

"Manzanita," of Californian celebrity (*Arctostaphylos glauca*), and the "Chinquapin" (*Castanopsis chrysophylla*), began to appear, along with the diminutive *Arbutus tomentosa*. Two Indians were seen on horseback, and waking up at night, I could see the light of a camp-fire gleaming among the trees somewhere on the other side of the marsh.

On the 2nd of August, after travelling ten miles, we came to a straggling creek, with a great extent of rich grasses by its borders, but the soil very poor and sandy. We named this stream—the only one for several miles—"Rifle creek," from the circumstance of our finding a rifle, shot-pouch, and powder-horn complete, suspended in the trees. The pouch contained two flint arrow-heads, used evidently to raise fire, and the rifle had been apparently purchased or stolen, or was the gift of a white man. Underneath was a fire, in which most probably the body and possessions of its former owner had been, in accordance with the customs of the neighbouring tribes, burnt; but how the rifle escaped we could not tell. Having no desire to rob the dead Indian's pyre, we merely kept the arrow-heads as a memento, replacing the rifle; but one of our packers was not so delicate: looking upon it as a fair prize, he tinkered it up, and within an hour shot an elk with it. Scott's Peak was here directly abreast of us, and is a truncated cone of a very marked character.

On the morning of the 3rd of August we were early astir, and after a march of seven miles turned down again to a beautiful prairie near the Klamath Marsh, where the party lay over for several days, and the animals revelled in a paradise of clover. We could see Indians in canoes gathering the pods of the yellow water-lily on the marsh, and tracks of the grizzly bear did not make our woodland botanising any pleasanter. Here I bade good-bye to my gallant *compagnons de voyage*, from whom I had received so many kindnesses, and accompanied by Lieutenant M. McCall, and an escort of six troopers, rode over the ridge to the westward to a fort established in Klamath Basin, and supposed to be distant between fifteen and twenty miles. A pleasant ride had we over a low ridge, and spur of the Cascades, through a fine grove of yellow pine (*P. ponderosa*), where we shot a skulking cayote wolf (*Canis latrans*, Say), and then descended into a valley where Indian sign was plentiful; until from an eminence the lovely prairie of Klamath Basin, shut in by snowy mountains with cold rivers meandering through the valley, and studded with groves of trees, like wooded islands in a sea of grass, burst upon our astonished view, so long accustomed to the arid track over which we had been passing. We crossed the "Fort Creek," a stream of icy-cold water (which springs out of the ground in one torrent), our horses almost hidden amidst the luxuriant herbage, and then passed through a mile or two of country, which required recollection of where we were not to suppose was some old English park. We arrived at the fort just in time for dinner, but covered with dust, and most unrepresentable figures; for here in the middle of the Indian country were several of the Oregon ladies, of whose politeness generally, and more particularly of the "square meal" we received that August evening, I daresay the lieutenant and I have some very grateful memories to this day.

There were also a number of children here, semi-civilised youths, learned in all the dialects of the Chinook jargon, and in the relative merits of Maynard's carbine and the old jager. They were, however, about to erect a school, which promised to impart something more substantial to them. The valley of Klamath Basin is excellent soil, but cold