5. Indians at the Manor Valentine Walter Bromley 1874

"Stronger and stronger grows the morn. Higher and warmer spreads the now crimson flood. The mountains all flush up; then blaze into sudden life. A great ball of fire clears the horizon, and strikes broad avenues of white across the plain. The sun is up! And it is dry. What is more, the horses are hitched; and with a cry of 'All aboard,' away we roll . . ." Earl of Dunraven (*The Great Divide*, 1876)

Valentine Walter Bromley (1848–77). Wood engraving. *Illustrated London News*, May 19, 1877.

IN VICTORIAN TIMES, the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition was one of the prestigious social events of the London season. A glittering throng from the Upper Ten Thousand, topped by a visit from Queen Victoria herself, annually viewed a vast and heterogeneous collection of massive, ornately framed pictures in the august galleries of Burlington House.

Here were subjects to satisfy every taste. Indeed, a painter's choice of subjects was the key to his success. The paintings most admired were the sentimentalized animals and chaste nude maidens; the luxuriously decadent scenes of the glory that was Greece and the vices that were Rome; the heroic last stands and the full-tilt cavalry charges of Empire; the problem pictures that presented people torn by the most violent emotions; the statesmen, beautiful women, and celebrities of the day; the lustrous studies of landscape and architecture in exotic, faraway climes. In short, whatever could be dressed up as a sensational or thought-provoking spectacle.

Yet the Royal Academy of 1876 revealed one subject hitherto overlooked. In the innermost sanctum, the Lecture Room, below Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's apparently innocent, reclining bacchante, *After the Dance,* hung an enormous shrimp-red nude of a Sioux chief wearing only a war bonnet, in the ghastly act of shaking the warm, bleeding scalp of his enemy—a prostrate white man. What Queen Victoria herself thought of the picture, we shall probably never know. But contemporary critics were somewhat less than appreciative. The *Times,* with commendable restraint, thought the picture a strange, foreign, and questionable subject which would surely only appeal to more exceptional tastes. "The artist," added the writer, "has not been timorous with his grim red-skin sitter. He has painted him in his war-paint, and his sweeping battle-crest of eagle's feathers, his foot on the neck of his foe, whose scalp he shakes in triumph with one hand, while with the other, he grasps the bloody knife which has just lifted his enemy's hair." After such a bloodthirsty confrontation, the critic thought it "a comfort to get home again for the quiet Surrey farmsteads which Mr. F. Walton paints with no less mastery in oil than in watercolour!" (1)

But the *Times* had underestimated the patronage of those with exceptional tastes. The hair-raising picture of the year, *Pahauzatanka, the Great Scalper* (see frontis), painted by Valentine Walter Bromley, found a buyer before it was even hung. And there were more to come! It was only the third of twenty such pictures—up to four feet high and six feet wide—commissioned by the Earl of Dunraven for his ancestral seat, Adare Manor, in County Limerick, Ireland. (2)

The theme of Bromley's strange masterpiece is something of a mystery. A review in the *Illustrated London News* referred to "a celebrated Red-Indian scalper, with an unpronounceable name," (3) but the identity of the victim is unknown. More than likely, Bromley's protagonists are symbolic. He may have taken his theme from the events

1. *Times,* Wednesday, May 31, 1876.

2. Redgrave, however, states that Bromley "painted about 20 large pictures for that nobleman [Lord Dunraven], depicting the country and people of the Far West." *Redgrave Dictionary,* 1878:56. As no records are available at Adare to verify the exact number of paintings

preceding the gold rush to the *Pa-Sapa,* or sacred Black Hills of the Sioux, in 1874, when the Sioux were making every effort to stop the gold-hungry white infiltration of their traditional hunting grounds. For he had himself accompanied Lord Dunraven on a hunting expedition in Montana and Wyoming territories. So the picture's "local truth," as the *Art Journal* put it, "is vouched for by the fact that he spent many months among the scalping nomads of the far West." (4)

The artist's patron, Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, the fourth Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earl (1841–1926), was a well-known figure in the United States. Since 1872, he had hunted on the Great Plains with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack Omohundro. He had even set up a hunting lodge and game preserve, as well as a ranch, in Estes Park, Colorado. On earlier trips he had always regretted not having taken an artist with him to portray his hunting adventures, to say nothing of the magnificent landscape. "The love of hunting," he wrote, "is a passion that leads a man into scenes of most picturesque beauty . . . which he otherwise might never see [again]." On this, his fourth visit to the United States, but his third trip out West, he decided to take twenty-six-year-old Valentine Bromley along to preserve the experience for him.

The young artist cut a dashing figure at the time: tall, with fine eyes, well-shaped features, and flowing handle bar mustaches. He was born in London, and from childhood displayed a precocious gift for drawing, which was hardly surprising: his family had produced generations of artists. Under the paternal eye of his father, the painter William Bromley, he quickly absorbed the elements of a thorough academic training. By the time he was nineteen, he had followed on fast in the family tradition. "Val" Bromley, as he was known, was elected associate of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and then to the Society of British Artists; both stepping stones to membership of the Royal Academy. Besides exhibiting pseudo-historical fancies of the lost world of Shakespeare and seventeenth-century cavaliers, much of young Bromley's industry was given to book and periodical work. He contributed drawings to *Fun* and *Punch,* and he was frequently employed by the *Illustrated London News* as a Home Artist and, occasionally, as a Special. (5)

Bromley was, however, essentially a painter, and like many young English artists of his time, he was obsessed with the dream of a great adventure which alone would provide the exotic and colorful elements necessary for a successful Royal Academy picture. How the Dunraven assignment came his way can only be guessed. But one thing is certain—he realized that it was the chance of a lifetime, and accordingly made the most of it to produce some of the most unusual pictures of the American Indian ever painted by an Englishman.

Besides Dunraven and Bromley, the party included the Earl's personal doctor and old hunting companion, George Henry Kingsley; (6) his servant Campbell, "a limber-limbed Highlandman;" his Negro cook and

delivered, it is difficult to discover how many there may be in existence. Bromley died in April, 1877, just over two years after he returned from America. It is, therefore, unlikely that he had the time to complete 20 canvases of such a large size. Redgrave may have included the 12 original gouache and watercolor drawings which illustrated *The Great Divide,* as well as the three watercolor paintings listed in the Checklist of Paintings and Illustrations of Western Canada and the United States by Valentine Walter Bromley in the notes at the back of this book: a total of 21 pictures.

3. *ILN, May* 13, 1876:475.

4. *Art Journal,* 1876:261.

5. In the immediate period preceding his American trip, Bromley had contributed numerous illustrations of London life to both the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic.* After his return, he briefly visited Spain as a Special, and also worked as a Home Artist on Melton Prior's field sketches of the Civil War of 1875.

6. Dr. George Henry Kingsley (1826–92), younger brother of the

novelist Charles Kingsley, had served as a private physician to a number of prominent artistocratic families, including those of the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Sutherland and the first and second earls of Ellesmere. He was a Fellow of the Linnean Society and a keen sportsman who knew North America well from frequent hunting trips with Lord Dunraven between 1870–75.

valet, Maxwell; and last but not least his faithful collie, "Tweed." A cousin, Captain C. Wynne, eventually joined them later in Montana.

The Earl belonged to the old school of wilderness travelers, preferring, wherever possible, traditional modes of travel. Instead of traveling by train from New York to Salt Lake City as he could well have done, he took his party across the Atlantic to Quebec, then to Montreal up the St. Lawrence River and through the Thousand Islands to Toronto. Then after a short ride on the Grand Trunk to Collingwood, another steamer voyage took them across lakes Huron and Superior. But this was not all. Loath to pass up any opportunities to fish trout and shoot wild duck, Dunraven hired a small fleet of canoes to take them to the American shore of Lake Superior. From Duluth they rode on the "embryonic" Northern Pacific to Bismarck, North Dakota, before embarking for a fifteen-day steamboat trip up the Missouri and Musselshell rivers. By the time they reached the Earl's newly acquired hunting lodge, some sixty miles from Denver, Colorado, it had taken the party two months to reach their objective!

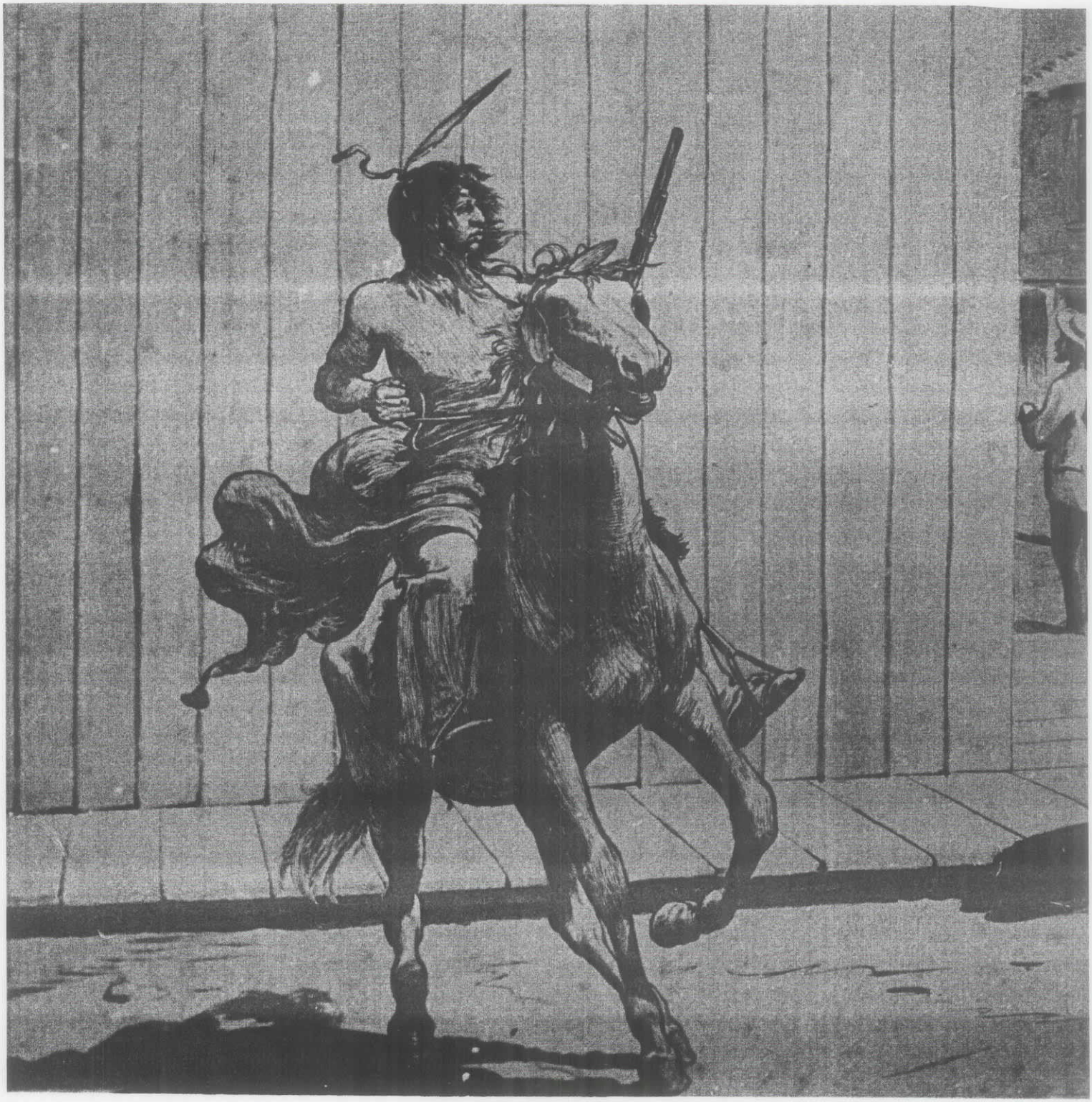
Dunraven had much to attend to in Estes Park: he owned nearly four thousand acres of land, including the Evans Ranch. Marshall Sprague, in his *Gallery of Dudes,* informs us that the Earl was the major stockholder in a company formed to launch the hunting lodge and game preserve as a summer resort and cattle ranch, with plans for roads and trails radiating from a proposed big hotel (subsequently, the Estes Park Hotel, opened in 1877) to be built on Fish Creek.

But by the middle of August, when he had had his fill of business affairs, Dunraven decided to return north again for some big-game hunting and exploration in Montana Territory. He longed to visit the Upper Yellowstone country and judge for himself whether the thermal springs and geysers were deserving of the superlatives claimed for them. Texas Jack Omohundro agreed to lead the party, and General Phil Sheridan himself provided letters of introduction to the commanding officers at Fort Ellis and other military posts.

Texas Jack went on ahead to make the necessary arrangements, and after a few days the party joined him at Salt Lake City to fit themselves out with saddles, clothing, and other items of necessary equipment. From Denver they had traveled by rail to the Mormon capital. At Corinne, however, they left the train to complete the rest of the journey in a lumbering old stagecoach over what is now Interstate Highway 15. The stageline ran north to Fort Hall in Idaho and over the Monida Pass into Montana, a distance of over three hundred miles. All went smoothly, in spite of a "comical" driver who constantly quenched his thirst with draughts of neat whisky. "Our general intention," wrote the Earl, "was to get to Fort Ellis, or Bozeman, about 70 miles from Virginia City, to make 'Boteler's Ranch' (about 35 miles from Bozeman) our permanent camp, and to make expeditions from there, carrying only what we could pack on mules." (7)

7. Dunraven, *Past Times and Pastimes* (London, 1922), 89.

Canoe Shooting a Rapid. 1876. 48 x 60. Oil. Courtesy Department of External Affairs, Ottawa, Canada. From Fort William to Duluth on the American side of Lake Superior, the party traveled in a fleet of *canots du nord,* light birchbark canoes paddled by a sturdy crew of Métis "singing some old Normandy or Breton song." Dunraven thought such a way to travel "the poetry of progression."



A Noble Savage in Town. 1875. 16 x 8. Watercolor. Courtesy Earl of Meath.

Virginia City, then capital of the territory, proved to be a disappointment. At least at first it did. Along the hot and dusty trail, the party had looked forward to an oasis where they might "be washed, clean-shirted, rubbed, shampooed, barbered, curled, cooled and cocktailed." But no, this was not Denver. A street of straggling shanties, a bank, a Wells Fargo Express office, a blacksmith's shop, a few drygoods stores, bars, and that was it. Bromley caught sight of a mounted Bannack warrior, with quiver and bow, silver-mounted revolver, and a Winchester, riding into town, gazing with undisguised contempt at the sight of the newly arrived, top-hatted and frock-coated representatives of civilization. Dunraven promptly suggested he work the scene up as an illustration, entitled *The Noble Savage in Town*. Some time later, they found a clean and comfortable little inn, not to mention antelope and bear steaks, and revised their original unfavorable impressions of the town.

At Fort Ellis, the most important military post in the region, the party enjoyed the hospitality of Major Sweitzer and the officers of his garrison. The fort consisted of a large square, two sides of which were occupied by the soldiers' quarters, with the remaining side devoted to the officers' houses. Along the inside ran a wooden sidewalk, beside which "a few unhappy trees" struggled to grow. The interior space, a parade ground, was adorned with a tall flagpole; while its four angles were flanked and protected by what Dunraven described as "quaint old-fashioned-looking block houses, octagonal in shape, loop-holed, and begirt with a broad balcony, upon which sentries pace everlastingly up and down." Beyond the square were more barracks, washerwomen's houses, stables, stores, a billiard-room, blacksmith's and saddler's shops, a hospital, stores, and the magazine; all surrounded by a stockade fence.

Strategically, Fort Ellis commanded the valleys of the Yellowstone and of the three forks of the Missouri. Together with Fort Shaw and Fort Benton, it controlled all navigation on the river, as well as the three principal passes which break through the mountains from one river system to the other. It was through these natural thoroughfares—the Flat Head, Bridger, and Bozeman passes—that the hostile Indians of the plains made their raids into the Gallatin Valley, plundering isolated farms, stealing stock, and scalping unfortunate settlers.

Over brandy and cigars, the party was warned to keep their eyes "well skinned." Only last year the Sioux had run off two hundred head of cattle from under the very walls of the fort, and killed two white men. No doubt, the Major also informed Dunraven that part of the territory in which he planned to hunt was controlled by the Sioux; that the group ran the risk of running into war parties, and meeting the same fate as others who had been scalped, impaled, or burned alive. Under such conditions, "the only good Indian was a dead one." (8)

Dunraven thought the Indians were not as bad as all that, but kept his thoughts to himself. For one thing, he admired their intense love of freedom, and although he thought Cooper's noble red man had

8. *Ibid.*, 92, and Dunraven, *Great Divide* (London, 1876), 55, 134.

long been overdone, the Indians had, he felt, some excellent traits, and he confessed to a sneaking affection for them "in spite of the inconvenience." The Earl noticed, too, that Bromley had shown great interest in Indians, and suggested that the artist join Kingsley and himself for a visit to the Crow agency, some thirty miles distant.

It was a very large crowd of curious Crows that turned out to greet the Englishmen the next day. Like the Pawnees, they were generally peaceable toward the whites and provided scouts for the cavalry units stationed in Montana in return for protection from attack by their old enemies, the Sioux. At the time, their agency was situated at Mission River. A high stockade protected the agency. Bromley entered and found his first subject, braves unloading and receiving payment for buffalo skins outside the hide trader's store. (9) The agent introduced several chiefs who greeted the party in a friendly manner. The Earl and Chief Blackfoot did most of the talking, and the Chief displayed characteristic Crow shrewdness in negotiating a deal of blankets for a performance of dances.

Anxious to impress their guests, Blackfoot and his medicine man arranged a *coup* dance. Counting *coups,* or blows, gave Bromley an intriguing insight into the complex custom in which young braves or warriors narrated their brave deeds using the actual weapons or trophies as illustrations. However boastful they appeared, the truth had to be told or they would be disgraced. Dunraven, however, was unimpressed and a little amused. It reminded him so much of his undergraduate battle *coups* on the King's Road, Chelsea, after the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. The evening at the agency included a scalp dance, a bull dance, more complimentary speeches, and an invitation to visit the camp next day. (10)

Moving around the encampment the following morning, Bromley was deeply fascinated by what he saw. The tepees, or lodges, were pitched in a large circle. Each held from twelve to fifteen, or even twenty individuals: a community in itself. Outside the door of one was a spear on which was hung the chief's shield and a mysterious bundle. If a hawk or eagle happened to be the totem of the chief, one of these birds might be perched on the shield. The totems reminded him of a medieval knight's escutcheon or coat or arms, as the knights of old, too, used to display their shields and banners before their tents.

The squaws, like all Indian women, were slaves of their men, but they did not appear to object. He watched them chopping wood and carrying canvas buckets of water. Although coarse-featured, he noted their almost classic grace as they moved about in finely tanned chiton-like dresses of doeskin, beautifully decorated with intensely colored vignettes. The men, on the other hand, were tall and fine looking, with hair of incredible thickness and length; just as Catlin had, in fact, described them. (11)

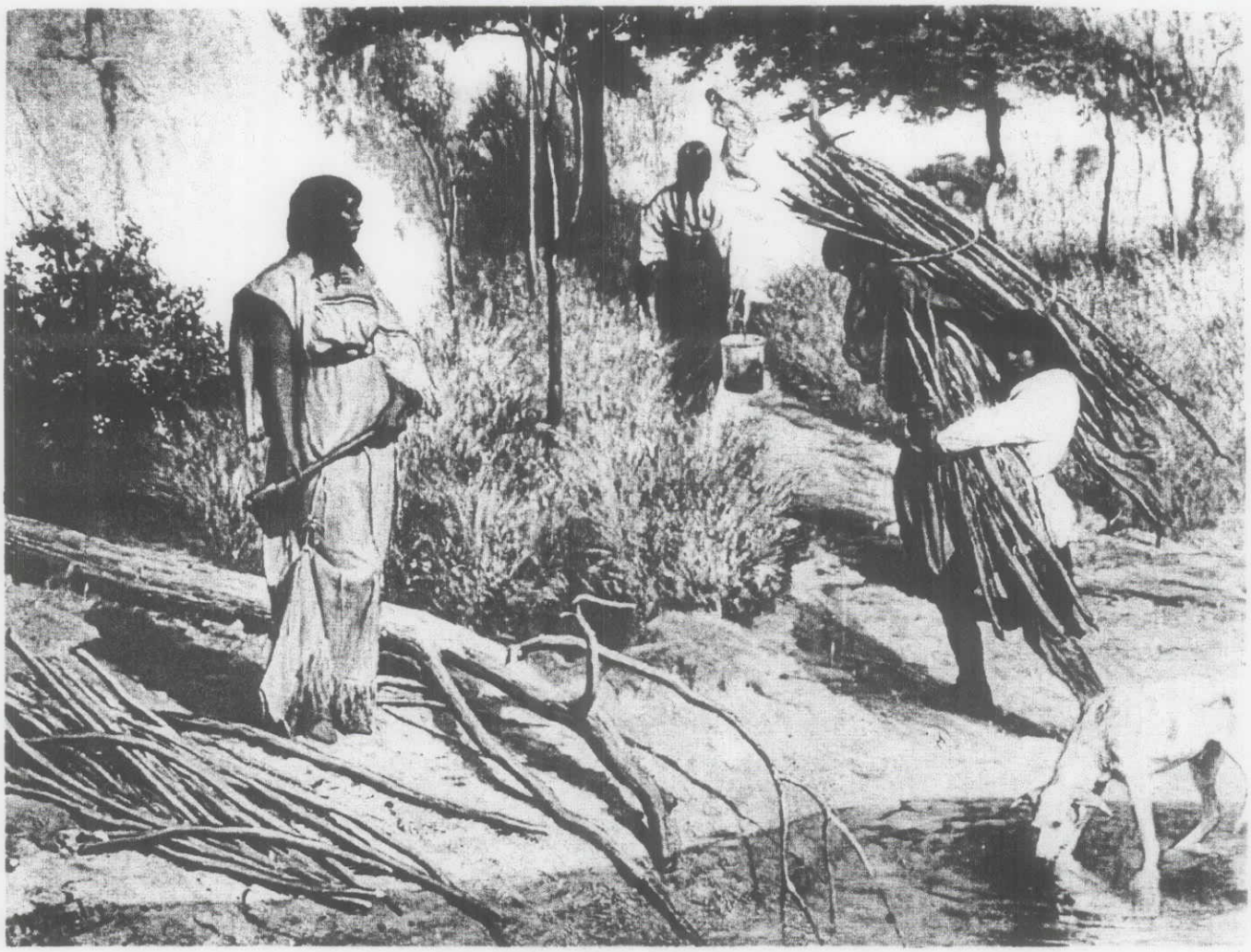
The artist's pleasure in finding such material also pleased Dunraven. He and Bromley had not exactly hit it off. The younger man was less

9. This subsequently appeared as a full-page illustration entitled *Indians at a Hide-Trader's Hut* (*ILN,* 69, 1876:344).

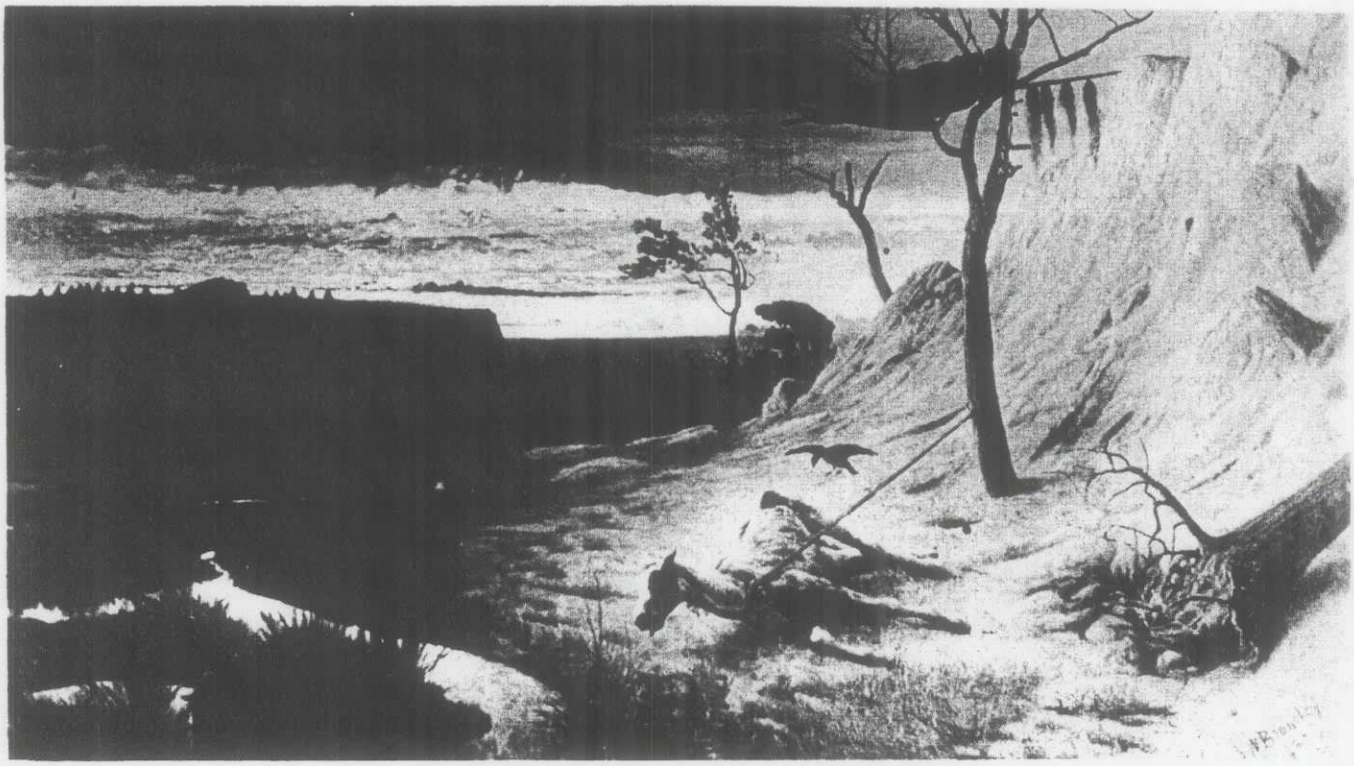
10. Bromley illustrated the scene and depicted the Earl (right) and Dr. Kingsley listening to a young warrior relating a *coup* against the Sioux. *Great Divide,* frontispiece.

11. The strongly marked characteristics of the Crow Indians are described by Edwin Thompson Denis (introduced and edited by

Indians at a Hide-Trader's Hut. Wood engraving. *Illustrated London News*, October 7, 1876.



Crow Indian Women. 1876. 42 x 72. Oil. Courtesy Earl of Dunraven.



Crow Indian Burial. 1876. Courtesy Earl of Dunraven. Bromley was deeply moved by the mystique of the Crow burial ritual; the dead were placed in trees to dry out before reburial on the ground.

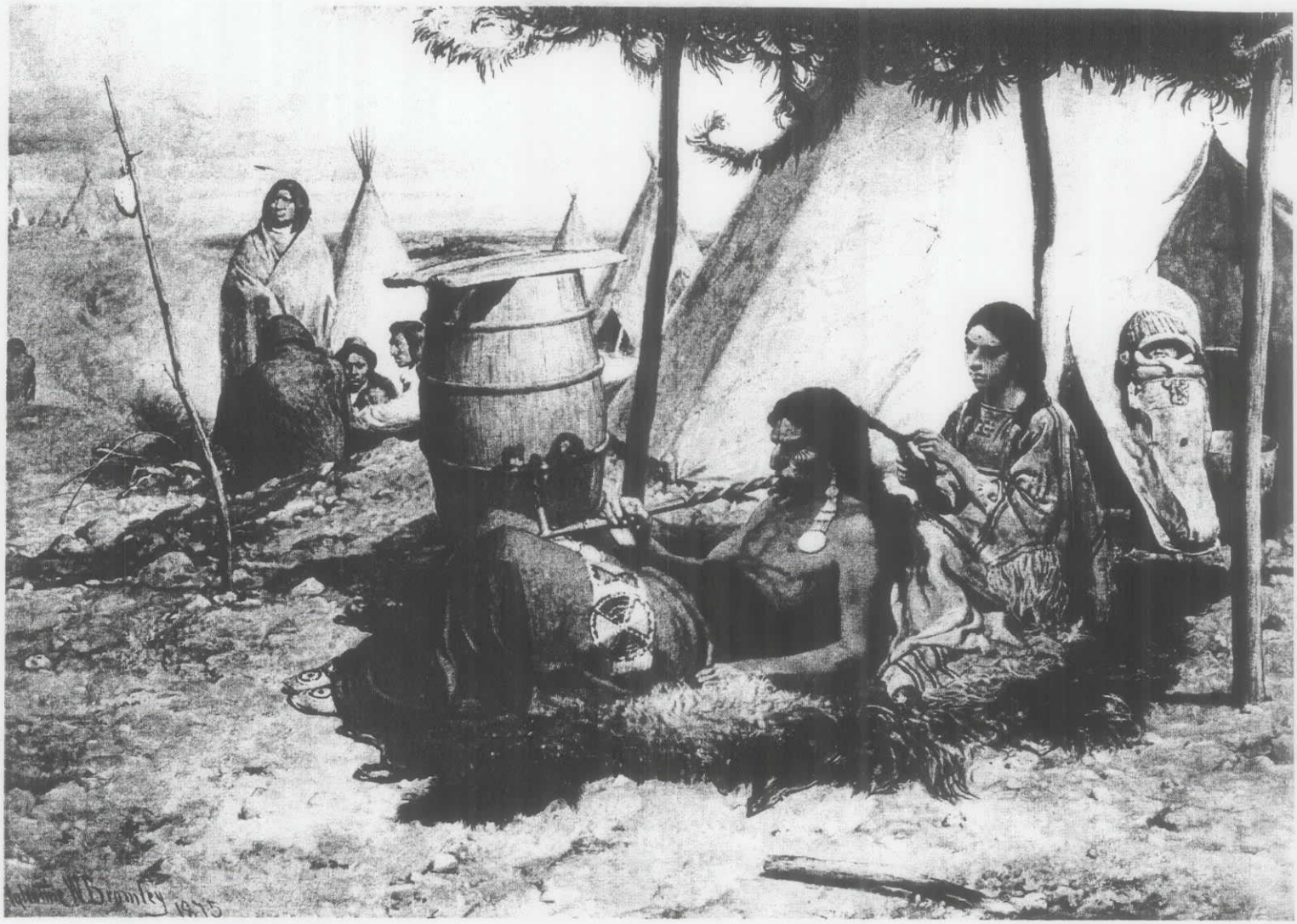
John C. Ewers), *Five Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri* (Norman, 1961), and Catlin, *Letters and Notes*, 1 (New York, 1970), 50.

than robust and did not have much interest in using a gun. The long wilderness trips with all the talk and activity of hunting interested him much less than did the indigenous population. Unlike his predecessor, Sir William Drummond Stewart, and his more tractable artist, the American Alfred Jacob Miller (who painted the Green River county of Wyoming), Dunraven found his own artist less a faithful instrument than an individual reacting to things in his own way. He worked hard, sketching the busy domestic world of the Crow village with enthusiasm. The sketches produced some of his most interesting work, notably the superb oils, *Crow Indian Women* and *Crow Indian Burial,* and the watercolors, *Big Chief's Toilet, Counting his Coups,* and *Cache.*

Just as Dunraven and the artist were on the point of leaving, they were attracted by a great drumming and singing going on in a nearby lodge. Looking in, they found a group of young men gambling for the cartridges they had been given the previous night. All were playing the favorite Crow game of chance, *cache.* On the floor was spread a large buffalo robe to form a gaming table, and on either side, four men faced each other.

Cache was a hand game which consisted of holding a shell in one hand, changing the shell from one hand to the other and then holding them closed for your adversary to guess in which the cache, or shell, is, losing a peg if wrong. A row of pegs stood in front of each man, who either took one or gave one to his opponent, according to loss or gain. The pegs represented so much, and everything an Indian possessed was valued at so many pegs—a wife, a horse, and so on. Each party had a drum, and kept up, while his side was in, an incessant thumping, hoping to encourage the holder of the cache in his efforts, and trying to confuse the adversary. The stakes having been agreed on were placed on the robe, an equal number for each side.

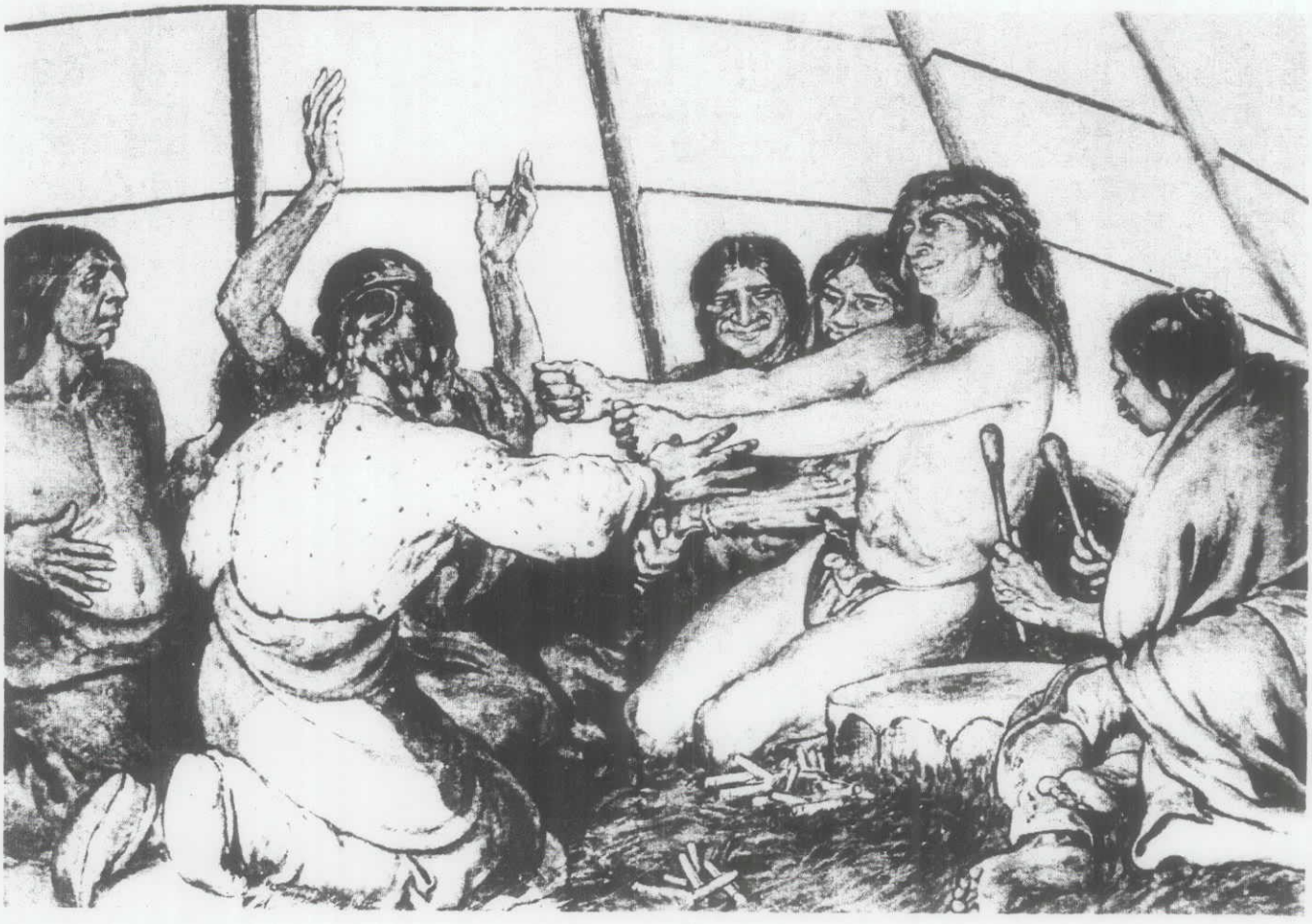
When the Englishmen looked in, the game was at a most critical stage. "One side," wrote Dunraven, "had acquired very nearly all the sticks; they held the cache, and the others were pointing and very unsuccessfully. The winning side looked triumphant. The fellow with the cache shook and brandished his fists, and dashed them out, as much to say, 'you know you can't; you will never guess it right.' The opposite players were frantic; their drummer beat with all his might; they spirted out their song through set teeth in spasmodic jets; they violently struck their ribs with both elbows in unison with the time, expelling their breath in guttural grunts; their bodies shook, their muscles quivered and twitched; the veins in their temples stood out in knots, and beads of sweat trickled from their brows. Their eyes were starting from their heads with eagerness, as they noticed the rapidly diminishing pile of sticks [pegs], and watched the actions of their guesser. He literally danced as he sat and seemed an incarnation of nervous energy. To get at his naked body he held the tail of his shirt in his teeth, and at each unsuccessful venture he would smite his open palm with a



The Big Chief's Toilet (Above). 1875. 23¾ x 35¾. Watercolor. Courtesy Kennedy Galleries, New York.

Counting his Coups (Above Right). 1875. 10 x 14. Watercolor. Courtesy Earl of Meath. The Earl of Dunraven (right) and Dr. Kingsley (below) are pictured listening to a Crow warrior relating his adventures in war.

Cache (Right). 10 x 14. Watercolor. Courtesy Earl of Meath.



resounding smack upon his brawny ribs, throw his body back on to his heels and swing it about, dashing his hands together above his head, as if supplicating for better luck next time." (12)

Altogether, thought the Earl, it appeared to be a fine pastime and just the thing to burn up superfluous energy on wet days when croquet or tennis could not be played. There might be some difficulty however; one's clothing would be somewhat in the way, and without the power of smacking oneself, or one's neighbor, the game would lack half its charm.

The two-day visit to the Crows had certainly put Bromley in a better frame of mind to record the party's next excursion. But now the Earl himself would suffer two weeks of frustration. The hunting out of Boteler's Ranch proved not to be of the best, although there were certainly adventures chasing elk, bear, and bighorn sheep guaranteed to make Bromley split his sides laughing. Bad weather hit the party with torrential rainstorms and thick mists, which gave the older members unwelcome twinges of rheumatism. Maxwell was so afraid of losing his scalp that he would not on any account stay in camp alone. Consequently, Campbell (the best shot) was obliged to remain with him. And if there were no Indians, he was in constant dread of bears or snakes. There was trouble, too, with the pack mules who would sometimes stampede out of fear of mountain lions, scattering their precious burdens along a difficult trail, to head back to Bozeman. Getting the packs secured to their backs at the start of each day was the subject of a spirited illustration, *Mule Packing,* (13) and Bromley, for the first time, included himself in the action. Fred Boteler himself was their guide, and in another illustration, entitled *A Yellowstone Highway,* (14) Bromley depicts the rugged character of their trail among the foothills of the Absaroka and Gallatin mountains following the Yellowstone River, toward Gardiner, the northern entrance to their objective, Yellowstone National Park. (15)

Nor was the party immune to the threat of attack by Indians. They had been warned by officers at Fort Ellis, and by the agent, Dr. Wright, and Chief Blackfoot at the Crow agency. Sioux war parties had the habit of hanging about the passes into the Gallatin Valley, looking for the horses of settlers, Crows, or prospectors bound for the Big Horn Mountains. There were anxious moments whenever a band of mounted Indians was spotted in the distance. The Sioux, however, discriminated between the Englishmen and other whites, probably realizing they were hunters. All went well, but Bromley illustrated several incidents along the Yellowstone River trail which expressed the party's fears. (16)

Once they had entered the Park, they could relax and enjoy the outdoor life. The Sioux were terrified at the strange sights and sounds in the mountains. So, after dinner, the group would smoke a pipe, or drink a pannikin of tea by the roaring campfire, listening to Texas Jack's endless yarns of cattle raids on the Rio Grande, or some escapade

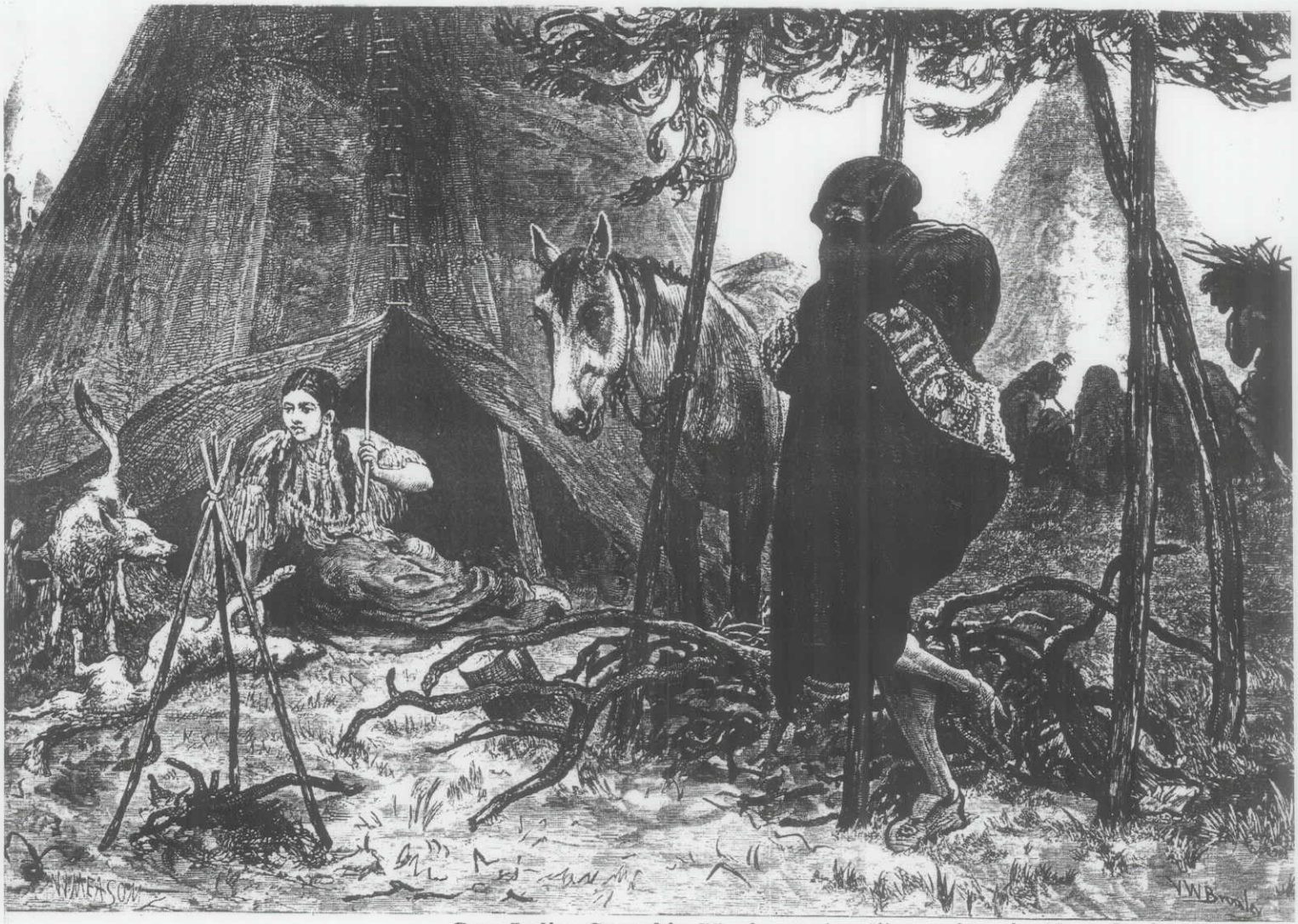
12. Dunraven, *Great Divide,* 99–102. The description of the Crow hand game was found in Stewart Culin, *Games of the North American Indians,* Twenty-fourth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology (Washington, D.C., Smithsonian Institution, 1907).

13. The figure I assume to be Bromley is seen at the left helping Texas Jack (in buckskins) "cinch" a girth strap. Dr. Kingsley (right) hangs on to a more troublesome beast. Dunraven, *Great Divide,* opp. 139.

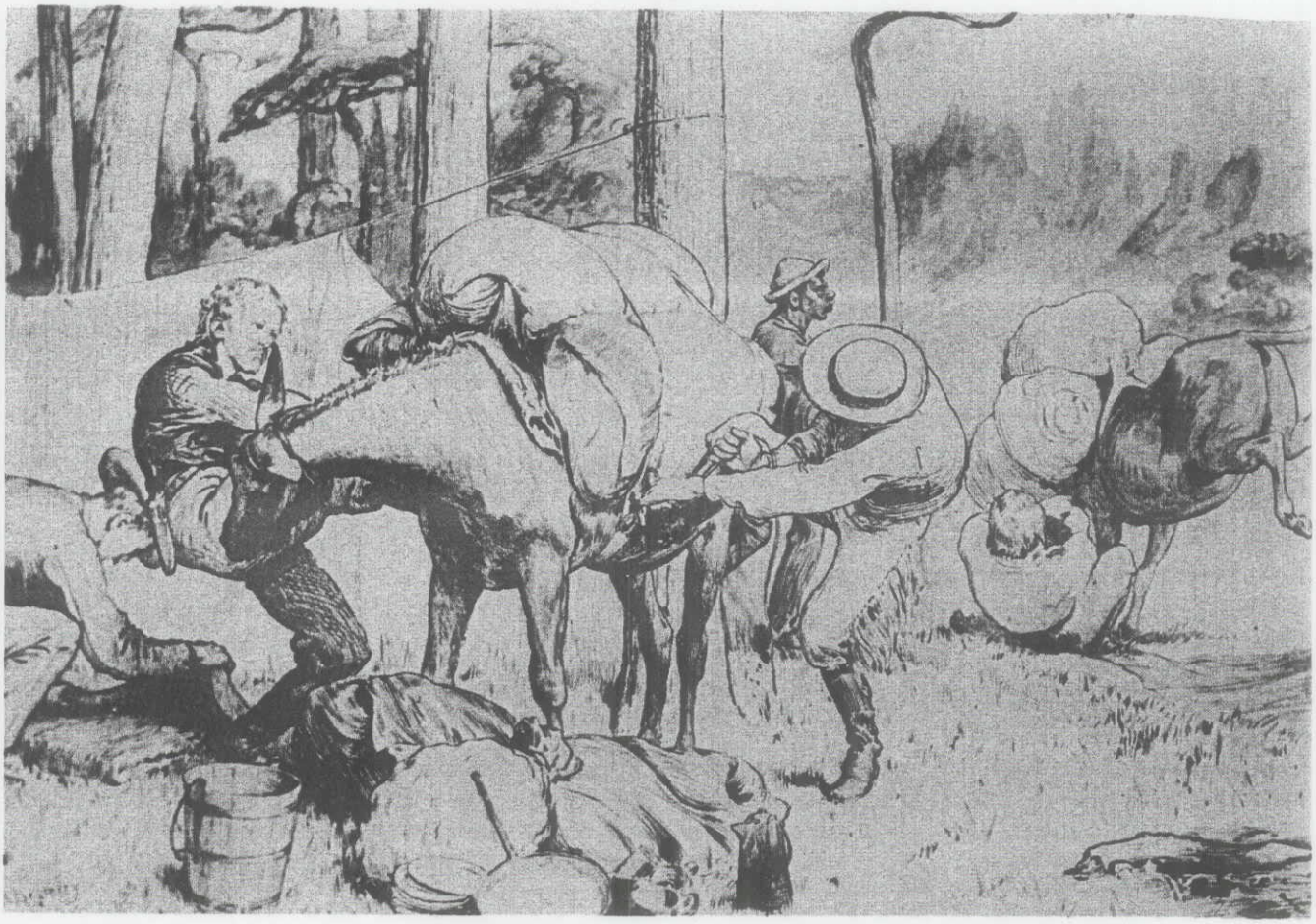
14. The mounted horseman is probably Texas Jack with Maxwell following on behind. *Ibid.,* opp. 149.

15. Yellowstone National Park was established by Congress as of March 1, 1872. But at the time of the visit of Dunraven and his party, it was little more than a poacher's paradise, lacking the funds necessary to police and develop its tourist attractions. Bartlett, *American West,* 6, 1969:10–16.

16. Knight states that the Sioux War was "in essence a war of aggression, by which the United States took what it could not buy. The treaty of 1868 had barred whites from the Black Hills, the sacred Pa-Sapa of the Sioux, and from the entire area north of the



Crow Indian Courtship. Wood engraving. *Illustrated London News*, October 28, 1876.



Mule Packing. 1875. 9⅝ x 13¼. Watercolor. Courtesy Earl of Meath.

A Yellowstone Highway. 1875. 14 x 21½. Ink and wash. Courtesy Earl of Meath.

North Platte between the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains. Most of the Sioux had moved to reservations, but irreconcileables continued to roam the Sioux homeland, insisting upon expulsion of whites under the treaty. That became exceedingly difficult after Custer's expedition of 1874 found gold in the Black Hills." Oliver Knight, *Following the Indian Wars* (Norman, 1960), 160–1.

In the illustration *Indians by Jove!*, Bromley depicts the great plain of the Gallatin Valley with Dunraven (right) anxiously watching a cavalcade of mounted Indians through field glasses. Kingsley (left) gets out a Winchester just in case. Dunraven, *Great Divide*, opp. 210.

with the Comanches, or maybe an adventure during the Civil War in which he fought with the Confederates. Then the pipes were let go out. Exhausted after the day's traveling, everyone yawned and went off to his tent, as Dunraven put it, "to glide into the utter oblivion of sound death-like sleep."

By the time the party reached Mammoth Hot Springs, the weather had improved enough for them to enjoy the sightseeing part of the expedition. Captain Wynne, the Earl's unpredictable cousin, had at last joined the group there. Then, guided by Boteler, they made their way east to Tower Fall, then south, through the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, over what is now the Dunraven Pass. Above them to the west was the peak that would also be named for the indomitable Earl, Mount Dunraven.

Continuing west, past Mary Lake to Lower Geyser Basin and Firehole River, they made their way up to the fantastic wonderland of the Upper Geyser Basin to gaze with awe at vast bursts of scalding water and the many-hued pools of steaming springs. Ancient volcanic vents emitted weird sounds. "The air," wrote Dunraven, "is full of subdued, strange noises; distant grumblings as of dissatisfied ghosts, faint shrieks, satirical groans, and subterranean laughter." Bromley however, seems to have been unimpressed, at least as an artist, and as far as is known, he made no attempt to put the Yellowstone excursion on paper. The illustration of Mammoth Hot Springs and Upper Geyser Basin in the Earl's book are not Bromley's but facsimile wood engravings of photographs taken by William Henry Jackson during the Hayden Survey of 1871. (17)

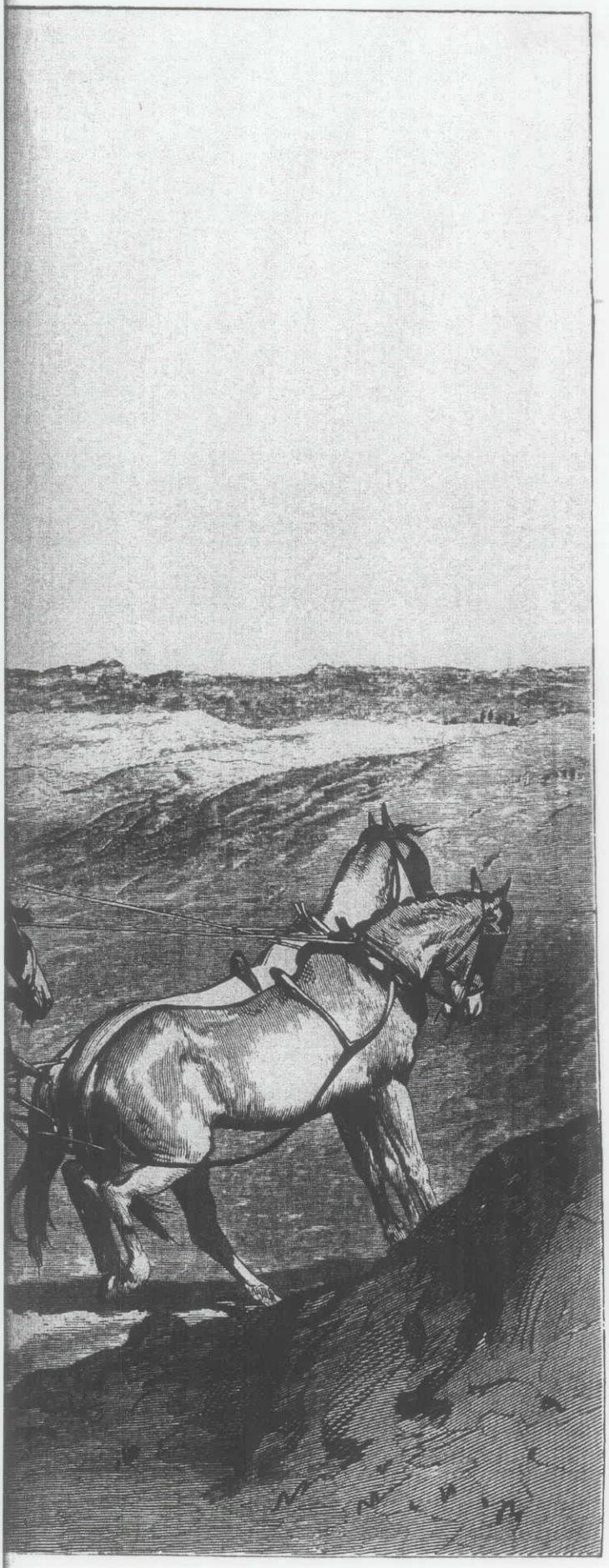
17. Marshall Sprague, *A Gallery of Dudes* (Boston, 1966), 166–7.

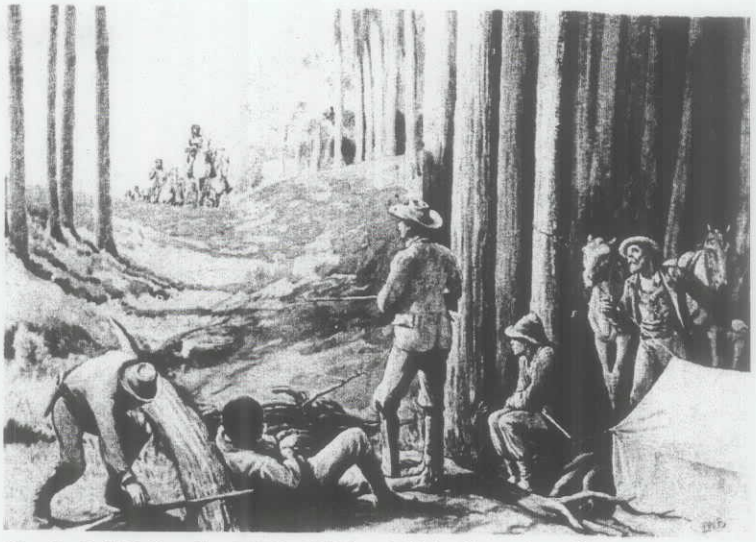
More adventures befell the party on the return journey to Boteler's Ranch. For a start, they ran short of food. The game had mysteriously disappeared. No matter how hard they tried, none had any luck. On one occasion, Dr. Kingsley succeeded in wounding a deer, and with visions of fresh venison steaks before his eyes, he decided to go it alone. But he failed, and as darkness descended there came the awful feeling that he was, in the expressive Western phrase, "turned round," and completely lost in the vast primeval forest at night. To make matters worse, a storm suddenly broke over his head. He slipped and stumbled on the wet grass, falling over rocks, struggling over masses of prostrate treetrunks. Again and again, he shouted and fired off his Ballard rifle. Then, when he had almost given up hope, his signals were answered by shouts and shots from Texas Jack and Fred Boteler, (18) who had gone out to search for him.

18. George Kingsley, *Notes on Sport and Travel* (London, 1900), 164–5.

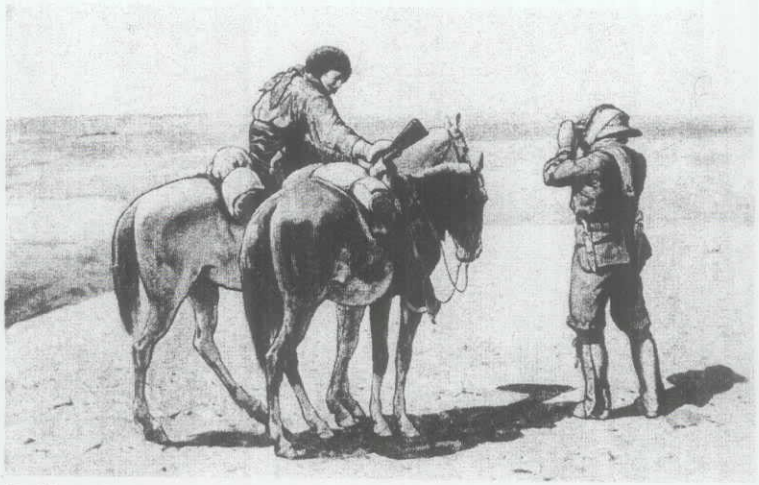
Back at the camp, Bromley, Dunraven, and the others crouched under an elk-hide shelter. Heavy raindrops splashed incessantly and the wind rumbled in the caverns of the cliffs, shrieking and whistling shrilly among the dead pines, dashing rain in their faces. As the storm gathered momentum, the tall firs bowed like bulrushes, swaying to and fro, fighting with the tempest. At intervals, as the gale paused as if to gather strength, there was heard through the continuous distant din "a long and pain-

Prairie Traveling: Sioux Indians in Sight. Wood engraving. *Illustrated London News,* March 17, 1877.

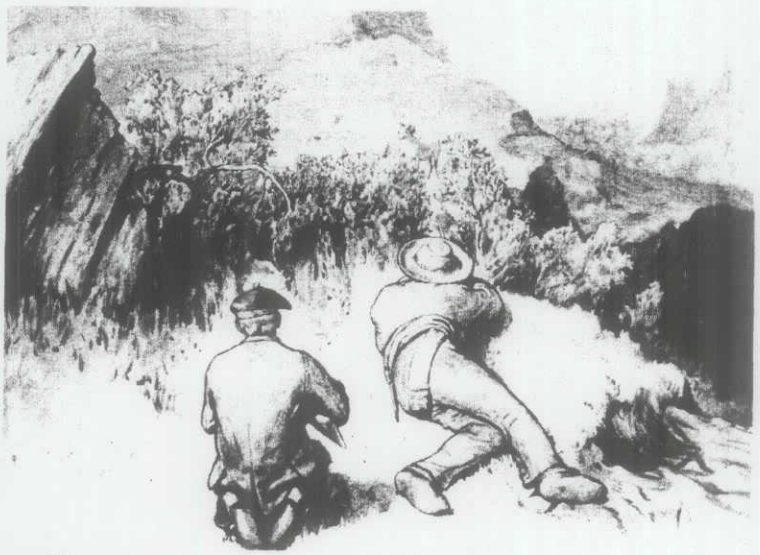




Doubtful Friends. 1875. 11½ x 16½. Gouache. Courtesy Earl of Meath.



Indians by Jove! 1875. 10 x 16. Gouache. Courtesy Earl of Meath. The Earl of Dunraven (right) anxiously watches Sioux horsemen. Dr. Kingsley gets out a Winchester just in case.



Stalking the Ram. 1875. 10 x 14. Ink and wash. Courtesy Earl of Meath.

fully-rending cr-r-r-rash, followed by a heavy thud, notifying the fall of some monarch of the woods."

During the next few days, misfortune again conspired to strike the party. Pack mules disappeared or had sore backs and could carry only light loads. Some of the horses gave up; Campbell and Maxwell were obliged to walk. Maxwell was so exhausted by it all that instead of waiting for a horse to be led back to carry him across the West fork of Gardner's River, he decided to ford it on foot. He lost his balance, fell, and was swept away downstream. Eventually, he was fished out, half-drowned, by the indomitable Campbell.

Finally, there was the episode at an unnamed hotel (probably the Association Hotel) at Mammoth Hot Springs, which, for reasons unknown to the party, had closed. Tired, dispirited, and hungry, they had carried the vision of a Saratoga of the Montana wilds in their heads since Wynne had shown everyone an advertisement clipped from a Helena paper, announcing a first-class hotel, with every possible luxury. Upon their arrival at midnight, the hotel presented a very different appearance. Where were the luxurious bath-houses, the commodious clubhouse, the restaurant, the lodging-houses, the eminent physician, and the civil and obliging guides who were willing to convey travelers to the geysers and back again for modest remuneration, and do anything and everything to add to one's comfort? An owl hooted dismally; a skunk walked disdainfully across their path; squirrels were the only guests in the clubhouse. Disgusted, the party camped on the bare floors.

By now Dunraven and his companions had had enough. Fred Boteler was paid for all his time and trouble, and the party retraced their steps to Fort Ellis and Bozeman. It snowed heavily in Virginia City, where they remained for two days, and the stage ride to Corinne subsequently proved to be another nightmare. But all the exhausting discomforts of the trail were quickly forgotten when they climbed aboard the Pullman of an eastbound train.

Dunraven returned to his hunting lodge in Dunraven Glade, Estes Park, to work on the notes for his book, in between more hunting trips with Dr. Kingsley and Texas Jack. Bromley returned to England to work up his sketches as illustrations and paintings. Some seventeen were used to illustrate the Earl's book, which appeared in spring, 1876. A further set of four were sent to the *Illustrated London News,* while others were to form the basis of the twenty large paintings Dunraven planned to hang with his Bierstadt landscape of Long's Peak, (19) his Verner buffaloes, (20) and his large and varied collection of hunting trophies.

Much to Dunraven's sorrow, and Dr. Kingsley's too, Bromley died in April, 1877, probably before he finished the paintings. (21) No matter what the *Times* thought of the *Great Scalper,* or how often the young artist had irritated Dunraven with his challenging views on the hunting of wild and beautiful animals, the huge picture was given pride of place among the hunting trophies and memorabilia of Adare Manor.

19. *Long's Peak* was painted in 1877 by Albert Bierstadt from sketches made on a trip to the Estes Park area of Colorado at the invitation of the Earl of Dunraven, who was trying to convert the Park into a baronial estate. The painting is now in the collection of the Western Department, Denver Public Library. *American West,* 3, 1966:ii.

20. Frederick Arthur Verner (1836–1928), a Canadian painter of Western life and landscape who, after painting in Canada, 1862–80, worked mainly in England where his buffalo pictures were popular with sportsmen. The Earl of Dunraven possessed two, which are now in the collection of Lady Muriel Howarth of Carnforth, Lancashire.

21. An obituary notice published in the *Athenaeum* (May 5, 1877:185) stated that Bromley "suffered from a severe attack of smallpox. During removal to hospital for this disease, it is said, [he] caught cold, which produced congestion of the lungs." Sir Roy Harrod, the artist's nephew, also informed me in a letter dated October 16, 1963, that "his smallpox was misdiagnosed and that he was given a mustard bath."

Making the Best of It. 1875. 10 x 14. Gouache. Courtesy Earl of Meath.