and in all my journeyings lost but few, and with rare exceptions those were by accident or imprudence. Naturally disposed that way, I had always endeavored to provide for their safety so far as the nature of our exposed life permitted, for in case of accident, as we had no surgeon, I was myself the only resource. A man lost from camp was likely also to lose his life. In such circumstances every hour increases the danger of his situation. And so about sunset we were greatly relieved when a shout from the men on guard roused the camp and we saw Archambeau creeping slowly in, man and horse equally worn out. Searching for game, he had been led off and entangled among the hills until the coming night roused him and the darkness cut off all chance of reaching camp. His search was as fruitless on the following days. He did not meet game, and his horse being kept close at hand at night had no chance to feed, and was nearly as tired as himself. And he had probably owed his life to his good eyes. These were unusually fine, with an instant quickness to catch a moving object or any slight difference in color or form of what lay before him. I was riding with him on the prairie one day, off from the party, when he suddenly halted. "Stop," he said, "I see an antelope's horns." About fifty steps away an antelope was lying in the tall grass, and the tip of its horn was barely visible above it, but he not only saw it but shot and killed it. And this time his eyes had served him well again. They were ranging around taking in all before him when he caught sight of a party of Indians. They were travelling directly across his line of way, making towards the coast mountains, probably going to some river in which there were salmon. If they had been coming towards him they would have seen him, or if they had crossed his trail behind him his life would have been lost. He saw them as they were coming up out of a broad ravine and in the instant got his horse out of sight down the slope of a hill. "My heart was in my mouth for a moment," he said. The danger of his situation had already brought on the hurry and excitement which often deprives a man of all prudence. In such mishaps a man quickly loses his head, but at this stage, happily, he struck our trail.

The arrival of Archambeau relieved and spread pleasure through the camp, where he was a general favorite. He was Canadian, tall, fine-looking, very cheerful, and with all the gayety of the *voyageur* before hard work and a rough life had driven it out. He had that light, elastic French temperament that makes a cheerful companion in travelling; which in my experience brings out all there is of good or bad in a man. I loved to have my camp cheerful and took care always for the health and comfort which carry good temper with them. Usually, on leaving the frontier, I provided the men with tents or lodges, but by the time we had

been a month or two on the road, they would come to me to say that it was hard on them to have to put up their lodge at night when they were tired, and that they made a delay in the morning when starting. So usually their shelters were gladly left behind and they took the weather as it came.

Meantime the days while we had been waiting here were not lost. Our animals had been resting on good grass, and when in the morning the welcome order was given to move camp, they made the lively scene which Mr. Kern gives in the picture. This was an order which the animals were always prone to resist promptly, and their three days' rest made them do it now with unusual vigor. But the men, too, refreshed by rest and cheered by the recovery of their companion, entered with equal spirit into the fray, and soon we were again on the trail, the animals settled down to their orderly work.

Archambeau was himself again in the morning after a night's rest, and good meals among companions, but his horse was let to run loose for some days, in order to recover its useful strength. With the animals refreshed we made a long stretch and encamped on a stream flowing into Lake Rhett, which I called McCrady. This was the name of one of my boyhood's friends, living in Charleston, who came this evening into my mind, and I left his memory on the stream. In such work as I was engaged in there is always much time for thinking, or ruminating, as it may better be called; not upon the road, but often at night, waiting for the hour when the work belonging to it may begin.

In the forenoon of the sixth we reached the Tlamath Lake at its outlet, which is by a fine, broad stream, not fordable. This is a great fishing station for the Indians, and we met here the first we had seen since leaving the lower valley. They have fixed habitations around the shores of the lake, particularly at the outlet and inlet, and along the inlet up to the swamp meadow, where I met the Tlamaths in the winter of '43–'44, and where we narrowly escaped disaster.

Our arrival took them by surprise, and though they received us with apparent friendship, there was no warmth in it, but a shyness which came naturally from their habit of hostility.

At the outlet here were some of their permanent huts. From the lake to the sea I judged the river to be about two hundred miles long; it breaks its way south of the huge bulk of Shastl Peak between the points of the Cascade and Nevada ranges to the sea. Up this river the salmon crowd in great numbers to the lake, which is more than four thousand feet above the sea. It was a bright spring morning, and the lake and its surrounding scenery looked charming. It was inviting, and I would have been glad to range over it in one of the Indian canoes. The silent

shores and unknown mountains had the attraction which mystery gives always. It was all wild and unexplored, and the uninvaded silence roused curiosity and invited research. Indigenous, the Indians like the rocks and trees seemed part of the soil, growing in a state of rude nature like the vegetation, and like it nourished and fed by nature. And so it had been back to a time of which nothing was known. All here was in the true aboriginal condition, but I had no time now for idling days, and I had to lose the pleasure to which the view before me invited. Mr. Kern made the picture of it while we were trading with the Indians for dried fish and salmon, and ferrying the camp equipage across the outlet in their canoes.

The Indians made me understand that there was another large river which came from the north and flowed into the lake at the northern end, and that the principal village was at its mouth, where also they caught many fish.

Resuming our journey, we worked our way along between the lake and the mountain, and late in the day made camp at a run, near where it issued from the woods into the lake and where our animals had good feed. For something which happened afterward, I gave this run the name of Denny's Branch. Animals and men all fared well here.

MAY 7.—The weather continued refreshingly cool. Our way led always between the lake and the foot of the mountains, frequently rough and blocked by decaying logs and fallen trees, where patches of snow still remained in the shade, over ground rarely trodden even by an Indian foot. In the timber the snow was heavy and naturally much heavier towards the summits and in the passes of the mountains, where the winter still held sway. This year it had continued late and rough. In the late afternoon we reached a piece of open ground through which a stream ran towards the lake. Here the mountain receded a little, leaving a flat where the woods, which still occupied the ground, left us a convenient open space by the water, and where there was grass abundant. On the way along from the outlet no Indians had been seen and no other sign of life, but now and then when the lake was visible a canoe might be seen glancing along. But in the morning, as we were about to leave camp, a number of them came in. I could not clearly find where they had come from, though they pointed up the lake. Perhaps from some valley in the mountain on this stream, or perhaps they had followed our trail. This was most likely, but if so they were not willing to tell. They would not have done so with any good intent, and they knew well enough that we were aware of it. They said that they were hungry, and I had some mules unpacked and gave them part of our remaining scanty supply of dried meat and the usual present which an Indian, wild or tame, always instinctively expects.

We continued our route over the same kind of ground, rendered difficult by the obstructions which the wash of the rain and snow, and the fallen timber, the undisturbed accumulations of the many years, had placed in these forests. Crossing spurs of mountains and working around the bays or coves between the ridges or winding among the hills, it is surprising how a long day's march dwindles away to a few miles when it comes to be laid down between the rigorous astronomical stations. We had travelled in this direction many such days when we encamped in the afternoon of the 8th of May. A glance at the mountains, which are shown in the view of the lake, gives some idea of the character of this unexplored region. By unexplored, I wish to be understood to say that it had never been explored or mapped, or in any way brought to common knowledge, or rarely visited except by strong parties of trappers, and by those at remote intervals, doubtless never by trappers singly. It was a true wilderness. There was the great range of mountains behind the coast, and behind it the lakes and rivers known to the trappers, and that was all, and the interest attached to it was chiefly from the disasters which had befallen them. And from their reports, rude and exaggerated outlines, and Turtle Lakes and Buenaventura Rivers, had been marked down at the stations of the Fur Company. All this gave the country a charm for me. It would have been dull work if it had been to plod over a safe country and here and there to correct some old error.

And I had my work all planned. The friendly reader—and I hope that no unfriendly eyes will travel along with me over these lines; the friends may be few and the many are the neutral minds who read without reference to the writer, solely for the interest they find. To these I write freely, letting the hues of my mind color the paper, feeling myself on pleasant terms with them, giving to them in a manner a life confession in which I hope they find interest, and expecting to find them considerate and weighing fairly, and sometimes condoning the events as we pass them in review. My reading friend, then, who has travelled with me thus far will remember that some seventeen months before this time, in the December of '43, in coming south from the Columbia, I encamped on a large savannah, or meadow-lake, which made the southern limit of my journey. I met there a Tlamath chief and his wife, who had come out to meet me and share his fate, whether good or bad, and the chief had afterward accompanied me and piloted me on my way through the forest and the snow. Where I had encamped this night I was only some twenty miles in an air-line from their village and I was promising myself some pleasure in seeing them again. According to what the Indians at the south end of the lake had told me, I had only to travel eastward a short march and I would find a large village at the inlet of the river,

which I knew must be that on which my friendly chief lived, some twenty miles above. And his Indians, too, like all the others along these mountains, had the character of normal hostility to the whites.

My plans when I started on my journey into this region were to connect my present survey of the intervening country with my camp on the savannah, where I had met the Tlamaths in that December; and I wished to penetrate among the mountains of the Cascade ranges. As I have said, except for the few trappers who had searched the streams leading to the ocean, for beaver, I felt sure that these mountains were absolutely unknown. No one had penetrated their recesses to know what they contained, and no one had climbed to their summits; and there remained the great attraction of mystery in going into unknown places —the unknown lands of which I had dreamed when I began this life of frontier travel. And possibly, I thought, when I should descend their western flanks some safe harbor might yet be found by careful search along that coast, where harbors were so few; and perhaps good passages from the interior through these mountains to the sea. I thought that until the snow should go off the lower part of the mountains I might occupy what remained of the spring by a survey of the Tlamath River to its heads, and make a good map of the country along the base of the mountains. And if we should not find game enough to live upon, we could employ the Indians to get supplies of salmon and other fish. But I felt sure that there was game in the woods of these mountains as well as in those more to the south. Travelling along the northern part of this range in December of '43, I had seen elk tracks in the snow, and at an old Cayuse village in the pine forest at the foot of the mountains, only about sixty miles farther north, there were many deer horns lying around. This showed that we should probably find both elk and deer, and bear, in the mountains, and certainly on the slope towards the sea, where every variety of climate would be found, and every variety of mast-bearing trees, as in the oak region of the Sierra Nevada. And I had not forgotten how fascinated I had been with the winter beauty of the snowy range farther north, when at sunrise and at sunset their rose-colored peaks stood up out of the dark pine forests into the clear light of the sky. And my thoughts took the same color when I remembered that Mr. Kern, who had his colors with him, could hold these lovely views in all their delicate coloring.

How fate pursues a man! Thinking and ruminating over these things, I was standing alone by my camp-fire, enjoying its warmth, for the night air of early spring is chill under the shadows of the high mountains. Suddenly my ear caught the faint sound of horses' feet, and while I was watching and listening as the sounds, so strange hereabout, came nearer,

there emerged from the darkness—into the circle of the firelight—two horsemen, riding slowly as though horse and man were fatigued by long travelling. In the foremost I recognized the familiar face of Neal, with a companion whom I also knew. They had ridden nearly a hundred miles in the last two days, having been sent forward by a United States officer who was on my trail with despatches for me; but Neal doubted if he would get through. After their horses had been turned into the band and they were seated by my fire, refreshing themselves with good coffee while more solid food was being prepared, Neal told me his story. The officer who was trying to overtake me was named Gillespie. He had been sent to California by the Government and had letters for delivery to me. Neal knew the great danger from Indians in this country, and his party becoming alarmed and my trail being fresh, Mr. Gillespie had sent forward Neal and Sigler upon their best horses to overtake me and inform me of his situation. They had left him on the morning of the day before, and in the two days had ridden nearly a hundred miles, and this last day had severely tried the strength of their horses. When they parted from him they had not reached the lake, and for greater safety had not kept my trail quite to the outlet, but crossed to the right bank of the river, striking my trail again on the lake shore. They had discovered Indians on my trail after they had left Gillespie, and on the upper part of the lake the Indians had tried to cut them off, and they had escaped only by the speed and strength of their horses, which Neal had brought from his own rancho. He said that in his opinion I could not reach Gillespie in time to save him, as he had with him only three men and was travelling slow.

A quick eye and a good horse mean life to a man in an Indian country. Neal had both. He was a lover of horses and knew a good one; and those he had with him were the best on his rancho. He had been sent forward by the messenger to let me know that he was in danger of being cut off by the Indians.

The trail back along the shore at the foot of the mountains was so nearly impassable at night that nothing could be gained by attempting it, but everything was made ready for an early start in the morning. For the relief party, in view of contingencies, I selected ten of the best men, including Carson, Stepp, Dick Owens, Godey, Basil, and Lajeunesse, with four of the Delawares.

When the excitement of the evening was over I lay down, speculating far into the night on what could be the urgency of the message which had brought an officer of the Government to search so far after me into these mountains. At early dawn we took the backward trail. Snow and fallen timber made the ride hard and long to where I thought to meet

the messenger. On the way no Indians were seen and no tracks later than those where they had struck Neal's trail. In the afternoon, having made about forty-five miles, we reached the spot where the forest made an opening to the lake, and where I intended to wait. This was a glade, or natural meadow, shut in by the forest, with a small stream and good grass, where I had already encamped. I knew that this was the first water to which my trail would bring the messenger, and that I was sure to meet him here if no harm befell him on the way. The sun was about going down when he was seen issuing from the wood, accompanied by three men.

He proved to be an officer of the navy, Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie of the Marine Corps. We greeted him warmly. All were glad to see him, whites and Indians. It was long since any news had reached us, and every one was as pleased to see him as if he had come freighted with letters from home, for all. It was now eleven months since any tidings had reached me.

Mr. Gillespie informed me that he had left Washington under orders from the President and the Secretary of the Navy, and was directed to reach California by the shortest route through Mexico to Mazatlan.

He was directed to find me wherever I might be, and was informed that I would probably be found on the Sacramento River. In pursuance of his instructions he had accordingly started from Monterey to look for me on the Sacramento. Learning upon his arrival at Sutter's Fort that I had gone up the valley, he made up a small party at Neal's rancho, and, guided by him, followed my trail and had travelled six hundred miles to overtake me; the latter part of the way through great dangers.

The mission on which I had been originally sent to the West was a peaceful one, and Mr. Bancroft had sent Mr. Gillespie to give me warning of the new state of affairs and the designs of the President. Mr. Gillespie had been given charge of despatches from the Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Sloat, and had been purposely made acquainted with their import. Known to Mr. Bancroft as an able and thoroughly trustworthy officer, he had been well instructed in the designs of the Department and with the purposes of the Administration, so far as they related to California.

Through him I now became acquainted with the actual state of affairs and the purposes of the Government. The information through Gillespie had absolved me from my duty as an explorer, and I was left to my duty as an officer of the American Army with the further authoritative knowledge that the Government intended to take California. I was warned by my Government of the new danger against which I was bound to defend myself; and it had been made known to me now on

the authority of the Secretary of the Navy that to obtain possession of California was the chief object of the President.

He brought me also a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, and letters and papers from Senator Benton and family. The letter from the Secretary was directed to me in my private or citizen capacity, and though importing nothing beyond the introduction, it accredited the bearer to me as coming from the Secretary of State, and in connection with the circumstances and place of delivery it indicated a purpose in sending it. From the letter itself I learned nothing, but it was intelligibly explained to me by the accompanying letter from Senator Benton and by communications from Lieutenant Gillespie.

This officer informed me that he had been directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint me with his instructions, which had for their principal objects to ascertain the disposition of the California people, to conciliate their feelings in favor of the United States; and to find out, with a view to counteracting, the designs of the British Government upon that country.

The letter from Senator Benton, while apparently of friendship and family details, contained passages and suggestions which, read by the light of many conversations and discussions with himself and others at Washington, clearly indicated to me that I was required by the Government to find out any foreign schemes in relation to California and, so far as might be in my power, to counteract them.

Neal had much to talk over with his old companions and pleasurable excitement kept us up late; but before eleven o'clock all were wrapped in their blankets and soundly asleep except myself. I sat by the fire in fancied security, going over again the home letters. These threw their own light upon the communication from Mr. Gillespie, and made the expected signal. In substance, their effect was: The time has come. England must not get a foothold. We must be first. Act; discreetly, but positively.

Looking back over the contingencies which had been foreseen in the discussions at Washington, I saw that the important one which carried with it the hopes of Senator Benton and the wishes of the Government was in the act of occurring, and it was with thorough satisfaction I now found myself required to do what I could to promote this object of the President. Viewed by the light of these deliberations in Washington, I was prepared to comprehend fully the communications brought to me by Mr. Gillespie.

Now it was officially made known to me that my country was at war, and it was so made known expressly to guide my conduct. I had learned with certainty from the Secretary of the Navy that the President's plan of