in daylight. We were not very far from the principal village at the inlet which the Indians whom I had met when I first reached the lake had described to me; and the arms being all carefully examined and packs made secure, we started for it. When within a few miles I sent Carson and Owens ahead with ten men, directing them to reconnoitre the position of the Indians, but if possible to avoid engaging them until we could come up. But, as we neared the mouth of the river, the firing began. The party was discovered and had no choice but to open the fight, driving the Indians who were on this side to the other side of the river. As I rode up I saw a dead Indian sitting in the stern of a canoe, which the current had driven against the bank. His hand was still grasping the paddle. On his feet were shoes which I thought Basil wore when he was killed. The stream was about sixty yards wide and a rapid just above the mouth made it fordable. Without drawing rein we plunged in and crossed to the farther side and joined our men, who were pressed by a large body of Indians. They had abandoned their village and were scattered through a field of sage-brush, in front of the woods. But this time the night was not on their side and the attack was with us. Their arrows were good at close quarters, but the range of the rifle was better. The firing was too severe for them to stand it in open ground and they were driven back into the pine woods with a loss of fourteen killed. They had intended to make a hard fight. Behind the sage-bushes where they had taken their stand every Indian had spread his arrows on the ground in fan-like shape, so that they would be ready to his hand. But when our close fire drove them from the brush they were compelled to move so quickly that many did not have time to gather up their arrows and they lay on the ground, the bright, menacing points turned toward us. Quantities of fish were drying, spread on scaffolds, or hung up on frames. The huts, which were made of tall rushes and willow, like those on the savannah above, were set on fire, and the fish and scaffolds were all destroyed.

About a mile from the village I made my camp on a *clairière* in the midst of woods, where were oaks intermingled with pines, and built a strong corral. Meantime I kept out scouts on every side and horses were kept ready saddled. In the afternoon Indians were reported advancing through the timber; and taking with me Carson, Sagundai, Swonok, Stepp, and Archambeau, I rode out to see what they were intending. Sacramento knew how to jump and liked it. Going through the wood at a hand-gallop we came upon an oak tree which had been blown down; its summit covered quite a space, and being crowded by the others so that I was brought squarely in front of it, I let Sacramento go and he cleared the whole green mass in a beautiful leap. Looking back, Carson called out, "Captain, that horse will break your neck some day." It never

happened to Sacramento to hurt his rider, but afterward, on the Salinas plain, he brought out from fight and back to his camp his rider who had been shot dead in the saddle.

In the heart of the wood we came suddenly upon an Indian scout. He was drawing his arrow to the head as we came upon him, and Carson attempted to fire, but his rifle snapped, and as he swerved away the Indian was about to let his arrow go into him ; I fired, and in my haste to save Carson, failed to kill the Indian, but Sacramento, as I have said, was not afraid of anything, and I jumped him directly upon the Indian and threw him to the ground. His arrow went wild. Sagundai was right behind me, and as I passed over the Indian he threw himself from his horse and killed him with a blow on the head from his war-club. It was the work of a moment, but it was a narrow chance for Carson. The poisoned arrow would have gone through his body.

Giving Sacramento into the care of Jacob, I went into the lodge and laid down on my blankets to rest from the excitement of which the day had been so full. I had now kept the promise I made to myself and had punished these people well for their treachery ; and now I turned my thoughts to the work which they had delayed. I was lost in conjectures over this new field when Gillespie came in, all roused into emotion. "By Heaven, this is rough work," he exclaimed. "I'll take care to let them know in Washington about it." "Heaven don't come in for much about here, just now," I said ; "and as for Washington, it will be long enough before we see it again ; time enough to forget about this."

He had been introduced into an unfamiliar life in joining me and had been surprised into continued excitements by the strange scenes which were going on around him. My surroundings were very much unlike the narrow space and placid uniformity of a man-of-war's deck, and to him the country seemed alive with unexpected occurrences. Though himself was not, his ideas were, very much at sea. He was full of admiration for my men and their singular fitness for the life they were leading. He shared my lodge, but this night his excitement would not let him sleep, and we remained long awake ; talking over the incidents of the day and speculating over what was to come in the events that seemed near at hand. Nor was there much sleeping in the camp that night, but nothing disturbed its quiet. No attack was made.

The night was clear and I obtained observations here which gave what may be assumed for the longitude of the outlet 121° 52′ 08″, and for its latitude 42° 41′ 30″. To this river I gave the name of my friend, Professor Torrey, who, with all the enthusiasm that goes with a true love of science, had aided me in determining the botany of the country.

The next day we moved late out of camp and travelled to the south-

ward along the lake. I kept the ground well covered with scouts, knowing the daring character of the Tlamaths. We made a short day's march and encamped in woods and built a corral. On the following day we continued the march, still in the neighborhood of the lake, and in the evening made camp at its southeastern end, on a creek to which I gave the name of one of the Delaware, We-to-wah. Indians were seen frequently during the day. Observations placed the mouth of this creek in longitude 121° 41′ 23″, latitude 42° 21′ 43″. As had become usual we made a corral to secure the safety of the animals. This was our last camp on the lake. Here I turned away from our comrades whom I had left among the pines. But they were not neglected. When the Tlamaths tell the story of the night attack where they were killed, there will be no boasting. They will have to tell also of the death of their chief and of our swift retaliation; and how the people at the fishery had to mourn for the loss of their men and the destruction of their village. It will be a story for them to hand down while there are any Tlamaths on their lake.

The pines in these forests were mostly full-grown trees, and for many a year our log forts around the lake will endure, and other travellers may find refuge in them, or wonder, in the present quiet, what had once broken the silence of the forest. Making open spots in the woods where the sunshine can rest longest, the trees that encircle them will be fuller-headed, and grass and flowers will be more luxuriant in the protection of their enclosure, so that they may long remain marked places.

The next day brought no unusual incident. On the day following I was travelling along a well-worn trail when I came upon a fresh scalp on an arrow which had been stuck up in the path. Maxwell and Archambeau were ahead, and in the evening they reported that riding along the trail they met an Indian who, on seeing them, laid down a bunch of young crows which he had in his hand, and forthwith and without parley let fly an arrow at Maxwell, who was foremost. He threw himself from his horse just in time to escape the arrow, which passed over the seat of his saddle, and, after a brief interchange of rifle-balls and arrows, the Indian was killed and his scalp put up in the trail to tell the story. We were getting roughened into Indian customs.

Our route was now among the hills over ground where we had already just travelled in going north and bordering the valley of the upper Sacramento, which, as I have said, was known to trappers under the name of Pitt River. The spring now gave its attraction and freshness to the whole region. The rolling surface of the hills was green up to the timbered ridges of the Cascade range which we were skirting along; but, above, the unconquerable peaks still were clothed with snow, and glittered cool in their solitary heights.

TLAMATH RIVER. ATTACK BY TLAMATHS.