

the Indians in the head, muttering as he again reloaded his "old shooting iron:" "There's one wiped out." He again fired; "down he comes," said he, as he again quickly began reloading. "That fetches him," as a third fell, never to rise again. "This was but the work of a minute," said Isadore, as he related the narrative, "Old Peter shot down three of the Indians, without taking his pipe from his mouth."

By this time the whole camp was in motion; and, with this beginning, they eagerly followed up the advantage gained; and when "Old Peter" gave the characteristic order—"Pitch in Blueskins"—to the Indians, they, in company with their thirteen white friends, made sad havoc that day among their enemies, the Pikas, completely routing and conquering them.

This was the last time the Pitt Rivers' ever troubled the Indian Valley Indians; although the latter are ever in perpetual dread of the former.

This explains somewhat the cause of the old man's remark—"Pikas no good Indian—Pikas no good."

Promises of protection being given by

Isadore, on our behalf, the "Doctor" reluctantly consented to guide us, on the twofold consideration of allowing another Indian to accompany him, and both being well fed and protected on the journey. This being satisfactorily arranged, and a liberal quantity of beef having been carried by the Indian to his family, after much delay, we left the kindly hospitalities of our pleasant host, on our somewhat perilous jaunt.

Making our way up the valley, in the direction of Lassen's Big Meadows, (which lie about fifteen miles, a little north of west, from Judge Ward's) the Indians *guided us* by remaining about one hundred yards behind, for about three miles; when on turning round we saw them rapidly disappearing among the trees. The louder we called for them to return, the faster they ran in the opposite direction, until they were entirely lost sight of among the bushes.

At first we thought that perhaps they had forgotten something which they wished to take with them, or to their families, and would soon return to us; but, although we went slowly on, we never saw the weather-beaten faces of our blue-skinned guides any more.



A SHORT VOYAGE IS UNDERTAKEN IN AN INDIAN CANOE.