merely feed our horses & ourselves & put on again as we only have 10 miles more. All are anxious to get home,—but we have to leave the road—Our Indian guide left us yesterday, & even with our compasses we traveled over too much ground this afternoon.—Were nearer lost almost within sight of home than any time while out—all well at Otoo.

Tis eve. I am tired, sleepy & old note book, thou mayst remember we have had a long tramp together.

28th.

4th. Day. Clem, Howard & Geo. engaged Deroin to take them to the morning train at Marysville, & they started about 3½ o'clock. We to bed again & had a good sleep. The house really feels close after being in the open air day & night for nearly 3 weeks.

I wrote a little message home last eve, feeling anxious to let them know of our safe arrival into civilization again; gave it to Howard to put in at some Eastern office We feel sorry to thus have our party broken before reaching Nohart & too, we wanted & needed Clem there for a day, but letters were at Otoo awaiting him which hurried him on to Chicago where he was to meet certain parties of his firm, our protracted trip causes this rush home ward. About 10 o'clock, the remaining four of our party start on for Nohart, the home for Garry & me, & the point where Albert left Sallie, & where a large lot of luggage remains belonging to the Phila. Party. Wm. Wood will get it & start on to Phila. alone. He scolds a little about thus being left, yet said he knew it was best. We reached what we call the half way

house by eve, passing through Pawnee City in the afternoon, where we got some ice cream.

This house is the private residence of Thos. Lynch & about half way between Otoe & Nohart, also about half way between Pawnee City (County town of Pawnee Co.) & Salem, a little town on the Nemaha River.

29th.

5th. day. The country through here is rapidly being turned by the plow, & many very pretty farms do we see,

When I went through here a few weeks ago, Lynch said (in ans. to our inquiries for land) that he had one qr.—(quarter) which he would sell. Asked me \$1200.00 for it. We looked at it & although thought it was cheap, yet it was not as smooth as was desirable.

This morning he asked me if I did not want that price of land. I told him I would stick to my offer made 4 weeks ago, which was \$1000.00 for the qr.

Well, he says, "I want to build my barn this summer. I have a good house, & that amount will let me go ahead with my barn. I will see my wife," and so he did. Wife says to do as he likes, & the result is I am to meet him at the Co. Town, Falls City, tomorrow week to settle matters all up.

This land reaches within 1½ miles of Humbolt, a thriving little town on the Nemaha, & into which the Atchison & Neb. R. R. will soon run.—

We left Lynch's about 7 o'clock, arrived at Falls City in time for dinner. Here one of our grey horses was very sick, not Frank this time, but Fannie; colic or bits seemed to be the trouble. After giving her several doses of medicine, with no favorable results, & still she would paw & roll & lay,—I then used turpentine freely, which seemed to set her frantic almost. I told Garry I thought if she was put on the road home it would be better for her,—& so we started on. I told Albert he & Will might as well go on & Garry & I would come slowly & bring Fanny if possible.—I have been deeply worried about this mare, really feeling that she was in a fair way to die; & what would be Thos. feelings to see his pet matched team broken, but our Fanny gets better & we arrive at Nohart soon after Albert. I rejoice to get home again & feel that I have had enough of Buffalo hunting to last a life time even if I live to be 100.

Found all well & glad to welcome us back. A round dozen of friendly letters awaited me, besides some business notes. The latter I gave 1st attention to, then went up stairs where I could be entirely alone, enjoyed this reading much.

Well, our trip is over & I am glad. I am not sorry that I went. I have had a rich experience, a rare one, travelled some 600 miles & spent more time than I had thought for; & I have thought many times if I had known all, I would not have gone, yet now I am not inclined to regret it. The Buffalo will ere long be a rare animal, but this country may still feel glad to have a few as they make ample food for the Western settlers. We have brought some meat home with us & I expected to send some East, but everything has been so hurried since our arrival home, & Clem not coming has made me let it go uncared for. Three weeks from my razor has given me a blacker face than I ever had before, & I almost doubt whether I shall clear it all off very soon or not. Tomorrow morn Will starts away, & soon Albert & Sallie will leave us for their Otoo home. He, poor boy, is tired & needs rest. May this trip live as a novel phase of my life, is all I can ask, yet there was much to enjoy—many funny little things that I failed to note & many moments when the mind was led in contemplation of the vastness of our country & the near future when all this country that now lays vacant will be made echo to the clatter of machinery & the busy din of active life—yes, land that has only known the wild beasts & Indians, from both of which we have been preserved from danger, & I hope we may appreciate the favor, for truly we have been in their country.

This ends my trip, now I go to work & my notes assume a different type.

Extracts From Letter Written By Albert L. Green To His Father
After Return From Buffalo Hunt In 1871.

—old Walker, a big, roughlooking, good natured fellow, but a fast runner got his temper up on the first charge. He rushed at the herd as if in a phrensy, and along in a van of giddy indian ponies he seemed ambitious to surpass them all, quite forgetting that his rider was not accustomed to the steeple chase. On, on, the wild charge they made, dust flew like the cannons smoke. Buffaloes reeled and fell, on every side but on the wild scene passed, on and on beyond the near horizon. In an hour the herd and their pursuers and killers were passed from sight of the vicinity of the attack. Then followed old men with burden ponies to gather the skins of the slain. The first attack I made on a herd was particularly interesting to me. Mounted on old Walker and armed with a Winchester rifle I accompanied a party of about 100 Indians. We made a detour of about ten miles and closed on the herd. Before making the attack we passed within easy range of a herd of elk but did not shoot at them for fear of alarming the buffaloes. Wolves also went scooting over the hills but we took no notice of them. Antelopes scudded along the prairie ridges but we did not give them a chase for nobler game was awaiting us. Every tree (trees are only found along creeks

and rivers) was rubbed smooth and scattered with hair, showing that it had served as a scratching post. After an hours ride we withdrew from the ravines and took to a draw that lead to the high prairies. As we neared the top of it we could see the burley monsters moving about by the hundreds, the ponies snuffed the air at a signal the troop started on a full charge. The dust was darkening, the noise bewildering, the excitement thrilling.

Walker carried me through the wild tumult like the brave old bony charger that he was. Each man singled his victim and followed him up, over sloughs, over ravines, over hollows, the roughest and most dangerous track seeming to be chosen by the pursued. I singled out a monstrous old bull and the chase that he led me was neither short nor over smooth ground, down declivities he could leave Walker far in the rear, but in ascending a heavy grade Walker could gain on him. And when Walker, after a chase of a couple of miles came along side, and the old giant wheeled toward us for an assault, a few well directed bullets from my rifle laid him low.

Say what you please about the "unwieldy form" of the buffalo, they are built for speed despite their big heads and heavy haunches. What they overreach in weigh in their fore quarters they lack in their hind ones. Their run is a heavy gallop, and it is not every horse that can come near matching them in speed. Well, after accomplishing the destruction of the giant old bull I cut out his tongue and began to look around for more game. Soon I spied another bull speeding off in the direction of a distant herd that looked like a dark blotch near the horizon. I immediately gave chase. No Indians or anybody else were in sight. . . . a long chase over very rough ground gave the old bull the advantage. Walker nearly went head over heels in going down some steep places and nearly fell over backwards in going up others, but the old bull glided down steepes like a streak and climbed hills with an energy which was clearly the result of desperation. His tongue lolled out, He showed such perseverance that I pitied him and gave up chasing him although not so much that I pitied him as because I saw the chase was hopeless. I dismounted and allowed my old steed to rest awhile after which I saw another Buff. gliding over the plain as fast as he could carry himself. Walker seemed refreshed and inspired at the sight. I sprang upon him and away he bounded in pursuit a long chase that differed from the previous one in no important particulars brought me within fighting distance. Shot after shot seemed to strike unheeded until one more skillfully directed brought him to the earth; and I was out of ammunition. Soon after shooting this bull a fine elk came within easy rifle range, but of course I could not give him my compliments as warmly as I could have wished. He shook his head at me, as though to say, "Good day", and bounded away over the ridge. I now began to think of returning to camp, but hardly knew in what direction to start. I looked at my compass and struck out. Soon I met an Indian to whom I gave the buffalo which I had last killed. He appeared to be afraid to remain alone to skin it, and wished me to stay with him. He said that Cheyennes were around and would kill him. Of course this statement somewhat alarmed me. I told the Indian that my ammunition was exhausted, at which he seemed very much alarmed. I knew we were on the hunting ground of the hostile and warlike Cheyennes but I had not supposed that there were any in our immediate vicinity. The Otoes seemed to have reason to believe that there were. The soldiers were encamped 20 miles north of us and their presence had kept the hostile bands some what back. Fortunately for me the enemy did not appear and after some delay

we reached camp without losing our scalps. Old Walker carried the tongues of my victims dangling at his bridle bit, and despite getting his nose and chops bloodied he preserved his usual good nature. Our camping place on that day was the site of an old Sioux camp, they had probably occupied it only a few days before. The Otoes told me that on a previous visit to that locality they found a battle had been fought between the Indians & soldiers and several dead Indians were found on the hill (this was last year). As I came into camp I felt the want of ammunition when a flock of gobbling wild turkeys crossed my path.

The next day the white men of our party to the number of seven, including Clem Biddle, Gen. Geo. Zinn, William and Howard Wood, an Old Soldier of Capt. Spaulding's Com. of Cavalry, called by them "the hunter," Garry Lightfoot and myself started on a buffalo hunt on our own account. The Old Cavalry man was a regular professional hunter, and we were glad to follow his leadership. We struck across the country towards the Solomon river; passed herds of buffalo scattered thinly over the country I saw antelope darting along and timber patches where there smaller game was lurking. but we turned neither to the right hand nor the left. The old hunter seemed to have an idea in his head, and we felt satisfied to follow him. Towards midday when we had ridden about 20 miles, or nearly that distance, we saw the chalky cliffs of the Solomon, glistening like mines of silver in the sunlight. Along its clear waters a belt of timber shielded it from the heat, and on either side a broad meadow stretched for miles away. Here and there herds of buffalo were quietly grazing, as we gazed upon the scene that lay spread out before us, it required no great stretch of the imagination to picture a valley peopled and tilled. We would see, in the glistening white rocks beyond the river what we could imagine to be cities and dwellings of civilized men, and in the herds so quietly grazing below us, we could behold the herdsman's wealth. But how different the reality...

Following our leader we descended into the valley and cautiously approached a herd of buffaloes. They soon scented us and were off. A lively chase of a couple of miles brought us within rifle range of them. I dont remember how many we killed, but I do remember that the day was intensely warm and the nearest water fit for drinking was in the river several miles off... Several of us were suffering acutely with thirst, water we must have, Our horses would be too tired to carry us back to camp if we rode them to the river which was in opposite direction from camp... Soon we found a shallow pool of warm muddy water; the buffaloes had stood in it for weeks, the sun had blazed down on it for years, it was too muddy to wash hands in and too warm for a pleasant bath, full of wigglewaggles and filth, and enough to cause a vomit if in ordinary times administered for that purpose. We were only too glad to wade into it and drink a few hatsful. After killing some buffaloes we secured the meat that we wanted and commenced hunting up our party... Gen Zinn could not be found. We searched around for him until the waning afternoon warned us that it was time to be getting towards camp and thinking that he might have gone in ahead of us we started in... during our trip back my ponies saddle turned around on her belly frightenig her (I left old Walker in camp to rest this trip) Shortly before reaching camp a tremendous storm came up; lightning and thunder in fearful quantities and driving rain signaled our entry into camp.

Here we found Mordecai and Garry awaiting us but our friend Zinn had not put in his appearance. Poor fellow where could he be. It was almost frightful to contemplate, being lost nearly 20 miles from camp in storm without compass or sun to guide, and in a land of hostile savages. Clem offered a reward of 50 dollars to the Indian who would find him, and several started out. Soon we sent word to the soldiers and a squad led by the old Corporal who had hunted with us, started out on the search. A rainy disagreeable night passed... and a gloomy morning succeeded but still no appearance of our lost comrade... Surely the wild Indians must have gobbled him, or else his horse must have fallen on him. The search must be kept up... all were gloomy and sad, when all of a sudden a great joy flashed upon us like a meteor. Zinn was coming into camp—coming alone and looking rather droopy, but, nevertheless cheerful and denying that he was badly lost. He acknowledged that the camp was lost, and told us that he had lodged during the night in the limbs of a tree. As he had eaten nothing since the morning before it may be supposed that his appetite was as good as usual.