

in the damp bottoms had assumed a brilliant yellow; almost the only approach to the gorgeous autumnal hues of the Atlantic that here meets the eye of the traveller.

*Sunday, Oct. 29th.*—About a mile beyond our camp we crossed a large brook or creek, which was afterwards fixed upon as part of the boundary of the "reservation," and as such is referred to in the treaty made at Scott's valley. We had no high points to pass to-day, the trail running along the river upon narrow benches. It was, however, rugged, and broken by ledges of slate, a part of it being excessively bad. About eight miles of travel brought us to what is known as the "Big Bottom," a tract covering a few miles square, which forms the nearest approach to a valley that we had seen upon the Klamath. Here is the usual trail for packers bound to Scott's and Shaste valleys, and a ferry or crossing to the eastern shore; the trail on the left bank being a dangerous one. It is kept by Indians, who pass goods in canoes, the animals swimming. Major Wessells had halted here the preceding night, expecting us to join him, and was to make but a short march beyond. As it would, however, take some time to cross the baggage, and there was fine grass in the bottom, we remained over. The mules were left on the north bank for the night, and we camped on the other side.

There were two Indian villages near this spot, but the lodges had been burnt by the whites. Messrs. Kelsey and Woods had visited them, and invited them to the council to be held in Scott's valley; but the men with a few exceptions had run off to the mountains on the approach of the command, leaving their families behind. These people were in a great state of destitution. Several of the early miners had been murdered in this neighborhood, and much property stolen, in revenge for which their successors had destroyed the lodges and killed some of the men. Of late they had been more peaceably disposed, but were still regarded with suspicion, having in their possession a few stolen animals and fire-arms. Those that we saw were evidently of the lowest caste, a little boy of nine or ten years of age being the solitary and remarkable exception. His features were regular, and even beautiful. These Indians keep up a constant intercourse with Rogue's river, whither it is probable many of them have recently gone. From many circumstances, it would appear that their place of residence, being the centre through which numerous trails led, has been a sort of common ground; the Alsatia of the neighboring country. We found here a young Indian, who spoke a few words of the Oregon jargon, and through him were enabled to communicate a little with the rest. By his means I collected enough of the language to ascertain its similarity to the Shasté, and also a partial vocabulary of his own tongue, which I presume to be one of the Rogue's river languages. His proper home he could not be made to tell; for although intelligent enough generally, he became very stupid when questioned as to where he belonged.

The bottom here seemed to be from two to three miles in length, and about a mile