Travellers through countries affording water and timber can have no conception of our intolerable thirst while journeying over the hot yellow sands of this elevated country, where the heated air seems to be entirely deprived of moisture. We ate occasionally the *bisnada*, and moistened our mouths with the acid of the sour dock (*Rumex venosus*). Hourly expecting to find water, we continued to press on until toward midnight, when, after a hard and uninterrupted march of sixteen hours, our wild mules began running ahead; and in a mile or two we came to a bold running stream—so keen is the sense of that animal, in these desert regions, in scenting at a distance this necessary of life.

According to the information we had received Sevier River was a tributary of the Colorado; and this, accordingly, should have been one of its affluents. It proved to be the *Rio de los Angeles* (River of the Angels)—a branch of the *Rio Virgen* (River of the Virgin).

May 5th.—On account of our animals, it was necessary to remain to-day at this place. Indians crowded numerously around us in the morning; and we were obliged to keep arms in hand all day, to keep them out of the camp. They began to surround the horses, which, for the convenience of grass, we were guarding a little above, on the river. These were immediately driven in, and kept close to the camp.

In the darkness of the night we had made a very bad encampment, our fires being commanded by a rocky bluff within fifty yards; but, notwithstanding, we had the river and small thickets of willows on the other side. Several times during the day the camp was insulted by the Indians; but peace being our object, I kept simply on the defensive. Some of the Indians were on the bottoms, and others haranguing us from the bluffs; and they were scattered in every direction over the hills. Their language being probably a dialect of the *Utah*, with the aid of signs some of our people could comprehend them very well. They were the same people who had murdered the Mexicans; and toward us their disposition was evidently hostile, nor were we well disposed toward them. They were barefooted and nearly naked; their hair gathered up into a knot behind; and with his bow each man carried a quiver with thirty or forty arrows, partially drawn out. Besides these, each held in his hand two or three arrows for instant service. Their arrows are barbed with a very clear translucent stone, a species of opal, nearly as hard as the diamond; and, shot from their long bows, are almost as effective as a gunshot. In these Indians I was forcibly struck by an expression of countenance resembling that in a beast of prey; and all their actions are those of wild animals. Joined to the restless motion of the eye there is a want of mind—an absence of thought—and an action wholly by impulse, strongly expressed, and which constantly recalls the similarity.

A man who appeared to be a chief, with two or three others, forced himself into camp, bringing with him his arms, in spite of my orders to the contrary. When shown our weapons, he bored his ears with his fingers, and said he could not hear. "Why," said he, "there are none of you." Counting the people around the camp, and including in the number a mule which was being shod, he made out twenty-two. "So many," said he, showing the number, "and we—we are a great many;" and he pointed to the hills and mountains round about. "If you have your arms," said he, twanging his bow, "we have these." I had some difficulty in restraining the people, particularly Carson, who felt an insult of this kind as much as if it had been given by a more responsible being. "Don't say that, old man," said he; "don't you say that—your life's in danger"—speaking in good English; and probably the old man was nearer to his end than he will be before he meets it.

Several animals had been necessarily left behind near the camp last night; and early in the morning, before the Indians made their appearance, several men were sent to bring them in. When I was beginning to be uneasy at their absence, they returned with information that the animals had been driven off from the trail by Indians; and, having followed the tracks a short distance, they found them cut up and spread out upon bushes.

In the evening I gave a fatigued horse to some of the Indians for a feast; and the village which carried him off refused to share with the others, who made loud complaints from the rocks of the partial distribution. Many of these Indians had long sticks, hooked at the end, which they used in hauling out lizards and other small animals from their holes. During the day they occasionally roasted and ate lizards at our fires. These belong to the people who are generally known under the name of *Diggers;* and to these I have more particularly had reference when occasionally speaking of a people whose sole occupation is to procure food sufficient to support existence.

The formation here consists of fine yellow sandstone, alternating with a coarse conglomerate, in which the stones are from the size of ordinary gravel to six or eight inches in diameter. This is the formation which renders the surface of the country so rocky, and gives us now a road alternately of loose, heavy sands, and rolled stones, which cripple the animals in a most extraordinary manner.

On the following morning we left the *Rio de los Angeles*, and continued our way through the same desolate and revolting country, where lizards were the only animal, and the tracks of the lizard-eaters the principal sign of human beings. After twenty miles' march through a road of hills and heavy sands we reached the most dreary river I have ever seen—a deep, rapid stream, almost a torrent, passing swiftly by and roaring against ob-

structions. The banks were wooded with willow, acacia, and a frequent plant of the country already mentioned (*Garrya elliptica*), growing in thickets, resembling willow, and bearing a small pink flower.

Crossing it, we encamped on the left bank, where we found a very little grass. Our three remaining steers, being entirely given out, were killed here. By the boiling point the elevation of the river here is four thousand and sixty feet; and latitude, by observation, 36° 41′ 33″. The stream was running toward the southwest, and appeared to come from a snowy mountain in the north. It proved to be the *Rio Virgen*—a tributary to the Colorado.

Indians appeared in bands on the hills, but did not come into camp. For several days we continued our journey up the river, the bottoms of which were thickly overgrown with various kinds of brush; and the sandy soil was absolutely covered with the tracks of *Diggers*, who followed us stealthily, like a band of wolves; and we had no opportunity to leave behind, even for a few hours, the tired animals, in order that they might be brought into camp after a little repose. A horse or mule left behind was taken off in a moment.

On the evening of the 8th, having travelled twenty-eight miles up the river from our first encampment on it, we encamped at a little grass-plat where a spring of cool water issued from the bluff. On the opposite side was a grove of cotton-woods at the mouth of a fork, which here enters the river. On either side, the valley is bounded by ranges of mountains, everywhere high, rocky, and broken. The caravan road was lost and scattered in the sandy country, and we had been following an Indian trail up the river. The hunters the next day were sent out to reconnoitre, and in the meantime we moved about a mile farther up, where we found a good little patch of grass. There being only sufficient grass for the night, the horses were sent with a strong guard in charge of Tabeau to a neighboring hollow, where they might pasture during the day; and to be ready in case the Indians should make any attempt on the animals, several of the best horses were picketed at the camp. In a few hours the hunters returned, having found a convenient ford in the river and discovered the Spanish trail on the other side.

I had been engaged in arranging plants; and, fatigued with the heat of the day, I fell asleep in the afternoon and did not awake until sundown. Presently Carson came to me and reported that Tabeau, who early in the day had left his post, and, without my knowledge, rode back to the camp we had left in search of a lame mule, had not returned. While we were speaking a smoke rose suddenly from the cotton-wood grove below, which plainly told us what had befallen him; it was raised to inform the surrounding Indians that a blow had been struck, and to tell them to be on their

guard. Carson, with several men well mounted, was instantly sent down the river, but returned in the night without tidings of the missing man. They went to the camp we had left, but neither he nor the mule was there. Searching down the river, they found the tracks of the mule, evidently driven along by Indians, whose tracks were on each side of those made by the animal. After going several miles they came to the mule itself, standing in some bushes, mortally wounded in the side by an arrow, and left to die, that it might be afterwards butchered for food. They also found, in another place, as they were hunting about on the ground for Tabeau's tracks, something that looked like a little puddle of blood, but which the darkness prevented them from verifying. With these details they returned to our camp, and their report saddened all our hearts.

May 10th.—This morning, as soon as there was light enough to follow tracks, I set out myself with Mr. Fitzpatrick and several men in search of Tabeau. We went to the spot where the appearance of puddled blood had been seen; and this, we saw at once, had been the place where he fell and died. Blood upon the leaves and beaten-down bushes showed that he had got his wound about twenty paces from where he fell, and that he had struggled for his life. He had probably been shot through the lungs with an arrow. From the place where he lay and bled, it could be seen that he had been dragged to the bank of the river, and thrown into it. No vestige of what had belonged to him could be found, except a fragment of his horse equipment. Horse, gun, clothes—all became the prey of these Arabs of the New World.

Tabeau had been one of our best men, and his unhappy death spread a gloom over our party. Men who have gone through such dangers and sufferings as we had seen become like brothers, and feel each other's loss. To defend and avenge each other is the deep feeling of all. We wished to avenge his death; but the condition of our horses, languishing for grass and repose, forbade an expedition into unknown mountains. We knew the tribe who had done the mischief—the same which had been insulting our camp. They knew what they deserved, and had the discretion to show themselves to us no more. The day before, they infested our camp; now, not one appeared; nor did we ever afterward see but one who even belonged to the same tribe, and he at a distance.

Our camp was in a basin below a deep cañon—a gap of two thousand feet deep in the mountain—through which the *Rio Virgen* passes, and where no man or beast could follow it. The Spanish trail, which we had lost in the sands of the basin, was on the opposite side of the river. We crossed over to it, and followed it northwardly toward a gap which was visible in the mountain. We approached it by a defile, rendered difficult for our bare-footed animals by the rocks strewed along it; and here the

country changed its character. From the time we entered the desert, the mountains had been bald and rocky; here they began to be wooded with cedar and pine, and clusters of trees gave shelter to birds—a new and welcome sight—which could not have lived in the desert we had passed.

Descending a long hollow, toward the narrow valley of a stream, we saw before us a snowy mountain, far beyond which appeared another, more lofty still. Good bunch grass began to appear on the hill-sides, and here we found a singular variety of interesting shrubs. The changed appearance of the country infused among our people a more lively spirit, which was heightened by finding at evening a halting-place of very good grass on the clear waters of the *Santa Clara* Fork of the *Rio Virgen*.

CHAPTER XI.

Walker's Courage and Shrewdness—Badeau Killed—Back on Utah Lake—A Brief Summary—We face Eastward again—Uintah Fort—Fuentes lassos a Grizzly—A Narrow Escape—Joined by a Party of Trappers—Fight between Utahs and Arapahoes—Nearing Home—Home again.

May 11th.—The morning was cloudy and quite cool, with a shower of rain—the first we have had since entering the desert, a period of twenty-seven days; and we seem to have entered a different climate, with the usual weather of the Rocky Mountains. Our march to-day was very laborious, over very broken ground, along the Santa Clara River; but then the country is no longer so distressingly desolate.

The stream is prettily wooded with sweet cotton-wood trees—some of them of large size; and on the hills, where the nut-pine is often seen, a good and wholesome grass occurs frequently. This cotton-wood, which is now in fruit, is of a different species from any in Michaux's "Sylva." Heavy dark clouds covered the sky in the evening, and a cold wind sprang up, making fires and overcoats comfortable.

May 12th.—A little above our encampment the river forked; and we continued up the right-hand branch, gradually ascending toward the summit of the mountain. As we rose toward the head of the creek the snowy mountain on our right showed out handsomely—high, and rugged with precipices, and covered with snow for about two thousand feet from their summits down.

Our animals were somewhat repaid for their hard marches by an excellent camping-ground on the summit of the ridge, which forms here the dividing chain between the waters of the *Rio Virgen*, which goes south to the Colorado, and those of Sevier River, flowing northwardly, and belonging to the Great Basin. We considered ourselves as crossing the rim of the basin; and, entering it at this point, we found here an extensive mountain meadow, rich in bunch grass, and fresh with numerous springs of clear water, all refreshing and delightful to look upon. It was, in fact, those *Las Vegas de Santa Clara*, which had been so long presented to us as the terminating point of the desert, and where the annual caravan from California to New Mexico halted and recruited for some weeks. It