

of water. About two o'clock P. M. on the evening of the eighteenth, in our circuitous route back to the Fort, we arrived at Dr. Whitman's Presbyterian Mission, situated about twenty-five miles up the Walla-Walla River, where I was received very kindly by the Missionary and his wife. Dr. Whitman's duties included those of Superintendent of the American Presbyterian Missions on the West side of the Rocky Mountains. He had built himself a house of unburnt clay, for want of timber, which, as stated above, is here extremely scarce. He had resided at this locality, on the banks of the Walla-Walla River, upwards of eight years, doing all in his power to benefit the Indians in his mission. He had brought forty or fifty acres of land, in the vicinity of the river, under cultivation, and had a great many head of domestic cattle, affording greater comfort to his family than one would expect in such an isolated spot. I remained with him four days, during which he kindly accompanied me amongst the Indians. These Indians, the Kye-use, resemble the Walla-Wallas very much. They are always allies in war, and their language and customs are almost identical, except that the Kye-use Indians are far more vicious and ungovernable. Dr. Whitman took me to the lodge of an Indian called To-ma-kus, that I might take his likeness. We found him in his lodge sitting perfectly naked. His appearance was the most savage I ever beheld, and his looks by no means belied his character. It was only a short time before my arrival at the mission that he killed an Indian out of mere wantonness. His victim was taking care of some horses for another Indian, when he rode up to him and enquired why he was hiding them. The Indian denied that he was doing so, when Tomakus, without further remark, sent an arrow through his heart. He was so cruel and merciless in his revenge, and so greatly dreaded, that no one dared resent the murder. At another time he attempted the life of one of the Doctor's servants for the most trifling cause, and was only prevented by the man's escaping, while the Doctor, who was a powerful man, forcibly held him. He was not aware of what I was doing, until I had finished the sketch. He then asked to look at it, and enquired what I intended doing with it, and whether I was not going to give it to the Americans, against whom he bore a strong antipathy, superstitiously fancying that their possessing it would put him in their power. I, in vain, told him I should not give it to them; but, not being satisfied with this assurance, he attempted to throw it in the fire, when I seized him by the arm and snatched it from him. He glanced at me like a fiend, and appeared greatly enraged, but before he had time to recover from his surprise,