

salmon and trout, which had been taken at the Willamette Falls, and which they were then carrying to trade with the Indians for the cammass-root. We obtained some of the fish as a supply for our Indians.

On entering the Columbia our Indians required some rest, and said they were hungry; we therefore concluded to stop for a short time on its banks. If I were to judge of the whole Cowlitz tribe from the specimens we had with us, I should say they were the merriest set of fellows I ever saw, full of fun, and laughing all day long: I became at last wearied with their incessant gaiety.

The Columbia, where the Cowlitz joins it, is a broad flowing stream, and was at this time much swollen. We had, after entering it, about forty miles yet to make, and it was past noon; but we glided briskly on with the current, although it was by no means so rapid as I had expected to have found it. Near the mouth of the Cowlitz is a high conical hill, which has received the name of Mount Coffin, from its having been a burial-place of the Indians; and the remains of many of their coffins were still to be seen scattered over it. On the opposite side of the river is a high barrier of trap rocks, covered with majestic pines.

About ten miles lower down, we passed Oak Point, where the river turns nearly at right angles, taking its course along a barrier of trap rocks, which it here meets on its west side, and which rises eight hundred feet perpendicularly above its surface. On the other side of the river is one of the remarkable prairies of the country, covered with tall waving grass, and studded with many oaks, from which the point takes its name. What adds additional interest and beauty to the scene is Mount St. Helen's, which may be seen from the sea when eighty miles distant: its height I made nine thousand five hundred and fifty feet.

In this part of the river, which I named St. Helen's Reach, we met the brig *Wave*, that had brought our stores from Oahu. The master informed me that he had landed them at Astoria, and placed them under the care of Mr. Birnie, who had charge of the Company's fort. The master of the *Wave* confirmed the report that the *Peacock* had not arrived, and after a short delay we proceeded. By sunset we had reached Termination Island, and had yet twenty miles to make in a very dark night. We had already passed the only place where we could have encamped, and the natives showed extreme reluctance to go on. They soon desired to return; saying that the night was very dark, and that the bay would be dangerous. This request was overruled, however, and we continued our course, though under appre-