

enter the Snake country. He has been, therefore, making arrangements today for a more permanent encampment, as he may be delayed here for a couple of weeks. The tents have been regularly arranged, our own a little in advance, and those of the men built of boughs and pack covers, so as to protect them from the weather. A log house has been erected at one end of the camp, to hold the provisions, and to-day the men have been employed in constructing a corral, or enclosure, to secure the horses. This evening our Indian guide came in. He had been left at the Council grounds to hunt up some stray horses.

Friday, June 15th. Early this morning Lieut. Gracie sent off the Indian guide to The Dalles, as he had no further use for him. Mr. Cut-mouth John has apparently served us faithfully, though being a Cayuse, we cannot tell how deeply he has been implicated in the plotting of his countrymen this summer, or what part he would have taken, had their projected outbreak ripened into action. Today Lieut. Gracie began to have his drills for the men, one before breakfast and the other after supper. At the early drill they are exercised in shooting at a target. This evening, at Mr. M'Kay's we met the old chief Stickus, who had stopped there on an expedition after some missing cattle. He seemed quite pleased to see us. While there, General Palmer and his party also arrived from the Council ground.

Saturday, June 16th. After drill we rode over to Mr. M'Kay's and found General Palmer's party still encamped there, as he was taken ill this morning. He probably needs rest both body and mind, and on the plains, this is the great prescription, as the remedies which the hunters can give are comprised in a list of very few simples. Nature is generally expected to perform the cure. Had his illness come on at the Council, he could have had the "medicine men" of our friends, the Nez Perces, to prescribe for him. Their prescriptions, however, are always the same, whatever may be the disease, whether ague or fever, or small pox. The patient is shut up in a small close lodge, called a "sweat house," where he is subjected, until almost stifled, to a vapor bath produced by water slowly poured over red hot stones.

Sunday, June 17th. My last Sunday on the plains, and it is passed quietly enough. After Lieut. Gracie had finished inspection and we had taken our usual bath in the river, we rode over to General Palmer's encampment to enquire about his health. We found him still too unwell to travel. The rest of the day was spent in reading, for we have found a small supply of books at Mr. M'Kay's, which proved quite a treasure in the wilderness.

Monday, June 18th. Lieut. Gracie has commenced practising the men at skirmish drill for an hour a day, and is thus preparing them for their Snake country expedition. It has become too hot, except in the morning and evening, to move about with comfort, and after drill, our ride over to Mr. M'Kay's, and our bath in the Umatilla, we are content to spend the remainder of the day in lounging and reading under the shelter of our tent. In an encampment on the plains, during the dead silence of a