

**FOUR YEARS IN THE ROCKIES,  
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF ISAAC  
P. ROSE, OF SHENANGO  
TOWNSHIP, LAWRENCE  
COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**

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Four years in the Rockies, or, The adventures of Isaac P. Rose, of Shenango township, Lawrence county, Pennsylvania by James B. Marsh

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**JAMES B. MARSH**

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FOUR YEARS  
—IN—  
THE ROCKIES;  
OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF ISAAC P. ROSE,  
OF SHENANGO TOWNSHIP, LAWRENCE COUNTY,  
PENNSYLVANIA;

GIVING HIS EXPERIENCE AS A HUNTER AND TRAPPER IN THAT  
REMOTE REGION, AND CONTAINING NUMEROUS INTEREST-  
ING AND THRILLING INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH HIS  
CALLING, ALSO INCLUDING HIS SKIRMISHES AND  
BATTLES WITH THE INDIANS—HIS CAPTURE,  
ADOPTION AND ESCAPE—BEING ONE OF THE  
MOST THRILLING NARRATIVES EVER  
PUBLISHED.

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BY JAMES B. MARSH.

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## PREFACE.

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Probably no man is better known in Lawrence county than Isaac P. Rose, whose adventures in the Rocky Mountains are here given by Mr. Marsh. Mr. Rose is the oldest school teacher in the county, having taught continuously for 45 winters, without losing a day on account of sickness, and is, at the time of this writing, engaged in teaching his forty-sixth winter's school, and his pupils, some of whom are now well up in years, will surely read with delight an account of his trip and experiences in the Rocky Mountains.

## INTRODUCTION.

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Being personally acquainted with Mr. Isaac P. Rose, the hero of this narrative, and having had frequent opportunities of conversing with him on the subject of his Rocky Mountain expedition, I have by this means, and also from notes taken by himself, been enabled to lay before my readers one of the most interesting and thrilling adventures it has ever been my lot to record.

Cooper and other novelists have, by the aid of vivid imagination, given us startling accounts of life in the far west, and of the perils and privations endured by the early pioneers; but it requires a great deal of imagination to depict incidents more startling and terrible than those that have actually occurred.

The hunters and trappers of the far west, at the time when the incidents I am about to relate occurred, were a brave, hardy and adventurous set of men, and they had peculiarities in their characters that cannot be found in any other people. From the time they leave civilization they—metaphori-



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cally speaking—carry their lives in their hands. An enemy may be concealed in every thicket or looked for behind every rock. They have not only the wild and savage beasts to contend with, but the still more wily and savage Indian, and their life is one continual round of watchfulness and excitement. Their character is a compound of two extremes—recklessness and caution—and isolation from the world makes them at all times self-reliant. In moments of the greatest peril, or under the most trying circumstances, they never lose their presence of mind, but are ready to take advantage of any incident that may occur to benefit themselves or foil their enemies.

Around the camp-fire they are not at all backward in boasting of what they have done and of bragging what they can do.

I was spending a few days at Nacadoches, Texas, in April, 1840, and there formed the acquaintance of half a dozen trappers, who had just come in from the mountains to dispose of their pelts. They had plenty of money, and were having a good time. I would often sit by their camp-fire and listen to their tales of adventures. Some of them related such daring and wonderful stories that I often thought there was too much Munchausen

about them, and that a great deal of their talk was extravagant boasting; but a circumstance occurred that proved to me I was mistaken.

One morning three Indians rode into town, each of them mounted on a mustang, and leading another loaded with pelts. They were three of the finest Indians I had ever seen. One of them, especially, was a perfect giant; in fact, he was known at the place as "Big Injun."

"Sam," said I, addressing one of the trappers, "there's three Indians I think would be pretty hard to handle."

"Pooh!" said Sam, "not a bit of it." "See here, Cap," continued he, "I should like to throw down the hull tribe, one arter another, at a dollar ahead. I could make money, you bet. I'd pay ten for every one that throwed me, and as for a fist and skull fight, Lor' bless yer, Cap! I could lick three Injuns every mornin' afore breakfast and only put out enough strength to give me an appetite."

The trapper who had just concluded this speech was a man of about thirty years of age, a little above the medium height, well made, and as active as a wild cat.

I thought this a good opportunity to try if Sam's performance was equal to his boasting.

"See here, Sam," said I, "here's a chance to show

what you can do. I will give you a dollar a head to throw down these Indians in a fair wrestle, providing you give me five dollars if either of them throws you."

"All right, Cap," replied Sam, "give me yer hand on it; that's as good as three dollars in my pocket. Them's Comanches, though, and the best wrestlers on the plains."

The bargain was soon made. The Indians, by the promise of some liquor, were soon induced to try their skill with a white man.

Sam threw off his shot-bag, and tightening his belt, declared himself ready. One of the Indians, throwing off his blanket, seemed equally anxious for the encounter.

"Now, Injun," said Sam, "watch yer holt?"

Without answering the Indian walked up to Sam and placed both arms around him and the two men took holds, known to wrestlers, as "Indian hug."

The encounter did not last long. In a few seconds the Indian was laid on his back. Sam sprang to his feet and called for number two, who soon shared the same fate. The third, and most powerful of the three, threw off his blanket, slapped himself on the breast, and cried out:

"Now, try Big Injun!" "Me throw white man.