

So for this reason we got little rest that night. This passion of thievery will ultimately prove fatal to the Indians as a whole, and to this little tribe in particular.

At the mines some weeks later I learned that several miners were robbed and wounded near where we had been camping, that one American had died from his wounds, and that an expedition had come out from Trinity Bay, destroyed five huts, killed several natives, and captured one young woman whom they took back to Trinity City and dressed in European garments. For a month she lived with a Frenchman, apparently enjoying this new life and not seeming to miss her savage village. But one fine night her natural instincts came to the surface and, prompted by that inconstancy which is the bane of all nations, she vanished, returning, I fancy, to her own people, there to relate her adventures and her impressions of life among Europeans.

On Tuesday, April twenty-third, we headed forth along the shores of the Bay of Trinity, following for an hour and a half the pebbly beach, running between ocean and lagoon, which led to the Indian huts, the homes of our native friends of last evening. As the fishing was poor and only a few sardines had been caught, they went along with us. On the way a curlew circled above us high up in the air. Taking a long chance I fired at it. To my infinite surprise it fell. Like a flash the Indians disappeared, picked it up, and brought it over to me.

This little incident was significant in that it inspired fear and respect in the minds of the savages who were eye-witnesses. It was interesting to see how curiously they examined the bird's wounds. It would have been even more interesting to have known what they were saying about the gun and the hunter in general. I made them happy by giving them some curlew feathers which they like to wear in their hair as ornaments when hunting, making war, or making love. They seemed grateful for this small favor.

We also shot some ducks out on the lagoon, but they were so far away we were unable to reach those we had wounded. The Indians, who saw where they fell and planned on getting them after we had left, refused to swim out after them, giving the excuse that their skiffs were not handy.