

The burial of Sacajawea took place late in the afternoon of the day on which she died. Those in attendance were her immediate relative, the United States agent, and some of the employees. I read over her grave the burial service of the Episcopal Church. I little realized at the time that the heroine we laid to rest, in years to come would become one of the outstanding women in American history, being the guide of the historic expedition that saved for the Stars and Stripes the great States of the Northwest. She sleeps with her face toward the dawn on the sunny slope of the Rocky Mountains. Her grave overlooks the beautiful Little Wind River Valley. Standing there we see close by the Shoshone Indian Mission School and, at a distance of about 2 miles, the buildings of Fort Washakie, formerly garrisoned by United States troops in pioneer days. We see also, at about the same distance, the buildings of the former Shoshone Agency. Two miles further down the valley are the fine buildings of the Government school which has done a noble work for 51 years in preparing the Shoshones and Arapahoes for American citizenship. We see also the glistening waters of Little Wind River and of Trout Creek, hurrying down the valley from this elevation of 1 mile above sea level toward their destination in the Gulf of Mexico. We see at the bottom of the valley, 6 miles off, great clouds of steam rising up from the famous Washakie Hot Springs. To the north, at a distance of 70 miles, arises the Washakie Needles, named in honor of the great chief. To the south is the Beaver Range of mountains. Far off to the east are the Owl Creek and Rattlesnake Mountains; and to the west, close by us, are the towering mountains of the main range of the Rockies, through the grim passes of which Sacajawea led the expedition of 1805 and 1806, when no other guide was available who knew the Indian trails.

Baptiste, Sacajawea's son, I knew over a period of some years up to his death. He had a large family. Those descendants now living are numerous. Baptiste lived a respectable life on the reservation. He spent his time in hunting, fishing, and selling Indian curios to supply the needs of his family. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren are living on the reservation. Baptiste made his home about 3 miles from the Shoshone mission up to the time of his death. He died and was buried, according to the ancient custom of the Shoshones, in the rocks in a canyon west of the mission at a distance of some 7 miles at the head of dry creek. From his rocky grave can be seen his mother's resting place, Sacajawea.

Baptiste's son, Wyt-to-gan, informed me one time that his father, Baptiste, had often told him that Baptiste's mother carried him (Baptiste) on her back when he was a baby, across the mountains when she led the first "Washington" across the Great Waters toward the setting sun (Dab-be-doe-nank).

Bazil, the adopted son and nephew of Sacajawea and in whose camp she lived, died a few years after his mother. He was buried at a place about 4 miles from the agency but was subsequently laid to rest beside the grave of Sacajawea, his adopted mother. Bazil was a noted pioneer guide, himself a great friend of Dr. Erwin who was United States agent, resident of this reservation in the early seventies. His friend, Bazil, came to him, Dr. Erwin told me, and demanded permission from him to bring his mother's tent and pitch it close to Dr. Erwin's house. "For," said Bazil, "I am going away on a buffalo hunt and I want you to take special care of her, for she has been a great friend to the white people in the early days."

Sacajawea, during her life, never boasted of her journey and great service to the whites. In fact, on the other hand, she kept it secret, for if the fact should be published of her having led the Lewis and Clark Expedition it would have brought nothing but opprobrium and scorn from the members of her tribe. And Bazil would not have mentioned the fact to Dr. Erwin had he not been anxious for the welfare of his mother during his absence on the hunt. Although Sacajawea was silent to the whites concerning her connection with the Lewis and Clark Expedition, she used to amuse members of her family by relating to them some of her experiences during the journey. One time she told them that she had seen at the Great Waters toward the setting sun a fish as big as a log cabin. Captain Clark mentions the fact that they had found a dead whale washed ashore when they reached the Pacific. She mentioned also other incidents to the Shoshones, but I forget what they were.

After Charbonneau, her French mixed-blood husband's death, she was lost sight of to whites and Shoshones for many years while she was visiting kindred tribes of her people. She spent several years with the Comanches who are the same as Shoshones and speak the same language. But the homing instinct in her led her during her latter days to seek her own people in the mountains of Wyoming.

The Honorable James I. Patten, who was appointed United States agent of the Shoshones in the seventies, and for many years previously had known them and