

Buffalo of the Salish and Kootenai

In the Pacific Northwest Forever

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The Buffalo Herds of the Montana plains and their history with the Salish and Kootenai Tribes.

This is the history of the buffalo told in a narrative style and by re-telling stories from fur trade journals, missionary diaries, tribal stories, and early newspaper articles. I include many stories as told or written by the original writer or author. I feel that it is their story and instead of digesting their words and putting them in a different form I quote them in full. The flavor and style of the story-teller is retained and that makes for a much better experience. This buffalo history is full of stories and they are not meant to be connected in a natural flow or any kind of continuity.

Bison occidentalis

Bison, commonly known in the American West as buffalo were in Montana since the ice ages and were hunted by the paleo-Indians and later by those that followed them. Buffalo are large, even-toed ungulates in the genus *Bison* within the subfamily Bovinae. The American bison succeeded an older species *Bison occidentalis* which died out in 3,000 B.C. The American buffalo is only distantly related to the true buffalo. American buffalo compose of two subspecies, the Plains bison and the Wood Bison.

“*Bison latifrons* (the "giant" or "longhorn" bison) is thought to have evolved in midcontinent North America from *B. priscus*, after the steppe bison crossed into North America. Giant bison (*B. latifrons*) appeared in the fossil record about 120,000 years ago. *B. latifrons* was one of many species of North American megafauna that became extinct during the transition from the Pleistocene to the Holocene epoch (an event referred to as the Quaternary extinction event). It is thought to have disappeared some 21,000–30,000 years ago, during the late Wisconsin

glaciation.” [“In 2016, DNA extracted from *Bison priscus* fossil remains beneath a 130,000-year-old volcanic ashfall in the Yukon suggested recent arrival of the species. That genetic material indicated that all American bison had a common ancestor 135,000 to 195,000 years ago, during which period the Bering Land Bridge was exposed; this hypothesis precludes an earlier arrival. The researchers sequenced mitochondrial genomes from both that specimen and from the remains of a recently discovered, estimated 120,000-year-old giant, long-horned, *B. latifrons* from Snowmass, Colorado. The genetic information also indicated that a second, Pleistocene migration of bison over the land bridge occurred 21,000 to 45,000 years ago.”]

“*B. latifrons* co-existed with the slightly smaller *B. antiquus* for over 100,000 years. Their predecessor, the steppe bison appeared in the North American fossil record around 190,000 years ago. *B. latifrons* is believed to have been a more woodland-dwelling, non-herding species, while *B. antiquus* was a herding grassland-dweller, very much like its descendant *B. bison*. *B. antiquus* gave rise to both *B. occidentalis*, and later *B. bison*, the modern American bison, some 5,000 to 10,000 years ago. *B. antiquus* was the most common megafaunal species on the North American continent during much of the Late Pleistocene and is the most commonly found large animal found at the La Brea Tar Pits.” Wikipedia

Bison Bison the modern buffalo.

American buffalo are known for living in the Great Plains, but formerly had a much larger range including much of the eastern United States and parts of Mexico. “An estimated 20 to 30 [60] million bison once dominated the North American landscape from the Appalachians to the Rockies, from the Gulf Coast to Alaska. Habitat loss and unregulated shooting reduced the population to just 1,091 by 1889.” <https://defenders.org/bison/basic-facts> The American buffalo is the national mammal of the United States.

The term "buffalo" is sometimes considered to be a misnomer for this animal, as it is only distantly related to either of the two "true buffalo", the Asian water buffalo and the African buffalo. Samuel de Champlain applied the term buffalo (*buffles* in French) to the bison in 1616 (published 1619), after seeing skins and a drawing shown to him by members of the Nipissing First Nation, who said they travelled forty days (from east of Lake Huron) to trade with another nation who hunted the animals. Though "bison" might be considered more scientifically correct, as a result of standard usage, "buffalo" is also considered correct and is listed in many dictionaries as an acceptable name for American buffalo or bison. Buffalo has a much longer history than bison, which was first recorded in 1774. Wikipedia

In the 1500s it is estimated that there was between 30 to 60 million buffalo in America. Originally the bison or buffalo were in a huge herd and after the railroads divided America it became two great buffalo herds, the Southern herd and the Northern herd. There was also an Eastern Herd but it was much smaller. In 1802 the eastern herds were gone and by 1830 the destruction of the southern and northern herds began. The herds west of the Rockies was pretty much gone by the 1840s, in 1844 75,000 buffalo robes were collected by the Hudson's Bay Company. The railroads in the 1860s split and separated the southern and northern herds, and thousands of buffalo were killed to feed the railroad workers and the U.S. Army soldiers that guarded them. Idaho passed a law to protect the buffalo in 1864 but too late they were all gone from the state. In 1866 cattlemen Charles Goodnight started a small herd on his ranch in Texas. In the 1870s about 2 million buffalo were killed in the southern herd. The hides were made into fine leather and the bones were collected to refine sugar, fertilizer and fine china. Private herds started up during this time as many people saw profits in owning buffalo. The southern herd was being hunted out of existence with 5,000 buffalo killed a day, making the end of that great herd was imminent. It was almost gone by 1874.

“In 1872 or 1873 with the aid of his wife Sabine, Walking Coyote, a Pend d'Oreille Indian, acquired some bison calves, bringing them into the Flathead Valley with the intent of starting a bison herd. And in Canada, west of Winnipeg, James McKay acquired five bison and established a small herd.” <https://www.fws.gov/bisonrange/timeline.htm>. Samuel Walking Coyote's story will be told later in this story. By 1880 the destruction of the northern herd began. In Montana 180,000 buffalo were killed. By 1880, the great herds of buffalo—estimated at 60 million in America—were all but gone, leaving behind them a dismal story of human greed and shortsightedness. By 1883 this great herd was gone in fact most of the buffalo in the United States were gone, with only 325 wild buffalo were left and 25 of them were in Yellowstone Park. The Yellowstone buffalo were protected by the U.S. Army by orders of the U.S. Congress, this was ironic as the army was one of the main causes of the buffalo's decline. The buffalo were saved in 1884 when Charles

Goodnight re-established his herd, and when Michel Pablo and Charles Allard of Montana purchased 13 bison from Walking Coyote for \$2000 in gold. In 1885 C. J. “Buffalo” Jones purchased a few bison from Charles Goodnight, along with capturing 13 bison from southern Texas, starting his own private herd.” <https://www.fws.gov/bisonrange/timeline.htm> William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society traveled throughout the West in 1889 to conduct a census of the remaining buffalo. He found only 541. The Last Great Buffalo Roundup, One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer, Published March 29, 2011.

“The Smithsonian Institute sent an expedition out to obtain bison specimens for the National Museum. After a lengthy search, some were found near the LU Bar Ranch in Montana. Twentyfive were collected for mounting and scientific study. (The original mounted specimens were brought to the Fort Benton (Montana) Museum of the Upper Missouri in the mid-1990's, close to where the original bison were taken).” <https://www.fws.gov/bisonrange/timeline.htm> By 1919 there was 12,521 buffalo in the United States.

Buffalo Traits

Buffalo are good swimmers and can cross rivers over half a mile wide. They are nomadic grazers and travel in herds. “Known for roaming great distances, bison move continuously as they eat. The females, or cows, lead family groups.” <https://defenders.org/bison/basic-facts> The bulls leave the herds of females at two or three years of age, and join a male herd, which are generally smaller than female herds. Mature bulls rarely travel alone. Towards the end of the summer, for the reproductive season, the sexes necessarily commingle.

“Wallowing is a common behavior of bison. A bison wallow is a shallow depression in the soil, either wet or dry. Bison roll in these depressions, covering themselves with mud or dust. Possible explanations suggested for wallowing behavior include grooming behavior associated with moulting, male-male interaction (typically rutting behavior), social behavior for group cohesion, play behavior, relief from skin irritation due to biting insects, reduction of ectoparasite load (ticks and lice), and thermoregulation. In the process of wallowing, bison may become infected by the fatal disease anthrax, which may occur naturally in the soil.” Wikipedia

“Bison temperament is often unpredictable. They usually appear peaceful, unconcerned, even lazy, yet they may attack anything, often without warning or apparent reason. They can move at speeds up to 35 mph and cover long distances at a lumbering gallop.

Their most obvious weapons are the horns borne by both males and females, but their massive heads can be used as battering rams, effectively using the momentum produced by what is a typical weight of 2,000 pounds (can be up to 2700 lbs.) moving at 30 mph. The hind legs can also be used to kill or maim with devastating effect. In the words of early naturalists, they were dangerous, savage animals that feared no other animal and in prime condition could best any foe (except for wolves and brown bears).

The rutting, or mating, season lasts from June through September, with peak activity in July and August. At this time, the older bulls rejoin the herd, and fights often take place between bulls.

The herd exhibits much restlessness during breeding season. The animals are belligerent, unpredictable, and most dangerous.” Wikipedia

American bison live in river valleys, and on prairies and plains. Typical habitat is open or semiopen grasslands, as well as sagebrush, semiarid lands, and scrublands. Some lightly wooded areas are also known historically to have supported bison. They also graze in hilly or mountainous areas where the slopes are not steep. Though not particularly known as highaltitude animals, bison in the Yellowstone Park bison herd are frequently found at elevations above 8,000 feet and the Henry Mountains bison herd is found on the plains around the Henry Mountains, Utah, as well as in mountain valleys of the Henry Mountains to an altitude of 10,000 feet.

Bison are herbivores and eat simple foods. They generally rest during the day and graze in the mornings and the evenings. The bison's main foodstuff is grass and sedges, though they will also eat any available low-lying shrubbery. In the winter, bison forage for grass under the snow. If little grass is available, they will eat the twigs of shrubs. Bison are notably better browsers than cattle, since cattle are more obligate grazers, though wood bison have also been described as “obligate grazers.”

Due to their size, bison have few predators. Four notable exceptions are the grey wolf, human, brown bear, and coyote. The grey wolf generally takes down a bison while in a pack, but cases of a single wolf killing bison have been reported. Brown bear also consume bison, often by driving off the pack and consuming the wolves' kill. Brown bear and coyotes also prey on bison calves.

For the American bison, the main cause of illness is malignant catarrhal fever, though brucellosis is a serious concern in the Yellowstone Park bison herd. Bison in the Antelope Island bison herd are regularly inoculated against brucellosis, parasites, Clostridium infection, infectious bovine rhinotracheitis, and bovine vibriosis.

During the population bottleneck, after the great slaughter of American bison during the 19th century, the number of bison remaining alive in North America declined to as low as 541. During that period, a handful of ranchers gathered remnants of the existing herds to save the species from extinction. These ranchers bred some of the bison with cattle in an effort to produce "cattleo" (today called "beefalo") Accidental crossings were also known to occur. Generally, male domestic bulls were crossed with buffalo cows, producing offspring of which only the females were fertile. The crossbred animals did not demonstrate any form of hybrid vigor, so the practice was abandoned. First-generation males are infertile. The U.S. National Bison Association has adopted a code of ethics that prohibits its members from deliberately crossbreeding bison with any other species. In the United States, many ranchers are now using DNA testing to cull the residual cattle genetics from their bison herds. The proportion of cattle DNA that has been measured in introgressed individuals and bison herds today is typically quite low, ranging from 0.56 to 1.8%.

Humans were almost exclusively accountable for the near-extinction of the American bison in the 1800s. At the beginning of the century, tens of millions of bison roamed North America. Humans slaughtered an estimated 50 million bison, not for sustenance but for sport, in a bid by the U.S.

government to strip the Plains Indians of a vital component of their way of life. Railroads were advertising "hunting by rail", where trains encountered large herds alongside or crossing the tracks. Men aboard fired from the trains roof or windows, leaving countless animals to rot where they died. The overhunting of the bison reduced their population to hundreds. Attempts to revive the American bison have been highly successful. Farming of bison has increased their population to nearly 150,000. The American bison is, therefore, no longer considered an endangered species. The extinction of four species of bison (*B. antiquus*, *B. latifrons*, *B. occidentalis*, and *B. priscus*) was due to natural selection.

“As of July 2015, an estimated 4,900 bison lived in Yellowstone National Park, the largest U.S. bison population on public land. During 1983–1985 visitors experienced 33 bison-related injuries so the park implemented education campaigns. After years of success, five injuries associated with bison encounters occurred in 2015, because visitors did not maintain the required distance of 75 ft from bison while hiking or taking pictures.

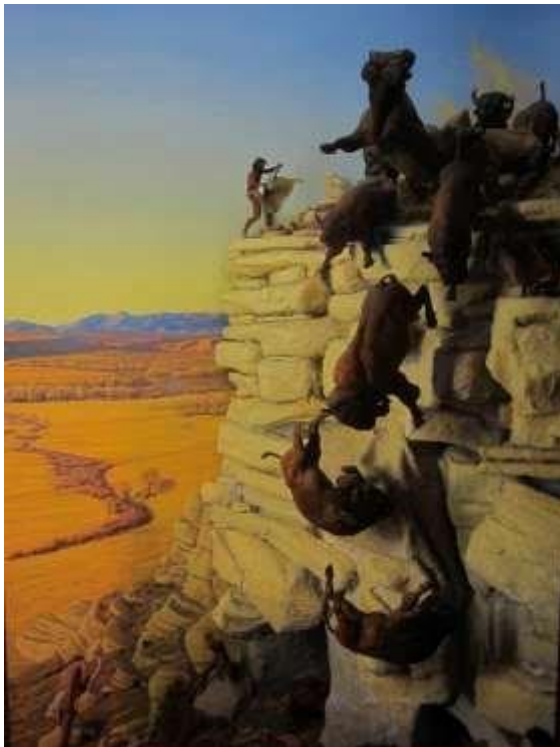
There are also remnant purebred American bison herds on public lands in North America. Three herds are in Yellowstone National Park, Wind Cave National Park in South Dakota and Elk Island National Park in Alberta, Canada. In 2015 a fourth purebred herd of 350 individuals was identified on public lands in the Henry Mountains of southern Utah via genetic testing of mitochondrial and nuclear DNA. This study, published in 2015, also showed the Henry Mountains bison herd to be free of brucellosis, a bacterial disease that was imported with nonnative domestic cattle to North America.” Wikipedia

Buffalo Jumps

Before the arrival of the horse buffalo were harvested by using buffalo jumps. The hunters would form a party that would slowly encircle a buffalo herd usually a few miles from a steep cliff and moving together they would drive the herd over the cliff, or buffalo jump. Drive lines were made of rock and braided vine fences and were sometimes a half mile long, these would help funnel the buffalo to the summit of the cliff. As the herd moved up the summit hunters dressed in wolf skins would leap up from their hiding places behind the rock fences and shout making loud noises. This started the buffalo to stampede over the cliff to their deaths. Buffalo runners dressed in a buffalo robe would race ahead of the herd to help lead them toward the cliff. The runner would leap over the cliff and land on a ledge below and the buffalo would jump over and pat him. On the bottom where the buffalo fell were women and children waiting to kill any animals still alive and start butchering them. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/First_Peoples_Buffalo_Jump_State_Park



“Driving Buffalo Over the Cliff”, a painting by Charles Marion Russell. <http://www.amusingplanet.com/2015/06/the-buffalo-jumps-of-northamerica.html>



A diorama in a museum in Montana. <http://www.amusingplanet.com/2015/06/the-buffalo-jumps-of-north-america.html>

Buffalo as Food.

The buffalo provided the tribes with food, clothing, shelter and tools. There was little that they did not make use of from the slain animals.

“The Salish constructed tripods or quadpods as drying racks for strips of buffalo meat. Smoke created by a small fire below the rack kept meat free of insects. The dried meat was then pounded into a powder and mixed with dried huckleberries, service berries and tallow to make pemmican that provided them with a high source of energy. The pemmican was stuffed into flat rawhide bags and stored for winter. The average buffalo provided 525 pounds of pemmican. Fr. De Smet reported that in one hunt the Salish delivered 5,000 pounds of dried buffalo meat to St. Mary’s Mission in bales weighing 80 pounds each.” <http://www.saintmarysmission.org/salish-buffalo>

In butchering a buffalo, the tongue and internal organs were removed first. These were taken to the camp’s medicine people and then eaten as delicacies.

The body would be cut into 11 pieces to facilitate transportation: the four limbs, the two sides of ribs, the two sinews on each side of the back bone, the brisket, the croup, and the back bone.
<http://nativeamericannetroots.net/diary/1377>

“The buffalo is for the Indian...something more than manna in the desert. For there is no fatigue he will not endure, no enemy he will not defy, no form of death he will not face, to get the great beasts.” Father Nicolas Point, S.J., a diarist for the missionaries who accompanied the “people” on their winter hunt. The Salish & The Buffalo <http://www.saintmarysmission.org/salish-buffalo>

FULL MOON OF HALF AUTUMN-HALF SUMMER (October 15, 1973)

The Buffalo Also Important In Octobers Past

The full moon of Half Autumn-Half Summer ... the second half of October ... is rich in the history and traditions of the Salish, Kootenai and Pend 'd Orielle Tribes.

Before the coming of the whites it was a time of hard work and happy celebrations as the tribes prepared for the long gloomy winter ahead. The berries gathered during the Moon of the Harvest of Ripe Things (September), had to be dried and stored. Other berries such as hawthorne, Oregon grape, elder and rose hips were just at their prime and had to be picked and packed for the winter.

Then, when the morning frost began to burn the green berry bushes, it was time for the tribes to gather and head east to the Missouri river for the fall buffalo hunt. All tribes along the northwest slope, ... the Salish, Kootenai, Pend 'd Orielle, Kalispel, Couer d' Alene and Nez Perce ... broke their camps in the peaceful western river valleys and headed over the mountains to the bounties, adventures and dangers of the buffalo country. The bison were plentiful then, in the area between the headwaters of the Missouri and Musselshell rivers, and the hunting was easy and the times were good.

But there was also a danger. The plains tribes jealously protected the buffalo country and the hunters had to keep a wary eye out for Blackfeet and Crow war parties. But the united western tribes were strong and the white man had not yet thrown the balance of power out of kilter with his firearms. The western tribes were able to hold their own.

But it was also serious work. Although hunting trips to the Missouri were relished by members of the western tribes, the actual business of hunting the animals was taken very seriously. A nineteenth century account of a western tribes hunt by Jesuit Father DeTrui noted the strict discipline observed by all the hunters.

A leader of the hunt was selected. He was Wah-Kon, a medicine man who was given absolute authority because he could divine the movement and moods of the buffalo. The Wah-Kon assigned each hunter a specific task and the hunter was responsible for seeing that the task was accomplished. There were the runners, scouts who kept a constant eye on the herds ... the drivers, who would actually do the footwork ...and a decoy, a horseman who dressed himself and his pony in a buffalo robe and lured the herd.

The technique of hunting the buffalo described by Father DeTrui involved the construction of an acre-sized corral made of stone and wood. The corral was concealed between two projecting ridges so the buffalo would not see it until it was too late. In the middle of the corral was a totem of red cloth tobacco and horns. As the herd approached the corral, the Wah-Kon sent the decoy out. The decoy would attract the attention of the buffalo by braying like an orphan calf and then led them toward the mouth of the corral. As the herd approached the corral, the drivers sprang up from their concealed positions along the base of the hills and forced the buffalo into the corral. The animals were then killed and slaughtered and a feast began.

But the work was not over yet. The surplus meat had to be dried and packed for the trip back ... the hides were stretched and prepared for tanning and the bones and sinews were packed for use later. Nothing that could be of any use was wasted.

FULL MOON OF HALF AUTUMN-HALF SUMMER (October 15, 1973)

Coyote and the Buffalo retold by Mourning Dove (Christine Quintasket)

“Coyote Tales,” The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1933.

Salish tribe the Okanagan

The Animal People were here first—before there were any real people. Coyote was the most important because, after he was put to work by the Spirit Chief, he did more than any of the others to make the world a good place in which to live. There were times, however, when Coyote was not busy for the Spirit Chief. Then he amused himself by getting into mischief and stirring up trouble. Frequently he got into trouble himself, and then everybody had a good laugh—everybody but Mole. She was Coyote's wife.

My people call Coyote Sin-ka-lip", which means Imitator. He delighted in mocking and imitating others, or in trying to, and, as he was a great one to play tricks, sometimes he is spoken of as "Trick Person." Mourning Dove continues with the story of Coyote and the Buffalo.

No buffalo ever lived in the Swah-netk! -qhu country. That was was Coyote's fault. If he had not been so foolish and greedy, the people beside the Swah-netk'-qhu would not have had to cross the Rockies to hunt the quas-peat-za (curled-hairs). [Quas-peat-za ("curled-hairs" or "curly-haired.") The same word is used for "buffalo robes."]

This is the way it happened:

Coyote was traveling over the plains beyond the big mountains. He came to a flat. There found an old buffalo skull. It was the skull of Buffalo Bull. Coyote always had been afraid of Buffalo Bull. He remembered the many times Bull Buffalo had scared him, and he laughed upon seeing the old skull there on the flat.

"Now I will have some fun," Coyote remarked. "I will have revenge for the times Buffalo made me run." He picked up the skull and threw it into the air; he kicked it and spat on it; he threw dust in the eye-sockets. He did these things many times, until he grew tired. Then he went his way. Soon he heard a rumbling behind him. He thought it was thunder, and he looked at the sky. The sky was clear. Thinking he must have imagined the sound, he walked on, singing. He heard the rumbling again, only much closer and louder. Turning around, he saw Buffalo Bull pounding along after him, chasing him. His old enemy had come to life!

Coyote ran, faster than he thought he could run, but Buffalo gained steadily. Soon Buffalo was right at his heels. Coyote felt his hot breath. "Oh, Squas-tenk', help me!" Coyote begged, and his power answered by putting three trees in front of him. They were there in the wink of an eye. Coyote jumped and caught a branch of the first tree and swung out of Buffalo's way. Buffalo rammed the tree hard, and it shook as if in a strong wind. Then Buffalo chopped at the trunk with his horns, first with one horn and then the other. He chopped fast, and in a little while over went the tree, and with it went Coyote. But he was up and into the second tree

before Buffalo Bull could reach him. Buffalo soon laid that tree low, but he was not quick enough to catch Coyote, who scrambled into the third and last tree.

"Buffalo, my friend, let me talk with you," said Coyote, as his enemy hacked away at the tree's trunk. "Let me smoke my pipe. I like the kinnikinnick. Let me smoke. Then I can die more content."

"You may have time for one smoke," grunted Bull Buffalo, resting from his chopping.

Coyote spoke to his medicine-power, and a pipe, loaded and lighted, was given to him. He puffed on it once and held out the pipe to Buffalo Bull.

"No, I will not smoke with you," said that one. "You made fun of my bones. I have enough enemies without you. Young Buffalo is one of them. He killed me and stole all my fine herd."

"My uncle," said Coyote, "you need new horns. Let me make new horns for you. Then you can kill Young Buffalo. Those old horns are dull and worn."

Bull Buffalo was pleased with that talk. He decided he did not want to kill Coyote. He told Coyote to get down out of the tree and make the new horns. Coyote jumped down and called to his power. It scolded him for getting into trouble, but it gave him a flint knife and a stump of pitchwood. From this stump Coyote carved a pair of fine heavy horns with sharp points. He gave them to Buffalo Bull. All buffalo bulls have worn the same kind of horns since.

Buffalo Bull was very proud of his new horns. He liked their sharpness and weight and their pitch-black color. He tried them out on what was left of the pitchwood stump. He made one toss and the stump flew high in the air, and he forgave Coyote for his mischief. They became good friends right there. Coyote said he would go along with Buffalo Bull to find Young Buffalo. They soon came upon Young Buffalo and the big herd he had won from Buffalo Bull. Young Buffalo laughed when he saw his old enemy, and he walked out to meet him. He did not know, of course, about the new horns. It was not much of a fight, that fight between Young Buffalo and Buffalo Bull. With the fine new horns, Buffalo Bull killed the other easily, and then he took back his herd, all his former wives and their children. He gave Coyote a young cow, the youngest cow, and he said: "Never kill her, Sin-ka-lip! Take good care of her and she will supply you with meat forever. When you get hungry, just slice off some choice fat with a flint knife. Then rub ashes on the wound and the cut will heal at once."

Coyote promised to remember that, and they parted. Coyote started back to his own country, and the cow followed. For a few suns he ate only the fat when he was hungry. But after awhile he became tired of eating fat, and he began to long for the sweet marrow-bones and the other good parts of the buffalo. He smacked his lips at the thought of having some warm liver.

"Buffalo Bull will never know," Coyote told himself, and he took his young cow down beside a creek and killed her. As he peeled off the hide, crows and magpies came from all directions.

They settled on the carcass and picked at the meat. Coyote tried to chase them away, but there were too many of them. While he was chasing some, others returned and ate the meat. It was not long until they had devoured every bit of the meat.

"Well, I can get some good from the bones and marrow-fat," Coyote remarked, and he built a fire to cook the bones. Then he saw an old woman walking toward him. She came up to the fire. "Sin-ka-lip'she said, "you are a brave warrior, a great chief. Why should you do woman's work? Let me cook the bones while you rest."

Vain Coyote! He was flattered. He believed she spoke her true mind. He stretched out to rest and he fell asleep. In his sleep he had a bad dream. It awoke him, and he saw the old woman running away with the marrow-fat and the boiled grease. He looked into the cooking-basket. There was not a drop of soup left in it. He chased the old woman. He would punish her! But she could run, too, and she easily kept ahead of him. Every once in awhile she stopped and held up the marrowfat and shouted: "Sin-ka-lip', do you want this?"

Finally Coyote gave up trying to catch her. He went back to get the bones. He thought he would boil them again. He found the bones scattered all around, so he gathered them up and put them into the cooking-basket. Needing some more water to boil them in, he went to the creek for it, and when he got back, there were no bones in the basket! In place of the bones was a little pile of tree limbs!

Coyote thought he might be able to get another cow from Buffalo Bull, so he set out to find him. When he came to the herd, he was astonished to see the cow he had killed. She was there with the others! She refused to go with Coyote again, and Buffalo Bull would not give him another cow. Coyote had to return to his own country without a buffalo. That is why there never have been any buffalo along the Swah-netk'-qhu."

Coyote in the Buffalo Country A Flathead Tale

"Coyote took to the trail again. After a while he had nothing to eat. He was nearly starved. He went into a tepee at noon and lay down to rest. He was very weak because he had had nothing to eat. This happened in the Jocko Valley.

Coyote heard someone halloo, but he could not see any one. Then someone called again. After he had looked carefully for some time, Coyote saw Eagle a long ways off. Eagle said that far away there was a country where there were buffalo all the time. Eagle said, "I am going there, but you cannot. You are too poor."

Then Coyote was angry. Coyote said, "I can go anywhere. I am going there." Coyote started out and in fifteen days he reached the place. It was near Great Falls. There was a big camp there and the chief's name was Bear. The people did not like Bear. When buffalo were killed, Bear would take the best pieces for himself— all the good meat and the chunks of fat.

Coyote wanted to be chief himself. So he killed a big buffalo and stripped off all the fat. Then he cut the meat in strips and hung it up to dry. After that he built a big fire and heated some stones red hot.

Bear heard that Coyote had killed a buffalo, so he came to look at the meat. Bear said, "This is nice meat. I will take it."

Coyote said, "I saved some fat for you." Then Coyote took a red hot stone, wrapped it in fat, and put it in Bear's mouth. Thus Coyote killed Bear. Then the people made Coyote chief.

Now Bear was a great medicine man. Whatever he wished came true. There were many buffalo at Great Falls because Bear had wished it. After Coyote became chief all the buffalo went away. Then the people said, "Coyote is a bad chief."

Coyote went out again to hunt for buffalo. He was all alone and he hunted for five days. But the buffalo were all gone. Coyote was ashamed to go back to the camp so he kept right on.

In a little while Coyote met Wolf.

Wolf said, "Where are you going?"

Coyote said, "I am going to travel all over the world."

Wolf went on ahead. Soon Coyote heard someone coming. It was a man with plenty of meat.

Coyote lay down by the trail and pretended to be dead. The man stopped. He said, "This is pretty good fur." So he threw Coyote among the meat and went on.

Coyote ate all the meat he could hold. Then he ran away. After a while he met Wolf again. Wolf said, "You look fat. Where did you get meat?"

Coyote told him he had pretended to be dead. He said, "The man wanted me for my fur. Your fur is finer than mine. If you pretend to be dead, you can get meat."

Wolf heard the man coming so he lay down by the trail and pretended to be dead. The man stopped. He said, "This is pretty good fur, but I'll make sure he is dead."

Then he hit Wolf with a club. He hit Wolf twice. Then Wolf jumped up and ran away.

Wolf was very angry. He said, "Coyote did this on purpose. I will kill Coyote."

Wolf ran and Coyote ran. After a while Wolf overtook Coyote. Wolf said, "Why did you play that trick on me? Now I will kill you."

Coyote said, "Wait until I tell you something. Then you can kill me."

Wolf said, "What do you want to tell me?"

Coyote said, "There are only two of us. It is not fair for us to fight alone. Let us get others to fight with us. Then it will be like one tribe fighting another." Wolf agreed. So Wolf went in one direction and Coyote in another.

Wolf met Bear. Wolf said, "Come with me and fight Coyote." Then Bear and Wolf went on together. In a little while they met Mole. Wolf said, "Come with me and fight Coyote." So Wolf and Bear and Mole went on together.

Now Coyote had gone in another direction. He met Cat and Dog. Coyote said, "Come with me and fight Wolf." So Coyote and Cat and Dog went on together.

Now Wolf reached the meeting-place first. He looked up and said, "I see Coyote coming." Coyote was coming with Cat and Dog. Coyote was dressed up, with beaded moccasins and a beaded shirt. Therefore he was a great chief. When the fight began, Coyote with Cat and Dog killed all his enemies. Then Coyote went on alone." <http://mythfolklore.blogspot.com/2014/06/pacific-nw-coyote-in->

Sieur de LaVarendrye meets the Bitterroot Salish

"In 1743, a French priest, Sieur de LaVarendrye, had penetrated the Missouri river country and had there met a party of the Bitter Root Indians on a buffalo hunt; the seeing of these white men was a legend of the tribe, but the meeting of the people with Lewis and Clark in 1805 was the first contact with the new race." Following Old Trails, page 64, Arthur L. Stone, editor of The Missoulian, Missoula, Montana, Press of the Missoulian Publishing Company, 1913

Early Buffalo Hunts Bitterroot Salish, Pend d'Oreille and Kootenai buffalo stories

The Salish and Kootenai would make two trips a year to hunt the buffalo the plains. To them they were *qua quai*. They had been forced from the plains in the 1780s by the Blackfeet and whenever they met the Blackfeet in buffalo country there was a bloody battle. The Salish tribes were almost destroyed during this constant warfare. "The Flathead and their neighbors insisted on their prior right to hunt buffalo on the plains in the present Montana. These tribes were too small to risk individual combat with the powerful Blackfoot. So they joined forces and crossed the mountains cautiously farther south on shorter hunting excursions. The expeditions of the period included the Nez Perce as well as the Flathead and neighboring Salishan tribes. In spite of their precautions these parties sometimes suffered heavy losses from attacks by the better-armed Blackfoot." Gustavus Sohon's portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854. Ewers, John Canfield. Washington, Smithsonian Institution, 1948, page 15.

The Bitterroot Salish and Pend d'Oreilles were of the Plateau intermontane culture, they lived in an area that was a huge gentle decline from the Rocky Mountains to the Cascade Mountains. It was known as the Columbia Plateau of Washington. They had lived here for between eight and thirteen thousand years. In about 1730 horses were introduced to the region after which the plateau tribes began their journeys to the east side of the Rockies and into the Great Plains to hunt buffalo. The Spokane Indians Children of the Sun, Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970, pp 4-5.

“The Flathead are believed to have obtained their first horses from Shoshonean tribes to the south during the first quarter of the eighteenth century. (Haines, 1938, p. 435.) After horses became numerous among them, the tribe made periodic journeys over the Rockies to hunt buffalo on the plains of the Upper Missouri. Regular seasonal migrations were customary in early historic times. In spring and summer the Flathead resided in the Bitterroot Valley, subsisting primarily on roots (of which the bitterroot and camas were most important), berries, small game, and fish. In June and July the men crossed the mountains on horseback for a brief summer hunt to obtain meat and buffalo hides for lodges. At the close of the berry season, in September or October, the whole tribe moved to the plains about the upper tributaries of the Missouri River to hunt buffalo. Usually they did not return to the valley until the next March or April, in time to dig the bitterroot. Fully half the year was spent on this long winter hunt. The neighbors of the Flathead on the plains in the middle of the eighteenth century were the Pend d'Oreille and Kutenai on the north, and the Shoshoni on the north, east, and south. These friendly tribes recognized the right of the Flathead to hunt buffalo on a portion of the plains. It was as plains buffalo hunters that the Blackfoot Indians first met these people. Doubtless this accounts for the fact that the Flathead are regarded as a plains tribe in the traditions of the Blackfoot.” (Thompson, 1916, pp. 327-328 ; Wissler, 1910, p. 17.) Gustavus Sohon's portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854. Ewers, John Canfield. Washington, Smithsonian Institution, 1948, page 14.

When the Bitterroot Salish were met by Lewis and Clark and the Corps of Discovery at Ross' Hole in 1805, they were on their way to hunt buffalo for their winter meat and robes. St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Mt., 1975, page 6.

“The first white men known to have met the Flathead were the members of the party of American explorers under Captains Lewis and Clark on their way overland to the Pacific. On September 4, 1805, this expedition encountered a Flathead village in what later became known as Ross's Hole, near the present town of Sula, Ravalli County, Montana. The explorers found the Flathead dressed in animal skins, living in skin-covered lodges, and subsisting at the time on roots and berries. Although interchange of ideas was complicated by the fact that all conversation had to pass through six different languages, the Flathead managed to impress the explorers with their friendliness and hospitality by exchanging presents, willingly sharing their food, and trading horses to the whites. The expedition spent 2 days with the Indians, at the conclusion of which the Flathead set out for the Three Forks of the Missouri to join their western allies on the winter buffalo hunt. Lewis and Clark estimated the size of the Indian village at 33 lodges (Sergeant Ordway reckoned 40), in which lived about 400 persons, of whom 80 were men. Capt.

Clark said these Indians called themselves "Eoote-lash-Schute." (Thwaites, 1904-5, vol. 3, pp. 52-55 ; Ordway, 1916, pp. 281-282 ; Wheeler, 1904, vol. 2, p. 65 ; Ronan, 1890, p. 41 ; Report of Explorations, etc., 1860, vol. 1, p. 325.)

Lewis and Clark estimated that the people of this village possessed over 500 horses of fine quality, an average of more than 15 horses to the lodge. Later accounts substantiate the fact that the Flathead were richer in horses than were the Indians of the Plains. (Irving, 185 1, p. 117; Bradley, 1923, p. 256.) Flathead horses were sturdy, long-winded animals. A Blackfoot brave told Governor Stevens in 1853 that he "stole the first Flathead horse he came across—it was sure to be a good one."

(Report of Explorations, etc., 1860, vol. 1, p. 148.) The theft of horses furnished a primary motive for Blackfoot raids on Flathead camps throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century.” Gustavus Sohon's portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854. Ewers, John Canfield. Washington, Smithsonian Institution, 1948, pages 15-16.

“When David Thompson of the Northwest Company crossed the Rockies and opened direct trade with the Flathead and Pend d'Oreille tribes in the fall of 1809, he found these Indians armed only with stone-pointed lances and arrows which broke harmlessly against the thick buffalo-hide shields of their Blackfoot enemies. These Indians clamored for firearms, ammunition, and iron arrowheads in exchange for beaver pelts. Little else interested them. (Thompson, 19 16, p. 411.) During the following winter Thompson traded the Flathead more than 20 guns and several hundred iron arrowheads. Next summer the Indians were eager to try their new weapons against their old enemies. In July a party of about 150 Flathead and allied tribesmen crossed the Rockies by way of Marias Pass, determined to hunt boldly. The Piegan did attack them shortly after they reached the plains. The hardy Flathead successfully repulsed the attackers, with heavy losses to the Piegan. With the improved weapons the Flathead scored their first victory over the stronger Blackfoot. Thompson credited the western Indians with being deadlier marksmen with their new weapons than were the Piegan. He believed this was due to the fact that they had learned to fire at smaller game from a distance, while the Blackfoot were accustomed to shoot buffalo at short

range. (Ibid., p. 411). Gustavus Sohon's portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854. Ewers, John Canfield. Washington, Smithsonian Institution, 1948, pages 16-17.

“One of the passengers on the second ship sent to the Pacific coast by John Jacob Astor, just a hundred years ago, was a young Englishman named Cox [Ross Cox] who afterward wrote a book upon his adventures among the Indians of the northwest. Aside from the journal of the Lewis and Clark expedition, this book contains the first description of the Indians of the Bitter Root and neighboring valleys. Cox spent a winter at the Astor trading post which was built at the mouth of the Missoula river, near where Paradise now stands. There he met many of the Flatheads and there he witnessed the return of one of their victorious war parties from the Blackfeet country. His description of this people and their ways contains this comment, which furnishes the key to the application of the name which was given to Missoula — the name which yet endures.

"The Flatheads were formerly much more numerous than they are at this period," writes Cox. "but owing to the constant hostilities between themselves and the Blackfeet Indians, there numbers had been greatly diminished. While pride, policy, ambition, self-preservation or the love of aggrandizement often deluges the civilized world with Christian blood, the only cause

assigned by the natives of whom I write, for their perpetual warfare, is the love for the buffalo. There are extensive plains to the east of the mountains, frequented in the summer and autumnal months by great herds of buffalo. Hither the tribes of the river country repair to hunt these animals, that they may procure as much of their meat as will supply them until the succeeding season. In these expeditions they often meet and the most sanguinary conflicts follow. The Blackfeet claimed all that part of the country immediately at the foot of the mountains, east of the main range, which was most frequented by the buffalo; and alleged that the Flatheads, by resorting there to hunt, were intruders whom they were bound to oppose upon all occasions. The latter, on the contrary, asserted that their fore-fathers had always claimed and exercised the right of hunting on these disputed lands; and that while one of their warriors remained alive, the right should not be relinquished. The consequence of these continued wars was dreadful, particularly to the Flatheads, who being weaker in numbers, were generally the greater sufferers. Independent of their inferiority in this respect, their enemy had another great advantage in the use of firearms which they obtained from the company's trading posts, established in the department of Forts des Prairies. To those the Flatheads had nothing to oppose but bows and arrows and their own undaunted bravery. Every year previous to the coming of MacMillan's party witnessed the gradual diminution of their numbers and total annihilation would shortly have been the consequence but for the establishment of the post at the mouth of the Missoula, with a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition for trade. They were overjoyed at the opportunity to purchase them and quickly stocked themselves with a sufficient quantity of both. From this moment affairs took a decided change in their favor and in their subsequent contests the numbers of killed and captured were more equal."

"It is the testimony of all writers who have told us of the characteristics of the Flathead Indians as they were originally, that the tribe was peaceable, gentle and of superior intelligence. They did not seek war but they were brave in the defense of their rights. Lewis and Clark, Father DeSmet, Cox and Major Ronan have all left records to this effect. But the robes and the meat of the buffalo were, they held, the gift of the Great Spirit, and they were not to be deprived of the privilege of hunting on the eastern range. For this right they fought for generations and the record is that, despite superior numbers of their foes, they always brought back meat and hides from the buffalo country." Following Old Trails, pages 70- 71, Arthur L. Stone, editor of The Missoulian, Missoula, Montana, Press of the Missoulian Publishing Company, 1913

[From this point on the Flathead will be referred to as the Bitterroot Salish by me.]

The Story of the Fight between the Bitterroot Salish and the Blackfoot tribe.

In 1810, Finan McDonald accompanied the Bitterroot Salish on their summer buffalo hunt with him was Michel Bourdon and Jean Baptiste Boucher. Michel Bourdon had been with Charles Courtin when he was killed by the Blackfeet in a narrow canyon leading east from the lower end of the Bitterroot Valley, David Thompson called this Courtin's Defile but it was known as Hell Gate in later years. They followed the Salish road, or Cokalarishkit, to the buffalo along the Missouri River near the Great Falls, here Captain Jeremy Perch had been killed two years previously. It was a dangerous place as the Blackfeet (Atsiina) were on the warpath. On the

buffalo ranges they were soon involved in a battle with Finan McDonald and the Bitterroot Salish. Thompson wrote of the battle after being told about it by McDonald and Bourdon:

“Accompanied by Mr. Finan McDonald, Michel Bourdeaux [Bourdon] and Baptiste Buche [Boucher] with ammunition tobacco &c to encourage them: they crossed the Mountains by a wide defile of east passage, eastward of the Saleesh Lake, here they are watched by the Peeagans to prevent them hunting the Bison, and driven back, and could only hunt as it were by stealth; the case now was different, and they were determined to hunt boldly and try a battle with: they were entering on the grounds, when the scouts, as usual early each morning sent to view the country came riding at full speed, calling out, the “Enemy is on us,” instantly down went the Tents and tent poles, which, with the Baggage formed a rude rampart this was barely done, when a steady charge of cavalry came on them, but the Horses did not break through the rampart, part of the pointed poles each party discharged their arrows, which only wounded a few, none fell; a second and third charge, was made; but in a weak manner; the battle was now of infantry. The Saleesh, about one hundred and fifty men, took possession of a slightly rising ground about half a mile in front of their Tents, the Peeagans, about one hundred and Seventy men drew up and formed a rude line about four hundred yards from them; the Saleesh and the white Men lay quiet on the defensive; the Peeagans, from time to time throughout the day, sent parties of about forty men forward, to dare them to battle Buche, was a good shot, said they were harder to hit than a goose on the wing the three men had several shots discharged at them, but their violent gestures prevented a steady aim in return; the three men were all good shots, and as I have noticed the Indians allow no neutrals, they had to fight in their own defense. Mr. Finan McDonald fired forty five shots, killed two men and wounded one man; the other two men each fired forty three balls, and each wounded one man; such were their wild activity, they were an uncertain mark to fire at; the evening ended the battle; on the part of the Peeagans, seven killed and thirteen wounded; on the part of the Saleesh, five killed and nine wounded; each party took care of their dead and wounded; no scalps were taken, which the Peeagans accounted a disgrace to them; the Saleesh set no pride in taking scalps; This was the first time the Peeagans were in a manner defeated, and they determined to wreck their vengeance on the white men who crossed the mountains to the west side; and furnished arms and ammunition to their enemies.” The Fur Trade

Gamble - North West Company on the Pacific Slope 1800-1820, Lloyd Keith and John C. Jackson, WSU Press, Pullman, Wa., 2016, pp. 43-44.

In the 1810 winter buffalo hunt the Bitterroot Salish were accompanied by Joseph Howse of the North West Company to the buffalo ranges near the Great Falls and also in February 1811.

[Joseph Howse, fur trader, explorer, and linguistic scholar; baptized 2 March 1774 in Cirencester, England, son of Thomas Howse and his wife Ann; d. there 4 Sept. 1852. After ten years' fur-trading experience in the Saskatchewan district, Joseph Howse took part in the exploration of western North America as the first Hudson's Bay Company man to cross the Rocky Mountains; a pass, a peak, and a river bear his name. Howse also wrote the first grammar of the Cree language, and it's still recognized as an outstanding document both of the Cree language and of early grammatical practice." http://www.biographi.ca/en/bio/howse_joseph_8E.html]

Edward Ermatinger, the brother of Francis Ermatinger, was a clerk at Fort Vancouver for the Hudson's Bay Company, about the time he retired from the service in 1828 he led back to York Factory on Hudson Bay two express brigade. In his York Factory Express Journal (1827-1828) Edward describes his trip across the North American continent west to east. Finan McDonald who had retired from Hudson's Bay Company service was among those in the express brigade during the trip back East, up on the Canadian prairies Finan ran afoul of a bull buffalo. Edward wrote:

Saturday, June 2, 1827 “Make an early start and proceed till near noon. See many herds of Buffalo. Hunters go off in pursuit-Mr. Harriott kills 2, Salois one men fetch the meat. Continue our journey having been here 4 or 5 hours-in the evening more animals in sight. Mr. H.[arriot] goes off and kills 2 Bulls-a very serious accident attends the evening's hunting. Mr. H. having wounded two other Bulls goes off with a view of getting them accompanied by Messrs. F. [Finan] McDonald and E. E. [Edward Ermatinger]. On approaching them they made off. Mr. H. pursued and overtook one, followed by Mr. McD. the former fired but did not bring the Bull down. Mr. McD.'s rifle snapped and while he was endeavouring to distinguish his object in the dark of the night to have another shot the animal rushed toward him with utmost impetuosity. Mr. McD. as soon as he perceived him, which was not till he was very close, tried to escape by running across a small plain to shelter himself as it appeared to him in a hammock of woods, but before he reached it he became out of breath and threw himself down trusting to fate. The first blow the animal gave him he tossed him with great violence and gored the most fleshy part of the thigh nearly to the bone. Mr. McD., after this seized him by the wool of the head and held him for some time, but the immense power of the animal obliged him to quit his hold-on doing this, he supposes, he dislocated his wrist. He remembers having received 6 blows, one of which was so dreadful that his whole side is bruised black and blue and some of his ribs appear to be broken-the last furious butt made him call out, and what is very strange the Bull at the same instant fell down as if a ball had struck him. In this state they both remained for above an hour while Mr. H. ran to the Boats at least 2 miles distant for assistance, Mr. E. remaining near the spot to point it out, for altho' these two gentlemen heard and saw as far as the darkness of the night permitted the whole of this distressing affair, they were unable to render immediate relief, lest in firing at the Bull they might kill the man. A large armed party being collected were devising means of extricating Mr. McD. from his painful situation, when one of the men's guns went off in the air by accident. This caused the Bull to rise. He looked at the party attentively for a moment and then galloped off. Mr. McD. whom they found perfectly sensible altho' he had fainted several times as he himself says, also states that the Bull watched him the whole time they lay together and that he durst not stir. The animal too he says appeared to suffer much groaning and vomiting blood a great deal. The ground around bore evident marks of this deplorable catastrophe, being gored up in many places and covered with blood a shot pouch which Mr. McD. wore at his left side, made of thick sealskin, covered with porcupine quills and stuffed with rags, &c., for wadding was found to be pierced thro' and thro' and must have saved his life, altho' he was not aware when this happened. He was conveyed upon blankets fastened upon poles on the men's shoulders to the Boat and in order to reach Carlton (Fort Carlton) as soon as possible, we drift down the river all night in hopes of finding Dr. Richardson (Sir John Richardson) at that place. His wounds were dressed as well as the means of the party permitted.”

[Finan McDonald (1782-1852) was just 4 years old when his parents Angus Ban McDonald and Elinor MacDonell emigrated from Mhuineil Farm, Knoydart, Inverness, Scotland in 1786. They settled in Glengarry, Ontario. Finan grew large and strong, and found a place in the fur trade. A fellow clerk Ross Cox described him thus: "His appearance was very striking: in height he was six feet four inches, with broad shoulders, large bushy whiskers, and red hair, which for some years had not felt the scissors, and which sometimes falling over his face and shoulders gave a wild and uncouth appearance" "Finan McDonald, one of the most colorful characters of the early fur trade period in the Northwest, crossed the Continental Divide in modern-day Alberta and reached the upper Columbia River in 1807 as part of the North West Company expedition headed by David Thompson (1770-1857). During the next 20 years, McDonald worked as a clerk and trader throughout the Inland Northwest, marrying an Interior Salish woman and raising a mixed-blood family. He left behind stories and descendants that remain an important part of the region's history." "Late in the fall of 1810, McDonald and two of his North West Company cohorts accompanied a Salish party across the Divide to hunt buffalo. While on the Plains, they encountered a group of Blackfeet, and during an ensuing skirmish, the Nor'westers fought alongside the Plateau people. This infuriated the Blackfeet, and fear of retribution apparently prompted McDonald to move west to the Spokane country, where Jacob Finlay (1768-1828) and a crew of voyageurs were constructing a new trading post at the junction of the Spokane and Little Spokane rivers, a few miles north of the present-day city of Spokane." Finan "and a Salish woman whom he called Margaret or Peggy (d. 1841) established a country

marriage, as the common-law relationships of the fur trade were known. According to tribal tradition, Finan's wife was the daughter of a chief named Chin-Chay-Nay-Whey.” “On June 19, 1811, according to the McDonald family Bible, Peggy gave birth to a baby girl, named Helene (1811-1863).” She married twice to Richard Grant Sr. and William Kittson. She and William Kittson had a daughter, Jemima Kittson, who married William Sinclair III, the brother of Catherine Sinclair who married Francis Ermatinger. See Jack and Claire Nisbet’s excellent biography on Finan McDonald on HistoryLink.org Essay 9668.]



Finnan McDonald by Neil J. MacDonald http://www.electricscotland.com/history/canada/finnan_mcdonald.htm

July 11/12 [1834] "On the 11th (July) we left Bear river and crossed the low ridges of broken country for about 15 miles in a N East direction and fell on to a stream which runs into Snake river called the Black Foot. Here we met Capt. B.L. Bonnivill [Bonneville] with a party of 10 or 12 men. He was on his way to the Columbia and was employed killing and drying Buffaloe meat for the journey. The next day we traveled in a west direction over a rough montaneous country about 25 miles and the day following after traveling about 20 miles in the same direction we emerged from the mountain into the great valley of Snake River.” Journal, Osborne Russell, Trapper, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

14th [July 1834] "At eleven o'clock we made a camp on Lewis' river, (a fork of Snake or Shoshone river) having traveled about six miles. Soon after we stopped, Captain W. with three men, started out to hunt for a suitable spot for building a fort and establishing a trading post. They returned in the evening with the information that an excellant and convenient place had been pitched upon, about five miles from where we are now lying, and on the same river. On their route they killed a buffalo, which they left at the site of the fort suitably protected from the wolves, &c. This is very pleasing intelliegnce to us, as our stock of dried meat is almost exhausted, and for several days past we have been depending upon fish, with a small quantity of our preserved provision to relish them." Original Diary, Dr. John K. Townsend, Botanist and Explorer, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

15. [July, 1834] "Commenced building the fort and set out 12 men to hunt to be gone 12 days and continued at work on the fort a few days and fell short of provisions and was obliged to knock off in order to obtain food Sent out some men for Buffaloe they returned to in two days with plenty." Nathaniel J. Wyeth, Trader, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

July 16 [1834] "Twelve men went out to procure and dry meat for the journey to Wallahwallah, there being no prospect of finding buffalo below. July 17 The men returned laden with meat." Reverend Jason Lee, Oregon Missionary, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

12 August [1834] "On the 12th of August myself and 3 others (the Mullattoe included) started from the Fort to hunt Buffaloe. We proceeded up the streaming running into Snake River near the Fort called Ross' fork in a East direction of about 25 miles, crossed a low mountain in the same direction about 5 miles and fell on to a stream called the Portneuf: here we found several large bands of Buffaloe we went to a small spring and encamped. I now prepared myself for the first time in my life to kill meat for my supper with a Rifle. I had an elegant one but had little experience in using it, I however approached the band of Buffaloe crawling on my hands and knees within about 80 yards of them then raised my body erect took aim and shot at a Bull: at the crack of the gun the Buffaloe all ran off excepting the Bull which I had wounded, I then reloaded and shot as fast as I could until I had driven 25 bullets at, in and about him which was all that I had in my bullet pouch whilst the Bull stood aparently riveted to the sport I watched him anxiously for half an hour in hopes of seeing him fall, but to no purpose, I was obliged to give it up as a bad job and retreat to our encampment without meat: but the Mullattoe had better luck he had killed a fat cow whilst shooting 15 bullets at the band. The next day we succeeded in killing another cow and two Bulls, we butchered them took the meat and returned to the fort." Osborne Russell, Mountain Man, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

Sept. [1835] "On the first of September, 1835, we departed on the fall hunt. We trapped the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers, and then crossed over to the Three Forks of the Missouri, went up the North Fork, and wintered on Big Snake River and its tributaries. There we found Thomas McCoy [McKay], one of the Hudson's Bay traders. With Antoine Goday [Godin] and four men I joined McCoy, having heard that beaver were abundant on Mary's River. We trapped down the river until it lost itself in the Brat Basin, but found fewer beaver. We then went back up river some sixty miles and struck across to the water of Big Snake River, where we separated, McCoy going to Fort Walla Walla and the rest of us to Fort Hall. On our march we found no game. The county was barren, and for many days we had nothing to eat but roots, and blood which we drew from our horses, and cooked. On the fourth day before we got to the fort we were met by a party of Indians, and I traded them for a fat horse. We killed it, feasted for a couple of days, and then concluded our journey to the fort in safety. We were received kindly by the inmates who treated us well. We remained a few days with them, then started out to hunt for buffalo, having learned that they were not more than a day's travel form the fort. We killed a good many, and returned to the fort. The Blackfoot Indians must have seen use while we were hunting, for that night they came to the fort and stole every animal we had. We were encamped outside the fort, but our animals were in one of the corrals belonging to it. During the night the sentinel saw two men approach and let down the bars and drive out the animals, but supposing them to be our own men turning the animals out to graze, he did not raise and alarm. We were now afoot and had to remain at the fort for about a month, when McCoy appeared and we joined

him and started for the rendezvous on Green River. He had plenty of animals and we purchased such as we needed from him. Kit Carson, Trapper, Etc., Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

3d [Aug., 1836] "Came to Fort Hall this morning distance eight miles. A cool breeze made our ride very pleasant. Husband & myself were alone entirely behind the dust and camp & enjoyed a sweet repast in conversation about home & dear friends. Particularly Mother Loomis in her new situation. Thought a sight of her in her dairy would be particularly pleasant. Was much cheered with a view of the Fort at a considerable distance. Any thing that looks like a house makes us glad. Called and were hospitably entertained by Capt Thing who keeps the Fort. It was built by Capt Wyeth a gentleman from Boston, whom we saw at Rendezvous, on his way east. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips, and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flower and water mixed in Buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing by meat for a long time, this relishes well. For tea we had the same, with the addition of some stewed service berries." Narcissa Whitman, Oregon Missionary, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

[October/November 1838] "After I went to the fort a party was fitted out for a hunt of buffalow 9 of us Started from fort hall up to Camace prairie had four horses Stole after 30 days arived I then left Fort hall and Joined Mr. Drips in piers hole and wient from thare to head of Green River commen win quarters with I men and verry Cold Nov 20 1838." Robert Newell, Mountain Man, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

[June, 1838/Jan. , 1839] "The next day we Travelled to Blackfoot creek and the day following to Fort Hall we remained at the Fort until the 20th and then started down snake river trapping with a party of 10 men besides ourselves 22nd We arrived at a stream call Cozzu (or Raft River) This we ascended and hunter until the 5th of Octr. when finding the county had been recently hunted we returned to Fort Hall. From thence we started on the 18th with the Fort hunter and six men to kill Buffaloe meat for winter We cruised about on Snake river and its waters until the 23rd of Novr. When the weather became very cold and the snow about 15 inches deep we returned with our horses loaded with meat to Fort Hall where we stopped until the 1st of Jany 1839 when we began to be tired of dried meat and concluded to move up the river.." Osborne Russell, Trapper, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

[July 17/26, 1839] "On the first day we only saw some shy antelope; on the second day we saw two buffalo and killed one of them. The country was broken, the ground sandy, and game was scarce. For three days we remained on a little brook, while some of us were set out to hunt. In all this time only three buffalo, a buffalo calf and a grizzly bear were shot. If ever a sojourn was tedious to me, it was this one. The surroundings were depressingly desolate. Only hungry ravens croaked around, as if in mockery of us and as the Blackfeet frequently roam though the country, we have to keep quiet as possible. No one was permitted to fire a gun or go hunting, save the hunters regularly chosen for that purpose. On the seventh day we finally started again. I felt a load off my back on this uncanny country. On the same day we saw in the distance the so-called Three Buttes, three steep snow peaks, across the Snake River, visible from afar. The sandy valley of the Snake River was spread out before us. On the eighth day we crossed the Blackfoot Creek, followed its course for a time, and finally on the ninth day camped near the Snake River, about eight miles below Fort Hall. The next day, July

26th. I rode with some others to the fort." Frederick A. Wislizenus, M. D., Oregon Emigrant, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

[Sept. 1, 1839] "The first of September was a fine day. The sun was bright and unclouded, as he came in his strength over the eastern mountains, and awakened us from our slumbers among the alder on the bank of the Portneau. Hunger, indeed was still gnawing at our vitals. But sleep had banished weariness and added something to our small stock of remaining strength; and the recollection of past perils--perils of flood, of tempests, of Indian foes--death threatened at every step during a journey of three months in the plains and mountains--the inspiring view of the vale of the great southern branch of the Columbia, so long promised us in hope along our weary way--the fact that we were in Oregon, unmoored the mind from its anxieties, and shed over us a gladness that can only be comprehended by those who, having suffered as we had, have viewed as we did, from some bright height, their sufferings ended, in the rich, ripe possession of the objects so ardently sought. We were in Oregon. Fort Hall lay on the plain before us. Its hospitalities would be enjoyed ere sunset. Our wardrobes were overhauled, our razors put on duty, our sun-burnt faces bathed in the Portneuf; and equipped in our best, our hearts beat joyfully back the rapid clattering of our horses' hoofs on the payments of the mountains, as we rushed to the plains. An hour among the sands and wild wormwood--an hour among the oo--along the banks of the Saptin River--we passed a line of timber springing at right angles on the plain; and before us rose the white battlements of Fort Hall! As we emerged from this wood Jim intimated that we should discharge our rifles and as we did so, a single armed horseman issued from the gate of the Fort, approached us warily, and skulking among the copses, scanned us in the most inquisitive manner. Having satisfied himself at last that our skins were originally intended to be white, he came alongside; and learning that we were from the States; that we had no hostile intentions: that we knew Mr. Walker to be in the Fort and would be glad to have our compliments conveyed to him, he returned; and Mr. Walker immediately appeared. A friendly salutation was followed by an invitation to enter the Fort; and a "welcome to Fort Hall," was given in a manner so kind and obliging, that nothing seemed wanting to make us feel we were at home. A generous flagon of Old Jamaica, wheaten bread, and butter newly churned, and buffalo tongues fresh from the neighboring mountains, made their appearance as soon as we had rid ourselves of the equipage and dust of journeying. And allayed the dreadful sense of starvation." Thomas J. Farnham, Traveler, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

[Sept 4, 1839] "We spent the 2nd and 3rd most agreeably with Mr. Walker, in his hospitable adobe castle--exchanged with him our wearied horses for fresh ones; and obtained dried buffalo meat, sugar, cocoa, tea, and corn meal, a guide and every other necessary within the gentleman's power to furnish for our journey to Wallawalla. And at 10 o'clock A. M. Of the 4th of September, we bade adieu to our very obliging countryman, and took to our saddles on the trail down the deserted banks of the Saptin. As we left the fort we passed over the ground of an affray, which originated in love and ended in death. Yes, on the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains! And love of a white man for a murky Indian dame! It appeared, from the relation I had of it, that a certain white trapper had taken to himself a certain bronze damsel of the wilderness to be his slave-wife, with all the solemn ceremonies of purchase and payment for the same in sundry horses, dogs, and loads of ammunition, as required by the custom in such affairs governing; and that by his business of trapping beaver &c., he was, soon after the banns were proclaimed, separated from his beloved one, for the term of three months and upwards, much against his tender inclination and interest, as the following sheweth: For during the term of his said absence, another white man, with intent to injure, &c., spoke certain tender words unto

the said trapper's slave-wife, which had the effect to alienate from him the purchased and rightfully possessed affections of this slave-spouse in favor of her seducer. In this said condition did the beaver-catcher find his bride when he came in from the hunt. He loaded his rifle, and killed the robber of his heart. The grave of the victim is there, a warning to all who would trifle with the vested rights of an American trapper in the love of an Indian beauty." Thomas J. Farnham, Traveler, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

20th of Octr. [1839] "We started to hunt Buffaloe and make meat for the winter. The party consisted of 15 men." Osborne Russell, Trapper, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

[Nov. 1839] "Continued our journey to Bear river, down the some to Soda Springs; from thence north to Port Neuf and Snake river, and arrived at Fort Hall on the evening of the 11th day of leaving Fort Crockett where we were hospitably received by F. Ermantinger, the gentleman in charge of the fort. During two days previous we had lived on a handful of crumbs of dried meat and a cup of coffee per day to each man. After a few days rest and refreshments, Newell and Meek, having purchased their supply, set out to return to the Green river. The writer was now left entirely alone as to American Society, exposed to the injustice of the much-abused Hudson's Bay Company, but, owing perhaps to the dullness of apprehension, is not aware any person connected with them attempted to take any undue advantage of his situation; but, on the contrary, were friendly and hospitable, and disposed to assist him in prosecuting his journey, Mr. Ermantinger especially so. Nearly all the men belonging to the post were gone to the headwaters of the Missouri on a buffalo hunt, consequently times were dull, and the prospect of proceeding on my journey was not favorable to me as the expedition to Vancouver would not be ready in less than a month. However, Mr. Ermantinger agreed to send what fur he had in charge of a Canadian named Sylvertry and myself, assisted by two natives. I gladly availed myself of the offer, and as soon as the necessary preparations could be made we set out on our journey of 500 miles to Walla Walla. Robert Shortness, Oregon Emigrant, Fort Hall Diary: History Through the Words of the Traders and Visitors, Compiled by Jacquelyn J. Alvord, Chairman, Fort Hall Replica Commission, January 1999

In the spring of 1840 Father Pierre Jean DeSmet with Ignace Chapped-Lips left Westport, Missouri for the Bitterroot Valley in Montana. They joined the annual expedition of the American Fur Company commanded by Andrew Drips. In all there was 40 members in the party. "When they reached the plains filled with buffalo he estimated that 167,000 of these animals were killed each year in that area." St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – History of the Cradle of Montana's Culture, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1976, p. 26.

[Andrew Drips, fur trader (c. Dec. 1789-Sept. 1, 1860). Born in Ireland, he was raised near Laughlintown, Pennsylvania, and served in the Ohio militia during the War of 1812. He reached St. Louis in 1817 and joined the Missouri Fur Company in 1820, within two years becoming a partner. He settled at Bellevue, Nebraska, for several years, and after dissolution of the company he continued in business with Pilcher, Fontenelle, Vanderburgh and Charles Bent. He led several expeditions to trade with the Pawnees before 1829, married an Oto woman and fathered four children. By 1830 he joined the American Fur Company and remained in the mountains, with a trip occasionally to the settlements, until 1841 when he established a home at the future Kansas City. He was special Indian agent for the upper Missouri from 1842 until 1846, traveling widely and attempting earnestly to curb or eliminate the liquor traffic by traders. He then entered the employ of Pierre Chouteau Jr. and Company, with which he had retained amicable relations throughout his career. He took charge of Fort Pierre, later managing Fort Laramie and Fort John at Scotts Bluff. His first wife died and he married a French-Sioux girl, fathering five more children. He died at Kansas City. He was an honest trader of vast experience, capability, and influence." The Rocky Mountain Journals of William Marshall Anderson, ed. by Dale L. Morgan, Eleanor Towles Harris. San Marino, Calif., Huntington Library, 1967.

The next year, Father DeSmet again went to the Far West leaving Missouri on April 24, 1841 with Fathers Gregory Mengarini and Anthony Eysvogels. Eysvogels was only going as far as the Potawatomi Mission in St. Joseph. With them were Brothers Charles Huet, Joseph Specht and William Claessens. At Westport they were joined by Father Nicholas Point. "At a camp not far from the shore of the Kaw River near the Sapling Grove rendezvous, the missionary party joined by what was to be the first wagon train of emigrants to the Pacific coast. The guide who led the two combined parties 17 missionaries and 64 settlers west on May 10 was Thomas "Bad Hand"

Fitzpatrick. [Thomas Fitzpatrick was an adopted blood brother of Chief Michel Insula ("Red Feather"), also called The Little Chief.]

"Recollections of the Flathead Mission, Fr. Gregory Mengarini, S. J., The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1977, pages 52-53, & 58.

"The want of water was sometimes so great that they were forced to boil putrid water which they found collected in some hollow. Prairie chickens and antelopes supplied them with food. At times they saw distant hills covered with what seemed to be clumps of stunted trees, but if even a gentle wind happened to blow in that direction the trees would move up the sides of the hills and disappear; they were immense herds of buffalo." St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – History of the Cradle of Montana's Culture, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1976, p. 35.

"By the end of May the prairies gave way to higher bluffs bordering the Platte River. Here the travelers met the first buffalo as they passed six flat-bottom boats loaded with hides floating down the shallow Platte. Soon the surrounding plains were covered with buffalo bones and skulls. Within a few more days, while traveling up the north side of the South Fork, the group saw a herd of thousands of buffalo." By August they were at Fort Hall and with the Bitterroot

Salish. "Recollections of the Flathead Mission, Fr. Gregory Mengarini, S. J., The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1977, pages 52-53, & 58. They had hoped to get provisions at Fort Hall, but all Chief Trader Francis Ermatinger could spare was two bags of toro, or pemmican, which was a mixture of buffalo

meat, grease, and berries. St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – History of the Cradle of Montana's Culture, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1976, p. 38.

Father DeSmet and his companions arrived in the Bitterroot Valley in September of 1841. They arrived without provisions and were very hungry. They pitched their tents at the Bitterroot Salish camp which was in the east bank of the Bitterroot River, about 18 miles from its mouth and near the future site of Fort Owen.

"Messengers were sent to call the Indians who were living in small groups about the countryside. In the meantime, provisions grew scanty. Only a little pecheleuse remained in the bottom of the bag, and a Brother came asking what he was to do. "Cook what you have," said Father Mengarini. "God will provide." The Brother obeyed and his obedience was rewarded. DeSmet had told the Indians to feed the priests, and that very afternoon they began to arrive, each with his load of buffalo meat. "Did I not tell you that God would provide!" cried Mengarini triumphantly.

The Indians brought, in all, some seventy bales of dried buffalo meat, each bale weighing close to eighty pounds. When the missionaries became settled the monotony of their diet of dried buffalo, berries, and grease was sometimes varied with fresh game, birds, or trout; and later in

the spring, after the ground thawed, fresh roots.” St. Mary’s in the Rocky Mountains – History of the Cradle of Montana’s Culture, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1976, p. 42.

In December of 1841 the Bitterroot Salish accompanied by Father Nicolas Point, S. J. and the Pend d’Oreilles went “to buffalo” on a winter hunt that lasted several months. The group was made up of two hundred lodges. They took their favorite route to buffalo country which was up the Blackfoot River, then over Lewis and Clark Pass, and down the Sun River. For the tribes and Father Point the winter was a severe one. “For three weeks it snowed almost without interruption. Many of the Indians suffered from snow-blindness, and during a terrific storm the Father nearly succumbed. Had not some of the hunters quickly lighted a fire when they saw him turn a ghastly pallor, he would have died of cold. No buffalo was sighted, hunger became a famine that drove the dogs to devour the leather straps which tethered the horses at night. On February 7, 1842 they found a of buffalo herd. Father Point wrote in his diary: “Toward midday we reached the summit of a high mountain. What a transformation! The sun was shining and the cold less penetrating. We saw an immense plain before us, good pasturage, and herds of buffalo. The expedition halted, the hunters assembled and set off for the chase. Before sunset 153

buffaloes fell to their bag...” St. Mary’s in the Rocky Mountains – History of the Cradle of Montana’s Culture, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1976, p. 64.

Father Point went with the tribes again on the summer hunt, and on the Missouri river they were joined by Father DeSmet and two Bitterroot Salish. After spending two weeks on the plain of Three Forks with the buffalo hunters, Point writes of them, “to obtain their daily bread, are obliged to hunt buffalo, even over the land of their most inveterate enemies, the Blackfeet.” After returning from the hunt Father Point, with Brother Charles Huet, were sent to the Coeur d’Alenes to establish a mission.

With the Bitterroot Salish remained Father Mengarini and Brothers William Claessens and Joseph Specht.

“The chase of the buffalo usually took place three times a year. The first, or big hunt, occurred from the middle of August to the end of November. The spring hunt, or little chase, lasted from the middle of April to the end of May, and in this only the bulls were sought, the cows at that season being lean and extremely poor. There was also the winter chase, at which the Indians secured buffalo robes of prime quality, the animals’ fur being then at its best. These hunts were always events of the greatest importance for the Indians. They absorbed their whole beings and were participated in by every member of the tribe who was able to go. So, when winter came the Flatheads departed on their hunt.

Many years later Mengarini recalled in his memoirs:

“The time of hunting is a time almost of famine for those that remain behind, and so it was for me. I had scarcely anything to eat, and my stomach grew weaker and weaker, day by day, until my head began to swim. I was so emaciated that an Iroquois who had been absent for about six months asked me on his return where the young father was who had been at the mission. I was so changed

that he did not recognize me. I was almost at death's door when an old Indian woman came to me bringing with her some boiled roots. "Eat," said she. But I felt no inclination to eat, and would have refused; my stomach revolted at the idea of taking such food. The woman, however, was not prepared to take a refusal. "Eat." She repeated; and I had to obey. My vomiting, dizziness of head ceased, and soon I was well again." St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – History of the Cradle of Montana's Culture, Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1976, p. 73-74.

Chief Victor was the Head Chief of the Bitterroot Salish. He would lead the tribe to many buffalo hunts on plains during his lifetime. [Victor has been confused by some writers with a contemporary of the same Christian name who was head chief of the Lower Pend d'Oreille. Father Palladino said that the Indians called the Flathead Victor "Mitt to" and the Pend d'Oreille one "Pitol" to distinguish them. (Palladino, 1894, p. 63.) Pierre Pichette translated Victor's Indian name "Easy to Get a Herd of Horses." (See also Teit, 1930, P- 377-)]



Chief Victor (X̣'elx̣' cin - Many Horse) A carte de visite made in 1864. He is wearing the sash and medal given to him by Governor Isaac Ingalls Steven at the Hellgate Treaty in 1855. (<http://www.saintmarysmission.org/BitterrootSalish-Chiefs.html>)

“Victor said that he had been quite a good-sized boy when Lewis and Clark passed through the Flathead country in 1805 on their way to the Pacific. His father, Three Eagles, is said to have been a chief of the Flathead camp met by Lewis and Clark. (Owen, 1927, vol. 2, p. 42fy; Wheeler, 1904, vol. 2, p. 65.)

Victor's early years were molded by traditional Flathead religious beliefs. Pierre Pichette said that in his youth Victor obtained rabbit power by protecting a rabbit which was chased by a hawk. Some years later while stealing horses from the Crow, Victor was thrown from a stolen horse in the midst of the enemy encampment. He ran and hid in some brush near the camp. Although the Crow searched for him all through the next day they could not find him. The following evening Victor escaped. His rabbit power is credited with having saved him.

Victor was a minor leader of the Flathead when Father De Smet and his colleagues founded St. Mary's Mission. He was among the first Indians to accept Christianity and became the leader of the men's society organized by the priests. Agnes, his wife, led the women's society. Father De Smet credited Victor's leadership in the Catholic society as an important factor in his choice by the tribe as head chief, after the death of the octogenarian. Big Face, in late 1841 or early 1842. De Smet said Victor obtained tribal leadership "for no other reason" than "for the noble qualities, both of heart and head, which they all thought he possessed."

In the summer of 1846 Victor led the Flathead buffalo hunt to the plains, during which his people, augmented by 30 lodges of Nez Perce and a dozen friendly Blackfoot, scored a signal victory in a battle with the Crow. Later that fall Victor took a prominent part in Father De Smet's negotiation of a peace between the Flathead and Blackfoot at the Piegan camp. De Smet was impressed by Victor's oratory at the meeting of the head men of the tribes in the priest's lodge.

Victor by the simplicity and smoothness of his conversation gains the good will of his hearers entirely. He begins by telling some of his warlike adventures; but as is easy to see, much less with the intention of exalting himself than to show forth the protection that the true God always grants to those who devote themselves to his service.

Among the many causes of the disaffection of the Catholics that led to the closure of St. Mary's Mission in 1850, Father Accolti mentioned the loss of influence of the chiefs following the abolishment of the punishment of the whip. In the face of rising dissatisfaction with his leadership, Victor clung to his decision not to use the whip. Victor's close identification with the missionaries and his known piety also served to make him a target for abuse by the dissatisfied element. He deplored his people's change of heart but seemed powerless to prevent it. Father Accolti wrote in the fall of 1852 that Victor had become only a nominal chief, especially since he had permitted a rival to strike him in the face without retaliating.

Governor Stevens visited Victor at Fort Owen in early October, 1853. He briefly recorded his impressions of the Flathead chief:

"He appears to be simple-minded, but rather wanting in energy, which might, however, be developed in an emergency." (Report of Explorations, etc., 1860, vol. 12, pt. I, p. 123.) Apparently that emergency was at hand the next time these two met, at the Flathead Treaty Council in the summer of 1855. When he visited Stevens 2 days before the formal Council opened, Victor complained of the failure of the Blackfoot to keep the peace promised by their chiefs 2 years earlier. He informed Stevens that 12 Flathead hunters had been killed by the Blackfoot and many horses stolen since the Blackfoot chiefs agreed to a peace. He mentioned that the Blackfoot had stolen horses seven times that spring. "Now I listen and hear what you wish me to do. Were it not for you I would have had my revenge ere this."

It must have been a shock to Victor to find, after the Council opened, that Governor Stevens talked of land cessions and the placement of the Indians on a reservation, rather than of a solution to the pressing problem of Black foot depredations. Nevertheless, he retained his faith in Stevens' good intentions. "I believe you wish to assist me to help my children here so that they may have plenty to eat, and so that they may save their souls." Although Victor claimed as his land the Flathead River country to the north occupied by the Upper Pend d'Oreille, as well as the Bitterroot Valley, he insisted that it was not a large tract. "There is a very little land here, I cannot offer you a large piece."

Victor was willing for all the tribes to go on one reservation but would not consider moving to the Flathead Valley. Alexander, the Upper Pend d'Oreille chief, preferred the northern location. In an effort to break the deadlock, Stevens expressed an opinion that the Bitterroot Valley was the better site because its climate was milder, it was nearer to camas and bitterroot, and more convenient for buffalo. But he could not convince Alexander. Hoping that time for private discussion might provide a solution to the problem, Governor Stevens declared the next day a holiday on which he feasted the Indians.

When the Council reconvened, Stevens believed majority sentiment favored the northern location. Therefore, he again described the treaty provisions and proposed a reservation within an area bounded by the Jocko River, Flathead Lake, Flathead River, and the mountains. He called on Victor to sign the treaty. Victor refused.

Then the Flathead chief, Ambrose, revealed that on the preceding day Alexander had approached Victor with an offer to move to the Bitterroot Valley, but Victor had refused to answer the Pend d'Oreille chief. After hearing this, Stevens lost patience with Victor and spoke sharply: "Does Victor want to treat? Why did he not say to Alexander yesterday, come to my place ? or is not Victor a chief ? Is he as one of his people has called him, an old woman? dumb as a dog? If Victor is a chief let him speak now."

Probably angry and somewhat confused, Victor replied that he had not understood Alexander's offer, that he recalled Governor Stevens had himself chosen the Bitterroot Valley as the better location. Then the lesser Flathead chiefs sought to explain Victor's silence of the previous day, stressing the variety of opinion among the Flathead, Victor's habitual thoughtfulness and slowness of speech. Probably Red Wolf stated the matter precisely when he said, "I know that if Alexander should come to the valley, his people would not follow him." Doubtless Victor had no more faith in the practicality of Alexander's offer. While the others continued to talk, Victor quietly walked out of the Council.

Governor Stevens decided to give Victor more time to consider. Next day, Saturday, Victor sent word that he had not made up his mind. The Council was postponed until Monday. Victor faced probably the most difficult problem of his life. He had agreed to the one reservation proposal. He knew, on the one hand, that Alexander's people were loath to leave the Mission and might not follow their chief if he agreed to move to the Bitterroot Valley. On the other hand, Victor knew

that his own people were divided in their opinion. Moise, the Flathead second chief, was opposed to any land cession whatever. Bear Track, the powerful medicine man, refused to leave the Bitterroot Valley. Many of his people were still hostile to Missions and might refuse to follow him if he agreed to move to a reservation near St. Ignatius. His own position as chief was not strong. Should he make an unpopular decision, that position might be lost. Not only his own future but that of his tribe was at stake. Victor refused to be stampeded or shamed into a decision.

When the Council reopened on July 16, Victor offered a masterful compromise. He proposed that Governor Stevens send "this word to the Great Father our Chief—come and look at our country; perhaps you will choose that place if you look at it. When you look at Alexander's place and say this land is good, and say, come Victor—then I would go. If you think this above is good land, then Victor will say come here Alexander: then our children will be content. That is the way we will make the treaty, my father."

Although the Pend d'Oreille would not accept this proposal, Governor Stevens accepted it as applicable to the Flathead only. The compromise was embodied in the Flathead Treaty as Article XL Victor emerged from the Council with greatly increased prestige. By the terms of the treaty he had been made head chief of the Flathead Nation, comprising all the tribes party to the treaty. His compromise, which permitted the Flathead to remain in their beloved homeland until and unless a careful survey showed that the northern locality was better land, was popular with his people.

During the remainder of the period in which the Flathead were without a Mission. Victor made periodic visits to the Pend d'Oreille Mission to fulfill his religious obligations. A number of his tribesmen went with him. When St. Mary's Mission was reestablished in the fall of 1866, it was in answer to the request of Victor, whose faith had never faltered.

For the rest of his days Victor made his home in the Bitterroot Valley, and his people did not desert him for the reservation to the north. He opposed every effort of the Government to get him to go on the reservation, even after white settlers took up land in his valley.

In 1872, after Victor's death, James A. Garfield stated that Victor had permitted, even invited, the first white settlers to live in the valley. (Ann. Rep. Comm. Ind. Aff., 1872, p. no.) But by 1868 Victor complained to Major Owen of the white men who had located in the valley in defiance of the 1855 Treaty, which Victor said had set the area aside for the Flathead tribe. (Owen, 1927, vol. 2, p. 121.)

Victor himself was unable to adjust to the life of a sedentary farmer. In the years following the treaty he continued to lead his people to the plains for buffalo in the tradition of pre-white contact days. Scattered references in Major Owen's Journal refer to Victor's leadership of the summer hunt of 1856; the winter hunt of 1860-61, which occupied 7 months; the winter hunt of 1861-62, during which the tribe was absent from the valley for 9 months and many horses and some men were lost (presumably as a result of enemy action); and the summer hunts of 1865, 1867, and 1869. (Owen, 1927, vol. i, pp. 136, 234, 253, 330; vol. 2, pp. 67, 138.)

In 1858 Victor was too ill to accompany the winter hunting party. He remained behind with three lodges of his people and was fed at Government expense. In mid-August, 1859, he was still an invalid, and Owen feared he would never recover his health. But he did. In the winter of 1867 Owen remarked at the amazing vitality of the old chief, whose hair was still black as coal and who could jump on a horse with as much agility as the youngest of his people. (Ibid.,

vol. I, pp. 184-185, 193 ; vol. 2, p. 42.)

Victor died of sickness while on the summer hunt near the Three Buttes in 1870. He is said to be buried in the cemetery of St. Mary's Mission at Stevensville, in the Bitterroot Valley. George E. Ford, the Flathead Agent, paid tribute to Victor in his report of September 1, 1870:

Affairs are particularly critical just now, as the confederated nation is without a chief. The Indians had full confidence in Victor and would cheerfully act according to his advice, but I know of no one in the nation that is capable of filling his place with equal ability. [Ann. Rep. Comm.

Ind. Aff., 1870, p. 195.] Father De Smet's tribute to Victor stressed his piety. Captain Mullan remembered Victor's mildness and gentleness, bravery, generosity, and his many kindnesses to the members of his exploring expeditions. Mullan suggested that the Indian Department should erect a monument to Victor's memory "to commemorate his worth and acts, and at the same time to teach all Indians that their good deeds never die." A portrait of Victor, as a "representative of the religious element," was sought for a proposed new volume of Thomas L. McKenney's "History of the Indian Tribes of North America." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, pp. 1337-1341.) The little town of Victor, on the Bitterroot River, 12 miles north of Hamilton, Mont., bears the name of this noted chief.

Victor was head chief of the Flathead for nearly three decades during a particularly trying period in the history of that tribe. Although at times his leadership may have suffered from want of firmness in dealing with dissident elements, his sincere goodness, quiet courage, patience, and dogged determination won him wide respect in his later years. Victor's compromise offered at the Flathead Treaty Council was a statesmanlike action. His insistence on the right of his tribe to remain in the Bitterroot Valley won him the approval of his own people and the respect of Government officials. For 21 years after his death, his son and successor, Charlot, held stubbornly to Victor's policy of refusing to leave the Bitterroot Valley for the established reservation. Until the decade of the eighties this policy expressed the will of the majority of the

members of the tribe." Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854, John C. Ewers, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, vol. 110, no. 7, 1948, page 28-33. [Victor, Montana is named in his honor in 1881 and the town of Victor has had a Chief Victor Days since 1982. The town was originally called Garfield. The Missoulian, July 3, 1993.]

Father Anthony Ravalli Ate Dried Buffalo Meat

"Father Ravalli built here also the first saw mill; four wagon tires welded together furnishing the crank, and a fifth one, with plenty of filing and hammering, the saw.

He remained here at St. Mary's a companion to Father Mengarini, from the fall of 1845 to the fall of 1850.

The Fathers' manner of living, in the main, was like the Indians, their ordinary fare being roots, berries, dry buffalo meat with its tallow, and game, when they could get it. As to fish, the river flowing by, a fine, beautiful stream, whose waters are clear as crystal, and were then alive with mountain trout, supplied them in abundance.' They had enough to eat, but isolation and continual dangers on every side rendered their life far from pleasant. Their mail was brought to them once a year, or rather, they had to go for it themselves as far as Fort Vancouver, when once a year, with an escort of Indians and a few pack animals they would go for their mass wine and what little other provisions they were in absolute need of. And these they were not even then sure to get. For three years Father Ravalli received not one single letter, and twice in five years the Indians carrying the goods were attacked by hostile bands, wounded and robbed of all they had."

Anthony Ravalli, S. J., *Forty Years a Missionary in the Rocky Mountains*, Memoir, L. B. Palladino, S. J., George E. Boos and Company, Printers, 1884, page 6-7.

"It was in September, and the Flatheads had started off on their annual buffalo hunt, leaving behind only one old man, two annual buffalo hunt, leaving behind only one old man, two boys who were staying with the Fathers, some old women and a few children, all helpless and defenceless. These, every evening would move in with their lodges and pass the night within the stockade for protection. Father Mengarini had gone to the Coeur d'Alene Mission to consult with the General Superior, and at St. Mary's there was only Father Ravalli left with Bro. Claessens, who is still living [1884] and is now stationed at St. Peter's Mission.

Early in the morning, September 12th, a Blackfoot yell from outside the stockade rent the air around as well as the ears of those who were within, and Father Ravalli, the Brother and the rest now expected every moment to be attacked, killed and scalped every one. But the Blackfeet not knowing how many there might be inside, did not dare to come to an attack. One of the two boys mentioned above and who was helping the Fathers in the kitchen, ventured out of the enclosure and fell dead as soon as he was spied. He was the only one killed, and soon after the Blackfeet left without doing further damage than driving off all the horses that were on the place."

Anthony Ravalli, S. J., *Forty Years a Missionary in the Rocky Mountains*, Memoir, L. B. Palladino, S. J., George E. Boos and Company, Printers, 1884, page 7-8.

"By 1846, elders knew the buffalo herds were declining. In fact, one old Iroquois hunter at Fort Colville reminisced in 1854 that the last bull had been killed twenty-five years before.

The fact remained, however, the buffalo hides were eminently tradeable items. The sale of buffalo robes to the American Fur Company increased from 67, 000 to 110,000 between 1800-1848. In the latter year, St. Louis traders purchased 25,000 buffalo tongues for gourmets around the world. Furthermore, the construction of a single Indian lodge required between fifteen and twenty hides. Within the lodge buffalo meat was used for eating, the bones as implements, the hair for decoration, the muscle for whips and bows, and the hide for endless items including kettles, boats, saddles and halters, shields, clothes and bed coverings.

With the advent of the horse in the early 1700s, entire villages became involved in this massive economic enterprise. Once in motion, the hunting caravan offered an impressive array. As Point wrote:

Since these hunts were long affairs, the hunters took with them everything they possessed. Each wigwam counted usually seven or eight persons, and these, together with their possessions, required the use of about twenty horses. Some fifteen parallel trails, formed by dragging wigwam poles, wound between two chains of mountains which sometimes drew together to offer at close range a view of what was most majestic about the wilderness, sometimes separated to reveal a series of infinitely varied and distant perspectives. This is what was called the great hunting trail.”

Large hunting parties exhibited considerable organization: scouts were sent ahead and sentries were posted at night; secret communication was maintained by bird and animal cries and by sign language; messages were made by sticks and left behind for other members of the party to find.”

“Recollections of the Flathead Mission, Fr. Gregory Mengarini, S. J., The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1977, pages 104-105.

Gustavus Sohon meets the Pend d'Oreille

In 1853 Governor Stevens “ordered Lt. Rufus Saxton, Jr., acting assistant quartermaster and commissary of the expedition, to proceed eastward from the Pacific side and establish a depot of provisions at the Flathead Indian village of St. Mary's west of the Rockies. Lieutenant Saxton, with an escort of 18 soldiers from the Fourth Infantry, left Fort Dalles with the supply train on July 18, 1853. Gustavus Sohon was one of the enlisted men assigned to duty with this party. They traveled eastward via the Columbia River, Lewis' Fork, Clark's Fork, Flathead Lake, and up the Bitterroot Valley to St. Mary's village on the Bitterroot, then known as the St. Mary's River. En route this caravan met a party of about 100 Pend d'Oreille Indians returning from a buffalo hunt on the plains east of the Rockies with a large supply of buffalo robes and dried meat, which they planned to trade to the Indians nearer the west coast. It was Sohon's first glimpse of some of the mountain Indians whom he was later to know well.” Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of

Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854. Ewers, John Canfield. Washington, Smithsonian Institution, 1948, page 2.

Stevens and the Salish Cross the Missoula River

“On his way to Council Grove in 1855 Governor Isaac Stevens and his party had to cross the Clark's Fork River which he called the Missoula River which was at flood height. While his men begin building rafts the nearby Salish crossed over, “a large band of Indians, encamped nearby, took down their lodges and ferried themselves across the swollen stream with all their impedimenta in less than an hour, their primitive method being so effective as to astonish the whites. Their crossing at this time was evidently a bit of irony — it was their joke at the expense

of the clumsy invaders — But there was no smile to indicate the purpose of the hurried ferry. This method of the Indians is well known to the old-timers. The buffalo hides which formed the covering of the lodges, were spread out at the water's edge and all the blankets and provisions, arms and other equipment were piled upon them; then their corners were drawn up and securely tied, forming huge bundles as we now tie up a handkerchief. The squaws, papposes and dogs climbed upon these, and the bucks, swimming their horses, towed the huge bundles across. Governor Stevens describes the scene as curious and exciting, but the women and children, riding on the queer craft, took it as a matter of course.” Following Old Trails, page 78, Arthur L. Stone, editor of The Missoulian, Missoula, Montana, Press of the Missoulian Publishing Company, 1913

Major John Owen and his buffalo meat.

Major John Owen, of Fort Owen in the Bitterroot Valley of Montana, loved his meat especially buffalo. As the Bitterroot Salish went to buffalo on the plains and returned laden with fresh and dry meat they frequently stopped at Fort Owen with gifts of buffalo meat and buffalo tongue for him. He greatly appreciated the tongues and would pickle them. He wrote in his journal on Oct. 24, 1857, about a pickling recipe he got from Duncan McDonald. “Mr McDonald recipe for curing tongues — to a 10 Gal Keg well packed 1 Table Spoonful Salt Petre — of Tongue & — of Salt dry for Some three Weeks then put in a Weak pickle with the Salt Petre With 2 # Sugar.”

The previous 4th of July Major John Owen wrote:

“Another fourth passed & gone pretty much as all other days pass in this mountain region. I made an Effort to get up a dinner with such Materials as were at hands Buffaloe tongue — Green peas — lettuce — Scrambled Eggs and a good pot of Coffee Nicely Embellished with a rice pudding No Corks to draw Consequently we are after dinner in a Much More rational condition than many of our friends in a distant land Who certainly feel More or less exhilarated from flowing bumpers past in rapid succession My flag Staff being down the Stars and Stripes was Not to be Seen waving over the fort — but the feeling of all present were Equally as patriotic as if a thousand banners had been Streaming over us.”

Owen wrote in March 1861: “10 Sunday the Van Guard of the Flathead Camp with the Old Chief Victor at his head arrived. My old friend & fellow Voyageur Francois [Saxa] brought Me a horse load of Buff. Tongues.”

Michel Ogden, son of Peter Skene Ogden

“The Indian tribes of Western Montana made regular treks to the plains east of the Divide to hunt buffalo. They killed only bulls in the spring as cows were not in good meat at this season, whereas cows were killed in the fall when they were nice and fat. If his meat supply was low, Michel Ogden would go to buffalo with the Indians. He had a successful hunt for bulls in the spring of 1857, and he was with Chief Alexander's camp on the winter's hunt of 1860 to the

Milk River at the time the Upper Pend d'Oreille were so badly defeated by a sneak attack of Crees and Assiniboinés."

"In November, 1860 he was with Chief Alexander (Tum-cle-hot-cut-se) and his band of Upper Pend d'Oreille, when they were attacked by a war party of 200 Assiniboine and Cree. Twenty Pend d'Oreilles were killed and twenty-five wounded, of which five were to die later. Among the dead was Chief Alexander's son, Penitzu." "Men and Trade on the Northwest Frontier as Shown by the Fort Owen Ledger," George Weisel, 1955, page 62.

"Office Flathead Agency

Fort Owen Bitter Root Valley, W.T. Dec. 21, 1860

Sir,

I returned last evening after an absence of two weeks to the Jocko Reservation. While there I heard of Alexander's approach with his defeated & scattered camp. I went to see him. My feelings were shocked at the scene his camp presented. Women with their children slung upon their backs had traversed the whole 400 miles on foot from the point on Milk River where they had been defeated. They were literally worn out & exhausted. The loss of horses they sustained by the attack of the Assinaboinés & Crees was so great that most of their camp equipage had to be abandoned on the battlefield. They were destitute of provisions & clothing. I immediately ordered the Indian Dept. pack train from the Jocko to this place for stores. I issued them four head of oxen. Alexander had lost a son in the fight, a young man of much promise, some 20 years of age. He found his son's body in a horribly mutilated state, scalped, stripped & heart cut out. Some of the wounded have since died. Dr. Mullan was prompt & efficient in rendering assistance to the wounded that succeeded in reaching home. They numbered [-----?] Some fifteen operations of a difficult nature had to be performed. Extracting arrow points, bullets, &c&c. The Pend's Oreilles had twenty five wounded (five of the latter since dead) and lost 290 head of horses. Ogden, a 1/2 breed who was one of the party, gave me a trilling & interesting account of the attack & the battle. He says the Assinnaboinés numbered some two hundred, or thereabouts. They were a War party all on foot & uncumbered with families, lodges, horses, &c&c. Nothing in the world saved the complete & entire extermination of Alexander's Camp but the amt of plunder the attacking party had come in possession of. The 290 head of horses, which they were eager to secure, beyond a doubt. The Pend Oreilles made every effort that a brave and gallant band could do to recover some of the animals they had lost. But they were overcome by numbers & had to quietly submit to their fate & beat a retreat toward their far distant home. It was hard. They had just reached the buffalo. They were in fine spirits. On the evening of the night of the attack the tired Camp, on bended knees, offered their thanks to almighty God for the prospect then before them. Alexander in a short harangue told his Camp that "here we will Make our winter's meat & return. Secure your fleet horses for tomorrow's chase, &c&c Little did the unsuspecting Camp know what awaited them. Before the dawn the Camp was surrounded & between the report of the rifle, the wailings of the women, the neighing of the horses at the picket, & the sheet of fire that encircled the Camp from the rifles of the

attacking party, you can form but a slight conception of what followed. Mr. Ogden says it was about one hour before day when the attack was made. Alexander's Camp was still asleep. The attacking party approached the lodges, cut an opening with the knife through which they thrust their rifles & discharged their deadly contents. The heart bleeds at the thrilling story. Alexander thirsts for revenge. He talked to me with moistened eyes. He says he must visit the Sleeping place of his son & people. I tell him I appreciate his feelings. I sympathize deeply with him. I had a long talk with him. I have no doubt myself, but there will be a large war party in the field this spring. I have had to purchase ammunition for camp, none having been sent up with the annuity goods from the East.

Respect &c Jno Owen, Ind. Sub Agent &c&c W.T." The Ninepipes Museum of Early Montana Quarterly Newsletter, Summer, 2003, Issue #14, p1.



Alexander Tmłxł cín (No Horses) Chief of the Pend d'Oreilles

Chief Moiese



Chief Moiese led the tribe to buffalo for many years, Steit-tisli-lutse-so or the Crawling Mountain known among the Americans as Moise. 2nd chief of the Flatheads, a talented and worthy Indian Moiese (French for Moses) received his Christian name on baptism by Father De Smet at St. Mary's Mission on Easter, 1846. De Smet said that he was surnamed "Bravest of the Brave." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p. 305; vol. 2, p. 472.)

Moiese told Lieutenant Mullan that he had been present in the Flathead camp in Ross' Hole when Lewis and Clark visited it in the fall of 1805. He said the explorers took what the Indians knew as the Southern Nez Percés' trail, following the Bitterroot River to its fork, after they left the Flathead village. (Report of Explorations, etc., 1860, vol. I, p. 325.)

Moiese headed the Flathead delegation that went to meet Father De Smet at Fort Hall in 1841. He sent ahead his finest horse as a gift to the priest. After their meeting De Smet described Moiese as "the handsomest Indian warrior of my acquaintance" who was "distinguished by his superior skill in horsemanship, and by a large red scarf, which he wore after the fashion of the Marshals of France." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p. 305.)

Moiese remained a great favorite of Father De Smet, who called him his "adopted Indian brother" whose "exemplary conduct took pace with his renowned bravery and he was generally looked up to with esteem." As an example of Moiese's moral refinement, De Smet recalled that on one occasion he and Moiese had called upon a chief who had just flogged a visiting Nez Perce youth. Moiese stripped off his buffalo robe, exposed his bare back, and called upon the chief to give him 25 lashes. When Father De Smet interposed, Moiese explained, "Father, the Nez Perce here present was whipped because he talked foolishly to a girl. My thoughts are sometimes bewildering and vexing and I have prayed to drive them from my mind and heart." De Smet prevented the carrying out of this self-imposed punishment. (Ibid., vol. 4, pp. 1225-1226.)

De Smet told of Moiese's calmness in encouraging his men before their successful battle with the

Crow Indians east of the Rockies in the summer of 1846. "My friends," said Moiese, "if it be the will of God, we shall conquer—if it be not his will, let us humbly submit to whatever it shall please his goodness to send us. Some of us must expect to fall in this contest: if there be any who are unprepared to die, let him retire; in the meantime let us keep Him constantly in mind." (Ibid., vol. 2, p. 576.)

In 1857 Father Menetrey named Moiese among the four Flathead leaders who had never failed to follow the teachings of the missionaries after the closing of St. Mary's Mission. (Garraghan, 1938, vol. 2, p. 388.) Moiese was one of the Flathead chiefs who journeyed to St. Ignatius to fulfill his religious duties in that year. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, p. 1240.) After his visit to the Flathead in 1859 De Smet termed Moiese one of the greatest chieftains of the tribe, in whom real piety and true valor at war were united. (Ibid., vol. 2, p. 766.)

At the Flathead Treaty Council, Moiese remained silent until he was asked to sign the treaty. He refused to sign. Then he launched a bitter denunciation of the treaty. He claimed the Flathead leaders would not have come to the council at all if Lieutenant Mullan had not assured them there would be "no talk of land," and that its purpose would be to offer help to the Flathead in their struggle against the Blackfoot. He refused to consider cession of any Flathead land. He had no faith in Governor Stevens' promise to make peace with the Blackfoot. Although Moiese was the only Flathead leader to express these ideas at the Council, and the only one to refuse to sign the treaty, it is possible he voiced the sentiments of a large segment of Flathead opinion. In the course of his remarks Moiese also revealed his independence of Victor. When asked directly if Victor, who had already signed the treaty, was not his head chief, Moiese replied bluntly, "Yes, but I never listen to him." (Partoll, 1938a, P-3II.)

Although Moiese attended the Blackfoot Treaty Council that fall, and signed the treaty, he took no speaking part in the proceedings. Scattered references to Moiese's activities in the years following the treaties appear in Major Owen's Journal. In early April, 1857, Moiese sought Owen's assistance to dissuade some of the young warriors from going to war against the Bannock and Shoshoni. During Victor's prolonged illness in 1858 Moiese and Ambrose led the Flathead on their winter buffalo hunt. In March 1861 Moiese brought up the rear of the Flathead camp on its return from hunting on the plains. In the winter hunt of 1862-63 he was a leader. On May 18, 1865, Moiese started out with Victor and the Flathead party for the summer hunt east of the mountains but changed his mind and returned the next day in order to care for his growing crops. This is the only indication that any Flathead chief of the period was sufficiently interested in farming to permit it to interfere with his going to hunt buffalo. Apparently, even in this case, Moiese had some difficulty reaching a decision in favor of tending his crops. (Owen, 1927, vol. I, pp. 160, 190, 234, 277, 330.)

Moiese died in March 1868, following a tedious year of sickness. Modern Flathead believe that he was buried in the Bitterroot Valley. At the time of his death Moiese must have been over 70 years of age. Ambrose became his successor as second chief of the tribe, (Ibid., vol. 2, p. 95.) Moiese, the headquarters of the National Bison Range, near Dixon, Mont., was named after Antoine Moiese, a son, who was also a prominent Flathead leader. Moiese was a leader who combined the Christian virtues with the tough qualities necessary for survival on the northwestern Indian

frontier in his time life was honest. God-fearing, brave in war and both independent and frankly outspoken in council. Later events proved that in his distrust of the possibility for a lasting peace with the Blackfoot, Moiese possessed a keen and realistic insight into the military problems of the region.” Gustavus Sohon’s Portraits of Flathead and Pend d’Oreille Indians, 1854, John C. Ewers, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, vol. 110, no. 7, 1948, page 33-35.

Major John Owen writes in his Journal XXII: “May 1867 Tuesday 14” My Bro. Frank ret’d last Evening from his trip to the Jocko & Bear Gulch Things dull & Much overdone Calld to See old Moese the Ind Chief just ret’d from Buffalo- He is very feeble & looks as though he has had his last hunt on this Earth. Poor Man.”

Chief Ambrose Second Chief of the Bitterroot Salish

Ambrose, Successor to Moise as Flathead Second Chief

Ambrose (in baptism) Shil-che-lum-e-la, or Five Crows

A chief of the Flatheads, mentioned many times in the "Oregon Missions," for his bravery and generosity. Father De Smet wrote Ambrose's Indian name "Sechelmeld." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p. 320.) Father Palladino considered "Amelo or Ambrose" one of the notable men of the Flathead tribe. (Palladino, 1894, p. 63.) He is remembered by the modern Flathead by the names "Amelo" and "Five Crows."



Ambrose, “Five Crows” or Shil-che-lum-e-la - Second Chief of the Flatheads

In a battle with the Blackfoot in 1840 Ambrose counted coup by permitting an armed Blackfoot, who had mistaken him for one of his own tribe, to ride double with him, then wresting the enemy warrior's gun from him and killing him. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p. 320. The editors state that Ambrose's own drawing of this action is among Father De Smet's papers.)

The Catholic missionaries considered Ambrose one of the Flathead leaders who remained loyal to their cause after the abandonment of the Mission. (Menetrey in Garraghan, 1938, vol. 2, p. 388; Chittenden and

Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, p. 766.) Twice in 1857 he accompanied Victor to St. Ignatius to fulfill his religious obligations. Father Hoecken credited Ambrose with having played an influential part in a notable amelioration in the whole Flathead Nation in that year. Ambrose had "convened several assemblages, in order to arrange and pay off old debts, to repair wrongs, etc." (Chittenden and Richardson, vol. 4, p. 1240.)

During the Flathead Treaty Council, Ambrose revealed that Victor had refused Alexander's offer to move onto a reservation in the Bitterroot Valley, which resulted in Governor Stevens' relentless attack upon Victor. Ambrose quickly came to Victor's defense and attempted to restore calm to the proceedings by remarking, "I say to the white chief, don't get angry, maybe it will come out all right. Maybe all the people have a great many minds. Maybe they will come all right. See my chiefs are now holding down their heads thinking." (Partoll 1938a, p. 305.) Ambrose signed both the Flathead and Blackfoot Treaties. A year after he signed the Blackfoot "treaty of peace," his son, Louis, was killed by the Gros Ventres, a party to that treaty. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, p. 1248.)

Through the late fifties and sixties Ambrose continued to go on buffalo hunts with his tribe. During Victor's illness in 1858 he shared with Moise the leadership of the Flathead hunting camp. Again in 1863 Ambrose and Moise led the Flathead hunting camp on the Musselshell River. After the death of Moise, in the spring of 1868, Ambrose succeeded to the office of second chief of the Flathead. (Owen, 1927, vol. I, pp. 190; vol. 2, p. 101.)

The date of Ambrose's death is not recorded. However, we may assume that he died sometime between the end of March 1869 (when he was last mentioned by Owen, 1927, vol. 2, p. 133), and August 1872, at which time Arlee was recognized as second chief of the Flathead. (Ann. Rep. Comm. Ind., 1873, P-5)

As a leader, Ambrose exhibited admirable qualities of faith, courage, honesty, patience, and common sense. He showed remarkable coolness in battle and at the Flathead Treaty Council. His words of caution, offered at a crucial point in the Council proceedings, when tensions were aroused, helped to prevent a complete breakdown in negotiations." Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854, John C. Ewers, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, vol. 110, no. 7, 1948, page 36-37.

"This week in Tribal History, Mary Rogers, "March 20, 1870 from the Rocky Mountain Gazette: Ambrose and a few lodges of Flatheads camped below Helena on 3/19." ..just returned from the chase," all are returning to their reservation in the Bitterroot," well laden with Buffalo meat and robes." The Char-Koosta News, March 19, 2015, p3.

Chief Adolphe



Chief Adolph Kuilskapuse (Salish name in confirmation, "Red Feather" in "Life, Letters and Travels of Father Jean-Pierre De Smet, S. J., 1801-1873, Chittenden & Richardson, 4 vols. in 2, New York, Kraus Reprint Co., (1969:766), aka In tep ta (Salish name in Flathead, Kutenai, and Upper Pend d' Oreille Genealogies", C. Malouf and Phillips, "Wears His Hair in Small Twists" from Ewers in Bigart and Woodcock 1996:82), was said to be 78 in 1887 (Historical Sketch of the Flathead Indian Nation, Peter Ronan, Ross & Haines, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1965:80), implying birth in 1809. He had at least two brothers, Eneas or Ignace who was a witness at St. Mary's Mission Marriage and in 1877 he told a reporter of the Helena Independent that he had a brother killed by the Nez Perce 40 years earlier, and he "still bore a grudge". Adolph was married more than once, his last wife being Teresa.

"Two pen-and-ink pictographs drawn by Adolph were published recently. They show his war accomplishments and provide insights into rock art ("The Five Crows Ledger: Biographic Art of the Flathead Indians. James D. Keyser, Salt Lake City, The University of Utah Press). Adolph's portrait was painted in the 1840's by Father Point (1967: 49) and sketched by Sohon in 1854 (Bigart and Woodcock 1996: 83). In 1859 Adolph, Francis Lamoose, and leaders of the various other Northwest tribes accompanied Father De Smet to Fort Vancouver, and at Portland a group photograph was taken with Adolph seated second from the right (Chittenden and Richardson 1969: II, 766).

Peter Ronan (1967: 80-81) wrote a biographical sketch of Adolph, and John C. Ewers (in Bigart & Woodcock 1996: 82-84) compiled additional information. Ronan credited Adolph and Arlee with leading the Flathead counter-attack on an enemy party which ambushed and killed 3 South Sea Islanders in present-day O'Keefe Canyon. But Ronan's account contains many inaccuracies, including the date of the event, which now can be fixed at 1835, when Adolph would have been 26 years old and Arlee only 20 (see Sata).

Adolph signed the 1872 Garfield Agreement to vacate the Bitterroot Valley, but he does not seem to have gone to the reservation until sometime after Arlee did. He was there by 1882, when he participated in negotiations for the Northern Pacific Railroad right-of-way. (The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology, Kittredge and Smith, Falcon Press, Helena, Mont., 1992: 354-364).

"This Week in Tribal History", Mary Rogers, The Char-Koosta News, Feb. 12, 2015:
February 13, 1868 from The Helena Weekly Herald: Sixty miles below Fort Howie, Nov. 17":
"This second evening he stopped at the Flathead Indian camp, on the Muscleshell, where he received the kindest attention. When the old chiefs, Ambrose and Adolph, learned that a pick "Boston man" had arrived at their camp, they set about at once to make his stay comfortable."
[Who he is I have no idea? Chalk]

Adolph died at Jocko Agency in 1887 (Ronan: 1965: 80)." Richard Malouf

Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854, John C. Ewers, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, vol. 110, no. 7, 1948, page 37-38:

Adolphe, a Flathead Chief , Adolphic (in baptism)
A chief among the Flatheads, noted for his independence and good sense. Not much liked because he never fails to reprimand any of his tribe who may deserve it Pierre Pichette said Adolphe's Indian name was "Wears His Hair in Small Twists," and that he was said to have used one of these twists to spank children who misbehaved. Adolphe's peculiar hair dress is well illustrated in Sohon's portrait. Martina Siwahsah remembered Adolphe as a powerful medicine man. She said she was present on a winter hunt on the plains when the snow was so deep the horses were dying of starvation. One evening the people heard someone singing. It was Adolphe making his medicine to bring a chinook. In the morning the chinook struck, and before evening the snow was all gone.

Peter Ronan said that Adolphe used to lead the Flathead against their enemies as their war chief. In a battle with the Gros Ventres in about the year 1840 Adolphe and Arlee led the Flathead to a decisive victory. About half the Gros Ventres force, estimated at 100 warriors, were killed. (Ronan, 1890, pp. 76-78.) The missionaries considered Adolphe one of the Flathead leaders who retained their faith and loyalty after the closure of St. Mary's Mission in 1850. (Menetrey in Garraghan, 1938. vol. 2. p. 338: Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, p. 766.)

He journeyed to St. Ignatius with Victor in 1857, to fulfill his religious obligations. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, p. 1240.) Governor Stevens mentioned Adolphe among the principal men of the tribe whom he met on his first visit to the Flathead at Fort Owen, October 1, 1853. (Report of Explorations, etc., 1860, vol. 12, pt. I, p. 125.) Adolphe signed both the Flathead and the Blackfoot Treaties of 1855, but took no other part in the proceedings. "Adolphus Kwiikweschape, or Red Feather, chief of the Flatheads" was one of the group of chiefs of the mountain tribes who accompanied Father De Smet to Fort Vancouver in the spring of 1859 to renew the treaty of peace with the Commanding General and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, p. 766.)

When James A. Garfield, Commissioner for the Removal of the Flathead tribe of Indians from the Bitterroot Valley to the Jocko Reservation, met the chiefs of the tribe near Fort Owen in 1872, Adolphe, as third chief of the Flathead, was one of the tribal representatives. On August 27, 1872, he signed the agreement drawn up by Garfield providing for the removal of the Flathead to the reservation. Nevertheless, he joined with head chief Chariot in refusing to leave the Bitterroot Valley. Three years later Agent Medery removed Adolphe's name from the Government payroll, because he had "failed in every particular" to comply with the provisions of the agreement. (Ann. Rep. Comm. Ind. Aff., 1872, pp. 109, 114-115; 1875, p. 305.)

Adolphe marshaled and led the young warriors at the council held at the Flathead Agency September 2, 1882, to negotiate a right-of way for the Northern Pacific Railway. Apparently before that date he had removed from the Bitterroot Valley to the reservation. Adolphe died at the Agency in 1887, at an assumed age of 78 years. (Ronan, 1890, p. 76.) Family Histories for the St. Mary's Mission book, draft manuscript, Richard Malouf (received from Bob Bigart, Dec. 3, 2003)

Chief Insula



“Insula, a Flathead Chief (Plate 12) Insula—or Red Feather Michelle (in baptism)

A Flathead chief; according to Father De Smet "a great and brave warrior." He is noted for his piety and officiates at the burial of the dead. He is quite an old man, nearly seventy. Michael Insula (sometimes rendered Ensyla or Insala), Red Feather, was also known as "The Little Chief," because of his small stature. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, p. 1231.) Pierre Pichette thought Insula was not a name of Flathead origin. According to Duncan McDonald, he was half Nez Perce and half Flathead, and lived part time with the Flathead and the remainder of the time with the Pend d'Oreille. (Owen, 1927, vol. i, p. 236, footnote.)

De Smet stated (1841) that the Nez Perce had offered Insula the position of head chief of their tribe. He refused the honor saying, "By the will of the Great Master of Life I was born among the Flatheads, and if such be his will, among the Flatheads I am determined to die." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. i, p. 323.) In the summer of 1835 Insula journeyed to the Green River rendezvous of

the fur traders, where in company with a group of Nez Perce, he met the Protestant missionaries, Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman. The Reverend Parker recorded his conversation thus :

Next rose Insala, the most influential chief among the Flathead nation, and said, "he had heard that a man near to God was coming to visit them, and he, with some of his people, together with some white men, went out three days' journey to meet him, but failed of finding the caravan. A war party of Crow Indians came upon them in the night, and after a short battle, though no lives were lost, they took away some of their horses, and one from him which he greatly loved, but now he forgets all, his heart is made so glad to see a man close to God." [Parker, 1844, pp. 81-82.] Many years later Father Palladino explained that Insula was not satisfied with the appearance or the message of Parker and Whitman. He observed that they wore neither black gowns nor crosses, that they married, and did not have the great prayer, and that therefore these were not the priests of whom the Iroquois had told him. Consequently, he did not encourage them to go to the Flathead country. (Palladino, 1894, pp. 16-17.) Insula was a great favorite of the Catholic missionaries. He was one of the party of 30 warriors who accompanied Father De Smet as far as Fort Alexander on the Yellowstone in the country of the enemy Crow Indians on De Smet's return eastward in 1840. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 1, pp. 266-267.) In 1841 De Smet termed Insula "the most influential of the Flathead chiefs," who "as a Christian or a warrior, might stand a comparison with the most renowned character of ancient chivalry." (Ibid., p. 324.)

Father Adrian Hoecken also had a marked personal regard for Insula. In the fall of 1855 wrote De Smet of Insula's great bravery, tender piety, and gentle manners, and added that he had "preserved all his first fervor of devotion." Again in the spring of 1857 he wrote of Insula as "always equally good, equally happy, a fervent Christian, who is daily advancing in virtue and in perfection." He added that Insula had taught his young son, Louis Michael, to call the priest papa. (Ibid., vol. 4, p. 1245.) Father Hoecken wrote that Insula "is well known and much beloved by the whites, who have occasion to deal with him, as a man of sound judgment, strict integrity, and one on whose fidelity they can implicitly rely." The priest called Insula "a keen discerner of the characters of men" who "loved to speak of those white men who were distinguished for their fine qualities." Insula adopted Col. Robert Campbell of St. Louis and Maj. Thomas Fitzpatrick as brothers. Colonel Campbell reciprocated by sending him a fine present in the spring of 1857. (Ibid., pp. 1232, 1245.) Of Insula's numerous deeds of heroism, Father De Smet cited but two, both of which occurred before 1841. On one occasion Insula "sustained the assaults of a whole village" of the enemy. On another, a party of Bannock, estimated at 200, who had visited Insula's camp and observed the small number of the Flathead, returned to attack the Flathead the next night. Advised of their intentions. Insula assembled his warriors to meet the attack. The small Flathead force killed nine of the enemy before Insula, in the heat of the pursuit, recalled that it was Sunday and ordered his warriors back to camp for prayer. (Ibid., vol. i, pp. 322-324, 365-366.) According to Duncan McDonald, Insula was killed by Cree and Assiniboiné on Milk River in October 1860. At that time the old man was living with the Kutenai and Pend d'Oreille. (Owen, 1927, vol. i, p. 236, footnote.)

Little Insula appears to have possessed the most appealing personality among the Flathead leaders of his time. Not only was he very popular with the Indians of his own and friendly tribes,

but he also proved adept at winning and holding the friendship of influential white men. Apparently, he found subtle flattery, such as teaching his son to call the priest papa and adopting important white men as brothers, helpful in cementing these friendships. An ardent Catholic and a courageous warrior, he epitomized the missionaries' ideal of the Christian soldier. "Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854, John C. Ewers, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, vol. 110, no. 7, 1948, pages 38-40.

Alexander "Sxu'tesem exe" Grizzly Bear Track



Drawn by Gustavus Sohon during the Hell Gate Treaty in 1855.

Alexander "Sxu'tesem exe" Grizzly Bear Track ("Squitis Semgeishen) born about 1790. He had three daughters: Eugenie (Julia) "E-sha-nee" Bear Tracks she married Charley Lamoose; Mary "Schitimchina" "Lutem" Bear Tracks she married Louis Vanderburg; and Susan "Little Susie" "Soosa" Bear Tracks she married Felix Sabine and then Luke Moich-ah. In 1848 Father Mengarini explained how he got his name:

During a successful attack upon the Blackfeet he entered their camp to spy on their comings and goings night after night, crawling with the four paws of a bear attached to his hands and feet. At dawn the Blackfeet paid no heed to the tracks, nor did they discover the trick until they found that many among them were dead." "Family Histories for the St. Mary's Mission Book" Richard Malouf Bear Track was one of the most famous of all Flathead medicine men, able to prophesy the future, project himself across space, control weather, call buffalo, and locate lost people and horses as well as enemies.

"According to his granddaughter, Martina Vanderburg Siwasah, "Bear Track was married four times. He fathered 10 children. He lived to be a very old man, became blind, and died of sickness during the 1880's. James A. Teit said he "died about 1880, aged over 90 years." He is said to have been "quite a large lad" at the time of the Lewis and Clark visit, 1805 (The New North-West [Deer Lodge, MT], 16 Nov 1872, p. 2, cols. 4-5). His last wife was Agnes, whom he married 12 Aug 1861 (SIM), and who died in spring 1870 (D-90). Seven of his 10 children have been identified..."

Gustavus Sohon writes of him, "Bear Track, Flathead Chief and Medicine Man Soey-te-sum-'hi or Bear Track. A Chief, and one of the very few pure Flathead Indians in the tribe. He is said to be a very brave and daring man and is certainly one of the best looking men in the tribe, decision is written in every line of his countenance. Bear Track spoke at the Flathead Treaty Council on July 13, 1855, after Victor's refusal to accept Alexander's offer to move to the Bitterroot Valley. He made no reference to Victor's action. He expressed his own willingness to make a treaty but emphasized the poverty of his people and his opinion that the area around St. Ignatius Mission was not large enough for the proposed reservation. Bear Track signed both the Flathead and Blackfoot Treaties." (Partoll, 1938a, p. 306.) Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854, John C. Ewers, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, vol. 110, no. 7, 1948, page 40-41

Martina Siwahsah recalled some of Bear Track's remarkable feats. One spring the Indians were camped north of Hamilton in the Bitterroot Valley. A man and his wife went out hunting in the mountains. While his wife remained in the hunting camp, the man went on alone after game. She waited 3 days, but he did not return. Then she went back to the tribe and told Bear Track of her husband's disappearance. He sang, made his medicine, and said, "All I can see is the horse your husband was riding tied to a tree. I don't see the rider." He described the locality where he saw the horse. Men went to that place. They found the horse tied where Bear Track had indicated and the dead body of the hunter nearby. Apparently, he had made a fire, gone to sleep, and a log rolled over and killed him.

Another time the people were hunting buffalo and could find none. Bear Track told the people to erect a long tent. He made his medicine, then told the people, "My power I received from a white buffalo calf. The buffalo are coming, and that calf will be in the lead." Next day a herd of buffalo appeared led by a white calf. Teit also has reported Bear Track's power to find lost people and to bring the buffalo when they could not be found. He also stated that Bear Track had the power to foresee the approach of parties of enemy horse thieves and to warn his people in advance, as well as the power to foretell the results of battles. (Teit, 1930, pp. 384-385.)

Probably Bear Track was the most successful and most famous medicine man of his day among the Flathead. That he is not mentioned in the voluminous correspondence of the missionaries is understandable. It is unlikely that this medicine man of the traditional school looked with much favor upon the "magic" of the whites. Nevertheless, Martina Siwahsah said Bear Track was baptized and given the Christian name of "Alexander."

"If the people could not locate buffalo they asked his help. After gathering all the young men together, he would take his drum and sing, making them all join in the song. "The Piegan have made medicine and keep the buffalo. I will break their medicine and make the buffalo come. In four days the buffalo will arrive, and you will see many of them." Buffalo never failed to be found or seen in the time and numbers he stated. Sometimes Bear Track would say to the chiefs or to the people, "The Crow [or Blackfoot, as the case may be] are on their way to steal horses. They will be here to-night. Make ready and kill them." His prophecies always proved to be true. He could tell when battles would be fought, foresee the results, and the numbers killed.

He could tell where friendly and hostile camps were, and where and when persons would be found or met. The Crow and Blackfeet knew him well, and were very much afraid of him. If some of them happened to hear his drum they would run back and give up the attempt to take horses. They believed he could see them as soon as he began to drum and sing. Many hostiles, as soon as they learned he was in camp, would at once leave and abandon the attack. They believed he could frustrate all attempts to take horses and scalps; and that if they tried to open a fight they would certainly be killed." The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateaus, An Extract from 45th B.A.E. Annual Report 1927-28, James A. Teit and Franz Boas, facsimile reproduction 1973, Shorey Publications, Seattle, pages 384-385.



THE INQUEST.—A WINTER SCENE ON THE GREAT PLAINS BEFORE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BUFFALO.

My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians A Record of Personal Observations, Adventures, and Campaigns Among the Indians of the Great West With Some Account of Their Life, Habits, Traits, Religion, Ceremonies, Dress, Savage Instincts, and Customs in Peace and War by Major-General O. O. Howard, page 240, 1907, Hartford, conn., A. D. Worthington & Company.

The Montana Writers Project

The Montana Writers Project collected stories on the Flatheads and the buffalo, these were published by Bob Bigart in the book, "I Will Be Meat for My Salish" The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation." Some of these stories and others will be told again in this piece.

"Dancing and Singing for Buffalo or Other Game." Told to Bon I. Whealdon by Dominic Michell December 18, 1942.

"Sometimes it was difficult to locate sufficient buffalo for meat and robes. The animals were upon the prairies, but for reasons unknown, the hunters were unable to find the roaming bands.

The shaman, who had as a helper, or guardian spirit, the buffalo, was called upon to tell the people where to hunt in order to find the animals. If a buffalo shaman was not available, there was in each hunting party some hunter with shamanistic power, or spirit affinity with the buffalo.

Such a leader began his preparations for divination by a short fast, alone in his own teepee. During this period he meditated upon the power or gift imparted to him by his helper. He also prayed much that Amot Ken (God) grant him clear vision.

As he emerged from his teepee, carrying a buffalo robe, or, perhaps, the skull of that animal, he began singing his buffalo song. The hunters joined him in the dance and song. Often there were prayers for the success of the quest.

At any time during the dance, song, or prayers, the shaman might become in accord with his mystic helper, and receive the vision. When he did, silence fell upon the others, while he told them just where to go on the morrow, how many animals they would see, how many they would kill, and who would be fortunate in the hunt.

Some strange tales regarding these buffalo shamans have been told. Frequently in the giving of these revelations, the words, seem to issue from the old buffalo skulls used during the ceremony. At other times, the shaman employed an ancient Salish tongue, understood by only the oldest members of the party. At other occasions the message might be spoken in the Sioux, Crow, or Blackfoot languages, which caused the people to believe that their shamans were, at such times, controlled by the departed members of those tribes.”

“Tribal Hunt Rules” told to Bon I. Whealdon on December 15, 1941 by Harry H. Burland and Oliver Gebeau.

When an Indian killed a buffalo, the skin or robe was considered the personal property of the particular hunter, as were the choicest cuts of the meat. Then in accordance with tribal rules regulating the hunt and its spoils, the rest of the carcass was evenly shared among the other members of the party.

Generally as the scene of the slaughter was some distance from the camp, the butchering was done by the hunters, and the meat packed upon ponies for the return trip. If near the encampment, the women who were skilled butchered the animals. They did most of the cutting of the meat into long thin pieces and they placed them upon the pole racks to dry.

When properly cared for, the average buffalo provided about 325 pounds of pemmican, which was placed in parfleche containers for the winter diet.

The bones were cracked, the marrow scraped out and put into bladder bags. The rich tallow, as essential article of the Indian’s menu, was melted and drained into the skin bags.”

[Oliver Gebeau (1866-1941) son of Henry (Gibault) Gebeau and Cecille (Shaw) Neron, he was born in the Colville Valley, Washington Territory.

He married Rosalie Finley (1870-1931) and they had 12 children. He was the Industrial teacher at Jocko Agency school & Indian policeman.]

[Harry "Henry" Sin-tei-lah Burland (1873-1939), son of John Baptiste Burland and Rosalie Morigeau, he was born at Fort Colville, Washington Territory, he married Philomene Grandjo (1879-1906) they had four children and he married Frances LaDue (1885-1960) they had eight children. He was a blacksmith and had a blacksmith shop in Ronan, Montana.]



Painting depicting a buffalo hunt by Fr. Nicholas Point, S.J.

The Buffalo Provided the Flatheads with Food, Shelter, and Clothing told by Oliver Gebeau to Bon I. Whealdon on June 10, 1941:

“I asked my grandfather, the aged James Finley, why the buffalo were so important to the early Indians. He was silent for a long time, then he put his pipe away and spoke.

Son, you are like a white man, you eat, think and live as he does. You will scarcely understand me when I tell you just what the buffalo gave my people in the days before the white man came. My heart sorrows that you do not know the old ways of your people, but I will tell you.

The buffalo provided us with food, shelter and clothing. It was fresh meat for the camps, while on our hunting trips on the plains east of the mountains. Then we cured great quantities of the flesh for the long Montana winters. Of course, in those days there was an abundance of deer and elk, but the buffalo meat was preferred by all Indians.

Then there was the tallow, and the marrow from large bones. These gave us the grease element in our diet of meat and roots. I recall the women boiled or roasted the bones and when they had cooled, we sat near the campfires cracking the bones and digging out the rich marrow.

We had another use for the tallow. Our warriors were very particular about the care of their hair. They knew that the scalps must be kept in a healthful condition in order to grow good crops of glossy hair. Whenever they found time, they took either raw or cooked marrow from buffalo bones and massaged it into their scalps and hair. Son, you smile, but I tell you our Indians had thick growths of black hair. It was not thin and gray like the hair of breeds and whites. Our hair did not fall off, leaving bare spots to shine like late snow patches on Elk Mountain.

Our teepees were covered with tanned buffalo hides. It took 9 or 10 skins to make a covering for an ordinary teepee. The teepees were conical shaped, with fire spot in the center directly under the flap opening at the top, so smoke could pass out. There were always buffalo mats with hair on for day purposes and other robes for blankets. The teepees were very neat, warm and comfortable.

Buffalo hides, because of their thickness, made the best, longest wearing soles for moccasins. It required a buffalo hair robe to make a shirt-like blouse for a warrior. When the cold weather came, the hair side was worn next to the body. When the days were warm, the warrior would turn the garment hair side out.

Son, you wonder how the Indian women sewed together the buffalo skins to make teepee coverings, articles of clothing, bags and moccasins, since they had not the white man's needles? When we cracked the buffalo bones, pieces came off in splinters or slivers with sharp, tapered points. These our sewers used as awls, in puncturing the hides along seams to be coarsely laced.

Elk sinew was often used as cord or thread in sewing, but we liked the stout sinew from big buffalo tendons better than that from any other animal.

Buffalo bladders were used as small bags in which to store small articles. From buffalo rawhide was made the pipe bag, which contained the medicine smoke pipe. Then there were other buffalo bags – flint bags and saddlebags.

While on hunting trips, we used dried buffalo dung cakes for fuel. We had no wood on the prairies, and the dung fuel was better anyhow, as it furnished plenty of heat and did not give off much smoke to attract the Piegan, who hated our people.” [The James Finley who told this story by Oliver Gebeau is actually Miquam Finley whose Christian name was Jacques, he was sometimes called Jocko, he was the son of Jacques Raphael “Jocko” Finlay]

"Memories of Buffalo Camps

(Source: Louise Roberts, daughter of Mary Finley, writer: Bon I. Whealdon, date: September 29, 1941, and Reference" MSU, Buffalo -FH Ind Res & Res. Reports 300.058)

"When my mother, Mary Finley King, was a young girl, she used to go with her people on buffalo hunts east of the mountains. They would go to those regions in Montana that are now called the Sun River country, Judith Basin, and often to that part called the 'Crow Indian Reservation.' Mother enjoyed telling my sisters and I about the journeys, and I shall never forget her stories regarding camp life and the work the women so gladly attended to. She used to remark, 'Our white friend's think Indian women are like slaves, doing all the hard work, while the lazy men sit around. They protected us. They worked hard bringing in meat, so Indian women were pleased that they could attend to the camp work.' I know my mother's Indian words, but I must tell her stories in our words.

"Enough of our people would go together, so we were able to defend ourselves against surprise attacks by enemies. The Piegans and their cousins, the Bloods, were dreaded most of all. Sometimes, the Crow and Snakes were upon Peace terms with us. The Colvilles, Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais, in fact all the Indians from the west side, were friendly, and frequently made a common encampment.

"When a camp, always near a water supply, was established for the season, the women and the older children immediately began preparing for the buffalo meat and hides the hunters would soon bring in. As we had passed through the mountains upon our trip over, we had cut a large supply of lodge poles, which had been strapped to the pack ponies. These we now barked (peeled off the bark) and, dried in the hot sun a while. We liked birch poles better than any of a pitchy nature, but could not always get them.

"We made use of these poles in building dry racks for the meat. The poles were tied together with strips or thongs of buffalo rawhide. These pole platforms had to be off the ground in order for air, heat and smoke to circulate among the pieces of meat, so that they be thoroughly cured.

"Then if it was a summer camp, far from fuelwood, we children would gather great quantities of dried buffalo cakes - buffalo chips, the pioneers named them - out on the adjacent prairies. These we carried in buffalo-skin bags to camp, where we would stack them close to the racks. This fuel gave off sufficient heat for drying, and yet not such a big volume of smoke as might attract prowling enemies.

"We felt quite safe around camp, for always the chief left a guard of warriors with us, and then, if it was necessary, our mothers knew how to fight.

"When the hunters came riding in with loads of meat, we all helped in cutting it into pieces - not too thick - for curing. Then we must watch our fires that they gave off a slow even heat. Often, just a smudge to keep away flies and other insects was all that was needed; the hot, penetrating sunshine doing the curing process.

"The meat, while curing, gave off a pleasing aroma, and we children could scarcely wait until the racks were emptied. Sometimes, the old women, who were always poking around among the racks, would catch us tearing off thin slices, then they would smack our fingers with sticks, and scold, telling us, 'You steal like Piegans.' That made us feel badly, for, at that time, we thought all Piegans were like wolves.

"When the meat was dry, we packed it in bags made of buffalo or elk hides, or in our little bags of buffalo-stomach. The meat was for our winter use.

"I liked to pound the dried meat into a coarse powder, then mix it with dried huckleberries or sarvice berries and a small piece of tallow. It was a nice tasting food, somewhat like the white peoples' mincemeat. Any meat was good with berries, even the flesh of young bear.

"Then there were piles of raw buffalo hides to be dried and scraped. Our way was to put the hide with the hair to the ground and, make small openings round the edge of the hide. Through these holes we drove very stout wooden pegs. As we pegged, we stretched the skin, so that when it was dry it was not badly shrunken. Then with bone scrapers (generally elk bone) we removed every bit of fat and flesh from the hide. When all this first work was finished, we had buffalo rawhides, very stiff and hard. Later as we had time and need, we softened some; others we tanned for new teepee coverings. We also made fine warm robes for beds. No usable part of a buffalo, or any other animal, was ever wasted.

"Life in camp was really very pleasant. Our Indians were very tender with the children. The father taught the sons, and the mother the daughters. We were taught to respect and care for the old. We must not lie. We must be brave. Our parents liked to talk with us, and often they would play games and laugh like happy children.

"The teepees had been set up in a circle. This gave better protection against enemies. If there was any danger of a surprise attack, our horses were driven into the circle for the night. Two or three warriors were always on guard. I remember lying on my bed-robe, and seeing the warriors pass on their way about camp. Often they would be softly singing the buffalo song. It was kind of a prayer and was named 'Calling for buffalo.' Then there was a night bird, I do not know its right name, but it always sang during clear nights on the prairie, just like its heart was filled with happiness. We called it a very old word meaning, 'Friend in the night.' We thought it was sent to tell us that everything was alright. I believe the stars over the plains were brighter then than now. I liked to lie and count as many as I could see from my side of the teepee. Often I would see Mother Sun's dead sister, Old Moon, and I wondered if the poor thing would ever find the Sky-teepee, where she could lie down and sleep."

[SOURCE: Notes from conversations with Mary Finley's daughter, the late Louise Roberts, cultured Flathead ward and friend of the writer, Bon Whealdon, September 22, 1941." From "I Will Be Meat for My Salish" The Buffalo and the Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart, 1999 (manuscript copy), page 12. Louise King was the daughter of Peter King and Mary Ann Finley, she married Randolph Roberts, they had four children]

"Exterminating a Montana Buffalo Herd in 1836 by Frank McLeod.

My truthful old grandmother, Mary Finley, daughter of one of that group of five white men who first settled in what is now Stevens County, Washington, often related the story that follows:

When I was 15 years old, my father, my Indian mother and I went with a strong party of our buffalo hunters into eastern Montana. We always went at that season, while our friends, the Flatheads, were there upon the same errand. With our combined forces, we were able to hold our own against the murderous Piegangs.

We made our camp at the mouth of the north fork of Sun River. Early the morning after our arrival, our men left camp for a hunt on the prairies. Empty handed, they returned late that night. They informed us they had seen many large herds stampeding in a northerly direction, but that they were unable to get within killing distance of the animals. They said the buffaloes were so numerous that the pounding of their hoofs made a noise like the rumble of thunder.

The second day passed with the same dismal report at night. We were all discouraged as the season was far along when we arrived, and we were anxious to obtain our meat, so we could return to Washington before the snow filled the passes.

That evening our medicine man went a short distance from camp and made medicine in order to see what the morrow held for us. You children smile at that, but we had absolute faith in his words, as he had never failed to rightly advise us in every tribal emergency. When he returned he was so agitated he could scarcely speak. Finally, he managed to tell us that we would get all our supply of meat from one great pile of bloody buffalo the following day. There were no doubts in our minds, our man had seen a true vision.

The third morning, our hunters rose away in hope, nor were they to be disappointed. They succeeded in steering what we called a small herd up North Fork Canyon. Their intention was to kill just the amount that was needed. However, the herd swung up along our side of the canyon. The trail terminated in a narrow cliff. The buffalo could not turn around and make their way back to safety. Over the side they literally poured in a 300-foot drop to the jagged rocks below. Our men rode up the canyon to see a ghastly sight. There, in one great pile of mangled, dead and living bodies, were hundreds of the animals. Blood in tiny streams was running from the gruesome mass. A few heads, their fall having been broken by the mound of under bodies, were rising unharmed. They disappeared over a ridge. The badly crippled ones, our hunters mercifully shot.

The women were summoned to the tasks of butchering and curing. The Flathead camp were told to come get their meat. Still there were hundreds of carcasses left to rot. As closely as we could count them, there were more than 600 head killed.

We felt badly over this unpremeditated manner of killing buffalo, for the Colville Indians and the Flatheads never needlessly slaughtered.

By the time we had finished drying our meat, the weather had become very disagreeable with all indications of an early snowfall. We made hurried preparations to cross the mountains, as we did not care to winter in that region.

The morning set for leaving, we arose about 4 o'clock to find that snow, 5 inches in depth, had fallen during the night. While preparing the early meal, we saw an Indian, crawling upon elbows

and knees, toward our camp. At first, we thought he was a scouting Piegan and our warriors brought their guns in positions to shoot, when the man called for help in the Salish tongue.

We found he had been shot though his right hand, left wrist and calf of one leg in a skirmish with the Piegans, and, though his horse had been killed, he had managed to crawl to our teepees. We dressed his wounds and furnished him a saddle horse. We took him to the Colville, Washington, country. He was with us nearly a year, when he suddenly disappeared. We all missed him, as he was a splendid, helpful chap.

Fifty years later, while visiting my people on the Flathead Valley, I was introduced to an elderly, crippled Indian in the home of August Finley. I noticed he kept watching me rather closely. At last he asked me if when I was a girl, I had been called "Mary Finley" and had I been with a camp of buffalo hunters on Sun River, where a herd had gone over a cliff? I told him he was correct; whereupon he told me he was the Indian the Piegans had shot, and how we had saved his

life." "I Will Be Meat for My Salish" The Buffalo and the Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bib Bigart, 1999 (manuscript copy), page 20: Source: Frank McCloed (Frank McLeod) writer: Bob I. Whealdon, date: September 19, 1941, and Reference" MSU, Buffalo -FH Ind Res & Res. Repts 300.021)

[Mary Ann Finley (1832-1925) was the daughter of Patrick "Pichina" Finley and Marie Gasper, she married Peter King (Pierre Roi). Frank McLeod (1882-1956) was the son of Frank McLeod and Julia Ann King. He married Jane "Jennie" Gardipe.]

Charley Russell wrote a short story about Duncan McDonald and a tail full of buffalo:

"Dunc McDonald

Dunc McDonald, the breed, tells about a buffalo hunt he has when he's a kid," says Rawhide Rawlins. "Like all things that happen that's worthwhile, it's a long time ago. He's traveling with his people, the Blackfeet – they're making for the buffalo country. They're across the range – they ain't seen much maybe – an old bull once in a while that ain't worth shootin' at, an they don't disturb nothin'. They're lookin for cow meat and lots of it. (Actually, Duncan was probably with the Flatheads or Nez Perce, the Blackfeet were more Russell's tribe as he stayed with them for a while.)

"Dunc's traveling ahead of the women with the men. As I said, it's a long time ago when Injun's ain't got many guns – they're mostly armed with bows and arrows. There's one old man packing a rifle. It's a Hudson Bay flintlock but a good gun, them days. Duncan is young and has good eyes that go with youth. He sees a few buffalo in some broken hills, and tells this old man if he'll lend him his gun, he'll get meat. The old man don't say nothin', but taking the gun from its skin cover, hands it to Dunc. Dunc wants bullets and the powder horn but the old man signs that the gun is loaded, and one ball is enough for any good hunter. The wolf hunts with what teeth he's got. "Dunc knows he won't get no more so he rides off. There ain't much wind, but Dunc's getting' what there is, and keepin' behind some rock croppin's he get pretty close. There are five cows, all laying down. Pretty soon he quits his pony and crawls to within twenty-five yards and pulls down a fat cow. When his gun roars, they all jump and ran but the cow he shoots don't make three jumps till she's down. "When Dunc walks up she's laying on her belly with her feet

under her. She's small but fat. When Dunc puts his foot agin her to push her over, she gets up and is red-eyed. She sure shows war. They only hold Dunc can see is her tail and he ain't slow takin' it. The tail-hold on a buffalo is mighty short, but he's clamped on. She's tryin' to turn but he's keepin' her steered right – and he's doing fine till she starts kickin.' He first one don't miss his ear the width of a hair. If you never saw a buffalo kick it's hard to tell you what they can do, but Dunc ain't slow slippin' his hold.

“There's nothin' left but to run for it. This rock croppin' ain't over two feet high, but it's all there is. These rocks are covered ground cedar and Dunc dives into this. He gophers down in this cedar till a hawk couldn't find him. He lays there a long time, his heart poundin' his ribs like it will break through. When the scare works out of him he raises, and there agin the rock rim lays the cow – it's a lung shot and she's bled to death.

“There's only one hold, says Dunc, 'shorter than a tail-hold on a buffalo – that of a bear.’” Trails Plowed Under – Stories of the Old West, Charles M. Russell, Doubleday Co., Inc., Garden City & New York, 1927, pp. 15-16.



Drawing by Charley Russell of Duncan McDonald and the cow buffalo. (This sold at an auction for \$46,800.)

Buffalo Milk Saves Indian Child told by Shot-His-Horse-In-The Head to Bon I. Whealdon, December 3, 1941:

“My father was a buffalo hunter. When he was a very young man, he hunted the buffalo with bow and arrow, with a lance, or spear. The was before the ‘Black Robes’ came to Spetlemin (the Bitterroot Valley). As he grew older, he and the other hunters were able to trade buffalo robes to the traders for guns and ammunition. With these weapons of the white man, our people had a surer way of defending themselves against surprise attacks by the Piegans.

“My father liked the winter hunt for robes more than he did the summer tribal hunt. He had many friends among the Salish people, as well as among the Nez Perce and Coeur d’Alene. In the camp were four Coeur d’Alene warriors, the wife and infant child of one of them, and my

father. They were hunting in the Judith Basin country. It was an easy matter to get robes, which they traded to a post near old Fort Benton.

“The woman with the little baby had not been well since the time of her confinement. She gradually became weaker. The men got her medicine from the trading post, but it did not help her. Soon she died. The men buried the woman near her teepee. Then they moved the other teepees to a new place, as our Indians would not remain in, or near, a teepee which had been visited by death.

“The little baby was very hungry for its mother’s milk. It was not old enough to eat strong (solid) foods. It cried all the time. The men felt very sorry for the small child. They asked:

‘What shall we do to feed this boy baby? It must not die.’

“Then one hunter said: ‘To the north, within four days walk, is a camp of Salish, and their families. One man in that party has a wife, my sister. She has a small baby. We must take this one to her. She has milk. She will let it suckle.’

The father said: ‘It is good that we take my son to your sister’s breasts, but the child is weak for milk now It will soon die.’

“Then the other replied: “Some buffalo cows still have late calves at their sides. Now we shall find such a one. We shall drive her into the deep snows of the ravine; then she can not travel. We shall press out her milk into a skin bag. We shall feed the milk to the boy child. We shall carry him to the camp of the Salish.’

“The cow could not run on the snow crust. She sank down and could not move. The hunters on snowshoes came quickly to her and put their buffalo ropes around (tied) her. Digging away the snow, they pressed her milk into the skin bag.

“The father said: “We must not kill this buffalo cow. She gave out milk for my son.’ They took their ropes from the cow. They stamped a way for her through the snow to the open hill. “They dropped warm milk into the mouth of the babe. It drank and fell asleep. They froze the rest of the milk. They traveled on snowshoes, carrying the boy child. When the little fellow cried, they made fire to warm the frozen milk. In three days walk they came to the north plain, and on the fourth day they came to the Salish camp. The woman had much milk. She said: “The infant shall warm under my robes. It shall have one taste of my breast. It shall suckle as my own.’

“The men were very happy. They said to the woman: “It shall be your (own) child. It shall suckle you. It is good.’

“The boy grew to be a very strong man. The people all called him, ‘Man-of-Three-Mothers. [Shot-His-Horse-In-The-Head was a full-blood Nez Perce who was adopted by the Bitterroot Salish and lived on the Flathead Reservation, Montana. He was known as Louie Head]

According to Andrew Stinger (who told Bon I. Whealdon October 14, 1941), Shot-His-Horseinthe-Head was called this by the Nez Perce, he was known to the Pend d’Oreille as

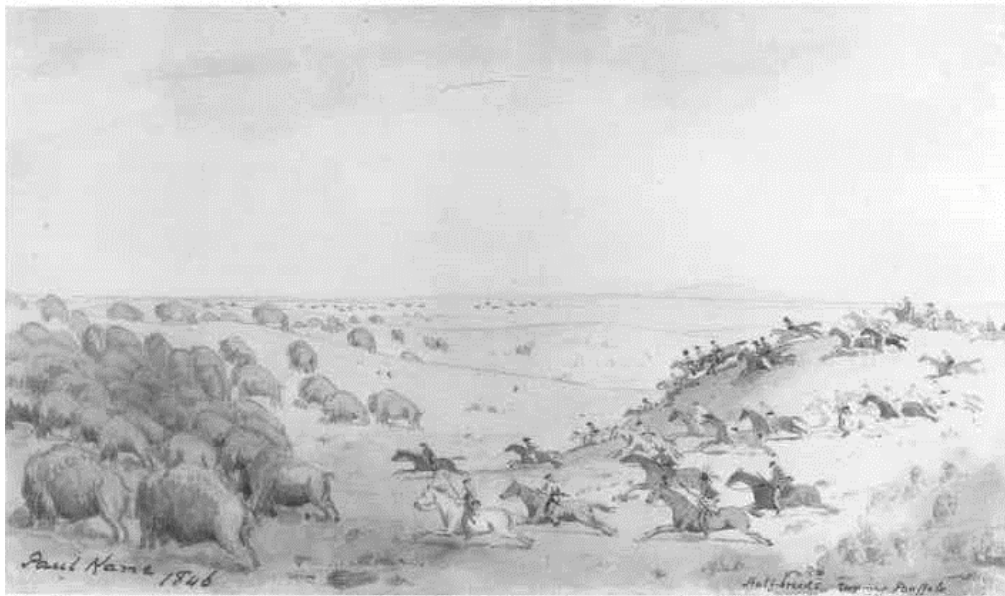
Mescal Michel, the Bitterroot Salish call him Many Bears, and he was baptized as Joseph Peter Michel. The pioneer settlers called him Michel Joe.

Angus McDonald and Flathead Post

Leaving it we pass the Bad Rock, which is now partially leveled and blasted (but in my early days was the steepest pass for pack horses in Montana) and come to Thompson Falls, named after the western traveller of that name; above them was an old H. B. Post last occupied by myself and party in 1849. Many a fine Buffalo tongue and boss [boss is the hump of fat and gristle on the shoulder of the buffalo. Meyers] and many a glass of the best Cognac that ever crossed the Atlantic was served in that Sylvan building; not a vestige of it now remains. Where the stirring reel of "Gille Cruback" and the solemn strains of the "Flowers of the Forest" were whistled and sung, and where we were glad to hear once a year from Europe, though seldom, if ever, from the United States, is now covered with Montana's mountain ryegrass and evergreen Kenekene. The wolf and fox may howl there, and the cock of the hills and meadows dance there, but we say like the old Bard, "When will it be morn in the grave to bid the slumberer awake!" ANGUS McDONALD: A FEW ITEMS OF THE WEST, Author(s): F. W. Howay, William S. Lewis and Jacob A. Meyers, Source: The Washington Historical Quarterly, Vol. 8, No. 3 (JULY, 1917), pp. 188-229.
Published by: University of Washington



Paul Kane. METIS CAMP AND HUNTERS. June 20, 1846. Watercolor on paper, 5 1/4 x 8 3/4". Collection, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



Paul Kane. METIS CHASING A BUFFALO HERD. June 26, 1846. Watercolor on paper, 5 1/8 x 8 7/8". Collection, Stark Museum of Art.

The American Art Journal, Vol. XXI, No.2, 1989, "Journal of Paul Kane's Western Travels," transcribed by I.S. MacLaren.

"Sport of Buffalo-hunting on the Open Plains of Pembina. By Hon. Henry Hastings Sibley, M.C.," Historical and Statistical Information, Respecting the History, Condition and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States: Collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs per act of Congress of March 3rd, 1847, part 4, ed. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft (Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, 1854): 94-110.

Henry Hastings Sibley (1811-1891): At eighteen, Sibley joined the American Fur Company. He spent five years as manager of its store on Mackinac Island. In 1834 he became a partner in the company's Western Outfit, with responsibility for trade with the Dakota. He later set up Norman Kittson (who became an apprentice in 1830) as the American Fur Company trader at Pembina.

Living at Mendota, he had personal and business connections with Fort Snelling. He ran the sutler's store¹ (1836-1839) and contracted for mail delivery (1837-1839). He also maintained close ties with the Protestant missionaries who arrived in 1835.

An ardent outdoorsman and hunter, Sibley established ties with the Dakota who lived nearby. Sibley entered into a kinship relationship with some of the Mdewankanton Dakota through his union with Red Blanket Woman, the daughter of Bad Hail, in the winter of 1839-40. Their daughter, Helen Hastings or Wahkiyee (Bird), was raised by missionary William Brown and his wife and was educated in a missionary school. Details are unclear, but it is believed that Sibley left Red Blanket Woman in 1842, and she died the following spring. In 1843, he married Sarah Jane Steele. She was the sister of Franklin Steele, the new Fort Snelling sutler.

Sibley was elected the first governor of Minnesota, serving from May 24, 1858 to January 2, 1860.

[p. 94:] "There is too much reason to fear that the buffalo, or American bison, which is the subject of this paper, will soon become extinct as a denizen of the wilds of the North American Continent. ..."

[p. 101-110:] "In the northern part of Minnesota, on both sides of the line dividing the United States from the British possessions, there is to be found a large population, consisting mostly of mixed bloods. These men possess, in an eminent degree, the physical energy, and powers of endurance of the white man, combined with the activity, subtlety, and skill in hunting, of the Indian. They are fine horsemen, and remarkably dexterous in the chase of the buffalo. Half farmer and half hunters, they till the ground, and raise fine crops of wheat and other cereals, while semi-annually they repair to the buffalo region to procure meat, which they cure in diverse ways, and dispose of to our own citizens and to the Hudson [sic] Bay Company for the supply of their remote inland trading-posts. Being numerous and well supplied with horses, oxen, and carts, the number of buffalos annually slaughtered by them is astounding. I shall conclude this article with an interesting description of the peculiar habits and mode of hunting of these people, furnished by the Rev. Mr. Belcourt, a Catholic priest residing among them in January, 1851. From my own personal acquaintance with many of the half-breeds, as well as with Mr. Belcourt himself, who is justly esteemed as a gentleman of integrity and veracity, I can confidently endorse the general correctness of his statements, as contained in the following pages.

I can now state to you understandingly the mode of the buffalo hunt practiced by the people of our country, having accompanied them in one of their excursions. I should first remark, that the autumnal hunt engages the attention of comparatively few men, for the following reasons. A portion of the half-breeds, who have not the means of passing the winter in the settlements, spread over that part of the country where they can subsist themselves and families during the cold weather by the chase of the elk, moose, and the bear: others, hoping to reap more profit by trapping the fur-bearing animals, seek the haunts of the marten, the fisher, the otter, and the beaver, in the wooded region and along water-courses and lakes; so that ordinarily not more than one-third assemble for the fall hunt of the buffalo.

The returns of the previous summer expedition had shown but a 'beggarly account of empty boxes.' After a long march during the warm weather, the half-breeds had made their appearance with carts less than one-quarter laden, and even this scanty supply of meat was in bad order. This was as much owing to the want of union and method on the part of the hunters themselves, as to the scarcity of the buffalo. Now that it was understood that they were to be accompanied by a priest, a general feeling of confidence was restored, as it was expected that he would act as umpire, if difficulties should occur, and do all in his power to promote harmony in the camp. Preparations for the campaign were, accordingly, made at St. Boniface and the White Horse Plains, and they took up the line of march, one after the other, until the ninth of September, when I myself brought up the rear. The place of rendezvous was designated at a spot on the banks of the Pembina river, not at the site of the old establishment, but about a day's journey above it, I arrived at the point indicated on the third day after my departure from the settlement.

From the summit of the hill, which reared its crest about two hundred feet above the surface of the river, I discovered the camp, which was composed of about sixty lodges. These were pitched in the open prairie, and near them grazed tranquilly several hundred head of horses and oxen. In the distance, the younger hunters, having followed the sinuosities of the stream, were returning laden with wild fowl; while in an opposite direction, children could be seen bending under the weight of fish, of which the river furnished a great abundance. Carts traversed the plain on all sides, with fire-wood, spare axles, lodge-poles, and materials for the construction of cart-bodies and lattice-work, whereupon to dry the meat. It became necessary to provide a full supply of all these articles, as we were about to launch forth into an immense prairie, without a single tree to serve as a landmark to the voyageurs.

On the fourteenth we raised the camp and ascended the opposite hill. From thence we viewed, like the ocean in its vastness, that succession of hill and valley, of constantly-occurring uniformity, which extended to the Missouri river; nay, I might say to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Here it was necessary to determine the precise direction to be taken. As the Red river hunters had not joined us, we judged it proper not longer to follow the mountain on that side, lest we should do them an injury by *raising the buffalo* [sic: italics in source] before them on the route we expected them to take. On the other hand, we were aware that a certain number of half-breeds had gone to establish their winter quarters near the end of the Turtle Mountain, and on Moose river; consequently we could hope for no success if we followed their trail. It was decided at length that we should pursue a middle course; first south of east, until a certain distance had been accomplished, and then change to south-west, so as to visit Thicket lake, Hole Mound, Devil's lake, the Little Fork of the Cheyenne, Basswood lake, and the Dog's lodge. The decision having been publicly announced and the guides appointed, we proceeded on our way. The carts, to the number of two hundred and thirteen, were ranged in three lines,

¹ A civilian merchant serving the military.

one line being drawn by oxen and the other two by horses. These formed a much longer train than one would imagine, if not aware that to each vehicle lodge-poles, fifteen or eighteen feet in length, were attached.

And now the horsemen disperse in every direction, to wend their way only at night to the point beforehand indicated as the camping-ground. Like veteran mariners, these children of the prairie march during the entire day over hill and dale, offering to the eye of a stranger no distinctive features whereby to shape his course, and yet make their way unerringly, even in the darkness of night, to the camp.

At an early hour we halted and arranged matters for passing the night, awaiting meanwhile the report of the scouts with much impatience. The first who appeared was my own hunter. He had seen no buffalo, but he brought back with him two cranes, one of which measured eight feet and three inches between the extremities of the wings. This bird, the flesh of which is not pleasant to the taste, abounds in that part of the country, its food being principally roots, which it digs up with its beak. When wounded it becomes a dangerous antagonist, for raising itself to its full height, it turns upon the hunter and strives to pluck out his eyes. It has happened that young savages have had their bowels pierced and lacerated by this furious bird.

About sundown all the hunters had come in with the exception of two, and fresh signs of buffalo had been seen. The following day the number of look-outs was augmented. About ten in the morning, the two young men who had been so long absent, joined us laden with fresh meat, and when the scouts returned in the evening, that article was extremely abundant. But the flesh of the bulls is no delicacy, nor is it easy of digestion; however, I was served to the choicest part, viz., the tongue; 'for,' it was remarked to me, 'you are not accustomed to eat of this meat, and if you partake of any other portion, you may be seized with the buffalo sickness,'—*mal de boeuf*. This ailment, so far as I could divine, is nothing more or less than indigestion. The flesh has the consistency of leather, and as the hunters, flushed with health, are blessed with a fierce appetite, they do not sufficiently masticate this tough food, and often suffer in consequence.

At length we had good reason to believe that on the morrow we should fall in with a herd of cows. I accordingly made preparations in the morning for joining the hunters, who were in high glee at the brilliant prospects, and made the prairie to resound with their boisterous mirth. We hardly rode along for half an hour, when we discovered a herd of bulls. They were distinguished as such from the fact that they do not huddle together in the herd as do the females. We approached them at a slow gait, and they fed tranquilly until we arrived within three or four hundred yards. We then reduced the pace of our horses to a walk, knowing that, by so doing, the buffalo would not take to flight until we were very near them. Still, not being over-anxious to receive a visit from us, they began to manifest signs of ill-humor. Some threw dust in the air with their fore-feet, others rolled upon the ground, and then, with the agility of a hare, sprang up in an instant. Others again, with more gravity of deportment, looked at us fixedly, uttering occasionally, a low bellow; the sudden jerk of the tail alone, giving assurance that our presence was no more acceptable to them than to their companions.

When the signal is given we spur our horses towards them, and before us fly with rapidity, the thick and heavy masses. Several are overthrown at the first discharge; others, feeling themselves mortally wounded, stop suddenly, and tear up the earth in their fury, or strike it, like rams, with their fore-feet. Under the shaggy tufts of hair, their eyes sparkle with rage, and warn the most intrepid of the hunters to keep at a respectful distance.

This chase, which lasted but a quarter of an hour, was scarcely brought to a close, when the cloud of dust was perceived rising from the top of a hill in the distance. I had no time to ask the cause of this, before each man sprang to his saddle, crying out, cow cows! (*la vache! la vache!*) Although a dozen huge bulls lay dead upon the ground, not even a tongue was taken.

In a very short time we reached the eminence, where I expected we would find ourselves in close proximity to the animals which had been announced with so much assurance, but, to my surprise, I could perceive none. At length, I was made to remark, several miles away, certain objects, which, as there was a *mirage*, appeared to me to be trees, but even at that distance the keen eyes of the hunters recognized them to be, not trees, nor even bulls, but cows.

The men here all assembled to the number of fifty-five. Even the horses seemed to partake of the joy and ardor of their masters. To moderate the fierceness of the steed was difficult, to restrain that of the hunter was much more so. But to ensure success, we must advance together, quietly and warily, until within two gun-shots of the herd. If, on the contrary, as is the case when the half-breeds have no acknowledged leader, those possessed of fleet horses advance at full speed, leaving to the others no chance to secure a portion of the prey, there arise discord, quarrels, hatred, and all their train of evils.

The instinct of the buffalo causes them to huddle closely together when pursued. The males, if separated from the cows, then rejoin them; the latter, however, being the swiftest, always keeping in the front ranks. To reach them, therefore, it becomes necessary to pierce the dense the phalanx of bulls, which is a dangerous experiment. During the hunt of the previous summer, an Indian, thrown headlong from his horse, which had been overturned by a bull, was made the sport of the latter for several minutes, being tossed into the air repeatedly, and each time received, bleeding and lacerated, upon the sharp horns of the infuriated beast. To give an idea of the monstrous strength of these animals, it is sufficient to state, that one of them in traversing the line of carts, struck a vehicle to which a horse was attached, and which was laden at the time with more than a thousand pounds' weight, and hurled it over and over three or four times.

Another great danger to which the hunter is exposed, is that of finding himself in the direction of the bulls, which are sped heedlessly on every side, and whistle in a frightful manner, while the whirlwinds of dust prevent any object being seen at a distance of ten yards. Lately, in a chase, one of the men received a bullet in his belly, but, luckily, the wound did not prove to be mortal. On another occasion, the ball traversed the coat, shirt, and flesh of a hunter, and was only arrested by the breast-bone. Providentially, no such accidents occurred to turn our excursion into one of mourning. It can hardly be supposed, that, in view of so many dangers, the horseman can divest himself entirely of a certain apprehension, sufficiently vivid, however, to impress itself upon his countenance.

The rapidity with which the half-breeds charge their guns is astonishing, it not being an uncommon occurrence for one of them to shoot down three buffaloes in the space of an acre (*arpent*). Their manner of loading is, not to use wadding after their first shot is discharged. They prime their pieces, then pour powder into the muzzle from the horn, the bullet being taken from the mouth and slipped down on top of the powder, the saliva causes it to adhere sufficiently long for their purpose. The horse, meanwhile, is abandoned to his own guidance, but so admirably are these animals trained, that the mere motion of the body of the master to one side or the other, is instantly understood and obeyed.

After the first day's course, which lasted not more than half an hour, I counted one hundred and sixty-nine cows lying dead upon the plain. The next day one hundred and seventy-seven were killed. The third day, although many of the hunters chose to repose themselves, one hundred and fourteen were destroyed; and on the fourth one hundred and sixty-eight, making, altogether, six hundred and twenty-eight buffalo. It would be supposed that these would suffice for the loading of two hundred and thirteen carts; but such was not the case, many more being needed to complete it. It is true that much of the meat is squandered and lost on account of the careless manner of curing it.

The hunt of the day being ended, the quarry is placed upon its knees, and the hind legs are stretched out to their full length, so that the animal is sustained principally upon its belly. The small hump is first taken out, This is a protuberance of flesh about the neck, weighing about three pounds, and is attached to the large hump. The skin is now divided along the back-bone, and is loosened, after which, the operation of slicing and curing is commenced, of which the following are the details, with the technical words used:—

1. *Les depouilles*—are taken from each side of the animal, from shoulder to the haunches. They are separated from the flesh underneath by a cartilaginous membrane, or thin skin.
2. *Les filets*—are the great muscles, covered with flesh, which connect the shoulder-blades and haunches.
3. *Les bricoles*—two strips of fat, which run from the shoulder to below the neck.
4. *Les petits filets de cou*—small muscles which spring from a point near the end of the gros filets.
5. *Le dessur de croupe*—which begins above the flanks.
6. *Les deux epaules*—the shoulders.
7. *Les dessous d'épaule*—strips of flesh between the sides of the breast-bone and shoulders.
8. *Lepis*—the flat part surrounding and containing the udder.
9. *Le ventre*—the belly.
10. *La panse*—the tripe, esteemed by the half-breeds as a great delicacy.
11. *La grosse bosse*—the large hump which has its greatest elevation between the shoulder-blades. It is a mass of flesh covering thin wide bones, which are inclined backwards, like the dorsal fin of a fish. The flesh has a delicious flavor.
12. *Le gras*—the tallow inside the animal.
13. *Les plats cotes*—the ribs.
14. *La croupe*—the rump.
15. *Le brochet*—the breast-bone.
16. *La langue*—the tongue.
17. What remains is left for the wolves. Cutting up is a labor which brings the sweat from the hunter, but our people display a surprising rapidity and adroitness in performing it. Sometimes, in ten hours' time, as many buffalo have been killed and dissected by one man and his family. The profuse perspiration affects them very much, causing inordinate thirst, so that they take the precaution to supply themselves with a keg of water, which is transported on the cart that *goes to the meat* [sic: italics in source]. When this is neglected, the suffering is almost intolerable, and the means taken in some measure to assuage thirst, is to chew leaves, or even the cartilaginous portion of the nostril of the slain buffalo. If the hunter becomes hungry, he devours the kidneys, which are cooked after fashion, by immersion in the gall-bladder, or eaten raw.
18. The meat, when taken to the camp, is cut by the women into long thin strips about a quarter of an inch thick, which are hung upon the lattice-work, prepared for that purpose, to dry. This lattice-work is formed of small pieces of wood placed horizontally, transversely, and equidistant from each other, not unlike an immense gridiron, and is supported by wooden uprights (trepieds) [sic: not italicized in source]. In a few days the meat is thoroughly desiccated, when it is bent into proper lengths, and tied in bundles of sixty or seventy pounds weight. This is called dried meat (*viande seche*) [sic: not italicized in source]. Other portions which are destined to be made into *pimikéhigan*, or pemican, are exposed to an ardent heat, and thus become brittle, and easily reducible to small particles by the use of a flail; the buffalo-hide answering the purpose of a threshing-floor. The fat, or tallow, being cut up and melted in large kettles of sheet-iron, is poured upon this pounded meat, and the whole mass is worked together with shovels, until it is well amalgamated, when it is pressed, while still warm, into bags made of buffalo-skin, which are strongly sewed up, and the mixture gradually cools and becomes almost as hard as a rock. If the fat used in this process is that taken from the parts containing the udder, the meat is called *fine pemican*. In some cases, dried fruits, such as the prairie-pear and cherry, are intermixed, which forms what is called *seed pemican*. The lovers of good eating judge the first described to be very palatable; the second, better; the third excellent. A taurean or pemican weighs from one hundred to one hundred and ten pounds. Some idea may be formed of the immense destruction of buffalo by these people, when it is stated that a whole cow yields one half a bag of pemican, and three-fourths of a bundle of dried meat; so that the most economical calculate that from eight to ten cows are required for the load of a single vehicle.

To make the hide into parchment (so called), it is stretched on a frame, and then scraped on the inside with a sharpened bone, and on the outside with a small but sharp-curved iron, proper to remove the hair. This is considered, likewise, the appropriate labor of the women. The men break the bones; which are boiled in water to extract the marrow, to be used for frying, and other culinary purposes. The oil is then poured into the bladder of the animal, which contains, when filled, about twelve pounds; being the yield of the marrow-bones of two buffaloes.

In addition to the buffalo, the quadrupeds found in the prairie are the elk, the antelope, the deer, the small prairie dog, similar to the fox, the badger, the hare (which differs from that found in the woods, being larger and swifter than the latter), the muskrat (remarkable for its fecundity), the wolf (in large numbers, whose interminable howlings during the hours of darkness, prevent those unaccustomed to the wild life of the plains from sleeping), and lastly, the grizzly bear, of which one was seen at Bass-Wood Lake, but escaped from its pursuers.

While we coasted along the shore of Devil's Lake, a sheet of water about ten miles long, and two in width, some of the horsemen went off in pursuit of a small herd of cows. One of them fell from his saddle, and was unable to overtake his horse; which continued the chase as if he, of himself, could accomplish great things—so much do these animals become imbued with a passion for this sport!

On another occasion, a half-breed left his favorite steed at the camp, to enable him to recruit his strength; enjoining his wife the necessity of properly securing the animal, which was not done, not relishing the idea of being left behind, he started after us, and soon was alongside; and thus he continued to keep pace with the hunters in their pursuit of the buffalo, seeming to await with impatience the fall of some of them to the earth. The chase ended, he came neighing to his master, whom he soon singled out, although the men were dispersed here and there for a distance of miles. When the camp is changed, the lodges are placed in positions so different that the hunter, on his return, is not infrequently obliged to search a considerable time before he finds his own domicile. Not so with his horse; which, although he may have been left at a considerable distance, comes at a given hour, and without manifesting any signs of uncertainty, marches straight to the proper habitation, and striking the skin door with his fore-foot, demands the measure of barley as the usual and well-earned price of his day's labor.

On the 25th we encamped on the Cheyenne, the longest tributary of the Red River of the North. We had here in full view immense herds of buffalo, I myself having counted two hundred and twenty in the area of a single square acre of ground. Both sides of the river were covered with them, as far as the eye could reach. Judge, then, if possible, of the quantity of game upon these prairies. How deplorable that the Hand which distributes daily food from this source to so many people, should not even be known or recognized by the major part of them! For it should be borne in mind that the Christian half-breeds are not to be compared in number with the many nations of savages whose nourishment is constantly and exclusively drawn from the products of the chase.

As I almost invariably accompanied the horsemen in their excursions from the camp, I was an eye-witness to a most perilous scene in which they were the actors. They were in close pursuit of a large herd of cows, and at the height of speed, when they arrived *pêle mêle* with the buffalo on the summit of a precipice lined with rocks above and below, man, horse, and chase, falling and rolling over each other in such confusion, that it became difficult to conceive how any escaped instant death, either from the effects of the fall itself, or by being crushed by the ponderous masses. Strange as it may appear, only one man remained senseless upon the ground, and he soon recovered; a couple of horses arose limping, and a few cows had one or more of their legs broken. The hunters who had been dismounted in this frightful melee, arose with yells and shouts, to reassure their companions, regained their saddles, and resumed the pursuit, making their whips to crack, so as to recover their lost ground; for it may well be believed that the herd had not meanwhile awaited their convenience. So soon as I was satisfied that no serious accident had occurred, I spurred forward my steed, and discharged my gun at a cow, which immediately subsided. I arrested my career, although strongly tempted to proceed, for I felt that I would have no excuse in further exposing myself to peril and to blame.

One of the half-breeds, in returning from the chase, followed the windings of the stream, and observed signs of beaver along its banks. The day following he caught five of these amphibia in his steel traps. I was led by curiosity to go and examine the dam which they had constructed, and most admirable was the workmanship. Although no wood was to be found save willows of the size of one's finger, yet the dam was so solidly constructed of this apparently frail material, that it served as a bridge for the buffalo. I myself crossed the stream upon it with my horse.

The supply of firewood which had been brought from Pembina being entirely consumed, our people had to use the dung of buffalo for fuel. This, when dry, produces an ardent but transient flame, sufficient for cooking our daily food; but it evolves as smoke which, to the nasal organs of a stranger, is far from being agreeable. The want of wood interfered much with the curing of the meat, the sun not having sufficient power to dry it. It became necessary, therefore, to change our locality, and shape our course to the islands of timber in the vicinity of Basswood lake. This spot is most picturesque, and the views from it varied and beautiful. The lake, which is in a basin surrounded with hills, is extremely salt, but the springs which flow into it afford an abundance of pure fresh water. The slopes of the surrounding eminences are well furnished with oak, ash, and bass-wood. From the top of the hills we discover at no great distance the Dog's Lodge, a mound which serves as a look-out place for the Sioux Indians when engaged in war. In another direction are the heights called *Les Grands Coteaux*, which extend to and beyond the Missouri, on a parallel line with the Stony Mountains.

Arrived at this point on the second of October, we remained until the sixteenth, being during that time constantly in the midst of the buffalo. On the tenth we had a heavy fall of snow, when the mercury fell to 5° [Réaumur] below zero, where it continued for two days, and the lake was frozen over. Six days after, the weather had so much moderated that no snow was left upon the ground. The cold had by no means retarded our labors. On the contrary, each one, fearing a premature winter, worked day and night, the more indolent usually being now the most untiring, as they had good reason to apprehend that they would be left behind by their more industrious companions.

I cannot close my remarks relative to the buffalo without giving you a just idea of their size and conformation. As is the case with others of the animal creation, the male is considerably larger than the female. The horns of the bull scarcely emerge from the dense mass of hair which covers a part of the head and neck, and gives them a startling appearance; while the cow, not being provided with such a profusion of hair, her jutting and more curved horns make her distinguishable from her mate at quite a distance. I measured a bull of middle size, and found that he was eight feet nine inches in girth, nine feet two inches long, twenty inches from the nose to the top of the head, length of tail one foot three inches, and twenty inches between the eyes. The longest rib in the rump, with an inclination of twenty degrees on the back-bone, was twenty inches long.

Although the summer hunt is the most favorable for catching and domesticating the calves, I was smitten with the desire to secure one. At my request, a hunter pursued and lassoed a youngster, but it died five or six days after of fatigue, as was asserted; but in my opinion its death was caused by ennui, as it refused nourishment and appeared to pine away. In the spring the calves are easily weaned, and when trained to labor became quite useful. One farmer, who had broken a bull to the plough, performed the whole work of the field with his aid alone.

Finally, on the sixteenth of October we resumed our march homewards, having upon our carts the proceeds of 1776 cows, which formed 228 pemican bags, 1213 bales of dried meat, 166 boskoyas or sacks of tallow, each weighing 200 pounds, and 556 bladders of marrow of twelve pounds each. The value of these articles was about £1700, from which deducting £200 for the actual expenses of the trip and the wages of certain hired men, there remained £1500 to compensate fifty-five hunters and their families for two months labor, computing from the day of our departure to that of our return.”



Compiled by Lawrence Barkwell, Coordinator of Metis Heritage and History Research, Louis Riel Institute



INDIANS RETURNING TO THEIR CAMPS FROM A FALL BUFFALO HUNT.

My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians A Record of Personal Observations, Adventures, and Campaigns Among the Indians of the Great West With Some Account of Their Life, Habits, Traits, Religion, Ceremonies, Dress, Savage Instincts, and Customs in Peace and War by Major-General O. O. Howard, page 240, 1907, Hartford, conn., A. D. Worthington & Company.

In 1872 Frank Grouard was living with the Sioux as a captive but had become a trusted warrior in the Sioux society. He lived with Sitting Bull and his camp and then with Crazy Horse and his camp. Grouard says, “During a trip I made that same year (1872) to the Big Wooded mountains in the British possessions in company with five Indians, we passed through the greatest herds of buffalos I ever saw. We traveled over twelve hundred miles, and the country for four hundred miles of distance was covered with thousands upon thousands of these animals. On this same trip I witnessed a big prairie fire and saw a stampede of wild horses. It was one of the most awe-inspiring sights I ever beheld, and it was a long time before the vividness of it died out of my mind.” Grouard and his five companions had been on their way to the Blackfeet country on a horse stealing raid, but they “became entangled in the swamps and were compelled to turn back”.

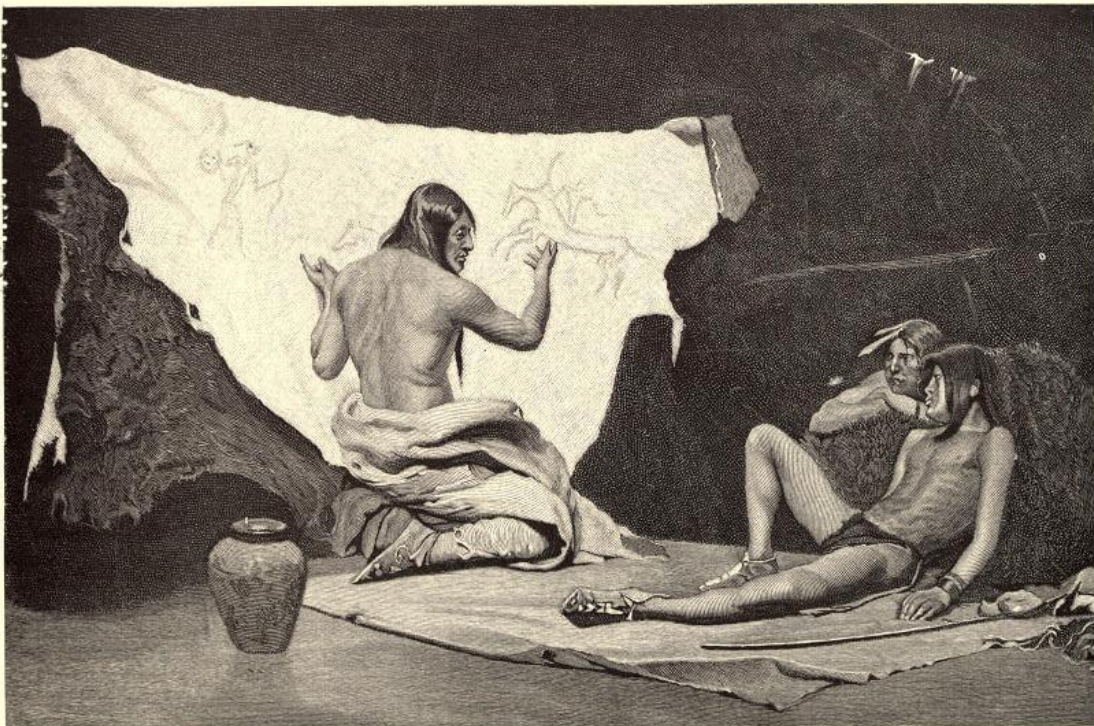
The Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard - Chief of Scouts, Joe De Barthe, Published by Combe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1894, (2014 printing by Skyhorse Publishing), page 123.

[“Frank Benjamin Grouard (20 September 1850 – 15 August 1905) was a Scout and interpreter for General George Crook during the American Indian War of 1876. Grouard's origins are the center of much speculation and controversy. He is variously described as having been American Indian, half-Indian, French-Creole or half-Black, the son of the early Black American Fur Company mountain man, John Brazeau. Grouard himself, in his biography dictated to journalist Joseph DeBarthe in 1891, stated he was born in the Society Islands in the south Pacific Ocean, the second of three sons born to Benjamin Franklin Grouard, an American Mormon missionary, and a Polynesian woman. He moved to Utah with his parents and two brothers in 1852, later moving to San Bernardino in California. After a year in California, Grouard's wife returned to the South Pacific with two of the children, leaving Benjamin with the middle son, Frank. In 1855 he was adopted into the family of Addison and Louisa Barnes Pratt, fellow Mormon missionaries of his father. Grouard moved with the Pratt family to Beaver, Utah, from where he ran away at age 15, moving to Helena, Montana and becoming an express rider and stage driver. In about 1869, while working as a mail carrier, Grouard was captured near the mouth of the Milk River in Montana by Crow Indians who took all his possessions and abandoned him in a forest where he was found by Sioux Indians and later adopted as a brother by Chief Sitting Bull. He was probably accepted by them as an Indian because his Polynesian features resembled those of the Sioux. Grouard married a Sioux woman and learned to speak the Sioux language fluently, taking the Indian names 'Sitting-with-Upraised-Hands' and 'Standing Bear', (Yugata), as he had been captured wearing a bearskin coat. For seven to eight years he lived in the camps of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse until he managed to escape, becoming an emissary of the Indian Peace Commission at Red Cloud Agency in Nebraska. In 1876, Grouard became a Chief Indian Scout in the United States Army under General George Crook, fighting Sioux Indians. By February 1876, many Indians were leaving the reservations in search of food, refusing to return when ordered to by the United States government. General Crook began his winter march from Fort Fetterman on March 1, 1876 with many companies of troops and with Grouard as his Chief Indian scout and interpreter. When Sitting Bull heard that Grouard was Crook's Chief Scout, he saw an opportunity to kill him in battle. By March 17, 1876, Grouard had located He Dog's (Lakota) and Old Bear's (Cheyenne) combined village on Powder River in Montana. He followed the trail left by two hostiles, who had been spotted the previous day, all through the night, even when their tracks were covered during a snowstorm. General Crook, in his May 1876 report wrote, "I would sooner lose a third of my command than Frank Grouard!" Other scouts, jealous of Crook's preference for Grouard, tried to turn the General against him by claiming that Grouard had joined up as a scout in order to lead the Army into a carefully orchestrated trap, but Crook saw through all this. On occasions when scouting Grouard would dress as an Indian so that genuine Indians would take no notice of him. Thus, Grouard could pass as an American and an American Indian. He was a major participant in the Rosebud campaign, and saw action in the Battle of the Rosebud. General George Crook and his officers, having retreated from the Rosebud, were hunting in the foothills of the Bighorns when Grouard, known to the Brulé as 'One-Who-Catches' and to the Hunkpapaas 'Standing Bear', was acting as guide. Between 9 and 10 in the morning of June 25, 1876 Crook's forces were in Goose Creek Valley when Grouard saw the smoke from Indian signal fires in the distance, which indicated that George Armstrong Custer's command was engaged with the enemy, outnumbered, and being badly pressed. The officers present used their field glasses but could make no sense of the smoke signals and laughed at the idea that a half-Indian could have such knowledge of their meaning. To prove that he was right, at noon Grouard mounted his horse and rode towards the signals, reaching the Little Bighorn, a distance of some seventy miles, at 11 pm on June 25. Here he discovered the bodies of the slain before being chased back to Goose Creek by hostiles, bringing the news of Custer's death to Crook. Grouard has been blamed by some as being instrumental in the subsequent death of Crazy Horse. In August 1877, officers at Camp Robinson received word that the Nez Perce of Chief Joseph had broken out of their reservations in Idaho and were fleeing north through Montana toward Canada. When asked by Lieutenant Clark to join the Army against the Nez Perce, Crazy Horse and the Miniconjou leader Touch the Clouds objected, saying that they had promised to remain at peace when they surrendered. According to one version of events, Crazy Horse finally agreed, saying that he would fight "till all the Nez Perce were killed". But his words were apparently misinterpreted, perhaps deliberately, by Grouard, who reported that Crazy Horse had said that he would "go north and fight until not a white man is left". When he was challenged over his interpretation, Grouard left the council. Grouard claimed that he was present when Crazy Horse was killed. Grouard was also present at the Yellowstone Expeditions and the Battle of Slim Buttes. He was assigned to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation during the Ghost Dance Uprising and was present at the Wounded Knee Massacre of 1890. Grouard later served as a U.S. Marshal in Fort McKinney, Buffalo, Wyoming and was involved in the Johnson County War of 1892. By 1893, Frank Grouard had become famous, and his father, Benjamin Franklin Grouard, who hadn't seen his son since 1855, read of the publication of a biography of the scout. Benjamin Grouard then travelled to Sheridan, Wyoming, where he immediately recognized his son despite a forty-year separation. Frank was married in Amozonia, Andrew County, Missouri on April 10, 1895 to Lizabell "Belle" Ostrander (1862-1912). At least one son, possibly two, seem to have been the result of this union, Benjamin Franklin Grouard, also known as Frank B. Grouard Jr., born in St. Joseph, Missouri on May 15, 1896. The marriage seems to have been brief or Frank was mostly absent from his wife and family for public records primarily list his wife and sons as living with the latter's parents. Grouard's son Benjamin F. Grouard was married at St. Joseph, Missouri on November 28, 1912 to Ethel M. Poe. The later fate of him remains unknown.

Frank Grouard died at St. Louis, Missouri in 1905 where he was eulogized as a "scout of national fame". He was buried with full military honors at Ashland Cemetery in Saint Joseph, Missouri.”]



Frank Grouard



AN INDIAN ARTIST AT WORK IN HIS LODGE PAINTING A BUFFALO ROBE.

My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians A Record of Personal Observations, Adventures, and Campaigns Among the Indians of the Great West With Some Account of Their Life, Habits, Traits, Religion, Ceremonies, Dress, Savage Instincts, and Customs in Peace and War by Major-General O. O. Howard, page 106, 1907, Hartford, conn., A. D. Worthington & Company.

“Buffalo in Western Montana

Recently a number of buffalo bones were exhumed in the ditch now digging in Grass Valley and wonderment was expressed, the general belief being that buffalo never ranged on the western slope of the Rockies. This belief is dispelled by the following letter:

Ravalli, May 10. – To the Missoulian: About buffalo bones being found in Grass Valley is nothing strange. Chief Arlee and also Chief Michel have hunted buffalo in Grass Valley and Frenchtown about sixty-five years ago. Those chiefs told me about their chase many a time. Respectfully Yours, Duncan McDonald.

P.S. I have uncovered buffalo heads in my orchard here. D. McD.

It is said, presumably on good authority, no white man ever saw buffalo west of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. The late X. Biedler told the writer that the first trip he ever made to Hell Gate, he talked with an old Flathead Indian chief who told him that at one time buffalo were as plentiful in western as in eastern Montana and that they left because the young men offended the Great Spirit. When the buffalo herds in countless numbers grazed in Grass Valley, through what is now the Flathead reservation and around Flathead lake, they were led by a little red bull, which was the recognized king of all the buffalo. The old men knew the king and whenever the young men started on a hunt they were warned not to kill the king, as the buffalo would leave their grazing grounds and wander away if they did. On one occasion a mighty hunting party was formed. Signs all pointed to a severe winter and it was necessary to procure meat to last during the cold days.

On the morning the young men started out they were warned as usual by the old men not to molest the little red bull, and promised obedience. A large herd of buffalo was encountered in Grass Valley, the little red bull among them. The slaughter began, the animals fleeing east in such numbers that Hell Gate canyon, the entrance to Missoula from the east, became choked with the animals. In the excitement of the chase the little red bull was killed. Sufficient meat was obtained for that winter, but the following spring the buffalo went east and never again were seen west of the Rockies. This is the legend that was told to Biedler. No one knows why the buffalo disappeared from western Montana. All that is known is that they were as thick at one time in the west as they were in the eastern and northern part of the state, but at a much earlier period of time. Now, nearly all of the buffalo of the once mighty herds that grazed upon the plains of Montana are found in the small Allard herd in the Flathead reservation, a country the animals once left of their own free will, never o willingly return.” The Missoulain May 13, 1902

Samuel Walking Coyote One of the Saviors of the Buffalo

Whista Sinchilape or Walking Coyote, was one of the principal characters in the drama of the founding of the Pablo-Allard buffalo herd on the Flathead Reservation. “A Pend d'Oreille, aka Sam Wells, Hunting Dog and called Short Coyote by the Blackfeet. He was born in Montana about 1843 and died about 1878. He married Mary "Sdipp-shin-mah" Sabine "Fallen from the Sky" born in Montana about 1837 the daughter of Chin-hoo-tah and Mary Sabine (daughter of Pierre). “Mary Sabine Walking Coyote or Wuh-Wah was the Pend d'Oreille wife of Samuel Walking Coyote and mother of Joseph Blanket Hawk [referred to as Sabine in at least one account] who were responsible for taming and driving a small herd of buffalo calves to the Flathead Reservation in the late 1870s. Joseph was Samuel's stepson, and his biological father was Antoine. The Walking Coyotes also had between three and five daughters. In 1879 she was referred to as the widow of a white man who sold over 200 head of cattle and deposited the money in a Missoula bank for her children's education. About 1879 she was shot in the shoulder by her husband while he was drunk. The injury caused her continuing trouble until it was operated on in St. Patrick

Hospital in Missoula in 1891....." "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Buffalo and Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Reservation - edited by Robert Bigart - Biographical Glossary of Flathead Indian Reservation Names " by Eugene Mark Felsman

and Robert Bigart (draft-1999). She was married four times, besides Samuel and Antoine, she also married Modeste Finley "Cornoyer" Pichette and Alexander Francis "Whole Coyote" Finley. Mary Sabine Walking Coyote died about 1878. "The Edmonton Buffalo Herd" by Charles Aubrey. [He is mentioned in "The National Movement To Preserve The American Buffalo In The United States and Canada Between 1880 and 1920" by George D. Coder, unpublished Ph. D dissertation, Ohio State University, Columbus, 1975. Also in: "The Men Who Saved The Buffalo" by Helen Addison Howard and "Buffalo Survival A Near Miracle" by Paul C. McGrew.]

There are many versions of Samuel Walking Coyote and how he went to the Blackfeet country and obtained the buffalo that he brought back to the Flathead Reservation. Charles Aubrey's story below is probably the most accurate although he does not mention Sdipp-shin-mah's family that many others say accompanied them to the Blackfeet country and back to the Flathead Reservation.

W. A. Barlett writes in "The Pablo-Allard Herd: Origin":

"The origin of the Pablo herd of buffalo has been the subject of various fables and half-truths which confused locations, names and dates. It has been printed that Mr. Pablo started his herd from thirty buffalo captured on Wild Horse Island in Flathead Lake, but the most reliable accounts prove that this herd was started at a much later date. Several reliable authors credit the catching of four buffalo calves which started the herd to a Pend d'Oreille Indian named Walking Coyote, commonly known among as Hunting Dog, and Charles Aubrey reported that he was known among the Blackfeet as Short Coyote. Joe McDonald, a brother of the well known fur trader of the Flathead Valley, says he knew Indian Samuel, or Sam Wells, very well; but he never heard him called Walking Coyote. He says Samuel had four buffalo calves, two bulls and two heifers, which he kept confined in a small pasture, and later let them feed about his home. "I saw them many times, grazing near the Post. I saw them during their mating season and remember the local excitement when the two buffalo cows gave birth to calves. Charles Allard, Sr. and Michel Pablo bought Sam's herd when it numbered 12 or 13 head. I have heard that they purchased a few others through different sources. They increased rapidly."

Charles Aubrey gives an interesting account of the family and religious incidents that induced Indian Samuel to capture these bison calves. Aubrey had an Indian trading post on the Marias River, a winter range for the bison, and a favorite hunting ground of the Indians:

Natural History, July 6, 1907, The Edmonton Buffalo Herd by Charles Aubrey.

[The sale to the Canadian Government of the Pablo herd of buffalo, and its removal to the neighborhood of Edmonton, lends a peculiar interest to the foundation of this herd, which, under its owners—Michel Pablo and Charles Allard—became, after the extinction of the wild buffalo on the plains, the largest herd of buffalo in the United States. Mr. Charles Aubrey, still a resident of northern Montana, has written the history of this herd, and has given details of the fact long known in northwestern Montana, that five or six calves were captured and taken from the plains across the mountains to the Flathead country, by a Pend d'Oreille Indian. What was not known until Mr. Aubrey told the story, is that they were taken over as a peace offering, to pay for an infraction of the rules of the Christian Church by the Pend d'Oreille. Investigations made on the

west side of the mountains by Mr. J. B. Monroe, show that Sam, the Pend d'Oreille, returned to the Flathead in 1878, bringing with him five or six buffalo calves. He ranged his buffalo below the St. Ignatius Mission, between Crow and Post creeks. In 1882 or 1883, Michel Pablo and Charles Allard purchased these buffalo from Sam. There were fourteen head. Sam lived on Crow Creek until 1886, and died that year, leaving a few head of horses as his sole property. His widow afterward married a mixed blood named Alexander Findlay [Finley]. She died in the year 1901.

To this original herd was afterward added by purchase to the remnant of the herd owned for years by C. J. Jones, formerly of Garden City, Kansas. The account of the origin of this herd deserves to be preserved as a permanent part of the history of this vanishing race.

Mr. Aubrey has been a resident of what used to be called the Far West for many years, having crossed the Missouri in 1862—somewhat in advance, we believe, of the famous left wing of Price's army. He followed up the old emigrant trail along the Platte River in Nebraska, and gradually drifted further and further north, bringing up at last in Montana. There as prospector, miner, trader and ranchman, he lived for many years, and early became familiar with all the wild game and with all the wild people of that then unknown country. He has always felt an especial interest in the buffalo, and in past years he has called attention to the time when the pioneer settlers living in the northern part of Montana lost their entire crops through the ravages of the grasshoppers, and being without food, took their tents and went to the buffalo range, and lived on the buffalo through the winter, saving hides enough to enable them to buy seed in the spring to plant their crops. On one occasion he made an effort to get together a herd of one hundred buffalo calves. Unfortunately, this effort was postponed a few years too long, for it was not made until the year 1883, at which time the buffalo were finally destroyed.

During his long life on the plains, Mr. Aubrey has had much to do with Indians, and has come to understand them, and to know how to handle them better than most men can do. He was for some years a most successful employee of the Government, in charge of a large body of Indians. His story of how the foundation of the Pablo herd was laid thirty years ago, is a very curious one. — Editor.]

In the year 1877, I was located at the Marias River and engaged in the Indian trade. A few miles above me, at Willow Rounds, Col. Culbertson, of the American Fur Company, had a winter trading post; below me a wandering trader was located.

This part of the river was a favorite winter hunting ground for the Blackfeet. There was good grass and a variety of weeds for buffalo horses. The river bottom was well timbered and furnished plenty of fuel and shelter. The high, level prairie to the north was a favorite winter range of the buffalo. The Marias was the main watering ground for all the game between it and Milk River, one hundred miles to the northward.

Close by, and on the north side of the river, some three miles below me, was the great medicine rock of the Blackfeet. All war parties paid tribute to it as they passed. They placed articles of value upon it, and painted it, praying that they might be successful in war. The mothers of families here made offerings of valuables, with prayers to this medicine rock for the recovery of their children in case of sickness, or asked that the unborn child might be a man. Here, in the spring after the winter's hunt was over, was the general point of gathering; here passed the summer route of travel. At that time the soldier lodge was held, and laws and rules laid down for governing the summer's hunt, for friendly visits, and for war also; to protect their range and country from invasion by other tribes. Here they journeyed on their way to the summer hunting ground in the Cypress Hill far to the north. The historian of the future, when writing of the Blackfeet, with an abler pen than mine, will find interesting material in this country.

There were three trading posts in this favorably located country. I was called by the Indians "The Man in the Middle", for the reason that I was between the other two. My post was called Ft. Custer. All foreign Indians gave me the preference in trade, for the reason I gave them the same tail and trade I gave my own people.

Among the Indians who traded with me that winter were the Sarcees and Stonies, from the far north; the Blackfeet proper, the Kootenais and Klamaths, from toward the Coast; the Nez Perces. Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, Pend d'Oreilles and one family of Crows. All tribes were in sympathy with each other, through the effects of the Nez Perce war. This was what brought these strange trade conditions about. I sold one Klamath twelve dozen buffalo tongues at \$4 per dozen, as well as a number of fine robes. In his country there were no buffalo.

Among the Pend d'Oreille Indians who made up the hunting party from across the mountains, was an ambitious, bright, middle-aged man – of the warrior class, not a chief – whose Christian name was Sam. He was known to the Blackfeet as Short Coyote. He was a typical Pend d'Oreille, with the economical turn of those Indians as gathered from their early Christian instructors, Fathers De Smet and Ravalli. I often met Sam in the way of trade, and he indicated more than ordinary friendship to me, caused perhaps by my fairness in trade. My interpreter for the Blackfeet was a three-quarter blood Blackfoot, Baptiste Champaigne. His father was the noted Michel Champaigne, trader and interpreter for the American Fur Company.

Baptiste's wife was a sister of Yellow Wolf, a Blackfoot warrior, still living here. She had a niece whose name was Mi-sum-mi-mo-na, and who being rather a comely girl, had attracted the attention of Sam. The Pend d'Oreille Sam made propositions to her kinsfolk, Yellow Wolf, Champaigne and his wife that he be permitted to marry Mis-sum-mi-mo-na, and offered for her sixteen head of good horses. The offer being very tempting, she became his wife. A short time afterward Baptiste gave me the story of the affair. I told him very frankly that he had made a mistake. He asked my reasons. I said to him: "You are a strong Catholic and your church does not permit polygamous marriages." [Yellow Wolf seems to have been the brother of Nahtaki (Fine Shield Woman) who married James Willard Schultz.]

By the rules and laws regulating marriage among the Pend d'Oreilles, Sam was punishable by both fine and flogging. The punishment is carried out by the soldier band of the Pend d'Oreilles. Baptiste was worried over my view of the marriage, Sam's Pend d'Oreille wife [Mary "Sdipp-shin-mah" Sabine] was very much opposed to his second marriage, and appealed to me to talk with him and tell him that he must not go crazy, that the Pend d'Oreilles were taught to have but one wife, while the Blackfeet could have any number they could buy and support.

In course of time Sam's first wife made so many objections, and so continually quarreled with him over his second marriage, that there was no peace in the family. By early spring (1878) feeling had risen to such a condition that Sam shot and wounded his first wife. It was a flesh wound in the shoulder. She was still asserting the rights of Christian marriage. She showed great love and affection for Sam, which he did not appreciate or reciprocate. Conditions were such that the Blackfoot wife, though fond of excitement and war, could not endure the continual strife, and found life in Sam's lodge unbearable.

When Baptiste spoke to me about his niece's troubles, I informed him that from an Indian point of view she was simply a piece of merchandise, and sold for value received, and his interference would not be permitted. To Baptiste affairs now assumed a serious turn, as he feared for the life of his niece.

In a course of a few days, Sam, whom I had not seen for some time, called on me. I found him in the condition called by the Indians, "my heart is bad." He had his gun out of its cover and his blanket off. This in an Indian means war. I noted at once that there was a crisis in his affairs and I signed him to sit down. I sat down beside him, knowing that if he wanted to make gun play, which I apprehended from his actions, I would be close to him, and could close with him and give him an even showdown for the gun. I reasoned with him in the sign language, reminding him that he was alone among the Blackfeet, his people all having gone back home across the mountains. I told him he had made a mistake, but there was time yet for him to make it right, and advised him to come back in two days and I would tell him what I thought best. What I wanted was time, for a wild Indian in his war paint, mad and wanting to kill some one, is a bad customer to argue with. Sam departed without ceremony. He was faithful to my request and returned in two days' time.

In the meantime I had a talk with my interpreter, Champaigne. I found he had counseled with his wife and advocated a separation of his niece and Sam. This fact had been communicated to Sam, and led him, in his now desperate frame of mind, to desire to kill Champaigne, and this was the object of his visit to my store.

[The Champaignes were French Canadians and probably Baptiste and Michel were brothers. Both had been with the Upper Missouri posts for many years, but Michel held more responsible positions than Baptiste and was better paid. Baptiste or Jean Baptiste, which was his full name, was at the Blackfoot post in the summer of 1844, as he was a witness against Moncrevie that year for giving liquor to the men on the boat going up the river. He was often pilot of the boats used by the company. There was also a younger Jean Baptiste, son of Michel, who was born about 1834, baptized by Father Hoecken at Fort Union, June 28, 1840, at the age of six years. He acted as interpreter for Father Point in the fall of 1846 when he visited the Piegan camp near Fort Benton. He may have been the Baptiste Champaigne who acted as guide for the Stevens party in 1853 from Fort Benton to the Bitter Root valley. The Blackfoot treaties of Nov. 16, 1865, and Sept. 1, 1868, at Benton, were witnessed by a Baptiste

Champaigne as an interpreter, who could have been either of these men. The census of Chouteau county, Montana territory, 1870, has a Baptiste Champaigne, aged 30 years, white, born in Canada, and the poll list for Chouteau county, Oct. 24, 1864, included a Baptiste Champaigne. <http://www.ebooksread.com/authors-eng/historical-society-of-montana/contributions-to-the-historical-society-of-montana-volume-10678/page20-contributions-to-the-historical-society-of-montana-volume-10-678.shtml>]

When Sam returned I found him in a somewhat better frame of mind. I said to him, "When do you cross the mountains to your people?"

He informed me that he was lonesome, and wanted to go, but he feared he would be punished by the fathers of St. Ignatius Mission. He had been married at this mission in the Flathead Valley. I carefully went over his affairs and impressed on him the fact that he had violated the law of his people. Now he must be careful and keep out of further trouble. I thought there was still a chance to make peace with the soldier band of his tribe by getting a pardon through the fathers. To that end I would assist him by giving him a letter to Father Ravalli, stating that he (Sam) was not a 'drunken or lazy Indian. I also suggested that in connection with my letter he make a peace offering to the fathers, in the hope it would lighten the punishment for marrying the Blackfoot woman. He told me he had nothing to give, and he could not stop the punishment, which I found he dreaded very much. I then suggested that as he was a good hunter, an expert horseman, and could handle a lasso well, he rope some buffalo calves—now nearly a year old—hobble them and keep them with my milch cows. He could use my corrals until they were gentle, he could then drive them across the mountains by the Cadotte Pass and give them as a peace offering to the fathers at the mission. He looked at me in surprise and doubt. I then showed him that as there were no buffalo in the Flathead country, I thought the fathers would appreciate the gift. He at once said he would try my plan. I encouraged him to go to work at once, and soon saw him arranging for a hunting trip.

Next day I made a visit to his lodge and found him and his Pend d'Oreille wife hard at work and both in a very pleasant humor. I asked in the sign language of the wife, "Where is the Blackfoot woman?" She informed me in a very serious manner that when the Blackfeet had broken camp, her people had taken her away. I then asked her to help Sam all she could. She smiled and said she would. I asked Sam. "When will you be ready for your trip?" He answered, "In two sleeps."

In answer to my inquiries as to how he proposed to handle the buffalo, he told me he would catch the young buffalo; he would then picket each by one leg at the place where he caught it. He would then take a blanket, peg it down at the ground at the outer limit of the picket line. I asked him why he did this. He replied it would attract the buffalo's attention and keep it quiet; by smelling the blanket it would become accustomed to the smell of man, and would not be alarmed at his approach. He would catch and handle two at one time on the prairie. They would then be driven in and kept with the milch cows.

Sam was successful on his first hunt and soon drove in two fine calves, then, April, 1878, nearly yearling buffalo—a heifer and a bull. The heifer was loose, the bull side-hobbled. The milch cows did not take kindly to the buffalo, but the buffalo persisted in being friendly. They finally made friends, for after a while the cows ceased to regard them as a curiosity and seemed to enjoy their presence. Sam rested a few days after his first trip, his wife joining him in telling me the

story of the wild chase and the fierce struggles with the captives. The hunt was far away, as the buffalo were already working to the summer range on the Saskatchewan. This would now cause some change in his plans. Being alone, he was afraid of the enemy—the Indians of the North. He would only risk one more hunt and informed me I could look for him in eight sleeps. If he did not return then, he had been attacked by some war party. In that event he hoped I would make some effort to look him up. When I got up the next morning Sam was gone.

True to his promise, he returned at the end of eight days with five young buffalo—two bulls and three heifers. Each buffalo, was head and foot hobbled; the head and front foot tied together, with a skin strap two feet long. Each bull was dragging a long lariat, so as to be easily caught for night picketing. Sam was well pleased to find the first two buffalo so contented with the domestic cows. The milch cows objected as before, but the new arrivals took kindly to their newfound friends. Sam told me they had met with no accident. He had worked hard—like a white man, as he expressed it—the rope skinning his hands many times. One could never tell when a buffalo would jump for liberty. He told me of killing one heifer, which he would have liked to have save. She had a very fine, bright coat. In a hard chase along the side of a steep coulee, he singled her out of a bunch of cows. He threw his rope and the noose settled on her neck. His horse, a powerful roan, settled for the shock. In snubbing, he gave her too much rope, and in the fall, which came an instant later, this fine heifer's neck was broken.

His wife advised him to quit now. They already had five on the last hunt, and she did not like the signs brought out by the death of this fine animal. She said to him, "This means we must stop."

Sam herded his buffalo with the milk stock for five days, resting and making arrangements for his trip across the mountains. He was feeling satisfied with his work, and hopeful that his peace offering would be accepted. He told me of his route of travel, and that he would be fifteen sleeps on the way home. Taking a small memorandum book from a parfleche he showed me where he had six straight marks and then a cross for Sunday. He told me he did not want to start on his trip home on Sunday, and wished to know the day of the week, as he had lost his reckoning. I put him right, and he said he would start on the following Monday.

His buffalo were doing well and were becoming quite docile. All preparations were made for his departure, and he talked hopefully of getting safely across the mountains. He always impressed me as being an Indian of marked determination, and at no time did it occur to me that he would not succeed in his effort.

On Monday he bade me a cordial good-bye passing out, his wife and pack horses in lead. They had discarded the travois which they usually traveled, saying they could handle the buffalo better with her as a rider. Sam brought up the rear, the buffalo following the pack horses. The three bulls were head and foot hobbled, the four heifers loose; seven head in all is my recollection of the bunch.

Of the trip to the Teton River, to the Sun River, to the Dearborn and up that stream to the Cadotte Pass I have heard no word; of the crossing of these streams at this season, of the trip over the main range, down the Blackfoot River, all trace is probably forever lost. Through Indian sources I afterward learned that on the way over by some accident one bull became disabled and died. Sam arrived safely in the Flathead without further accident to the other buffalo. I also afterward learned, through Indian sources, that immediately upon his arrival upon the reservation he was arrested and severely flogged, by order of the soldier band of his own tribe of Indians. As I understand the story, Sam had no time or opportunity to meet the fathers and tender his peace offering.

In course of time I heard of Sam's death, not in battle as a warrior, but passing away peacefully in his lodge or cabin. His wife followed him some time after."

<https://books.google.com/books?pg=PA8&lpg=PA8&dq=Yellow+Wolf+a+Blackfeet+warrior&sig=2p70JD2AEhymKfcy4tbxPcKyEWw&id=6BccQAAMAAJ&ots=zIDd4y5g9t&output=text>

"Samuel, the Pend d'Oreille.

From Pablo and his wife I learned that Sam returned to the Flathead about 1878. He brought with him five or six buffalo. They knew nothing of the flogging that Mr. Aubrey tells of or perhaps had not noticed it in those busy times, as they have always been workers, rather than gossipers and visitors.

Sam ranged his buffalo ten miles below the St. Ignatius Mission, between Crow and Post Creek. Little is known of his life by Pablo.

In 1882 or '83 Michel Pablo and Chas. Allard bought the buffalo of Sam. There were fourteen head, but the number of bulls and females could not be remembered. There was still a considerable number of buffalo on the plains, and they did not possess the interest they now have. Sam lived on Crow Creek until 1886 and died in that year. He left a few head of horses and very little property. His wife, who made so much trouble on the plains, afterward married a mixed blood named Alex Finlay. Sam died a good Christian, and his regard for Christian teachings saved the buffalo. The widow died last year. If she had been living I should have found her at all cost.

It is to be hoped that some one else may find out something about Sam's life. I am done.

J. B. MONROE." July 5, 1902 Natural History Montana's Buffalo. The Pablo-Allard Herd, Charles Hallock, Forest and Stream vol.59

Chief Mose Michel of the Pend d'Oreilles remembered when Sam Walking Coyote arrived on the reservation with his buffalo he said:

"Our old Pend d'Oreilles and Flathead Indians were much pleased that we had buffalo in our country, as the herds across the mountains had been killed. I heard some old Indians tell, our

tribesmen had been very angry with Samuel because he took as wife, a woman not of our nation. And that Samuel then left us and went to Sun River. He was there several years and became lonely and unhappy because he could not come home. His wife told him, "Samuel, the buffalo, which your people love, will soon all be gone. They are sad because of that. You capture what calves you can and take them to your people. When they see them they will be very glad, and they will forgive you that you married not one of their women." So Samuel did as his wife told him.

When the Indians heard that Samuel and his woman had brought back buffalo calves, they were happy and made a feast for the Samuels. My father, Chief Charley Michell, of the Pend d'Oreilles, arose and talked to the people, saying, "Our brother is back with a gift for us. Now we shall bring gifts to his teepee."

"Sam ranged his calves ten miles below the St. Ignatius Mission, between Crow and Post Creeks, until 1882-1883, at which time they had increased to 12 or 13 head, when he sold them to Michel Pablo and Charles Allard, part-blood Indians who had stock ranches on the reservation. They are reported to have paid Sam \$250 a head, and moved them to the open range on the western side of the valley.

When his buffalo were gone, residents of the district lost interest in Sam. He is reported to have lived there with his first wife until his death in 1886, he left little except a small herd of horses. Tom Jones, in his history of this herd, wrote that Sam didn't enjoy his prosperity very long; that we went on a spree to Missoula, and he was there found dead under a bridge." From "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Buffalo and Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Reservation - edited by Robert Bigart - Biographical Glossary of Flathead Indian Reservation Names " by Eugene Mark Felsman and Robert Bigart (draft-1999) pp 70-83, 87, 103, 105-109, 112, 119, 125, 265; "The Edmonton Buffalo Herd" by Charles Aubrey; "The National Movement To Preserve The American Buffalo In The United States and Canada Between 1880 and 1920" by George D. Coder, unpublished Ph.D dissertation, Ohio State University, Columbus, 1975; "The Men Who Saved The Buffalo" by Helen Addison Howard; and "Buffalo Survival A Near Miracle" by Paul C. McGrew.



The Choteau Acantha, January 12, 1933 page 7



1. Joseph "La-la-tee" (Hawk) Blanket Hawk, Edward H. Boos, abt. 1905-1907, History of the American West Collection 1860-1920, Denver Public Library 2. Joseph "La-la-tee" (Hawk) Blanket Hawk, Jim Blanket Hawk, Helen "Ellen" "La-la-tee" Larose

“A Humorous Incident

Melancholy, however, was the fate of Walking Coyote, for, after receiving his pay for the herd, and after a short session of dissipation, was found dead under a bridge there. Such was the end of the real founder of the great buffalo herd now known around the world. Several of his relatives still reside in and around Ravalli, and a sister-in-law was one of the most interested spectators during the loading operations lately. [During the buffalo roundup].

A humorous little incident is told concerning Messrs. Allard and Pablo while they had met beside a stream to finally discuss their project and to arrange for the payment of the \$2,500 involved. They had to get the actual cash, as Walking Coyote positively refused to accept a cheque. They were busily engaged counting the money dividing it into piles \$100, each of which were placed under a stone as a paper weight as a squirrel or mink ran by them. The instinct of a hunter was strong in both, and they immediately gave chase, temporarily forgetting all about the buffalo herd they were buying and the large sum of money they had left laying on the ground. The pursuit of the little animal was hot and vigorous and carried them far from their treasure, before they realized what they had actually done. And both hurried back in consternation to where their money lay, fortunately to find it safe as yet, but with the lone Indian seeing it with covetous eyes.” Edmonton Bulletin, Friday, November 8, 1907, D. J. Benham



The Flathead Courier, June 1, 1960, page 1.

Samuel Ford

As it has been said, when Samuel Walking Coyote had about 12 head of buffalo they came to be noticed by Michel Pablo during one of his rides through the valley. He envisioned a buffalo herd grazing on the thousands of acres covered with native grasses and soon persuaded Samuel to sell him his buffalo. Charles Allard had also acquired some buffalo and he put them with Pablo's and they became partners. One old rancher Samuel Ford, "who said that Pablo and Allard had a start in raising buffalo before Walking Coyote arrived with his calves. He said that in 1874, Jock Miller, who had a ranch on the Teton River, below the Old agency, now Choteau in Teton County, captured three buffalo calves in the Teton Basin, near Freezeout and took them to his ranch. They were very young and he fed them on cow's milk until they were old enough to live on grass. His brother-in-law Jacob Smith, had a ranch on Smith Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of the Sun River. His range was between Smith Creek and Ford Creek, and here the buffalo ranged with the cattle until they were three years old. About this time Jacob Smith tried to sell the two buffalo cows and one bull to Samuel Ford for \$300.

Samuel Ford had a herd of several hundred cattle and thought the buffalo would not be a good investment and would be a detriment to his plans. Charley Allard was quite a speculator and dealer in livestock at the time, and on one of his trips saw the buffalo and dealt with them. As Jock Miller was about ready to drive a bunch of cattle to the Flathead country, through Lewis and Clark or Cadotte Pass, Allard threw the buffalo in with Miller's herd of cattle, and they were driven into the Flathead country by Jock Miller, Samuel Ford and others in 1877. The buffalo were offered to Alex Matt and others, who did not care to take the risk of keeping them as they were unbranded and might be considered as public property." It was here that Allard and Pablo made a deal for Pablo to keep the buffalo. "Samuel Ford claims that these three buffalo became the nucleus of the Pablo herd." There are several other versions of how the Pablo-Allard herd started told by Frank Nelson an employee at the Crow Agency, Martin Garretson in his book, "The American Bison, Andrew Garcia in "Tough Trip Through Paradise, and Many Tail Feathers, a Blackfoot."

[Samuel L. Ford "Samuel Ford - Leaving home at the age of nineteen and since then making his own way in the world, enduring all the hardships of frontier life and winning out of adverse circumstances a comfortable competence, Samuel Ford, of Great Falls, is entitled to the rest he is now taking. He was born on June 29, 1833, near Montreal, Canada, the son of Abraham and Mary L.(Bourdien) Ford, also natives of Canada. His father, a prosperous farmer, never left the place on which he settled early in life. The son stayed with him until he was nineteen, and then, in 1852, he came to St. Paul, and after two years went to St. Louis and from there to New Orleans. In 1861 he went up the Mississippi and Missouri to Montana. At the mouth of the Yellowstone the steamboat on which he was traveling "blew up" and crew and passengers had to walk the remaining distance to the fort. The following from a Great Falls paper tells the story well: A Close Call
The old trail-blazers of Montana are growing fewer and fewer in number every year, and when they meet they delight to talk over old times, when the Indian was the principal man in the country and when it took nerve to go into what was then a wilderness and try to carve out a competency. A few days ago a group of these old-timers were in the lobby of the Park hotel, having accidentally met there, and the stories they told of their adventures were well worth listening to....Each of the little group had told the story of how he came to this country, what impelled him to come, and what he did when he got here; but Sam Ford's story was the most interesting of all. When a boy, Sam had always had a notion of coming west, but the lack of money always prevented him until the spring of 1861, when, being in St. Louis and determined to reach Fort Benton, he stowed himself away among the goods on the steamer Chippewa, bound for the upper Missouri. He remained hidden for one day and one night before he made himself known to the deck hands, but when they treated him kindly and agreed to see that he went wherever the boat did. Fortunately, as future events showed, they were unable to carry out their promises, but they did their best. Everything went along well and Sam would probably have reached Fort Benton undiscovered by the officers of the boat had it not been that somewhere above Fort Union the boilers exploded and everything was in the air for a while. Happily, although all the cargo was lost and the men all had narrow escapes, not a life was lost. However, this was not known immediately, and at the first opportunity the captain gathered everyone on the bank of the river and proceeded to call the roll. As each man's name was called he stepped to one side and to the captain's satisfaction all were present. Greatly to the captain's surprise, however, after the calling of the roll there remained one man over, standing alone on the bank, looking forlorn enough to please an undertaker, and who had never moved during the roll call. It was Sam Ford. How the party reached its destination is another story. That it did so

is proved by the presence of Sam Ford in the flesh today, but this is the first time the story has been related of how Sam Ford started for Montana, but came very near going to a better country via the air line.

Mr. Ford remained at Benton for a year, then drove a drove of cattle to Sun river, where he stayed for two years working for the American Fur Company and in 1864 he opened a store and boarding house at Sioux City which he conducted for a year, then went to mining at McClellan's gulch, but soon took up a homestead near Prickly Pear canyon, and began operations as a farmer and stockraiser. The first year grasshoppers destroyed his crops and made him lose almost everything he had. He succeeded, however, in saving one cow for a time, but was compelled to sell that to get supplies. She left a calf which he kept, and from that small beginning he went on raising cattle until he had a herd of 5,000 head on a ranch of 7,000 acres. He sold both the cattle and the ranch in 1898, and since that time he has lived a retired life in Great Falls. Since coming to Great Falls Mr. Ford has erected several fine dwellings and a handsome business block on Central avenue.

Mr. Ford was married in 1872 to Miss Clements La Pier, a native of Minnesota. They have five children, Joseph, Louisa, Mary, Samuel and Josephine. Mr. Ford has never taken any active part in politics and has no ambition in the way of official life. He and his family are members of the Catholic church. "Progressive Men of the State of Montana, A. W. Bowen & Co., Chicago, Illinois, pp. 528-529. He married twice first to Mary Louise (Epsen-eka) Choquette a Blackfoot, she was raised by Charles Choquette and his wife, Mrs. Running Rabbit, a Blackfoot Indian. They had a son named Joseph. Mary Louise also married Henry Nelson McCullough, their son Henry McCullough Ford married Mary St. Ann Courchene. And second Clemence LaPierre, daughter of Pierre and Catherine LaPierre. They had four children.]



“Pat “Tommy” Tucker Wasn’t Even a Good Roughneck for a Buffalo, C. M. Russell Said by Grace Stone Coates, author of “Black Cherries” and “Mead and Mangel Wursel”

Framed on the living room wall of Pat T. Tucker’s home in Livingston is a letter from Charles Russell. It is illustrated with one of the water color sketches by which Russell delighted his friends, and gives Russell’s version of “Tommy’s” affair with a buffalo. “Tommy” Tucker, as he was then known, and Charles Russell were cowboys together in the Judith Basin in 1883-4.

The Judith Basin used to be great winter range for buffalo. The animals came in from summer range to feed on the long bunch grass, and they always found plenty of water and shelter in the Judith country.

Indians and cattle rustlers had been at work in the Judith all that fall, and the cowboys' daily business was to pair off and trail through the lands of the Missouri river, looking for the range cattle. Whenever anyone found a suspicious sign he was to report at camp once, and a larger force of cowboys would 'hit the trail' to investigate, and run down the offender if there proved to be one.

One day in January, 1884, Frank Davis and "Tommy" Tucker were riding the foothills along the Sage creek. Following up the creek through deep snow, they came onto a buffalo trail through the jack pines. The snow, up to their horses knees, muffled every sound; but the snow on branches above them jarred loose as they passed, and the branches swinging free brought down more snow. This might attract attention, so to avoid this, they got off their horses and began to follow the trail of the buffalo on foot.

The wind was in their favor, and they finally came in sight of the buffalo and on the edge of the tall timber, lying down. As they looked at the animals, the boys thought of fresh buffalo steaks for camp, and change in their pockets from selling the hides. The trouble was that the boys had only their six-guns with them, and were sure they couldn't handle the herd – 14 buffalo – without rifles. They turned back to camp without disturbing the herd, got their Winchesters, and changed horses, taking the oldest of their string. These were two horses that had been on buffalo hunts before, and knew how to crowd close in toward the herd.

When the boys got back, the buffalo were gone. They picked up their trail and followed them into a blind canyon about 14 feet wide, where they were accustomed to? The canyon walls were about 300 feet high at one side, tapering to perhaps 30 feet at the other. As the boys rode up they could see the buffalo about three-quarters of a mile away, at the upper end of the canyon, trying to pass the wall at its lowest point.

The hunters made their plans quickly, Tucker was to leave his horse at the mouth of the canyon and creep around to get within shooting distance of the herd. Frank was to stay at the canyon mouth in open sight, trying to divert the buffaloes' attention from Tucker, and kept on the watch for any buffalo that might head that way.

Tucker bent low and started on foot for the head of the canyon, keeping out of sight behind boulders, sage brush and willows. His Winchester held eight cartridges in the magazine and one in the barrel. He got behind a granite boulder within eighty yards of the herd. A tiny blue cloud of smoke arose as his rifle cracked, and he dropped the leader of the herd. The shot only increased the buffaloes' confusion as they tried to climb the canyon wall, or milled helplessly, and Tucker dropped six of them before they divided into two bunches and bolted for the canyon mouth. One bunch of them ran directly away from the rock behind which Tucker was hiding, and the other five ran almost directly towards him. He dropped two of the five before the others turned and ran back, and began once more their hopeless attempt to climb the steep wall of their trap. The three that made for the canyon mouth came within rifle shot of Frank Davis, and were dropped before they got into open country. Tucker killed the last three, and as he came from

behind his barricade to look the game over, Frank rode up with his saddle horse. They selected the choicest animal, a three-year old heifer, cut off the hind quarters and started for camp. They got to camp just before supper. The cook, Mike Ryan, was delighted with the change of grub. He had been a cook on steamboats plying between St. Louis and Fort Benton, but the cowboys had persuaded him to leave the boats and cook for them. Frank and "Tommy" cut up the steaks, Mike cooked them, and the cowboys had a real feed.

After supper Frank and Tucker saddled up fresh horses and rode three and one-half miles to the stage line station run by E. G. Morrison. Tucker describes Morrison as a typical New Englander, who ran a store at the station and furnished supplies to staggers, cattlemen, prospectors and freighters. They wanted to sell their buffalo meat to him, if possible. He agreed to take 12 of the 15 buffalo at four cents a pound as they lay. He had ox teams and sleds, and could easily get them out of the canyon. He had them dragged to the sleds, which could be taken fairly close to the canyon, loaded them on, and brought the meat out. The meat sold quickly, for buffalo meat was getting scarce and was in demand. The hides were sold for \$6 apiece to T. G. Powers.

That ended the winter hunting of buffalo, and it was not until the next Fourth of July that Tucker had another encounter with buffalo, and this time it was the buffalo that had most of the fun.

Along in February and early March it was the custom of the cowboys to begin preparations for the spring roundup. Tucker among other preparations, spent the evenings for almost a month platting himself a four-strand raw-hide rope, 42 feet long. He worked hard, and was proud of it when it was finished. In March melting snows make the creek bottoms soggy, and a good rope came in handy to pull mired cattle out of the mud. Cowboys were sent on regular rounds of inspection, to see that no cattle were lost by miring down.

By May all horses were brought in, broken and unbroken. Each cowboy was supposed to break his own string, and have from eight to 12 ponies ready for summer use. By the 15th of May, when the roundup started, there were 68 riders ready to go.

The captain of the roundup was Horace Brewster. He was an old Texas cowman, still in government service in northwestern Montana, according to Mr. Tucker. It was the captain's business among other things, to detail the men each day and tell them what range to cover, as they brought the cattle in to the roundup grounds. The cattle were held at the grounds near camp until all the calves were branded, then they were turned loose, and the camp moved further on. An average of 1,700 cows and calves were rounded up every day, and by the first of July their work was about over.

The last camp for this year's, 1883-4, roundup was at Arrow creek, close to Square Butte, a spur of the Highwood mountains that was a well-known landmark. The roundup grounds were at Lost Lake about three miles from the Missouri river.

On July 2, Tucker was detailed with Russell to ride the Cottonwood creek range. While they were eating their lunch in the foothills, Tucker swept the surrounding country with a field glass, looking for cattle. He saw a small herd of buffalo higher in the foothills. That night when Tucker and Russell returned to camp, they told of seeing the buffalo. The next day about 30 cowboys were detailed to ride in that direction, to see whether by rounding up cattle and buffalo together, they might bring them all into the roundup grounds. They did, and on July 3, the roundup night herder and seven buffalo on watch along with 2,500 cattle.

Since the roundup was about over, and had been a successful one, and the next day was the Fourth of July, the boys decided to celebrate. The celebration was to consist of roping and tying the buffalo. About 20 men, good riders and clever with the rope, were picked to single out the buffalo and rope them. Tucker was one of the twenty. The rest of the cowboys circled around to see the fun.

As the boys rode into the herd, the buffaloes bolted and started for Missouri river. Twenty wild, whooping cowboys started after them with 48 others, just as wild following them.

Mr. Tucker doesn't need Russell's picture of what happened to help him remember. He says:

"I was in the outer edge of the buffalo, on the left flank, and had open country for running. My horse "Bunky" was an old-timer at buffalo running.

"The buffalo took down a long ridge that sloped toward the river. Running his very best, "Bunky" was able to overtake them about two miles from the start. I rode as close as I could, singled out a big bull, swung my rawhide rope and took a shot at him. It caught him around the neck and right foreleg as he turned to go down a ravine. As the rope settled I took three turns round my saddle horn. The rope tightened and "Bunky" sat on his haunches, but there was no stopping on the buffalos' part, and we kept on moving. Down the ravine we went, "Bunky" trying to hold, his feet ploughing the ground and throwing up a shower of dust and rocks.

"I kept thinking that some of the boys would come up and catch the buffalo around the legs, but no such luck, and we kept on down the ravine. "Bunky" all the time losing out. His hind feet kept leaving the ground, and at each jump of the buffalo the going got tougher and faster.

"Thinking the horse would go end over end any minute, I threw the turns of my new rawhide rope off the horn of the saddle, and made the buffalo a present of it. As the boys came up, we saw the buffalo jump off a low rim rock into the Missouri river with my rope still around his neck and leg. He swam across, and as the herd made for the opposite bank, my last look at my rope showed it like a snake wriggling into the grass beyond.

The buffalo weighed about 2,000 pounds. It was too much for a 900 pound horse to stop."

Russell said, 37 years afterward, "Judging from the way he traveled, you and "Bunky" wasn't even a good rough neck. He started for Texas like he didn't intend to make many stops, but you

and “Bunky” didn’t want to go that far, so you thought of your dollies and made him a present of your rawhide.”

It was the only instance, Russell said, when he had seen a cowboy rope a full-grown buffalo.” The Mineral Independent, April 21, 1932, page 2.



Montana’s Last Hunt for Bison

W. T. Hornaday, Famous Expert on Wild Animals, Got One for Smithsonian.

Party was led by cowboys of the Phillips Land and Cattle Company During the Summer of 1886, Hornaday paid \$50 for a Lively Buffalo Calf.

By “Mon Tana Lou” Grill

[Louis “Montana Lou” Frederick Grill was born on March 13, 1877, in Fort Clinton, Ohio. He graduated from Valparaiso University in Indiana with a commercial major, which led him to a teaching career. He taught in many schools and colleges during his career, including Southern Minnesota Normal College, School of Commerce at Austin, South Dakota Baptist College and Christopher Business College. While in Austin, Grill headed the Commercial Department at the School of Commerce from 1897 to 1900 and became the Field Solicitor for the *Moron County Herald*. He began his editorial career as a telegraph editor for the *Sioux Falls Press* while teaching at the South Dakota Baptist College and Christopher Business College. In 1919, Grill unofficially started to work for the *Miles City Daily Star*; he was not officially hired until 1952. In 1921, Grill became the unofficial editor of the newspaper. Grill wrote the column “Passing Parade” as well as historical articles, many of them about Montana. Grill was given many awards for his writing during his career, including an honorary membership in Sigma Delta Chi, a Montana State University (University of Montana) National Journalism Fraternity. He was also awarded many honorary Native American memberships. Grill died on August 6, 1953.” <http://archiveswest.orbiscascade.org/ark:/80444/xv59854>] A member of Miles City Kiwanis Club and its president in 1924. The Missoulian, August 10, 1924. He held the annual Press Association golf tournament trophy in 1933. The Missoulian, August 14, 1933. Louis Grill’s obituary: “Louis Grill, Editor At Miles City, Dies. Miles City, Mont. AP – Louis Frederick (Lou) Grill, 76, editor of the Miles City Daily Star, died Thursday. Physicians said he died of a chest ailment. Grill started with the Miles City Daily Star in 1919 as a reporter. He left school teaching for newspapers in Sioux Falls, S. D., in 1903. He was a columnist for the South Dakota State Forum and later was telegraph editor of the Sioux Falls Press. Grill wrote a column in the Star under the name “Mon Tana Lou” and was an authority on Montana history. Funeral arrangements are incomplete. Survivors include his wife, one daughter, one son, one brother, one sister and several grandchildren.” August 7, 1953 The Missoulian]

A buffalo calf, caught alive by a group of cowboys employed by the Phillips Land and Cattle company, during the early part of June, 1886, was brought to Miles City and sold to an agent of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. D.C., for \$50. It was a lively little animal and attracted much attention. The captive of the animal suggested that there must be an extant a small herd of buffalo in the Missouri river brakes region north of Miles City.

The Phillips Land and Cattle company was one of the larger outfits operating in eastern Montana. H. R. Phillips was the manager. The company ranged its livestock on the Little Dry and tributaries from its head to the mouth of Rock creek. Cattle belonging to the outfit were branded

with a UL on both sides. The horses bore the same brand on the left hip. Visiting in Miles City at the same time, and undoubtedly the agent for the Smithsonian Institute who purchased the buffalo calf, W. T. Hornaday, who later distinguished himself as a naturalist and a writer of books on wild animals, became deeply interested in extending his inquiries into the possibilities of the existence of a herd of buffalo. He had been informed that buffalo had been practicably exterminated during the winter of 1884-1885 in the last organized hunt which was conducted on a large scale.

Succeeding in interesting the late L. A. Huffman, photographer, originator of Huffman pictures, a group of Miles City men, composed largely of experienced hunters, departed for the north country. The North Side roundup was in progress, but was nearing its close. Phillips on the request of the Hornaday party, was able to release a number of his cowboys to accompany the expedition. The region in which the buffalo calf was captured was visited and became the starting point from which the buffalo hunt was to proceed.

Before leaving Miles City, Hornaday learned that Dr. Burleigh had returned from a tour of week or more of the North Side roundups under Frank Gilson. He reported that everything was moving along satisfactory with the prospect of fair calf crop. Incidentally, Dr. Burleigh also stated that one cowboys employed by the John H. Conrad outfit had killed a cinnamon bear. This news became interesting to Hornaday at once. He made further inquiry.

Simon White was the foreman of the Conrad ranch. Livestock owned by the outfit ranged on the Big Dry, which was to the north of the range of the Phillips Land and Cattle territory. From the Big Dry, the Conrad range extended to Sand creek, covering a wide territory, and reaching to the Missouri river brakes.

Continuing the narrative of his experiences, Dr. Burleigh also reported that the boys on the roundup work, while he was in the region, sighted a herd of buffalo numbering approximately 26, and that a boy who was with the roundup workers captured a buffalo calf. The animal, however, being too heavy to carry, was conveyed to camp by the boy on horseback and died.

With this information in his possession, Hornaday and associates made a wide reconnaissance by scattering over a large territory, yet keeping in communication with each other.

Moving gradually to the north the party reached the low foothills leading to the rougher country bordering the Missouri river. Suddenly a member of the party, discovering evidence of a trail made by a small band of buffalo, announced the direction pointed northward. The trail was followed. The hunters, using all the knowledge gained in previous successful buffalo hunting expeditions, maneuvered the positions of the members of the party to avoid detection by the buffalo and came upon the small herd grazing in a depression of the brakes entirely oblivious to the presence of enemies.

Exercising extreme caution in the final approach, the party moved up closer, inch by inch, when fire was opened. The band scattered quickly and the members of the party endeavored to follow the fleeing survivors.

Hornaday returned to Miles City on Thursday, June 10, 1886. He had in his possession two full grown buffaloes, one which was a very large bull. He brought along also a live buffalo calf, which was a lively little animal in spite of being a capture. In addition he had a number of antelope and some smaller animals. The buffalo were killed by the cowboys of the Phillips Land and Cattle Company. It was stated at the time that there were only about a dozen buffalo left in the country and it was a hard matter to come upon them.

The buffalo secured by Hornaday on the occasion of that trip were taken east to be mounted and placed in the Smithsonian Institute where they may be seen at the present time.”

This appeared in the Dillon Examiner Wednesday March 27, 1940. Hornaday later became an advocate of saving the buffalo.

Pablo and Allard Buffalo Herd

“In 1899, the total population of bison in the entire world was just over a thousand, and over half of these belonged to the famous Pablo-Allard herd which ranged along the Flathead river. Most of the 23 thousand American bison in the world today are descended from this herd.” Bridge to Survival, John Kidder, The Pioneer-Post-St. Ignatius Centennial Issue 1954

The history of the Pablo-Allard “herd cannot be written without some knowledge of the men who nourished it and guarded it for so many years. Michel Pablo and Charles Allard were both of mixed white and Indian blood. They were both frugal and industrious ranchmen and cattle owners. They inherited business acumen and tireless activity from their white ancestors, and an instinctive knowledge of nature and wildlife from their Indian forebearers. Their love for the buffalo came from their Indian heritage.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” page 83.

“In 1893 Pablo and Allard purchased 26 head of full-blooded bison and 18 head of catalo (crossbreeds of cattle and bison) from Col. Robert (Buffalo) Jones of Omaha. The new arrivals joined the herd without causing any trouble, and the catalo were loaded unto barges and ferried to Wild Horse Island in Flathead Lake, to keep them separate from the purebreds. Apparently, they were not too happy with this arrangement, for it was not long until they swam back to the mainland to range around Big Draw, west of Elmo.” Bridge to Survival, John Kidder, The Pioneer-Post-St. Ignatius Centennial Issue 1954
This gave them 36 thoroughbreds from which the herd was built up.

“Millionaire once a range cook.

A very interesting incident resulted from the purchase of the herd of Buffalo Jones. That gentleman contracted to deliver at Butte, Montana. He arrived there on a Sunday afternoon with them, and Mr. Allard, who was there to accept the shipment, found he required more money than he had actually with him to secure delivery. In his predicament he turned to Jos. A. Clark, a brother to Senator Clark, the millionaire cooper mine owner, who, before he suddenly amassed a great fortune in the Butte camp, had been engaged as a cook on Allard’s and Pablo’s ranch on

the reservation at the time, when W.A., afterwards the senator, was driving the mail there. The servants at Clark's mansion did extend a very cordial to Mr. Allard, when he appeared in his picturesque rancher's attire, seeking a personal interview with the millionaire, but the latter was delighted to be in a position to accommodate his former employer, and Mr. Allard's financial difficulty was speedily removed.

A wild west show was given in Butte under the auspices of Messrs. Allard and Pablo, with the buffalo as a feature of the exhibition. The animals were then driven overland to the ranch beyond Ravalli, where they remained until purchased by the Canadian government.

Some came from Manitoba

It was these animals which gave Manitobans a peculiar interest in the present herd, for they were secured by Buffalo Jones from Col. Bedson, of Stonewall, when that gentleman was warden of the penitentiary there. Col. Bedson had purchased them some years previously from late Hon. James McKay at one time provincial secretary of Manitoba, by whom the collection was originally made, about the time that Walking Coyote effected his fortunate capture. A portion of the same herd was purchased by Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and were presented by him to the Canadian government. With the exception of four, which the city of Winnipeg was allowed to retain after a vigorous protest, the remainder were sent to Banff to grace the national park there, where under the careful eye of Supt. Douglas, they have increased rapidly, until today there is herd of 87 fine animals. The herd in the Winnipeg suburban park at present are natural increase of the four this city was allowed to retain, and the three old buffalo at river park, which were purchased from Howard Eaton by the street car company, are from the same parent stock. Consequently, it will be seen how closely allied are the leading herds now in existence."

Edmonton Bulletin, Friday, November 8, 1907, D. J. Benham.

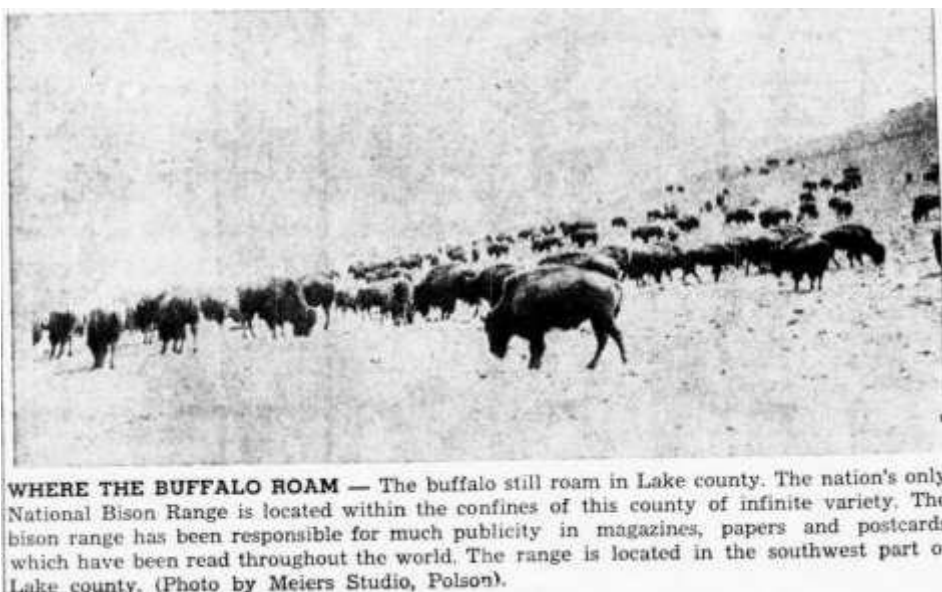
"During Mr. Allard's life time the buffalo were closely herded under his person supervision, and consequently were comparatively tame and easily handled by horsemen, but after his death, in 1896, other great business responsibilities made it impossible for Mr. Pablo to devote the same attention to the herd. He had to entrust the work to hired help and this no doubt, accounts for the fact that the animals, which have never known fence nor feed, beyond what they foraged on the range, are now as wild as any which ever roamed the prairies."

Edmonton Bulletin, Friday, November 8, 1907, D. J. Benham



“View of bison in a meadow on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Mission Mountains in the background” taken by C. Emsley in 1894. Montana Historical Society.

“When Pablo and Allard butchered of their buffalo herd, they often sold the hides of the animals. These the purchasers made into robes, which had many uses. One purpose they served that is not known to many in this day, was in lieu of sheets, which the housewife did not always own. I used them often, and very snug bedding they made.” “Buffalo in the Flathead” told by Mrs. Camille McGowan to Mabel C. Olson, December 29, 1941. Mrs. McGowan lived in Missoula, Montana all of her life.



Last of the Buffalo, Tom Jones, 1909, *The Flathead Courier*, June 1, 1960, page 1.

The Conrad Herd.

In the spring of 1901 the Conrad Brothers, of Kalispell, Mont., purchased some buffalo of Pablo and Allard estate. They were bought as a business venture, and the owners have since offered to dispose of some of them. They are kept near Kalispell in an enclosure of 240 acres.

The herd consists of thirty-six fullbloods. The number of calves born in 1901 was nine. Three calves and one, cow died in calving, probably from injuries received in handling and driving on the way from Pablo's in early spring. There are eight bulls, one stag, eighteen cows and heifers, of which three are three-year-olds. The calves are dropped in May and June.

One two-year-old bull was castrated. He went off by himself for some time until he had recovered. The fence which encloses the buffalo is about five feet high. with one wire at about three feet from the ground. The same fence would be required for domestic stock.

They have been fed about fifty tons of timothy and grain hay. The buffalo seem to prefer the grain hay. They all look fat and thrifty. Some of the cows were commencing to shed their winter coats. Everything connected with the buffalo is in good shape.

Mr. [Samuel] Ford, who personally attends to this herd, is an old Montana cattleman, and so thoroughly in sympathy with the animals that they ought to do well in his care. The public is not allowed to frighten or worry the buffalo, but interested persons will be given every opportunity to see the herd. The herd is run by business men, and information concerning it may be had from

W. A. Conrad, Kalispell, Mont." *Natural History Montana's Buffalo. The Pablo-Allard Herd, The Origin of the Herd*, Charles Hallock, *Forest and Stream*, vol. 59.

Will Preserve the Buffalo. The American Bison Society, of which Dr. Morton J. Elrod of the University of Montana is one of the managers, is now making a determined effort to establish buffalo herds in different parts of the United States, with a view to preserving the bison from extermination. At the first annual meeting of the society, recently held in New York, the society decided to investigate the conditions in Montana, to determine the practicability of locating a

herd somewhere on or near the Flathead reservation. The secretary Earnest H. Baynes, has been occupied during the last year, creating a public sentiment favorable to the movement by lectures and public articles depicting the present status of the American buffalo. Regarding the movement the New York Evening Post recently published the following information: "The first proposition looked in to seriously was a request from California for the installation of a herd in the Sequoia national park. On investigation it was found that the park was not well adapted for such a herd. The park is situated in the bottom of a narrow valley surrounded by very high mountains, and the grazing is only sufficient for the herd of elk which now occupies the territory. It appears, therefore, that a herd of buffalo there would have to be fed continuously, and, as the place is distant from any railroad, the expense would be greater than the government would like to assume for a herd in that remote locality. "At present the society is investigating the conditions in North Western Montana, with a view to the practicability of locating a herd somewhere on or near the Flathead reservation. It was quite possible, Mr. Hornaday said, that the society would send one of its officers to that region in the coming summer to examine all the conditions with the utmost care and report in the same thorough manner as did J. Alden Loring, who was sent by the Zoological society to report upon the Wichita forest and game reserve, in South western Oklahoma. "In regard to the last named mission?, it will be remembered that the Zoological society made an order to the government, which was accepted, if the gift of herd of buffaloes, of the government would fence in a suitable range on the Wichita reserve. The fence of this range, the buildings and the corals are now under contract and well within the appropriation of \$15,000 made for the purpose by congress last year. It is believed that the fence will be completed about July 1, and the herd will probably be shipped from the Zoological park in September or October, as the animals cannot be sent in summer, when the calves are very young. "About 15 head, of all ages, leaving 20 head in the park. The Borax buffaloes by the way, are now in most excellent condition. The offer of the gift to the government was prompted solely by patriotic motives, as it is conceded by all compliant authorities that the American bison cannot be preserved from ultimate extinction by breeding in the confinement of zoological gardens and parks. Buffaloes can be permanently saved only by establishing herds on very large areas, so that the animals will be in a semi-wild condition. and will thereby obtain the necessary exercise which is absolutely necessary to their continued welfare. "There are now about 180 buffaloes in the old Austin Corbin herd at Newport, N. H., in the park of the Blue Mountain Forest association. About 150 head are in the Pablo herd on the Flathead reservation, in Northwestern Montana, and not in any government reserve. Charles Goodnight, in the Texas Panhandle, has about 60 head, and in the government herd in the Yellowstone park there are about 40. At Fort Pierre, S. D. James Philip has about 40. At Fort Pierre, S. D., James Philip has about 80 head, and at Pawnee, Okla., Major Gordon W. Lillie ("Pawnee Bill") owns about 60. These, Mr. Hornaday said, are now the principal heads of bison in the country. In the offices of the American Bison society, which was an organization a year ago, are: Honorary president, Theodore Roosevelt; honorary vice president, Earl Gray; president, William T. Hornaday; vice presidents, A. A. Anderson and Dr. Charles S. Minot; secretary Earnest Harold Baynes, Professor L. L. Dyche, Professor Morton J. Elrod, Professor John H. Gerould, Madison Grant, Professor Franklyn W. Hooper, William T. Hornaday, C. J. Jones, Professor David Starr Jordan, Frederic H. Kennard, Dr. Charles S. Minot, Dr. T. S. Palmer, A. Brown Perry, Gifford Pinchot, Earnest Thompson Seton, Edmund Seymore and William Lyman Underwood." The Dillon Examiner, March 6, 1907, page 2.



The Pioneer-Post-St. Ignatius Centennial Issue 1954

Following are short biographies of Charles Allard, Sr. and Michel Pablo:

Louis Charles "Chi-cha-li" Allard

He was called the "Montana Buffalo King" and was a cattle horse and buffalo rancher, and stage coach operator.

Louis Charles Allard was born August 29, 1852 in Gervais, Marion County, Oregon, the son of Magloire Louis Allard (1818-1871) of Canada. His father Magloire died in 1871 in Wolf Lodge, Idaho Territory. [Twenty miles west of Old Mission, Idaho.] Louis Charles Allard was always called Charles or

Charley. [Historical sources refer to his mother as Betsie Snowden and also as an Indian woman of Willamette Valley, Oregon.] (the notes in bracket [] are mine.)

Charles worked in the Superior & Scarmouth mines in Montana early in life.

Included here are several biographies from different sources, with additions and corrections:

Early Days by Miss Beaver (no date) Mission Valley News

"The Allards are among Montana's earliest pioneers. Charles Allard, Sr., a great-uncle of Doug Allard, proprietor of the Flathead Indian Museum at St. Ignatius, was a prominent and colorful character.

Charles Allard, Sr. when only 10 years old, arrived with his father, Louis Allard in 1862, near the region now known as Bearmouth. [Then a lively gold town, Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography: A-F by Dan L. Thrapp, page 14.] They brought with them a small herd of cayuses, which they sold to the miners. When the herd was sold, the father left young Charles with a Mr. Dupuis and set out for Idaho, possibly to secure more horses. In time it was learned that Louis Allard had been mistaken for another and was ambushed and killed [in his sleep] by a young Nez Perce Indian. When Charles heard this, he left the employ of Mr. Dupuis and set out on his own. [Charles had in the meantime become a cowboy.]

Several years later he met and married the youngest daughter of Louis M. and Emily Brown (Brun) [Emily (Gauche) Goetsche] of Frenchtown, Emerence "Su-Mill-Qui- She-Nah" Brown (1861-1887)

Two sons were born to Charles Sr. and his wife, Joseph and Charles Jr. [From New Northwest, Deer Lodge, Montana, Friday, 12 August, 1887, p2: "There were four cases of Diphtheria at the Sister's Hospital this week, two of which have proved fatal. Charley Allard's little boy, about ten years of age, died at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, and a little daughter of J.J. Grant, of Selish, died about the same hour. Mr. Grant arrived here from the Head of the Lake yesterday morning. His little girl was three years old.-- Missoulain 5th." Also appeared in The Weekly Missoulain, Aug.5, 1887, p3.]

The wild country that Charles Allard Sr. knew began to change as civilization advanced. From 1882-1883 he furnished beef to the crews building the railroad from Arlee west, to where it crosses the Pend d'Oreille River (the Flathead) at Perma.

Charles Allard Sr. shipped the first beef cattle from this region to Chicago; 150 head of his own and 150 head belonging to Billy Irvine, Michael Pablo, Duncan McDonald, Alex DeMers and Antoine DeMers. His two sons Joseph and Charles Jr. accompanied him.

It was on this trip that Allard purchased the "Buffalo" Jones herd of buffalo, to add new blood to theirs in Montana, which they owned in partnership with Michael Pablo."

From Mission Valley News, 18 Jul 1984 - Early Days by Miss Beaver

"Heading North by the Allard Stage"

"Difficult to get anything done about Highway 93? Then consider the problems of the stage coach driver when roads followed the line of least resistance and bridges did not exist.

When all of Montana west of the Continental Divide formed Missoula County, Charles Allard Sr. had to go to the county seat at Missoula in 1886 to get action on a road along the east shore of Flathead Lake.

The Northern Pacific Railroad crossed the southern end of the Reservation in 1882 bringing tons of freight to Ravalli. Much of this freight was to be trans-shipped to DeMersville, a small town at the northern end of Flathead Lake. Freight wagons drawn by two to six teams of horses daily hauled thousands of tons of freight to Polson. There barges or steam boats freighted it across the lake to DeMersville. Much of this freight was used in the construction of the Great Northern railroad.

Passengers also arrived by train in Ravalli bound for DeMersville. A prominent Saint Ignatius rancher, Charles Allard Sr. saw the need of passenger transportation and started a stage route to provide more pleasant travel than by freight wagon.

Passengers arriving by Northern Pacific trains would spend the night in one of Ravalli's two hotels. They were awakened at an early hour so that they ate breakfast before the stage left at 6:30 a.m.

The driver, who was responsible for the comfort and safety of his passengers, loaded luggage, collected tickets and assigned seats. The place of honor beside the driver would be given to a distinguished passenger. As no "Henry Plummer" lurked along Allard's route he needed no "shotgun messenger".

Charles Allard Sr. and his son Joseph were masters of the reins. Their fingers controlled spirited mustangs that took the road at a gallop. Men would say of the road "That it curved so that horses could eat from the baggage boot." Yet the driver tried to follow a regular schedule, keeping his teams at a moderate gallop thus averaging about 15 miles an hour.

The horses started at a furious gallop until the steep climb up Ravalli hill slowed their progress. They would pick up speed again on the freight road turning north just over the hill. Teams would be changed at the station on Post Creek. Today the James Violette home is a portion of that old stage station.

Angling northeast, the fresh teams climbed Post Creek hill and would be changed at Spring Creek that bubbles out of the ground near Ronan State Bank.

Crossing the hill above the present St. Joseph's Hospital in Polson, a downhill run would bring them to the station about where the bridge crosses the Pend d'Oreille River. There was no bridge, the stage crossed on a flat-bottom boat or ferry manned by four strong Indian oarsmen.

The road on the west shore of Flathead Lake was used until about 1886 when it was decided that an east shore road would shorten the route. Charles Allard Sr. had enough influence with Missoula County commissioners to get the east shore road built with county help. An overnight stop was planned at Station Creek.

No longer did the Dowd men carry mail from Arlee to De Mersville by pony express. A contract to carry mail was secured by Charles Allard. The chief stipulation of the post master general being that mail be carried in a coach drawn by four horses.

The mail contract helped pay expenses and when other coach lines started competition Charles Allard offered "free rides with dinner thrown in." No other lines could make such offers.

Charles Allard Sr. continued to guide the stages and pursue other activities until his death in 1896.

The ever increasing passenger traffic to and from the Flathead country deserves better stage accommodations than Mr. Allard is furnishing. All classes of both men and women pass over the road and it is anything but agreeable to a refined woman, who has always been guarded from even the presence of evil, to be sandwiched in beside one of the lowest representatives of the demi monde, and be compelled to travel by her side the whole day through; yet this is what many of Mr. Allard's patrons are forced to endure. A recent traveler over the line remarked that the horrors of that stage ride would never be erased from her mind.

Missoula Weekly Gazette, April 8, 1891, page 7.

"Local Mention

Charley Allard the well-known Flathead stage man, came in from the reservation today en route to Oregon where he goes to purchase a large stock of horses for his Flathead line." Missoula Weekly Gazette, February 25, 1891, page 3.



Charles Allard, Sr.

From In The Shadows of the Missions - Compiled by Inez Siegrist and the Publication Committee, 1986, Mission Valley News, Ronan, Montana:

"The Allard Family

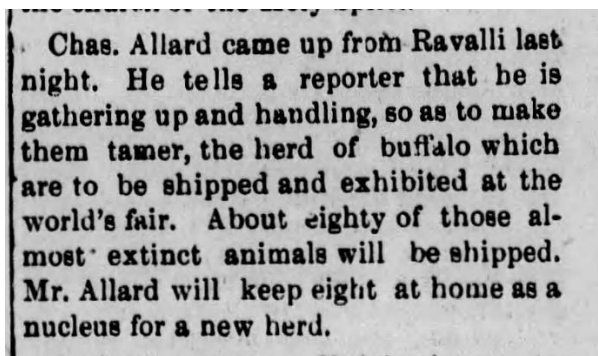
Our country's proud boast - that it is a "melting pot" of nationalities - is very evident in Montana's Lake County. Not only do we have a good proportion of Native Americans; we also have the descendants of settlers from most European countries, from Asia, Africa, Latin America, Australia and many of the islands of the world's oceans.

The Allard family history in Montana starts with Louis Allard, a native of Montreal and an educated man. About 1855, he settled in the Willamette Valley in Oregon, where he married a woman of the Willamette Indian tribe. In 1865 after the death of his wife, Louis brought his only child, Charles to Montana. Both Allard's were fine horsemen and at a very young age, Charles was off alone on the range, rounding up cattle and horses. About 1870 or 1871, Louis left on a horse buying trip to Idaho, leaving Charles with a friend, Mr. Dupuis.

But Louis' trip was never completed. He was sleeping in his camp near Wolf Lodge, Idaho, when a Nez Perce, mistaking him for an enemy, killed him. He was buried along the Mullan road by them, and it was almost two years before the news of his death reached his son, Charles. Charles then left the Dupuis home to make it on his own. He met and married Emerance Brown, the youngest daughter of Louis (Brun) Brown of Frenchtown. After giving birth to two sons, Joseph and Charles Allard, Jr., the young wife died in 1887. Six years later, Charles, Sr., married Louise Courville. Ranching on the Flathead Indian Reservation, he not only accumulated a sizable herd of cattle and horses, but also personally supervised stock shipments to the east, traveling as far as Chicago and Winnipeg. He was one of the area's pioneers in the preservation of the nearly extinct buffalo herds, and was known worldwide as the Montana Buffalo King."

Louise presented him with two daughters, Eva and Louise. [From the Montana Gazette

(Daily) Tues., July 12, 1892, p 8: "Local Mention License to marry was issued yesterday to Charles Allard and Louise Courville, both of the Flathead."]



Chas. Allard came up from Ravalli last night. He tells a reporter that he is gathering up and handling, so as to make them tamer, the herd of buffalo which are to be shipped and exhibited at the world's fair. About eighty of those almost extinct animals will be shipped. Mr. Allard will keep eight at home as a nucleus for a new herd.

August 31, 1892 Missoula Weekly Gazette

"Lavallie and Butler Creeks

Issuing from the hills and running through Grass Valley are two small creeks which the Indians designated "Na-se-latknú," signifying "Two creeks running near together." Named for a French blacksmith, Louis LaVallie, who located early there, both creeks bore his name for some years, until one Butler took a ranch along the easterly one. For long has been known that veins of coal underlie the ground about these creeks, but it is but now that the persistent endeavors of W. R. Glasscock seem to be meeting with reward in the uncovering of a quality bidding fair to effect a change in Missoula's fuel affairs.

Near Lavallie creek, at the foot of the hill, beside the old road leading over O'Keefe creek, was the house built, I think, by Louis Lavallie, during the "70s," owned and occupied by John Hammer. In October, 1874, Charles Allard, Sr., and Hammer were bringing a band of some thirty horses from Lewiston, Idaho, via the Lolo trail. Near the "Horseshoe Bend" along the top of the divide beyond the Locksaw, a rigorous snowstorm struck the travelers. They made camp as best they might. When the storm cleared there was ten feet of snow. Allard and Hammer were compelled to abandon the horses to their fate, themselves making their way out of the mountains only after a fearful and protracted struggle, without food. My memory photographs them distinctly, as gaunt and emaciated, they reached Missoula. I am told the heaped-up bones of the horses made a "Landmark" on the trail for years.

Some five years later, Hammer was killed by being thrown from "Grey Jack," a real racehorse of the early days. Allard lived to become a "buffalo king" of the Flathead reservation." By Will Cave, June 4, 1922 The Missoulian

[In 1876-77 a Spaniard known as Aeneas appeared in the Missoula Fair Grounds with "a rather pretentious appearing, rangy grey horse named "Grey Jack." In the principal running event of the meet, Grey Jack "had cantered under the wire safely ahead of his closest competitor, they were then accepted as being decidedly in the reckoning." The Fair of 1877 – The Fair of 1877 was to a great extent, along the lines of the preceding year, "Grey Jack" again cleaning up in the running races. In 1878 a race named "Terlula," a Kentucky Thoroughbred mare from Butte was ran against Grey Jack. "The race was destined to be the downfall of the grey veteran. Aeneas himself always rode the grey. In this event, I thionk he rather discounted the running capacity of the thoroughbred and went into the race with his usual confidence. At about the three-quarter pole Terlula easily drew past Grey Jack and Aeneas, realizing that he could not catch up again, resorted to a ruse as his only chance to win. As they turned into home stretch, Aeneas threw himself clear of his mount and sent Grey Jack on alone. The old Grey seemed to know what was expected of him and made a magnificent effort to make good, but failed by a length, much to the disappointment of his old admirers who were on tiptoes, yelling: "Come on Jack! Come on! Come on old boy! Come on! Come on!"

Aeneas and Grey Jack remained in the country, winning a race now and then until, 1879, John Hammer, an early-day stockman with a ranch on LaVallie creek, bought the horse. Aeneas did not want to sell, but being hard up on money, finally yielded to Hammer's persuasion, but told Hammer: You be ver' careful or dat ol horse will keel you." Evidently he knew the horse. Hammer was an expert rider, yet on November 29, 1876, while riding the grey along Burnt creek a few miles out of Stevensville, the horse threw him; his head struck a boulder. He was killed instantly. Whether Hammer had paid in full for the horse, I do not know, but, not long after, Aeneas again became the owner of Grey Jack and they left for "parts unknown." "The Real Fair Record," Will Cave, December 13, 1931 The Missoulian,]

Charles Allard Sr. died in Chicago from complications from an injured knee and the buffalo were divided between the Allard estate and the surviving partner. Charles Allard Sr. is buried in the old cemetery in St. Ignatius.

From The Flathead Courier, 22 August 1963 - "A Special Pioneer Old Missoulian Article Tells of Life of Charles Allard, Famous Flathead Valley Pioneer and Rancher

(Editor's note: Next Sunday, Aug. 25, is the Reservation Pioneers annual reunion and picnic. The Courier always tries to have a special feature in conjunction with this occasion. This year we have been requested to publish a biographical sketch of the famous Flathead pioneer, Charles Allard. Some of Mr. Allard's descendants probably will be at the picnic...possibly even his son, Joseph, who now resides with his wife Adelaide at St. Ignatius. The article below is a reprint from the Daily Missoulian of July 22, 1896.

(Missoulian - July 22nd 1896)

Charles Allard of Ravalli of the Flathead Reservation, known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the Montana Buffalo King, died in Chicago early yesterday morning. He came to Montana when a mere youth over 30 years ago; his whole life and energy went to make up a portion of the history of his time. While riding over the Reservation last fall, looking after his stock he hurt his right knee by striking it against a tree. At the time he paid little attention to it, but it gradually became worse and he came to the Sister's Hospital in Missoula last December. He was treated by Dr. Mills, and after being in the hospital for a short time, he went home much against the wishes of his physician, who told him rest and quietness were the essential things in his case.

He was discontented at the hospital, but after being home a short time he returned again on Mar. 4th. His knee grew worse, rapidly until he determined to go east and went thither on June 1st and entered St. Joseph's hospital in Chicago, where the best surgeons operated upon him without effect.

His sufferings in Chicago are best described by Sandy Cameron, an old time Montanan, who was also a patient in the same hospital up to a few weeks ago, which is now in the Sister's Hospital in this city. Mr. Cameron says Mr. Allard's knee cap was removed in hopes of saving the leg without avail, for Allard's constitution was not strong enough to stand the operation. Mr. Allard was fretting about home and interests which together with the pain of his leg made him very weak.

When he saw Allard last he said he would be home by the 1st of August, but he knew different, for the pallor of death was fixed upon him and his death seemed a certainty in the course of a short time. Charles Allard, Jr., a son of the deceased, was in the city when the news of his father's death was wired to C. H. McLeod yesterday morning. He was very much affected by the news and left for home during the afternoon to arrange for the funeral which will likely take place at St. Ignatius Mission next Sunday, for the remains have been ordered shipped to Montana for burial, and interment will take place beside the remains of his relatives at the Mission. The deceased leaves a wife and four children, two sons, Joseph, aged 21, and Charles, aged 19, by his first wife, and two little girls by his second wife, who reside at their home on the Reservation near Mud Creek, some 20 Miles from the Mission.

Charles Allard was about 45 years of age, a native of Oregon. His father was a native of Montreal, Canada, where he conducted a small store on St. John street. Hearing of the far west, he sold out in Montreal and went to Oregon when it was a mere wilderness. About 1855 he settled in the Willamette valley and a few years later married a woman of the Willamette tribe of Indians. The result of their marriage was a son who was christened Charles. As near as can be learned the mother lived only a few years afterwards.

In 1865 when Charles was a mere boy, his father, who was a well educated man, set out with his son, reaching here after undergoing many perils. Father and son were both expert horsemen. In 1866, they were in old Beartown, at that time one of the most prosperous placer mining camps in

the territory. The father found work about the camp while Charles found steady employment in the saddle as a range rider, looking after horses and cattle.

For a time he was employed by Pat Dooley and later by a man who lived near New Chicago. The old timers of Bear Gulch relate how young Allard used to come into camp with horses and cattle he rounded up alone off the ranges.

From Beartown the Allards moved to Cedar Gulch in the later sixties. Young Allard was always under the watchful eye of his father, who took great interest in his son. In 1870 or '71 Mr. Allard announced his intention of making a trip to Oregon, and after stating the time of his return, he bade his boy good bye and started over the old Mullan road. His journey was undisturbed until he reached Wolf Lodge, some 20 miles west of Old Mission, Idaho, where he camped for the night. While he was asleep an Indian crept upon him and cut his head open with a hatchet. Other travelers found his remains a few days later. He was buried on the spot and his grave has been seen by many who have traversed the same route afterwards.

When the news reached young Allard of his father's death, his energies seem to have new life and from that time until his death he was one of the most energetic men in Western Montana. Gradually he gathered around him large bands of cattle and horses. About 25 years ago, he married a daughter of Louis Brown, who was killed a few years ago by the cars at Arlee, and moved on to the Flathead Reservation, where he resided since that time. His first wife died about ten years ago. Later he married a daughter of Louis Courville, who resides on the reservation. The relatives of both his wives were in close touch with the Flathead Indians, and through this Charles Allard became a prominent factor on the Reservation.

During all these years, he made many long trips to the east with stock and became well known in Chicago and other eastern points. Of his trips were three overland trips to Winnipeg in the early seventies, and another Black Hills in 1881, in company with John Demers of Frenchtown.

At the time the buffaloes were beginning to get thinned out by the hunters of the plains, Mr. Allard was guarding a band on the Reservation and they were added to until at the present time the Allard band of buffaloes is the largest in the United States. During his life he was offered large prices for them but refused all offers. It was on account of his buffaloes more than anything else that gave him such a wide reputation in the east and elsewhere.

Besides his buffaloes consisting of 100 head or more, he has several thousand head of cattle and it has not been an unusual thing to hear of Allard going to Chicago with a whole train load of beef cattle three times a year. He was possessed of many good qualities and is spoken of in the highest terms by all who knew him.

His funeral, which takes place next Sunday, promises to be one of the largest ever held in the state and will be attended by the Flathead Indians from far and near. Yesterday upon the street of

Missoula more than one Indian was shedding tears of real sorrow when the news of his death came. He was not a chief but he was a friend that cannot be replaced, and the Indians say so."

From the Daily Missoulian, Tuesday, 28 July 1896, p5:

"Earth to earth. Funeral of Charles Allard at the Mission. Flathead Reservation. Many from Missoula, Frenchtown, and Elsewhere Pay the Last Tribute of Respect.

Charles Allard, the "Buffalo King of Montana," was buried at St. Ignatius Mission Sunday. It was a day of mourning among his friends and particularly among the Indians of the Flathead reservation. His funeral was attended by at least 700 hundred whites and Indians from the reservation, Frenchtown and Missoula.

A Missoulian reporter left Missoula Sunday morning on the early train. Reaching Ravalli station the Frenchtown and Missoula delegations, numbering nearly fifty people, were met by a delegation from the Mission with carriages and escorted to the Mission, five miles across the country, reaching there at 11 o'clock. Before the party arrived, Requiem mass was celebrated at 9:30 over the remains in the church, where they lay in state. Through the courtesy of the Sisters of Providence, who had charge of the Indian schools, the ladies of the party were entertained during the day while the men found places elsewhere.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the church bell began to toll, announcing that the time for the funeral was at hand. People began to flock toward the church from all quarters of the Mission. Among the first to arrive was Chief Baptiste [Kakashe], arrayed in civilian's clothes, with his iron gray hair neatly combed down over his shoulders. On his feet he wore a plain pair of moccasins and around his neck hung a crucifix. He is not an ordinary looking Indian, his dark eyes, brown face and pleasing manners shows him to be a leader among his people.

When the gathering had assembled, Father D'Aste, who is nearly 80 years old, and the oldest Father at the Mission, advanced from the sacristy, accompanied by five acolytes and proceeded to the middle of the church, where the body rested. Here the oblation prayers of the Catholic church were recited, response being by the choir composed of the Indian girls of the Mission.

In a few well-chosen words the priest paid a fitting tribute to the deceased for the active part he took in the early settlement of western Montana, dwelling at length on the many acts of kindness he had performed during his life time and the exemplary examples he had set for his friends who had congregated around his bier to pay their last tribute of respect by assisting at his funeral. Next came the march to the grave, the procession being headed by three acolytes, one of them bearing a crucifix followed by the vast throng who preceded the remains, which were followed by the priest and two more acolytes. On the way to the grave the Indians sang a mournful song, which has been chanted by the Flatheads since they have been known to the whites but has been modified and is now sung as a religious canticle. At the grave the last prayers of the church were read by the priest, the response being given by the Indians. As the grave was being filled each of

the Indians, irrespective of age, came forward, picked up a handful of earth and placed it in the grave."



Allard

stage coach

University of Montana Archives

Michel Pablo

Michel Pablo was born sometime in 1844 or 1845 probably at Fort Benton, Montana Territory, the son of Michel Pablo and Otter Woman, a Piegan Blackfeet. Michel Pablo, Sr. was the interpreter at the Flathead Agency in 1863 at \$500 a year. Michel, Jr. is listed as "herder" at \$50 per month. Although, his mother was a Blackfeet he was still enrolled on the Flathead Reservation. He father is said to be Mexican. He had two brothers Frank and Laurette "Larak" Pablo and one sister, Margaret "Maggie" Pablo who married James Todd. He was the great-grandson of Jacques Raphael "Jocko" Finlay. [His marriage record says his mother was Pend d'Oreille.]

"His father died when he was young, and after the death of the father the boy accompanied his Indian mother to the Colville Reservation, in the territory of Washington. His mother died there, and he remained on the Colville Reservation until he was about 13, associating in his boyhood

with Indian boys. [Another version is: He was orphaned as a youngster and it "is related on seemingly reliable authority that Michel and his brother, Laurette, were the only survivors of an Indian raid on the white settlement at Fort Benton. Michel's first memory, after the skirmish,

was of being wrapped in a buffalo robe in the company of the Blackfeet Indians.”] Then he went to De Smet, Montana, which is now within Missoula county; and after staying there a short time he went to the Flathead Reservation, and has lived there ever since, or for about 42 or 43 years. About 4 years after he removed to the Flathead Reservation a council of Indian chiefs of the Indian tribes and Indians was called for the purpose of considering the question of the adoption of Pablo. This council was held in 1864. Pablo himself was present at the council. The chiefs announced his adoption after the council, and ever since that time he has been treated as a member of the tribe by the Indians themselves, and has complied with all the laws, rules, and regulations of the tribe. He married a member of the tribe, and has reared a family, and never has severed his tribal relations, but without interruption has maintained the habits and customs of the Indians. The government of the United States has made no difference in its treatment of Pablo from that accorded to the Indians of that tribe, and Pablo has participated and acted with the tribes and nations in tribal affairs and councils and otherwise. His name appears upon the official roll and the annuity roll of the government of the United States, and about 20 years ago, when the Northern Pacific Railroad Company obtained a right of way through the reservation, and paid the Indians about \$21,000 therefor, Michael Pablo received a share in the distribution of the fund, participated in the council of the Indians held in respect to the matter, and was in all respects recognized as entitled to the privileges and rights of membership in the tribe.” The Federal Reporter, vol.

138, (July-Sept. 1905) pp 964-968: "United States v. Heyfron, County Treasurer" (Circuit Court, d. Montana. April 24, 1905. No. 690. Indians-Adoption of Half-Breed Into tribe - Tribal Rights.

The same year he became part of the tribe Angus McLeod, brought him to Valley Creek, where Pablo was employed on McLeod's cattle ranch near Arlee, Montana, and remained there for two

years. [Angus Pierre McLeod born about 1818 in Scotland, he married twice: Margaret "Maggie" Finley (Ashley), daughter of Jocko Finlay. He was first married to Celestina Morigeau. Angus McLeod was a Hudson's Bay Company trader with headquarters at Fort Colville. Major Owen met him once on the Snake River in 1855; and in the late fall of 1857, the year the entries were made in the ledger, he traveled with Owen from Colville to the Flatheads. About 1859 he and James McIver settled on "Two Creeks," a stream which has not been located but was somewhere in the vicinity of Missoula. They may be Lavallie and Butler Creeks which Issued from the hills and ran through Grass Valley the two small creeks which the Indians designated "Na-se-latknu," signifying "Two creeks running near together." Named for a French blacksmith, Louis LaVallie. Angus McLeod was living at Fort Connah in the early '60's with some fellow Scots—Lachlin McLaurin, James McIver, and Montgomery. Hist. Soc. Mont., 1876, vol. I: 361; Woody, 1896: 98; Owen. 1927, vol. I: 101, 181, 182.]

On October 1, 1864 he married Agate (Agathe) Finley, the Pend d'Oreille daughter of Augustin "Yoostah" and Clemence "Cah-le-moss" Finley, at St. Ignatius Catholic Mission. They had at least 8 children: Charles, Margaret "Maggie", Eliza, Louie, Annie, Mary, Joseph Emanuel, and Alexander N.

Michel was considered the "Cattle King of the Lower Flathead Valley," and the richest Indian on the Flathead Reservation. Pablo, Montana was named after him.

In the St. Ignatius Mission, Montana Marriage Book 1856-1873 we find:

That Michel Pablo son of Pablo, and Agate daughter of Augustin & Clemos were married after 3 banns on 1 October 1864. Witnesses were Jacques Enfre Favre, Alexander son of Parel and Therese his wife. It said Michel Pablo was Pend d'Oreille from his mother and Spanish from his

father. [Jacques Enfre Favre was Jacques (Humpherville) "Jean" Feye (Fevre) who married Marie Magdelaine Finley the daughter of Patrick Finley and Margaret Cardinal.

“Frank Shea was arrested on Sunday on the charge of stealing a saddle and a pair of “chaps.” He deposed of the “chaps” for \$3, which aroused suspicion as they were a valuable pair, and are supposed to belong to Jimmy Cameron of the lower valley. Michel Pablo of the reservation was on Saturday looking for young Shea, who, he said had traded him a stolen saddle. The young man has been in jail before on similar charges.” The Columbian, June 14, 1894, page 2.



Michel Pablo at his ranch

(Photo Courtesy of Josephine Browne)

In 1866 being fluent in English and Indian languages, Michel Pablo was employed by the Jocko agency as an interpreter and continued in this capacity until 1870.

At this time, he moved to the lower Flathead Valley, and established what was later to become the Pablo Cattle and Buffalo Ranch. This ranch was two miles south of the present town of Pablo, which was later named in his honor. He was a member of the Indian Stock Association. "This is the first organization formed on an Indian reservation in the history of the United States and is organized on the same principle as the state association." The association owned about 30,000 head of cattle and 25,000 head of horses. The Kalispell Bee, Kalispell, Montana, November 20, 1901

In 1906-07, there were approximately 10,000 head of cattle grazing on the pastures and ranges controlled by Michel Pablo. As a stock grower, he was associated with Charles Allard Sr. and the pair prospered in their joint venture. Both played key roles in preservation of the buffalo on the North American continent. Together, they purchased a few head of bison. The animals multiplied into a sizeable herd. The Pablo-Allard enterprise became nationally famous and attracted wide attention when the herd was sold to the Canadian government

Michel Pablo and Charles Allard Sr. owned about 300 head of buffalo that roamed the unfenced Mission Valley feeding on the lush native grass. When Charles Allard Sr. died in 1896 the herd was rounded up and divided. Michel Pablo retained 150 head and the widow, Louise Allard, and her four children received the other 150 which they sold. "Mrs. Allard, the widow, sold her share to Charles Conrad of Kalispell and it was from this Conrad herd that the animals were later obtained to stock the National Bison Range at Moiese. Joseph Allard sold to Judge Woodrow of Missoula (who later sold them to the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch), while Charles and the Misses Allard sold their shares to Howard Eaton, who in turn supplied 18 head which were the nucleus for the Yellowstone Park herd." The Pioneer-Post-St. Ignatius Centennial Issue 1954. Eaton also sold some of the buffalo to the Street railway company of Winnipeg, Manitoba, he shipped two bulls to Texas in 1902. Sir Donald A. Smith, Lord Strathcona bought some of the herd and gave them to the Canadian government.

"With astute management and hard work, Michel's ranch grew and prospered, and he became known throughout western Montana as the cattle-king of the lower Flathead. At the peak of ranch production, in 1906-07, there were approximately 10,000 head of cattle grazing on the pastures and ranges controlled by Michel Pablo. (A member of the family estimated that there were 30,000 head of cattle on the ranch at one time, and added the information that the grass was so high, when a cow laid down to chew her cud, she was completely hidden from view. It is thought that the estimate of the cattle is a lot like that grass -- too high."

From "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts - The Pablo-Allard Herd by W.A. Bartlett, "The Pablo-Allard Herd: Care & Growth, pages 65-66:

"J.B. Monroe described Michael Pablo as half Blackfoot half Spaniard who was born on the great plains, and when quite young moved to Colville, Washington. His early life was one of hardship and rustle, and he seems to be a man who knows every phase of western life. About six feet two

inches tall and weighing 240 pounds without any spare flesh, active and pushing, he seems to be a man thoroughly awake and alive to all business ventures.

Monroe gives us a good picture of Pablo's home and ranch as he saw it in 1902:

...His ranch is run like clockwork; a skilled Chinese chef runs the kitchen; two business-like men, a French-Canadian and a German, attend to the ranch and farm work; meals are had on time, horses curried night and morning, stables swept out, wagons, buggies and farm machinery under cover, fences and all buildings in good repair. Everything denotes push and progress. He has an elk park, and two cows, two bulls, and one last year's calf occupy a well-fenced, twenty acre tract. I saw some wild geese, and some queer looking geese around the house. During our talk he told me he had some cross geese, between wild and tame. I forgot to examine them in my haste to catch the boat.

He told me of having had a white mountain goat which would get upon an ordinary rail fence and walk the top rail for a quarter of a mile. Some hounds one day caught it away from home and killed it. He is now negotiating with parties in the Northwest Territories for some antelope.

Large fine work horses are used on his ranch, and lighter horses for cow and driving purposes. In winter he runs a private school close to his ranch and pays the teacher. He has tried the mission schools, but they were too slow and worshipped the past. He wants his children to progress and look to the future. His wife is a full blood Flathead.

There were three children at home; a good-looking girl of about 16, who keeps books for her father and keeps account of all his many business transactions; a boy of about 12, who seemed to have his father's rustle and go. There was a younger boy; all could answer almost any kind of a business question.

The ranch contains some 450 acres of good farming and grass land. It is situated on the east side of the valley close to the belt of timber. He has large irrigating ditches. He has a barn that will shelter 100 head of stock. All kinds of improved harvesting and haying machinery are carefully housed. The broad level prairie rolls away to the west. Here is all a western man wants, plenty of fine timber, water and grass. His house is large and commodious, suitable for his business, and he is building an addition.

The cowboys or herders of the ranch are living about ten miles west, on the Pend d'Oreille [Flathead] River. They have a good ferry and a good house and stable."

"Raising Cattle on the Flathead Reservation

Cattle raising began on the reservation in the late 1850s when traders bought exhausted cattle from emigrants going to Oregon, usually in the vicinity of today's Pocatello, Idaho, drove them to the Jocko Valley to fatten, then resold them to other emigrants the following spring. Some of these cattle were traded to Indians for horses and were the source of the Indian herds.

During the 1850s Neil McArthur, first agent at Fort Connah, and Louis Mallet drove herds from Oregon into Bitterroot and Jocko Valleys for the winter, then drove them back westward to trade in the spring. John Owens recorded that in 1856 traders or stockmen who came to western Montana included Louis Brown and a Mormon trader, Van Etten, who was accompanied by George Goodwin, Bill Madison, James Brown and F. W. Woody.

The cattle ranching industry became concentrated among a handful of white men who were married to Indian women. Angus McDonald (who had a verbal lease to lands around Fort Connah) raised cattle near the fort. Other men (some former employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, some free traders) included Peter Irvine and his son William, Dave Couture, Charles Allard, and Michel Pablo.

By 1889, raising stock had become nearly as important as farming. There were 5,782 horses and 12,250 cattle. (Annual Report of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of Interior, 1889, pp. 522-23). Most of the cattle were owned by Pablo and Allard. In 1894, more than \$40,000 worth of beef cattle was shipped to Chicago. The cattle were of good breed, having been improved over the years with Holstein and Poled Angus bulls. The horses were cayuses, small and of little value. Because of the mild winters, little supplemental feed was supplied, until the numbers of horses grew so large the grass was depleted.

By 1895, William Irvine drove six hundred cattle to Canada to winter because there was not enough grass on the reservation. About 13,000 horses were sold between 1903 and 1906 which took some pressure off the reservation grass. By 1904, tribal members began to fence their allotments in preparation for the opening of the reservation. In 1906, about half the reservation cattle were disposed of thousands being driven to Canada. Beginning about 1916, dairying became more important. By 1948, 1,100 farmers milked cows, about one fifth of whom got most of their money from their dairies.” <http://www.flatheadreservation.org/timeline/documents/cattle.htm>

Buffalo Cow Steals Pablo's Prize Calf

Told by Andrew Stinger to Bon I. Whealdon, November 25, 1941.

“When the buffalo calves are quite young and might easily become the prey of prowling wolves and coyotes, the bulls share with the dams a mutual protection of their young. During this period the males seem always near the sides of their cows; and woe be unto any foe of the herd, for this is one of rare occasions when buffalo combine efforts and turn upon the intruder.

“A buffalo cow's maternal nature will often lead her to do the most unusual thing, as was evidenced at the old Pablo Ranch in 1898. Mr. Pablo, a lover of fine breeds of cattle, had purchased a very valuable heifer calf. He kept it in a pen pasture near one of his barns. The hired men tried to make a 'bucket fed calf' of it. However, it never seemed reconciled to its tin pail mother and made the nights hideous with its incessant bawling.

“Upon several successive mornings a buffalo cow was seen as it stood quite near the pasture. Mr. Pablo surmised that she had recently lost a young calf, and hearing the tame one’s plaintive calls, her motherly love kept her in the vicinity.

“Such was the case, for going out to feed the calf one morning, he discovered it was gone. The buffalo cow had broken through a parcel of fence, permitted the calf to suckle and then led it out across the prairie.

“Thar afternoon Mr. Pablo and I rode out on the range about eight miles from the ranch. We entered a ravine, where a small band of buffalo were grazing. There among them were the buffalo cow with the tame calf. Mr. Pablo said, “The old she has surely adopted my calf. It appears well satisfied, so I’ll just let her rear it.

“Three years later, this same tame critter with a cattalo calf at her side was frequently seen with the buffalo.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, pp. 117-118.

Pablo Loved His Herd told by Tony Barnaby to Bon I. Whealdon, October 4, 1941.

Many people today, while appreciating the fact that Indian Samuel, Michel Pablo, Chas. Allard, Sr., and Andrew Stinger were the ones who saved the buffalo from extermination, question their motive. Some say that the plan was to build up a vast herd which later could be sold at a great profit. Perhaps that is a very natural view; but we, who were associates of these four men, know it is erroneous. The acquisition of money meant little to men of their type, but the preservation of the bison they believed was their duty, privilege and pleasure.

“Pablo, for instance, did not consider a buffalo to be just a great shaggy beast of the plains; but rather a symbol of the real soul of the Indians’ past. It was something grand, that, with the culture of his own race, had somehow managed to survive the undesirable features in the white man’s system.

“In ages gone by, the buffalo had always been the greatest benefactor of the Indians, often saving entire tribal groups from starvation; now Pablo, a red man, would repay the race’s Karmic debt. He would protect the mighty monarch, and provide the remnant a secure paradise in valley Sinyel-e-min.

“Only a soul patterned on a large scale was capable of such magnificent vision and Michel Pablo was large in every respect. A deep thinker, an efficient planner, a lavish benefactor of friend and foe; lover of both man and beast; possessor of lofty spirituality; and believer in his own destiny. Michel Pablo was sure to succeed, where folks of lesser caliber would have failed.

“With a keen eye to his animals’ welfare, he knew at all times just about where his buffalo were grazing. He soon realized that they were increasing at a rapid rate; and after he returned from each daily ride on the range, he remarked, “It is well!”

“Only upon one occasion was Pablo really discouraged. When he was positively assured that the reservation was to be opened to white settlers, he knew that free open range was ending and that his beloved herd must go. He vainly sought to sell them to our own government, in hopes that they would find a haven in some refuge set aside for that purpose. We know that when Pablo heard that our Congress could not be induced to appropriate a purchasing fund, he was moved to manly tears. Only as a last resort did he sell them to the Canadian officials.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, pp. 119-120.

Buffalo Solve a Love Problem told by Que-que-sah to Bon I. Whealdon, December 29, 1941.

“Early in the spring of 1889, a young Coeur d’Alene Indian, whom we called John, came into the Flathead Valley. He established his camp near my property. He was a friendly, splendid appearing chap, and we became very intimate friends. In reply to my inquiry regarding his presence here, he related his story and requested my advice.

“He was in love with a young lady of his tribe. He wished to marry her, but her father was opposed to a marriage upon the grounds that John, being a Christian, would not consent to the ancient tribal rite of matrimony. Then John, with his improved farm lands and civilized manner of life, was too much like a white man to be pleasing to the old brave, who was a blanket Indian! “When the young fellow persisted in his intention to marry the girl, according to the rite of our Holy Faith, the old man grudgingly consented, provided John would first take a bow and arrow, travel to Montana, kill four buffalo, and bring him the robes. Evidently the old warrior thought he had imposed requirements impossible of achievement, and so it appeared to all of us. The buffalo had practically disappeared from Montana’s plains, therefore there had been no hunting parties from our region for nearly eighteen years. Then, had there been buffalo, John was of that generation of our people who had never used bows and arrows.

“When he had finished his tale, I told the boy that the quest was hopeless. That he was wasting time to go to the east side, so he would do well to forget that particular Coeur d’Alene maiden and take unto himself one of our Flathead girls, who were more charming in manners, and shapelier of form than the squatty Coeur d’Alene females. However, John continued downhearted. He moped around like a forlorn male coyote unable to find a bitch during mating season. We felt very sorry for him. Our prettiest girls went but to his teepee to make talk with him, he would not look at them. He became like another son to my old Mother, who lived with us. Now, my Mother was fully of years, and with a deep knowledge of things. One day she said: “It is not good for John that his soul carries a weight from week to week because he cannot kill

four buffalo, and take that old fool Coeur d'Alene robes fresh from the carcasses. We have more sense than that man. We can help John. What say?

“Mother, you are crazy like the old Coeur d'Alene. There are no buffalo for us, for John, for anyone.

“Then my Mother told us: “Michel Pablo is Indian. He is man of good heart. He has many buffalo. I have many range steers and ponies. To Pablo I shall give some cattle, some horses. To him I shall talk. Que-que-sah, my son, shall kill four buffalo with his bow and arrows. John shall take the robes to the Coeur d'Alene fool. He shall say the words: “Here old man, are four fresh robes from Montana buffalo killed with the bow and arrow. Now, I take the girl to Holy Church.””

He old mother talked to Michel Pablo very long time. At last he said: “Down by the bank of Pend Oreille [Flathead] River is one herd of my buffalo. Que-que-sah shall kill four with his bow and arrows. We shall all have fresh meat to eat. John shall take the robes.’ This we did. In three years, John and his wife came to visit us. The old Coeur d'Alene was very happy to get the robes.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, pp.120-122.

[The story teller is Joseph Quequesah (1850-1938) who married Mary (abt.1844-1944). Their story is in: "Mary Quequesah's Love Story" as told by Pete Beaverhead and it dates from the buffalo hunting era of the 19th century and features a young woman dealing with the difficulties of love. The story involves Mary's attempt to reclaim her husband, who ran off with a younger woman, and the poor medicine woman who helps her recapture the heart of the wayward warrior.” Their son was Eneas Ignace Quequesah who married Anastasia Finley]

"Local Brevities

Frank Myers and Chas. Grunert are building the new office for Dr. Hall being built by Michel Pablo on part of the vacant ground west of Pablo & Potvin's store.” June 23, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer

“W. M. McGarrah sold his two spans of mules Monday last to Michel Pablo.” July 21, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer

Pablo & Potvin

Every man, woman and child in Ronan and the surrounding country are requested to visit our store every day during the next month. We have something important to tell you and want you to call so it can be said personally and confidentially. It means dollars to all.

There is a bargain in every article in our store and this will be demonstrated to your entire satisfaction.

Look at the list of goods we carry:

*Dry Goods,
Boots,
Shoes,
Clothing,
Hats,
Caps,
Groceries,
Hardware,
Implements,
Barbed Wire,
Furniture.*

Don't overlook our invitation to call and see us.

Pablo & Potvin

The Yards for Quality---Certainty---Economy

Siding
Flooring
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Doors
Windows
Frames
Fly Screens

Cement
Brick
Lime
Stucco

Ruberoid
Resisto
Roofing
Shingles

Red Resin
S. P. C.
Tar
Paper

Cedar, Pine
Fir Products

YOUR ROOF---HOUSE BONNET

Is insulation to keep, in and out, heat.
The best quality is true economy. Ours are bought with care from the best millers.

Ruberoid---the genuine---has a 20 year guarantee back of it.

Resisto, cheaper than others in price, not guaranteed, is heaviest cheap roofing.

Arlee
Perma
Ronan
Dixon
Ravalli

**The
Lumber Co.**

The Yards for Quality, Certainty, Economy

“Dr. Mills of Missoula was called last evening to attend Michel Pablo who is suffering with an attack of paralysis of the bowels and gall bladder trouble. He arrived by auto about 12 o’clock midnight, accompanied by a train nurse who will remain to care for the sick man.” November 3, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer

“M. Pablo has been quite sick this week at his home north of town.” November 3, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer, p6.

“M. Pablo has agreed to build an office for the Mountain States Telephone company on the rear of his lots where the Pablo hotel stands, under a five year lease. It will abut on the alley.” November 3, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer, p6.

“M. Pablo is reported as recovering rapidly from his recent severe illness. He is now able to be up and around the house, and will soon be so he can get out.” November 3, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer, p6.

LARGE CONSIGNMENT

**OF THE FAMOUS GOTZIAN SHOES
JUST RECEIVED AT PABLO & POVIN'S**

Comprising

**Men's
Women's
Misses'
Boys and
Children's**

SHOES

**OF
THE
VERY
LATEST
STYLES**

Also Men's and Ladies House Slippers

Specials from all over the store that will be most
welcome for gifts and other purposes now.

PABLO & POTVIN

The Store of Quality.

December 22, 1911 The Ronan Pioneer

“Pablo and Potvin have had wires strung and pipes laid from Central hotel and soon will have steam heat and electric light in all parts of their general store and warehouse. Modern improvements such as these will soon be installed all over town, or just as soon as same are available.” February 9, 1912 The Ronan Pioneer

Step Lively for These
SHOE :: BARGAINS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

200 PAIRS OF GOOD DRESS
AND WORK SHOES AT
SAVING PRICES.

WATCH THE SHOE DISPLAY

**The Sale Begins
Saturday Morning
February 10th**

THE STORE
OF
QUALITY

PABLO & POTVIN

THE STORE
OF
QUALITY

March 1, 1912 The Ronan Pioneer

Independent Telephone Directory, Ronan Exchange

199	Ashman, Sara E.	Flathead Independent Telephone
384	Bateman's Stage and Livery Barn	John Lua
251	Benedict, M. J.	General Merchandise
371	Burland, Harry	Ronan Blacksmith Shop
191	Brandford, I. M., Manager	Reservation Land & Lumber Co.
364	Brandford, I. M.	Residence
261	Broughton, Geo. E., Cashier	Ronan State Bank
363	Broughton, Geo. E.	Residence
261	Brower, A. J., President	Ronan State Bank
324	Brower, A. J.	Residence
271	Brower & Hollingsworth	Real Estate and Insurance
422	Brown, W. G.	Residence
242	Central Meat Market	Andrew Stinger, Prop.
231	Central Hotel	Stansbury & Welch, Props.
171	Coulter, Cash.	General Blacksmith Shop
451	Clairmont, Edward	Ronan Townsite Co.
333	Clairmont, John	Residence
562	Crawford, A. L.	Residence
451	Crawford, A. L.	Ronan Townsite Co.
451	Crawford & Clairmont	Real Estate and Insurance
211	Denison, B. H.	The Lumber Co.
131	Denison, Frank	The Lumber Co.
462	Deinwey, F. W.	Drug Dept., The Big Store
223	Farrell, Geo.	A. M. Sterling Co., Store
151	First National Bank	J. D. Larson, Cashier
100	Flathead Ind. Tel. Co.	Sara Ashman, Dorothea Stillman
121	Foster, G. F., Mgr.	Grocery Dept., The Big Store
392	Foster, G. F.	Residence
284	Fuhrer, John E.	Physician and Surgeon
511	Gehlert, H. M., Prop.	Ronan Meat Market
181	Hall, Milton Weston	Physician and Surgeon
482	Healey, E. E., Principal	Ronan Public School
484	Healey, E. E.	Residence
271	Hollingsworth, W. S.	Real Estate and Insurance
441	Hollingsworth, W. S.	Residence
301	Hull, D. D., Prop.	Mission Pool Hall
451	Hull, D. D.	Ronan Townsite Co.
294	Hull, D. D.	Residence
513	Kering, Ernest	General Tailoring
151	Larson, J. D., Cashier	First National Bank
533	Larson, J. D.	Residence
464	Langhoff, Robt.	Ranch
461	Lavis, Geo.	Ranch
384	Lualin, John	Bateman's Stage and Livery Barn
401	Mason & Sweet	Attorneys
301	Mission Pool Hall	D. D. Hull, Prop.
462	Murray, Bert	Ranch
131	McConnell, E. L.	Clothing Dept., The Big Store
121	McConnell, J. T.	Hardware Dept., The Big Store
312	McLeod, Richard	Pool Hall
394	McLeod, Richard	Residence
472	O'Brien, J. F.	General Merchandise
201	Pablo & Potvin	General Merchandise
141	Pioneer Printing Office	Coker F. and E. H. Rathbone
573	Powell, Spencer	Residence
164	Putney, Geo. H.	Physician & Surgeon
141	Rathbone, Coker F., U. S. Commissioner	Ronan Pioneer Office
351	Rathbone, Coker F.	Residence
141	Rathbone, E. H., Publisher	Ronan Pioneer
362	Rathbone, E. H.	Residence
242	Rehwald, Fred	Central Meat Market
191	Reservation Land & Lumber Co.	I. M. Brandford, Mgr.
463	Reichard, W. H.	Ranch
191	Roger, John J.	Reservation Land & Lumber Co.
442	Rogers, John J.	Residence
371	Ronan Blacksmith Shop	Harry Burland, Prop.
541	Ronan Meat Market	H. M. Gehlert, Proprietor
141	Ronan Pioneer	Coker F. and E. H. Rathbone, Props.
482	Ronan Public School	E. E. Healey, Principal
261	Ronan State Bank	A. J. Brower, Pres.; G. E. Broughton, Cash.
513	Ronan Tailoring Co.	Ernest Kering
451	Ronan Townsite Co.	A. L. Crawford, Edw. Clairmont, D. D. Hull
111	Searce, Stanley	The Big Store Office
491	Searce, Stanley	Residence
121	Searce, Stanley	The Big Store Groc. and Hdw. Depts.
131	Searce, Stanley	The Big Store Drug and Clothing Depts.
521	Searce, Stanley	Implement and Furniture Department
231	Stansbury, Howard	Central Hotel
434	Stansbury, Howard	Residence
223	Sterling Co., A. M.	General Merchandise
502	Sterling, A. M.	Residence
413	Sterling Hotel	A. M. Sterling Co., Props.
100	Stillman, Dorothea V.	Flathead Independent Telephone Co.
551	Suiter, M. F.	Veterinary Surgeon
211	Sutherland, A.	Attorney
401	Sweet, John F.	Attorney
463	Terrill, W. K.	Ranch
111	Thornburgh, A. M.	The Big Store Office
341	Thornburgh, A. M.	Residence
211	The Lumber Co.	B. H. Denison, Manager
111	The Big Store	Stanley Searce and A. M. Thornburgh
121	The Big Store	Grocery and Hardware Departments
131	The Big Store	Drug and Clothing Departments
521	The Big Store	Implement and Furniture Departments
141	U. S. Commissioner	Coker F. Rathbone
231	Welch, Clifford T.	Central Hotel
434	Welch, Clifford T.	Residence

"Pablo and Potvin have received the advance shipment of buffalo heads which are being mounted to be placed in their store in Ronan. Two fine specimens have already been received, one of which is the head and front quarters, and is attracting considerable attention. Mr. Potvin informs the Pioneer that something like a dozen are being mounted which includes one full buffalo. The latter specimen will be placed over the store office and will be an attraction to the establishment." March 29, 1912 The Ronan Pioneer

Sale of Minstrel Tickets

The following is a report of the sale of tickets and reservations for the minstrel show last Saturday night:

A. Sutherland, 4 adult 1 child	\$ 2.25
Edith Conway, tickets and reservations	71.95
Sales at window	57.50
Miss Cox, 6 adults	3.00
" " 52 reservations	13.00
Pablo & Potvin, 50 adults 15 child	28.50
F. W. Delaney, 2 adult	1.00
M. J. Benedict, 7 adult 2 child	4.00
Lemire Bros., 2 adult	1.50
Dr. Hall, 3 adult	2.25
H. E. Stansbury, 1 adult	.50
Total	\$185.45

The above amount has been paid over to D. N. Mason, manager.

A. SUTHERLAND, Treas.

March 29, 1912 The Ronan Pioneer

One Minute Washer

THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS

No more drudgery on wash day if you have one of these machines.

All kinds of hardware including woven wire fencing, barbed wire, etc. New invoice of light and heavy harness.

PABLO & POTVIN

April 19, 1912 The Ronan Pioneer

"Michel Pablo Dies Suddenly At Ronan

Ronan, July 12. (Sunday.) Michael Pablo one of the oldest residents of the reservation country, died shortly after midnight this morning. He was stricken suddenly about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon while working at his farm here. All that was possible was done for his relief, but the stroke was fatal. Whether it was induced by the heat or not is not known.

Mr. Pablo was one of the best-known men on the reservation. For years he had been a successful farmer and stockman. He was associated with the late Charles Allard in the ownership of the famous buffalo herd that was afterward sold to the Canadian government for the Banff National Park.

In this connection Mr. Pablo acquired international fame. Scientists and hunters came from many regions to witness the loading and transportation of the large herd of buffalo. Old as he was, Pablo directed the handling of this herd personally; he was in the saddle with the young men of the reserve. Riding hard and managing the business, he won the admiration of visitors. He was a picturesque figure always.

As a citizen and father, Michel Pablo was a high class man. The Indian in him was good Indian and his white ancestry had left him the heritage of a gentleman by breeding. He was highly esteemed and will be greatly missed." From The Daily Missoulian, July 12, 1914, page 1

From The Ronan Pioneer, July 17, 1914, page 1: "Michel Pablo Dies Suddenly

The community was startled Sunday morning to learn of the death the evening before of Michel Pablo, one of the oldest residents in the valley. He was taken suddenly ill Saturday and a physician summoned but no one thought him seriously sick, and when about 10 o'clock that evening he attempted to walk across the room and fell and expired at once, his extreme condition became apparent.

He had not been in the best of health for many months but kept going all the time. He talked with some of his intimate friends about his condition and said many times that he did not expect to long survive, but little was thought of his condition being as serious as it was. He was considering a trip to Rochester, Minn., in hopes that he might be benefitted by their treatment but delayed the journey too long.

Michel Pablo was a man of great natural ability; unable to read or write more than his name, he alone carved out a fortune estimated at over half a million. It was he who sold to the Canadian government a large herd of buffalo, personally superintending the delivery of this sale which gave him thousands of dollars. He was a man of very few words, kept his own counsel, and made few intimate friends but retained all he made.

The funeral services were held in the Catholic Church in Ronan Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, Father O'Malley, assisted by Fathers Sullivan and Cordon of the St. Ignatius mission, chanting

the solemn mass. The services were impressive and after the mass Father O'Malley delivered a fine funeral sermon, in which he spoke feelingly of the deceased and told of his life on the Flathead and the means he had employed to gain and hold the esteem of all who knew him. He spoke of his high character, his steadfast adherence to the truth and right as his knowledge and education enabled him to see such things, and of his final preparations to meet his maker. The father told of his efforts to prepare the man's soul and to ease his mind and said that when the time came for him to go he was at peace with the world and with his God. The sermon left a deep impression on all who heard it and was a fine tribute to the departed.

The pall bearers were Joseph Bouchard of Ronan, Wm. Irvine of Polson, Pat Normandeau of Ronan, Duncan McDonald of Ravalli, Angus McDonald of Camas, and Theodore Lachambre of Missoula. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery at St. Ignatius, a large number of carriages and autos from Ronan and vicinity following the remains to the cemetery. Old time friends of the deceased from all over the reservation and Missoula and were in attendance at the funeral, each paying their last respects to a departed friend.

He leaves a wife, three daughters and three sons. Mrs. Orson Dupuis, Mrs. Frank Ashley, Mrs. Tony Barnaby, and Joseph, Louie and Alex Pablo."

Pablo died July 12, 1914, on his ranch just southwest of the present Pablo town site, three years before the opening of the town site to settlement. He had been stricken ill while working the field the previous day. The July 16, 1914, edition of the Flathead Courier reported, "The funeral was held at Ronan Tuesday after which the body was taken to St. Ignatius for interment. A large crowd of people, estimated at 300 were in attendance, at the funeral coming from all parts of the country. The pallbearers were all old-timers being William Irvine of Polson, Angus McDonald of Camas, F. Lachambre of Missoula, Duncan McDonald of Ravalli and Joe Bouchard of Ronan. Michel Pablo never lived to see the townsite, later named for him, become a thriving community. He died at the family home on July 12, 1914."





Michel Pablo



Agate "Whisk-kwil-Qui-Qui" (Walking Red Buffalo) Finley, 1848-1932, Pend d'Orielle Indian, she was the daughter of Yoostah Finley and Clemence Cah-lee-mos.



Pablo's mother-in-law. Clemence "Cah-le-moss" (1816/1820-1909) wife of Augustin "Yoostah" Finley and daughter-in-law of Jocko Finlay.

"Widow Michel Pablo Is Dead

Wife of Famous Indian Dies at Her Home Near Reservation Town

Funeral services for Mrs. Agatha Pablo, widow of the late Michael Pablo, early day resident of the Flathead reservation, were held at the Catholic church at St. Ignatius recently, with the Rev. Fr. Balse conducting the services. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Pablo was an old resident of the Flathead valley and her husband at one time was the wealthiest Indian on the reservation. When the reservation was opened to settlement he sold 600 buffaloes to the Canadian government. Mrs. Pablo died at her home two and a half miles south of Pablo.

She is survived by two sons, Louis and Alex Pablo of Pablo, and two daughters, Mrs. Maggie Ashley and Mrs. Mary Barnaby both of Pablo, and a sister, Louise Ashley, also of Pablo." The Mineral Independent, October 20, 1932, page 6.

"Funeral Services For Mrs. A. Pablo

Last Rites for Old Resident of Flathead at St. Ignatius Today.

St. Ignatius, Oct 5. – (Special) – Funeral services for Mrs. Agatha Pablo, wife of the late Michael Pablo, early day resident of the Flathead reservation, will be held at the Catholic church here at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, Rev. Father Balse will conduct the services and burial will be in the Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Pablo was an old resident of the Flathead valley and her husband at one time was the wealthiest Indian on the reservation. When the reservation was opened to settlement he sold 600 head of buffalo to the Canadian government. Mrs. Pablo died Monday at her home two and a half miles south of Pablo.

She is survived by two sons, Louie and Alex Pablo of Pablo, and two daughters, Mrs. Maggie Ashley and Mrs. Mary Barnaby, both of Pablo, and a sister, Mrs. Louise Ashley, also of Pablo.”

The Missoulian, October 6, 1932.

The James “Scotty” Phillip Herd

“In 1899 James “Scotty” Phillip purchased five head (including one female) in an effort to preserve these majestic animals from extinction. At the time of Phillip’s death in 1911 the herd number was estimated at between 1000 to 2000 animals.”

<https://www.onthewingphotography.com/wings/2012/02/20/bison-bull-grazing-on-winter-grasses/>

[James “Scotty” Philip (30 April 1858 – 23 July 1911) was a Scottish-born American rancher and politician in South Dakota, remembered as the “Man who saved the Buffalo” due to his role in helping to preserve the American Bison from extinction. Philip was born in Dallas, Morayshire, Scotland. He emigrated to the United States in 1874 at the age of 15. He first settled in Victoria, Kansas, but moved to Dakota Territory on hearing of the discovery of gold in the Black Hills. In 1879 he married Sarah Larabee (1851 – 1937), in Fort Robinson, Nebraska: in 1881 they settled down to ranch in Stanley County, Dakota Territory, just east of the present location of Philip, whose name memorializes the man who helped found it. At the time, Stanley County was still part of the Great Sioux Indian Reservation and ranching by non-Natives was illegal: the Philips were allowed to locate their ranch there because Sarah was a Native American. While he was building his cattle herd, Scotty Philip met Pete Dupree, whose son Fred had rescued 5 bison calves from an 1881 buffalo hunt along the Grand River. After Dupree’s death, Philip decided to preserve the species from extinction, and in 1899 he purchased Dupree’s herd, which now numbered 74 head, from Dupree’s brother-in-law, Dug Carlin. Philip prepared a special pasture for the bison along the western side of the Missouri River north of Fort Pierre, and drove the herd there in 1901. Scotty Philip died suddenly on July 23, 1911: by that time the herd had grown to approximately a thousand head. He was buried on a family cemetery near his buffalo pasture. As the funeral procession passed, some of the bison came down out of the hills. Newspapers of the time suggested the bison were “showing their respect to the man who had saved them.” Bison from Philip’s herd helped restock herds throughout the United States, including the large herd at Custer State Park. Philip is the namesake of Philip, South Dakota. He was inducted to the Hall of Great Westerners at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma in 1958.] From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.



James “Scotty” Philip

Natural History Montana’s Buffalo. The Pablo-Allard Herd, The Origin of the Herd, Forest and Stream, July 12, 1902, pp 24-26:

The Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo consists this spring of about 360 individuals, divided as follows:

Full-blooded buffalo 300

Half-bred buffalo 60

Quarter buffalo 1

361

In 1898 the calves produced were 48

In 1900 50

In 1901 50

It will thus be seen that the increase is very rapid, and by proper attention and the frequent renewing of blood the herd should last and grow. The heifer drops her first calf at three years old and breeds thereafter for many years. The herd is now in charge of Michel Pablo.

“Michel Pablo and his Home.

Michel Pablo is a half Blackfeet, half Spaniard, and was born on the Great Plains. When he was quite young his parents moved to the Colville Reservation. His early life was one of hardship and rustle, and he seems to be a man who knows every phase of western life.

About 6 ft. 2 in. in height, weighing about 240 pounds. without any spare flesh, active and pushing, he seems a man thoroughly awake and alive to all business ventures. His ranch is run like clockwork; a skilled Chinese chef runs the kitchen; two business-like men, a French Canadian and a German attend to the ranch and farm work; meals are had on time, horses curried night and morning, stables swept out, wagons, buggies and farm machinery under cover, fences and all buildings in good repair. Everything denotes push and progress. He has an elk park, and two cows, two bulls, and one last year's calf occupy a well fenced twenty-acre tract. I saw some wild geese, and some queer looking geese around the house. During our talk he told me he had some cross geese, between wild and tame. I forgot to examine them in my haste to catch the boat.

He told me of having had a white mountain goat which would get upon an ordinary rail fence and walk the top rail for a quarter of a mile. Some hounds one day caught it away from there and killed it. He is now negotiating with parties in the Northwest Territories for some antelope.

Large fine work horses are used on his ranch, and lighter horses for cow and driving purposes. In winter he runs a private school close to his ranch and pays the teacher. He has tried the mission schools, but they were too slow and worshipped the past. He wants his children to progress and look to the future. His wife is a full blood Flathead.

There were three children at home, a good looking girl of about 16, who keeps books for her father and keeps account of all his many business transactions; a boy of about 12, who seemed to have his father's rustle and go. There was a younger boy; all could answer almost any kind of a

business question. [Probably Mary Pablo, she married Antoine E. "Tony" Barnaby and then Jim Grinder, the 12 year old boy was Joseph Imanuel Pablo who married Mary Louise Matt and the younger boy was Alexander "Alex" N. Pablo who married Anna Ducharme.]

The ranch contains some 450 acres of good farming and grass land. It is situated on the east side of the valley close to the belt of timber. He has large irrigating ditches. He has a barn that will shelter too head of stock. All kinds of improved harvesting and haying machinery are carefully housed. The broad level prairie rolls away to the west. Here is all a western man wants, plenty of fine timber, water and grass. His house is large and commodious, suitable for his business, and he is building an addition.

The cowboys or herders of the ranch are living about ten miles west, on the Pend d'Oreille River. They have a good ferry and a good house and stable.

I talked for about four hours with Mr. Pablo. His daughter got out the books and gave me the sales, which are kept as references. The Allard estate will some day have to be settled. Mr. Pablo, as I understand him, is guardian for the smaller children. Pablo owns half, and the Allard estate the other half interest in the buffalo. There is a great danger of the herd being divided and scattered (or one-half scattered), as one of the Allard boys insists on being a Wild West showman and is rapidly getting rid of his portion of the herd. I was given to understand that there must be some kind of a definite division this season. Herein lies the greatest menace to the herd.

Pablo told me of an exhibition they gave in Butte City some years ago. When they purchased the Buffalo Jones herd, or as they call them, the Winnipeg buffalo, Allard, who went east to ship them out suggested that Pablo take a bunch of Flathead buffalo, drive them to Butte City and meet the herd from the east there. They would then give a show in the fair grounds at Butte. The buffalo were handled easily, and they arrived in Butte after a drive of about 50 miles. There were, present bronco busters that could ride anything that walked on four legs; they were to ride the big bulls at the tail end of the show. The eastern herd came in by rail, and when they were turned loose with the others, there were many hard fights between the two herds.

The show was a success. Broncos were ridden to a finish, all kind of Wild west roping was done with credit: then came the riding of the buffalo. This was "a new one" on cowboys. Wild Texas steers had been ridden for July 4 celebration for generations; there was no record of a man forking a buffalo.

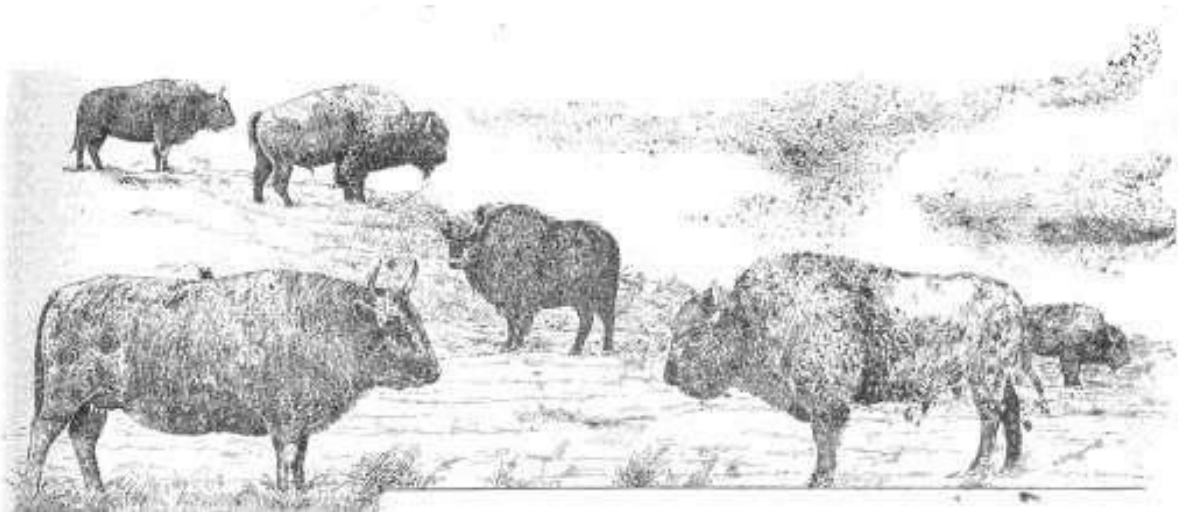
Two of the best riders were singled out for this. Neither of the busters was anxious for the first ride and they drew cuts to see who would have to climb the hump of the first bull. The first man to ride was a noted horse rider. He would crawl on the wildest cayuse as though it were pastime. A large husky bull, young and active, was roped by Pablo and heeled by another man; the rope was run through a hole in a post and the bull's head was drawn up to the post. The buster complained of not feeling well when he saw the rolling eye and fighting attitude of the bull. [This was no doubt Malcolm McLeod]

"Don't weaken now," said Pablo to the cowboy. "Go and throw in a couple of glasses of the worst whisky you can find; we will have him saddled before you get back." The cinch had to be lengthened to fit the bull, and the saddle was on before the would-be buffalo buster had returned. After a look at the trembling and now thoroughly aroused bull, he again complained of not feeling well.

"Crawl him, son," said Pablo; "crawl him; see all these people here who have paid to see the wild son of the prairie ride the equally wild buffalo. "The cowpuncher took a chew of Climax plug, drew a long breath turned pale behind the ears, and climbed into the saddle. When the bull was turned loose it was a very good performance. He could not twist a saddle, and the rider raked him with the spurs and rode him to a finish. They cannot jump high or land hard. The next rider rode his bareback, and said it was like riding work horses; a soft job.

Range of the herd.

The lower Flathead Valley, or Flathead Indian Reserve is the place where the buffalo are kept. On the north is the Flathead Lake; on the east the high snowcapped Mission Range; on the west is the Bitter Root Range. The valley seems to be surrounded by high mountains. At the eastern part of the valley, at the foot of the Mission Range, are large forests extending out into the level part of the valley several miles. The Pend d'Oreille River runs through the western part of the valley, and between the river and timber are from ten to twenty miles of the fittest grazing prairie country in the west, comparatively level with an occasional hill rising abruptly and forming small round buttes. A wagon can be driven almost anywhere, as there are low passes and level ground on all sides of these hills. Several small creeks come down from the Mission Mountains, and flow west across the valley and empty into the Pend d'Oreille River. The valley is about 35 miles long and from 10 to 20 miles wide.



Domesticated Buffalo and Half-Breeds

About ten miles below Flathead Lake, on the west side of the valley, and bordering the Pend d'Oreille River, is the range of the buffalo. On the bench land and about five miles east of the river, is the summer range. There are a number of lakes here where the buffalo usually water, but in the hot summer when the lakes go dry, the buffalo go to the river. It is an ideal spot for this last remnant of the greatest of American game. The range is rather short, but the buffalo seem to be in better flesh than either horses or cattle.

Their winter range is on the low bald mountains west of the Pend d'Oreille River. In December the buffalo commence coming from their summer range in small bunches. They swim the river of

their own accord and take up their winter range on the bald hills bordering the west side of the river.

The snow sometimes gets very deep in the valley, and all stock must be fed; not so with the buffalo. In the coldest weather they can be found bedded down in the snow with their heads to the wind and seem to be contented. A buffalo keeps his head to the storm; all other stock turn tail and drift with it. Sometimes the thermometer drops to thirty degrees below zero, but the herder said he had never seen a buffalo which seemed to be cold.

When the snow goes in the spring and the ice goes out of the river, the buffalo come to the stream and swim to their summer range. Sometimes a small bunch will be slow in coming, but the herder will give them a start toward the river, and they will keep on until they reach the summer range. They are handled about the same as range cattle; the so-called herder is merely a range rider, although everybody here called him the buffalo herder.

Tame Buffalo at Home

The herder, Jimmy Michel, is a very intelligent mixed blood. and took me out to see the buffalo. To him I am indebted for much information. We were riding for several hours. and he gave me a chance to see about two hundred buffalo. From a high butte a number of small bands could be seen while close to us, stringing out in single file and coming to water, was a herd of about one hundred. The day was calm and warm; and we lay it the sun on the butte and watched the buffalo come in to water. Sometimes a cloud of dust would rise from around a water hole, and an old bull would be seen horning the ground and throwing up the dust in the air.

Jimmy told me of a cow and calf which stayed on the winter range until late. One morning she came to the river with a calf not over twenty-four hours old. They took the water without any hesitation. The river at this time is high; it runs like a millrace, and is a quarter of a mile wide. The calf swam easily under the lee of its mother, and landed without apparent exhaustion. The same swim is a hard job for a fat strong saddle horse. With the herder I rode down off the butte. where we had lain watching the herd. There were about one hundred head close by and they were slowly grazing away from the water. We approached, giving the buffalo the wind of us. When we were within 300 yards of them they threw up their heads and came for us on a gallop. They gathered around us, snuffing and looking, the yearlings bucking and playing like domestic calves. We stood still and watched them. Most of them were within 40 to 80 feet of us; a few old bulls were strung out behind, and they slowly came on, in our direction. There was no sign of fear or wildness; there was no indication of bad temper; just good-natured curiosity and playfulness. We rode off and left them standing, looking after us. The cows were commencing to shed. All looked in good flesh and thrifty. Not so with the range cattle close around, most of which were poor and had a distressed look after being fed hay for two months.

[James Michel (1862-1915) son of Gran (Big) Michel and Catherine Beauvais, he married Christine Gillette.]

Habits.

Accounts differ somewhat as to the temper of buffalo. Mr. [Sam] Ford, who manages Mr. Conrad's herd, told me they were as easily handled by an intelligent man as a bunch of cattle. Mr. Pablo, who drove a part of his herd to Butte for exhibition purposes, said that as soon as they were out one or two days, they handled fully as easily as domestic cattle. They were bedded down at night on the open prairie, and were a great deal easier to night-herd than ordinary stock.

A buffalo would rise in the night, feed close to where he had been lying, and again lie down. Domestic cattle will attempt to graze away from the herd.

In the rutting season the bulls fight, and then all agree that it is best to leave them alone. I failed to get any story of any one being hurt by a buffalo. Sometimes a bull is seriously injured in a fight. At this season domestic bulls leave them alone. The buffalo usually wins a battle with a domestic bull very easily when weights are even. During the rut the bulls are self-willed and hard to manage, but every one seems to believe that at other seasons they are no more dangerous than a band of range stock. I stood in the Conrad enclosure and two old bulls fed up to within forty feet of me.

Pablo-Allard or Conrad herd are branded. Pablo told me of a buffalo bull which fought for three days with a large muley polled angus bull. They would fight until tired out, then rest and renew the conflict; the buffalo finally won the battle.

The herder told me of one cow which—when her calf was very young—always came out and chased him and his horse for several hundred yards. Sometimes she gave him a hard run to get away. After a few days, she was all right again.

The bulls fight much as do domestic cattle. The herder told me that when one bull got the advantage, and the other turned to run the stronger bull would lunge viciously and often tore the other in the flank and hindquarters.

When the Buffalo Jones herd and the Pablo herd met in Butte, there was plenty of fighting, but no serious result. I did not learn at what season this meeting took place, Pablo and the herder said the bulls—in season—were continually fighting. Mr. Ford, of Conrad's herd, maintained there was no fighting at rutting season. A bull would cut a cow out of the herd and drive her off to some other part of the pasture.

Mr. Ford said that a cow in calving gave no sign, as usually shown by domestic cows. She would be uneasy and restless then she would leave the herd, and in two or three hours come back with a calf by her side.

The Conrad herd are kept in confinement. There are double the number of cows to bulls, which may account for the absence of fighting at the rutting season. They were changed from their range, where they were as free as possible to be in these days, to the Conrad enclosure. This was all done, and the actions of the herd noted, in one year.

Mr. Ford said he never saw one seek the shade. In the hottest weather they go up on the top of the hill. There are plenty of large pines and considerable brush in the pastures. Mr. Ford said they seemed to avoid both. A mother never cached her calf. It was always under her eye.

Cross-Breeding.

At one time a number of Galloway cows were purchased and conveyed to Wild Horse Island, in Flathead Lake. A number of young buffalo bulls that had been raised with, and as I understand, suckled by domestic cows, and kept with the milk stock until full grown, were put with the Galloway cows on Wild Horse Island. This island is about four miles square, or nearly square. It is called six miles by some. It rises about 1,000 feet above the level of the lake. On the north end it is covered by pines and other evergreens. Most of its surface is covered with good grass, with now and then a pine tree. It looks like a rolling prairie, sloping from the north end, where the

hills are high and abrupt, in a gentle grade to the south end, where the prairie meets the lake. It is an ideal summer range.

These cows were kept there several years, but the venture was unprofitable, as a number of the cows died in giving birth to the first calf. After the first calf was born the cow seemed to have no further trouble in parturition. The experiment was discontinued, and since then there has been no effort made at cross breeding.

When the cows were taken off the island one or two of the buffalo refused to be driven or taken off. When the rutting season came on one bull swam off the island to the mainland, a distance of half a mile or more. The first herd he struck was a bunch of dairy cows belonging to a rancher. The cows seemed to be afraid of him, with his long beard and big black head, and they struck out for their home corral. The buffalo followed and insisted on being sociable. When the rancher came to milk, he also lost his nerve and would not go into the corral. He dispatched a boy to Pablo's and left his cows without milking for a couple of days. The rancher lived off the reserve, and it was a long way to Pablo's. When the herder reached the rancher's home he found that the bull could not be driven away, and the herder threw him and castrated him, and he was then driven away without difficulty.

The general impression is that if left to themselves the buffalo will not cross with domestic cattle. The buffalo run in bands, and while occupying the same range, they herd together and act just as antelope, elk and buffalo would act when occupying the same range. In order to cross, they must be kept away from their own kind. What half-breeds are there run by themselves and with the buffalo, never with the domestic cattle. Half-breed bulls are castrated, and the heifers prefer the buffalo bulls and breed to them. There are a number of three-quarter buffalo, but only one onequarter buffalo.

There is no attempt made now to encourage them to cross-breed. The band is so large that with a few years of luck there will be all the buffalo the range will support.

Description of Cross-Breeds.

In size the half breeds are somewhat smaller than buffalo. The hair is not so long over the hump and fore quarters. The beard is smaller and shorter; the coat more even and darker; the long flowing hair on outside of front legs a great deal shorter; hump somewhat less prominent; tail a little (perhaps 6 in.) longer, and thicker; horns lighter in color, straighter and do not turn in at the point so much, which gives them the appearance of being longer. Pablo said the horns when polished were always black. In a bunch of twenty-five mixed bloods, I saw one with a tail like domestic stock, and his general look was more like a black domestic steer than a buffalo. The herder told me it was a half-breed steer. Castration does not seem to make any material difference in the full- blood buffalo's appearance, the fattest and about the largest bull I saw, the herder told me, had been castrated, but at what age I could not say. A full-blood buffalo, which has been castrated when young, has straighter horns than the entire animal. The horns do not turn in quite so much at the point. I could get information regarding only one quarter buffalo. The mother was a polled angus, the sire a half-breed. Pablo told me it looked like a polled angus—muley or polled; the coat very fine and silky and very black. I did not learn the sex. Pablo told me of one he called a Texas buffalo, evidently a half-breed. It was yellow with black bars on its legs. I did not get a good description of this animal. Half-breeds are more easily handled than

buffalo. Pablo told me of a half-breed heifer whose mother was a Hereford cow, sire a buffalo bull. She has the bald face of the Hereford, and is without horns. She has a long dark buffalomarked coat. She is somewhat of a hermit and seems to prefer being alone. The band of halfbreeds I saw seemed to be thinner in flesh than the buffalo. When started they run like the buffalo, breaking into an easy gallop, almost from a walk. They were fully as gentle as ordinary range stock. I could not find any evidence to support the theory that the mixed bloods ever cease to breed. I asked the question and they told me that all the cows have calves. I have no doubt but there are some mixed bloods that cannot be told from buffalo by the ordinary observer.

Deaths on the Range

Sometimes a buffalo is found dead on the range, and no reason can be given for the death. There must now be some very old buffalo in this herd; the bulls injure each other in fighting, but these causes do not cover most of the cases. They told me of one buffalo bull which persisted in ranging off toward the reservation line, sometimes crossing beyond the bounds. Complaints came in that the bull was doing damage. A cowboy was sent to bring him back. He would only stay a short time and then go back to his old range. At last he became ugly and refused to be driven. The ranchers living in the section where the buffalo ranged were asked if he did any damage, and they all insisted that he did not. Pablo at last took a wagon and drove out and butchered him. In skinning the animal his hide was found to be loaded with all kinds of small shot. A great number of .22-caliber rifle bullets were also found under it. The ranchers had evidently been afraid of him and shot to keep him away from their outfits, or else someone filled him full of shot out of pure maliciousness. Such causes as this may account for some of the deaths. There have not been a sufficient number of these to cause any uneasiness, and I am inclined to think they must be from old age and injuries received in battles at the rutting. The herder said they sometimes were seriously torn, and some had died from this effect. None had died from lack of feed and exposure, as domestic cattle on the plains, so often do. When a buffalo is shot on the range, the buffalo merely start or give a little jump at the crack of the rifle. Then they gather around the fallen buffalo, and have to be driven away before the animal can be butchered.

Sales from the Allard-Pablo Herd.

The following records of recent losses of buffalo from this herd by sale and accident are taken from the books of the concern. Many of them are without date, and other particulars, yet they are interesting so far as they go. From the dates given it probably would not be difficult to trace up many of these sales and to learn full particulars about them. It will be noted that almost all the sales are of bulls or steers. There is always a super abundance of males in the herd:

No date. Sold to a Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, six yearling heifers and two two-year-old heifers; taken east for breeding purposes.

Sold to a Michigan banker named Hills, two two-year- old heifers, and one two-year-old bull.

Sold to Governor Young—and no one seems to be able to tell where he governed—two twoyearold heifers, one two-year-old bull; for breeding purposes.

Three head sold to C. C. Willis, Horse Plains, Mont. No record, but they were probably butchered. The above undated sales were probably made by all parties interested in the herd.

1899—Wilkins, of Bozeman, bought one old bull; butchered.

1899—Five were sold, to Meyers, of Helena, Mont.— bulls and steers; butchered. Record does not show by whom sold.

1899—Sold by M. Pablo, to a butcher in Kalispell, Mont., one old bull. It is stated that the butcher sold buffalo meat at a high price all through the winter.

1899—Sold by Michel Pablo, one old bull to Caspar Deschamps, of Missoula; butchered.

I find the following entries made without date:

Sold to Howard Eaton, one bull, one heifer. Went east for breeding purposes.

Dec. 14, 1901 —Jos. Allard sold one stag, very old. No record of purpose.

May, 1901 —Sold by Jos. Allard, four cows and calves. Went east for some park. No record as to buyer or locality.

May. 1901 —One cow and one yearling killed in round up. This was done while rounding up to take the Conrad purchase out, then made.

1901 —M. Pablo sold nine steers and stags to Morris, of Seattle, Wash. They were sold for butchering, but I heard that the city of Seattle bought them and put them in a park.

Nov. 23, 1900—Michel Pablo killed one stag for beef for his home.

1902—Sold to Wilkins, of Bozeman, by the firm Pablo & Allard, three head of old steers. The buyer came, butchered them on the range, took the heads and meat. Their hides were still hanging on the fence at the herders' camp.

January, 1902—Jos. Allard sold eight head, sex not stated, buyer not known. (? Eaton and Talstrup. Ed. Forest and Stream.)

March 7, 1902—Jos. Allard sold four head. There is no record of the sex of those sold, nor for what purpose.

Feb. 11, 1902—Jos. Allard sold one cow, two bulls, to butcher at Horse Plains, Mont.

February, 1902—Jos. Allard sold one steer to butcher at Horse Plains, Mont.

February. 1902—Jos. Allard sold one half-breed to Sears, of Wallace, Idaho; butchered.

How to Get There.

Parties wishing to see these buffalo should take the Great Northern Railway to Kalispell. Here there are good hotels, and all kinds of driving, saddle and pack horses can be obtained if desired. A short drive or walk of a mile north of the business part of the city will take you to the Conrad herd. If you wish to see the Pablo-Allard herd, an outfit can be obtained, and you can drive down on either side of the Flathead Lake. A distance of seventy-five miles will bring you to them. The

country is well adapted to camping; wood, water and grass are abundant, and good camp grounds are encountered every few miles. A good way to go is to take the steamer Klondike, which sails from Demersville, three miles from Kalispell. The boat leaves for the foot of the lake every Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week during the spring, summer and fall. The round trip costs \$5. Stages run from Kalispell to Demersville, fare 50 cents. You board the Klondike between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, take breakfast on board. For sixteen miles you steam down the Flathead River, which is bordered by dense forests of large pine, fir and tamarack, but an occasional ranch house and field is passed. At the head of the lake you pass the post office, store and saloon comprising the town of Holt. A run of twenty miles on the lake takes you to Dayton Creek. Here the Flathead Indian Reservation begins. A stop is made here, but soon the boat moves on, and you pass down the lake by Wild Horse Island, where, as already stated, a number of Galloway cows and buffalo bulls were kept for a number of years. You are due at Polson, the foot of the lake, at 11 A. M. Here Mr. Henry Terrvault keeps a general store, runs a hotel, and can furnish almost any kind of conveyance you may wish to take you to see the buffalo. A ride of seven miles brings you to Pablo's ranch. If you are an old hand and want to camp and look at things in your own way, you can drive down the Pend d'Oreille River—which leaves the lake here—in a south westerly direction, and you will soon be in the summer range of the buffalo. I advise people to see Mr. Pablo or either of the Allard boys. This country is an Indian reserve, and it might be advisable to be with some resident. Mr. Pablo is a busy man, and treated me with old-time hospitality, but I do not think he would be able to take care of very many people at one time. One can camp at Mr. Terriault's at the boat landing, and with a good saddle horse or driving team can see most of the buffalo in a day. The country is fine for driving, although with a saddle horse some of the low mountains or high hills that rise up out of the tableland and border the buffalo range may be climbed so that one has a wider view. When the visit is over you can take the stage from Terriault's, and a drive behind four fine horses takes you across the main Flathead Indian reserve to the Northern Pacific, at Ravalli. The distance is thirty-five miles, and is made in five hours. Stage connects with steamers from Kalispell. You can leave Kalispell in the morning, have a boat ride down the river and across the lake of sixty-five miles, then stage it thirty-five miles to the Northern Pacific at Ravalli for supper. At Ravalli there is a good general store and hotel kept by Duncan McDonald, who was born and raised in this place. If it is more convenient, one can reverse the trip just outlined, and start from Ravalli, where, if one is used to travel in the West, he will find everything he will need. I found everybody kind and polite, and did not see a bad man with a gun hung to him on the trip. J. B. Monroe.”



Home of Michel Pablo on the Flathead Reservation. Pablo was considered the richest Indian in America (ca. 1905)



THE WEATHERED OLD MICHEL PABLO RANCH HOME is a familiar landmark, situated near the railroad tracks just south of Pablo on what is now the Fleming family farm.

photo: Maggie Plummer



Keeper of the Pablo buffalo herd with skull and buffalo robe on right (ca. 1905)



Michel Pablo's family who look after the Pablo buffalo herd (1905-1906)



Anne Pablo
Taken at Pablo Ranch in 1915

Allard's Famous Herd of Buffalos

Snapped by Standard's Camera.

"Dere's tree bull," said the guide. We looked in the direction that he indicated, and there, on the north slope of the Big Butte, were three magnificent buffalo bulls. They were half a mile distant

and had not noticed our approach. Two of them were lying down and the third was standing with his head toward us, sleepy and indifferent. None of the rest of the herd were in sight. "De breeding time, she's over and dese bull, he run alone," explained Joe when we asked where the rest of the animals were. "But dass all right," he continued, "de herd she's not far."

We had driven 30 miles since breakfast from the hospitable home of Alex DeMers at St. Ignatius mission to the Allard ranch on Mud creek. The drive had been a pleasant one, though more than half of it was through a morning fog that was so dense that it was at times impossible to see beyond the heads of the horses. The road was along the foot of the splendid Mission range of mountains, crossing at frequent intervals the beautiful streams that make the Mission valley a paradise. We had passed Indian farms that loomed suddenly out of the fog and as suddenly disappeared, the stolid half breed on the front seat of our wagon pounding the cayuse team along at a rate that would have alarmed a man unaccustomed to the capacity of these little runts of horses. They kept up in their collars all the way and the 30-mile drive was made in three hours. Now and then we would meet an Indian rider who grunted a salutation to us as we emerged from the haze of fog and would look at us wonderingly as we swung along past him. From the yards and corrals of the Indian farms the cur dogs of the reserve would rush out at us, snarling and yelping. There was always something to break the monotony of the drive through the fog and it was not irksome.

As we neared Mud creek the fog lifted and the sun came out clear and bright. It was a good day for pictures and if we could find the buffalo the trip would be an interesting and profitable one. The cayuses made a final spurt and we swung up in front of the old Allard ranch, familiar to all who crossed the reservation in the old staging days. This was the feeding station in those days and here the Allard stages changed horses. There has been many a sharp race across the Mud creek flat between the big six-horse stages and the excitement was always high when the passengers were eating at Allard's. The opposition stage would probably pass them there and that meant a hard chase up the hill to the divide that overlooks the Flathead lake. We changed horses here, too, and we also got dinner. With a fresh team and Joe Houle at the lines we started, immediately after eating, to look for the herd. Joe knew where they were, he said, and we set out across the valley to the Big Butte, where we expected to find the buffalo.

The natural habitat of the buffalo more properly, the bison was between the Allegheny mountains on the east and the foot of the Rockies on the west. It was not often that any of the big animals were found on the west side of the main range of the Rockies, and each year the Indians of the valleys that are now in Western Montana, Idaho and Washington made pilgrim age to the "Buffalo Country" for hides and meat. This annual buffalo hunt was one of the great occasions in the calendar of the Western Indian. It was attended with much pomp and ceremony and occupied often nearly a quarter of the year. It furnished the Indians with much of their winter meat and with skins for blankets and for tepees. The medicine men made their incantations: the chiefs exhorted their subordinates; the novitiate warrior frequently won his plume on these expeditions across the range. The buffalo country was then the range in the eastern valleys of Montana and the pilgrimage across the mountains was an important event. Whole villages of the Indians

traveled together and the sojourn in the valleys of Eastern Montana was exciting and full of danger. Bloody battles were often fought on these pilgrimages-encounters with hostile tribes who were on the same errand. But these dangers did not deter the Indians from making the trip. It was of too much importance to them. It meant meat and shelter and that was practically everything in those days.

Yet it is in one of these valleys of Western Montana that the largest herd of buffalo extant now exists and thrives in its new surroundings. The Allard herd was started by Charles Allard, the well-known cattleman of the Flathead reservation, who died a few years ago. From a small beginning by breeding and by purchase the herd has increased till it now numbers about 290 head. These buffalo have free range on the open pastures of the Mission valley their favorite place being in the neighborhood of the Big Butte, a familiar landmark to those who have visited that portion of the reserve. The big animals do not range in one large herd, but divide into small bands, averaging about 25 to 40 head. These small bands are generally under the leadership of a big bull and the mastery of a herd is frequently the cause of a battle between two of these big fellows. Those who have seen these contests say that the struggles are magnificent in their exhibition of strength.

In the Mission valley and the lower Flathead valley these animals find a climate and forage that seems to be satisfactory, for they are breeding well and the herd is steadily increasing. Not all of the buffalo in the Allard herd are from the northern stock. In 1893 Mr. Allard purchased the famous Kansas herd of Buffalo Jones, which was brought to Montana and driven to the Flathead range. At that time the animals were exhibited in several of the larger Montana towns. Some of the Kansas buffalo had been partially broken to wagon and those who visited the buffalo show will recall the display of awkwardness that these "trained" buffalo gave at that time. In the Kansas herd, too, were some "cataloes," as they are called-crosses between the buffalo and the range cattle.

These are homely creatures, neither buffalo nor cows, and did not seem to promise much for the attempt to produce a marketable animal from this system of cross-breeding. The experiment has been continued on the reservation, but it has not been very successful. There is now on an island in the lower Flathead lake a band of these half-breeds that numbers about 125, but they are not considered of much value, aside from being curiosities. They have not furry hides, nor is their meat of much value. Nowhere can the buffalo be studied to better advantage than in this herd on the Flathead reservation. There the animal is to be seen in almost a natural condition. It has a free range; the country though not his own, is admirably adapted to his habits and he thrives there. The sight of this herd is no novelty to those old-timers who have seen bands that numbered hundreds of thousands, but to the man who has never seen a buffalo on the range, the visit is an extremely interesting one. The animals are sluggish and not easily stampeded, perhaps, as those that used to roam at will on the Eastern prairies, but they are not at all sociable and do not readily cultivate human acquaintances. As we approached these vagrant bulls on this afternoon, the problem was as to whether or not we could get within shooting distance of them with the

camera. Joe Houle said that this would be easy, but the half-breed driver who had accompanied us had his doubts and expressed them freely.

"You'll see dass bull, he ran. Mebbe you get close dass bull he fight. Dass be bad, eh?" That would certainly be bad, but we accepted Houle's opinion as the correct one and the camera was unpacked and set up for action. Houle drove his horses to within 50 feet of the big fellows and they paid no more attention to the team than to look in queringly at it. One bull that was lying down arose lazily and another wallowed in the dust, but none of the four manifested any desire to leave. Then it occurred to us that the half breeds prediction might have been the correct one and that the bulls were only getting ready to charge us when the camera should be set up. But we had to take the chances. Alighting on the farther side of the wagon, the camera was made ready and was focused upon the ungainly animals. Still they paid no attention to the camera or its operators. One exposure was made and then another. The buffalo seemed to like it. Then, emboldened by success we approached to within 30 feet of the big fellows. They looked curiously at us, but that was all and we made more pictures. It was easier than photographing Indians and the buffalo did not ask for copies of the picture. We were able to get within 30 feet of the biggest bull in the bunch and he stood there like a trained model. He turned his head toward the camera and stood there like a statue till the shutter was dropped. He was the best subject that we found.

When we had made half a dozen pictures of these big animals we set out to find the larger band. Houle was certain that we would find them somewhere around the Big Butte. He had seen them there two days before and was sure that they had not left that part of the valley. So, we drove around the Big Butte. We looked at it from the north, the south, the east and the west, but we found no buffalo. "Dass funny," said the halfbreed, and Houle said that he thought that it was funny, too, but he didn't look as if he spoke the truth. We drove about 20 miles over the prairie following cattle trails most of the way hunting for those buffalo. Houle's stag hounds followed us ranging here and there for signs of coyote. This photograph business was too much for them. They could only imagine that we were after coyote and yet the wagon was a queer thing to chase coyotes in. Still they ranged and, on the south slope of the butte standing on a ridge overlooking a run way to the river, the half-breed spied one of the sneaking beasts. He showed the animal to Houle and the latter halloed to the hounds. They were off like bullets and the coyote took the hint. He settled down to business. It was well that he did. The yellow stag hound, Dewey by name, ran like a quarter horse. His black companion trailed him closely and then ensued as pretty a chase as anybody ever witnessed. The coyote did his best and hunted the other side of the butte. It was useless to attempt to follow with the heavy wagon and the hounds, discouraged by the absence of their master, relinquished the chase, after having given the wolf a run of three miles. Mr. Coyote escaped, but the incident served to cheer up Houle who took up the search for the buffalo in better humor than he had manifested for an hour. But he constantly lamented the fact that the hounds had not killed the coyote. He would have had a dead wolf if he had only brought along a saddle horse. That was all that the dogs needed.

While he was thus lamenting he espied the buffalo, a band of 50 or more. They were slowly working their way up from the lower valley, where they had been for water, and were bunched

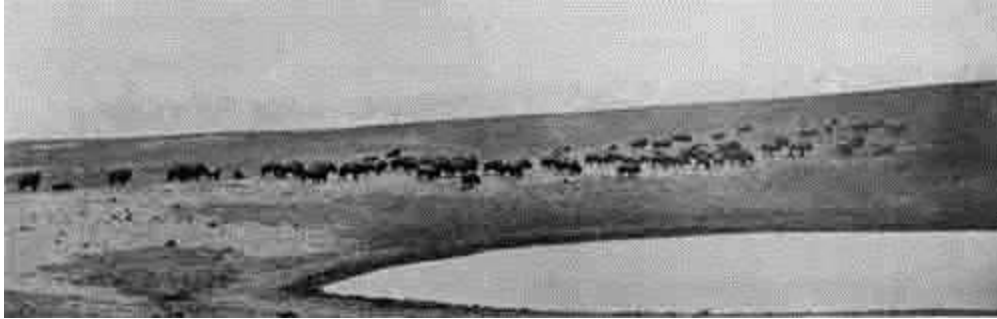
when we saw them, on the slope of the butte that we had passed an hour before. In this band were a few bulls, a lot of cows and a number of calves. The presence of the calves made the cows a little shy and we did not have as good success in approaching them as we had with the solitary bulls. Still, they were not alarmed by the camera.

Whenever it was set up for action the cows would crowd their youngsters into the middle of the band so that it was not easy to get a view of the bunch that would show the little fellows properly. We walked around with the team as a screen and the buffalo posed till we had all the pictures that we wanted. The half-breed insisted that we took too long a chance and his frequent yells of warning, given whenever he saw a quick movement on the part of any of the herd, disturbed the animals more than anything that the camera did. The herd moved slowly, so that we were able to secure several excellent pictures of this bunch. Finally, when we had but one plate left, we sent the half-breed around the bunch with instructions to yell and wave his coat. He did this and the herd broke into a lumbering gallop. The camera was leveled upon them as they sped past and a snap was taken. It did not result very satisfactorily. The figures were distinct enough, but too small. That was the only failure that we had in all the plates. On the brow of the slight hill that lay back of us, the herd stopped and looked back to see if the half-breed was still after them. Seeing that he had desisted, the buffalo stopped and watched us move away.

We were 13 miles from the Allard ranch and the sun was getting low. Houle turned his horses toward Mud creek and we bumped over the rough prairie at a rate that threatened the demolition of the camera and the destruction of the members of the party. But Houle knew the country and, just at dusk we pulled up at the ranch once more. Trowbridge packed up his machine while the team of the morning was being brought out, and in a few minutes we were on the road back to the mission. Those cayuses did even better than they had done in the morning, and in less than three hours we were back at the De Mers table eating supper.

The pictures that are given on these pages are the results of that 80 miles of ride over the reservation. There are many things that are much more difficult than photographing buffalo. There are, too, many places that are less satisfactory to visit than the pleasant valley where these buffalo range. The herd is soon to be divided in the partition of the Allard estate, and this is probably the last season that it will be seen in one band.” The Anaconda Standard. (Anaconda, Mont.) 1889-1970, November 26, 1899, Morning

[Joseph Houle, P. O. Frenchtown, was born in Canada, March 7, 1836. At the age of 16 he moved to New Hampshire, where he resided for five years. In 1856 he moved to St. Paul, where he remained and worked in the lumber business three years. He then moved to St. Louis, Mo., remained one winter, and in the spring hired to the American Fur Co. to go to Fort Benton. He remained in the company's employ until 1863, trading with the Indians in the Yellowstone and Sun river country. In 1863 he heard of gold being discovered at Virginia City and moved to Alder gulch, residing there eight months. He then went to Colorado, but soon returned to Frenchtown to buy cattle to take to the mines, but winter setting in, Mr. Houle commenced farming and stock-raising there. In 1865 he married Miss Eliza Brown, daughter of Louis Brown, one of the pioneers of Montana. This union has been blessed by seven children: Joseph, born February 13, 1867; Celix, November 1, 1869; John, November 11, 1872; Delphine, December 27, 1874; Frederic, May 22, 1877; Lenora, April 16, 1879; Annie, May 17, 1881. Mr. Houle owns 320 acres of farming land and a large number of cattle.” History of Montana: 1739-1885 A History of Its Discovery and Settlement, 1885, Warner, Beers & Company.]



Some of Pablo's buffalo on the Flathead Reservation. <http://parkscanadahistory.com/publications/history/lothian/eng/vol4/chap7.htm>



The Anaconda standard. (Anaconda, Mont.), 26 Nov. 1899. Chronicling America: Historic American Newspapers. Lib. of Congress. <http://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/lccn/sn84036012/1899-11-26/ed-1/seq-28/>

The Great Buffalo Roundup

Much has been written about the great buffalo roundup. Robert Bigart, of the Salish Kootenai College, edited an excellent account of the Flathead Reservation buffalo, using the Montana Writers Project interviews with the reservations old timers and mostly conducted by Bon I. Whealdon before World War II. I use these stories in this piece as they are a priceless part of the history and add much to the story.

At this time the United States government was making plans to open the Flathead Reservation for settlement in 1910. Already by 1910, many white men had claimed land in the valley. Free range was disappearing. Pablo asked the United States Government to set aside pasture for the buffalo, or even buy the herd. The government ignored both requests. However, the Canadian government, concerned with the near extinction of the buffalo herds accepted, and in June of 1906 began the only successful buffalo roundup in history; a roundup that was not completed until 1912.

Michel Pablo got \$250 a head for each buffalo [some brought more] delivered to the railroad station at Ravalli, Montana. Negotiations were done with Howard Douglas the superintendent of Banff National Park in Alberta, Canada and Alex Ayotte of the Montana Department of Immigration. The buffalo were to be shipped north 1,200 miles on five railroads. In all 709 buffalo would be shipped which eventually cost the Canadians \$177, 250. This was most of the Pablo herd excepting those too wild to catch or drive to Ravalli. Some were never rounded up and eventually they were placed in the National Bison Range at Moiese, Montana. A job of a few weeks lasted for years by 1909 they finally had the 709 buffalo loaded into railroad cars at Ravalli.

“At the time of the 1907 roundup, Pablo was 71 years old. Well over six feet tall, with a shaggy head of white hair and an impressive white handlebar mustache, he still spent most of his time on horseback. Pablo was wise in the ways of buffalo and knew the roundup would not be a cakewalk. He hired a crew of the best riders in the area, many of them Indians. Hours of hard riding ensued, after which the “buffalo boys,” as Pablo called them, had assembled a fair-sized herd. Surveying the shaggy animals, Pablo made a fateful decision; he decided to drive the entire lot at once to the Ravalli Railroad Station.” The Last Great Buffalo Roundup, One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer, True West Magazine, Published March 29, 2011.

“Mounted on a magnificent Appaloosa horse, Pablo rode the ranges, directing the roundup and loading. He disposed his small army of cowboys like a general in the struggle to capture the buffalo, which were ranging over much of the big Flathead Reservation.” The Missoulian, January 5, 1958

Michel Pablo hired 75 of Montana's best cowboys both Indian and white with the swiftest horses. When the task proved very difficult, more men were hired. Most stayed with the roundup until it was completed, others worked for only a season. Headquarters were at the Pablo Ranch two miles south of Pablo, as it now stands. (There was no town of Pablo at the time.)

“The finest horses in the country were used in the buffalo roundup. Many of the horses were literally ridden to death in an effort to drive the elusive buffalo into the waiting corrals. The buffalo, when they found themselves hard pressed and tiring, would turn on horse and rider in blind fury, and it was a lucky cowboy who could spur his jaded mount clear in time to escape the horns of the hunted turned hunter. ... nearly one hundred horses were killed or ruined and fifty buffalo were dead at final count. A brighter note was in the shipping, which covered nearly a thousand miles, over five railroads, with a loss of less than one-half of one percent.” Qua Quei or How

The Buffalo Were Saved, Jim Jennings, Mission Valley News, St. Ignatius, Montana, 1974, pages 25-27.

“The animals were ranging over a large area, making it necessary to drive them many miles across one large river and many smaller streams, into corrals, and from corrals into lanes and loading chutes. It was a lively, colorful spectacle, with gaily attired Indians upon splendid, spirited horses, with many visitors intermingled with groups of Indian women and children dressed richly in barbaric colors of beaded skins and blankets. They dotted the sides of the runways to loudly cheer the symbolic cavalcade of their early primitive life – braves, ponies, and buffalo.” Early Day’s by Miss Beaver, History’s longest roundup begins, Mission Valley News, Sept. 17, 1980, page 6.

It was planned to hold the buffalo bulls in nine-foot high corrals, load them into wagons reinforced to hold them, and haul them to the train in Ravalli. Some of the bulls weighed as much as 2,200 pounds so the wagon sides were raised to ten feet and well braced. Each wagon rack was built so that only one bull could stand in it. At Ravalli special corrals were built with chutes leading to reinforced stock cars owned by the Northern Pacific. Corrals, wagons, trains, and even men on horseback were completely foreign to the buffalo and their reactions were violent and dangerous, with many narrow escapes for both horses and riders.

“Every morning the cowboys started out to drive the bison toward the shipping pens, and almost every day, the buffalo wheeled and charged the encircling riders, broke away and scattered in every direction. Only three times during the first month was it possible to get a few buffalo into the corrals and loaded on the cars.”

“An impregnable back fence was added to the pens, and the buffalo boys went out again. They found a small bunch nearby and drove them into the corral where they milled anxiously, sizing up the wall of two-by-six planks spaced six inches apart. After a couple of rounds, a bull inserted his horns through the space under the top plank and lifted it from the posts, tossing it over his shoulders like a toothpick. Backing up a pace or two, he led the others in a coordinated assault on the fence and a gleeful rush to freedom.” The Last Great Buffalo Roundup, One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer, Published March 29, 2011.

“Among the herd were a few older bison with brass caps on their horns, which marked them as bison that had once been in a wild west show ages before. (Probably from the stock once owned

by Buffalo Jones.)” Mrs. Irvine, the “Dashing Lady Rider” of the 1907 Buffalo Roundup Posted on February 13, 2017 by lamarkewiczz

Charles Jesse “Buffalo” Jones



Portrait of Charles Jesse “Buffalo” Jones (1844-1919), circa 1880-1900. Courtesy of the Kansas Historical Society Archive.

[“Buffalo” Jones, as his nickname would suggest, is most famous for his role in bison conservation. He was one of the first ranchers to successfully capture and raise bison. I had heard his name connected in relation to the Pablo-Allard herd – which had stock from Jones and which formed the basis for Elk Island’s herd and therefore most cattle-gene and disease-free bison stock in North America. Only recently did I read the account of how he actually captured his first set of calves: “I will tell the story of how the great American bison was saved. I roped 8 calves and saved them, although the wolves and coyotes were there by hundreds. As soon as I caught one, I tied my hat to it, as I knew the brutes never touched anything tainted with the fresh scent of man. The next, my coat, then my vest, then my boots, and last, my socks, thus protecting 7. The 8th I picked up in my arms and rode back to the 7th as it was surrounded by wolves and coyotes. When I arrived where it was bound down, I saw the vicious brutes snapping at the sixth one, so reached down and drew up the seventh one and galloped back to the sixth to protect it. I let the two calves down, one with legs tied and the lasso around the eight calf’s neck, the other end of the rope around my horses’ neck. The strain was so great, I fainted, but revived when my boys came up and gave me some whiskey we had for snake bites.” Buffalo Jones, letter to the American Bison Society, 1912, cited in Ken Tingley, *Recalling the Buffalo: The Martin S. Garretson Collection* (Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 2012). In summary: Jones, by his own account, reportedly fended off hundreds of wolves and coyotes to save eight bison calves by tying his own clothing onto lassoed calves to give them the scent of human beings. If nothing else, it makes for an amazing story. The first chapter of his biography, written in 1911 by a friend of his, Ralph T. Kersey, is basically a series of anecdotes listing all of the crazy dangerous animals that he has allegedly successfully lassoed and wrestled to the ground. Kersey wrote that “Rightly or wrongly, [Jones] firmly believes that all wild animals, from the elephant down, can be lassoed, captured and subdued by man if, as he expresses it, ‘one has courage in his heart and determination in his soul.’” Kersey recounted an impressive anecdote about Jones capturing a live cougar: “I shall never forget his lassoing a 200 pound cougar which our dogs had chased up a big spruce tree a thousand feet down the Colorado Canyon. Jones climbed the tree without gun or knife and faced the ugly brute, which at times was not three feet above his head. Deliberately and coolly he threw the noose of the lariat over the head of the animal, which was lashing its tail and raising its ominous paw – seemingly at any second about to strike him – while in a quiet voice, alert and confident, with no trace of fear, he carried on an amusing and running talk with the savage beast. When the cougar came crashing through the limbs to the ground amidst the dogs and men, with nothing to hold him save a half-inch rope around his neck, more lively things happened in a second than I could describe in an hour. . . . In such a hunt there are no dull seconds.” Ralph T. Kersey on Buffalo Jones, *Buffalo Jones: A True Biography*, 5-6. According to Kersey, Jones had an amazing “successful” trip – in lassoing terms, at least – to Africa well into his old age. “I knew, of course, the chances were that the African trip, absurd and impossible as it seemed to be, might end in failure and ridicule. Jones might be seriously injured and the expedition wrecked. ‘He is certain to be killed,’ a friend said to me. ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘what of it? He is sixty-five years old, and I am sure would far rather die fighting on the plains than in his bed at home.’ The expedition started on its long journey; no one save Jones, perhaps, having much confidence in its success. At last a cablegram came from Nairobi announcing the lassoing and capture of giraffes, cheetah, warthog, zebras, and many other animals; and best of all, it told of a six-hours’ fight and capture of a large rhinoceros and later, of the lassoing and capture of a full-grown lioness. We were disappointed that the expedition did not have more time at its disposal. Jones wanted to tackle an elephant, which he thought would be easier than a rhino. ‘An elephant,’ he said, ‘stands high; while a rhino is built low and is much harder to overturn.’” Ralph T. Kersey on Buffalo Jones, *Buffalo Jones: A True Biography*, 7-8. No-one with the nickname “Buffalo” Jones could have a boring life.

First Summer of the Roundup

“The first summer found no buffalo shipped to Canada. Pablo decided to put Charles Allard Jr. in charge of the roundup. Young Allard was versed in the habits of buffalo and given complete charge, had corrals built about 25 miles from Ronan on the flats in the Big Bend of the Pend d'Oreille (Flathead) river, south west of where Round Butte is now - northwest of the Sloan bridge. The largest corral included about five acres with wings on both sides of the entrance,

extending out and down to the river. Small corrals and a strong loading chute were connected with the large corral. Here the land sloped gently to the river, but across the water cliffs rose abruptly, broken by small coulees which led to the river. The fences, corrals, etc., had been built from cedar posts found in the groves along the river. Now at the edge of the cliffs, for some 26 miles, a fence was built, gradually fanning out to lead the buffalo to the center where a coulee led directly to the river, as most of the buffalo were on the west side of the river. The roundup started in earnest, buffalo from as far away as 30 miles were herded into this natural trap, where they had to ford the river. When they came out on the other side the wings of the big corral herded them into it.”

“Charles Allard Jr. (an expert cowboy and the son of the original co-owner of the herd) was such a badass he had a habit of “hurdling” fences instead of taking the time to walk around to the nearest gate like everyone else.

The first herd of about 300 was brought into the wings but the cowboys could not hold them. They finally ended up with 120 buffalo in the trap but woke the next morning with one old cow. The rest had climbed the cliff and got away. The next day a very bad blizzard came and the roundup was called off until the next summer.

“It was found that the animals couldn’t be gathered in large herds, from which small bands were constantly breaking away. From one of the largest gatherings, only thirty were finally corralled. The more the buffalo were herded up and driven, the more unmanageable and agitated they became. And it sometimes took several days to again round up some of these escaped bands.”

“The riders and their horses were in constant danger from the sudden attacks of the buffalo bulls. While two cow punchers were trying to drive an old bull into the corral, he suddenly whirled and charged them at full speed. Sinking both horns into the side of a horse, he lifted it and rider clear of the ground and carried them a hundred yards. When they fell to the ground, the rider escaped while the buffalo finished goring the injured horse to death. Five horses were killed during the roundup, alert cowboys were injured, and many fine horses were ridden so hard that they were thereafter useless. It was a constant battle between fine horses and expert riders on one side and huge, liberty-loving beasts on the other.”

“Word of Pablo’s buffalo battles had spread, and newspaper reporters gathered with their notebooks and cameras to record the outcome for posterity. Some of them seemed to be rooting for the buffalo. The addition of a crowd of folks unschooled in the behavior of wild buffalo did nothing to improve the smoothness of the operation. The buffalo, understandably, were more agitated than ever and thought nothing of charging surprised bystanders with intent to kill.” The Last Great Buffalo Roundup, One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer, Published March 29, 2011.

The 1907 Roundup as told in the Edmonton Bulletin, Friday, November 8, 1907:

The Roundup of the Second Herd of Pablo's Buffalo

Edmonton Bulletin, Friday, November 8, 1907, D. J. Benham, staff correspondent of the Manitoba Free Press, who accompanied the daring riders on the Plains in their difficult task of corralling the Second Consignment of Buffalo purchased by the Canadian government. "Thirty years ago it was thought that the last buffalo hunt had passed into history when the scattered remnants of the mighty, innumerable herds that once roamed over the vast territory from the valley of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and from the Rio Grande to Great Slave Lake had been ruthlessly and wantonly slaughtered simple to appease an uncontrolled desire of an improvident people or unscrupulous traders to slay. Consequently, a real buffalo chase in these days when people have become accustomed to speak of the bison as a vanished race in an occurrence at once unique and interesting particularly, to those that have been devoting attention to the preservation of that noble animal. Yet such a hunt with all its picturesqueness, it's thrilling incidents and the omnipresent sense of danger which infused an excitement almost intoxicating in its intensity, was actually witnessed last month on the Flathead reservation in the Mission valley, amidst the mountains of western Montana. There Michel Pablo's great buffalo herd which was purchased by the Canadian government last winter was rounded up preparatory to shipment to this country of as many of them that could be captured. True the hunters were not bent [on] securing merely the hides nor slaughter of the herd, as was the case of 33 years ago, but this distracted nothing from the from the interest in the difficult chase. Theirs was a harder and more dangerous task to corral those great and absolutely wild animals fighting doggedly for the liberty enjoyed in the native hills. This was the prosaic side of the adventurous enterprise, but the picturesque suffered little by comparison with the historic hunts on the plains. The hunters were expert cowboys, dare-devil rough riders, as light hearted, free and bold as any who ever sat on the hurricane deck of a cayuse or rode the famous ranges of Montana, their big sombreros, their dusky skins, their leather or goat skin chaps, their heels adorned by long clinking spurs, and their blooded horses decked by deft creations their hands in the form of leather or hair lariats or silver mounted bridles, lending a charm that was indeed more than passing.

There was the same cautious approach upon the herds that marked the methods of the old-time hunters, then a reckless gallop, a great cloud of dust, a thunder of hoofs, and a mad impetuous stampede of the frightened, snorting, frenzied herd rushing through the open valleys, the narrow gulches, canyons and the rivers or up and down the rugged sides of the Pend d'Oreille mountains in an effort to escape the unrelenting pursuit of the flying riders, who at times seemed to be everywhere. Occasionally the sharp crack of a six-shooter was heard as the riders, battling with some obstreperous bull bent breaking back, fired to send him in the direction of the stampeding herd. Truly it was a wild and thrilling scene and one if witnessed would explain the feelings which actuated the old-time hunters in the wantonly slaughter of the herds.

A Protracted Hunt

The hunt was a very protracted one lasting nearly five weeks, and the result was almost disappointing to all concerned especially the agents of the Canadian government, for despite the most persistent and strenuous efforts less than half of the herd remaining after the first roundup and numbering over a 100 head were captured and entrained. It was confidently expected that

the range would have been swept clean with dispatch, on this occasion, the riders having for their guidance the experience gained during the previous roundup in May last when 203 head were secured, but in this the gentleman directing the operations were over sanguine. And the buffalo had learned a lesson in the previous chase which they had not forgotten - a lesson which taught them that they could defy the puny human efforts and break through the slender cordon of galloping cowboys.

The difficulties were intensified by the fact a plague of grasshoppers had stripped the prairie pasture of grass and had thus driven the buffalo to seek food in the Pend d'Oreille mountains.

A Remarkable Achievement

Thus it will be seen that the success so far attained is an achievement to be proud of, for never has a remarkable undertaking as the capture and entraining of 600 wild animals of great size, strength, natural ferocity and unconquerable disposition of the buffalo been ever attempted until it was rendered necessary by the praiseworthy enterprise of the Canadian government in an effort to perpetuate the bison by purchasing this magnificent herd in such a remote and inaccessible section of the country. The securing of two-thirds of such a herd as has been done and transporting them to their future range in the Canadian west can be regarded in no other light than a remarkable achievement. It was an enterprise encompassed with difficulties and dangers which none but those in direct touch with the situation can fully realize, and Messrs. Douglas and Ayotte, who represented the government throughout negotiations leading up to the purchase and throughout the round up, and loading operations, and the hardy conscientious cowpunchers are deserving of the thanks and congratulations of the Canadian people for the success which has been so far attained. It is confidently hoped that the remainder of the herd, numbering about 200 head, will be corralled next spring when an effort will be made to round them up as soon as weather conditions will permit. Then it is expected the animals will be somewhat weakened after a long winter's foraging on the range and will lack the great endurance that enabled them to defy the efforts of the riders this fall when they are in prime condition. This may render feasible what is at the present a physical impossibility. At any rate vigorous final effort to secure them according to the contract will be made and another desperate chase is assured, for many of the outlaws of the herd are still on the range.

The buffalo in spite of his great size and somewhat ungainly appearance is as agile as a cat, and the remarkable speed at which they travel is as surprising as their power of endurance which permits them maintain a killing pace for hours in their flight. Starting with an easy lope they soon developed a swinging gallop, and it requires a good horse, indeed, to out strip them in a dash at a break away. The race soon degenerates into a runaway with the buffalo in the lead when exhaustion causes the horse to lag. The buffalo also has an advantage in the fact that he can travel seemingly as easily up or down a precipitous mountain side or along the open prairie with equal facility. Even the little calves seem capable of developing unlimited speed and can keep pace with the herd on the wildest route or in swimming the strongest current. They appear almost like yellow streaks as they guide along over the prairie.

The Flathead ranges have long been justly famous for their magnificent horses, and the recent round ups brought the fine blooded stock that would grace many a gentlemen's stable. Swift and

surefooted amidst the rugged mountains as were those splendid animals, many of which were descended from Marcus Daly's famous strings, they were no match in endurance for the buffalo, and it is only by using remounts that the riders were able to wear the hardy bison down and eventually corral them. Admiration for the endurance of the buffalo, however, is diminished in the eye of the tenderfoot by the sagacity of the cow ponies. One of these trusty animals can pick its path while traveling at breakneck speed amidst the boulders that cover the mountain sides or through the [ravines?] of the badlands without bid from the rider save an indication of the direction, thus permitting him to concentrate his attention watching the herds. The pony knows his work as well as his rider and will run until he drops in an effort to stop the stampede.

The Roundup

The exciting details of the first roundup which occupied the greater part of last May are familiar to the majority of those that follow public events closely, as that chase afforded facts for many a vivid newspaper story. Even at that the half was never told. It was a contest of animal instinct and brute force against the ingenuity of man, and the latter won a partial victory only after fighting every inch of the way.

It was springtime, and the herd was scattered all over their range of one hundred square miles of territory in small bands numbering anywhere from twelve to fifty head, each with its own individual leader. To round these up thirty-five cowboys each with two spare horses was required.

When the bands were driven together there were many sanguinary battles for supremacy among the bulls battles of the giants they were. These fights the daring cowboys had to prevent as far as possible to save valuable animals from destroying each other.

Sections of the herd which had been thus gathered together had to be held while the roundup was in progress, and stragglers were being driven in from the more remote sections of the range. This was a weary vigil for the riders who had to be on constant cautious watch to prevent a stampede or bands from wandering away. An unguarded moment or unusual noise would in a few minutes leave undone strenuous work of days.

After the roundup was completed it was found advisable to leave a majority of the cows on the range to avoid a possible loss of calves. These were left for shipment in the fall. This necessitated in cutting out the bulls and younger stock, a difficult, dangerous undertaking. On the range the bull is the guardian of the herd, and when threatened by enemies it is the custom for the whole herd to bunch, the cows and calves in the centre with the bulls on the outer edge, ready for battle. These bunches had to be broken up and divided, a task offering untold difficulties, which took seven days to accomplish; but finally, the chosen ones were driven into an enclosure from which chutes ran to the waiting cars.

Two hundred head, the majority of which were bulls, and many of them veteran leaders of the herd, enormous, shaggy fellows, weighing over a ton each were finally corralled securely loaded. Block and tackle had to be used to load many of them on the chutes bodily and, into their stalls in the cars.

Nearly a Tragedy

It was during these loading operations that a tragedy almost occurred. One of the largest bulls broke the rope while being goaded into his place on the car and turned to escape down the chute. As he swung out he caught the gate by the car door on his horns and heaved it off its hinges, having Messrs. Ayotte, Douglas and McMullen, the C.R.R. stock inspector, who were standing by, unguarded and directly in front of him, only a few feet away. He charged furiously at them and but for the fortunate circumstance momentarily lost his balance by a foot slipping over the platform he would surely have caught one or more of them on his horns, which would have meant death to his victim. Horrified the three men threw themselves backward over the fence of the corral and in the fall McMullen had his arm broken while the other two were stunned.

When Ayotte recovered he went around to the other side of the [corral?] and was standing there when the struggles of a buffalo inside the car shook a spectator off the top, who fell directly on Ayotte's head. As Ayotte wandered away he was heard to remark that "a man is not safe anywhere around here." This was but mingling the country with the drama – but one of the many incidents which would make interesting reading.

Another occasion a bull charged the stock yard fence, going through it like a paper wall, less than four feet from where some little children were playing on the grass. However, as they were not directly in his path he did not injure them.

The trainload consisting of 17 cars containing 205 head was rushed through on a passenger schedule to Lamont, Alta. where the buffalo were turned loose in their temporary range known as Elk Island park, which has an area of 10,000 acres and which had been fenced in preparation for their arrival. Only two were lost in the long journey of 800 miles and 108 went into the park. Many of the buffalo were just as hard to get off the cars as they had been to get on and had to be dragged out with tackle, thus affording excitement and difficulties which at times almost [re-] the loading scenes at Ravalli.

The calf of a cow which died on the way over was raised on domestic cow's milk by W. Alton, a Lamont farmer.

The freight on this assignment amounted to over \$3,500. Shades of the Happy Hunting Ground I hear a man exclaim what do you think of freight charges on living buffalo.

It was Mr. Pablo's intention to begin the second roundup about the middle of August in order that it might not interfere with the fall roundup of the cattle and horses when the majority of the cowboys who be required elsewhere. This was found impossible as the midsummer heat would have been fatal to many of the buffalo. It was therefore deferred for a month.

The Second Round Up

On Sept. 10 operations were started but, just as Mr. Pablo had foreseen it was impossible to secure an adequate number of riders of experience and judgement. He could muster only seven besides himself. They rode the range all that day without even finding the herds. On the following day good fortune smiled on them and they ran a bunch of 60 into the corrals at the Pablo ranch, about nine or ten miles distant without much difficulty.

Next morning found the riders early on the range with fresh mounts and flushed by the success of the previous day. No such good luck however awaited them. For hours they searched the ravines and the bad lands along the Pend d'Oreille river without finding a hoof. Then suddenly a great herd of nearly 125 head was sighted and Mr. Pablo marshalled his little band for the attack. Horses were [rested,] and the cinches tightened and then they swept up on the herd, and the drive was on. All went smoothly until the buffalo realized they were being forced off their range and beyond what is known as the round butte, a little hillock, which can be seen for miles and which seems to be to them as it is to the travelers in that section as a guiding landmark. A great bull led the break for liberty and in a moment as it were chaos seem to break loose. It was open level prairie where the fight could be witnessed for miles lest it would require the pen of an artist to convey an idea of the scene. For an hour the plain seemed alive with scurrying buffalo and flying horsemen dashing hither and thither in a fruitless effort to prevent sections of the herd from breaking back. Sometimes the cowboys were in pursuance and sometimes they were pursued. In cases where their anxiety to turn an animal carried them closer to the buffalo than discretion should warrant, a vicious charge would result, and the rider would have to extend his horse to the limit to escape from the horns of the furious monster. Old cows whose calves showed distress under the stress of the fierce pursuit were the most persistent and defiant in the dashes for liberty and the most dangerous and vicious when brought to bay. Goaded to desperation the herd began to scatter like chaff before the wind, rushing behind and before riders away to liberty in the mountains miles beyond the Pend d'Oreille river, until only 30 head remained within cordon of riders. By splendid riding almost reckless in its daring, these were driven to the very wings of the corral. Here they made a final mad rush for liberty and the jaded horses were unable to cope with the situation or to respond to the spur. Thus every buffalo escaped, the thirty head taking almost as many different directions back to their range, while the exhausted horses and their weary riders were laid up for recuperation.

The absolute failure of this drive convinced Mr. Pablo of the utter fertility of attempting the round up with the number of riders at his command and he accordingly decided to discontinue the work for a few days in an effort to secure more men. He wanted 50 and scoured the ranches for four days canvassing for assistance, but only 23 could be secured.

Greatest Battles of the Roundup

With these the round up was resumed and for two days they waged a losing battle with the buffalo, capturing only eleven head in that time, although large herds were driven almost to the corrals on several occasions. Of this eleven head one was the prize of Mrs. Irvine, a dashing lady rider, and sister-in-law of the late C. A. Allard. She joined in the round up for the pleasure, as she had often done before, she was rewarded by the distinction of driving into the corral the only buffalo secured that day.

The drives during those two days were as spectacular as anything ever seen on the range. The battle grounds were in the bad lands of the Pend d'Oreille and in the foothills of the mountains where every man took his life in his hands in the dare devil dashes hither and thither, through cuts and ravines, over ridges and foothills or down the valleys honeycombed by the dry coulees

of mountain torrents, in fast and furious pursuit of the bands of buffalo or in ineffectual attempts to force the animals across the river, after they had bunched.

On the afternoon of the second day a big herd was picked up east of the Pend d'Oreille and every effort was concentrated on corralling them. When the drive was in earnest the bulls promptly threw down the gauntlet to the horsemen and repeated charged them viciously snorting defiance and threatening destruction to the adventurous rider whose course brought him to close quarters. One bull, while thus at bay on the open ground, was roped by two in a spirit of reckless daring, and he jerked their horses around the prairie like playthings and gave them an interesting time to avoid his onslaughts.

The majority of this herd, numbering about 150 were eventually driven right up to the corral fence, but the experience of previous drives was repeated here at the crucial moment. The exhausted horses were unable to make the final dash to turn the buffalo into the wings. Every one with the exception of eight cows and two calves escaped. The latter became wandered amidst a tangle of wire fence adjoining a trail and were eventually driven along these for fifteen miles into the corral.

This was the most nerve wracking and cruel day's work of the entire round up and for hours after the last buffalo had disappeared horses and riders came struggling in exhausted the animals with heads drooping from weariness and the sweat dripping from the riders scored by the spirit or the quirt showing how fierce had been the struggle. Further riding would have been brutality; for many of these splendid animals that carried their riders through treacherous ground without mishap or stumble and with no other guidance than the touch of the reins on the neck in a killing race could scarcely sustain their saddles. Their legs were cut, bruised and strained but the cow pony dies game, and in a limited race indeed that makes him [be known?]. After this discouraging experience despondency again settled on Pablo and the riders. They abandoned all hope of ever corralling more of the buffalo this fall. Every escape of the animals and every successful break back made then just that much more confident in themselves and proportionally harder to handle. Horses and men were used up and required days to rest and recuperate, and the outlook for Canada securing many of the buffalo this fall was gloomy indeed at this stage.

However, a forlorn hope of the Canadian representatives was then [] to Charles Allard, son of the man who founded the herd and a dashing young rancher who openly avowed he could round up and corral any buffalo that wore hair. He was known to have any number of excellent horses required, something which experience proved to be indispensable. These Mr. Pablo did not have and lack of them was his most serious handicap. Consequently, to Allard they turned in despair. The permission of Mr. Pablo was obtained to allow him to make a final effort to land the obstreperous beasts. Negotiations were opened and an agreement was drawn up that plainly indicated Mr. Allard had confidence in his ability, for he contracted to deliver in the loading yards at Ravalli 125 head or receive no pay. For \$2,000 he undertook to sweep the range. This was eminently satisfactory to all parties and especially Mr. Pablo who was glad to be rid of the task.

The Hero of the Round Up

A digression here for a moment to introduce the foremost figure in the round up must be pardoned. Charles Allard is a young and highly successful horse and cattle rancher in the Flathead, living near Polson. As alluded to above he is the son and namesake of Mr. Pablo's business associate and has been familiar with the ways of the buffalo since boyhood. He is highly educated but withal is a typical western rancher. He unites with his superb horsemanship, a daring devil-may-care disposition which makes him the idol of the cow-punchers and causes him to revel in just an undertaking of corralling the buffalo or riding a steeple chase.

A little incident in his career affords a key note to his character. One of the largest and fiercest buffalo bulls in the herd had been sold as a specimen and for a time he defied all efforts to capture him. Young Allard [] took on the job and accomplished it single-handedly.

He procured a bamboo fishing pole and after riding up to the buffalo beat him over the head with the pole. The infuriated beast at once gave chase to the impudent individual that had thus dared to insult his dignity. Allard dodged him and galloped in the direction of the corral. Whenever the bull showed a disposition to relax in the pursuit of his elusive assailant he was [] with the pole until finally he chased Allard right into the corral and was trapped. That sounds more like an accomplishment of a matador than otherwise but demonstrated that the lad had nerve and ingenuity.

It was noted also that during a visit to Mr. Pablo's ranch to discuss his contract he shunned the gates and hurled over the fences.

Allard changed the tactics

As soon as Allard undertook the round up he threw all his energy into the enterprise and went systematically to work to assure success. He selected the riders with the greatest care, engaging only those that were inured to the life of and the wise in all the lore of the ranges in addition to be thoroughly acquainted with ground. He went on the principle that one poor man might defeat the efforts of all the rest by failure at a critical moment or by an injudicious move. He thus gathered a little coterie of riders the majority of whom were of his own dare-devil stamp.

When all was in readiness he pitched his camp on the northern limit of the buffalo range and sent there 60 saddle horses for remounts. Then went quietly to work sweeping the range with riders and forcing all the buffalo southward and westward into a great gulch in the mountains where it was considered possible to hold them for a day or so. In four days he had in a measure bunched them in there, having at one time 310 head in sight, scattered throughout the foothills.

Then the actual drive began and it was here that Allard his excellent generalship. The remounts were driven over the mountains to the edge of the gulch wherein were the buffalo scattered in the ravines and on the hillsides. Every man understood exactly where he was to go and at what moment he was to start chasing in on a central point even though they were miles apart. Taking the spare horses over the mountains was no child's play either. At one time the entire band was being driven along the rough and rocky summits, 500 feet above the cloud line.

Allard decided that whereas the buffalo had hitherto been driven only in a [southerly?] direction and had showed a determination to stampede westward he would drive them that way hoping to

have them off their range before they realized fully whither they were fleeing. He would then drive them to town by a circuitous route, which involved a trip of over 60 miles in a single day.

A reckless dare-devil ride

When the appointed time arrived riders suddenly appeared over the hill crests and the ravines and valleys as suddenly became a scene of association like the heather under the magic signal of Rhodes Rick Dha. Buffalo could be seen loping along in all directions or rushing pell mell from the dreaded horsemen. By hard riding and clever cooperation the scattered bands were thrown together in an incredibly short time, and away the great herd went, thundering down the valley of the Bitter Root with the riders close on the trail. What a wild and reckless ride that was. It sent the blood just tingling to the finger's tips of the few spectators. The valley of that tortuous little stream is baked by the sun until its gleaming alkali clay resembled a paved street, but it is cut deep at frequent intervals by the mountain torrents of spring and fall. These made it treacherous for the riders, but the trusty horses [careened?] over them as if they had not existed.

The remounts were hurried along on a gallop to keep up on the chase and to enable the riders to obtain one with the slightest loss of valuable time possible. The frequency with which they were required bespoke the strenuous work. A rider come rushing up to the band of horses, his own mount dripping with perspiration and showing signs of exhaustion. A whirl of his lariat and a spare one was roped, the saddle flung upon it and in what [] but the lapse of moments he would be spurring his horse away in a gallop again to disappear in the dust and join the chase of the plunging and now thoroughly frightened buffalo. Occasionally, a man would be met leading his horse which was too weary to carry him, but like his fellows there was no loitering. As quickly as the saddle could be cinched on a remount a streak of dust and the clatter of hoofs would indicate the direction he had gone.

Breakaways and stampedes of sections of such a great herd could not, however, be avoided and soon the riders concentrated efforts on holding the main body. Seventy-five broke through the ranks of the cowboys at one rush and disappeared in the river at a single leap.

Lady prevents a stampede

As had been pre-arranged the herd was suddenly diverted from the valley of the Bitter Root over the mountain from where the drive was to start for town. Here Mrs. Irvine, with her son and daughter-in-law and two granddaughters [Arthur Larrivee and either Lena Ainsworth or Maud Masterson], who had been wolf hunting with their hounds joined in the chase finding bigger game and more exhilarating excitement. Mrs. Irvine in spite of her age and her sex did Trojan work on the firing line of that terrible gallop up the mountain side and down into the valley beyond. One desperate ride of hers at a critical time no doubt turned the fortunes in favor of the men, preventing a stampede which threatened to carry the entire herd beyond control.

Here was witnessed a fight between a buffalo bull and Mrs. Irvine's three big stag hounds. The bull had escaped from the herd and was galloping back down the mountain when the hounds rushed upon him, with all the courage for which they are famous, and in a moment had

accomplished what all the cowpunchers had failed to do and that was to stop the headlong charge. They fought him to a standstill and never slackened in their attack until ordered off.

Once in the valley beyond the mountains the buffalo seemed to realize the game was up and while the cowboys were preparing to swim the Pend d'Oreille river were glad enough to rest for a brief time after their flight for five hours in a burning sun. Heads were counted then and it was found that only about a hundred remained but this was considered exceptional luck. Several of the cowboys were hurried across the Pend d'Oreille river to await the arrival of the buffalo herd and then by a rushing drive the animals were forced into the water. It is a deep, swift running river, three or four hundred yards in width, but they swam it in an incredibly short time. Sixty or seventy horses were then driven in after them and as soon as all were safely across the drive went merrily on at a swinging gallop over the foothills towards Ravalli. It was found impossible to make the town that evening before dark and this necessitated holding the buffalo throughout the night in a field near [St.] Ignatius mission.

With the break of day the riders were again on the move and before the residents of the little village of Ravalli had taken their breakfast that quiet Sunday morning an even hundred head of buffalo were safely inside the loading corrals there. In the bunch was one old cow with brass caps on her horns, which identified her as one which had been in the wild west show many years past. In the bunch were three catalos, but they were sent back to the range nothing but fine blood being accepted.

Three days were necessary to rest the horses and riders preparatory to another drive so strenuous had been their exertions, and even then several remained behind. Two days after the drive was resumed Allard a drive to the very wings of the corral at Mud Creek, but there he shared the disappointment and bitter experience of Mr. Pablo on the same ground earlier in the campaign. The buffalo scattered to the four winds in a frantic rush, and every animal escaped. Nobody but the rough riders actually engaged saw the stampede, but the bodies of several buffalo lying next day in the path of their flight where they had dropped and died from exhaustion told more vividly than words how fierce and unrelenting had been the pursuit.

Undaunted by the failure, young returned to the range and camp on the trail of scattered bands for two days longer without success and returned with his weary riders and footsore horses on Saturday night without a hoof. Sunday morning word came whoever, that a herd of about 100 head had been sighted on the big prairie east of Pend d'Oreille, near Ronan. Allard and his men at once were in the saddle and away on the chase, and their perseverance had its merited reward, and they returned that evening with a band of over 30 head thus earning his bonus and at the same time assuring fine shipment of 211 head. The majority of those were breeding cows and young heifers, most valuable stock for the government's purpose and the kind Messrs. Douglas and Ayotte particularly desired. On Monday morning Allard and Pablo joined forces and rode again to the big plain and as far as the Round Butte, and saw about a 100 head, but could not do anything with them as they struck out for the river and they did not follow. This concluded the work on the range.

Loading the Buffalo

If you wish to get some idea of the difficulty of loading buffalo into stock cars except the opinion of a man familiar with the job. "Take the most 'ornery' range steer that ever stood on hoof; multiply his meanness by 10, his stubbornness by 15, his strength by 40 and his endurance by 50 and then add the products. Every westerner knows full well just how bad an 'ornery' range steer is and will thus fully realize that the men who handling buffalo live a strenuous life.

Imagine leading a ton of concentrated wire-like muscle and indomitable courage into a boxcar says one observer, without the assistance of a steam crane and you will form a correct estimate of the task. The cows were scarcely as difficult to load as the bulls being less powerful, but still they were far from being domestic pets.

From the main yards of the loading corral the buffaloes were cut one by one and driven into the loading pen from which a chute led to the cars just the same as ordinary stock only the timbers were heavier for it had been found by experience that corrals built for range cattle was useless to hold buffalo. They simply walked through such barricades and only the very strongest timbers would withstand their desperate plunge or charge of a frenzied bull. The illustration printed herewith will verify this. It was a frequent occurrence during the loading to have the walls of the corral which were constructed of fir planks, two inches thick and eight inches wide, spiked upon piles driven into the ground four and a half feet apart, smashed as through they were pine boards. On at least three occasions buffalo charge right through these formidable palisades which would be considered proof against anything but a round shot.

Into the cars

Once in the loading pen the buffalo was sent up the chute and at the top stood two cowboys who lassoed him with an inch rope. Feeling this tighten on his neck the animal would almost invariably make a great leap forward which would vary him into the car. From five to fifteen men had hold of the rope at the snubbing post at the other side of the car and every inch of slack was promptly hauled in as the struggles of the beast carried him nearer to the place in the car designed for him. Bulky ones were forced onward by the vigorous persuasion of a goad, but the desperate struggles of the largest animals were almost pitiful to behold. At times it would appear as though they might inevitably smash themselves to pieces or wrench the car off its very tracks.

As soon as the animal had been driven or dragged to his place he was tied securely to the uprights fastened especially on the outside of the car for this purpose. The lasso that had been thrown over his neck when he entered the car, with the loop so arranged that no matter how he struggled it would not choke him, served as a tie rope. The stall or partition that separated him from his neighbor was an ingenious arrangement. It resembled not a little a strongly constructed hurdle, and after the buffalo had been tied it was securely fastened at both ends with rope, thus forming a comfortable stall in which the animal had ample room allowed him to lie down. In the case of the cows with calves the stalls were made a little bigger and the calves were put in with their mothers. A car would hold nine or ten bulls thus arranged, but the younger stock such as yearlings and two-year-olds were run in loose like cattle, a car holding 20 or 25. The calves gave no trouble at all as they invariably rushed in with their mothers and were extremely careful to avoid separation.

Some 'ornery' ones

Occasionally a more 'ornery' one than usual would be encountered and these would have to be lassoed in the loading pen and dragged up the chute, by main force block and tackle having been called into requisition on more than one occasion. They were the really dangerous ones. Their struggles would end only with their strength of resistance, and it was necessary for the men to come in close contact with them and their dagger-like horns. Frequently the loaders would have to get on the opposite side of a partition and pry these baulky ones into their compartments with crowbars. It was not alone their horns and bulky weight that the men had to be careful and alert in avoiding; for they could kick at the most unexpected angles with a force and rapidly that would make a Texas mule turn green with envy.

Thirteen carloads

Notwithstanding all the dangerous difficulties the loading progressed with comparative rapidity, so that when Allard arrived on Sunday, the 6th inst., with the last bunch the stock yards were practically empty. Two days later the train of 13 cars with 211 head on board was pulled out for Lamont. Like the first shipment it was the wonder of the towns through which it passed. What a sight it would have been to a plainsman of the last of the last century as it passed over the railways which follow largely trails that those pioneer road-builders of the plains had tracked out in ages past.

It was fortunate that loading of that large number of such brutes was accomplished without a serious mishap to one of the men engaged and with a minimum loss of the animals. Only three were killed around the yards. One of the finest bulls in the whole herd broke his neck in his struggles in the car and a cow fell into the runway of the corral with her shoulder suffering injuries from which she died, and a calf died as the result of being overheated in the drive.

The journey to Canada

The Northern Pacific did everything to facilitate the shipment and acting in conjunction with the other roads rush the buffalo train through as a special. It left Ravalli at 4 p.m. and a splendid run was made to Helena, 167 miles, the train reaching there at 1:50 a.m. It was delayed there three hours getting new billing to the G.N., but they left Helena at 4:50 and arrived at Great Falls at 9:15 when they fed and watered and men had breakfast. They left at 11:15 accompanied Mr. C. B. Murphy, Superintendent of the Montana Central Division of the Great Northern. The intention was to give the train a good run to Virdun Junction, but through bad luck an engine had left the track on a work train and it was delayed some hours. However, Mr. Douglas had nothing but the very best to say of the treatment received from the railway through their general superintendent and Trainmaster Richardson both of whom did all in their power to accommodate him and his party in every way.

Upon arrival at Virdun Junction at 7:30 p.m., the train was met by General Manager Naismith and Superintendent Kevin of the A.R. & I. railway, also H. C. McMullen, general live stock agent of the C. P. R., who had very kindly forwarded a colonist sleeper car for the party, which was very much appreciated after two nights in a dinky caboose, General Manager Naismith attached his private car to the rear of the special train and went through to Lethbridge.

The train left Virdun at 7:45 only 15 minutes being taken to make the transfer from the Great Northern to the A.R. & I. The next stop was at Goutts, the boundary line, where the formality of making an entry for 211 head of buffalo was gone through. Being the property of the Dominion government the duty was chalked up. They also had to get a clearance as to the health of the pets. This all only delayed the train only 30 minutes and they then pulled out for Lethbridge, where it arrived at 1:15, making a very good run. Here they parted with Mr. Naismith and Mr. Kevin and Mr. McMullen very kindly tendered his services which were most gratefully accepted.

The C. P. R. not to be outdone by any of the other roads attached two of their fast road engines to the train and the run from there to Strathcona, a distance of nearly 350 miles was made at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. They stopped two hours and twenty minutes in Calgary to water and feed and also for the men to get lunch and, arrived at Strathcona at 1:15 a.m. where, an engine and crew were in waiting to transfer the train across Saskatchewan to North Edmonton. They arrived in C. N. R. yards at 3 a.m., where Superintendent Charles Carey kindly placed one of their magnificent passenger coaches at the disposal of the officials and men, and also attached his private car to the end of the train in which His Honor Lieutenant Governor Bulyea, Madame Bulyea and other ladies from Government House, also Premier Rutherford were, all of whom watched the unloading process.

The special arrived at Lamont at 6 a.m. and the detraining was speedily accomplished without mishap to man or beast.

At 2 p.m. all the cowboys were all mounted on such horses that could be procured there, and the drive to the park in one hour without anything worth mentioning taking place, and all were quietly grazing in Elk Island Park at 2:30 p. m., October 11, and the last great buffalo hunt was over. Here Mr. Douglas also saw some of the buffalo that were brought in last June and they seemed to be in first class condition and contented.

The buffalo finished the journey in excellent condition, the special arrangements for feeding and watering them proved most satisfactory. As a result only two animals were lost on the way. Compare this with the shipment Buffalo Jones made from Stonewall to Omaha when 25 per cent of his animals died enroute and it will be seen how excellently the shipment was handled.

Allard and six of his cowboys came through with the train representing Pablo's interests and to assist in the unloading and driving of the buffalo into the park. Pablo was unable to go, superintending the roundup of his beef.

Mr. Douglas' Appreciation

Through the medium of the Free Press, Mr. Douglas, as a representative of the Canadian Government, wishes to make a public declaration of his thanks to the gentlemen who contributed so materially to the success of the arduous undertaking. Mr. Douglas says, "I wish to express my warmest thanks and admiration to Charlie Allard for the admirable way in which he conducted the round up, and also loading and transportation of this last shipment, as had it not been for him I fear we would not have made a success of the business. I wish also to thank Supt. Willard, of the Northern Pacific railway and the local agent, Mr. Pendray, at Ravalli station, for the many courtesies extended while loading at Ravalli station; also Mr. C. B. Murphy, superintendent of

the Great Northern railway, who was most assiduous in looking after our comfort while on his road; also Mr. Kevin superintendent of the A. R. & I. railway, who also did his to get us over his line promptly; and also Mr. H. C. McMullen of the Canadian Pacific railway, without whose valued experience and foresight we would have been at sea many times and though a very busy man, gave us four days of kindly help and advice; and last but not least to Mr. Chas. Carey, superintendent of the Canadian Northern railway, who most thoughtfully met us and extended to us the courtesies of his company. So that what might have been a most trying and tedious undertaking was made most pleasant by meeting nothing but kindness and good will while on the way."



Illustrations from page nine





MR. AYOTTE AND HIS PROTEGE.

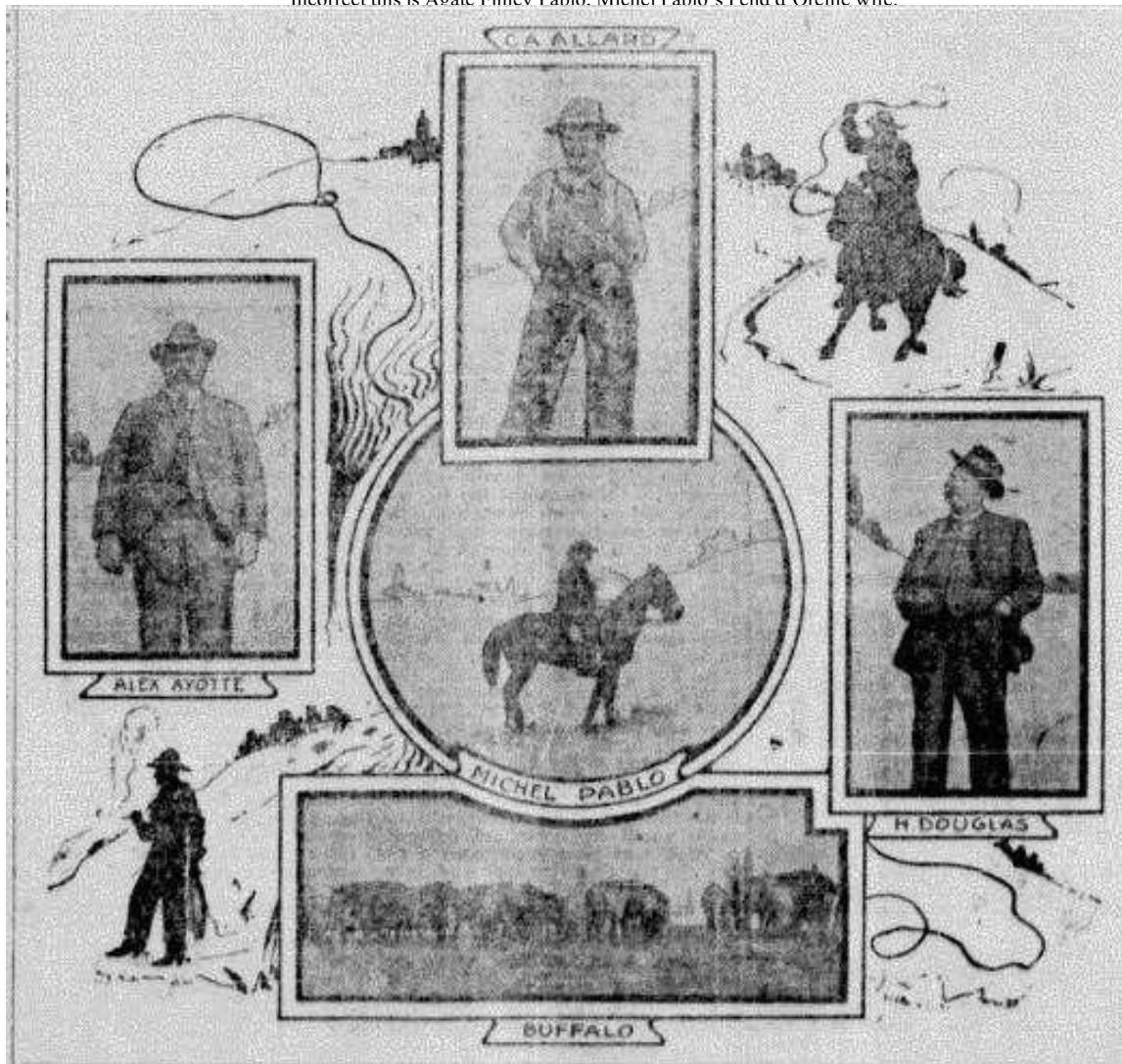


MRS. IRVINE

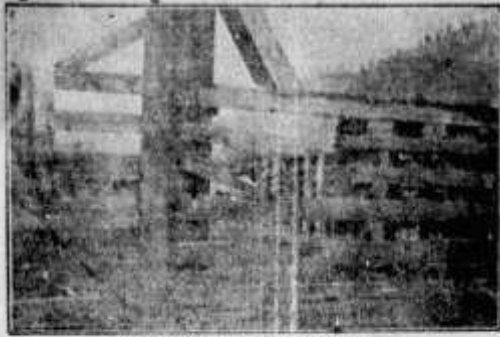
This remarkable old lady who was the heroine of the race, up to date of the fact that she is a grand old lady, was seen in the saddle one day through a hill and broken country. She was accompanied by her grand daughter, the Misses Martin, of Edinburgh.

This little buffalo calf about three weeks old, was nearly half mired and was the Pend d'Oreille river with the herd in Alford's first drive before it became exhausted. Its mother, as expected from the round up and the little animal was trapped and tied to a tree. Next day it was brought in a wagon bound and for. It was then nourished on cow's milk and is growing fine.

Incorrect this is Agate Finlev Pablo. Michel Pablo's Pend d'Oreille wife.



Illustrations from page ten



EFFECT OF A BUFFALO CHARGE.

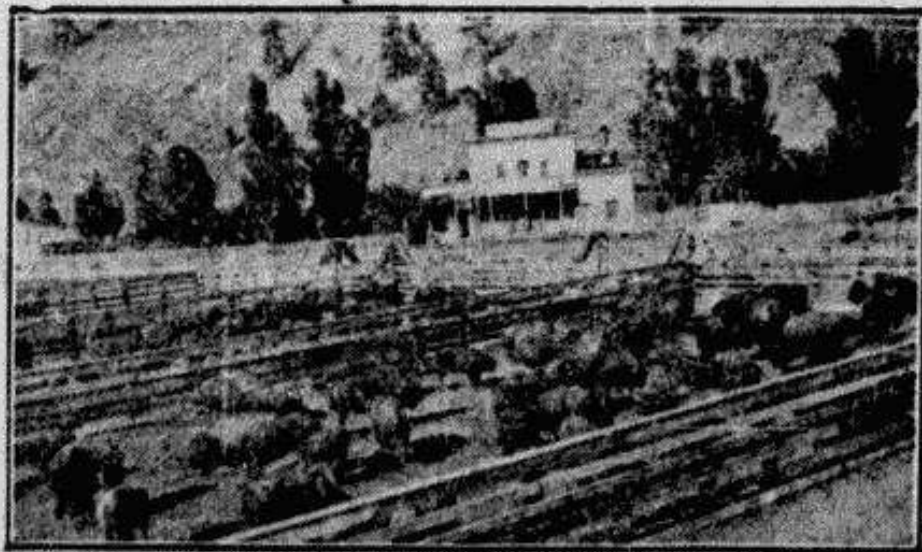
Three fir planks, two inches thick and eight inches wide, in the corral fence broken by the impact.



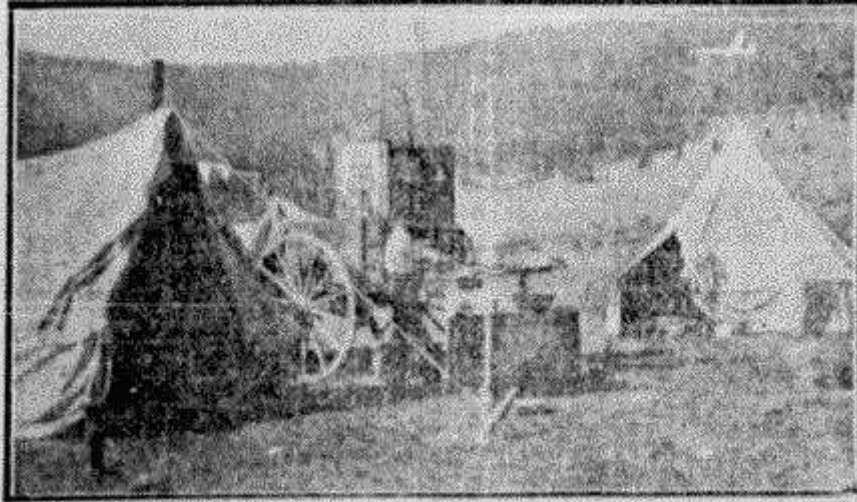
HOW THE BUFFALO WERE HAULED IN ON THE SNUBBING POST.



IN THE CORRAL AT LAMONT.



IN THE CORRAL AT RAVALLI.



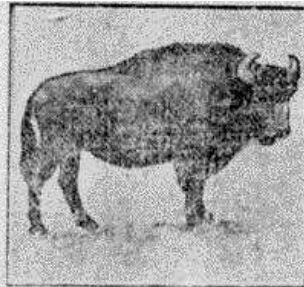
THE GRUB WAGON.

Little Jim, Mr. Allard's Japanese cook, was one of the busiest of men in the round up.

Illustrations of page eleven



A BUFFALO COW AT BAY.

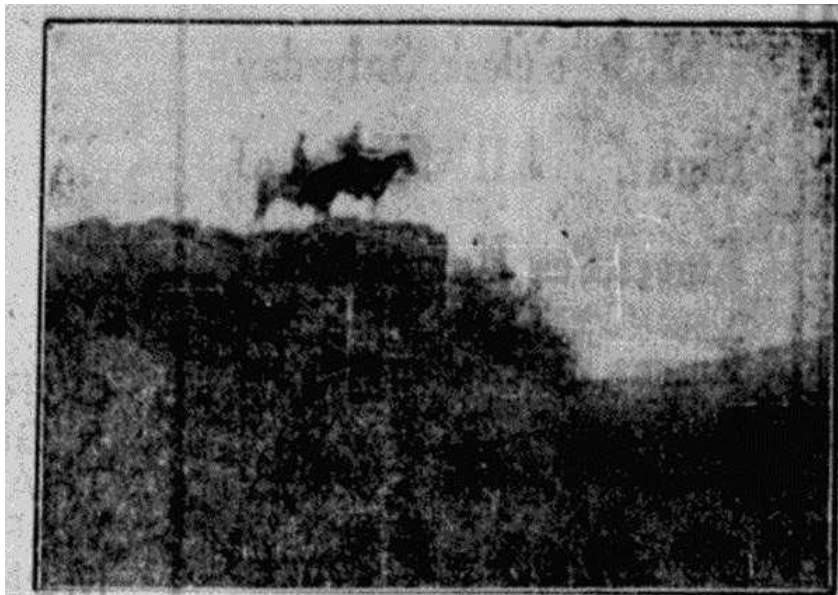


A CATALO.



THE STUB OF THE ROUND UP.

Photograph by E. J. RICHARDSON. Taken at the edge of the Great Plains, near the mouth of the Red River.

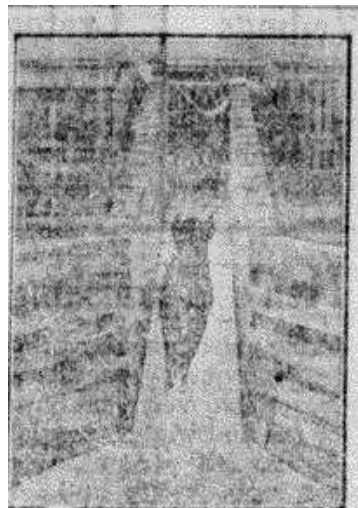


THE EYES OF THE ROUND UP.

Two cowboys, J. Grinder and Jos. McDonald, on the ridge of the Pend Oreille mountains watching the buffalo.



Glenbow Archives NA-3581-11



METHOD OF LOADING.

Good-bye Uncle Sam, I am a Subject of the King.



From Archives & Special Collections, Mansfield Library, The University of Montana-Missoula



26 Mile Fence Had to Be Built to Catch Buffalo During Roundup of Pablo Herd

In the early part of 1906 it; Messrs. Pablo and Allard, own-| Ravalli station served as a re-
the well known, that one of the buffalo. Many of the | milder of the 1906-1908 buf-

The Last of the Buffalo, Tom Jones, 1909

Obstreperous Buffalo

Object to Leaving Native Wilds

Two killed in the Loading

The loading of the famous Pablo herd of buffalo has almost been completed at Ravalli, and the animals will probably pass through Great Falls on their way to Banff, Alberta, this week.

A. Ayotte, agent of the Canadian government, came down last night from Ravalli, where the loading of the buffalo is in progress, says the Missoulian. It is expected that the last of the big animals will be loaded today. Charles Allard and Michel Pablo are expected in from Mud creek with 60 head, which will make the total shipment a little more than ordinary trouble in loading this lot, the last of the bison will be in the cars and ready to start for Canada tomorrow.

There has been more than trouble with this lot; it has been real grief. Yesterday one of the big fighting bulls got away and ran through John Wightman's orchard fence, taking fence, trees and landscape with him. Then he went over to the railway track and planted himself in front of a freight train, which was tied up till the buffalo could be removed from the track.

Two of the finest animals in the bunch have been killed while loading. One, the largest bull of the lot, ran against the side of the car into which he had been driven and struck the side with such force that he broke his neck and he died at once. The other, also a big bull, died from the effects of overheating; he ran a long way and dropped dead in his racks."

The Kendall Miner, October 18, 1907, page 3.



The next spring in May 1908, the roundup was resumed. It was not easy, for these wild, unruly beasts attacked horse and rider when cornered. Only fast work saved them from injury. The cows, calves, and younger bulls were easier to move into corrals but it was difficult to move the heavier bulls. Often, when a herd was almost in the corral, they broke and ran leaving only 10 or 12 animals in the corral.

“Charlie Russell and photographer N.A. Forsyth once positioned themselves inside the wing fence leading into the pens in order to get head-on photos of a charging herd. Appreciating the view for a moment too long, Russell leapt over the fence inches in front of a pair of deadly horns; the photographer saved himself by dangling from the branch of a tree just above the stampede, where his pants and his dignity were shredded by passing horns. Russell’s painting “A Close Call” captured the photographer’s miraculous escape from death. Forsyth’s camera, abandoned on the ground, did not fare so well.” *The Last Great Buffalo Roundup*, One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer, Published March 29, 2011.

A Butte photographer, N.A Forsyth, taking pictures from the river bank, was lucky, when the animals broke away, that he could hide in a nearby cedar grove and to lose only his hat and part of his pants. The roundup brought photographers, writers, and noted men as well as the best cowpunchers from all over. One cowpuncher artist was Charles M. Russell, who came in 1907 and 1908 to talk with cowboy friends and sketch buffalo. He wrote back telling what a wide open town Ronan was for gambling.

“These roundups were by no means safe. Like their descendants, these bison were wild and objected to being moved about. The Wainwright Star recounts the dramatic story of a photographer who was nearly trampled to death during one of the roundups in Montana: “The entry of the buffalo into the corral came nearly being accompanied by a regrettable fatality. Mr. Forsyth, an enterprising photographer from Butte, Mont., being anxious to get some photos of the animals in the water, had stationed himself at a point of vantage amidst a clump of trees close to one of the booms in the river where he judged he would be out of path of the oncoming herd. However they chose to take the bank directly below where he was standing, and before he could reach safety they were upon him in a mad, irresistible stampede. How he escaped being trampled

to instant death is a miracle which even he cannot realize. He has a recollection of the herd rushing upon him and of having in some way clutched a passing calf which he clung to until it passed under a tree. He then managed to grasp a branch and although he was unable to pull himself up out of danger he was able to keep himself from under the feet of the plunging herd. His dangling legs were bruised and cut by their horns and his clothes were torn to shreds, but he still clung to the limb for life. Twice the herd passed under him as they circled back in an attempt to escape, but fortunately before he became exhausted they rushed into the corral. The Canadian Pacific officials and the riders who knew the location chosen by Forsythe shuddered when they saw the animals rush in there and expected to find his body trampled out of semblance in the clay. Consequently they were rejoiced to find the luckless photographer slightly disfigured, but still hugging his friend the tree in his dishevelled wardrobe. His two costly cameras were trampled to pieces and his opinion of his predicament was summed up in the words, 'I have had enough buffalo.'” Source: Wainwright Star, January 8, 1909, Page 1, Item Ar00104, at Peel’s Prairie Provinces.

Frank McLeod tells about an old, gray-haired photographer with a flowing beard, “and the appearance of a biblical patriarch” who Michel Pablo felt sorry for. For the old photographer he had a small platform built among the limbs of a dead pine tree. “This elevation provided an excellent and apparently safe view of the buffalo being driven in from the prairie. But one of the bison unexpectedly swung against the base of the tree with such force that the platform and patriarch came down across the buffalo’s back. The old man found himself astride a bewildered buffalo cow. As the animals were crowded closely together, he couldn’t be tossed off and trodden to death. There he sat at the rear end of a moving sea of broad backs, with his long beard fluttering in the breeze, a very serene lord of the thundering herd. After traveling nearly a hundred yards, the herd split and the old man fell off to a safe landing. He said he was lucky in getting a back seat in that ride.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” This may be N. A. Forsyth as a similar story is told about him. Forsyth grasped the branch of an overhanging tree as the herd sped onward. Charley Russell painted this incident and it hanged in the windows of the Missoula Mercantile Company in December 1908. The painted was later given to Forsyth. His large camera was trampled to its but he had a small camera swung over his shoulder which he accidentally touched to snap a photograph of the stampeding herd. James Peone tells of a reporter that was perched on the top corral pole. “One big bull was trying to get out where the reporter was roosting. This bull made a determined lunge, got his horns under the to rail where the man sat, and loosened the rail from the posts. The rail fell across the buffalo’s neck and he carried it with the reporter half way around the corral, before dropping both to the ground. The poor fellow, yelling like a Comanche Indian, scrambled to safety, just in time to avert a fatal goring. He presented a most ludicrous sight. He had hit the ground in a pile of soft dung. His fiery red hair was plastered with it, and his suit and white shirt were well discolored. With so much buffalo “atmosphere” he was thus enabled to write a real story about the beasts.” Tony Barnaby remembers that it was Morton J. Elrod.

“Picture Note of Painter Russell

Noted Cowboy Artist Sends Illustrated Letter to N. A. Forsyth
Rare souvenir of an Exciting Incident in Rounding Up Herd of Wild Buffaloes.

Charles M. Russell, the famous cowboy artist of Montana, and Norman A. Forsyth, the noted photographer of stereographic views in scenic actions of Montana and other portions of the northwest, have exchanged compliments, and, as might be expected, the result is quite picturesque. Mr. Russell seldom lays down the brush in communicating his ideas, but recently he took up the pen and wrote a letter to his friend Forsyth in which is vividly recalled an exciting incident when the painter and photographer were in a precarious position at the hands or, at least the horns, of a cow buffalo. As has been stated it is seldom that Mr. Russell writes a letter and the epistle to his Butte friend is the more appreciated because it is illustrated at the top with a spirited water-color sketch of the happening in which the artist and photographer figured actively as regards making a swift and complete get-a-way.

Flathead Roundup

The occurrence in question was when a few years ago about 800 wild buffalo were being rounded up on the Flathead reservation. It was a rare occurrence and the last of the kind to happen on earth, as nowhere else is there to be found so large a herd of those animals which are fast becoming extinct. Mr. Russell and the Butte photographer had a camp on the buffalo range in favorable position for watching the maneuvers and to secure sketches and photographs of the animals in various situations so that the scenes might be reproduced for the edification and instruction of coming generations.

Brown Lady Visitor

One day a bunch of buffaloes escaped from the cowboys and began swimming down the river and at a point opposite the camp of the two artists suddenly and unexpectedly an old buffalo cow dashed out of the water and up on the bank and then made a break as if to dart between the two tents, located not far from the river. The alarm of the occupants of the camp may be imagined, and they began making a wild scramble for points of safety. Mr. Forsythe declares he would not have cared so much for himself, but he had a pet in the way of a fine new camera that he was very anxious to save out of the wreck, and the painter was equally solicitous for the safety of a large canvas upon which he had done considerable work. The canvas was not in easy reach, however, and Mr. Russell did not wait to get it before he began his flight, but the photographer, with rare presence of mind, grabbed his camera. The small water-color drawing at the head of the letter shows two artists disappearing precipitately and anxiously in different directions while the buffalo cow is scrambling up that river bank.

After Tall Timber

Both the occupants of the camp are fast making for some tall timber in the background, leaving everything in the camp with the exception of that precious camera at the mercy of the unwelcome

intruder. The letter from Mr. Russell in which the stirring incident is recalled pictorially and otherwise is as follows:

Great Falls. Feb. 22, 1912

Friend Forsyth – The above sketch will show you that I have not forgotten you or our buffalo days. I will always remember that afternoon when the ‘lady in brown’ called. We were very much embarrassed, probably because we were not dressed to meet ladies. Anyhow, the reception we gave her was turned into a foot race. Your friend, C. M. Russell.”

The interesting illustrated letter has been framed, and is on exhibition in the show window of the Schatzlein Paint company. The Butte Miner, Feb. 28, 1912, page 6.

“The Buffalo Roundup 1907-1909 Buffalo in the Flathead Valley told by Allen Sloan to Bon I. Whealdon and Della Sloan Culligan, August, 1934.

“When I first came to the Flathead Valley, there was a fair size herd of buffalo roaming the prairies. I wondered over their presence here, since from my reading, I had the impression that the region west of the divide was not the native range of the bison.

“A natural curiosity caused me to make some inquiries. I was told that they belonged to two men, Chas. Allard and Michael Pablo. The original herd, consisting of a few calves had been brought from the east side by Sam, a St. Ignatius Indian in 1873. Allard, also, had picked up a number of head through deals with the Indians.

“After I was allotted out at the river, the buffalo occasionally annoyed me by either rubbing and rubbing against my posts until they toppled over, or by completely tearing away sections of fence in their wild stampedes from the hills to the river. Other than that, I scarcely paid attention to them.

“After a short chat with Arthur Ray, Joe Houle and Michael Pablo, I climbed the corral fence and sat beside Chas. Russell, who was perched there sketching pictures of the buffalo.

“I shall never forget his remark as he pointed to Pablo on his pony, the buffalo, the Indians, the riders and their horses, the prairie, and then toward the snow-capped peaks of Mission Range glistening in the brilliant sunshine – ‘Here we have it, Sloan, a last glorious touch of the Old West in the grandest setting Nature ever arranged.’” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, pp.125126.

“Determining that the better part of wisdom might be to leave the renegade bulls behind and concentrate on cows and calves, Pablo and his buffalo boys began to make slow but steady

progress. In July 1907 Pablo sent a trainload of 215 cows and calves on its way to Canada, followed by 180 more in October. With newfound confidence, Pablo predicted that he would be able to fulfill his contract in 1908.

“Have Sold the Buffaloes

Missoula, Sept. 30. – Ernest Harold Baynes of Meriden, Conn., secretary of the American Bison Society, will be an interested spectator at the roundup of 275 head of buffaloes on the Flathead reservation. Elaborate preparations have been made by those in charge of the tediously hazardous task of loading almost 300 unruly animals for the buffaloes to be loaded on the reservation are the “outlaws” of the Allard-Pablo herd, those that escaped former roundups. The buffaloes have been sold to the Canadian government and will go to the national park in Banff. The process of corralling the buffaloes may take three weeks.” The Dillon Tribune, October 2, 1908, page 2.

Unfortunately, most of the animals remaining were bulls, and they had scattered across the reservation in small, wary groups. In 1909 the crew corralled and shipped another 208 animals, but a few of the bulls smashed their way through fences and railroad cars so many times that Pablo instructed his riders to leave them alone.” The Last Great Buffalo Roundup, One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer, Published March 29, 2011.

Many Enjoy Choice Steaks Cut From A Young Buffalo Butchering the Victim of an Accident.

The accompanying cut shows Chief Duncan McDonald of the Flathead reservation in the act of skinning a buffalo cow, which was killed during the loading of the Pablo herd at Ravalli a few days ago.

The animal, about 4 years of age, was so unruly that the loader; could do nothing with her. She fought desperately against being driven through the loading chute into a freight car and in a mad rush across the corral butted blindly into the side of the pen, breaking her neck. She was immediately bled and the carcass was removed to the back yard of the Ravalli hotel, where it was skinned, dressed and butchered for use as a part of the menu for the Sunday dinner a week ago.

A large crowd of visitors, attracted to Ravalli by the buffalo loading, was unexpectedly offered buffalo steak when the dinner hour was announced. Almost everyone took advantage of the opportunity to taste the meat-just that they might say they had eaten buffalo. And almost everyone who tried the novelty expressed himself as delighted with the flavor. The popularity of the meat is attested by the fact that the supply was exhausted before the day was over, several persons securing large cuts of it to carry home with them.” The Daily Missoulian, July 4, 1909. Morning, Page 4.



“Have Sold the Buffaloes

Missoula Sept. 30. – Ernest Harold Baynes of Merldon, Conn., secretary of the American Bison Society, will be an interested spectator of the roundup of 275 head of buffaloes on the Flathead reservation. Elaborate preparations have been made by those in charge of the tediously hazardous task of loading almost 300 unruly animals for the buffaloes to be loaded on the reservation are the “outlaws” of the Allard-Pablo herd, those that escaped former roundups. The buffaloes have been sold to the Canadian government and will go to the national park at Banff. The process of corralling the buffaloes may take three weeks.” *The Dillon Examiner* October 2, 1908, page 2

When buffalo had been captured in the corral they were loaded in wagons and hauled over the hills to where Charlo now stands and then on to the waiting cars in Ravalli. Some tried to climb the corral fence and one big bull succeeded in getting over and running through the town. About 25 had to be killed as they were so wild they could not be loaded. One powerful bull crashed through the side of the stock car and had to be killed. As the shipments continued, many of the small bands were brought to Ravalli on hoof. The final shipment to Canada was June 1, 1912.

“Rides Against Death On Horns of Buffalo

Bison Goaded to Madness Charges Roundup Rider’s Horse and Gores It to Death

John Decker is Hero of Thrilling Experience

Infuriated Beast Lifts Steed Upon its Horns and Half Carries, Half Pushes Animal and Rider for a Distance of Three Hundred Yards or More Across Corral at Ronan.

With his horse impaled upon the horns of a maddened buffalo Johnnie Decker, expert roundup rider, had a ride against death Saturday on the Flathead reservation such as few men experience and live to tell the story. The horse was gored to death by the infuriated beast and it is little short of a miracle that its rider escaped without a scratch save a few minor bruises, sustained when he and his horse were thrown from the horns of the beast.

Decker's thrilling ride to what seemed certain death occurred at Ronan, where the famous Pablo herd of buffalo is being rounded up for transportation to Ravalli and shipped to the Banff national park in Canada. Decker and his brother, who were employed as expert riders to corral the bison and aid in leading them into cages, in which they are being hauled from Ronan to the railroad cars at Ravalli, were endeavoring to drive the unruly bison from the corral at Ronan into the waiting cages when the herd, goaded to madness by the efforts of the drivers to force them into the wagons, rebelled and stampeded. One shaggy monarch of the herd, which Decker had been trying to force through the loading chute, wheeled suddenly, lowered his massive head and, in blind fury charged toward the rider. Traveling with the speed of the wind, almost, the beast bore down on Decker's horse. The rider was unable to swing his steed clear of the beast's path and in an instant the horse was impaled upon the buffalo's horns. With an exhibition of strength almost beyond belief the buffalo raised horse and rider from the ground and half carrying, half pushing them, bore them across the corral for a distance of 200 yards or more.

Tries to Shoot

With almost certain death staring him in the face, Decker attempted to draw his revolver from the holster and kill the beast. But the weapon caught and his efforts to release it were futile. While the five other riders, unable to lend their comrade any assistance, watched to see him go beneath the hoofs of the buffalo, Decker clung firmly to his saddle and struggled with his revolver. Just then the buffalo stumbled and the gored horse and his rider were hurled from the horns of the beast into the dust. The horse never moved from where he fell, but Decker, fortunately, was thrown beyond the animal, and aside from a few bruises and a severe shakingup escaped unhurt. Undaunted by his narrow escape, Decker mounted another horse and assisted his brother and the other drivers to force the unruly beast into a wagon cage in which he was safely transported from Ronan to the cars at Ravalli.

Decker's horse which was the property of Michel Pablo, former owner of the buffalo herd, and one of his finest animals, was the second horse to fall a victim to the horns of a buffalo since the roundup commenced. Only two days before Decker's experience, another animal belonging to Pablo was charged by a buffalo and so badly injured that it died, but in this case there was no rider.

Exciting Experiences

These are but two of the thrilling incidents that have marked each day's work since the Canadian government undertook to move 200 animals of the Pablo herd from their boundless and untrammelled native heath into captivity with the confines of a Canadian park in Alberta. Incidents almost equally exciting but without the same menace to human life as Decker's ride occur every time the animals are loaded into the hauling wagons at Ronan and their considerable excitement at Ravalli occasionally, when the loaders force an unruly animal into the railway cars. Since the hauling and loading commenced about 2 buffalo have been killed through the frantic efforts of the beasts to pit their brawn in a winning contest against man's ingenuity.

Killed in Corral.

All but one of this number were killed at the roundup corral at Ronan. Here the untamed animals, fresh from the wild, free range, first discover that they have been trapped into limited confines and the last remnants of these proud monarchs of the plains rebel most violently against man's encroachment upon their freedom. Captivity is to them something before unknown and every instinct of the animal rises against it. Sullenly and defiantly the beasts which have been unwillingly trapped in a pen, whence there is no outlet save a chute leading into narrow cages on wheels, fight against being driven through this exit. Goaded by the drivers, portions of the herd have several times rushed blindly into the Pend O'Reille river and swum two miles down the stream to escape the corral. At other times they rushed madly against the corral fences, the result being death to some and escape for others. One cow recently exhibited astonishing agility by clearing the 10-foot fence of the corral in a jump. Another surly bull, after being forced into the cage, tore the heavy timber stall to pieces in his fury and, when bound in with wire, snapped the metal as though it were but a thread. This animal landed at Ravalli only after he had been chained in a cage by means of a log chain. Still another jumped through the top of his cage and is still at large. The only animal to be killed at Ravalli thus far was a young cow, which succeeded in slipping the noose from her neck after being gotten into the freight car, and rushed against the side of the loading chute with such blind fury and force she broke her neck and fell dead in her tracks. This animal furnished toothsome buffalo steaks for the hundreds of visitors who have been daily flocking to Ravalli to witness the loading of the animals.

Unique Methods.

As for the methods that have been adopted for handling the buffalo since the escape of the herd last year, they are unique in many respects but have proved fairly successful. It was deemed useless to attempt to drive the herd from the bison range to Ravalli and it was decided to construct a corral at Ronan in which to collect the animals and then haul them in wagons from Ronan to Ravalli, a distance of about 36 miles over rough mountain roads. To accomplish this, crates, or stalls just large enough to accommodate one buffalo, and constructed of heavy timbers, were built upon wheels and provided with removable endgates. These wagons were backed up against the end of the loading chute in lines of five to 10 so as to form a continuous passageway

to the front cage. The buffalo are then driven through the chute and through the crates until there is an animal to each crate, when the endgates are shut and the animals are safely enclosed and ready for hauling. Three crates, or wagons, are then attached together and a 20-horse team then pulls the wagons from Ronan to Ravalli. Here the animals are unloaded into a series of corrals, the large bulls and cows being segregated. All of these corrals connect by means of lanes with a central corral, from which the loading chute leads to the freight car that is to be loaded. A force of Indians and cowboys numbering some 20 or 25 men, by dint of much maneuvering, force the animals into the loading corral one at a time. Being partially tamed by their experience in the corral at Ronan, their close captivity during the long from Ronan to Ravalli and protracted incarceration in the pens at Ravalli, the animals are driven into the loading chute with comparative ease, but when they are driven into the cars the excitement commences. A one-inch hemp rope lopped about a post firmly planted in the ground, and manned by a dozen strong men is the instrument which induces the animals to enter the car and holds them there until they can be crated in. This rope is provided with a running noose, which is prevented from drawing too tight by a carefully placed knot. Two men hold this open loop over the mouth of the loading chute and, as the animal is driven up into the car, his head runs through the noose. A shout, a tug by the muscular men manning the line, a terrible struggle on the part of the beast, and the kicking, snorting, frantically fighting monarch of the prairie lies raging in ignominious captivity. Then he is released and left to vent his fury in vain kicks at the car sides and snorts in rage. His exertions cause the massive cars to tremble as though about to collapse, and timid spectators beat a hasty retreat to safer distance. Then buffalo thus loaded into a single car fill the space; the loaded car is moved out of the way and another is shunted into place. Three or four cars is a big day's work when there are no accidents and in event of the latter perhaps one car is loaded is a strenuous task.

The Record.

When the loading fore quit work yesterday afternoon 178 buffalo had been placed in the cars ready for shipment. But 18 more remain to be hauled from Ronan to the loading corral. These are due to arrive about 4 o'clock this afternoon and Howard Douglas, superintendent of the western Canada national parks, who is supervising the work of shipping the buffalo, expects to have the remaining animals in their cars and to have the entire shipment of 196 started on its way to Alberta by Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. The 18 animals yet to be loaded are the largest and wildest of the entire herd and were left until the last in anticipation of trouble handling them. They were in the corral at Ronan yesterday morning and were scheduled to be loaded into the wagon crates during the day. Whether or not this work was successful will not be known until word is received from Ronan today.

"These animals will complete our shipments for the present," said Mr. Douglas to a Missoulian reporter at Ravalli yesterday afternoon, "but there are about 150 more animals to be rounded up during the coming fall. These are all renegade animals and will undoubtedly prove very difficult to handle. However, we will attempt to corral and ship them this year." *The Missoulian*, June 28, 1909

Buffalo on the Prod told by Toni Barnaby to Bon I. Whealdon, Oct. 15, 1941.

“This buffalo left the bunch -went up on this pinnacle slope and turned around – refused to budge. One of the boys made a remark that he had a good notion to get off his horse, walk up there, grab him by the whiskers and pull him down. That sounds like a hard problem. Anyone who knows a buffalo, would tell you that it would be as good as any. They worked biggest part of day, but could not move him out of there. One of the old heads finally said he knew a very good way what to do with him. (So what) they asked? Leave him alone. They did, (and) the next day he was back with the bunch.

“The buffalo looks very clumsy. The buffalo boys when driving a bunch will bet you \$5.00 against a chew of tobacco you can’t ride up to any one of them and quirk him.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, p.138.

“Pablo’s Remnant Herd as told by Fred Beaulieu to Bon I. Whealdon, November 4, 1941.

“I did not know how the story originated that all of Pablo’s buffalo, excepting 10 head, were rounded up. It surely cannot be from any account given by our old-timers, who were, and are, truthful people.

“As the total of shipments to Canada revealed, Mr. Pablo owned several hundred more buffalo than he had figured on. The riders all knew that a number of buffalo had eluded the roundup and found temporary refuge among the hills west of the Pend Oreille [Flathead] River. The current attitude was that the Canadian government had already gotten many more than it bargained for. Further attempts to get these few would prove quite expensive to our friend Pablo, so why kill our horses trying to corral the scattered remnant.

In April, 1911, and Indian and I crossed the river at Buffalo Ferry, rode across the flats, and into the open foothills. Our search for a valuable team of stray horses included a thorough inspection of all the gulches and bench lands. In one canyon we ran into a small band of Pablo’s buffalo. We had with us a foolhardy pooch that we were afraid could be trampled to death, should he startle the little herd into a stampede down the narrow defile. Therefore we very quietly retraced our route in order to take a trail following the canyon ridge. From the height we counted the animals – 31 cows, a few bulls, several calves, and 3 cattalo.

“What became of this remnant band? Well, there are several elderly Indians and white settlers who can, if they so desire, inform you that several buffalo hunts – the very last in the United

States- were conducted during 1912.” “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, p.141.

“Buffalo Story as told by Henry Burland to Bon I. Whealdon, November 21, 1941.

“I was reared in the teepee of my grandfather [August Finley]. His place at the head of Spring Creek, near Ronan, Montana, was the meeting place for all the old Indians in this vicinity. Here they came to visit and relive the experiences of the earlier days. It seems that since I was a small babe, strapped to the ‘papoose board,’ my environment has been distinctly Indian.

“When I was about ten years of age, Michel Pablo hired my grandfather, his brother Dave Finley, and some of the older Matt families to hunt out, and butcher the buffalo still roaming at large in the Magpie Springs district. These animals had escaped roundup of Pablo’s herd when it was sold to the Canadian government.

“The party also included Mrs. August Finley and Mrs. Matt and the children of the respective families. We set up our teepees in a pine grove near the river. While the men hunted and butchered the buffalo, the two women did the cooking for the crowd, and we youngsters entertained ourselves in juvenile games known to children of every race and clime.

“The men were very successful in their hunt, and soon had all the small band of buffalo, excepting on cow, who had eluded the riders so often that we began to think she was under the devil’s care and protection.

“August arose one morning and informed the crowd it would be the last day to hunt the ‘devils cow.’ He stationed a few men at points along the river bank. Then he gave the women and us children instructions that should the cow come toward camp, we were to make a lot of noise that might scare her toward the river.

“August with a small crew rode to the foothills, where they hoped to rout the old girl from her hiding place.

“Of course we completely forgot the orders left with us. The women began preparing dinner for the crew. They had several large pots of camp grub bubbling over the fire. As they worked, they gossiped, as all Indian women love to do. Dear old ladies, they were both very fat. So heavy on their feet, they waddled about just like Xmas geese.

“Finally one of the boys looked up the long slope and saw the buffalo cow making a bee line for our camp. Like so many pine squirrels we children climbed up among the branches of the trees. The ladies, at last seeing the reason for our commotion, managed to hoist and pull at each other until they got into a buggy, where they filled the seat overflowing. Mrs. Matt in her excitement had carried with her a pot of hot beans. This utensil she waved in the air, while she and her companion fairly shouted the prayers for the faithful dead.

“Apparently the old cow neither saw nor heard any of us, as she charged between campfire and buggy on her way to the river. However as she swept by the old ladies, Mrs. Matt hurled the pot of scalding beans at her, yelling: ‘More heat to you daughter of hell!’

“Soon August rode into camp. I’ll never forget his look of disgust nor his scornful words, as he viewed the ladies on the buggy seat, the steaming beans scattered over the ground, and us kids perched like jabbering magpies upon the pine limbs: “I have very goddamn soft Indians today. So damn soft, I could poke a cat’s tail through them at any spot and not ruffle a hair on it. We are all soft, fat old squaws. We go to Ronan now, and live in wood house like whites’

“Years later, I understand, that another party captured the buffalo cow and turned her in on the **Bison Range.**” I Will Be Meat For My Salish" - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts, p.142-143.



The text of this front page is below:

All But Outlaws of Great Buffalo Herd Moved From Flathead to Make Room for the Settler by F. L. Baghy.

With the shipment Wednesday of nearly 29 buffalo from Ravalli, Mont., to Canada, all but the outlaw remnant of the largest herd of wild bison in the United States were removed from their native heath to the limited confines of a foreign park to make way for the advancing march of progress and development. Trapped into man-made corrals, roped and loaded into cages, bound down with chains and wire, hauled over long and rough roads, then dragged by man force into

freight cars and shipped like so many common cattle over the railroads, nearly 600 of these lords of the plains have been dragged from the free and untrammelled range of their nativity into a national playground, where they will be kept as noble specimens of a rapidly vanishing species of American big game. And this is all to make room for the white man – the man with the plow and the hoe, whose conquest of the soil has swept the red man, the buffalo and other wild game before him like mist before the wind. The settler, in the great battle of development, needed more lands to conquer. The Flathead reservation offered an enticing field for his activities. But there was not room for the red man's buffalo and the white man's cattle, perforce the bison had to make way for the munching cow, the toiling horse and the ravenous sheep and swine of him who was coming to transform the untamed wilds into an Arcadia of horses, farms and ranches. The grazing range of the buffalo was to become the feeding ground of domestic animals, so the bison were sold for a paltry sum and men were hired to capture and ship them into the country of the purchaser – the Canadian government. And when the 150 head that remain upon the reservation are rounded up and shipped this fall, there will be none of the noble animals left to dispute the right of the white man's stock to every blade of grass on the range where once the buffalo was lord of all he surveyed.

Countless Numbers

But a few years ago bison roamed the western plains in countless numbers. Herds so large that days were required for them to pass a given point frequently forced pioneer immediately to encamp, and wait patiently for them to pass before they could resume their journey over the new trail into the unknown wilderness of the vast west. In the migrations the beat of their hoofs resounded like the mighty rumble of thunder, and the dust from their heels clouded the sun itself. Running before a prairie fire or stampeded by a flash of lightning these great masses of shaggy, wild-eyed, snorting beasts made the very earth tremble beneath their majestic forms. But these days have swiftly glided into the past, and with them are vanishing the buffalo like a mirage at the setting of the sun. The thunderous pound of their hoofs is heard more, and the plains where they once were wont to graze in peace or rush in a maddened fright before some impending danger, are crossed with fences, dotted with farm houses and producing farm products to sustain life and pour dollars into the pockets of their conquerors – the white man.

Whitened Skulls

A few years ago whitened skulls and scattered bones marked the great immigrant trails into the west, gruesome monuments to mighty herds that fell under the ruthless slaughter of countless hunters. But even these relics of pioneer days have disintegrated and have become indistinguishably mingled with the dust of the earth.

Man's appetite for fresh meat and the discovery that buffalo tongue was a delicacy to tickle the palate of an epicure first, led to the ruthless slaughter of the animals. The lives of countless thousands being sacrificed for the sake of their tongues. When the bison began to get scarce and wealth developed a hobby for buffalo hides and heads, man's greed for gold furnished a motive for the slaughter of more and more until he suddenly awakened to the realization that the bison

was almost extinct. A desire to save and protect these noble animals found birth in the hearts of a few men, and the surviving buffalo were gathered together in small herds by animal fanciers, zoological gardens and bison societies in various parts of the country. The Canadian government took an interest in the matter and established herds in some of its parks. The United States government has, at last, been interested and has established a bison range in Montana for it failed to act in time to prevent the loss to this country of the largest herd within its borders.

The Allard Herd

Among the individuals who took an interest in preserving the buffalo was Charles Allard, who secured a few animals and started a herd on the Flathead reservation near Ronan in the early eighties. He increased this herd by breeding and purchase to more than a hundred head in a few years. In 1893 he purchased the herd owned by "Buffalo Jones" of Kansas, and drove them across country to his herd on the Flathead, accompanied by his family and riding in an old-fashioned barouche, he followed the herd across plain and mountain until members of the herd were safely delivered on the reservation in Montana. The herd consisted of full-blooded and halfbreed animals. The latter were products of cross-breeding with cattle, but they did not prove to be a desirable animal, having all the undesirable and none of the good qualities of either ancestor. The mongrels were separated from the blooded animals, and the latter were permitted to range in a wild state on the reservation. They thrived and the herd grew until it numbered almost 800.

When Allard died the herd passed into the possession of his partner, Michel Pablo, a half-breed Indian and an expert buffalo raiser. Pablo was induced to dispose of a few of the animals to zoological parks, but kept the larger portion of the herd intact until he learned that the reservation was to be thrown open to settlement and that his buffalo must make way for the settler and his cattle. Then it was that Howard Eaton, expert hunter of Wolf, Wyo., attempted to interest the United States government in the purchase of the herd. Failing in this he turned to the American Bison association, but again was unsuccessful.

Makes an Offer

It was at this juncture that the Canadian government sent Howard Douglas, superintendent of the western Canada national parks, out to the Flathead to see the herd and make an offer for it. Mr. Douglas recommended the purchase of the animals and an offer of about \$120,000 was made. This was accepted. Pablo agreeing to deliver the animals in Canada at that price.

Then came the task of rounding up these animals, transporting them from their range to Ravalli, Mont., 36 miles away, loading them upon freight cars and shipping them to Canada, where they had to be unloaded and delivered in the parks. To say that such a task was Herculean is to express it mildly, but Michel Pablo was not daunted. He employed a force of expert riders, mounted them upon his own best horses and set forth to accomplish the task, riding at the head of his men on his own favorite mount. A corral into which the animals might be driven from the

range was the first necessity. Taking advantage of a horseshoe bend in the Pend d'Oreille river, the outside bank which is of clay and stands almost straight up and down, he had a fence constructed across the neck of the horseshoe and wing fences built for a distance of a mile or more from the end of this fence and a cut in the bank of the river out into the range. Into this the buffalo were driven in three separate bands at different times.

It required much hard and dangerous riding on the part of the buffalo punchers, and many of the animals escaped numerous times, but perseverance prevailed and two years ago 400 of the herd were successfully rounded up and then driven down the Mission valley into corrals at Ravalli. From these corrals the animals were pulled and dragged by means of block and tackle into the railroad cars. Last year another round up made, but just when the riders were about to drive the herd to Ravalli the band stampeded and made its escape from the corrals at Ronan.

A New Plan.

This spring it was decided to make no further attempt to drive the animals from Ronan to Ravalli, but to corral them, load them in crates mounted upon wheels and haul them over the mountains to the loading corrals.

For this purpose, heavy crates, large enough to hold two buffalo each, were constructed of heavy timber fastened together with steel and wire. Through a loading chute the animals were driven into these crates, securely roped in and hauled by means of six and eight-horse teams over a long and dusty journey to Ravalli. Here they were turned out into a series of corrals from which they were driven, one at a time, into the loading chute. A noose around each buffalo's neck and the tugging of a score of men landed the animal in his car, where the struggling beast was held until a partition to separate him from his companions could be firmly put in place.

The dangers attending the work of handling the buffalo were many and there were numerous narrow escapes from death and injury on the part of riders and loaders. Fred Decker had his horse gored under him, and his brother, Johnnie Decker, twice had his mount gored and was slightly injured, his life being saved only by the prompt action of Pablo and his brother in firing pistol bullets into the neck of the infuriated beast that was trying to kill man and horse.

In their maddened struggles against being dragged into captivity 20 of the animals were killed, some of them rushing blindly against the sides of the corrals with such force as to break their necks. One, the patriarch of the herd, fought with a younger bull, then lay down in the loading chute and died.

Pathetic Picture.

It was a pathetic picture to one who stopped to think, as he gazed at the lacerated, bleeding, ragged animals that stood in the corral at Ravalli, gazing longingly through the cracks of the high, strong fences out upon the hills, beyond which lay the wild free range from which they had

been dragged in ignominious captivity to be loaded into cramped stalls of railroad cars, there to be left to vent their fury in vain kicks against the walls of their prisons until steam and wheel landed them at their new home. Slowness in hauling the bison from the round-up corral necessitated some of the animals standing in the cars for eight days before the last train started for Canada. At last all of the shipments save those that were killed and two that escaped were loaded aboard and the long trip of 1,200 miles to the point of unloading was commenced. Canada has secured a bargain in buffalo and the United States has lost an asset which it may never be able to replace.

Much interest is already being manifested in the coming round up of the remaining portion of the herd which is scheduled to commence about the first of September. The riders who have been leading the strenuous life on the buffalo range for the past two months will now turn their attention in gathering together the cattle that have been wintering on the reservation, and this work will continue until haying time. When the season's crop is gathered the sunburned riders will again don their "schaps" high-heeled boots and spurs, mount their favorite steeds and ride forth to the buffalo range. Then the work of maneuvering the outlaw buffalo from their stamping grounds into the corral at Ronan will be gotten under way.

Since the work of shipping the present band was begun the wilder members of the herd have strayed some 40 miles from their usual feeding grounds, and it was feared that they would migrate so far from their usual haunts that it would become an almost impossible task to drive them back. But Indian riders report that within the past two weeks straying bands have turned their noses back toward their accustomed range and are gradually moving back in that direction. It is hoped by the riders and Pablo that by the first of September the animals will have the excitement that has been in progress in the vicinity of Ronan and be back in that district, for enough trouble is anticipated in handling the beasts as it is without having to search for roving bands of them over the entire reservation and rounding them in a bunch of three or four at a time.

The same methods and tactics used in handling the recent shipment will be employed in handling the outlaw herd, provided the herd does not upset all plans. Some changes are planned in the corral at Ronan, as experience has taught the riders that the buffalo is a wily animal and cannot be trapped twice in the same place or manner.

A buffalo that has been driven into a trap once and succeeds in making his escape cannot be driven into the trap in the same place again, and will always attempt to escape from the place that afforded him freedom before. The entrance to the corral will be changed to another location, the loading chute will be moved and the entire corral will be strengthened to withstand the onslaughts of the obstreperous beasts.

New crates of a little better construction than the ones used last time will be constructed for the hauling of the animals from Ronan to Ravalli to the loading pens. An effort will also be made in the fall to load and haul more bison at a time from the roundup corral, so that those hauled into

the cars at Ravalli will not be forced to stand in their cramped stalls so long as many of the recent shipment were forced to do.

Though the riding on the recent roundup and the incidents attendant upon the work were more thrilling and sensational than any “wild west” performance ever dreamed of being, still greater excitement is anticipated when the next round up is gotten under way. But notwithstanding the dangers they have passed through and the narrow escapes from death that some of them had, the riders face the coming round up with eager impatience. Those bronzed men who sit the saddle with as much comfort as a millionaire rests in his upholstered chair, and find more enjoyment and actual life in doing so, would rather ride than be the president of the railroad. To them the excitement, the danger and the thrill attendant upon a chase either before or after a rushing herd of bison, constitute life.” The Missoulian, July 4, 1909

The Outlaw Buffalo.

In Forest and Stream, of July 10, we told something about the difficulties of capturing and loading the last of the buffalo sold by Michel Pablo to the Canadian Government, and pointed out then that there were from 150 to 200 head of buffalo that were absolute outlaws and could not be controlled. Since then we have received some details of the handling of these animals in the first days of July and give an exchange's account of the way in which some of these enraged bulls fought and the damage that they did:

"Charged by an infuriated buffalo, his horse gored under him, injured himself and pinned to the ground beneath buffalo and horse, Johnnie Decker had another narrow escape from death at the Ronan buffalo corral Tuesday afternoon. The horse was ripped and torn by the maddened beast's horns and Decker received severe though not serious lacerations and bruises. But for the fact that Michel Pablo and Fred Decker saw the precarious position of the injured man and drove the fighting buffalo from his victim by firing revolver shots into his neck, both horse and rider would undoubtedly have been gored to death by the beast. With a dozen bullets in his neck, the bull sprang over his victims, charged through the corral and made his escape to the range. Another bull demolished a cage after being loaded and succeeded in making his escape.

"Deckers' thrilling experience occurred just before sun-down Tuesday afternoon. Six of the eight bulls that remained to be loaded into crates for transportation to the loading corral at Ravalli had been successfully caged, and but two—the most unruly and wildest of the herd remained in the corral. Six riders, headed by Michel Pablo, the owner of the herd, mounted upon the finest of Pablo's horses, strove in vain for an hour or more to drive the stubborn animals into the chute leading to the crates. The wily beasts refused to enter the chutes and, as the riders redoubled their efforts to force them in, began to manifest a disposition to fight. As darkness was coming on and delay in loading meant delay in shipment at Ravalli, the riders became more reckless and pressed the buffalo closely.

"Goaded to madness by continued teasing by the riders, both beasts turned upon the horsemen and charged. The riders took refuge in flight and for the next few minutes the race between buffalo and horses was thrilling.

"With lowered heads, dilated nostrils and rolling eyes, the beasts rushed in blind fury toward the horsemen. Around and around the corral rode the men in their race for life. Watching their opportunity, the riders wheeled suddenly and eluded the buffalo, which continued in their blind rush until they brought up against the side of the corral.

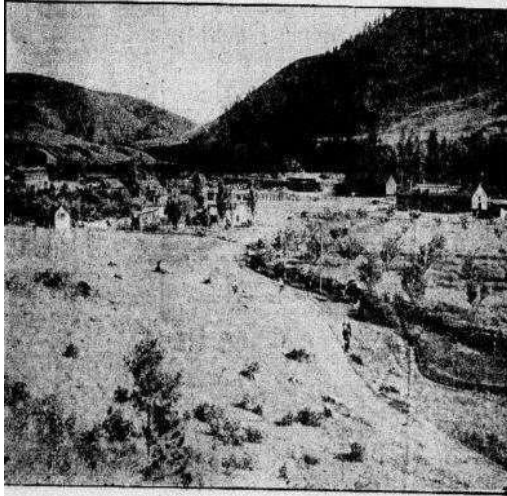
"Decker, who is known as a fearless rider, renewed his efforts to drive the beasts into the loading chute. One of the animals charged Decker's horse. The rider was unable to get his steed out of the way in time and the bull caught him full in the side. Horse and rider went to the ground, the rider being pinned under his mount. With his sharp, stubby horns the bull was ripping the horse when Pablo and Fred Decker, a brother of the bull's victim, drew their revolvers and began firing bullets into the buffalo's neck. The sting of the leaden missiles forced the beast to jump over his victims and burst out of the corral. He made his escape to the outside range and soon disappeared. Decker, though lacerated and bruised, mounted a horse and returned to the work of caging the other buffalo.

"This, the last animal in the corral, was finally driven into the hauling cage and securely bound there with ropes. But when the riders rolled from their blankets yesterday morning they found the cage in splinters and the buffalo out in the corral. He was roped, but snapped the lariat as though it were thread and showed such a spirit of fight that it was finally decided to make no further attempt to load him.

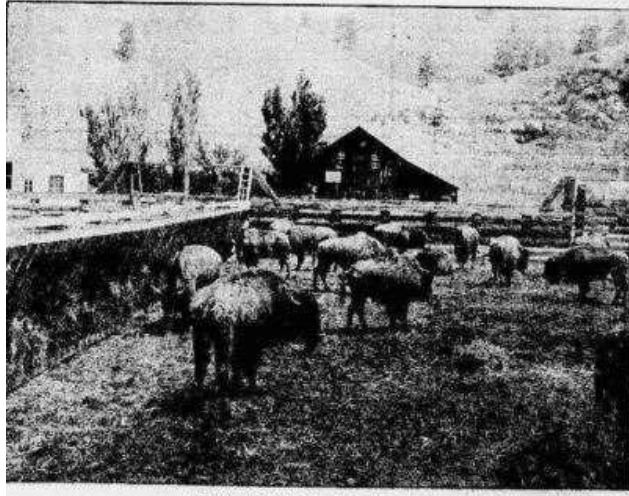
"The six animals loaded were hauled to Ravalli, where they were delivered in the loading corral at 3 130 P. M. These and a few others were then loaded into the railway cars. At 6:45 the buffalo extra, in charge of conductor Leek and engineer McCann, pulled out of Ravalli over the Northern Pacific tracks on the trip to the Banff National Park in Alberta. There were fifteen cars, carrying 190 buffalo. A trip of about 1,200 miles must be made by this train before the bison are finally unloaded at the Canadian park.

"This marks the end of the roundup and shipment of buffalo from the reservation for the present. The work will be resumed in September, when riders will endeavor to corral about 150 outlaws that yet remain to be shipped to completely fill the order of the Canadian Government. These animals are the wildest of the entire herd and considerable trouble is anticipated when the riders undertake to corral them. Since the work of rounding up has been in progress these outlaws have strayed far from their regular range, but it is reported now that they are beginning to move back toward their old feeding ground." Forest and Stream, Volume 73, July 3, 1909, page 213

Photos below from The Daily Missoulian, July 4, 1909.



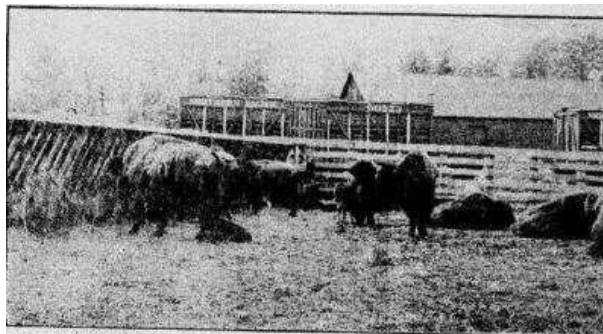
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF RAVALLI.



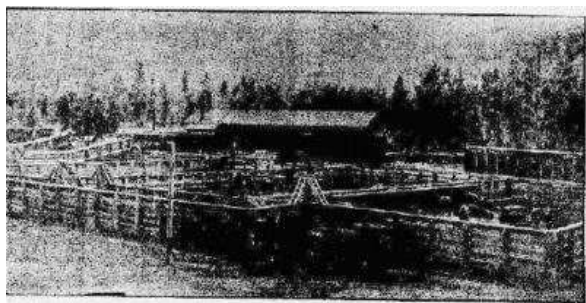
SHAGGY MONARCHS OF THE RANGE.



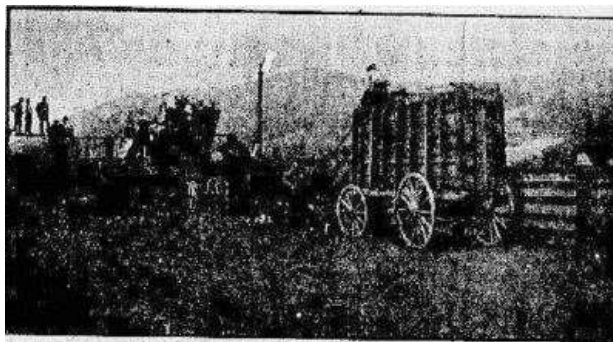
PULLING A BISON ABOARD A CAR.



FEEDING FROM THE HAY RACKS.



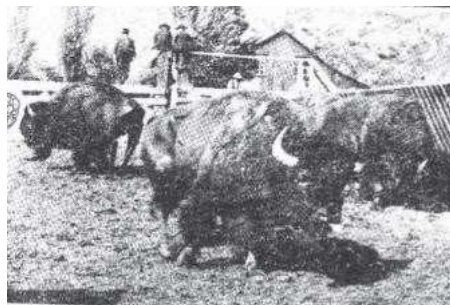
BUFFALO IN LOADING CORRALS.



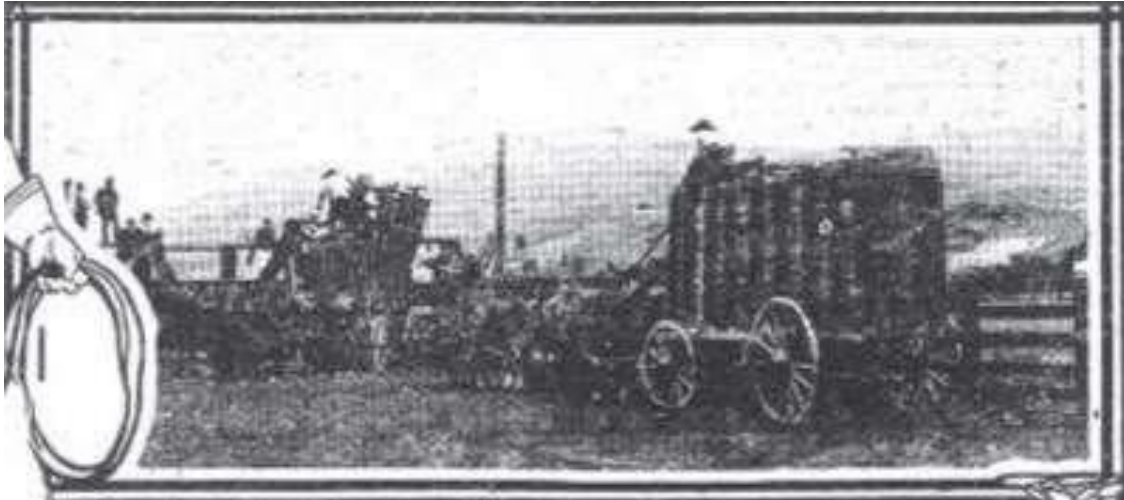
UNLOADING THE HAULING CRATES.



KEYSTONE OF THE CENTER, MOUNTAIN VIEW.



SHAGGY MONARCH OF THE RANGE.



“Buffalo Stockade Nearly Done

Big Animals Will Be Unloaded at the End of the First Week in October.

Assistant District Engineer E. W. Kramer of district No. 1 of the forest service was in the city yesterday on matters pertaining to the construction of the fence around the new national bison range at Ravalli, of which he is in charge. He reported that three sides of the stockade, which will be 22 miles in circumference, have been completed. The south side, which will stretch From Ravalli to Dixon, is now being closed, a crew of men being engaged in working from each end toward the middle. At about the center of this side a spur has just been completed by the Northern Pacific, and the forest service will build an unloading chute, which will lead from the spur to the reserve. It is thought now that the fence will be completed about October 6 and immediately afterward the buffalo will arrive and be placed on the reserve.

It is thought that the first shipment of the big beasts will comprise about 37, which were purchased and donated from the Conrad herd, near Kalispell.

The Kalispell Bee says:

“The final roundup of the remainder of the Pablo buffalo herd on the Flathead reservation, which has been sold to Canada, will be resumed at once. The Canadian commissioner has arrived and Michael Pablo has assembled his crew of picked riders and trained horses to make a last effort to round up the remaining 150 animals. Those that are not corralled on this roundup will probably be sold to the National Bison society and placed in the new pasture on the reservation.

“A big boom, has been built across the river about 30 miles above Ravalli, and it is the intention to force the animals to take the current. And the boom will deflect them into some large pastures, which finally end at the loading chute.

“This will be the last roundup Pablo will make and the animals which prove too wily to be caught will probably be sold to the National Bison society and driven to the new preserve on the

reservation.” The Missoulian, September 29, 1909

“Will Make Final Effort To Round Up Buffalo

One, last final effort is to be made as soon as the pall of smoke from the forest fires lifts over the Flathead reservation to round up between seventy-five and one hundred head of buffalo which are all that remain of the once mighty Pablo herd. Michelle Pablo was in the city today and he said that one more shipment will be made this fall to Canada, and the animals which escape this roundup will be sold whoever desires to purchase them. This shipment will close his contract with the Canadian government.

“Will you sell the remaining animals to the government?” Pablo was asked.

He laughed mirthlessly. “The government doesn’t want the buffalo,” he replied. “They had a chance to buy the herd before it was offered to Canada. All they would have had to do would have been to have strung a fence around the herd.”

For three years an effort to round up the buffalo has continued. At each succeeding roundup the shaggy beasts have been wilder and more cunning, requiring faster horses and nerver riders. The buffalo of least endurance have been captured, crated at Ravalli and shipped to the Canadian park near Banff, Alberta. Forty-six head were shipped in June.

The pick of the herd remains, between seventy-five and one hundred animals. They are fleetier than the swiftest horse, courageous, powerful beasts and meet the cunning of their pursuers with cunning. Joe Marion and a crew of picked riders, mounted on the best horse obtainable will resume the chase as soon as the smoke lifts.

Pablo is skeptical of the outcome of this last roundup. “It’s all a matter of luck and chance,” he said. “Maybe they’ll get them, maybe they won’t, can’t tell.”

Pablo said that each roundup a number of the animals have been accidentally killed. He estimates the number which so far have laid down their lives rather than leave their native range, at twenty head. Helena Record. Flathead Courier August 18, 1910

“Buffalo Men Will Confer

Pablo, Douglas and Game Warden Den Avare to Talk Buffalo Hunt

In Missoula today there is to be a conference between State Game Warden Henry Avare of Helena, Michael Pablo of the Flathead reservation, once the “buffalo king” of the world, and Howard Douglas, commissioner of parks in the Dominion of Canada, the outcome of which will be watched with great interest by those who have become interested in the proposed buffalo hunt which was to have taken place on the reservation at about this time, the plans having been cut into by warning to desist from the state game warden. Howard Douglas has been in Missoula several days and Michael Pablo arrived late last evening. Mr. Avare is to come over from Helena on the first train today and the conference will probably be held some time this afternoon or evening.

Some days ago there was much talk started throughout the state over the report circulated that Howard Douglas had sent out word that he was bringing a crowd of hunters from Canada to proceed to the reservation and make merry with the others of the Pablo herd that have up to date, defied all attempts to round-up and ship them from their old stamping grounds.

Story Misleading.

This story grew in considerable proportions until it came to the attention of the state game warden and under considerable pressure that was brought to bear in the matter, Warden Avare notified Deputy Warden McCormack of this city to stop the proposed hunt. Mr. McCormack went at once to the reservation and served such notice on the owner of the herd, Michel Pablo. It was then that the true facts in the case became known. Mr. Pablo assuring the warden that his object in allowing the hunt was simply for the purpose of killing off a few of the outlaw bulls which could not be corralled and which led the rest of the animals into the wilds. He urged that these animals should be killed, now that the reservation is being settled, for they were mean and fierce and promised to do serious damage to man and domestic stock. He stated that this was his only object in inviting Mr. Douglas, and some of his friends from Canada, as well as a number in Montana, to join in the hunt. Since Mr. Pablo expressed these sentiments it has been proven that he was correct for only a few days ago a big bull buffalo attacked a settler on his claim, chased him into his cabin and busted his shack around off its underpinnings. It was also reported last evening that another settler had been attacked while on his claim near Dayton and was compelled to shoot the buffalo in self-defense.

Mr. Douglas Talks.

In speaking of his intentions in the matter and of his interests in the proposed hunt, Howard Douglas said last night: "I am very sorry that this matter has been so much garbled and overdrawn. I understand that Mr. Pablo has explained his invitation to me and a party of friends who were interested in coming down to see the country and enjoy the novelty. He had informed us that there were 15 or more head of old outlaw bulls, over 29 years of age, with which something must be done and that the best plan would be to have them shot. No cows or young bulls were to be harmed. Under these conditions I was anxious to make the hunt for two reasons. It would rid the herd of the outlaw animals so that the balance could be rounded up and shipped and would also be a great experience for some of my friends who were willing to pay Mr. Pablo \$250 for each animal killed, just to get the head. The report that the Canadian government was sending men across the line to hunt buffalo put us in a bad light as we had no interests in the matter other than for the good of the cause. It is not a logical thought even, to say that the Canadian government would sanction or permit a slaughter of these animals after having expended so much money and time in getting together the fine herd that is being assembled in our parks. I am sure that there can be no blame attached to anyone when the whole matter is explained, and I hope that the conferences here tomorrow will further perfect this explanation. I

am of the opinion that those old outlaw bulls should be killed, whether they are hunted or not, as they are dangerous to the people who are now making their homes in that fine Flathead country. It seems also that something must be done to eliminate them before the rest of the herd of about 50 animals can be rounded up and shipped. It makes little difference which way the matter stands as far as the Canadian government is concerned. We expected and had hoped to get 30 or 40 more animals from the herd and this is as far as our interests extend.

From Conrad Herd.

Mr. Douglas announced last night that on his way from Canada he had stopped at Kalispell and purchased two cars, 28 head, of the Conrad herd of fullbloods. These are to be loaded to tomorrow and probably shipped Tuesday evening. These animals are domesticated and almost as gentle and as easy to handle ordinary cattle.

Mr. Douglas stated that by the first of the year the Canadian government would have assembled in its parks an even 1,000 buffaloes. To date there has been 704 head shipped to Canada from the Pablo herd.

With Mr. Douglas from Canada are W. S. Robertson, sheriff of northern Alberta, James Ross and K.C. McLeod, friends who came to witness the rounding up of the last of the herd. A. Ayotte, the Canadian immigration agent, was also of the party last night and will probably attend the conference to be held today.” The Missoulian November 11, 1910

“Big Buffalo Killing

Allard Herd Rounded Up Across the River

Three of the Big Fellows Dispatched for Christmas Feast

A good many families in Polson will eat buffalo meat on Christmas day, as it is now on sale at Gird’s meat market. The animals were shot within a half-mile of the city limits yesterday, three of them being killed.

While it could not exactly be called a hunt as the animals were no wilder than ordinary range cattle, it was an interesting sight to the tenderfoot when the Allard herd of thirty-four were rounded up and driven down to the river where the animals were picked out and slaughtered. Two of them were dressed and taken to the Gird meat market while the third the third was shipped to Kalispell.

It is hoped that this will be the last hunt allowed on the reservation and that something will be done to keep the balance of the herd alive. Of course, Mr. Allard should be paid well for the buffalo, as they have been and still are a great expanse to him, but it looks as though after the government, has spent the amount of money that was put into the buffalo reserve near Ravalli that a few thousand more for some good specimens to put into the inclosure would be well invested.

Two years ago there were about 1,000 head of buffalo in the Flathead valley, being the only herd in the United States on the free range. Now there are not 200 left. Of course the shipment of so many of the Pablo herd to Canada is the cause of the great decrease, and the Pablo herd should have been purchased by our government, but they were not, yet it is still not too late to save a part of them.

The slaughter of the remnant of these great animals appeals to all who have a particle of sentiment.” Flathead Courier December 23, 1910

“Pablo Also To Use The Gun

The Ronan Pioneer says:

“It is reported in Ronan this week that Michel Pablo and the Canadian officials will take a chance and kill the most ferocious of the buffalo now remaining on the reservation, with hopes that the remaining may be corralled and shipped to the Dominion.

This action will be taken in opposition to the opinion of the attorney general that they have no right to them and that they will be violating the game laws of the state of Montana in so doing. Mr. Pablo does not intend to allow the state to rob him of his property interests in the her, and to test the matter will attempt to do as he had previously planned and which was postponed by reason of the action of the state game warden.

It does seem that if any justice is intended in the matter that Mr. Pablo should be allowed to dispose of the buffalo, or else the state or government should come forth and reimburse him for the loss he would sustain should it be determined that the animals were not to be shipped out of the United States.

The statement has been made that nothing would have been said or done in the matter had they not intended to kill some of the old bulls, but this is not very tenable. The old bulls are so fierce and cunning that it is almost impossible to build a fence they will not go through and this makes it very hard to get those which otherwise would be easily captured. Then again, if the old bulls are allowed to roam at large on the open country it makes it dangerous business to meet up with them, as they have on several occasions chased people who barely escaped without injury. The settlers in the vicinity of where they range will be forced to kill them as a matter of self preservation, so why not allow them to be destroyed and the others placed within bounds.

Several men have gone out already to locate the herd and arrangements are being made to supply hay and feed for those which it is possible to capture.

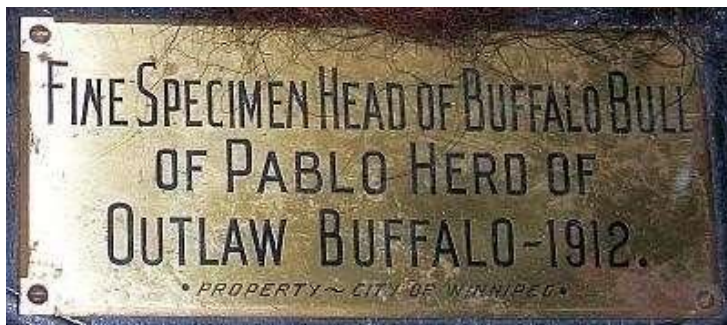
It is now to be seen whether the state was merely bluffing or whether the ultimatum will be enforced.” Flathead Courier December 23, 1910



Remnants of Michel Pablo's Herd



The 4th floor Museum 'outlaw', an original member of the Pablo/Allard bison herd, but one of several that refused to be driven into a train boxcar for shipping and was shot for its obstinance. <https://manitobamuseum.ca/main/anniversary-for-a-museum-outlaw/>



The metal plate identifying the Museum bison head as an 'outlaw buffalo' of the Pablo herd.

“By 1890, it is believed that there were no bison remaining in Canada. Several private herds started from wild stock during the 1870s were obtained by the Canada government beginning in 1897. The Pablo/Allard herd, the origin of the Museum 'outlaw', had its beginnings in about 1872 when Walking Coyote, a member of the Pend d'Oreille First Nation, captured a handful of animals south of the Alberta/Montana border. About a dozen offspring of this group were purchased by Pablo and Allard in 1883 and augmented with others purchased from other private owners some ten years later. When protected and left to their own devices, this bison herd became quite large.

LAST BUFFALO HUNT NOW ON

Michel Pablo Killing Off His Herd In Spite of Montana Authorities.

Special to The New York Times.

The

New York Times headline of January 22, 1911 reporting the culling of the 'outlaw' bison.

Michel Pablo rounded up his bison in Montana, loaded them onto boxcars and sent over 700 to Canada between 1907 and 1914. However, there were a few individuals that were too wild and managed to escape. In early 1911, in what was billed by the The New York Times in January that year as "the last big buffalo hunt in the history of the world," Pablo hunted down and shot these 'outlaw' bison. The metal plaque on the Museum hallway head clearly identifies it as a member of Pablo's 'outlaw' herd." <https://manitobamuseum.ca/main/anniversary-for-a-museum-outlaw/>

“Maverick Buffalo to be Rounded Up

Kalispell, Aug. 30. – (Special) That a hundred head of outlaw buffalo of the famous Pablo herd which was sold to the Dominion government at a fabulous figure, and which are now ranging at will throughout the section of country adjacent to the Flathead Indian reservation, can yet be captured and delivered to their purchaser, is the opinion expressed by Louis Pablo, son of Michael Pablo, the well-known stockman of the reservation. Mr. Pablo said that the proper method will make it possible to capture all the remaining “mavericks” and that a number of reservation cowboys are anxious for the job. The animals that escaped the former roundups are the most ferocious and fleet of the entire herd and have been kept in constant vigilance by the rounding up of wild horses which Mr. Pablo says are ranging with the bison.

The beasts have scattered far and wide, some of them having been observed across the Idaho line, and a number are ranging about Thompson Falls. Louis Pablo said that another attempt to round up the animals will be made next month, in all probability.” The Missoulian, August 31, 1911.

By 1912, with just 100 bulls left, Pablo capitulated. He was 76 years old and worn out from his five-year tussle with the beasts. Two years later, he died. The remaining bulls were allowed to live out their lives on the reservation under the watchful eye of the newly-formed American Bison Society.

This Week in Tribal History, by Mary Rogers, The Char-Koosta News: “February 2, 1912 from The Sanders County Signal: “An outfit of cowboys, consisting of James Grinder, Johnnie Decker, George Sloan, Walter Sloan, Albert Maillet, Magpie Jones and Charles Allard, who is at the head of the outfit, have been engaged during the past winter in rounding up and corralling the outlaw buffalo. Mr. Allard has taken the contract from the Canadian government to corral the outlaw buffalo which Pablo and his riders failed to get. The wild buffalo are very dangerous and the work of getting them in a corral hazardous ... On the 27th while the riders were in the vicinity

of Magpie Springs they jumped up a bunch of wild buffalo and started in to capture them. They went up the river toward the Horseshoe Bend corrals, but the buffalo were so obstinate that the men after a hard chase gave up in despair.” The buffalo were eventually rounded up by chasing them in relays.” Also see *The Plainsman*, February 9, 1912.

“Exciting Chase After Wild Buffalo

An outfit of cowboys, consisting of James Grinder, Johnny Decker, George Sloan, Walter Sloan, Albert Maillet, Magpie Jones and Charles Allard, who is at the head of the outfit have been engaged during the past winter in rounding up and corralling the outlaw buffalo. Mr. Allard has taken the contract from the Canadian government to corral the outlaw buffalo which Pablo and his riders failed to get. The wild buffalo are very dangerous and the work of getting them in a corral hazardous. Last Saturday our local butcher Pete Auclair, went out to Allard’s ranch in Garson gulch to assist in getting some of the buffalo in to butcher.

On the 27th when the riders were in the vicinity of Magpie Springs they jumped up a bunch of wild buffalo and started in to capture them. They went up the river toward the Horseshoe Bend corrals, but the buffalo were so obstinate that the men after a hard chase gave them up in despair. The trail of the herd was taken up by Jim Grinder, who after a hard chase of twenty miles brought them back to the main herd. The outlaws broke out again and were brought under control by George Sloan who after getting them part way back to the corral turned them over to Walter Sloan who took them for quite a distance and turned them over to Charles Allard who soon had them in a corral. “That’s getting ‘em,” says Charley.

The cowboys helping Mr. Allard are among the best riders in the west, and such a thing as getting the buffalo rounded up is possible, it is only a matter of a short time before the last one will be loaded into a car and shipped to Canada.

The horses used in the chase are of Allard’s own raising and are noted throughout the United States for their durability and swiftness. We are told that there are only seventy or eighty head of buffalo that are still at large.

At one time Mr. Allard and Pablo owned one of the largest herd of buffalo in the United States, but when they were offered for sale, Canada bid a higher price than our government and three or four years ago the greater part of them were shipped to the Dominion, where it is said they are doing nicely and increasing fast.” *The Sanders County Signal*, February 2, 1912, page 2.

Missoula, Montana, Sunday Morning, January 5, 1930

Today's Market Can't Match Big Buffalo Sale of Half Century Ago



Half a century ago, the bison were still in the hands of the Indians. Today they are in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

By EDNA A. FORTNEY

Half a century ago, the bison were still in the hands of the Indians. Today they are in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

It took about two weeks to count the bison that were still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The government has been counting the bison for many years. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

is not, then. The bison were still in the hands of the Indians. Today they are in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.



On the hill to the left of the bison are the bison. The bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.



Bison don't care much for water, and going down to drink the bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.



Bison were going along slowly when the bison were still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.



Wagon? The bison don't care much for water, and going down to drink the bison are still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.



The bison were still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.



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The bison were still in the hands of the government. The bison are still in the hands of the government.

The

text of this page if below:

“Today’s Market Can’t Match Big Buffalo Sale of Half Century Ago by John A. Forssen

Half a century ago, the Canadian government bought 600 head of buffalo from Michel Pablo of the Flathead Indian Reservation in a \$200,000 deal which probably is the biggest buffalo transaction on record.

It took almost two years to round up the Pablo herd and ship them to Canada, with the operation climaxing in loading the fierce and wild buffalo on trains at Ravalli in the fall of 1909.

The accompanying rare and excellent pictures of the buffalo roundup and loading were loaned by G. E. Odion, 432 E. Pine St., Northern Pacific Railway engineer who as a youth of 17 fired the locomotive of one of the buffalo trains. Michael T. McCann was engineer of the Class W-2 Consolidation 4-3-2 No. 1539.

Odion recalled that the loading was a rough, tough job. Several of the 70 odd cowboys and other workers were hurt as the huge buffalo balked, ripped and smashed, but the only fatality was one buffalo, Odion said. The bull broke through the side of a stock car after being loaded, fatally injuring itself.

Rounding up the buffalo on the range was a long, dangerous process. A score or more cowboys would hunt down a bunch of perhaps a hundred in the hills and begin driving them. The ornery beasts would desert the ranks during the drive and defeat the efforts of the most skilled cowboys to turn them. The bunch would usually be down to half its original size or less by the time the pens at Ravalli were reached.

After initial efforts proved inefficient, Pablo built a fence 28 miles long to aid in guiding the buffalo down the Flathead River and then up the Jocko to Ravalli. This helped some, but it was still a hard job.

Pablo and his cowboys thought they had the job done once, according to one story. A big corral had been built against the base of a steep cliff near Ravalli and a major portion of the herd turned into it. The buffalo amazed one and all by scampering nimbly up the insurmountable cliff to freedom.

The most surprised person, according to the story, was a Butte photographer who had stationed himself halfway up the cliff.

The photographer is supposed to have been surrounded by the climbing buffalo and to have seized one, hanging on until the top of the cliff was reached.

The photographer in this story, told by “Sage Brush Bill” in The Missoulian in 1922, was not identified, but if it is true it may have been the man who made the pictures published herewith, N. A. Forsyth. He made a set of stereo views, of which Odion has retained a set.

The big buffalo sale also brought publication of a souvenir booklet by a Canadian firm. Albert J. Partoll, Missoula historian, picked up a copy of the 1909 publication during a trip in Canada about 20 years ago.

The booklet has pictures, different than those of Forsyth, and gives information about the buffalo herd.

Incidentally, the animal called the buffalo is actually the American bison, but it seems a hopeless task to convert us westerners to say bison

The Pablo herd provided the beginning of the huge group still maintained by the Canadian government, and also the first 40 for the beginning of the herd on the bison preserve at Moiese. These animals were purchased by public subscription after a campaign led by the late Dr. Morton J. Elrod of the State University.

The beginning of the Pablo herd was in two bull calves and two heifers saved in 1873 from one of the last herds east of the mountains by Walking Coyote, a Pend Oreille Indian who later brought the animals to St. Ignatius Mission.

By 1884 there were 13 and Duncan McDonald began negotiating to buy them from Coyote. But he lost interest, thereby forfeiting a potential fortune, and an enterprising man named Charles A. Allard saw the possibilities. He talked his friend Michel Pablo into being his partner and the two bought 10 head at \$250 each. Coyote took his fortune and began a gay life which ended in death under a bridge in Missoula soon after.

In 1893 Allard and Pablo bought 26 more head from Buffalo Jones in Omaha and later made other purchase to add to the naturally growing herd. Before the big sale, Allard had died and Pablo had become the principal owner.

Mounted on a magnificent Appaloosa horse, Pablo rode the ranges, directing the roundup and loading. He disposed his small army of cowboys like a general in the struggle to capture the buffalo, which were ranging over much of the big Flathead Reservation.

In far larger groups than are used in herding cattle, the cowboys would haze a bunch toward Ravalli, losing many along the way and sometimes fleeing for their lives when the buffalo decided to turn around and herd the cowboys.

They used to say it took eight cowboys for one buffalo in the cases of the more ornery ones.

Some buffalo which flatly refused to be herded were loaded into special one-buffalo wagons built for the purpose, and trains of five or six of these narrow, high vehicles were dragged to Ravalli.

Odion recalled the terrific job of loading the animals into the stock cars. Only the minority, he remembered, would go quietly up the chute into the cars. Most had to be dragged up the chute by teams of horses pulling ropes passed through to the other side of the cars, and hazing the buffalo into position in the cars called for much manpower pulling on ropes and poking with poles. The buffalo could not be left free in the cars, so as each one was loaded boards and poles were shoved through from the sides to form separate pens crosswise of the cars.

Even thus securely loaded there was often trouble. More than one buffalo butted through the side of a car and at least one succeeded in breaking entirely out. The big bull injured itself fatally and the carcass lay by the tracks until an Indian woman salvaged the meat and hide.” The

Missoulain, January 5, 1958



“Indian woman skinning a dead buffalo which broke its neck charging a corral fence. She gets the carcass for its meat.”