

Kit Carson's Close Friend and Veteran of Two Wars

J. A. PAULSELL of PORTLAND TELLS OF THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN INDIAN CAMPAIGNS



PAULSELL — COMPANION OF KIT CARSON

OVER in Woodstock, a suburb of Portland, lives an old man, who in the early years of the nineteenth century was a familiar figure on the great plains of the West and in the Rocky Mountains. He was a bosom companion of Kit Carson, the famous scout, Indian fighter, hunter and trapper.

Although he is 89 years old, his mind is still clear, and he recalls without effort many of the events of those exciting and dangerous days when the Indian roamed the country and made war on the white man.

This man is Jeremiah A. Paulsell. On the plains he was known as Jack Shepherd, and later, as veteran of the Mexican War, Colonel Jack Shepherd. He served through the Civil War, and has resided in Oregon more than 20 years.

However, it is not of his life in Oregon or as a soldier that we are to deal with now, but as a hunter and trapper when he was a member of Kit Carson's famous band. Two years ago he came to Portland after selling his farm in the interior of the state, and he says he intends spending the remainder of his days quietly in his retreat at Woodstock. He owns a comfortable home in that suburb, and on the second floor of that workshop he has fitted up a little den, wherein are trophies of the chase, knives made by his own hands and many other curious souvenirs of a wild and rough life in the dense timber and in the wild and rugged mountains. Here he sits by the hour while his mind drifts back over his long and eventful career.

The most interesting of his relics is probably an old muzzle-loading rifle that at one time was a flintlock weapon, but at one time was later attached a percussion-cap lock. Colonel Jack, as he likes to be called, says he and Carson both used this rifle, and that when he parted with the famous old scout for the last time at the beginning of the Mexican War he kept the weapon.

"It was at this parting that Carson and I exchanged commissions, and I learned the trapper's true name," said Colonel Jack one day last week. "Neither of us believed we would ever meet again, and we each pledged ourselves not to reveal the other's identity so long as we both lived. Therefore, I feel free in saying that Carson's right name was George Harris, and that he was born near Lexington, Ky. This information may startle some people, but it is the truth. He ran away from home when he was about 12 years of age because he could not agree with his stepmother, and he never, so far as I know, saw his father or mother afterwards."

Jack Shepherd, as we will call him in this story, was with Kit Carson along with his band working along the Yellowstone River, in the midst of their sworn foes, the Blackfeet Indians.

"There were about a hundred of us in

this band," said Shepherd, in recounting the experiences of this perilous trip. "but we felt strong enough to take care of ourselves against the red devils; in fact, we were keen for a fight any time with the Blackfeet, for we hated them like poison. We trapped all through the season without meeting with much opposition from the savages, and we were at a loss to account for their inactivity. We learned later from some friendly Crow Indians that smallpox had broken out in the Blackfeet tribe, and that they were not in condition for fighting. We were destined later to have several bad brushes with them, though, as you will see as we get along with this yarn."

"Our troubles that winter were not with the Indians. We had to battle against the cold. We went into camp with the Crows in a pretty valley. The next spring we left the Yellowstone and went to the headwaters of the Missouri, and it was there we became engaged in a big battle with the redskins. We stumbled suddenly upon one of their camps. Carson, myself and several others of the party went ahead to reconnoiter, and we found them packing their animals and making all preparations to depart.

"We were met on an opportunity to be lost. Hurrying back to our main body we informed them what we had seen. A council of war was immediately held and it was finally decided to send out 50 of our best men to fight our old enemies. "Reaching the village we charged right into it, shooting down probably a dozen of the warriors. The Indians began to retreat for several hours we charged them again and again, gradually driving them back.

"In our eagerness to punish the devils we sort of forgot ourselves and all of a sudden we woke up to the fact that our ammunition was getting low. We were in for it then. The Indians just as soon as our fire slackened, understood, and with horrible yells that sent the blood running cold in even our veins they rallied and charged us.

Hand to Hand Struggle.

"There was no escape, we had to fight them hand to hand. They came on us like demons. Never before had I seen a more desperate battle, and I have been in a good many engagements since my time. They forced us now to retreat in turn, but we fought every step of the way. I remember that during the thickest of this fight a horse of one of our trappers fell with him and pinned him to the ground. I have forgotten this fellow's name. Anyhow that don't make any difference, the point I want to make is about the bravery of Kit Carson and to show how he never hesitated to go to the aid of a fallen companion.

"Carson saw the accident and leaped from his horse. About a dozen warriors were bounding towards our fallen comrade, bent on taking his scalp. Carson rallied us and taking quick aim, dropped one of the warriors in his tracks. A dozen or more of us jumped from our horses and we saved our friend. Only two of those Indians returned to the main band, and both of them were wounded. Carson's horse became frightened and ran away. He jumped up behind me, on my horse and we managed to get out of the

thick of the fight, where Kit captured his horse and was soon at our head again. In the meantime the reserve part of our band came up and we drove the Indians off. We managed to kill quite a number of the savages, but we lost, I think, five men and several of us were wounded.

Carson as Trapper and Hunter.

"Carson was famous at this time as a hunter and trapper. His name was known over the entire western country and to be a member of his band was considered an honor. Trapping beaver, in those days was hard work, and we often had to travel many miles before we could locate a point where the little furry animals lived, and fights with the Indians became a part of our existence. I will never forget another battle we had later with a band of Blackfeet. We had gone to old Fort Hall and sold out our stock of furs, bought ammunition and supplies and started north for the Missouri River. Arriving at that stream we were preparing to set our traps when we were attacked by the Indians. We ran to cover in the brush, as the band of warriors was strong and their attack fierce.

"As you no doubt know, we were armed in those days with the old-fashioned flintlock rifle. I carried this one stuck here—the weapon I had a moment ago when your photographer took the picture of my den. This was a trusty weapon Kit had carried the winter before and I bought it from him before we left Fort Hall, a friend having made him a present of a new weapon. The weapon is a muzzle-loader, but I was told that you could load our guns about as fast as you modern fellows can shove cartridges into a modern gun. Of course, we only had a single ball, but under the leadership of Carson we were trained to make every shot count. We waited for a band of Indians to approach within a certain distance and then we fired. Every ball found its Indian and this seldom failed to check their advance.

"Always in a fight we had bullets in our mouths. Just as soon as we fired we pulled the stopper from our powderhorn with our teeth, measured out the powder, dropped it into the barrel of our rifle, split out a bullet to which was attached a patch—usually a bit of canvas stuck on with tallo—at the same time we rammed the bullet home. All this was done in less time than it takes me to tell about, and by the time the savages recovered from their shock and were upon us again, we greeted them with another well-directed volley. In this way we kept them off of us and only on very desperate occasions when we were greatly outnumbered, did we have to engage in a hand-to-hand struggle.

"Well, in this particular fight I started out to tell about a few moments ago, we took refuge in a thicket. We met their advance with a volley and as usual their foremost warriors dropped in their tracks, either killed or mortally wounded. The band was large and they rallied quickly. Again and again they charged us and they kept up the fight all day. Several of our boys were badly wounded that day and there was more than one desperate half-hour before the sun went down.

"At last the Indians, after several attempts, succeeded in setting the underbrush afire. The wind was in our direction and things looked mighty bad for us.

The underbrush burned fiercely but it so happened there was a break in the brush between the savages and our stronghold and then, seemingly by the hand of Providence, the wind suddenly changed and the fire died out. While the Indians were relaxing as they watched the progress of the fire, our little band of about 50 men was planning for action. Carson decided to lead a desperate charge. Getting everything ready, we dashed through the smoke, uttering yells as bloodcurdling as any savage ever uttered. Our fierce attack was so sudden and unlooked for and our aim so true that the Indians were forced to retreat. Besides, as the fire died out about this time, the Redskins became disheartened and they drew off entirely. The Indians hung near us and made life miserable for us. If a man ventured too far from the camp he was sure to be either killed or scalped or else he had a running fight for his life. This grew monotonous after a time, and Carson decided to abandon the country and journey to the Columbia River. I left his party here and proceeded with another party toward Fort Bent, in what is now the State of Colorado. I did not see Carson again until he came to Fort Bent some time later and took up his life there as a hunter for the fort, a job he held for seven or eight years. He was often on the trail, though, and I saw him here and in New Mexico many times until the outbreak of the Mexican war."

Colonel Jack shed much light on the personal character of Kit Carson and his band, and he had an original band of boon companions after he became a leader among the trappers, Colonel Jack says, and he remembers their names.

"There were just seven of us in the original band," said Colonel Jack. "Besides Carson, their names were Pete Hoffman, George Rogers, Simon Taylor, Sam Sikes, Sam Ginther and myself. All of us were with him in the Blackfeet country, and all but myself went with Carson to the Columbia River when he was figuring on returning to my home in the civilized world and that is why I left them."

Jeremiah A. Paulsell, alias Jack Shepherd, was born in Western Territory, near Indiana, near Indianapolis, in 1816. He enlisted in the United States Army when he was 18 years old, and that is now the first time he has served since he was a bear settler up as natural as life, all covered with dried prunes, and a elephant made of walnuts. That was quite a feat, I couldn't help but wonder who ever thought of doing that. While we was looking at things and saying as how California must be a pretty nice place, but it couldn't raise dried prunes like Oregon, a man came up and he says, says he, "Don't you want a California badge to wear?" and he started to pin one on my coat. "No, you don't," says I. "I ain't agoin' back on old Web-foot. I belong here, and I ain't agoin' to hide my light under a bushel. California's all right, but she can't beat Oregon."

"Obadiah," says Hanner, when we got outside again, "let's walk 'round a spot without lookin' at nothin'. I've seen so much now seem's like my head can't hold it."

We walked down toward the pond and watched the boats again backwards and forwards until I couldn't raise my eyes, and one feller was up in a flyin' machine right over our heads. I tell you they don't get me to travel in one of them things even if they do like the place of the railroad cars as they say they're agoin' to. 'Sposin' that there balloon thing as he's got over him should bust, where'd that feller land? Or 'sposin' that basket he rides in would tip and send him a-sittin' through the air into the lake? That's a-temptin' Providence too far.

"I reckon it's about dinner time, Hanner," says I. "I see people are a-gettin' ready to eat. Some has got their dinners with 'em, but I reckon we can find a hotel or somethin' pretty soon. I seen a place where people was a-sittin' inside, so we went in and set down on one of them little tables, and a waiter come to see what we wanted. 'Somethin' to eat,' says I.

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them things is worth." She didn't answer, and we went on.

"You see he just wanted to get that money out of me but he see I was too smart for him."

When we got inside there was nothin' there but a lot of chromes. People was wanderin' up and down the rooms and sayin', "Oh, what wonderful art! It goes into my soul! Ah, how I wish I could have met the man who painted that picture!" and so forth. They was all a-tryin' to look wise and as if they was just livin' to look at them pictures and expectin' to die as soon as they got outside. We knowed we didn't have but a day or two for the whole Fair and we couldn't spend half of the time tryin' to make people think we could paint pictures, so we just hurried on through. There was pictures of angels and babies and old women, and a man a-sittin' on a horse, and a man a-sittin' somewhere with his wife and baby on a donkey, and flowers and mountains and everything. I didn't care much for it, so when we got outside we got the umbrella which was a-standin' where I'd left it, we went into a big buildin' where there was a lot of Japs and Egyptians and Persians a-sittin' every where from a tea cup to a bed quilt. Hanner, she was completely took up with the fancy needle-work of them Japs. She said it was worth the money we'd paid to get in just to see that. Maybe it was, I don't know.

Next we went into a big log buildin'. I tell you that there look my eye. Gosh! but there was some big timber in it. I'll bet it would stand a good many years without needin' repairs. I'd like to have it on my place after the Fair is over. I could use it to house up every critter on the ranch, if there'd come a big storm. Winter, sheep, goats and all, and still have room to spare.

There was some fine planks on the inside to show the different kinds of wood we've got, and there can't none of 'em beat Oregon when it comes to that. It had some big porches on the side, too, and some settees for a feller to rest on. We set down to rest a spell and I just took comfort in lookin' at them perch posts, a-knowin' they was just as good and solid as they look. There was a counterpane and a California's got a buildin' near by, so when we got rested we went into that. You'd ought to see the inside of that buildin'. It was just chock full from end to the other with things to eat. There was a bear a-sittin' up as natural as life, all covered with dried prunes, and a elephant made of walnuts. That was quite a feat, I couldn't help but wonder who ever thought of doing that. While we was looking at things and saying as how California must be a pretty nice place, but it couldn't raise dried prunes like Oregon, a man came up and he says, says he, "Don't you want a California badge to wear?" and he started to pin one on my coat. "No, you don't," says I. "I ain't agoin' back on old Web-foot. I belong here, and I ain't agoin' to hide my light under a bushel. California's all right, but she can't beat Oregon."

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JACK SHEPHERD AT HOME HIS DEN IN HIS RESIDENCE AT WOODSTOCK

"ain't that your business here?" "Yes," says he, "but what'll you have?" and he runs over to the little low buildin' and he had cooked. I couldn't get head nor tail to it, but Hanner she told him what to bring. When it come there was about quarter as much grub and five times as many dishes as we'd have to home, but there's city ways: a big lot of dishes and mighty little in 'em. Anyway, we had to take what we could get, and I hate to tell such a thing about a feller betn' that that second charged me \$2 for that meal. The grub was down or I wouldn't have paid it. We made up our minds to go back to the hotel for supper, even if we had to miss a part of the Fair.

We'd heard people talk so much about the Government that we thought we'd better hunt it out next. A feller p'inted it out to me and we headed that way. The first thing we knowed we was in the midst of the most beautiful scenery you ever seen. There was houses on both sides of the road, and a feller in front of every one of 'em a-hollerin' through a horn about every thing that he had to show. It was like the weepin' and wallin' and gnashin' of teeth that the Scrippler speaks about. One feller had a couple of deer that jumped off into the water, and a trained horse. I didn't care much for them deer, for it's natural for them to jump anyhow, but I paid the man to let us see the horse and see the trained horse on tricks and such like, but I'll bet when it comes to a good steady pull she can't hold a candle to our old Bull.

Them Egyptians down there has certainly discovered perpetual motion. I watched the feller with the bloomers on beat his drum for about half an hour, and he didn't let up once. Nothin' would do Hanner but she must go in and see how they lived when they was to home. She said Egypt was the country where the Children of Israel was in bondage, and she wanted to see the place so she would tell her Sunday school class about it. We had to pay 10 cents apiece to get in there, and then I had to wait while Hanner took a ride on one of them durned humpbacked camels. When we come out, I says to Hanner, says I, "Now, Hanner, it's all right for you to think of your Sunday school class, but there's a good deal more to your wastin' money on every fool thing you see like you've been a-doin' today."

Just then another feller holler'd for me to come over and see the Land of the Midnight Sun. "Midnight sun," says I, "where's your common sense? Anybody knows the sun don't shine at midnight. I ain't a-goin' to fall into any such trap, and we went on towards the Government buildin'. But another man stopped me and said he had a Russian and had got away from Siberia, and if we'd come closer we could see. Sure enough, he had him all right. He had him chained and handcuffed, but in spite of all that he just stood up there with a counterpane and a turned out greenhairs right before the crowd. The feller that caught him said for us to come and go to Siberia with him, as he was just a-gittin' ready to take a crowd there to see the sights, but I told him we had to go home in a couple of days, and we couldn't go.

There was one place where a girl was a-standin' with a great big snake 'round her neck, and a lion was a-sittin' in a cage. It cost fifty cents to take us in there and see the animals. Hanner she said it was a good deal like a circus, and we oughtn't to go, but I told her Daniel went into a lion's den and I wouldn't miss what it was like for anything, and that would be somethin' more to tell her class. There was a polar bear and a hyena in there, too. By the time we got out of there the big buildin' was shuttin' up, and we started for home.

Goin' back one of them fellers as I was a-talkin' to before called to me to see Maggie. Well, sir, she was worth seein'. She was the biggest woman I ever laid eyes on, and right good lookin', too. Hanner said she was a sham, but she wasn't for I seen her wiggle her fingers. I wanted to go inside and see the rest of the show after I'd seen her, but Hanner was determined to have her way. So we went out and inquired around until we found the right street car, and got to our hotel in time for supper, which was more plenty and not so costly as dinner.

I ain't got time to write any more this time, so

Yours truly,

OBADIAH EVERHART OLDWAY.

P. S.—I had a misunderstanding with one of them street car men agin' back to the hotel. I didn't know when we got there till I saw the sign, and I yelled to him to let us off, but he said he'd stop at the next corner. It was against the rules to stop in the middle of a block. Rules goes a long ways with some people. O. E. O.

Hubbard's "Little Sermons"

BELIEVE in the purifying process of sorrow, and I believe death is a manifestation of life, and for all we know it is just as good.

Those who have much are often greedy and grasping; the poor are ready to share.

We believe the thing we wish to believe. If we dislike a man, any kind of ancient proof is sufficient to damn him. All that seems in his favor is quietly pook pooked.

Nature ought to have men born old instead of young—then they would know enough to start life without making mistakes.

Above all men, the writer should be a man who knows, sympathizes with and appreciates the world of business and the world of work.

From the very lowest, simplest form of animal life to the highest, things are reaching out for their own. The life of the animal, the life of the tree and the life of the rock is all One Life, seeking something, going somewhere.

I do not believe that God ever listened to midgelets or microbes who besought him to take sides with them to help kill other midgelets or microbes.

Social success, business prosperity, perfect environment, the applause of the multitude never gave that placid countenance through which the soul shines in quiet blessing and benediction.

Every strong man has a splendid mother.

Love forgives to seventy times seven and persecutes nobody.

All motives, like ores, are found mixed.

Peaceful lives make dull biographies and in prosperity there is small romance.

Every thrill of delight means health.

You can't change a man's opinion by burning his library.

You might as well have a school for poets, or a college for saints, or give medals for proficiency in the gentle art of wooing, as to expect to make a great orator or a great writer by telling how.

Music vibrates through a man's being and arouses him to a higher life. Not only does his blood circulate better, but he knows better; under the vitalizing

touch of the beautiful we are leamed and our consciousness is filled with the thought that life is good.

"England expects every man to do his duty." Ah, can you not see that if every man did his duty, taking heed of his own thoughts and deeds, the world would be free and at peace? It is easier to rise in the heat of strife with drawn revolver than to keep watch and ward over your own passions, but do not cheat yourself into the belief that it is nobler.

EYES UP IN THE ELEVATOR

Latest Way to Avoid the Discomfort Caused by the Car's Motion.

"Why is the lady looking up at the top of the car like that? Why," said the elevator man, "that's the very latest wrinkle in elevator riding."

"You know there are plenty of people, women especially, who can't ride in an elevator without feeling uncomfortable; so sitting up or shooting down and sudden stopping gives them a queasiness feeling; makes them sort of seasick."

"There are women who never ride on the elevators for this reason. They would rather walk up and down stairs. Other women try various ways of lessening or staying off the unpleasant effects."

"Some stand on their tiptoes as long as they are in the car, some hold their breath. I don't understand why they do that. Some sit down and keep their feet off the floor—that's on the same theory as the standing on tiptoes; to lessen the shock of the starting and stopping of the car."

"And now the latest thing is for women to stand in the car and bend their heads backward and look straight upward at the ceiling of the car all the time they are in it. This is said to be a sure cure for that queasiness feeling."

"If I suppose the theory of this method is that, with the head steadily fixed on something that is, relatively to themselves, stationary, the riders are less conscious of the elevator's motion. One of the things that aggravates seasickness is the consciousness of the vessel's motion that we get from the sight of the sea, apparently rising and falling, as we catch sight of it through the portholes when the vessel rolls."

"The sight of the floors appearing and disappearing as the elevator ascends or descends affects some women in the same manner. With their eyes fixed on the interior of the top of the car the sight of these things is avoided."

"So if you see a woman in an elevator car with her eyes evidently fixed intently on the ceiling you don't want to jump to the conclusion that she is just from the country and riding in an elevator for the first time and now curiously and with interest surveying its interior. No, she is in fact discovering to you the very latest wrinkle in elevator riding of women well accustomed to elevators."

Obadiah Oldway at the Fair

What Pioneer Philosopher From Hoaxville Saw First Day He Attended.

HOAXVILLE, Or., Sept. 27.—(Mr. Ed. Hoax.)—As I was a-sittin' on the porch mornin' after we got to Portland we got up early to see the Fair.

We didn't get breakfast till nine about 1 o'clock. Think of it! There we'd come all that ways to see somethin' and then couldn't get breakfast till that time of day. Why, to home we have breakfast at half past five reglar, and I says to the boss, says I, "Mister, it's a shame and a disgrace to keep us awaitin' this way. We ought to have been out to the Fair grounds by this time, and here we ain't started."

"You couldn't get into the buildin' if you was out there," says he. "They don't open up till 9 o'clock, so you've got plenty of time." "Don't open up till 9 o'clock," says I, "what's that for? A feller can't see much again noon if that's the way it is. Well, Hanner, I guess we'd better be agoin' along. It'll take some time to walk out there."

"Why, man," says the boss, "you don't want to walk; take the street-car from the door and it'll land you at the Fair grounds without no trouble." "Yes, Obadiah," says Hanner, "let's I ain't never rode on one of them things yet."

So we went out on the street and pretty soon one of them cars come along and stopped to let a lot of other people on, and we got on too. There wasn't seats enough so I had to stand up. A feller come along and nudged me and says he, "Fare, please." "Yes, sir," says I, "that's where Hanner and me is agoin'."

"Well, give me a nekel apiece and hurry up about it," says he kinder cross. You see it costs 5 cents to ride on one of them cars; I'd heard of that before, but it had slipped my mind.

"We got out where all the rest did, and got in line to get our tickets as a officer told us to. After we'd paid a