

fish are caught in great quantities, and dried for food; they are also used for candles or torches; for, being very full of oil, they burn brightly.

These Indians had a quantity of the cammass-root, which they had stored in baskets. It is a kind of sweet squills, and about the size of a small onion. It is extremely abundant on the open prairies, and particularly on those which are overflowed by the small streams.

After leaving these lodges, a few yards beyond the soil changed from gravel to a rich unctuous clay. We crossed a branch of the Chickees, and passed over some high hills, which we found exceedingly difficult to accomplish, being in places quite miry, in which our pack-horses not unfrequently were stuck fast: few roads in any country could be worse.

The woods and underbrush now became so thick that it was with difficulty that a horse and his rider could pass; for, whilst the former was extricating his legs from the mud-holes, the latter required all his attention and exertions to prevent himself from being strangled or dragged from his horse by the branches. This was not all: fallen trees were to be jumped or hobbled over as we best could, which was very exhausting to the patience. Our friends at Nisqually had told us we should find this part of the road good, yet we found it barely passable. I would, however, advise all who travel this road to prepare for a bad one. But what increased the discomfort of the road to me, was the news I received by an Indian messenger, with letters announcing to me that the Peacock had not yet arrived.

We finally succeeded in reaching the top of the hill, which is about fifteen hundred feet high, by a zigzag path, literally climbed by steps which had been made by the horses' feet, and without which it would be impossible to mount it in the direction we did, the clay is so slippery.

After reaching the crest of this ridge, we were amply repaid for our labour by one of the most charming views I saw in Oregon, extending to a distance over the luxuriant country, while at our feet lay one of the beautiful prairies, bedecked in every hue of the rainbow, with the Chickees winding through it. We descended, and passed over the prairie to some Indian lodges, whose inhabitants were squalid and dirty as usual; and as an evidence of their want of natural feeling, near by lay one of their horses, with one of his fore-legs broke short and just hanging by the skin. To the question, why they did not kill the horse, they gave no answer, but looked at the interpreter with apparent contempt and listlessness. Desirous of avoiding the lodges, with their inmates and vermin, we proceeded about a mile beyond them, and encamped on the edge of a fine forest of pines.