

abound, but I have been told the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company have secured titles to the most desirable. We pass successively Bluff Camp, The Narrows, and Lost Camp, about a mile between each, and count the remains of four entire wagons beside the way, within a distance of as many miles. At Lost Camp, in 1849, a Mr. Burrows and wife, and one other man, doubtful of their way, left their outfit in camp while they went ahead to find the route. Returning, they found the Indians had visited the camp and robbed them of their little all. Taking their tracks in the snow, they followed them into Deer Creek cañon and killed two, not only recovering their own provisions, but capturing more. How the savages probably looked on this may be inferred from an observation once made to me by a Big Meadow Indian. He said that, while the members of a train that in an early day were encamped near the big springs in that valley were all out fishing, a kinsman of his, passing the wagons, saw a plate of biscuits and took a few. Some of the members of the train, shortly after returning and missing them, followed and shot the Indian; and he pathetically concluded, "It was a pretty small thing to kill a man for—just for taking a little bread." Yet, although the Indians could not know it, in both instances doubtless that little was well-nigh their all.

*Apropos* of the appellation "Lost"—it has been bestowed upon more than one locality along the route, as Lost Corral, Lost Creek, and so on, each recurringly suggestive of that hideous terror that shadowed the way. To immigrants delayed by the circuitous course until after the winter storms had commenced, the mountain passes were at times a veiled wilderness of wooded ridges. Sun, moon, and surrounding landmarks were shut out by a mottled screen that dropped a white folding over brush, rocks, fallen timber, and all the markings of their then miry course; and the snow-cumbered forest became an intricate maze, overspreading oozy marshes, rough ridges, and wild ravines that lay between them and the El Dorado of their hopes—the valley of the Sacramento. I was

myself once so bewildered here in a winter storm, that after wandering in a circle until I came upon my own tracks, I took them for those of some other traveler until long and careful scrutiny showed my mistake.

Lassen once narrowly escaped being hung by emigrants for leading them astray. Many versions are given of this story. It appears that when he went out to meet the emigrants, he passed through Big Meadows, but did not see the valley of Mountain Meadows. On his return, he discovered this valley, mistook it for Big Meadows, and turned west, which would have been the proper course from Big Meadows; and thus he became utterly lost in the region of the Black Buttes. Suspecting him of treachery, the emigrants placed him under guard. They had even run two wagons together so that their tongues were raised, like the letter A without its cross, thus forming a rude gallows; but fortunately proceedings were here stayed by the return of two of the party who had been exploring the country, and who reported having seen the Big Meadows from a neighboring elevation.

In some five miles' travel from Lost Camp, at an elevation of about six thousand feet, we reach the summit. The ascent is so gradual that a stranger might be unable to tell where the crest was passed. The trail winds at times along the verge of Mill Creek Cañon, and again is deep hidden in timbered flats and hollows. Some old blazes, sticks set occasionally against the trunks of trees, a few small piles of rocks, and the broken parts of old emigrant wagons placed so as to attract attention, are the only markings of the path. For the first time along the trail, we have from the summit a magnificent view of the dark form of Mt. Lassen, that, flecked with great patches of eternal snow, towers above a billowy sea of surrounding mountains in cold and silent sublimity.

Most savages avoid wintry peaks, and look upon them with a kind of mystery and dread. In a sort of vague way they, like the Greeks, relegate to the cloud-capped pinnacles the habitation of their god. And