

I did not observe many mammals, but the feathered community was extensively represented, particularly the Flycatchers and their allies, a fact easily accounted for when viewing the varied species of flowers everywhere decking the grassy undulations, and the swarms of insects attracted by their fragrance and nectar. It is singular that the Badger (*Taxidea Americana*) and the Cayote (*canis-latrans*), should be unknown west of the cascades, and yet both are found abundantly by only crossing the water-shed.

We stop to bait the mustangs at Olympia "city," a small collection of wooden houses situated at the head of Puget Sound, a place not remarkable for anything in particular except stores, billiard-saloons, barbers'-poles, a post-office, and groups of idlers sitting in the shade "whittling," chewing, and contemplating their toes, which, as a rule, were elevated far above the level of their heads. A pleasant ride through very much the same character of country brings us, near sundown, to a small log shanty close by a stream. The Doctor being known to the owner, we were soon accommodated with supper and a shake-down for the night.

As we are "saddling-up" to start, the most terrible shouts and yells I ever heard came pealing down the valley. The settler, seizing his rifle, rushes up the course of the river, and we, as soon as we can manage to secure the mustangs, start in pursuit. The shouting continues, and, as the voice evidences intense terror, we think Indians have seized upon somebody, whom they are roughly handling, an idea confirmed by hearing the crack of the rifle. The shouting has ceased, and it is with no little difficulty that we are enabled to discover the whereabouts of the settler and the frightened individual who had called so lustily for help. We come suddenly upon them, more by good luck than good management. The cause of all the fuss turned out to be a large puma (*Felis concolor*). It lay, dead and bloody, near a bullock, which it had dragged down and killed. The strength of the beast must have been prodigious, for the steer weighed (so said its owner) five and a half hundredweight. The puma had evidently fastened on the back of the bullock's neck, and killed it by biting through the cervical vertebrae, betwixt the atlatl and dentata. Whilst the puma was quietly gorging itself, a farm-labourer, by birth a German, happened to pass near it. His dog making a yapping noise, induced the German to see what it meant, when to his astonishment he came plump upon the panther, or "painter," so called by the settlers. Of course the beast showed symptoms of anger at being thus disturbed by exhibiting its teeth, growling, and lashing its sides with its tail; further than this, the animal had done nothing more than stand defiantly by its prize.

The German, afraid to run, had seized a rail from off the fence, against which he had backed, and placed himself in an attitude of