

## DOWNLOAD PDF JOURNAL OF A MOUNTAIN MAN (CLASSICS OF THE FUR TRADE)

### Chapter 1 : The Rocky Mountain Fur Trade - Museum of the Mountain Man

*Journal of a Mountain Man (Classics of the Fur Trade) by James Clyman (Author) € Visit Amazon's James Clyman Page. Find all the books, read about the author, and.*

The entire camp responds to a fire, Linda teaches some little girls about edible plants, Michael manages to cut himself with his hatchet, Linda and George help dig the latrines, the family hopes not to encounter a bear while bathing, and Linda plays a joke on George over the purchase of a rifle. Writings Collected from the Land Published by Fulcrum Publishing Anniversary Edition published pages 35 through 47 Anniversary Edition pages 34 through 44 original edition In which Linda explains rendezvous re-enactment camping: The chapter called "The Cowboy and the Ride" pages 49 through 67 Anniversary Edition pages 46 through 61 original edition In which Linda, George and Michael take a mile horse pack trip with a group of buckskinners on the way to a National Rendezvous near DuBois, Wyoming. Along the way, Linda has just a little bit of trouble with a hapless horse. After the hunt will they survive the night in the rustic cabin in the below-zero winter weather? The chapter called "At the Rattlesnake Rendezvous" pages through In which the rendezvous campers along the Bad River in South Dakota find themselves in prime rattlesnake habitat and Linda plays a stalking game with a modern-day deer hunter who is not where he should be. The chapter called "Sleeping with the Grizzly" pages through In which Linda revisits the buckskinner horse pack trip described in Land Circle and tells some tales of bear encounters. Notes from a Western Life Published by University of Nevada Press The chapter called "Watching for Grizzlies Anyway" pages 69 through 76 In which some clothing traders come to the Rendezvous camp to peddle their wares. When they break some camp rules, people are willing to nudge them in the right direction. But when the three adult traders drive off for a couple days, leaving behind a small, wild boy to fend for himself, the entire camp reacts in a surprising way. Book information for Journal of a Mountain Man: James Clyman Journal of a Mountain Man: James Clyman Edited and introduced by Linda M. Now available as an E-book from Amazon. In his own homey words, he relates his experiences in the heyday of the American fur trade and during the peak of immigration to Oregon and California. Crossing the country during the great migration of , he encountered the Donner party and gave them sound advice that they tragically ignored. A "keen, thorough, and precise observer. Journal of a Mountain Man: James Clyman is one of four books in the "Classics of the Fur Trade" series. Win Blevins is the General Editor of all the books. River of the West by Frances Full Victor. Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie by James Ohio Pattie. Hasselstrom I met James Clyman not in a book but at a rendezvous intended to imitate the life he lived. Sponsored by the Yellowstone Mountain Men, the gathering of muzzle-loading enthusiasts was held on a beautiful plateau near Cody, Wyoming during the early s. This is the club that voted George in as a member the first time we camped with them, but waited a year before accepting me. This is the club whose members were strict about the camp looking as it might have in , but some of whose members, understanding the dangers of those grizzlies, kept high-powered weapons under their pillows. On one night in camp, however, club members as usual brought to the central camp fire several dozen bottles of cheap wine. The lids had been removed, someone told us solemnly, because they were metal, and thus not "authentic to the rendezvous period. As the wine circulated, some families with children went quietly home, but many people stayed to renew friendships from past years. Dog soldiers-- members who volunteered for the duty of camp police-- stayed sober enough to watch for trouble. I had lost track of George but knew that he was visiting nearby and keeping an eye on me. I sat on a rock away from the fire for awhile, enjoying the stars with no interruption from street lights. Eventually, I fell into conversation with Winfred Blevins, who specializes in books about the fur trade. The first folks who wrote the Western story stuck with one myth: The truth is much more interesting: However, one of the ways to learn about the real west has always been through the journals of the people who explored it. Among the most interesting of those explorers were the "mountain men," adventuresome fellows lured west by the promise of riches to be earned by trapping beaver to make top hats

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for Englishmen. Many of them were among the physical and mental elite of their time, best-educated and smartest citizens. James Clyman, by contrast, had the mental bent of a surveyor. A keen, thorough, and precise observer, he took measurements and noted facts. He lived through plenty of wild times, but modestly understates his own participation. Besides the Classics of the Fur Trade series, I recommend my bibliography in the Clyman Journal to learn more about the mountain men. The night was cool; we were both wearing capotes, long coats made of the colorfully striped wool blankets white traders brought into the mountains to trade for beaver pelts. Around us, the cone-shaped tipis glowed with the soft lights inside. The murmur of voices around us must sound, I thought, just like a real rendezvous or Indian camp. Camp and published by the California Historical Society in its Quarterly, and then in book form, in Only copies were printed, and only offered for sale. In Camp put together a new edition, also now out of print, adding historical details and documentation. It was my privilege to add additional notes with corrections, comments and amplification at the beginnings and ends of chapters-- giving me an opportunity to enjoy bringing readers my own interpretations of some of his experiences, as well as to provide additional references. New rendezvous camps, just like the old ones, were colorful, noisy at times, full of folks telling tall tales around smoky fires. We cooked over open fires, leaned against tipis, ate a lot and really listened to one another. I was fairly new to the muzzle-loading life, in love with my buckskinner, George Snell, and the lifestyle that prohibited modern gadgets in our isolated camps. The job involved editing the contributions of well-known historians and writers, including Wallace Stegner. Win had left a solid writing job for movies in Hollywood to write his first book, with the help of a supportive wife. Naively, I was persuaded to do the editing job as a "work for hire," meaning I was paid a flat fee by the publisher but I would own no copyright for the book, not even for my own introduction, and earn no royalties. These days, I advise writers never to sign WFH agreements unless they are specifically guaranteed continued credit and protection for their work by the contract. At that time I was presenting talks and workshops all over the Great Plains, so I sold the book briskly in my travels. When I protested, I learned that the Clyman book had been the best-seller of the series. At that time I offered to buy any unsold copies as well as copyright to the book so I could arrange for its reprint. No books of any kind appear on the current Tamarack website. My September letter to the publisher of Mountain Press reads in part that "I promote the book as vigorously as I do any of my books," though the sales "put no money in my pocket. By then I had written Roadside History of South Dakota published in for the same company; I reminded the publisher how unpleasant that experience had been. The long writing history of the Roadside History book included a series of demands from changing editors, long silences followed by sudden deadlines, an out-of-house proofreader who deleted material earlier editors had insisted I add. George died in In my September letter, I sympathized with the money problems the press was experiencing and suggested that one way to keep smaller regional publishers going might be for them "to think of authors not as sources of revenue or antagonists but as colleagues. I have no record of a response from the Press. I obtained a copy of the Camp publication and got to work. By the end of his journals, I was retrospectively furious at the daughter who was too busy to write down his reminiscences at the end of his life. I probably resented her more because my mother agreed with her, always urging me to stop writing to clean house more often. Clyman is worthy of considerably more historical research than has been done on him even to this day. He was fairly well-educated, wrote well, was intelligent, and he lived through nearly every experience a man could have in the West in those early days. He clubbed a badger to death with a couple of bones when he was hungry enough. And Clyman advised the Donner party to go by Fort Hall rather than the route they chose, which led them to the doom of eating one another that made them infamous. Clyman not only trapped beaver, he participated in the Black Hawk Indian War, traveled the Oregon Trail, and settled in California just in time for the gold rush of And, while mapping his travels, I discovered that after the trappers left the Missouri river at Fort Kiowa, they may have ridden right through what is now my ranch on their way to the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming in All these years later, after reading the stories of dozens more of these Western pioneers, I still consider Clyman to be the ultimate, quintessential mountain man. My voluminous file of the

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Clyman research materials reminds me how I went far beyond a simple editing job for the book, researching obscure publications and journals, examining maps and conflicting accounts of the fur trade travels. I bought dozens of books about the fur trade to provide corroborating evidence or background. My letter to Win Blevins on March 26, , says I had delivered the manuscript to Mountain Press and hoped that it was on schedule. He, and probably his father before him, typified that class of borderers who were never satisfied with a patch of land if there was a chance of finding something better a thousand or three thousand miles farther on. He wandered restlessly for forty one years over the breadth of the continent and into the farthest recesses of the mountains, carrying with him an intimate knowledge of the geography of the regions he explored. I supplemented my research on this topic by helping my husband George set his own beaver traps in icy Wyoming streams, sniffing his homemade beaver lures, watching as he skinned the trapped beaver, listening when the prey escaped. The first trick was to find them-- first the stream, then the dams that they built. Most of the trappers picked another method: Once the trap was set, a twig was dipped in the musky mixture and placed in such a way that the beaver would have to step in the trap to sniff the twig. Often traps were set in shallow water, then anchored with a stake driven into the stream bed, so that once the beaver was caught, his instincts to head for deep water would drown him. At the time, it seemed natural to concentrate on my own poetry and nonfiction. I still miss some of the more romantic aspects of rendezvous. George at the van: A tipi eighteen feet in diameter requires eighteen to twenty poles to hold it up, and since George had promised to cut a set to a friend, we needed to cut at least forty trees. Dutifully, we followed the men, tramping miles through the deep woods. But we soon discovered an unusual botanical fact: A lodgepole pine that achieves thirty-five feet of height in this arid country always stands in a crowd. Mavis and I would each grab a tree butt and lunge in the direction of the van. At first, Mavis and I kept track of one another by hollered curses. As our stamina waned, we were too short of breath to swear. At two hundred, we gave up, knowing these slender saplings were mature when the real mountain men camped in these peaks. Several times I reached the truck, dragging a tree, and found the men chatting, seated on a comfy rock.

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### Chapter 2 : Rocky Mountain Fur Trade Journal - Hugh Glass

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November 8, On the first of June , about 60 men and a caravan of horses and pack mules splashed across the Laramie River. They were headed for rendezvous in the mountains – the big summer fur-trading fair – and they were late. This mattered most to their leader, a Massachusetts merchant named Nathaniel Wyeth. He had outfitted this caravan with beaver traps, pots, pans, awls, axes, needles, knives, guns, cloth, beads, mirrors, and luxuries like coffee, sugar, whiskey, and ribbons. These he planned to trade to Indians and to white trappers for their furs. He had thought he had a contract that guaranteed he would be the only seller of trade goods at the fair. But on the way west from Missouri, a second caravan had passed him. Wyeth knew that the caravan that got to rendezvous first would get the business. If he was late, he might be unable to pay all these men who were working for him, and might lose all his profits too. As they crossed the river and came up the far bank, they found to their surprise about a dozen men building a fort – cutting cottonwood logs, dragging them into position with horses, and digging holes to set the logs in to make a stockade. The other caravan had left these men behind with a smaller load of trade goods, to build a fort and start trading out of it with the Indians. In coming years, this post would come to be known as Fort Laramie. The route they were following would come to be known as the Oregon Trail. But none of this mattered to Wyeth. Now he had even more reason to worry. The trade goods left behind here meant the caravan ahead of him could travel that much faster. Now it would be even harder to catch. As soon as Europeans came to the coasts of North America, they began trading for furs with the people who already lived here. Eventually they built trading posts where rivers joined lakes, or joined other rivers. Trade goods were shipped upriver from the coasts by canoe or keelboat. Furs were shipped back down the same way. Trappers, mostly Indians, brought furs to the posts and traded them for the goods the storekeepers had to offer. It was big business. River cities like New York, Montreal, and St. Louis grew rich on it. France and England fought a long war for it in the mid s. Later, the big fur companies fought small wars with each other to control the trade. By , the business reached worldwide. Furs were shipped back the same way. In Europe, the furs sold for high prices. Soon, factories in New England were making trade goods, too. The crews traded there for furs, and then sailed for China. In China they traded the furs for silks, then sailed home around the southern tip of Africa. When things went right, the profits were huge. By now, most of the trade depended on a single animal, the beaver. Beaver fur is coarse on top, but a second layer underneath is soft and velvety. The fibers were pressed together to make felt, and the felt shaped into a tough, comfortable, waterproof hat. No man of style in Europe or the United States was without a beaver hat. When President Thomas Jefferson sent Lewis and Clark out to explore the Louisiana Purchase, he wanted the Indians along the way to know they could now trade with Americans for furs. A few years later, a New York fur merchant, John Jacob Astor, sent a ship filled with trade goods to the mouth of the Columbia, and a second party overland to meet the ship. On the coast they built a post, called Astoria, and planned to establish many more in the interior. But the War of broke out. But he old system left a fur-trade vacuum in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Two Missourians, William Ashley and Andrew Henry, figured they could make money by hiring beaver trappers to live in the mountains year round. Every spring they sent the men the supplies they needed, overland, on the backs of pack mules. Every summer, the trappers would gather and trade their furs for tools, supplies, and luxuries at rendezvous. The rendezvous in general were pretty wild. Besides the trading, there was a lot of socializing to do. Traders, trappers, and their Indian customers, friends, and families, ate, drank, gambled, staged horse and foot races, quarreled, fought, and made love. These people, with their obstreperous mirth, their whooping and howling, and quarrelling, added to the mounted Indians, who are constantly dashing into and through our camp, yelling like fiends, the barking and baying of savage wolf-dogs, and the incessant cracking of rifles and carbines, render our camp a perfect bedlam. The furs were

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so valuable that it must have felt like carrying a load of money to the bank. Having a few hundred men in the mountains who did nothing but kill beaver assured Ashley and Henry a steady supply of furs to sell. So Ashley and Henry made money on both ends of the deal. For a while, Ashley and Henry and their partners had the Rocky Mountain rendezvous business to themselves. Louis also started sending trade-goods caravans to rendezvous. They were willing to offer the trappers higher prices for their furs, and sell them their supplies at lower rates. One or two smaller companies tried the trade, too; and one or two others specialized in just the pack-train part of the business. About that time, the trappers began finding that on stream after stream, the beaver were no longer repairing their dams, and beaver ponds were drying up. Trappers had been killing them too fast. And in Europe, stylish men were starting to like silk hats. Still, the trade continued to draw newcomers like Wyeth. In , he had hired a ship, filled it with trade goods, and sent it around Cape Horn to the mouth of the Columbia. Louis with one of the regular fur-trade caravans. The plan was to trap and trade for beaver on the way through the mountains, meet the ship on the west coast, load it with furs to send home, and use the rest of the trade goods to establish new posts on the coast and in the interior. Shipping furs by water, even all the way around South America, was so much cheaper than shipping overland that Wyeth was confident he could take customers away from the big companies by selling the furs at lower prices in the eastern markets. At the rendezvous, the bigger companies made it hard for him. Most of his employees got discouraged and headed back east. Wyeth kept going west. When he arrived at the mouth of the Columbia, he found his ship had been lost at sea, and all its trade goods with it. He spent the winter there, and then stopped at the rendezvous on his way back east again. Back in Boston, still confident, he raised more money. Again he hired a ship for the mouth of the Columbia. This time, it carried equipment for drying salmon as well as goods for the fur trade. He figured he could make enough in the dried fish business to pay for sending the ship around Cape Horn. The rest, from the fur trade, would be pure profit. But when he got to St. Louis, he found another caravan also setting out, also loaded with goods for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company men. Wyeth never did catch up. The other caravan beat him to rendezvous by just two days. When Wyeth arrived, the men who had signed the agreement with him dissolved their company on the spot. So he sold some to independent trappers, and continued west with the rest. He left 12 men there to build and run the post, and continued on to the mouth of the Columbia. There, even more bad news waited. The ship had been struck by lightning, and had been forced in to Valparaiso, on the coast of Chile, for three months of repairs. That was about it for Nathaniel Wyeth. Soon the end came to the Rocky Mountain beaver trade, too. Beaver were nearly wiped out and silk was the fashion, now. Hard to believe that such a rich, big business had been built on so unpredictable a thing as what people like to wear. There were no more rendezvous after The trappers found other ways to make a living – hunting buffalo for example – or guiding wagon trains. Also along was a pair of scientists, Thomas Nuttall, specializing in identifying plants, and John Kirk Townsend, specializing in identifying birds. Wyeth wrote many letters, a trapper traveling with Wyeth named Osborne Russell kept a journal, the missionary Jason Lee kept a journal, and Townsend, the young ornithologist bird specialist who got sick at rendezvous, kept a journal too. So the Rocky Mountain fur-trade summer of is rich in first-hand accounts: Jason Lee," Oregon Historical Quarterly The West in The Huntington Library, Journal of a Trapper. University of Nebraska Press, Across the Rockies to the Columbia.

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### Chapter 3 : Journal of a Mountain Man by James Clyman

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Click Here to Purchase In a few short years since opening in , the Museum of the Mountain Man MMM has become a national and international destination for those interested in the fur trade era. An annual, academic publication, the Journal strives to further the knowledge and discussion of the Rocky Mountain fur trade era, and to provide an avenue for leading researchers to showcase their work. The Journal is modeled after the peer-review process of the scientific community to ensure the highest academic and historical standards. Each issue of the Journal is breaking new ground where many believed there was nothing new to be found. More than 40 top national researchers and reviewers collaborate each year to produce high quality content and presentation. The Rocky Mountain fur trade era is defined as beginning in and ending in In March , Jedediah Smith led a party of trappers into the Green River Valley, finding an abundance of beaver and few hostile Indians. This discovery brought brigades of mountain men, followed by the rendezvous and overland supply systems to support them. These aspects characterize the Rocky Mountain fur trade era. This region was worked by the mountain men and Indians who depended on and were supplied by the rendezvous system. For more information on the Rocky Mountain Fur Trade Journal, lists of past articles, or to purchase copies of the current or past issues, visit [www. Fact, Fantasy and Opinion](http://www.Fact,FantasyandOpinion.com) by James C. Auld challenges the devout, Bible-toting Christian image developed of Jedediah Smith. In the process he touches on the letter written by Hugh Glass to the family of John Gardner after the Arikara Battle and whether Jedediah Smith delivered the prayer mentioned in the letter. Using original records, Mr. Landry details the type of items and prices of supplies used to outfit the Rocky Mountain trapping enterprises of the early s. Brad Tennant – Dr. The article also touches on the Arikara trade and hostilities that culminated in the Arikara War of Volume 5 – Tracking Jim Bridger: This includes questioning whether Jim Bridger was one of the two men who abandoned Hugh Glass. Hannon has compiled confirm trapper and trader deaths in the mountains and uses that database to analyze frequency and types of deaths, including death by grizzly bear. The 15 men whose transactions show in the ledger were contemporaries of Hugh Glass. The ledgers show the type of trade items trappers were using at the time. Click here to purchase! Mark van de Logt – Dr. Commerce in the Rocky Mountain Fur Trade: Landry explores the financial history of two promissory notes written at the rendezvous, which are now housed at the Museum of the Mountain Man. One of the men, Johnson Gardner, was a friend of Hugh Glass on the upper Missouri in the early s.

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### Chapter 4 : Journal of a Mountain Man: Mountain Man Classics, Book One by Win Blevins

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An Artist and the Fur Trade: November 13, In April , a distinguished gentleman entered the newly opened studio of a young artist at 26 Chartres Street in New Orleans. Their destination was the rendezvous of Miller and Stewart traveled as part of a caravan led by Tom Fitzpatrick, mountain man and proprietor of the American Fur Company. Fitzpatrick guided the expedition across the Great Plains generally following the courses of the Kansas, Platte, North Platte and Sweetwater rivers. The caravan also included hired men—perhaps nine of whom were other Stewart employees, extra horses and a contingent of Delaware Indians whose role included hunting bison for food along the way. He documented all aspects of the hunt, the kill and roasting the meat over the campfire. No fashion in New York or London, however, could top the fashion—or the society—of the buckskin- and fur-clad mountain men who hunted and trapped in the Rocky Mountains from the s to the s. At the rendezvous of , the most famous mountain man of all, Jim Bridger , donned a suit of armor, a gift from William Drummond Stewart. The Snake Indians—the Shoshone—created their own sensation with a spectacle Miller said was staged in honor of their old friend Stewart. The Shoshone nation was at its height, and every detail of feather, claw, fringe and vermilion-painted skin proclaimed their greatness. As many as 2, Indians camped in the broad green valley. On this excursion Miller documented the prominent features of the Wind River Mountains—sawtooth ridges, classic pointed peaks and valleys with glacial lakes in the foreground. This was a time of fascination and wandering, with the young Miller absorbing European tastes and identifying himself with the sweep of Western civilization. His training in Paris and Rome prepared him well. Miller completed more than field sketches in pencil and watercolor. Stewart was a veteran of four previous rendezvous and the Napoleonic Wars. Stewart asked Miller to create a series of full-sized oil paintings for the walls of Murthly Castle, which lies on the edge of the Scottish highlands near the city of Perth. The campfires of the Rocky Mountains provided Stewart with tales he would tell by the hearth-fires of Scottish manor houses. Perhaps he had had enough of the hard life—struggling to keep up with camp chores, caring for the needs of a horse, and contending with the weather, hardships and dangers along the trail—with no letup of the pressure to produce drawings and water-color sketches with great haste at moments snatched from each day. Perhaps too he was eager to translate the raw material of his adventure into finished paintings that would not only impress Stewart but also draw the attention of art critics and a wider audience. In fact, his work was lauded at a major exhibition in New York before being shipped to Scotland. Alfred Jacob Miller never returned to the Wind River country nor witnessed another rendezvous. He never married or had children. His earliest paintings and sketches are a primary resource for details of dress and gear that only Miller can provide. Miller drafted his accompanying notes with the satisfaction of one who had emerged from his travails, a touch of bravado marking his tone, and lines of classical poetry punctuating his observations. Graff and his extended family. Across the Wide Missouri. University of Oklahoma Press, Artist on the Oregon Trail. Amon Carter Museum, University of Wyoming Publications, For Further Reading Benemann, William. University of Nebraska Press, The rest of the Miller paintings in the article and the photo gallery are from the collections of the Walters Art Museum in Baltimore available online. She has published more than 50 poems, essays, and short stories in journals and anthologies and is a writer and editor for the University of Wyoming Extension and the College of Agriculture and Natural Resources.

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*The Rocky Mountain Fur Trade Journal is an academic peer-review publication intended to further the knowledge base and discussion of the Rocky Mountain fur trade era and provide an avenue for researchers to showcase their work.*