

THE COSMOS.

[FOR THE CONSERVATIVE.]

Prolific complex of existing things,
 Forever working, as with tireless zeal,
 Regardless of what men name woe or weal,
 Thy august drama one prime lesson brings;—
 From smallest bird that in the hedgerow sings,
 From tiny notes that in the sunbeam reel,
 To suns remote beyond thought's fleetest
 wings,
 All, through the teeming fields spread out in
 space,
 Wher'er a form or being may be found,
 Or silent, or when heralded with sound,—
 All play their parts exactly and with grace.
 No transient pageant this, mere picture bright,
 But, living whole, bathed in eternal light.
 —EDWIN EMERSON.
 Paris, France.

TWO EARLY SPORTS.

In the summer of 1833 the first gentlemen sportsmen who ever came west for amusement, so far as the writer has learned, crossed the plains and penetrated the territory of the mountain Indians, under the escort of one of Sublette & Campbell's fur-trading parties. Everything was known and talked over among the little world of trappers and traders, and this expedition attracted a good deal of attention at the time, as appears from the frequent mention one sees of it in the literature of the period. There were several of the gentlemen, but the names of only five have come down to us. These were Captain Stuart, Doctor Harrison, Mr. Edmund Christy of St. Louis, a Mr. Brotherton, and Colonel C. A. Wharfield of the U. S. army. Readers of Irving's *Bonneville* may perhaps recall this party, as it appears several times in the course of that rather fanciful narrative; the smaller circle of readers who know Jim Beckwourth's memoirs are more likely to remember the encounter between the redoubtable Jim and Captain Stuart. Some further information which has come to the writer's notice, regarding the leading members of the party, may be of interest to THE CONSERVATIVE'S readers.

Stuart.

Irving, who got the most of his information from Captain Bonneville himself, says nothing of Doctor Harrison, and speaks of Captain Stuart (he spells it Stewart) as "a gentleman of noble connections, who was amusing himself by a wandering tour in the Far West." The principal thing that he has to tell of them is how they fell in with the Crows, whom he calls vagabond freebooters, in September, 1833, in the southeastern part of what is now Montana. The Crows welcomed their visitors, and set about robbing them of everything they possessed. "Captain Stewart behaved with great spirit," says Irving; nevertheless the honest Crows stripped the entire party to the bone, including their guide and interpreter, the notable Thomas Fitzpatrick—"Broken Hand." Fitzpatrick, however, by employing

sufficient eloquence and management, succeeded in prevailing upon them to return their rifles and horses and the most of their traps; but as he departed with his friends the repentant Crows made another sweep at them and nabbed a number of their animals.

Beckwourth.

Curiously enough, we have the Indians' own version of this affair from the truthful Mr. Beckwourth, who was then a chief among the Crows and had just attained the highest possible honor, the title of Medicine Calf. He was turning his chieftancy to good account and drawing a large salary from the American Fur Company for directing the furs taken by his red children into that company's trading-post. He speaks of Stuart as an English officer (he was Scotch) "who had figured conspicuously under the Iron Duke;" (it was in fact only 18 years since Waterloo;) and of Harrison as "a son of the hero of Tippecanoe." He says further that, while camping a short time before among the Cheyennes, they had taken part "for the sport of shooting Indians" in a fight between the warriors of that tribe and a party of Crows, and had in fact themselves shot the last survivor of the Crows, a chief whom the Cheyennes had difficulty in finishing; and that they were recognized to that effect by the Crows, who were on the point of murdering them all before he knew anything about it. By taking prompt action he averted this catastrophe, and he also, he says, found and restored all Fitzpatrick's goods except some cloth, and all his horses but five. Then he tells how Captain Stuart ungratefully called him a d—d rascal, and was rebuked by Doctor Harrison and Colonel Wharfield; how he afterwards solicited his aid in recovering a valuable horse and undertook to provide generously for him if he lost standing with his employers thereby; and finally sought to shoot him, and offered "a certain individual" a thousand dollars to perform that service for him.

Medicine Calf Jim had a poor opinion of Captain Stuart, but of Doctor Harrison he says that "if only for his noble father's sake, I would have defended him at the risk of my own life."

Carson.

Kit Carson, on the other hand is reported by his biographer, Peters, as speaking in almost as warm terms of the captain; "for the goodness of his heart," he quotes him as saying, "and numerous rare qualities of mind, he will always be remembered by those of the mountaineers who had the honor of his acquaintance."

Now as to what is otherwise known of them, Captain Sir William Stuart was the owner of a large estate in Perthshire, where he was living thirty years later in a house filled with Indian

trophies and other curiosities. He was at that time about seventy, broad-shouldered and very active, though gouty and irascible. He spent several years in the wilds of America; in the summer of 1834 we find him accompanying Nathaniel J. Wyeth in the latter's second journey west, and in October of that year Wyeth gave him letters of introduction to friends back in Yankee-land. There is a tradition that he wrote a book about his adventures, but nobody seems to have seen it.

Harrison.

As to Dr. Benjamin Harrison, he was, as Beckwourth understood, a son of General William Henry Harrison, who eight years after these events became president of the United States. He was also, therefore, uncle to his namesake who became president in 1889. The latter bears witness concerning him as follows: "He died when I was a lad. He was of a wild and adventurous disposition, participated, I think, in the Texas war of independence, and in a good many other frontier scrapes, but I have no particular knowledge of the events of his life."

This may be characterized as faint praise.

Wyeth.

The recent publication of the correspondence and journals of "Captain" Wyeth throws light on a great many personalities of that period. Doctor Harrison is one thus illuminated. Wyeth was thrown with him a good deal, and, for instance, carried some things from him to his father the general on his way east in the fall of 1833. This is what he has to say concerning him in a letter to William Sublette in February, 1834: "I place little reliance on any information or any reports through the Am. F. Co. especially by Doct. Harrison's hands."

This too is faint praise.

The root of the matter seems to appear in a statement in the journal of Charles Larpenteur, who mentions, in a list of persons who started together from St. Louis in May, 1833, "Captain Stewart from England, on a pleasure trip, and old General Harrison's son, with the view to break him from drinking whiskey." But if the old general thought he was sending him where there was none of that commodity, he was deceived.

I judge, however, that the party broke up with the beginning of the trapping season that fall, Captain Stuart returning to St. Louis and Doctor Harrison betaking himself to the depths of the mountains; for Wyeth speaks in one of his letters of his having "taken an outfit from Fitzpatrick & Co. of some few horses and men for the trapping business."

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