

dollars per thousand. I could not ascertain their cost here. About twenty men (Canadians and Sandwich Islanders) are employed at the mill.

They have a large smith's shop here, which, besides doing the work of the mill, makes all the axes and hatchets used by the trappers. The iron and steel are imported: the tools are manufactured at a much less price than those imported, and are more to be depended on. A trapper's success, in fact, depends upon his axe; and on this being lost or broken, he necessarily relinquishes his labours, and returns unsuccessful. I was surprised at seeing the celerity with which these axes are made. Fifty of them, it is said, can be manufactured in a day, and twenty-five are accounted an ordinary day's work. They are eagerly sought after by the Indians, who are very particular that the axe should have a certain shape, somewhat like a tomahawk.

From the mill we crossed over to one of the sheep-walks on the high prairie. The soil on this is a light sandy loam, which yields a plentiful crop of columbine, lupine, and cammass-flowers. Throughout these upper prairies, in places, are seen growing pines of gigantic dimensions and towering height, with their branches drooping to the ground, with clumps of oaks, elders, and maple. These prairies have such an air of being artificially kept in order, that they never cease to create surprise, and it is difficult to believe that the hand of taste and refinement has not been at work upon them.

On our way back to Vancouver, we met the droves of horses and cattle that they were driving to the upper prairie, on account of the rise of the river, and the consequent flooding of the low grounds. This was quite an interesting sight. A certain number of brood mares are assigned to each horse; and the latter, it is said, is ever mindful of his troop, and prevents them from straying. An old Indian is employed to watch the horses, who keeps them constant company, and is quite familiar with every individual of his charge. We reached the fort just at sunset, after a ride of twenty miles. It was such a sunset as reminded me of home: the air was mild, and a pleasant breeze prevailed from the west; Mount Hood showed itself in all its glory, rising out of the purple haze with which the landscape was shrouded.

On this night, (29th May,) the waters of the Columbia took a rise of eighteen inches in ten hours, and apprehensions were entertained that the crops on the lower prairie would be destroyed. The usual time for the highest rise of the river is in the middle of June, but the heat of the spring and summer is supposed to have caused its rise sooner this year.

The crop of wheat of the last year had been partially destroyed,