

years as Basil's mother. The 1877 census lists lodge No. 113—Bat-tes (Baptiste); lodge No. 116—Basil, chief; and lodge No. 117—Basil's mother.

The Handbook of American Indians, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 30, part 2, page 401, states:

* * * On the return journey she guided Captain Clark's party, when they were lost, through the mountain passes of Montana. She remained among the Shoshone in Wyoming, and when the Wind River Reservation was created, took up her abode there with her son, and there she died near Fort Washakie, April 9, 1884, almost a hundred years of age. Her grave is marked with a bronze tablet presented by Timothy F. Burke of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Dr. Roberts' account follows:

The Right Reverend John F. Spalding, bishop of the missionary jurisdiction of Colorado and Wyoming, sent me here in 1883 to establish the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indian mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I arrived at the Shoshone Agency on February 10 after a hard journey over the main range of the Rockies from Green River, the nearest railroad station, a distance of 150 miles, which took up 8 days traveling in a sleigh, most of the way over the snow-covered mountains.

The next day after I arrived here I went to the United States Indian Office where a few aged Indians were assembled, the bulk of the tribes being absent on their annual winter buffalo hunt. Among those present was Basil, one of the head men, an aged and fine specimen of an Indian. I was introduced to Basil by Dr. James Erwin, M. D., United States agent in charge of the Shoshone Reservation. Basil was able to talk English brokenly; I was also told he could speak French. The agent then took me to Basil's camp, which was about a hundred yards or so from the office, to see an aged woman who was called by him Basil's mother. She was seated on the ground in a tepee; her hair was gray and she had the appearance of being very old. Basil said she was his mother and that she was about a hundred years old, "very old, very old."

Dr. Erwin alluded to her connection with the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and he seemed to be keenly interested in that fact. I was interested in the old woman because of her great age, for at that time I knew very little of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Basil proved to be a very dutiful son to his mother. He was, in reality, only an adopted son and nephew. He cared for her tenderly and had his daughters and other women of the camp see to her every need. She was well provided for. The United States agent issued her plenty of beef, flour, groceries, and even tobacco, which she liked to smoke. Her own son, Baptiste, alluded to by name by Captain Clark of the expedition, lived about 3 miles above the agency at the foot of the mountains. I came to know him well later on.

On the morning of April 9, the following year, I was told that Basil's mother had suddenly passed away during the night, in the log cabin that was in the camp, on her shakedown of quilts, blankets, and pelts. The agent had a coffin made for her, and he sent employees to dig her grave on the eastern slope of one of the foothills, a mile and one-half east of the agency, where there were four graves of white people who were killed by hostile raiding Indians. This burial ground has been subsequently set apart by the Indian Office as a Shoshone Indian cemetery, but it still remains a part of the reservation. There are now several hundred Indian graves in it, 37 of them being the graves of veteran Indian soldiers who served in the United States Army. In the center of the cemetery stands a log building, erected by the Government when the agency was first established as a mission room for the Shoshones. Later on when it was condemned for destruction the building was moved to the cemetery from its original site at the agency by Mrs. M. Belknap Nash, Coeur d'Alene. Since then it has been kept in repair by Dr. Grace Raymond Hebbard of Laramie, Wyo. On August 10, 1883, Bishop Randall of Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and adjacent Territories held service in the building when he baptized seven Shoshones, four of them being the grandchildren of Sacajawea. During the service the chapel was surrounded by a raiding band of hostile Indians. The escape of the worshipers from massacre was providential. Annually, on Memorial Day, five to six hundred Shoshones assemble in the cemetery to decorate the graves there with a profusion of wild and artificial flowers. A detail from the American Legion post in Lander, county seat, drives over to do honor on that day to the memory of their Indian comrades in arms resting there. And they invariably dip the flag at the grave of Sacajawea in honor of her heroic service to the country.