

miles, were grey rocks, beautiful waterfalls, myriads of flowers strewn thickly around, as if nature had sown profusely the seeds of the flowers of all colours, and all climes. This was in January, when we have Jack Frost binding everything in Limbo, with his icy hand. As the sun set in glory, behind the Pacific range of mountains, I thought it time to look out for a camping place. A cosy nook, beside a purling brook, caught my eye, and my fancy. I gathered a few dry pine branches, and was about to apply a match to them, when I heard the bark of a dog. This excited my curiosity, and surprise in that lonely place, and joyful at the prospect of meeting white faces, and finding a comfortable resting place, I threw down my ignited match, and started for the top of the hill. By the time I reached it, the night had become quite dark, and as I looked down into a deep valley, I saw a large Indian camp. In the centre of it was a large fire, round which about fifty warriors were dancing a war dance. I could see the faces of those turned towards me, and observed them covered, in strips, with war paint. They had been for several months previously troublesome to the miners who had penetrated the farthest into the mountains in search of gold, and many of them were known never to return to their comrades. Here I was, a lone man peering into the very nest of savages on the war-path. I feared that the dogs, which were now barking furiously, might scent an intruder, and thought it would be a sort of discretionary valour to beat a retreat. I crept back to my prospective camp, and shouldered my "traps," making tracks backward as fast as the gulches, precipices, and darkness would permit, imagining that every rock might hide a dusky scout, and every bush might cover a sanguinary savage. At last, tired out, and feeling that I had put many miles between me and the redskins, I threw my pack down, and cutting and eating a piece of raw pork for supper, for I feared to light fire, I stretched out my weary limbs for a rest, determined not to sleep; but "the first thing I knew, I didn't know anything," and fell into the arms of the drowsy god. Sometime in the night, I

was awakened by a tugging at my hair. In a moment, I was on my feet, and my situation coming vividly to my recollection I felt my scalp move on the top of my head, as if it had an intelligent presentiment of its fall. With pistol in hand, I examined carefully every rock, clump of bushes, and tree in my neighbourhood, for the moon was shining brightly at the time, but I found no enemy. Pshaw! said I to myself, it is only imagination, and with feelings of half satisfaction and half annoyance, I lay down, determined to keep awake until morning; but poor, weak, tired, human nature got the mastery, and I was soon asleep. It might be I slept ten minutes, or one hour, or two hours, for sleep has no hour glass, ere I awoke, and relieved myself from the horrors of a dream, in which was mingled in one phantasmagoria, Indians, whoops, yells, gory scalps, gleaming tomahawks, blood-shot eyes, and vain efforts to escape a terrible doom, but my ease of mind was of momentary duration, for with my right hand, I grasped a human hand, cold as death. I need say I clung to it with a death grip, and jumped savagely at my foe, determined to keep one arm from mischief at any rate. I was in that peculiar state of part terror, part desperation, and part *savageness*, which men often feel when conscious of being in a dangerous position, and only partially awakened to a true sense of it. As I stumbled forward, I fell down into a crevice about five feet in depth, and lost my hold of the unknown hand. I was sure the enemy was about to spring upon me in my defenceless condition, and in my desperation, I made one bound to the surface, which I no sooner reached than I received a severe blow in the chest, which almost felled me. I, however, sprang forward, and was struck again; I threw my arms in front of me to grapple with my opponent, but felt nought but air, and, strange to say, I was incapable of moving a step in advance. I had never been a believer in ghosts, since the boyish days I had heard the wierd stories, from the mouth of a grandfather, beside the roaring fire of a highland home, but a strange feeling came over me that, after all, the supernatural visitations might be