

I left the lodge and mounted my horse, not without occasionally looking back to see if he might not send an arrow after me, a circumstance which would not have been at all pleasant, considering that the Kye-use Indians are most unerring marksmen.

Usually, when I wished to take the likeness of an Indian, I walked into the lodge, sat down, and commenced without speaking, as an Indian under these circumstances will generally pretend not to notice. If they did not like what I was doing they would get up and walk away; but if I asked them to sit they most frequently refused, supposing that it would have some injurious effect upon themselves. In this manner I went into the lodge of 'Til-aw-kite, the Chief, and took his likeness without a word passing between us.

Having enjoyed the kind hospitality of Dr. Whitman and his lady for four days, I returned to Fort Walla-Walla. On the day after my arrival at the Fort, a boy, one of the sons of Peo-Peo-mox-mox, the Chief of the Walla-Wallas, arrived at the camp close to the Fort. He was a few days in advance of a war party headed by his father, and composed of Walla-Walla and Kye-use Indians, which had been absent for eighteen months, and had been almost given up by the tribes. This party, numbering two hundred men, had started for California, for the purpose of revenging the death of another son of the Chief, who had been killed by some California emigrants; and the messenger now arrived, bringing the most disastrous tidings not only of the total failure of the expedition, but also of their suffering and detention by sickness. Hearing that a messenger was coming in across the plains, I went to the Indian camp and was there at his arrival. No sooner had he dismounted from his horse, than the whole camp, men, women and children, surrounded him, eagerly enquiring after their absent friends, as they had hitherto received no intelligence beyond a report that the party had been cut off by hostile tribes. His downcast looks and silence confirmed the fears that some dire calamity must have happened, and they set up a tremendous howl, while he stood silent and dejected, with the tears streaming down his face. At length, after much coaxing and entreaty on their part, he commenced the recital of their misfortunes. After describing the progress of the journey up to the time of the disease (the measles) making its appearance, during which he was listened to in breathless silence, he began to name its victims one after another. On the first name being mentioned, a terrific howl ensued, the women loosening their hair and gesticulating in a most violent manner. When this had subsided, he, after much persuasion, named a second, and a third, until he had numbered upwards of