

## LAKE SCENE - ROCKY MOUNTAINS

"Fill'd with the Face of Heaven, which from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse;  
And now they change, a paler shadow strews,  
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till - tis gone -  
And all is grey"

In the immediate foreground are groups of mountain fir, pines, and other hardy trees. To the right bold promontories rise from the bosom of the lake, consisting of rock interspersed with a growth of stunted trees,- beyond these and at the upper part of the lake ranges of mountains rise, one above another, terminating ultimately in pyramidal peaks. In viewing them, the first comparison that strikes the observer is that of a stormy sea, suddenly arrested and congealed into snow and ice, being thus transfixed forever.

Atmospheric effects, combines with the light of the sun, change their appearance through the day. In the morning they glitter like frosted silver, while under a warm sunset they partake of a rosy tint; during a storm they have a dark and forbidden aspect, but at mid-day under a clear sky, they are "robed in an azure hue;" under any light however they are wondrous and sublime. Cold and pulseless must be the heart of him who can view such a scene with indifference - verily he is not to be envied.

## SUPPLYING CAMP WITH BUFFALO MEAT

In the spring these animals commence shedding their hair; the old winter coat of pale dull brown comes off in great flakes exposing the new short hair of a lustrous umber color. About the month of June they appear to the greatest advantage. A bull at this time with his body bare and his head and shoulders muffled in long hair makes a very formidable appearance, his weight being upwards of 2,000 lbs.

Among animals the wolves and grizzly bear are his greatest enemies. The former are only successful with the weak and sickly buffalo but with the latter the strongest bull goes down before him.

We suppose that no traveller who makes the journey to Oregon ever forgets afterwards the delicious flavor of the Bos or Hump rib. It is probably superior to all meats whatsoever, and the preparation for securing it is the subject of our present sketch. The cherished parts are this, together with the fleece, side ribs and tongue, which are placed on a Sumpter mule, and dispatched to camp.

## INDIAN LODGE

This scene we found on the upper waters of the Platte. An Indian finding some trees bent in a peculiar manner has taken advantage of it, and simply by covering one side with some ark plank, which he had picked up likely in the river, forms a very tolerable lodge of his progeny.

He is seated near the entrance smoking his Calumet and enjoying his "otium cum dignitate." It would be a puzzler to imagine what he is thinking about; we may rest assured, however, that he is not trying to solve that difficult problem, the squaring of a circle; more probably he is deciding how he shall square accounts with his pestilent neighbors, for he dearly loves a bit of shindy as much so as any.

Near him is seated a female making moccasins,- these are sewn together with native thread, viz; thread made of sinew, and it is but sheer justice to say that they manufacture these most comfortable coverings for the feet with the utmost neatness, taste and dexterity. Everybody here wears them in preference to either boot or shoe - they are verily the most comfortable covering for the feet that can be fashioned.

## SCENE AT RENDEZVOUS

"These are the gardens of the desert,- there  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name  
The Prairies."

A large body of Indians, traders and trappers are here congregated and the view seen from a bluff is pleasing and animated.

In the middle distance a race is being run, the horses in all cases running a direct line and never in a circle as with us. The bets pending on the result are extraordinary in character and diversity, and the Indians are passionately fond of this species of gambling. If an Indian happens to lose all he will stake the dress he wears against three or four ounces of vermilion (worth here about \$4 per ounce) and if you win you can demand it at once, leaving him almost in the condition of Adam before the fall. The Company's tent is besieged on such occasions. No matter who lose, they are sure to win.

Ball playing with bandys, and other games, are largely indulged in, and the Company makes it a point to encourage the Indians in these sports to divert their minds from mischief. White Lodges ranging from 12 to 16 feet in height are scattered at random over the plain and reach almost to the foot of the distant mountains.

## WILD HORSES

"They stop,- they start - they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound

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They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,  
And backward to the Forest fly,  
By instinct from a human eye."

The sketch will give you some idea of a band of wild horses engaged in their rough amusement and frolicsome pastime of biting and kicking, while some are rearing and striking their fore-feet. The popular idea that they have sentinals posted to give an alarm, must have arisen from the circumstance of the stallions feeding apart at some distance from the main band. Being thus isolated they take in a wider range than the mares huddled and feeding together.

Their hot and fiery blood causes them to take alarm at the slightest movement,-so that when they start a general stampede takes place, and in a very few minutes the prairie is bare and not one of them is to be seen.

"Earth fed the nursling - the warm ether clothed,  
And the soft downy grass his couch composed."

#### OUR CAMP

About half an hour before the halt for evening scouts are sent out in advance of the main body, in order to reconnoitre and select a spot combining the requisites for an encampment. As the wagons and charettes approach the location, they take a circuitous course and by the time the last vehicle has reached the ground the Caravan has formed a circumference of five or six hundred feet. The horses and mules are now unharnassed and loosed to feed, leaving the vehicles at a distance of some thirty feet apart, forming a species of barricade. Towards sundown the horses are driven in and picketed, and this scene forms the subject of our sketch.

Most extensive cooking ensues, and the prairie forms the only table available for the viands.

The teamsters find sleeping departments under the wagons, with sweet soft grass to lie on. They have also a serenade provided for them but it is chaunted by the wolves who set up a hideous concert at times,- the former however are quite accustomed to this and it does not affect their sleep in the least.

## PICKETING HORSES

It is near sunset and the whole camp is very busy, the horses and mules have been driven in, and each man runs towards them as they come, secures his own horse, catches him by the lariat (a rope trailing on the ground from his neck and leads him to a good bed of grass, where a picket is driven, and here he is secured for the night, the lariat permitting him to graze to the extent of a circle 25 feet in diameter, and all this is eaten down pretty close by morning. The grass is quite sufficient without any other provender to keep the animals in good condition, if the work given them to do is not too heavy, or if they are not compelled to make forced marches.

The selection of the Camp is of so much importance, that scouts are sent out previous to the halt of the Caravan, whose duty it is to select sites combining above all things the two great requisites, an abundance of both water and grass.

\* We asked permission to purchase an exemption from this service, but it was not granted - "breach of discipline, favoritism, etc." in short reasons were as plentiful as black-berries why it should not be done - so we had to attend to this duty during the whole journey.

## ATTACK BY CROW INDIANS

The incident here illustrated happened on a previous journey to our and is drawn from a narrative furnished by one of the parties. An oil picture painted from this sketch furnished Cardinal Wiseman an illustration to one of his lectures in London, and as he describes it more happily than we can- we give his relation. After some preliminaries he proceeds as follows: "He (Captain Stewart) is at the head of his tribe, a small insignificant body of men, threatened by one far more powerful and numerous, which is bent on its destruction. He has himself become the chief of his tribe; but as the enemy is coming to battle, they have been told by their soothsayer that they will not succeed, unless the other side strike the first blow. The picture represents this gentleman at the head of his little body of men, surrounded by yelling and irritated savages, provoking him to strife, and for this purpose thrusting their fists into his face, shaking their tomahawks over his head, using the most insulting gestures and uttering the most offensive words:- but he stands calm and composed in the midst of them, knowing that the safety, not only of himself, but of all who trust in him, depends entirely upon his complete command of self. I consider that really an attitude and a position worthy of a hero. But you will ask how am I going to apply this? Let me present you with another picture of a mental contest. One comes up who is determined to "pick a quarrel" with you, as we say, and insults

you in the presence of others. He provokes you. He even calumniates and says the most opprobrious and unjust things of you. He threatens. He reproaches. Now remember, that so long as you can keep silent, so long as you can command your tongue, your adversary is powerless, the victory is yours. In a short time his store of vituperations is exhausted; by degrees he gets to the end of his vocabulary of abuse; like a man fencing with the air and meeting no resistance, his anger is expended on himself; he languishes; retires discomfited, abashed and ashamed of playing that solitary part; you all the time are calm, unruffled, satisfied, in peace. But speak one angry word in retort, and your adversary has gained his point;- Victory is no longer yours. It belongs now to the strong. You have let loose "the dogs of war" and they will fight it out. You have unlocked the pent up ocean in you own heart. You have awakened a tempest;- Flash will succeed flash, thunder, thunder; and it is only he who can dart the sharpest or roar the loudest, that will carry the day.

## BULL-BOATING

The water here being too deep to pass the goods in wagons, the bodies of the Conestoga wagons, or largest vehicles have been dismantled, Buffalo hides secured over them and launched.

The process of loading is commenced with certain mysterious boxes that have passed the frontiers without examination,- each of the boxes contains a keg holding about 10 gals. of alcohol,- on these are placed bales of goods consisting of blankets, cloths, calicoes, etc., then follow trunks and guns, and surrounding these are Indian women and children. The charrettes (now empty) with their drivers are floated across and lastly the guards with a large band of reserve horses reach the banks - the latter refuse point blank to enter the water,- the former are equally determined they shall,- so after indulging them in a little coquetry, no more time can be wasted,- the most turbulent and refractory are caught, carried to the edge of a bank and pushed over,- the rebellion is at an end now, and the balance easily driven into the water.

## LANDING CHARETTES

In crossing some of these rivers we encountered banks 40 or 50 feet high with a rough road so steep, that it was essential to unharness the mules and horses:- attach ropes to the wagons, men then and pull until they reached the table land,- while this heavy and overpowering work was being done by the Trappers, the Indians would be sitting or standing near us, and looking at us with great complacency,- presents and all reasonable inducements were offered them to land a hand. Not a man would stir. At last the Trappers losing all patience, change their tactics and give them a round of peculiar French expletives thus throwing away their religion and good temper at the same moment. Luckily for the poor Indians, they were innocuous, as most likely they understood not a single word. The inquiry did not occur,- by what right we required them to help us?

The scene of the sketch is where horses are available. Some attached to the vehicles are essaying the hill while others are in the river below, awaiting their turns.

## THE INDIAN ORACLE

"Then up arose that lone way faring man;  
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plans  
In words required, whose trained eye was keen  
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan,  
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,  
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

The Indians of North America have no further knowledge of Astronomy than perhaps to point out the north or Polar Star,- by which they travel at night;- their knowledge of Geography is also very limited, yet they draw with tolerable accuracy charts of places visited by them. They show an amazing facility in tracing the passage of a man or beast, either over leaves, grass or the earth, and describe accurately from foot prints, ruts, and other impressions left on the ground (if recent) how many persons, the number of horses or mules, the number of lodges, whether whites or Indians, and numerous other particulars, with a certainty and precision most remarkable. This wonderful power can only be attained by close attention, unwearied patience and long experience.

The subject of the sketch is a Snake Indian describing from certain marks on the ground, the particulars of a party who have passed in advance.

## MOUNTAIN LAKE

"All hail to the land where the clouds love to rest,  
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold  
Breast;  
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply  
And the Lake her lone bosom expands to the sky."

In looking at the ruins about Rome, the spectator cannot fail of being sensibly impressed with the old, very old, look of the buildings and remains of man's handiwork. The stones even of which they are composed, seem to be literally honey-combed with the storms of centuries, that have battled and beat against them. How different with these lakes and mountains. Although they have been in existence thousands of years what freshness and newness rests over them - they are veritably the same yesterday, today and forever to all appearance.

The scene in the sketch presents a broad sheet of water,- and the foreground wild and broken;- with a solitary horseman climbing the hill from the valley below;- lofty promontories flank the sides, carrying the eye to a noble line of mountains in the distance, broken against the sky with spurs and pinnacles.

## KILLING BUFFALO WITH THE LANCE

After a chase the Buffalo has here fallen on his knees from exhaustion and loss of blood. The Indian's horse to the right has become restive and refuses to approach,- while the horseman to the left with a javelin or lance is about to give the "coup de grace."

The lance is from 7 to 8 feet long, neatly pointed with iron, secured by sinew tightly bound to the rod, and is a most effectual weapon in the practised hands of the Indians;- they carry also their quivers slung from the shoulders, in case of breakage of the former, or to be used in an emergency where the bow and arrow would better answer their purposes.

The chase of the Bison is attended with danger, for although in general shy, and flying from the face of man,- yet when wounded they become furious, and make fight to the last. They use their hoofs with as much facility as their horns, and whatever opposes them runs no small risk of being trampled to death.

## GREEN RIVER - OREGON

This river has become famous as the great rendezvous of all expeditions to the Far West. Here the Fur Companies every year meet the Indians who congregate from all quarters, and specimens of nearly all the tribes may be seen here about the month of August. At this place, among other notabilities we met a Missionary from the "States",- he was a thriving well-to-do man, and with other acquisitions had procured from the Indians a large band of fine horses. He proposed returning to the East with a small body of Delawares not exceeding we believe 25. It was represented to him that the risk would be great, and the prudent plan would be to wait for our Caravan. He had made up his mind however and go he would, against all remonstrance. News came to us that before they reached Fort Laramie, a hostile tribe encountered them and killed nearly all his escort, suffering himself to go free, on the strength of his being a "medicine man," that is a man of mysteries.

The point from which the sketch is taken commands a distant view of the rendezvous, the white Lodges of which are seen on the brink of the river. From this place after all sales of Peltries are completed, the trappers set out on their beaver hunt; here also they provide themselves with "Heavens last, best gift to man," which is had for a "consideration."

## THE PIPE OF PEACE

The foreground presents a high bluff, where our leader is engaged in conciliating some chiefs by making them presents; and smoking the calumet. A carpet has been spread and the Chief is presenting a pipe already lighted;- this has a universal meaning amongst them, and signifies friendship and good will.

Trappers are lazily lying about,- watching the animated scene on the prairie below, or mayhap gazing vacantly while thinking of their humble homes in old "Mis-sou-rye." On the broad prairie beneath, bright Indian Lodges are scattered over the plain until they reach the mountain steeps.

The natives are in groups engaged in their games and pastimes,- while some are breathing their horses, others are trafficking, ball playing, etc.

The great chain call the "Mountain of Winds" closes in the scene.

## MOVING CAMP

The time represented in the sketch is early morning and the Caravan has placed itself "en route",- our old friends the Delawares as usual are delaying and inactive. These Delawares when William Penn landed in America, were a strong and powerful nation, and received that distinguished man and his followers with open arms and a hearty welcome. They sat in Council and listened to his friendly tongue and soft speeches, when (if they had studied their own interest) they might have pitched the whole straight coated fraternity into the River. What has been the consequences of that celebrated treaty to them? Why, from a numerous and mighty nation, they are now reduced to a paltry 500 and are obliged to crave an escort from the very people to whom in days of yore they extended hospitality and kindness. In a very few years however they will neither require or crave further escort;- "ask for them and (as Mercutio wittily expressed it) you will find them "grave men". They are peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses."

## INDIAN WOMEN

The foreground of the sketch presents some Indian women in repose;- they have dismounted from their horses near a stream, where the Caravan will halt for a "nooning."

Much cannot be said in favor of the manner in which the female part of the community are treated by the Indians,- they are mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," - the North American savage entertaining we fear, a kindred opinion with the Turks, "id est"- that they have no souls. When the "grande seigneur" arrives,- they set up his lodge, spread his robes, unladen the horses and mules, make his fire, and prepare his meat. One might suppose that this would entitle them to some little acknowledgement,- but if they receive a grant of acquiescence it is more than is always accorded. This trait does not solely belong to our Indians,- it may be observed in all barbarous countries, and civilization here presents a glorious and shining contrast. Indeed the rise and progress of the latter may be graduated by the estimation in which women are held, and her appreciation as a companion and faithful friend of man, even when all others discard him.

## INDIANS TESTING THEIR BOWS

While at "Rendezvous" we were summoned at intervals to see the Indians perform their dances, engage in ball play, and test their bows and skill in shooting at a mark, the subject of our present sketch.

In order to give free action, they throw off their robe, retaining a cloth around their hips which they ornament in various ways with feathers, etc; sometimes a bull's tail is secured to the belt as if they thought nature had omitted this appendage; and it is possible that Lord Monboddo founded his wild theory that people existed who had tails from some such savage trick as this. The Lexicographer (Dr. Johnson) attacked the philosopher with great fury and put him to rout; but not before the latter had made some converts.

To the left in the sketch is seated an arrow maker, busily engaged in preparing and pointing shafts, made usually from the cotton-wood tree, on account of its lightness, and being easily worked;- great care is taken in having the arrow well balanced, straight, and uniform throughout - as on this depends the directness of its flight and aim.

## HUNTING BUFFALO

The sketch here depicted illustrates a remarkable scene which can only transpire under certain circumstances; that is when a band of buffalo is found in the vicinity of a canyon or rift. The Indians discovering this, immediately form their plan of operation;- they commence, riding at full gallop, at long intervals in an opposite direction of the rift, with the object of bringing the herd between themselves and the former. After attaining their proper positions, they gradually close in and the buffalo take the alarm. The riders now urge their horses at full speed, yelling like so many demons, the unsuspecting animals rushing headlong towards the rift (being packed close together) have no means of escape,- but as they reach the ledge, topple down one after another until they form a huge compound hecatomb at the bottom.

## SIOUX INDIAN AT A GRAVE

"When the moon is on the wave,  
And the glow-worm in the grass;  
And the meteor on the grave,  
And the wisp on the morass;  
When the falling stars are shooting,  
And the answer'd owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine!  
With a power and with a sign."

One of the strongest objections the Indians have made (in their removal to their homes in the Far West) has been that of leaving the graves of their relations and friends. It is notorious that they traverse immense districts of wilderness for the sole purpose of paying a visit to the last resting place of their dead. The modes of burial are various, each tribe differing from another. Sometimes on the death of a chief, his favorite horse is sacrificed and buried under a mound with him. Now and then the traveller encounters a solitary lodge or two, on entering them he finds an Indian deceased, and laid out in his war dress with such arms as he would be supposed to want, placed near at hand. The ordinary burial is a mound with a buffalo skull (fit emblem of mortality) placed upon it. The Indians make their stated pilgrimages to these spots, sit down quietly and seem to commune with the inmate. With them it is a grand mystery, and not otherwise with us. Be sure that they cannot fathom it, - not a whit more can we. "All that we know is, nothing can be known."

## THE SCALP-LOCK

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
That raised emotions both of rage and fear,  
And while his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell."

To a people who delight in war, and who are instructed from youth in its principles and practice, it is almost useless to preach the blessings of peace. If you attempt to explain the benefits that may accrue to them from the observance of the latter, they have a ready answer, "If we make peace, how shall we employ our young men?" They point out to you their scalps and arms, and ask "Shall we throw these away and become women?"

If a relative or member of their tribe is killed, they will listen to neither palliation or justification, but pursue relentlessly any member of the offender's company, to have their revenge. This perhaps forms one of their worst traits, and cannot be defended, yet it is characteristic of the whole of them.

In the sketch an Indian has secured the scalp-lock of his enemy and is making good his escape;- for this - honor awaits him in his camp, and it often presents a strong claim for the post of a Chief or Brave.

TRAPPERS AND INDIANS  
COMMUNICATING BY SIGNS

The Trappers experience much difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of the Indian tongue, and as if the language was not embarrassing enough,- its pronunciation is still more puzzling,- the sound proceeding from the throat.

It requires them to sojourn for years amongst the tribes to acquire any thing like a proficiency, and in the absence of this they resort to signs, the meaning of which they learn readily, and thus hold animated conversations.

Many of the half breeds however are well versed in the lingo of the various tribes of Indians;- these are sought out for interpreters, and travel with the Camp, making themselves useful also in other matters and duties connected with the Company, such as hunting, mounting Guard, &c.

## INDIAN WOMEN: SWIMMING

Whenever the Indians encamp on a favorable stream of water in the Spring and Summer months, the Indian women (when their tasks are finished or domestic duties attended to) set off in search of a shady retired locality, and engage themselves in diving,- swimming and gambolling in the water. Of this they are remarkably fond and are not at all discomposed by your approaching their retreat and looking on;- so far from it, that it only seems to produce an emulation among the experts as to whom shall belong the victory of diving and remaining under the water the longest, or of swimming the greatest distance. Not a bit afraid are they either of spoiling their complexions,- the rich bronze tint of their skin, bidding defiance to the rays of the sun.

As they bathe at every opportunity;- it would seem that these poor creatures make every effort to live cleanly,- but their nomadic life, combined with other causes, must militate against it.

## BLACK HILLS

The subject of the sketch is a defile in the mountains, (called Black-hills), through the bottom of which a brook takes a serpentine course;- at intervals may be seen a deserted Beaver dam, the industrious architects having been either trapped or driven off by the tide of emigration. On the right a meadow covered with boulders runs down to the water, while opposite on the other side of the brook the mountain rises almost perpendicularly, faced with a reddish grey granite, the tops and fissures clothed with stunted pines and firs. In the distance higher peaks are seen overtopping these and closing in the scene.

The plant called "Artemesia" or wild sage abounds hereabouts, and its gnarled and twisted branches, the atmosphere being saturated with its overpowering odor of camphor and turpentine,- these clumps are infested with rattlesnakes - who always give you fair warning to keep off. One of our mules whose curiosity outran his discretion, put his nose under one of the branches and had it bitten for his pains,- in a little while it swelled to the size of two, but the hunters, by formentation, reduced it in a few days and saved his valuable life.

The Indians have a root said to be infallible in bites of this kind. It was stated to us by the trappers that for a quart of Alcohol, the Indians of this vicinity would suffer a rattlesnake to bite them on the foot repeatedly,- his only precaution was to chew a root and with the saliva previously run

his foot. The root was shown to us, and on placing it in the mouth, a sensation skin to that produced by ice was experienced.

## INDIAN LODGE

"It was a lodge of ample size,  
But strange of structure and device;  
Of such material as around  
The workman's hand had readiest found.  
Lopped of their boughs their hoar trunks bared  
And by the hatchet rudely squared;  
To give the walls their destined height,  
The sturdy oak and ash unite;  
While moss and clay and leaves combined,  
To fence each crevice from the wind."

There is considerable ingenuity and taste displayed in the structure of these permanent Lodges,- upright posts with drotched ends are first raised supporting bond timbers at different heights to give a sloping circular roof;- rafters radiating from the center rest on these, and are secured in their places by transverse pieces leaving narrow interstices,- the whole of the frame work is now covered with adobe, both roof and sides, which completes the Lodge. The light is admitted through an aperture in the centre and the smoke finds egress through the same. The subject of the sketch presents a favorable specimen of a permanent Lodge, with a group of Indians scattered about; at the upper end are some Indians seated, playing one of their favorite games,- the "game of hand" - it has a strong resemblance to our game of "Hunt the slipper." Many persons conceive that Indians always carry grave<sup>a</sup>/countenance. We have seen them "laugh consumedly" while engaged in this favorite pastime.

## CATCHING UP

"But some are dead and some are gone,  
And some are scatter'd and alone,  
And some are in a far countree  
And some are restlessly at home;  
But never more, oh! never we  
Shall meet to revel and to roam."

The point of view is from Mons. Proveau's Then Tent,-  
and the time near sunset. The men have been quietly preparing  
their evening meals. Mo'sieur P. adipose and rotund - "larding  
the lean earth as he walks along"- now raises both hands to his  
mouth and with stentorian lungs bawls out something like - "At-  
trapez des Chevaux" - the men immediately arise and run towards  
a cloud of dust from which the horses are seen emerging - these  
are being drawn in by the horse guards from their range, some  
two or three miles, and the men secure each their own by lariats  
trailing on the ground from their necks,- extending some 15 feet,-  
Thence they proceed to their pickets, where they are secured for  
the night, with sufficient range to permit their grazing until  
morning.

## PRAIRIE ON FIRE

Towards the fall the grass which has attained the height of three or four feet, becomes parched and dry. It is then very inflammable, and either by accident or design takes fire. The manner of its approach is insidious enough; at first a slight haze is seen near the horizon, but the experienced eye of the Trapper or Indian, immediately detects the nature of the visitor, and all hands in the Camp are immediately busy in setting fire to the long grass about them; not suffering it to make much headway, but beating it down with cloths and blankets. In this manner large spaces are cleared, horses, mules and tents are secured in the burnt areas, which are enlarged as time permits and escape from certain death is thus averted through a very simple process.

The fire sweeps round with the speed of a race horse, licking up every thing that it touches with its fiery tongue, leaving nothing in its train but a blackened heath.

## CALVALCADE

"Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,  
From toil to rest and joy in every change,  
The exulting sense, the pulses maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way;  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight,  
Come when it will we snatch the life of life,  
When lost,- what reck's it by disease or strife."

The subject of the sketch is an Indian procession that took place when we sojourned at the great rendezvous on Green River, in Oregon. Here we encamped for a month in the midst of upwards of two thousand Snake Indians, who were friendly and hospitable. The Cavalcade was projected in honor of our Leader's arrival amongst them, and was extremely unique and interesting. The Indian Chief Ma-Wo-Ma, rode in front, while the main body followed without any military order or platooning. Some of the dresses worn were magnificent and although vermillion was worth four dollars per oz, a lavish use of that article was exhibited on their bodies and faces. The Snakes in comparison with other tribes may be considered in affluent circumstances, they have a large supply of fine horses and live in a district abounding with game,- have the finest lodges we saw,- and impressed us more than any other tribe, with their courteous and friendly manners.

## A "SURROUND" OF BUFFALO BY INDIANS

A scene of this kind requires a large body of Indians, and when every thing is in readiness (the distant plain being literally black with Buffalo) the "runners" are called, mounted on fleet horses and well armed, who move cautiously toward the herd, keeping out of sight of the animals by traversing ravines and hollows.

On reaching a proper distance, a signal is given and they all start at once with frightfull yells, and commence racing around the herd, drawing their circle closer and closer, until the whole body is huddled together in confusion. Now they begin firing, and as this throws them into a headlong panic and furious rage, each man selects his animal, wheeling and coursing through the affrighted herd;- the dexterity and grace of the Indians and the thousands upon thousands of Buffalo moving in every direction, over an illimitable prairie form a scene altogether, that in the whole world beside, cannot be matched.