

“Early Western Travels”

This is part of James O. Pattie's , “Personal Narrative” of his travels in the West, published in “Early Western Travels”, which is a combination of multiple accounts. This account probably happened on the Colorado River in southern Utah. [Changed for easier reading using ChatGPT.] Original found at https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/46110/pg46110-images.html#FNanchor_72

Around noon, we said goodbye to the friendly Native Americans and kept slowly drifting down the river, setting our traps whenever we saw signs of beavers.

Nothing exciting happened for a while, and no one bothered us until January 1st, 1828. That day, about fifty members of a tribe called the Papi—whom the friendly Indians had warned us about—suddenly attacked us with a shower of arrows. We were floating near the middle of the river when they fired, and we quickly paddled toward the opposite shore. We made it out of their range safely, and no one was hurt. As soon as our boats touched land, we jumped out, aimed carefully, and fired back to show them how much stronger our guns were than their bows. Six of the Papi were hit, and the rest immediately dropped to the ground and crawled away, dodging and hiding as if the sky were about to fall on them. We loaded our guns again and rowed across the river to the opposite shore, which was now empty. The Indians who had been shot were lying on the sandy beach, and some of them were still alive.

Original

“At mid-day we bade these friendly Indians farewell, and resumed our slow progress of floating slowly down the stream, still setting our traps, whenever we found any indications of beavers. We met with no striking incident, and experienced no molestation until January 1st, 1828. On this day we once more received a shower of arrows from about fifty Indians of a tribe called Pipi, of whom we were cautioned to beware by the friendly Indians we had last left..When the Pipi fired upon us, we were floating near the middle of the river. We immediately commenced pulling for the opposite shore, and were soon out of the reach of their arrows, without any individual having been wounded. As soon as our crafts touched the shore, we sprang upon the bank, took fair aim, and showed them the difference between their weapons[201] and ours, by levelling six of them. The remainder fell flat, and began to dodge and skulk on all fours, as though the heavens had been loaded with thunder and mill stones, which were about to rain on them from the clouds. We re-loaded our guns, and rowed over to the opposite, and now deserted shore. The fallen lay on the sand beach, some of them not yet dead.”