

Friends for a Day, October 12, 1832

Senate Art at the Oklahoma Capitol

Near Bixby on October 12, 1832

Friends for a Day: Count Albert Alexander de Pourtalès and Mr. Manhattan

(The young Osage) on a beautiful piebald horse, a mottled white and brown . . . WI 32

(Pourtalès) Indian hunting frock of dressed deer skin . . . dyed of a beautiful purple . . . embroidered with silks of various colors . . . leathern pantaloons and moccasins . . . WI 39-40 Pourteles (sp), who is extremely car(e)less lost his boots . . . depended upon moccasins to wear through the journey. HLE 12

October 11 morning . . . the young Count and his companion . . . prepared to take leave . . . (Charles Joseph Latrobe) was too loyal to leave him to pursue his hazardous scheme alone. WI 36

Still on October 11 at a rest stop We had not been here long, when we heard a halloo from a distance, and beheld the young Count and his party advancing through the forest. WI 37

October 12, along the Arkansas east of Bixby I often pleased myself . . . with noticing the appearance of the young Count and his newly-enlisted follower, as they rode before me. WI 39

October 12, near Bixby, rap session . . . they treated us to a half dozen erotic songs . . . lay on their backs, tapped their stomachs to give a very pleasant tremolo sound to their voices . . . CP 48

(Bald Hill mentioned at a campfire somewhere along Riverside Drive on October 14. The young Osage was then gone. Bald Hill would have been a very long trip from the place they were on October 12.)

If you keep along yonder, by the edge of the prairie, you will come to bald hill, with a pile of stones upon it.

Osage Nation

Osage Friend, Mr. Manhattan The Tourists met a young and handsome Osage near the beginning of the Tour. He left the night of October 12, never to be seen again.

As the Osage drew near, I was struck with his appearance. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, but well grown, with the fine Roman countenance common to his tribe, and as he rode with his blanket wrapped around his loins, his naked bust would have furnished a model for a statuary. He was mounted on a beautiful piebald horse, a mottled white and brown, of the wild breed of the prairies, decorated with a broad collar, from which hung in front a tuft of horse-hair eyed of a bright scarlet. The youth rode slowly to us with a frank open air . . . Washington Irving 32



He and the young Count Pourtalès began an immediate friendship.

The young Osage would ride close behind () on his wild and beautifully mottled horse, which was decorated with crimson tufts of hair. He rode with his finely-shaped head and bust naked; his blanket being girt round his waist. He carried his rifle in one hand, and managed his horse with the other, and seemed ready to dash off at a moment's notice, on any madcap foray or scamper. Washington Irving 40

He traveled with the party for a short time as a companion to the young Count. In his usual enthusiastic way, Pourtalès loved, just loved his new friend.

I am enchanted by . . . Mr. Manhattan, who in spite of his statement that he would not accompany us for more than three miles, has let himself be persuaded and now follows us on a little pony with no saddle and only a buffalo-hide strap for a bridle. He is the handsomest male Indian that I have ever seen, and although he is only seventeen years old, his body, his size, and his proud bearing make him look twenty-five. Count Albert Alexandre de Pourtalès 44

Count Pourtalès grieved the following morning when he discovered his friend was gone.

. . . we searched in vain for my friend . . . Manhattan . . . I found out later that his relatives, cousins, etc., had dissuaded him from going off with the whites; they had terrified him! . . . Good-by, then, oh mighty marksman. Count Albert Alexandre de Pourtalès CP 48

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