

and, after a life as full of adventure and hair-
breadth escapes as any hero of romance ever
laid claim to justly, he died in 1859 ^{and suddenly,} peacefully,
under his own roof; and as much lamented by
me, as any friend I ever lost, outside my own
family circle. — *Wm H. Russell*

An extract from that portion of my journal
whilst I was engaged with Fremont in the Fall
of 1846, in the conquest of California descriptive
of the indomitable courage of a Delaware Indian.
The scene described was an attack made by about an
hundred Californians upon a company of Fremont's
men who were in charge of a considerable number
of horses. Journal proceeds:— It was on the
occasion and at a place called Natividad, about
25 miles from Monterey on the Pacific, that a Dela-
ware Indian by the name of Tom Hill, (a great
friend of mine) and one of the escort for the aforesaid
band of horses, performed, as I think, as uncommon
feats of daring, and displayed as reckless proofs of
courage, as ever did any other real man who escaped
with his life. After the fall of Barroughs, the Com-
mandant of the escort, whom it was admitted by all,
lost his life by an unnecessary, rash charge upon
the Mexicans or Californians, with only five men;
of whom the Delaware Tom Hill was one, and the
only survivor: he was surrounded by at least fifty
of the victorious party, who greatly admiring the des-
perate courage he had displayed in endeavouring to
save or protect his leader, unwilling to ~~take~~ take his