

## CHAPTER X.

### WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

1841.

ON the 3d of June, we had made arrangements for leaving Vancouver, and proceeding up the Willamette; but the weather was so stormy, that we deferred our departure until the following day.

Dr. M'Laughlin had kindly furnished us with a large boat, and, although we had provided ourselves with provisions, we found in her a large basket filled with every thing that travellers could need, or kindness suggest.

The barge in which we embarked was one that usually carried freight; but it had been fitted up with seats for our use, so that we found ourselves extremely comfortable, and our jaunt was much more pleasant than if we had been confined to a small canoe. These flat-bottom boats are capable of carrying three hundred bushels of wheat, and have but a small draft of water; when well manned, they are as fast as the canoes, and are exceedingly well adapted to the navigation of the river: they are also provided with large tarpawlings to protect their cargo from the weather.

From Vancouver we floated down with the current to the upper mouth of the Willamette, which we entered, and before night passed the encampment of the Rev. Jason Lee, principal of the Methodist Mission in Oregon, who was on his way to Clatsop, at the mouth of the Columbia. We stopped with him for an hour. He was accompanied by his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell, and two or three children. Their encampment was close to the river, and consisted of two small tents. Mr. Lee gave us a warm invitation to visit the settlement on the Willamette, thus forestalling our intentions to do so.

The musquitoes and sand-flies were so annoying, that we were